

A Song. Sung by Mrs. Temple. Set by Mr. J. Clark.

I Seek no more to sha - dy co - verts, *Jock - ey's* Eyn are
 Tell me why 'tis thus you use me, Take me quick - ly

all my Joy; Beau - ty's there I Ken, that can - not,
 to your Arms; Where in blis - ses blith - ly bas - king,

Must not, shall not, steal a - way: What wou'd *Jock - ey*
 Each may ri - val o - thers Charms: Oh but fye, my

now do to me, Sure - ly you're to me un - kind;
Jock - ey pray now, What d'ye, do not, let me go;

Ise ne'er see you, nay you fly me, Yet are ne'er from out my Mind.
 O I vow you will un - doe me, What to do I do not know.