

**Author:** Thomas D'Urfey (?1653-1723)

**Text type:** Verse, ballad

**Date of print:** 1682

**Editions:** Unknown

**Source text:**

D'Urfey, Thomas. 1682. *The Scotch Lasses Constancy: Or, Jenny's Lamentation for the Death of Jockey*. [n.p.] Printed by P. Brooksby, J. Deacon, J. Blare, J. Back. <[http:// eebo.chadwyck.com/](http://eebo.chadwyck.com/)>.

**e-text:**

**Access and transcription:** February 2006

**Number of words:** 564

**Dialect represented:** Northern/Scots

**Produced by** Javier Ruano-García

Copyright © 2011– DING, The Salamanca Corpus, Universidad de Salamanca

**D'Urfey, Thomas (?1653-1723)**

***The Scotch Lasses Constancy: Or, Jenny's  
Lamentation for the Death of Jockey (1682)***

Who for her sake was Unfortunately Killl'd by Sawny in a Duel

Being a most pleasant New Song, to a New Tune.

Twa Bonny Lads were Sawny and Jockey,  
But Jockey was Lov'd and Sawny unlucky,  
Yet Sawny was tall, well-favour's and witty,  
But I's in my heart thought Jocky more pritty:  
For when he view'd me ru'd me, woo'd me,  
Never was Ladd so like to undo me,  
Fie I crud, and almost dy'd,  
Least Jockey would gang and come no mere to me.

Jocky would Love, but he would Marry,

*The Salamanca Corpus: The Scotch Lasses Constancy*  
(1682)

And I was afraid that I should miscarry,  
For his cunning tongue with wit was so guiled,  
[?]  
Daily he prest me, blest me, kist me,  
Lost was the hour methought when he mist w[?],  
Crying, denying, and sighing, I woo'd him,  
And mickle ado I had to get from him.

But unlucky sar[e] robb'd me of my jewel,  
For Sawney would make him fight in a Duel;  
Then down in a dale with with Cyprus surrounded,  
Oh! there in my sight poor Jockey was wounded:  
But when he thrill'd him, fell'd him, kill'd him,  
Who can express my gried that beheld him,  
[?]

I'se shriek'd and I'se cry'd, wae's me so unhappy,  
For I'se now have lost mine nene sweet Jockey;  
Sawny I curst, and bid him to flye me,  
I vow'd and I swore he should ne'r come nigh me:  
But I'd spight him, hate him, fight him,  
And never again wou'd Jenny like him:  
Though he did sigh and almost dye,  
He cry'd fie on me, cause I did slight him.

And from me I'se bid him straight way be ganging,  
When with arms a cross, and head down hanging;  
Whilst that my poor Jockey was a dying,  
He to the Woods then departed sighing,  
And his breath wanted, panted, fainted,  
Whilst that for him many tears were not scanted:  
I'se beat my breast, and my grief expressed,  
Wae's me that Death my joy had suppressed.

At which jockey a little reviving,  
And with his death as it were he lay then striving,  
Open'd his eyes and looked upon me:  
And faintly sigh'd, Ah! Death has undon me:  
Jenny my hony, I'se must part from thee,  
But when I'm dead, sure there's none will wrong thee,  
I did love thee, and that did move me,  
to fight, that so a man I'se might prove me.

But ah cruel Fate to death I am wounded,

**The Salamanca Corpus: *The Scotch Lasses Constancy*  
(1682)**

Oh! and with that again he swounded;  
Whilst for to dress his wound I apply'd me,  
But wae alas his life was deny'd me:  
Death had appaul'd him gaul'd him, thrall'd him,  
So that he dy'd, with grief I beheld him;  
And left poor Jenny all a mourning,  
And cruel Sawny cursing and scorning.

From Jockies cold Lips I often stole kisses,  
The which whilst he lived were still my blisses:  
A thousand times I did sob, sigh it,  
And mickle ado I'se had to be quiet:  
For as I ey'd him, spy'd him, ply'd him,  
Never a thought could then pass beside him:  
I'se bann the Fates that Life denying,  
Had robb'd me of Jockey, and long I sat sighing.

Till I'se at last with Cyprus crown'd him,  
And with my tears I'se almost had drown'd him;  
The Turtles about us then came flying,  
And mourning, coo'd, to seem a sighing,  
I'se view'd him, ru'd him, with Flowers st[?]w'd him,  
Resolving that I'se not stay behind him,  
But sighing, doe, and seek for to find him.

