

Author: Anonymous

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Anonymous

***Jenny, Jenny: Or, the False Hearted King and Kind Hearted Lass* (n.d.)**

He wooed fair Jenny but he wou'd not wed,
He only sued to got her Maiden-head,
Which having got he did poor Kenny slight,
And let her like a false disloyal Knight
Now she that was in hopes to be a Lady
Hath time enough to sing ba low my Bab

To a new Scotch Tune, or *Jenny, Jenny* &c.

There was a Lass in our Town
And she was Wondrous fair,
There was a Knight of high Renown
And he was wondrous Rare,
'Tis for the love of thee I dye
Jenny, Jenny,

The Salamanca Corpus: Jenny, Jenny (n.d.)

*'Tis for the love of thee I dye
Jenny, Jenny.*

*'Tis pittie that a Knight so gay
Should dye for the love of me,
I had rather loose my life to day
Then such a thing should be,
Then gang along with me quo he
Jenny, Jenny,
Ten gang along with me quo he
Jenny, Jenny.*

What would my Dad and mammy say
If I with thee should ben,
That surely I were run away
With yane I did not ken,
*Pish lay the blame upon my back
Jenny, Jenny,
Ligg all the blame upon my back
Jenny, Jenny.*

But what if I should prove with child
As it perhaps may be,
The you must provide a nursing Bower
For your young Son, and Me,
*Then down to yonder Greenwood go
Jenny quo he,
Then down to yonder Greenwood go
Jenny Jenny.*

And down in yonder Greenwood
I ken it wee'l of Old,
Where I shall sustain enough
Of hunger and of Cold,
*Then ligg the trees upon the fire
quoth he Jenny.
Then ligg the trees upon the fire
Jenny, Jenny.*

Now you have had your Will of me
And brought me unto shame,
If I do begg some boones of ye
Say not I am to blame,
Wele fare thy bonny brow quo he
Jenny Jenny,



The Salamanca Corpus: *Jenny, Jenny* (n.d.)

Now tell what thou wouldest have of me
Jenny, jenny.

May't please your kind courtesie
To gange unto yonders Town:
May't please your kind courtesie
To buy me a silken gown,
Men the old one for a new quo he
Jenny, Jenny.

May't please your kind courtesie
To gang unto yonder Faire,
May't please your kind courtesie
To buy me an ambling Mare,
Ride on thy spinning wheel quo he
Jenny Jenny
Ride on thy spinning wheel quo he
Jenny Jenny.

I pray you will not angry be
Whilst I beg one small boon,
May't please your kind courtesie
To buy me a paire of Shoon,
Let him that rides the next quo he
Jenny Jenny,
For thou shalt ne're be shod by me
Jenny Jenny.

Once more I beg your courtesie
To gang to yonders Week,
And there do so much for me
As buy me a seeing Kit,
Kit even in the well quo he
Jenny Jenny
For there thy beauty thou maist see
Jenny Jenny.

By this young Lasses all may learn
How they do yeild to Love,
And not trust deluding Men
That will false hearted prove,
Had Jenny kept her Maiden head
She might a liv'd free,
But now I do lament the case
Of Jenny, Jenny.



The Salamanca Corpus: *Jenny, Jenny* (n.d.)

