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Lost Jimmie Whalen

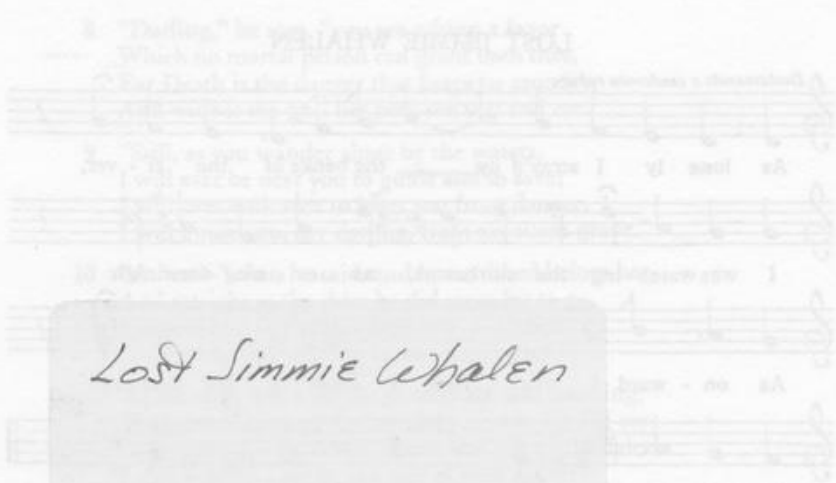
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Lost Simmie Whalen
Annon.

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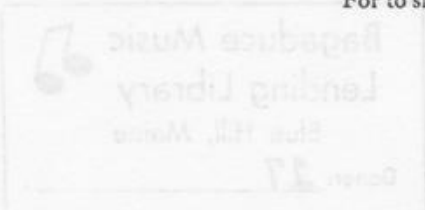
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ANON 

LOST JIMMIE WHALEN

Declamando e moderato rubato

As lone - ly I stray'd by _____ the banks of the ri - ver,
 I was watch - ing the sun beams, as ev' - ning drew nigh:
 As on - ward I ram - bled, I spied a fair dam - sel;
 She was weep - ing and wail - ing with ma - ny a sigh.

- 1 As lonely I strayed by the banks of the river,
 I was watching the sunbeams as evening drew nigh;
 As onward I rambled, I spied a fair damsel;
 She was weeping and wailing with many a sigh.
- 2 Crying for one who now lies a-sleeping,
 She was crying for one that no mortal could save;
 As the dark rolling waters that roll all around him,
 As onward they sweep towards young Jimmie's grave.
- 3 "Darling," she cried, "won't you come to my bosom,
 And give me sweet kisses as oft times you gave?
 You promised to meet me, my darling, this evening—
 O come to me, Jimmie dear, come from your grave."
- 4 Slowly there rose from the depths of the waters,
 A vision of splendor more bright than the sun;
 With robes of crimson around him were shining;
 For to speak to this fair maid, these words he began.
- 5 "Why have you called me from realms of glory,
 Back to this world I soon have to part?
 To fold you again in my strong, loving arms,
 For to see you once more, I have come from my grave.
- 6 "Oh, hard were my struggles from the wild, rushing waters,
 That encircled around me on every side;
 And the last thought I had was of God, darling;
 I was hoping one day that you'd sure be my bride."
- 7 "Jimmie," she cried, "won't you tarry here with me,
 And never, no, never, no more from me part?
 Then take me away with you, Jimmie, my darling,
 For to sleep with you down in your cold, silent grave."



- 8 "Darling," he says, "you are asking a favor
Which no mortal person can grant unto thee,
For Death is the dagger that keeps us asunder,
And wide is the gulf lies between you and me.
- 9 "Still, as you wander alone by the waters,
I will ever be near you to guide and to save;
I will ever endeavor to keep you from danger,
I will guide you, my darling, from my silent grave."
- 10 "Adieu—" then he said, and he vanished before her,
And straight to the skies he did seem for to go,
Leaving this fair maid alone and distracted,
A-weeping and wailing in sorrow alone.
- 11 As she sank down on the ground she was standing,
With the deepest of sorrow, these words she did say,
"My darling," she cried, "O my lost Jimmie Whalen,
I will sigh till I die by the side of your grave!"



RIPOGENUS: THE WATER WAY
Photograph by Miss Fannie P. Hardy (Mrs. Fannie H. Eckstorm), 1891