

JOCKEY WAS THE BLYTHEST LAD.

YOUNG Jockey was the blythest lad
 In a' our town, or here awa';
 Fu' blyth he whistled at the gaud,
 Fu' lightly danc'd he in the ha'.
 He roos'd my een fae bonie blue,
 He roos'd my waist fae genty sma';
 An' aft my heart came to my mou,
 When ne'er a body heard or saw.

My Jockey toils upon the plain,
 Thro' wind and weet, thro' frost and snaw;
 And o'er the lee I look fu' fain,
 When Jockey's owfen hameward ca'.
 An' ay the night comes round again,
 When in his arms he takes me a';
 An' ay he vows he'll be my ain,
 As lang's he has a breath to draw.

Jockey was the blythest Lad.

Violin

Moderately
Slow

Young Jockey was the blythest lad In a' our Town or here a -

- wa; Fu' blyth he whistled at the gaud, Fu' lightly danc'd he in the ha'.

He roo'd my een fae bonnie blue, He roo'd my waift fae genty sma'; An

aft my heart came to my mou, When ne'er a bo-dy heard or saw.