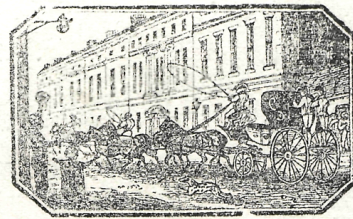




## Black-ey'd Susan.

All in the Downs 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 sails among your crew.  
William, high upon the yard,  
Rock'd by the billows to and fro,  
Soon as her well-known voice he heard,  
He sigh'd and cast his eyes below,  
The cord glides swiftly through his glowing hands,  
And, quick as lightning, on the deck he stands.  
So the sweet lark, high pois'd in air,  
Shuts close his pinions to his breast,  
(If, chance, his mate's shrill voice he hear,)  
And drops at once into her nest.  
The noblest Captain in the British fleet,  
Might envy William's lips those kisses sweet.  
O, 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, ye winds, my heart shall be,  
The faithful compass that still points to thee.  
Believe not what the landmen say,  
Who tempt with doubts thy constant mind!  
They'll tell thee, sailors, when away,  
In every port a mistress find.  
Yes, yes, believe them when they tell thee so,  
For thou art present wheresoe'er I go.  
If to fair India's coast we sail,  
Thy eyes are seen in diamonds bright,  
Thy breath is Afric's spicy gale,  
Thy skin is ivory so white.  
Thus every beauteous object that I view,  
Wakes in my soul some charm of lovely Sue.  
Though battle call me from thy arms,  
Let not my pretty Susan mourn;  
Though cannons roar, yet safe from harm,  
William shall to his dear return;  
Love turns aside the balls that round me flies,  
Lest precious tears should drop from Susan's eyes.  
The boatswain gave the dreadful word,  
The sails their swelling bosoms spread;  
No longer must she stay on board;  
They kiss'd she sigh'd, he hung his head;  
Her less'ning boat unwilling rows to land,  
Adieu! she cried, and waved her lily hand.



## THE POOR LITTLE SWEEP.

On a cold winter's morning as snow was a falling,  
A child of misfortune so loudly was bawling,  
Sweep ho! he cries for the snow's very deep,  
So I pray have compassion on a poor little sweep.

The tears from his eyes in large drops were flowing,  
You noted for pity whose hearts controlling,  
You men of discerning who are not yet asleep,  
Don't you hear the sad wailings of a poor little sweep.

He continued to cry, be not strangers to pity,  
But they laugh'd at his grief while they bantered his ditty,  
Oft times they forewarn'd him a distance to keep,  
As he cried have compassion on a poor little sweep.

At the step of a door, quite starved and dejected,  
He sat there to mourn his complaints were neglected,  
Till a kind hearted damsel by chance heard him weep,  
And her heart bled with sorrow for the poor little sweep.

She took his cold hands to a neighbour's house led him,  
By the fire side she plac'd him and tenderly fed him,  
But oh how surprised, with joy she did weep,  
When she found a lost brother in the poor little sweep.

Long time she did gaze on each dark sooty feature,  
To her bosom she prest him and said thou poor creature,  
Let us hasten to our home you no longer shall weep,  
Thro' lanes streets and alleys crying poor little sweep.

