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Crazy Jane ;

To which is added,

Ere around the huge

My friend & pitcher,

The light of the moon;

Let's be jovial.



EDINBURGH:

Printed for the Booksellers in Town and Country.

CRAZY JANE.

Why, fair maid, in every feature,
Are such signs of fear express?
Can a wandering, wretched creature,
With such terror fill thy breast?
Do my frenzied looks alarm thee?
Trust me sweet, thy fears are vain:
Not for kingdoms would I harm thee:
Shun not then poor Crazy Jane.

Dost thou weep to see my anguish?
Mark me and avoid my wo;
When men faster sigh and languish,
Think them false,—I found them so.
For I lov'd oh so sincerely,
None could ever love again,
But the youth I lov'd so dearly,
Stole the wits of Crazy Jane.

Fondly my young heart received him,
Which was doom'd to love but one;
He sigh'd, he vow'd and I believ'd him,
He was false, and I undone.

From that hour has reason never
 Held her empire o'er my brain,
 Henry fled, with him for ever
 Fled the wits of Crazy Jane.

Now forlorn and broken-hearted,
 And with frenzied thoughts beset
 On that spot where first we parted,
 On that spot where first we met,
 Still I sing my love-lorn ditty,
 Still I slowly pace the plain,
 While each passer by, in pity,
 Cries, God help thee, Crazy Jane.

ERE AROUND THE HUGE OAK.

Ere around the huge oak, that o'er shadows you
 mill

The fond ivy had dar'd to entwine ;
 Ere the church was a ruin, that nods on the hill,
 Or a rook built its nest on the pine.
 Could I trace back the time to a far distant date,
 Since my forefather's toil'd in this field ;
 And the farm I now hold on your honour's estate,
 Is the same that my grandfather till'd.

He, dying, bequeath'd to his son a good name,

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Which unsullied descended to me :
For my child I've preserv'd it, unblemish'd by
shame

And it still from a spot shall be free.

MY FRIEND AND PITCHER.

The wealthy fool, with gold in store,
Will still desire to grow richer ;
Give me but these, I ask no more,
My charming girl, my friend and pitcher,
My friend so rare, my girl so fair,
With such what mortal can be richer ;
Give me but these, a fig for care,
With my sweet girl, my friend and pitcher.

From morning sun I'd never grieve,
To toil, a hedger or a ditcher,
If that, when I come home at eve,
I might enjoy my friend and pitcher.
My friend so rare, &c.

Tho' fortune ever shuns my door,
I know not what can thus bewitch her .
With all my heart can I be poor,
With my sweet girl, my friend and pitcher,
My friend so rare, &c.

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THE LIGHT OF THE MOON.

It happened on a summer's evening,
In the merry month of May
Just as I had quit my weaving,
Through the groves I chanced to stray,
And there I met with lovely Sally,
Blooming like a rose in June;
But I did not wait long time to dally,
Until I kiss'd my love by the light of the moon.
Thou fairest of the soft creations,
While I enjoy these happy hours,
Be not, hy unto me, Sally,
For I have thee in my power;
Then I clasp'd her in my arms,
Like unto the flowers in bloom;
I did not wait long time to dally,
Until I kiss'd my love by the light of the moon.
Then I led her to a bed of roses,
While she cried, young man forbear,
Do not hurt me, she cry'd Johnny,
Or I will tear you by the hair;
For don't you see my cloths a tearing,
My handsome cap and new baloon;

The more she grumbled the more I press'd her,
 And I kiss'd her well by the light of the moon.

Then I lifted her by the hand,
 While she gave a heavy sigh,
 She cried, do not leave me, Johnny,
 Do not leave me, or I will die;
 For other maids they will despise me,
 And say I play'd the wanton soon;
 Do not leave me here a-pining,
 Condoling my hard fate by the light of the moon.

When six long months was past and over,
 Sally's waist began to swell,
 For a long time she kept it secret,
 O poor girl she durst not tell.
 But when her father came to know it,
 O sore he rag'd both morn and noon;
 The reason you may plainly guess it,
 Rearing the child by the light of the moon.

But it happened on a summer's evening,
 met her father all alone;
 He cried out O cruel Johnny,
 You've left my Sally all undone:
 But if you promise to marry Sally,
 While you both are in your bloom,

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Five hundred pounds I will quickly pay thee,
And the half of my land by the light of the moon
Immediately I married Sally,
Early by the morning dew,
And I made him pay down her portion,
On the table every pound
I did not tarry for to count it,
Or to look it o'er again,
But I swept it into my wife's apron,
A pretty eara'd penny by the light of the moon.

LET'S BE JOVIAL.

Let's be jovial fill our glasses,
Madness 'tis for us to think.
How the world is ruled by asses,
And the wise are sway'd by chink.

Then never let vain care oppress us,
Riches are to them a snare;
We're ev'ry one as rich as Cræsus,
While the bottle drowns our care.

Wine will make us red as roses,
And our sorrows quite forget

Come let us fuddle all our noses,
 Drink ourselves quite out of debt.

When grim Death comes looking for us,
 We are roving o'er our bowls:

Bacchus joining in the chorus.

Death, begone here's nought but souls.

God-like Bacchus thus commanding,

Trembling death away shall fly,

Ever after, understanding

Drinking souls can never die.

FINIS.