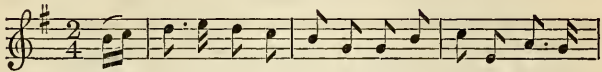
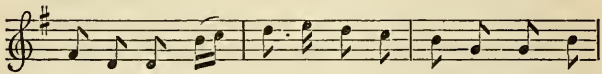


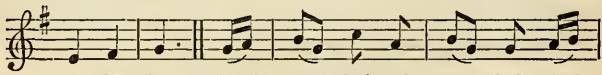
JENNY'S BABEE.



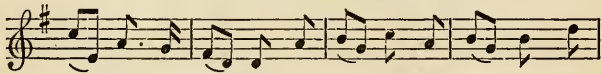
And a' that e'er my Jen - ny had, My Jen - ny had, my



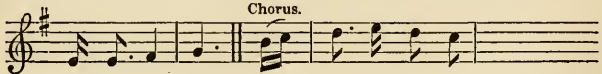
Jen - ny had, And a' that e'er my Jen - ny had, Was



ae ba - bee. There's your plack and my plack, And



your plack and my plack, And my plack and your plack, And



Chorus.

Jen - ny's ba - bee. And a' that e'er my, &c.

And a' that e'er my Jenny had,
My Jenny had, my Jenny had,
And a' that e'er my Jenny had,
Was ae babee.

There's your plack and my plack,
And your plack and my plack,
And my plack and your plack,
And Jenny's babee.

We'll put it in the pint stoup,
The pint stoup, the pint stoup,
We'll put it in the pint stoup,
And birl 't a' three.¹

Jenny's Babee is one of the simple rants which once had such popularity in Scotland—greatly exceeding in that respect strains by noted authors, charged with finest poetry and solidest sense. It is not even apparent what *Jenny's babee* means, whether an actual halfpenny, appreciated by a child, or metaphorically a young lady's fortune. The air was one often used as a dance. Within the present century two improved songs on the theme of *Jenny's Babee* have been offered for popular favour; one of considerable effect, in a comic vein, by Sir Alexander Boswell; another of a sentimental cast, for which the melody is given in slow time with surprisingly good effect.

¹ From Herd's Collection.