

**"Jenny"**  
**DG Rossetti**

"Vengeance of Jenny's case! Fie on her! Never name her, child!"—Mrs. Quickly

Lazy laughing languid Jenny,  
Fond of a kiss and fond of a guinea,  
Whose head upon my knee to-night  
Rests for a while, as if grown light  
With all our dances and the sound  
To which the wild tunes spun you round:  
Fair Jenny mine, the thoughtless queen  
Of kisses which the blush between  
Could hardly make much daintier;  
Whose eyes are as blue skies, whose hair  
Is countless gold incomparable:  
Fresh flower, scarce touched with signs that tell  
Of Love's exuberant hotbed:--Nay,  
Poor flower left torn since yesterday  
Until to-morrow leave you bare;  
Poor handful of bright spring-water  
Flung in the whirlpool's shrieking face;  
Poor shameful Jenny, full of grace  
Thus with your head upon my knee;--  
Whose person or whose purse may be  
The lodestar of your reverie?

This room of yours, my Jenny, looks  
A change from mine so full of books,  
Whose serried ranks hold fast, forsooth,  
So many captive hours of youth,--  
The hours they thief from day and night  
To make one's cherished work come right,  
And leave it wrong for all their theft,  
Even as to-night my work was left:  
Until I vowed that since my brain  
And eyes of dancing seemed so fain,  
My feet should have some dancing too:--  
And thus it was I met with you.  
Well, I suppose 'twas hard to part,

For here I am. And now, sweetheart,  
You seem too tired to get to bed.  
It was a careless life I led  
When rooms like this were scarce so strange  
Not long ago. What breeds the change,--  
The many aims or the few years?  
Because to-night it all appears.  
Something I do not know again.

The cloud's not danced out of my brain,--  
The cloud that made it turn and swim  
While hour by hour the books grew dim.  
Why, Jenny, as I watch you there,--  
For all your wealth of loosened hair,  
Your silk ungirdled and unlac'd  
And warm sweets open to the waist,  
All golden in the lamplight's gleam,--  
You know not what a book you seem,  
Half-read by lightning in a dream!  
How should you know, my Jenny? Nay,  
And I should be ashamed to say:--  
Poor beauty, so well worth a kiss!  
But while my thought runs on like this  
With wasteful whims more than enough,  
I wonder what you're thinking of.

If of myself you think at all,  
What is the thought?--conjectural  
On sorry matters best unsolved?--  
Or inly is each grace revolved  
To fit me with a lure?--or (sad  
To think!) perhaps you're merely glad  
That I'm not drunk or ruffianly  
And let you rest upon my knee.

For sometimes, were the truth confess'd,  
you're thankful for a little rest,--  
Glad from the crush to rest within,  
Form the heart-sickness and the din  
Where envy's voice at virtue's pitch

Mocks you because your gown is rich;  
And from the pale girl's dumb rebuke,  
Whose ill-clad grace and toil-worn look  
Proclaim the strength that keeps her weak  
And other nights than yours bespeak;  
And from the wise unchildish elf,  
To schoolmate lesser than himself  
Pointing you out, what thing you are:--  
Yes, from the daily jeer and jar,  
From shame and shame's outbraving too,  
Is rest not sometimes sweet to you?--  
But most from the hatefulness of man  
Who spares not to end what he began,  
Whose acts are ill and his speech ill,  
Who, having used you at his will,  
Thrusts you aside, as when I dine  
I serve the dishes and the wine.

Well, handsome Jenny mine, sit up,  
I've filled our glasses, let us sup,  
And do not let me think of you,  
Lest shame of yours suffice for two.  
What, still so tired? Well, well then, keep  
Your head there, so you do not sleep;  
But that the weariness may pass  
And leave you merry, take this glass.  
Ah! lazy lily hand, more bless'd  
If ne'er in rings it had been dress'd  
Nor ever by a glove conceal'd!

Behold the lilies of the field,  
They toil not neither do they spin;  
(So doth the ancient text begin,--  
Not of such rest as one of these  
Can share.) Another rest and ease  
Along each summer-sated path  
From its new lord the garden hath,  
Than that whose spring in blessings ran  
Which praised the bounteous husbandman,  
Ere yet, in days of hankering breath,

The lilies sickened unto death.

What, Jenny, are your lilies dead?  
Aye, and the snow-white leaves are spread  
Like winter on the garden-bed.  
But you had roses left in May,--  
They were not gone too. Jenny, nay,  
But must your roses die, and those  
Their purpled buds that should uncloset?  
Even so; the leaves are curled apart,  
Still red as from the broken heart,  
And here's the naked stem of thorns.

