

# Jockey to the Fair:

Together with

## General Wolfe,

A N D

## Leander.



### *Jockey to the Fair.*

'T WAS on the Morn of sweet May-Day,  
When Nature painted all things gay,  
Taught Birds to sing and Lambs to play,  
And gild the Meadows fair;

Young Jockey early in the Morn,  
Arose and tript it o'er the Lawn,  
His Sunday's Coat the Youth put on,  
For Jenny had vow'd away to run,  
Wuh Jockey to the Fair, with Jockey to the Fair.

The cheerful Parish Bells had rung,  
With eager Steps he trug'd along,  
With flow'ry Garlands round him hung,  
Which Shepherds w'd to wear.

He tap'd the Window, haste my Dear,  
Jenny impatient, cry'd who's there?  
'Tis I, my Love, and no one near,  
Step gently down, you've nought to fear,  
With Jockey to the Fair, &c.

My Dauty and Mammy are fast asleep,  
My Brothers are up and with the Sheep,  
And will you still your Promise keep,  
Which I have heard you swear;

I'll, I will, I will, my Love,  
I will by all the Powers above,  
And ne'er deceive my Turtle Dove,  
Dispel those Doubts, come haste my Love,  
With Jockey to the Fair, &c.

Behold the Ring, the Shepherd cry'd,  
Will Jenny be my charming Bride,  
Let Cupid be our happy Guide,  
And Hymen meet us there.

Here Jockey did his Vows renew,  
He would be constant, would be true;  
His Word was pledg'd, away the flew,  
O'er Cowslips tip'd with balmy Dew,  
With Jockey to the Fair, &c.

In Raptures meet the joyful Train,  
Ye gay Companions, blithe and young,  
Each join the Dance, each join the Song,  
To hail the happy Pair.

In Love there's none so fond as they,  
They bless the kind propitious Day,  
The smiling Morn of blooming May,  
When lovely Jenny ran away,  
Wuh Jockey to the Fair, with Jockey to the Fair.

### *General Wolfe.*

IN a mould'ring Cave, in the wretched retreat,  
Britannia sat waked with Care;  
She wopt for her Wolfe, then exclaim'd against Fate,  
And gave herself up to Despair.

The Walls of her Cell she had sculptur'd around  
With exploits of her S'vourite Son;  
And even the Dust, as it lay on the Ground,  
Was engrav'd with the Deeds he had done.

The Sire of the Gods, from his chrysaline Throne  
Beheld the disconsolate Dame,  
And mov'd with her Tears, he sent Mercury down,  
And these were the Things that came:  
Britannia forbear, not a Sigh nor a Tear,  
For thy Wolfe, so deservedly lov'd;

Thy Grief shall be chang'd into Triumphs of Joy,  
For thy Wolfe is not dead, but remov'd;  
The Sons of the Earth, the proud Giants of old,  
Have broke from their darksome Abodes;  
And such is the News, for in Heav'n it is told,  
They're marching to war with the Gods;  
A Council was held in the Chamber of Jove,  
And this was the final Decree:  
That Wolfe should be call'd to the Armies above,  
And the Charge was entrusted to me.  
To the Plains of Quebec with these Orders I flew,  
He beg'd for a Moment's Delay;  
He cry'd, Oh forbear! let me Victory bear,  
And then your Commands I'll obey.  
With a darksome Film I encompass'd his Eyes,  
And bore him away in an Urn;  
Lest the Fondness he bore for his own native Shore  
Should tempt him again to return.

### *Leander.*

LEANDER on the Bay  
Of Hellespont all naked stood,  
Impatient of Delay,  
He leap'd into the fatal Flood;  
The raging Seas, whom none could please,  
'Gain'd him their Malice slow;  
The Heavens lower'd, the Rain down pour'd,  
And loud the Winds did blow.

Then 'essing round his Ey  
Thus of his Fate he did complain:  
Ye cruel Rocks and Skies,  
Ye stormy Winds and raging Main,  
What 'tis to miss a Lover's Bliss,  
Alas! she does not know;  
Make me your Wreck, as I come back,  
But spare me as I go.

Lo! yonder stands the Tow'r,  
Where my beloved Hero lies,  
And this is the appointed hour  
Which sets to watch her longing Eyes.  
To his fond Suit the Gods were mute,  
The Billows answer'd No;  
Up to the skies the Billows rise,  
But sunk the Youth as low.

Mean while the wishing Maid,  
Divid'd betwixt her Care and Love,  
Now does his Stay upbraid,  
Now greets he should the Passage prove.  
Oh Fate! I said she, not Heav'n nor thee,  
Our vows shall e'er divide;  
I'd leap this Wall, could I but fall  
By my Leander's Side.

At length the rising Sun  
Did to her Sight present too late,  
That Hero was undone,  
Not by Leander's Fault but Fate.  
Said she, I'll shew, tho' we are two,  
Our Loves were ever one.  
This Proof I'll give, I will not live,  
Nor shall he die alone.

Down from the Wall she leap'd  
Into the raging Seas to him,  
Courting each Wave the roet.  
To teach her weary'd Arms to swim:  
The Sea-god wept, no longer kept  
Her from her Lover's Side;  
But join'd at last, the grasp'd him fast,  
Then sigh'd, embrac'd and dy'd.