

Liza Jane - song lyrics

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LIZA JANE.

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Words by E. B. Heaton. Music by W. C. Schrader.

When darkness stoops on all the hills And shadows fill the plain.
When evening's voice the hedges fills with all her varied strain;
Elate. I seek a constant light, worth all the galaxy of night,
Which, sparkling like a diamond bright, leads straight to Liza Jane.
It matters not what weather blows, or snow, or hail, or rain.
My star its nightly welcome glows, nor ever glows in vain;
Beside it sits a fairer star-comparisons how tame they are!
I see her through the door ajar, my own loved Liza Jane.

I envy not the rich man's store, his riches bring him pain;
I hasten past his gilded door and turn into the lane,
That leads unto a model Cot, a nestling in a posy plot.
A quiet, chaste and holy spot, and I'm with Liza Jane.
It matters not what weather blows, etc.