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**Anonymous**

***The Scotch Rebellion: Or, Jennys Lamentation for  
Parting with Jocky (1662-1691)***

Stout Iockey needs would take the Rightest side  
To pull the Rebels down with all their pride,  
And for the Warrs, himself he did prepare  
Which fills poor Iennys heart with mickle care,  
She begs of him to stay, but he will gang  
And stoutly help, the Rebels sides to bang.

When Scotch Rebellion pusht at the Crown,  
The summons did pass to very town  
They Muster's their Forces on the Down  
*With a fa la la la la lero.*

The Jockey girt on his good keen Sward  
To fight for his King, he was not afeard,  
He thought himself as big as a Leard.  
*With a fa la la la la lero.*

Quoth Jockey before these Rebels shall Raign  
He sight on my knees with mickle pain,  
wee'l make them know, the wrong side they have tane  
*With a fa la la la la lero,*  
Though some for the Kirk & Covenant stand  
we are not all sike, throughout Scotland  
Ile fight for my King, with sward in my hand,  
*With a fa la la la la lero.*

Those villains who have the Arch-bishop slain  
For certain are got amongst this train  
Then let us march on with wight & with main  
*with a fa &c.*  
We'l make the proud Rebels for to rue  
As sure as their bonnets are made of blew,  
Since that they are such a bloody crew.  
*With a fa la la la la lero.*

And now to my Jenny i'le gan straight  
And tell her Ime resolv'd to fight  
So lang as I ken, our cause it is right,  
*with a fa &c.*  
There's never a Lad in the North Countrey  
Shall venture his life more frank and free  
But mind what my Jenny will say to me,  
*With a fa la la la la lero.*

When Jockey unto his Jenny came  
O Jockey quoth she, thou art too blame,  
O break not thy Jennys heart for shame,  
*with a fa &c.*  
What wilt thou be gone to the warrs quo she  
And leave behind poor helpless me,  
Al so for grief my heart will dee,  
*With a fa la la la la lero.*

Put off thy sward, my Jockey quo she  
And tarry at heame my love with me,  
Let them abroad the matter agree,  
*with a &c.*  
Tis best for to keep out of harms way  
Perhaps it may prove a bloody day  
Then do not gang my Jockey I pray.  
*With a fa la la la la lero.*

My Jenny, good Lass, now hold thy tongue  
For sure as I live ile march along,  
And in I will press amongst the throng,  
*with a fa &c.*

The brave Duke of Monmouth's come to our aide  
His name will make the Rebels afraid  
Besides we are sure for to be well paid,  
*with a &c.*

Yet prithee dear Jocky my concel take  
For fear at the last thy heart should ake  
My life I will venture for thy sake,  
with a fa la, &c.  
Tis better to tarry here free from harm,  
The gang where the Trumpets sound Allarm  
For fear thou dost lose a Leg or an Arm,  
*With a fa la la la lero.*

O Jenny thou keens I love thee weel  
But sure as my sward is made of steele  
The Rebels ere long our force shall feel,  
with a &c.  
Great Lords, and Leards, their courage shall [?]  
And pull down their pride for all they swell  
And when I come heam the news Ise tell  
*With a fa la la la lero.*

But Jockie I shall be in a sad case  
If never again I see thy face  
I fear I shall dee upon the place  
*with a fa &c.*  
Ile carry thy Knapsack on my back  
And Ice that any Jockey nought do lack  
For in my Love ile never be slack,  
*With a fa la la la lero.*

O Jenny my Love that may not be  
Thou must not gan to the warrs with me  
But tarry at heam from dangers free  
*with a, &c.*  
So f[?]re thee well my Love and my Dear  
The Drumms they do beat aloud I hear  
For now the proud Foe begins to appear,  
*with a fa.*

Then Jockey h[?] his Lenny that tide  
And Lenny she sighth and sobd, and cryd,  
to see him gan she could not abide,  
*with a*  
But Iockey put on his Trowsers new  
And up he did cock his Bonnet blew,  
And swore he would make the Rebels to rue.  
*With a fa la la la la lero.*