

Jack And May - song lyrics

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

JACK AND MAY.

Copyright, 1893, by The S. Brainard's Sons Co.

Words by Joe Cawthorn. Music by E. A. Phelps.

'Twas at a garden party where Jack and I first met,
She was the season's beauty, a dashing, gay coquette,
For broken hearts and conquests she counted by the score,
And happy, careless, laughing Jack, she thought would make one more;
She quickly turned upon him the batt'ry of her charms,
To win his love and cast him off, she thought would be no harm; but

Chorus.

Jack, so debonair, so handsome, tall and fair,
Always gazed far beyond, as tho' she were not there;
The hours they quickly passed, while love for him grew fast-
Ah! bitter pain, she loved, she loved in vain;
Ah! happy past, she'd met her match at last.

Her heart's best love she'd given, when three short weeks had passed,
But Jack seemed all unconscious of gifts he never asked;
He flirted just a little, to him 'twas all a joke,
The words she craved and longed to hear, alas, he never spoke;
And When one day he told her he must leave for other parts,
'Twas then she felt that awful pain she'd caused so many hearts; but

Chorus.

Jack, so debonair, so handsome, tall and fair,
Gaily waved his last adieu with mad'ning, careless air;
Her sobs came quick and fast when from her life he passed-
Ah! bitter pain, she loved, she loved in vain,
Ah! bappy past, she'd met her match at last.

So ended with the season her blighted love's young dream,
And all was o'er, he'd come and gone, like fleeting sunshine's gleam,
And left her broken-hearted, her young life fraught with pain,
She thought the one she'd learned to love would ne'er return again;
But Jack knew when he left her how well he'd played his part,
Experience had taught him how to win a woman's heart; but

Chorus.

Jack, so debonair, so handsome, tall and fair,
Bright and gay returned one day, and claimed his charmer fair;
Away from all life's harms, held close within his arms,
All sorrow past, she'd won her Jack at last,
All sorrow past, she'd won her Jack at last.