

August 2019

Sweet Silver Moon

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Recommended Citation

Unknown, Author, "Sweet Silver Moon" (2019). *Broadside Ballads: England*. 1147.
https://egrove.olemiss.edu/kgbsides_uk/1147

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JOCKEY

TO THE

FAIR

SWEET SILVER

MOON.

'Twas 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 coat the youth put on,
 For Jenny had vowed away to run,
 With Jockey to the fair.

The cheerful parish bells had rung,
 With eager steps he trudged along,
 With flowery garlands round him hung,
 Which shepherds used to wear,
 He tapped at the window, haste my dear,
 Jenny impatient, cried who's there,
 'Tis I my love and no one near,
 Step gently down, you've nought to fear,
 With Jockey to the fair.

My dad and mammy are asleep,
 My brother is up and with the sheep,
 And will you still your promise keep,
 Which I have heard you swear,
 And will you ever constant prove.
 I will by all the powers above,
 And ne'er deceive my charming love.
 Dispel these doubts and haste away
 With Jockey to the fair.

Behold the ring, the shepherd cried,
 Will Jenny be my charming bride,
 Let Cupid be our happy guide,
 And Hymen meet us there ;
 Then Jockey did his vows renew,
 He would be constant, would be true,
 His word was pledged—away she flew
 Through cowslips tipp'd with balmy dew,
 With Jockey to the fair.

In raptures met the social throng,
 These gay companions blithe and young,
 Each join the dance, each join the song,
 To hail the happy pair ;
 In turns there's none so fond as they,
 They bless the kind propitious day,
 The charming morn of blooming May,
 When lovely Jenny ran away
 With Jockey to the fair.

As I went to my cot at the close of the day,
 About the beginning of June,
 By a jesamine shade I espied a fair maid,
 And she sadly complained to the moon.
 Roll on silver moon, guide the traveller's way,
 While the nightingales all sung in tune,
 But never again with my lover I'll stray,
 By the light of the sweet silver moon.

As the hart on the mountain my lover was brav
 So handsome, so manly, so clever,
 So kind and sincere, he loved me so dear,
 Oh Edwin! thy equal was never:
 But now he is dead and gone to his grave,
 Cut down like a rose in full bloom,
 He has fallen asleep, and poor Jane's left to weep,
 By thy sweet silver light bonny moon.

His grave I will seek, and till morning appears,
 I'll weep for my lover so brave,
 I'll embrace the cold turf, and wash with my tears
 The daisies that bloom on his grave :
 Oh! never again shall my bosom know joy,
 With my Edwin I trust to be soon,
 And lovers shall weep, o'er the grave where we sleep,
 By thy sweet light bonny moon.

BEHOLD!

HOW BRIGHTLY

BEAMS THE MORNING

Behold! how brightly beams the morning,
 Tho' bleak our lot, our hearts are warm,
 To toil inured all danger scorning,
 We hail the breeze, and brave the storm,

Put off, put off, our course we know,
 Take heed, take heed, and whisper low,
 Look out and spread our nets with care,
 The prey we seek, we'll soon ensnare.

Away though tempests darken o'er us,
 Boldly still we stem the wave,
 Hoist, hoist, all sail, while shines before us,
 Hope's beacon light to cheer the brave.
 Put off, put off, &c.

Jackson and Son, (late Russell,) Printers,
 Moor Street,) Birmingham.