



Moggys Complaint

Andante

On the days Verdant banks a fair maid lay reclind, she wopt to the zephyrs that wail'd to the Wind while

Echo to sorrow so faithful and kind repeated her plaints for her Jockey her Jockey repeated his

plaints for her Jockey Not if Nightingales Voice was more mournful &

dear when thus she began in the loss of my Dear if from my own self sparkling I forced the tear the

tear which I drop'd for young Jockey young Jockey if tear which I drop'd for young Jockey

The Sinner his Mate chuses out of y^e Throng,
 And when he has won her sits all the day long,
 Still proud of his conquest repeating his Song,
 Not so did Inconstant young Jockey:
 He swore thro' my Beauty his Heart that had won,
 And his Flame was as fire as the light of y^e Sun,
 But the Maid that believes is as fiery London,
 For false and deceitfull's young Jockey