

Jenny was Fair.

Violin

Slow

When westwinds did blow with a soft gentle breeze, And sweetblooming

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hear the sweet songsters all warble and sing. I saw the green forest, I saw the gay

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plain, But nature to me was delightful in vain, For love had in-vaded the

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peace of my mind, And Jenny, dear Jenny was fair and unkind.

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JENNY WAS FAIR AND UNKIND.

WHEN west winds did blow with a soft, gentle breeze,
 And sweet blooming verdure did clothe all the trees,
 I went forth one morning, to hail the new spring;
 And hear the sweet songsters all warble and sing;
 I saw the green forest, I saw the gay plain,
 But nature to me was delightful in vain;
 For love had invaded the peace of my mind;
 And Jenny, dear Jenny! was fair and unkind:

Ye powers, who reside in the regions above;
 Deprive me of life, or inspire her with love!
 Make Jenny's fair bosom to feel for my pain,
 That I may sweet peace and contentment regain.
 Then in a retreat with my dear I would dwell;
 Contentment should guard us in some humble cell;
 Remote, we'll live happy, tho' simple our fare;
 Our health, all our wealth, and to love all our care.