The Death of Crazy Jane.

In the Grove where Erst her ditty,
   Wild and loud the mourner rais'd,
   While the virgins mov'd with pity,
   Wpt to find poor Jane was Craz'd.
In that Grove in plaintive numbers,
   Slowly falls the solemn strain,
   Where the hapless Maiden slumbers,
   Where in Peace rests CRAZY JANE.

In that Grove where Henry left her,
   Bleeding with Love's cruel smart,
   When despair of sense bereft her,
   When affliction broke her heart.
In that Grove forbear to languish,
   Gentle virgins cease the strain,
   Death has lull'd from grief and anguish,
   Love's sad Victim CRAZY JANE.
The Death of Crazy Jane.

In the Grove where Erast her ditty,
Wild and loud the mourner rais’d,
While the virgins mov’d with pity,
Wep’t to find poor Jane was craz’d.
In that Grove in plaintive numbers,
Slowly falls the solemn strain,
Where the hapless Maiden slumbers,
Where in Peace rests CRAZY JANE.

In that Grove where Hen’ry left her,
Bleeding with Love’s cruel smart,
When despair of sense bereft her,
When affliction broke her heart.
In that Grove forbear to languish,
Gentle virgins cease the strain,
Death has lull’d from grief and anguish,
Love’s sad victim CRAZY JANE.