

De cruel Wes' she grip ma gole,
 Bimeby, ma soul as well,
An' I haf taste befor' I die
 De bitterness of hell.
An' now she fire me—ole an' broke:
 De bes' t'ing I can do
Is wander down de lonely trail
 An' fin' de ole Long Soo.
But O! de dark is t'ick, so t'ick—
 Not wan small ray of light!
Jeanne, Jeanne! Is dat you call?
 I come—good-night—good-night.