



ROLL ON

SILVER MOON.

As I strayed from my cot at the close of the day,
 About the beginning of June,
 'Neath a jessamine shade I espied a fair maid,
 And she sadly complained to the moon.
 Roll on, silver moon, guide the traveller's way,
 When the nightingale's song is in tune :
 But never, never more with my lover I'll stray,
 By thy sweet silver light, bonny moon.

Roll on, &c.

As the hart on the mountain my lover was brave,
 So handsome, so manly, and clever ;
 So kind and sincere, and he loved me so dear,
 Oh, Edwin, thy equal was never.
 But now he is dead and gone to death's bed,
 He's cut down like a rose in full bloom .
 He's fallen asleep and poor Jane's left to weep,
 By the sweet silver light of the moon.

Roll on, &c.

But his grave I'll seek out until morning appears,
 And weep for my lover so brave,
 I'll embrace the cold turf and wash with my tears,
 The flowers that bloom o'er his grave ;
 But never again shall my bosom know joy,
 With my Edwin I hope to be soon :
 Lovers shall weep o'er the grave where we sleep,
 By thy sweet silver light, bonny moon.

Roll on, &c

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