

Jenny was Fair.

Violin

Slow

When west winds did blow with a soft gentle breeze, And sweetblossoming
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 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.

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.