

# Jocky and Jenny

A Dialogue Sung by Mr. Lowe and Miss Falkner.

*Jenny* *tr*

Stern win-ter has left us, the trees are in bloom, and cow-slips and

vi' lets the meadows perfume; while kids are dispor-ting, and birds fill the

spray, I wait for my Jock-y to hail the new May; I wait for my

Jock-y to hail the new May.

Jocky.

Among the young lilies, my Jenny, I've stray'd,  
Pinks, daisies, and woodbines, I bring to my maid;  
Here's thyme sweetly smelling, and lavender gay,  
A posy to form for my Queen of the May.

Jenny

Ah! Jocky, I fear you intend to beguile,  
When seated with Molly last night on a stile;  
You swore that you'd love her for ever and aye,  
Forgetting poor Jenny, your Queen of the May.

Jocky.

Young Willy is handsome, in shepherd's green dress,  
He gave you those ribbands that hang at your breast;  
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;

From the dews of pale eve, to the dawning of day,  
I sing but of Jenny, my Queen of the May.

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.