

Over the Hills and Far Away (4)

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Jocky met with Jenny fair
Aft by the dawning of the day;
But Jockey now is fu' of care
Since Jenny staw his heart away.
Altho' she promis'd to be true
She proven has, alake! unkind
Which gars poor Jockey aften rue
That e'er he loo'd a fickle mind.

'Tis o'er the hills and far away
'Tis o'er the hills and far away
'Tis o'er the hills and far away
The wind has blown my Plad (sic) away.

Jockey was a bonny lad
And e'er was born in Scotland fair;
But now poor Jockey is run mad,
For Jenny causes his despair;
Jockey was a Piper's son
And fell in love when he was young
But all the springs that he could play
Was, O'er the Hills, and far away.

He sung, "When first my Jenny's face
I saw, she seem'd sae fu' of grace
With meikle joy my heart was fill'd
That's now, alas! with sorrow kill'd.
Oh! was she but as true as fair
'Twad put an end to my despair.
Instead of that she is unkind
And wavers like the winter wind.

Ah! could she find the dismal wae
That for her sake I undergae
She couldna chuse but grant relief
And put an end to a' my grief;
But, oh! she is as fause as fair
Which causes a' my sighs and care;
And she triumphs in proud disdain
And takes a pleasure in my pain.

Hard was my hap, to fa' in love
With ane that does so faithless prove!
Hard was my fate, to court a maid
That has my constant heart betray'd!
A thousand times to me she sware
She wad be true for evermair;
But, to my grief, alake! I say
She staw my heart and ran away.

Since that she will nae pity take
I maun gae wander for her sake
And, in ilk wood and gloomy grove
I'll, sighing, sing," Adieu to love.
Since she is fause whom I adore
I'll never trust a woman more;
Frae a' their charms I'll flee away
And on my pipes I'll sweetly play,"

O'er hills and dales and far away
O'er hills and dales and far away
O'er hills and dales and far away
The wind has blawn my plad away.

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