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**Anonymous**

***Jockey's Lamentation Turn'd into Joy:  
Or, Jenny Yields at Last (1682)***

Being a most delightful New Song greatly in request both at Court and City:  
To a pleasant New Play-House Tune.

Ah Jenny Gin, Your Eyn do kill, you'l let me tell my pain; Geud Faith Ise lov'd  
against my will, but wou'd not break my chain: I eance was call'd a bonny Lad, till  
that fair face of yours, betray'd the freedom once I had, and all my blither hours.

An now, wey's me, like Winter looks  
my faded showring eyn;  
And on the banks of shaddowing Brooks,  
I pass the tedious time:  
Ise call the streams that glide soft on,  
to witness if they see  
On all the Banks they glide along,  
so true a Swain as me.

No, none could e're so faithful prove,

*The Salamanca Corpus: Jockey's Lamentation (1682)*

no love can mine exceed;  
Yet in this Maze Ise still must move,  
where hopes are all my feed:  
Then Jenny turn thy eyes on me,  
O turn thy blushing Face;  
Let Jockey now some comfot spee,  
or else he dees apace.

My Flocks that all neglected are,  
and stray in yonder Grove;  
Whilst here Ise court my pretty fair,  
and fain would have her love:  
Then Prethee Jenny be not coy,  
for a more constant Swain,  
Never did bonny Lass enjoy,  
upon this flowery Plain.

Jenny] Alas kind Jockey, I'se can grieve,  
to hear you sigh and moan,  
But wey's me, I'se can ne'r believe  
you with such passion burn:  
Swains now of late have got the knack,  
poor Damosels to betray,  
But when they once have what they lack,  
ah! then they's gang away.

I'se cannot think kind Jockey, you  
who every Lass can Court,  
To any one can e're be true,  
should she once yield her Fort:  
For shou'd I'se now believe your tongue,  
and you shou'd break your troth,  
Wey's me, then Jenny is undone,  
and looseth all shee'n hath.

Jockey] Ah! my dear Jenny, think not I,  
my love so shallow build,  
For if I'se have you not I'se dye,  
I'se swear by this gay Field:  
I'se languish often on these Banks,  
to streams oft tell my moan;  
Witness ye Swans, whose silver ranks  
in grief have seen me drown.

Jenny] Alas! could I but think you true,

*The Salamanca Corpus: Jockey's Lamentation (1682)*

Ise willingly could love;  
Yet swear once by your Bonnet blew,  
you ever kind will prove:  
And Ise consider on't a while,  
for, ah me! love is blind;  
And if you Jenny won't beguile,  
geud faith Ise may be kind.

Jockey] I by my Bonnet swear, and all  
that ever Ise hold dear;  
Nay, Ise the Woods and Flocks do call,  
to witness too, my dear;  
O joyful me, come let us gang,  
Ise can no longer stay;  
My joys to mighty height are sprang,  
since Jenny says not nay.

Jenny] Come take my hand, but Ise do fear  
your love in time will waste,  
And then, wey's me, sad grief and care,  
to Death will Jenny haste.  
Jockey] Fear not my love, my joy, my bride,  
but let us hence away,  
And you shall find by Virgins side  
a blither Lad ne'r lay.

