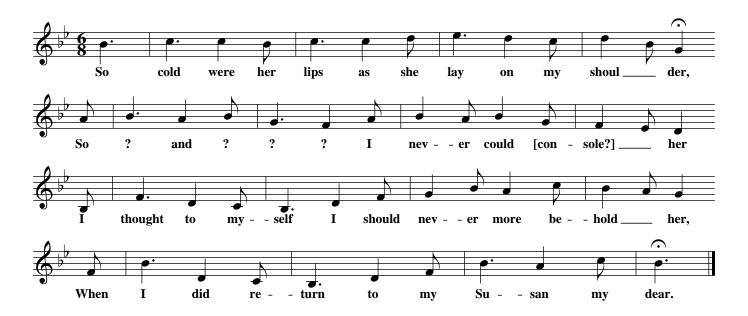
## Susan My Dear



- 2. The drums they did beat, and a-rolling like thunder, Soldiers in ranks they was all in their splendour, But my poor heart would have been in a cinder When I did return to young Susan my dear.
- 3. But now I'm returned escap-ed the slaughter, I will at last to her boldly [?]
  Sorrow at last to her cold grave had brought her And I must bid adieu to young Susan my dear.
- 4. Sorrow at last to her cold grave had brought her, Sorrow at last to her cold grave had brought her, And I must bid adieu to young Susan my dear.

Source: Mr Tandy, Winchcombe, 5th April 1908, collected by Percy Grainger

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