

A SONG. Set by Mr. FORCER.

Fare - wel my use - less Scrip, And poor un - heed - ed Flocks; No
 Fare - wel each Shep - her - dess, The bon - ny Lads a - dieu; May

more you'll round me trip, Nor cloath me with your Locks: Feed
 each his Wish pos - sess, And to that Wish be true: Your

by yon pur - ling Stream, Where *Jock - ey*, where *Jock - ey* first I
 Oa - ten Pipes cou'd please, But *Jock - ey*, but *Jock - ey* then was

knew: I on - ly think, I on - ly think, I on - ly think on
 kind; Your bon - ny Tunes, Your bon - ny Tunes, Your bon - ny Tunes may

him, I can - not, can - not, can - not think on you
 cease, The Lad has, Lad has, Lad has chang'd his Mind.