

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.