

## **Mad Jenny** (*J. Meneely*)

It's no other but Mad Jenny, with her fist raised to the sky  
On moonless nights she walks the strand to curse the ships she spies  
She mutters low so no one hears, and the winds begin to moan  
And sure'n the clouds'll cover the stars, the storm starts in to blow.

### CHORUS:

Oh the waves they can be wicked when Mad Jenny's on a tear  
You can hear the sailors bellow as they bring their ships to wear  
And the widows light a candle and kneel down beside their bed  
For Jenny's on the strand tonight; tomorrow we'll count the dead.

Once she was a beauty, was courted all around  
But her heart set on a sailor whose ship was outward bound  
And he was gone not seven days when word came from abroad  
Her sailor had deceived her, his love had proven false  
Jenny's face grew dark as death, her eyes they flashed with fire  
With venom on her lips she cursed the life of every sailor  
Woe to them who sail too close when Jenny's been about  
It's dashed upon the rocks they'll be before the night is out.

### Chorus

The townsfolk tried to hang her, but the priest begged her reprieve  
And no one could quite prove it, though everyone believes  
She does the devil's business on the night the storms do blow  
And she it is that wrecks the ships and lays the sailors low.

### Chorus

Now sailors are a sorry lot, what little care have they  
They steer their coursers 'round the world astride the salty spray  
They take a girl in every port, little caring how it ends  
But there'll be another story, when Mad Jenny takes revenge.