

Matthew Gregory Lewis (1775-1818)

7 *Crazy Jane*

“Stay, fair maid! On every feature,
Why are marks of dread imprest?
Can a wretched, helpless creature
Raise such terrors in your breast?
Do my frantic looks alarm you? 5
Trust me, sweet, your fears are vain:
Not for kingdoms would I harm you —
Shun not then poor Crazy Jane.

“Dost thou weep to see my anguish? 10
Mark me, and escape my woe:
When men flatter, sigh, and languish,
Think them false — I found them so!
For I loved, Oh! so sincerely,
None will ever love again;
Yet the man I prized most dearly 15
Broke the heart of Crazy Jane.

“Gladly that young heart received him,
Which has never loved but one;
He seemed true, and I believed him —
He was false, and I undone! 20
Since that hour has reason never
Held her empire o’er my brain.
Henry fled! — With him, for ever,
Fled the wits of Crazy Jane.

“Now forlorn and broken-hearted, 25
Still with frenzied thoughts beset,
Near the spot where last we parted,
Near the spot where first we met,
Thus I chant my lovelorn ditty,
While I sadly pace the plain; 30
And each passer by, in pity,
Cries ‘God help thee, Crazy Jane!’”

(From *The Life and Correspondence of M. G. Lewis*. Vol. 1.
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