

## Crazy Jane

Harriett Abrams

**Andante**

Voice

Why fair Maid in ev' - ry fea - ture are such signs of fear ex -

Piano  
(or Harp)

4

- press'd can a wand' - ring wretch-ed crea - ture with such ter-ror fill \_\_\_\_\_ thy

8

breast, do my fren - zied looks a - larm thee trust me sweet thy fears are vain.

13

not for King - doms would I harm thee, shun not then, poor Cra - zy

16

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

23

false I found them so for I lov'd, oh so sin - cere - ly none could

27

ever love a - gain but <sup>3</sup> the Youth I loved so dear - ly stole the

31

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

35

doom'd to love but one he sigh'd, he vow'd and I be -

38

- liev'd him he was false and I un - done *a little faster* from that

41

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

45

fled with him for e - ver *ad lib.* fled the wits of Cra - zy Jane.

49

*a tempo*  
Now for - lorn and bro - ken - heart - ed and with fren - zied thoughts be -

52

-set on the spot where last we part - ed on that

55

spot where first we met still I sing my love - lorn

58

dit - ty still I slow - ly pace the plain whilst <sup>3</sup> each

61

pass - er by in pi - ty cries God help thee, Cra - zy Jane.