

Hibernia's Lovely Jean.

Departing from the Scottish shore,
 And the Highland mossy banks,
 To Germany I first sail'd o'er,
 And join'd the hostile ranks ;
 At length in Ireland we arriv'd,
 After a long campaign,
 Where a bonny Maid my heart betray'd,
 Hibernia's lovely Jane.

Her cheeks were of the rosy hue,
 The bright glance of her e'en,
 They sparkl'd like pure drops of dew,
 That bespangle the meadows green ;
 Jane Cameron ne'er was half so fair,
 Nor Jessie of Dumblane,
 Nor Proserpine could outshine,
 Hibernia's lovely Jane.

I oft have fac'd the daring foe,
 When in the blood-stain'd field,
 I have escap'd death's fatal blow,
 But now to love must yield ;
 Cupid's dart has pierc'd my heart,
 With love's tormenting pain,
 Since first I saw that lassie braw,
 Hibernia's lovely Jane.

My tartan plaid I will forsake,
 My commission I'll resign,
 That bonny nymph my bride I'll make,
 If the lassie will be mine ;
 In Hibernia's Isle, where graces smile,
 For life I would remain,
 In Hymen's hand join'd heart in hand,
 With Hibernia's lovely Jean.

But the bonny Irish lassie fair,
 She being of high degree.
 Her Parents say their daughter ne'er,
 A soldier's bride shall be ;
 O'erwhelmed with care, grief and despair,
 No hopes for me remain,
 It grieves my heart with you to part,
 Hibernia's lovely Jean.

Should Mars the triumph sound again,
 And call his sons to arms,
 And Neptune waft me o'er the main,
 Far, far from Jeanies's charms ;
 Should I be laid on honour's bed,
 Or by a shot be slain,
 Death will cure what I endure,
 For Hibernia's lovely Jean.

Ye supreme deities now incline,
 To tranquilize my breast ;
 I'll wander to some distant clime,
 To obtain peace and rest.
 Through woods and groves I mean to rove,
 Where none shall hear my strain ;
 Since that nymph divine will not be mine,
 Hibernia's lovely Jean.