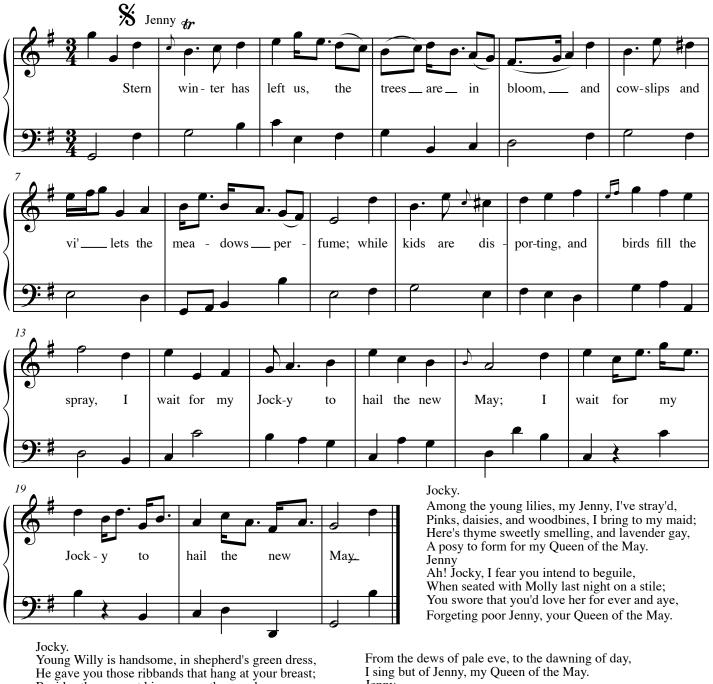
Jocky and Jenny

A Dialogue Sung by Mr. Lowe and Miss Falkner.



Besides three sweet kisses upon the new hay, Was that done like Jenny, my Queen of the May? Jenny.

This garland of roses no longer I prize,

Since Jocky false-hearted his passion denies; Ye flowers so blooming this instant decay, For Jenny's no longer the Queen of the May. Jocky.

Believe me, dear maiden, your lover you wrong, Your name is for ever the theme of my song;

Jenny.

Again balmy comfort with transport I view,

My fears are all vanish'd, since Jocky is true;

Then to our blithe shepherds the news I'll convey,

That Jenny alone you've crown'd Queen of the May. Jocky.

Of ev'ry degree ye young lovers draw near,

Avoid all suspicion, whate'er may appear;

Believe not your eyes, if your peace they'd betray; Then come, my dear Jenny, and hail the new May.

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