Janie on the Moor

Janie on the Moor

One morning for recreation as I roamed by the seaside
The hills all were covered with flowers bedecked with pride.
I spied a handsome fair maid as she roamed along the shore;
Like roses blooming were the cheeks of Janie on the Moor.

Said I, "My handsome fair maid, why thou so early rise?"
"'Tis for to breathe the morning air while the larks are in the skies;
I love to roam the beach alone where loud the billows roar,
That make the bosom of the deep," cried Janie on the Moor.

We both sat down together on yonder mossy side.
Said I, "My handsome fair maid, I will make you my bride.
I have both gold and silver brought from some foreign shore,
And with me you may tarry, dear Janie on the Moor."

"I have a true love of my own, long since he's gone from me,
But with pleasure I'll wait on him till he'll return from sea.
I'll wait for him without a doubt till he'll return on shore.
We'll join our hands in wedlock bands," cried Janie on the Moor.

"If your true love was a sailor pray tell to me your name."
"His name was Dennis Ryan, from New York town he came;
But with pleasure I'll wait on him till he returns on shore,
And we'll join our hands in wedlock bands," cried Janie on the Moor.

"If your true love was a sailor I know the young man well.
He was in the battle at Vendons Town, by an angry ball he fell.
Here is a token of true love which he on his finger wore."
She fell a fainting in his arms, dear Janie on the Moor.

When he saw she was tender-hearted, "Behold, my love," he cried,
"This is your Dennis Ryan a standing by your side!
So come and we'll get married and be happy evermore.
We'll join our hands in wedlock bands, dear Janie on the Moor."

From Ballads and Sea Songs from Nova Scotia, Mackenzie
Collected from Mrs. James Campbell
DT #461
Laws N34
RG
oct96