

**Author: Anonymous**

**Text type: Verse, ballad**

**Date of print: 1672-1696**

**Editions: Unknown**

**Source text:**

Anon. 1672-1696. *A New Scotch Ballad of Jealous Nanny: Or, False-Hearted Willy Turn'd True*. London: Printed for P. Brooksby.  
<<http://www.bodley.ox.ac.uk/ballads/>>.

**e-text:**

**Access and transcription: February 2006**

**Number of words: 446**

**Dialect represented: Northern/Scots**

**Produced by Javier Ruano-García**

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

——  
**Anonymous**

***A New Scotch Ballad of Jealous Nanny: Or, False-Hearted Willy Turn'd True (1672-1696)***

To the Tune of, *Moggies Jealousie*.

My own dear *Nanny*, my fair eyne,  
my pritty sweet Creature, my Love,  
Why, what is the matter, my dear eyne,  
that *Nanny* will from me remove?  
And *Willy* I'se sure ye do gush it,  
for awe ye do look in demure,  
And thro' ye will never confess it,  
yet *Willy's a fause eyne I'se sure*.

Ah! *Nanny*, quo he, be not cruel,  
but banish that Jealousie quite,  
For *Nanny* was always my Jewel,  
my joy and my anely delight:

*The Salamanca Corpus: A New Scotch Ballad of Jealous  
Nanny (1672-1696)*

Na mere, quo she, pritheer dear *Willy*,  
your flattery never will Cure,  
Tho' *Nanny* has bin but too silly,  
*yet now ye're a fause eyne I'se sure.*

So farewel to *Willy* the Ranger,  
for ise never trouble ye mere,  
*Gin Moggies* unkind you may change her,  
for every new face is your dear:  
Ne mere shall your [?] and crying,  
bring *Nanny* to stoop to your lure,  
Nor pitty ye, tho' ye're a dying  
*for Willy's a fause eyne Ise sure.*

Ah! *Nanny* pray [?] the occasion,  
why you will your *Willy* desert,  
And if I can make no Evasion,  
for ever for ever, we'se part:  
For *Willy* was never a Ranger,  
nor nene can love *Nanny* mere truer,  
But *Gin* she will part for a Stranger,  
*then Nanny's a fause eyne I'se sure.*

Nay, *Willy* may talk for his Pleasure,  
but ise may believe what I please,  
For *Moggy Ise* sure is his Treasure,  
and *Nanny* his onely disease:  
How oft have I heard you to praise her,  
and said that there none was like to her,  
And sware he was happy could please her,  
*nay Willy's a fause eyne ise sure.*

And have I not heard you with *Sawney*,  
discourse, embrace, and to smack,  
And seen him to thrust in his Tawney  
rough hand down your Lilly-white back:  
Ye know that I saw this, my dear,  
yet I never thought ye untruer,  
This never occasion'd my fear,  
*for Nanny was just I was sure.*

Ah! pritheer dear *Willy* forgive me,  
and Ise ne'r be Jealous again,  
'Twas onely my Love, you'l believe me,

**The Salamanca Corpus: A New Scotch Ballad of Jealous  
Nanny (1672-1696)**

and ise had the worst of the pain:  
And *Willy* shall still be my dearest,  
with *Willy* Ise always endure,  
And *Nanny* shall still be his fairest,  
*for Willy's nay fause eyne ise sure.*

But the Parson shall make us amends too,  
and we'l have a merry long day,  
With all our Relations and Friends too,  
and the Piper all Night he shall play:  
And thou shalt put on thy best Jerkin,  
and I will put on my best quoife,  
For my Brother will Brew a whole Firkin,  
against that thou make me thy wife.

