Beautiful Susan

Beautiful Susan

In Plymouth town there lived a fair virgin
And beautiful Susan was her name.
Right straight off to court her
The ship carpenter steering [came].

Her beautiful charms did his heart inflame
Saying, "If ever I marry it shall be to Susan
For she is my jewel, she is my dear."
– –

"No," says Susan,'you need not say so
William's my dear, although he's not here
And if ever I marry it shall be to William
He's my jewel, he is my dear.'

Up steps her old father; this he says to Susan,
"Susan, you are young and you must obey,
Marry with this man that loves you so dear
For while William's gone there he meets (means?) for to stay.

"Oh no," says Susan,'you need not persuade me,
William's my dear, although he's not here
Her old father found out that he could not persuade her
He wrote her a letter concerning the death of her dear.
She, reading the letter, she sighed, mourned, and weeping
"I wished I'd 'a' died in the room of my dear.

Her old father still impressed on her her to marry
At length the damsel gave her consent
Next day in the robes they went to the tender
Down in Plymouth town, and there they were wed.

That very day . . . . . .
Sweet William arose [arove?] with great riches and stores.
Susan sat gazing out at the dormant(!) window
She saw the postboy come riding to the door.

He cried aloud for the beautiful Susan,
"Here's a letter from William her dear."
"I know that I'm married, although I'll die a virgin;
Death is in the dirk, my life I'll destroy."

Up steps her groomsman, this said he to Susan:
"Susan, you are bound, you are forced to obey."
"I know that I'm married, although I'll die a virgin;
Death is in the dirk; my life I'll destroy.'

That very night William, Iying in his cabin,
Lonely sleeping, he heard a most low
And a pitiful voice: "Rise up, sweet William,
'Tis the voice of your Susan,'tis the voice of your Susan,
Unto thy fair one who ioves you so dearly."

He opened his arms all to embrace her;
All of the moment he discerned her no more.
He cried aloud and with great wonders,
Saying, "Has cruel death deprived me of my dear?"

He jumps in his long boat, he sailed down to Plymouth;
This news had come to him what her cruel parents had done,
"How can you, hard-hearted parents,
To wrong your tender daughter so on account of gold?"

He going
Into Susan's right side, turning down the sheet,
"Once more I'll kiss you, you're so cold and sweet."
He bent his sword unto the floor, the point unto his breast;
Long side of beautiful Susan now William do rest.

note: not very complete, and not very good, but it IS in Laws.

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