

Traditional & Folk Songs with lyrics & midi music

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Lost Jimmy Whelan

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() Am Em Am E / C Dm Am / Am Em Am E / C Dm Am

All alone as I strayed by the banks of the river,
Watching the moonbeams as evening drew nigh,
All alone as I rambled, I spied a fair damsel
Weeping and wailing with many a sigh.

Weeping for one who is now lying lowly,
Mourning for one who no mortal can save.
As the foaming dark water flow gently about him,
Onward they speed over young Jimmy's grave.

She cries, "Oh, my darling, please come to me quickly,
And give me fond kisses that oft-times you gave.
You promised to meet me this evening, my darling,
So now, lovely Jimmy, arise from your grave."

Slowly he rose from the dark, stormy waters,
A vision of beauty more fair than the sun,
Saying "I have returned from the regions of glory
To be in your dear loving arms once again."

"Oh, Jimmy, why can't you tarry here with me,
Not leave me alone, so distracted in pain."
"Since death is the dagger that's cut us asunder,
Wide is the gulf, love, between you and I."

"One fond embrace, love, and then I must leave you;
One loving farewell, and then we must part."
Cold were the arms that encircled about her;
Cold was the body she pressed to her heart.

Slowly he rose from the banks of the river,
Up to the heavens he then seemed to go
Leaving this fair maiden, weeping and mourning,
Alone on the banks of the river below.

G. Malcolm Laws, Jr., assigns the number C8 to this ghostly tale,
in his NATIVE AMERICAN BALLADRY (1964), stating, "It is possible
that this beautiful Irish ballad originated in America." It was
sung in the Maine woods as early as 1886. Phillips Barry tells

us that "no trace of it exists in old country tradition." Thus it would seem that this "Irish" ballad is purely American.

Sung by Joan Sprung on FSI-75

DT #602

Laws C8

DC