

# Janie on the Moor

One morn for rec - re - a - tion as I roamed by the sea - side. The  
hills and dales were bloom - ing with flow'rs that decked the side, I es -  
pied a pret - ty fair maid as she roamed by the sea - shore, And so  
red and ro - sy were the cheeks of — Ja - nie on the moor.

The musical score is written in treble clef with a key signature of three sharps (F#, C#, G#) and a 4/4 time signature. It consists of four staves of music. The lyrics are written below the notes. The melody is simple and folk-like. There is a triplet of eighth notes at the end of the third staff.

I says, "My pretty fair maid, why do you so early rise,  
All for to take the morning air as the lark sings in the skies?"  
"I love to go a-rambling where so loud the breakers roar,  
It would wake the bosom of the deep," cried Janie on the moor.

We both sat down together on yonder mossy side,  
I says, "My pretty fair maid, I will make you my bride.  
I have both gold and silver brought from a foreign shore  
And with me you can tarry, dear Janie, on the moor."

"I have a sweetheart of my own. Long time he's been from me,  
But with patience I'll wait on him till he returns from sea,  
With patience I'll wait on him till he returns on shore.  
We will join our hands in wedlock bands," cried Janie on the moor.

"If you have a sweetheart of your own, pray tell to me his name."  
"His name is Dennis Royan." (Right well I knew the same.)  
"If his name be Dennis Royan, I knew that young man well,  
It was in a bloody battle with an angry ball he fell.  
And this was the love token he on his finger wore."  
She fell a-fainting in my arms, dear Janie on the moor.

Seeing her loyal-hearted, "Behold your love," I cried.  
"Behold your Dennis Royan who now stands by your side.  
Come, let us go get married and happy live on shore,  
We'll join our hands in wedlock bands, dear Janie on the moor."

Note: This is one of mother's songs. I never heard it sung outside of my own family.