

Sarah Jane

(trad.)

One day for my amusement it being Thursday the first of June
As the sun passed o'er the meridian it being in the afternoon
Near the dwelling of a gentleman, short time I did remain
But little I thought that I might be caught in the snares of Sarah Jane

As I sat forinst yon hawthorn fence I'd scarce commenced my thoughts
When the northern breeze my ear did please, as distant footsteps brought
To me she cried when passing by and how I felt the pain
But she made me curse and the pain felt worse when I met with Sarah Jane

I was much surprised and I could not rise when she gave to me her hand
In my heart I thought sad is your lot to plough through such rough land
Though the pay is not much for gathering scutch, short time I did remain
Then she bade me adieu and from me flew and away went Sarah Jane

It was on that spot I was deep in thought I'd scarce commenced my woe
When a blackbird spoke from a bower stalk, my mind he seemed to know
Saying if you could fly just the same as I your wings and your voice would strain
You'd be whistling shrill on a window sill, surmising with Sarah Jane

When the skylark sings and spreads her wings I commenced for to make my moan
And the landrail out from her grassy bed seemed with me to intone
Though her voice was coarse and grating still her notes they were sharp and plain
Saying you might as well go home and sing your poem,
For you'll ne'er wed with Sarah Jane

Oh if I had yonder valley and diamonds I would lay them at her command
Or if I had Aladdin's wondrous lamp it would shine supremely grand
Or by building castles in the air great pleasures I might obtain
I'd prefer to spend my days in happy ways in the arms of Sarah Jane

Now the pain it is decreasing daily and a-roving she may go
She may call at Liza Kealey's as she passes through Myroe
She may drink from a bottle of the best and drink to the poet's name
And I hope always she'll have happy days, this maid called Sarah Jane