

Black-Eyed Susan
Misc Traditional

This is my rendition of Black-Eyed Susan, a traditional song. I am not completely

sure about the chords, but I think they work relatively well.

I listened to a recording by Redhill Rats and this is my interpretation. The song is relatively easy, the same chord progression repeats itself throughout the whole song.

Enjoy and comment if you find any mistakes, thanks!

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[Standard E tuning]

[Intro: Strumming Am]

Am E Am
All in the dawn the fleet was moored,
C E
The streamers waving to the wind,
Am C
When Black-eyed Susan came on board,
G C
Oh where shall I my true love find?
C G Am E Am
Tell me, ye jovial sailors, tell me true,
C Am
If my sweet William, if my sweet William
E Am
Sails among your crew?

[interlude: **Am C E Dm-C-Am Am**] (pretty quick changes between **Dm-C-Am**)

(and the same chords come again till the end. You can omit some verses if you wish and then end with strumming the Am chord.)

Oh William, who high upon the yard,
Rocked with the billows to and fro,
Soon as her well-known voice he heard,
He sigh d and cast his eyes below:
The cord slides swiftly thro his glowing hands
And as quick as lightning, and as quick as lightning
On the deck he stands.

So sweet the lark, high poised 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, might envy William's
Lip those 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, ye winds, my heart shall be
The faithful compass, the faithful compass
That still points to thee.

Oh, 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, 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 Africa's spicy gale,
Thy skin as ivory so white:
Thus every beautiful object that I view
Wakes in my soul, wakes in my soul
Some charm of lovely Sue.

Though battle call me from thy arms
Let not my pretty Susan mourn:
Though cannon roar, yet safe from harms
William shall to his dear return:
Love turns aside the balls that round me fly
Lest precious tears, lest precious tears
Should drop from Susan's eye.

The boatswain gave the dreadful word,
Her sails their swelling bosom spread:
No longer can she stay on board -
They kissed, she sighed, he hung his head:
Her lessening boat unwilling rows to land,
Adieu, she cries, Adieu, she cries
And waved her lily hand.