

# As Jockey on a Summer's Morn

(Bring your Fiddle)

1. As Jock-ey on \_\_\_ one sum-mer morn was walk-ing with his Mog-gy, and  
as to - ge \_\_\_ ther they did walk, the moon was most un - - luck - y. He  
rolled her in \_\_\_ his ten - der arms and kissed her in \_\_\_ the  
rush-es, un - til at length her face be - came a wreath of mod - est blush-es.

2. "Is this the way to win my heart by tearing off my laces?  
I think you act a clownish part by these rude embraces,  
The like before I never saw so I pray young man be civil,  
Or else without any more to do I'll kick you to the devil."
3. "What kick your Jockey?" he replied "I think you're very cruel,  
Come sit you down by me awhile and let me kiss my jewel,  
Those pretty little sparkling eyes and lips as red as rubies,"  
He to her says, but she replies "Be gone, thou worst of boobies."
4. "I can't nor won't, for flesh and blood no longer can I bear it,"  
Then she cried out "My silken cloak, I am afraid you'll tear it."  
"My dear" said he "I'll pleasure thee" and clasped her round the middle,  
And then without any more todo young Jockey tuned his fiddle.
5. He played her such a merry tune he charmed all her senses,  
Says she "Be gone you silly loon, I pardon all offences,  
My cheeks you have with blushes filled, my heart with fits of laughter,  
I'll tell my mother, yes that I will, how you have served her daughter."
6. "What kiss and tell?" young Jockey says "I'm sure that's not the fashion,  
Young maids should never kiss and tell for that is plain confession,"  
"No, no" says she "I'll nothing say that you clasped me round the middle,  
But the very next time you come this way be sure and bring your fiddle."

Source: Mrs Elizabeth Smithers (61) at Tewkesbury. Collected by Cecil J. Sharp on 9 January 1908.

Notes: First verse only collected with this tune, so remaining verses have been supplied from a broadside copy.