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Anonymous

***A New Song of Moggies Jealousie:
Or, Jockies Vindication (1671-1704)***

*Moggy from Jockey she needs wou'd depart,
though Jockey he lov'd his Moggy at heart,
Jockey he wondred at Moggies strange huff,
But Moggy was jealous, and that was enough.*

*Tune of, You London Lads be merry; Or, Woo't thou be wilfull still my
Entred according to Order.*

There was an a bonny young Lad,
was keeping of bonny win Sheep;
There was an a bonny young Lass,
was a wading the waters so deep:
Was a wading the waters so deep,
and a little above her knee,
And still she cry'd bonny Lad,

The Salamanca Corpus: A New Song of Moggies Jealousie
(1671-1704)

wilt thou come and Mow with me?

Where art thou ganging my *moggy*?
and there art thou ganging my Dove
And woo't thou go from thy poor *jockey*,
and so dearly that he does love?
Ise ganging to fair *Edenborough*,
to spir for a Lad that is true;
And if I return not to morrow,
then Jockey Ise bid thee adieu.

How thinkst thou that I can endure,
to part with thee all along night?
When I am not able, tou art sure,
to have thee once out of my sight:
'Tis a folly my *Jockey* ho flatter.
for I must gang where I did tell,
Or offer to mince up the matter,
so Jockey Ise bid thee farewell.

But shall I gang with thee, my fair one,
and sha I gang with thee my Joe?
And shall it be we come my dear one,
to gang with my *moggy*, or no?
We'l hand in hand trip to the house,
that stands within ken of the Town:
And there I w have a carrouse,
and for ever take leave of my loon.

But what have I done my *moggy*,
that thou art so willing to part
With poor unfortunate *jockey*,
and break his too loving heart.
Ise warrant his heart for a Plack,
ye'as mere a Mon then to rue,
For a thing that ye cannot lack,
and so Jockey Ise bid thee adieu.

Then must we part, my jewel,
and I never see thee no mere?
And canst thou be so cruel,
to eyn that loves thee so dear?
And have I not lov'd thee as muckle,
and have I not shown it as true



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But scorn to another to trucke,
so Jockey Ise bid thee adieu.

