



New JOCKEY.

A new Song.

Sung At Vaux - Hall.

MY Laddie is gang'd far away o'er the plain,
While in sorrow behind I am forc'd to remain,

Tho' blue bells and violets the hedges adorn,
Tho' trees are in blossom and sweet blows the thorn,

No pleasure they give me, in vain they look gay,
There's nothing can please me now Jockey's away.

Forlorn I sit singing, and this is my strain,
Haste, haste, my dear Jockey; haste, haste, my dear Jockey,

Haste, haste, my dear Jockey, to me back again.

When the lads and the lasses are on the green met,
They dance and they sing, they laugh, and they chat,

Contented and happy with hearts full of glee,
I can't without envy their merriment see;

These pastimes offend me, my shepherd's not there,

No pleasure I relish that Jockey don't share,
It makes me to sigh, I from tears scarce refrain,
I wish my dear Jockey, I wish my dear Jockey,
I wish my dear Jockey return'd back again.

But hope shall sustain me, nor will I despair,
He promis'd he would in a fortnight be here;

O fond expectation, my wishes I'll feast,
For love my dear Jockey to Jenny will haste:
Then farewell each care, and adieu each vain sigh,

Who'll then be so blest or so happy as I,
I'll sing o'er the meadows and alter my strain,
When Jockey returns, when Jockey returns,
When Jockey returns to me back again.

