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Anonymous

Jockeys Complaint for Want of his Jenny (n.d.)

Who at board, and bed, doth wish (but all in vain)
That his old wife were dead, and Jenny were here again.
To a verly lively Northern tune, Or; Come hither my own sweet Duck, &c.

I have an awd woman wed,
doth nothing but scold and rail,
She hath ne'r a tooth in her head,
and neither good Tongue nor Tail;
She is not for Board nor Bed,
which moveth me to complain,
*I would my awd wife were dead,
and Jenny were here again.*

My Wife hath a wrinkled brow,
a twany neck and a breast,
And since she is worse below,
the devil take all the rest:
If Jenny were in my bed,
i'de pipe her a merry strain,
And know my awd wife i'th head,

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so Jenny were here again.

How oft have I recall'd
the pleasures that I have had,
Full many a night abroad,
with many a lively Lad.
Oh it makes me wondrous sad,
and 'tis to me mickle pain,
*Would my awd wife were dead,
and jenny were here again.*

She brew't good Ale to sell
for all that passed by,
Gude Fellows they lov'd her well,
gude faith and so did I:
For still when I was a dry,
good liquor I did obtain.
Would my awd wife were ead,
and Jenny were here again.

A man might for his money
have had tway pots of Ale,
And have tasted of her Coney
the Head or else the Tail:
Of that you need not fail,
or Court her much in vain,
*Would my awd wife were dead,
so Jenny were here again.*

How oft have Jenny and I,
all in the Buttery plaid,
At Trea trip with a dyem
and sent away the Maid:
She was of the dealing trade,
she would give tway for yean:
*Would my awd wife were dead,
and Jenny were here again.*

With Jenny was awl my joy,
in jenny was my delight,
I kist with Jenny aw day,
and I lig'd with Jenny at night:
For Jenny I make my moan,
for Jenny I do complain,
I would, &c.

The Salamanca Corpus: *Jockeys Complaint* (n.d.)

She welly could talk and sing,
and trip it with nimble feet:
Beside she had a fine thing
'twould do a man good to see't:
But now must I jump with Joan,
an rugged awd idle Joan,
an rugged awd idle Quean,
Would my awd wife, &c.

Her Crag it is round and black,
as awl men do alledge,
But she hath another fine knack,
would set a mans teeth on edge:
When I was with her alone,
the pleasures I can't refrain,
Would my awd, &c.

Her wem is as white as a curd,
as Sugar, or Salt, or Snow,
She'l give a man gird for gird,
and tumble him too and fro:
With Jenny my joys are fled,
which troubles my heart and brain
Would my, &c.

She is as bonny and gay,
as any Lass in the Town,
And looks like the Queen of May,
in her Linsey-woolsey Gown:
The Hair of her Crag's her own,
and powder she doth disdain;
Would my, &c.

Ile take my Nag and Ile ride,
if Jenny she may be found,
We'l tipple and drink so free,
till we lig on the ground;
though it cost me a thousand pound
to find her where ever she be,
Her'es a health to jenny my Joe,
here Jocky Ise drink to thee.