



Gently *Jenny of the Green* *Sung by Mrs. Lowe*
While others

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♫ *Steal of new fall'n snow and steal its fragrance from the rose to dress their fancy's*
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Queen *fain would I sing but words are faint all musicks loves too weak to*
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♫ *paint my Jenny of the green my Jenny of the green*
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*beneath this Elm, beside this stream,
 How oft I've found my favorite theme,
 And told my tale unseen;
 While faithful in the Lovers cause,
 Thy words would murmur soft applied
 To Jenny of the Green.*

*With joy my soul reviews the Day,
 When deck'd in all the pride of May,
 She held the Syrian scene,
 Then every Nymph that hop'd to please,
 Did strive to catch the Graces eye;
 O' Jenny of the Green.*

*Thou deaf to ev'ry rivals Toes,
 On me she cast her partial Eye,
 Not scorn'd my humble Mien;
 She fragrant Myrtle wreath'd my hair,
 That Day adorn'd the lovely Fair,
 O' Jenny of the Green.*

*Through all the Fairy Land of Love,
 I'll seek my pretty wandering Dove,
 The pride of day is then,
 Though now she's gone some distant plain,
 Tho' far a part I'll meet again,
 My Jenny of the Green.*

*But thou old Time tell that blest Night,
 That brings her back with speedy Flight,
 Melt down the Snows between;
 And when we meet the Love repay
 On loosing Wing prolong my stay,
 With Jenny of the Green.*