

BLACK-EY'D
SUSAN'S
GARLAND:

In FOUR PARTS.

TO WHICH IS ADDED.

Here Awa, there Awa.



BLACK EY'D SUSAN.

PART I.

ALL in the Down the fleet was moor'd,
 The streamers waving in the wind,
 When Black ey'd Susan came on board,
 Oh! where shall I my true love find?
 Tell me ye jovial sailors, tell me true,
 If my sweet William, if my sweet William, far
 among the crew?

William aloft upon the yard,
 Recked with the bl'w's to and fro!
 Soon as her well known voice he heard,
 He sigh'd and cast his eyes below,
 The cards slip quickly through his glowing eyes,
 And quick as light'nings, and quick as light'n'g
 on the deck he stands.

So the sweet Lark poised in the air,
 Shuts close his pinions to his breast,
 If chance his mate's shrill voice he hear,
 And drops at once into her nest,
 Each noble captain in the British fleet,
 Might envy William's, might envy William's
 with kisses sweet

Oh! Susan, Susan lovely dear,
 My vows shall ever true remain,
 Let me kiss off that falling tear,
 We only part to meet again,
 Change as ye list winds my heart shall be,
 The faithful compass, the faithful compass,
 still points to thee.

Believe not what the landsman say,
 With doubts they'll fill your constant mind,
 They'll tell that tailors, when gone away,
 In every port a mistress find
 Believe them not where'er they tell you so,
 For thou art present for thou art present, where
 e'er I go.

If to fair India's coast we sail,
 Thy eyes are seen in diamonds bright,
 Thy breasts are like Africa's spices small,
 Thy skin as any ev'ry white,
 Thine ev'ry beauteous object that I view,
 Wakes in my soul, wakes in my soul, some charms
 of lovely Sue.

Though battle call me from thy arm,
 William shall to his dear return,
 Though cannons roar yet safe from harm,
 My pretty Susans do not mourn,
 Love turns aside the balls that round me fly,
 Least precious tears, least precious tears should
 drop from Susans eye.

The boatwain gave the dreadful
 The sailors their swelling botoms spread,
 No longer must she stay on board,
 They kits'd, the fight'd, and hung her head,
 The lilt'ning boat unrolling rows to land,
 Adieu she cried, adieu she cried, and wav'd her
 lilly hand.

P A R T. II.

AS through a grove I took my way,
 Sweet recreation for to take,

A charming maiden, fair and gay,
 For her true love sad moan did make,
 In a sweet tower near a pleasant green,
 Drest like a goddess, drest like a goddess,
 Or some beauteous Queen.

To this poor maid with sorrow fill'd,
 I went to ease her of her smart,
 But when my person she beheld,
 She said kind sir, I pray depart,
 What business have you here to trouble me,
 Or to be scoffing, or to be scoffing at my misery.

Sweet lovely mistress of the grove,
 Why should I make a scoff at thee,
 I do perceive thou art in love,
 And I should wish it was with me,
 Sweet lovely creature tell me but your name,
 For your sweet charms, for your sweet charms,
 My senses do inflame.

Susan that is my name, said she,
 My dearest love is gone with grief and woe,
 My dearest love is gone to sea,
 But where he is I do not know,
 My jewel's absence fills my eyes with tears,
 I have not seen him, I have not seen him,
 For these five long years,

Dear mistress Susan I do protest,
 I think I know the same young man,
 Has he not a mole upon his breast,
 Likewise his name is William Lamb,
 And if he be the same I'll tell you plain,
 That all your sighs, that all your sighs,
 Are truly spent in vain.

Sometimes as high as mountain top,
 Then sinking in the waves below,
 Thus like my troubled heart the ship doth move,
 And like my wandering, and like my wandering
 fancy it doth rove.

Sometimes in silent sleep I see,
 The ship is full spread sails come in,
 With watermen so neat and trim,
 For to convey me safe to him,
 Come, hail the ship, ye sailors tell me true.
 If my sweet William, if my sweet William's,
 now alive with you.

Then I see him swiftly fly,
 For to receive me in his arms,
 Susan, says he, welcome on board,
 I do admire thy beautiful charms,
 A thousand kisses on me he does bestow,
 While the ship softly, while the ship softly
 is waving to and fro.

Millions of raptures I enjoy,
 Fair Helen with all her beauty bright,
 By Paris could not be admired more,
 Then I by William, my hearts delight,
 But when I awake like Roland's fair I see,
 Loves but a fable, lov's but a tale,
 all my contentments flee.

How does my heart thus passing lie,
 When I do find it out a dream,
 William is on the ocean wide,
 Not by his Susan to be seen,
 O Neptune, pray be kind unto my dear,
 And quick convey him, and quick convey him,
 here my soul to rear,

Boreas, instead of blustering winds,
 Breath out a sweet and pleasant gale.
 That softly o'er the pulsing streams,
 My dearest love may safely sail,
 You mermaids, with your harmony so sweet,
 Charm my sweet William, charm my sweet William
 to his silent sleep.

And when they to the harbour come,
 Wind whisper gently in my ear,
 Like unto lightning I will fly,
 William thy constant heart to cheer,
 The boat so willing rows to the ship's side,
 Calling sweet William, calling sweet William,
 to receive his bride.

Into my arms he straight will fly,
 Saying, why doth my love complain;
 Tho' I have been absent many a day,
 Yet I have returned to my love again,
 I am thy William join'd to thee by oath:
 Nothing but death, nothing but death,
 shall ever part us both.

P A R T. IV

SEEING sweet Salan's loyalty,
 Years down his cheeks did drop amain,
 My dear, beheld on my right breast,
 You know there grows a certain mole,
 Let not my heart before oppress;
 There is the broken piece of gold,
 Which we did break upon a certain day,
 When we did part, when we did part,
 and I did sail away.

Sorrow and hardship I went through,

While I was on the raggin main,
 Now my dear beloved Sue,
 I am return'd to thee again,
 No more I'll cross the raging ocean wide,
 But live at pleasure, but live at pleasure,
 with my lovely bride.

Susan in a swoon did faint,
 At William's feet I do declare,
 Soon he reviv'd his charmer's faint,
 There was a happy loving pair,
 William and Susan sweetly part along,
 To Plymouth church, to Plymouth church,
 where multitudes did throng.

Twenty stout sailors brave and bold,
 And twenty maids in rich attire,
 A glorious sight for to behold,
 Music play'd sweet to their desire,
 To accompany the bride and bridegroom there,
 Now they are joined, now they are joined,
 a sweet and happy pair.

HERE AWA, THERE AWA.

HERE a-wa there awa, here awa Willie,
 Here awa, there awa, here awa hame,
 Lang have I sought thee, and dear have I bought
 Now I ha'e gettch my Willie again. (thee,

Through the langmuir I have followed my Willie;
 Through the langmuir I have followed him hame.
 Whatever baird us, nought shall divide us,
 Love now rewards all my sorrow and ain.

F I N I S.