

Hibernian Lovely Jean - song lyrics

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HIBERNIAN LOVELY JEAN

When parting from the Scottish shore,
And the Highland's mossy banks,
To Germany we all sailed o'er
To join the hostile ranks;
At length in Ireland we arrived
After a long campaign,
Where a bonny maid my heart betrayed,
She's Hibernia's lovely Jean.

Her cheeks were of the roseate hue,
With the bright blinks of her e'en,
Besparkling with the drops of dew
That spangle the meadows green.
Jean Cameron ne'er was half so fair,
No! nor Jessy of Dumblane,
No princes fine can her outshine,
She's Hibernia's lovely Jean.

This bonny lass of Irish braw
Was of a high degree,
Her parents said a soldier's bride
Their daughter ne'er should be.
Overwhelmed with care, grief and despair,
No hope does now remain;
Since the nymph divine cannot be mine,
She's Hibernia's lovely Jean.

My tartan plaid I will forsake,
My commission I'll resign,
I'll make this bonny lass my bride,
If the lassie will be mine;
Then in Ireland, where the graces dwell,
For ever I'll remain,
And in hymen's band join heart in hand
Wi' Hibernia's lovely Jean.

Should war triumphant sound again,
And call her sons to arms,
Or Neptune waft me o'er the flood,
Far from Jeannie's charms;
Should I be laid in honor's bed,
By a ball or dart be slain.
Death's pangs would cure the pains I bear
For Hibernia's lovely Jean.