

*A Scotch SONG. Set by Mr. ROBERT COX.*

When *Jock-ey* first I saw, my\_\_\_ Soul\_\_\_ was\_\_\_ charm'd, To see the bon - ny\_\_\_

Lad so blith, so blith\_\_\_ and gay; My Heart\_\_\_ did\_\_\_

beat\_\_\_ it be ing a - larm'd, That I to *Jock - ey*\_\_\_ nought, could

say: At\_\_\_ last I cour - age\_\_\_ took and Pas sion\_ quite for - sook, And

told the bon - ny Lad\_\_\_ his\_\_\_ Charms I\_\_\_ felt; He then\_\_\_ did\_\_\_ smile\_ with a

pleas-ing look, And told\_\_\_ me\_\_\_ *Jen - ny* in his Arms, his\_\_\_ Arms should melt.\_\_\_