

The Maniac - song lyrics

American Old-time song lyrics from www.traditionalmusic.co.uk

THE MANIAC.

By Mathew G. Lewis.

Stay, jailer, stay, and hear my woe!
She is not mad who kneels to thee;
For what I'm now too well I know,
And what I was And what should he.
I'll rave no more in proud despair;
My language shall he mild though sad;
But yet I firmly, truly swear,
I am not mad, I am not mad!

tyrant husband forged the tale
Which chains me in this dismal cell;
My fate unknown my friends bewail,-
O, jailer, haste that fate to tell!
O, haste my father's heart to cheer!
His heart at once 'twill grieve and glad
To know, though kept a captive here,
I am not mad, I am not mad!

He smiles in scorn, and turns the key;
He quits the grate; I knelt in vain;
His glimmering lamp still-still I see,-
Tis gone! and all is gloom again.
Cold, hither cold!-No warmth! no light!
Life, all thy comforts once I had;
Yet here I'm chained, this freezing night,
Although not mad; no-no-not mad!

'Tis sure some dream, some vision;
What! I, the child of rank and wealth,-
Am I the wretch who clanks this chain.
Bereft of freedom, friends and health?
Ah! while I dwell on blessings fled,
Which nevermore my heart must glad,
How aches my heart, how burns my head;
But 'tis not mad; no, 'tis not mad!

Hast thou, my child, forgot, ere this,
A mother's face, a mother's tongue?
She'll ne'er forget your parting kiss,
Nor 'round her neck how fast you clung;
Nor how with her you sued to stay;
Nor how that suit your sire forbade;
Nor how-I'll drive such thoughts away!
They'll make me mad, they'll make me mad!

His rosy lips, how sweet, they smiled,
His mild blue eyes, how bright they shone!
None ever loved a lovelier child,
And art thou now forever gone?
And must I never see thee more,
My pretty-my pretty-pretty -ad?
I will be free! unbar the door!
I am not mad, I am not mad!

O, hark! what mean those yells and cries?

From the music archive at www.traditionalmusic.co.uk

His chain some furious madman breaks;
He comes,-I see his glaring eyes;
Now-now, my dungeon-grate he shake?
Help-Help!-He's gone!-O, fearful woe,
Such screams to hear, such sights to see!
My brain, my brain-I know, I know
I am not mad, but soon shall be.

Yes, soon;-for, to you while I speak.
Mark how you demon's eyeballs glare!
He sees me, now, with dreadful shrieks.
He whirls a serpent high in air
Horror-the reptile strikes his cooth
Deep in my heart, so crushed and sad;
Ay, laugh, ye fiends;-I feel the truth;
Your task is done, I'm Mad! I'm Mad!