

Crazy Jane

M. Lewis

Harriett Abrams

Andante

Voice

Why fair Maid in ev'ry fea - ture aresuch signs of fear ex - press'd can a

Piano (or Harp)

5

wand'-ring wretch-ed crea - ture with such ter-ror fill— thy breast, do my fren-zied looks a -

10

-larm thee trust me sweet thy fears are vain. not for King-doms would I harm thee, shun not

15

then, poor Cra - zy Jane. Dost thou weep to see my an - guish, mark me and a-void my

20

woe when men flat - ter, sigh, and lan - guish, think them false I found them so for I

25

lov'd, oh so sin - cere - ly none could ever love a - gain but³ the Youth I loved so

30

dear - ly stole the wits of Cra - zy Jane. Fond - ly my young heart re - ceiv'd him, which was

35

doom'd to love but one hesigh'd, he vow'd and I be-liev'd him he was false and I un-

40

a little faster

-done from that hour has rea-son ne-ver held her Em-pire o'er— my brain Hen'ry

45

*ad lib.**tr**a tempo*

fled with him for e - ver fled the wit of Cra - zy Jane. Now for - lorn and bro-ken-

50

-heart-ed and with fren-zied thoughts be - set on the spot where last we part - ed on that

spot where first we met still I sing my love-lorn dit - ty still I slow - ly pace_ the

plain whilst each pass - er by in pi - ty cries God helpthee, Cra - zy Jane.