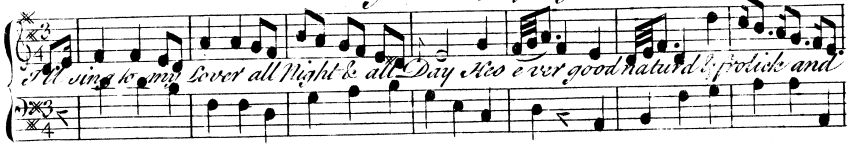




*Jockey* Sung by Miss Stevenson at Marshall



He says that he loves me, I'm witty & fair,  
And praises my Eyes, my lips and my Hair;  
Roses, Violet, nor Lilly, with me can compare,  
If this be to flatter; tis pretty I swear. And a bonny be?

He kneeld at my Feet & with many a Sigh  
He crid! O my dear will you never comply;  
If you mean to destroy me, why do it I'll dye,  
I trembled all over and answer'd not I. And a bonny be.

Around the tall May-Pole he dances so neat,  
And Sonnets of Love the dear Boy can repeat;  
He's constant, he's valiant, he's wise, and discreet,  
His looks are so kind, and his Kisses so sweet. And a bonny be

At Eve when the Sun seeks repose in the Nest?  
And May's tansful Chorists all scam to their Nest  
When I meet on the green o' dear Boy I love best  
My Heart is just ready to burst from my Breast. And a bonny be.

But see how y' Meadows, are moist'nd with Dew,  
Come, come my dear Shepherd I wait but for you?  
We lay for each other, both constant & true,  
And hate y' soft Captures no Monarch e'er knew. And a bonny be.