

Sweet Jane

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Farewell, sweet Jane, for I must start
Across the foaming sea;
My trunk is now on Johnston's barque
With all my company.

Then do not weep, sweet loving Jane,
Come, dry those tearful eyes,
For I'll return to you again
Unless your Willie dies.

I see the sails upon the barque,
The time's all (over?) now,
Take one sweet kiss before I start
It's mighty deep to plow (The mighty etc.?)

She met my lips with flowing tears,
And then I kissed her hand.
"Oh, think of me, sweet Willie dear.
When in some far off land."

My bosom felt a feeling then
It never felt before.
I got on board with Johnston's men
And left my native shore.

For three long months we all did sail
Upon the billows wide;
The crew was filled with mirth and glee,
But still my bosom sighed.

At length we drew in sight of land
And landed on the shore
And I did wander my way to the mines
To dig the golden ore.

For three long years I labored hard
A-digging of my wealth.
I lived on bread and salted lard
And never lost my health.

I loaded up my trunk with gold

And then I thought of Jane.
The anxious thought that homewards roll
As I recrossed the main.

For four long months we all did sail
Upon the stormy deep.
One night I thought we all were lost.
The captain was asleep.

At last we drew in sight of land,
Of our old native town,
And our good captain did command
To take the rigging down.

At five o'clock we heard the roar
From out the cannon's tnouth.
And we were welcomed to the shore
Of our old sunny South.

I saw a crowd of lovely girls
Come marching to the ship;
I saw sweet Jane, with all her curls,
And I began to skip.

I met her on the marble walk;
My heart was filled with charm.
We both so glad we could not speak;
I caught her in my arms.

We walked along the marble waik
Up to her father's door.
Oh, Jane did look so nice and neat
While standing on the floor !

The parson read the marriage vows
That bound us both for life;
And Jane is mine without a doubt,
My own dear darling wife.

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