Nay, nay, mere words. Here nothing warns  
As yet of winter. Sickness here  
Or want alone could waken fear,--  
Nothing but passion wrings a tear.  
Except when there may rise unsought  
Haply at times a passing thought  
Of the old days which seem to be  
Much older than any history  
That is written in any book;  
When she would lie in fields and look  
Along the ground through the blown grass,  
And wonder where the city was,  
Far out of sight, whose broil and bale  
They told her then for a child's tale.

Jenny, you know the city now.  
A child can tell the tale there, how  
Some things which are not yet enroll'd  
In market-lists are bought and sold  
Even till the early Sunday light,  
When Saturday night is market-night  
Everywhere, be it dry or wet,  
And market-night in the Haymarket.  
Our learned London children know,  
Poor Jenny, all your mirth and woe;  
Have seen your lifted silken skirt  
Advertize dainties through the dirt;

Have seen your coach-wheels splash rebuke  
On virtue; and have learned your look  
When, wealth and health slipped past, you stare  
Along the streets alone, and there,  
Round the long park, across the bridge,  
The cold lamps at the pavement's edge  
Wind on together and apart,  
A fiery serpent for your heart.

Let the thoughts pass, an empty cloud!  
Suppose I were to think aloud,--  
What if to her all this were said?  
Why, as a volume seldom read  
Being opened halfway shuts again,  
So might the pages of her brain  
Be parted at such words, and thence  
Close back upon the dusty sense.  
For is there hue or shape defin'd  
In Jenny's desecrated mind,  
Where all contagious currents meet,  
A lethe of the middle street?  
Nay, it reflects not any face,  
Nor sound is in its sluggish pace,  
But as they coil those eddies clot,  
And night and day remember not.

Why, Jenny, you're asleep at last!--  
Asleep, poor jenny, hard and fast,--  
So young and soft and tired; so fair,  
With chin thus nestled in your hair,  
Mouth quiet, eyelids almost blue  
As if some sky of dreams shone through!

Just as another woman sleeps!  
Enough to throw one's thoughts in heaps  
Of doubt and horror,--what to say  
Or think,--this awful secret sway,  
The potter's power over the clay!  
Of the same lump (it has been said)  
For honour and dishonour made,

Two sister vessels. Here is one.

My cousin Nell is fond of fun,  
And fond of dress, and change, and praise,  
So mere a woman in her ways:  
And if her sweet eyes rich in youth  
Are like her lips that tell the truth,  
My cousin Nell is fond of love.  
And she's the girl I'm proudest of.  
Who does not prize her, guard her well?  
The love of change, in cousin Nell,  
Shall find the best and hold it dear:  
The unconquered mirth turn quieter  
Not through her own, through others' woe  
The conscious pride of beauty glow  
Beside another's pride in her,  
One little part of all they share.  
For Love himself shall ripen these  
In a kind soil to just increase  
Through years of fertilizing peace.

Of the same lump (as it is said)  
For honour and dishonour made,  
Two sister vessels. Here is one.

It makes a goblin of the sun.

So pure,--so fall'n! How dare to think  
Of the first common kindred link?  
Yet, Jenny, till the world shall burn  
It seems that all things take their turn;  
And who shall say but this fair tree  
May need, in changes that may be,  
Your children's children's charity?  
Scorned then, no doubt, as you are scorn'd!  
Shall no man hold his pride forewarn'd  
Till in the end, the Day of Days,  
At Judgment, one of his own race,  
As frail and lost as you, shall rise,--  
His daughter, with his mother's eyes?

How Jenny's clock ticks on the shelf!  
Might not the dial scorn itself  
That has such hours to register?  
Yet as to me, even so to her  
Are golden sun and silver moon,  
In daily largesse of earth's boon,  
Counted for life-coins to one tune.  
And if, as blindfold fates are toss'd,  
Through some one man this life be lost,  
Shall soul not somehow pay for soul?

Fair shines the gilded aureole  
In which our highest painters place  
Some living woman's simple face.  
And the stilled features thus descried  
As Jenny's long throat droops aside,--  
The shadows where the cheeks are thin,  
And pure wide curve from ear to chin,--  
With Raffael's or Da Vinci's hand  
To show them to men's souls, might stand,  
Whole ages long, the whole world through,  
For preachings of what God can do.  
What has man done here? How atone,  
Great God, for this which man has done?  
And for the body and soul which by  
Man's pitiless doom must now comply  
With lifelong hell, what lullaby  
Of sweet forgetful second birth  
Remains? All dark. No sign on earth  
What measure of god's rest endows  
The many mansions of his house.

If but a woman's heart might see  
Such erring heart unerringly  
For once! But that can never be.

Like a rose shut in a book  
In which pure women may not look,  
For its base pages claim control

To crush the flower within the soul;  
Where through each dead rose-leaf that clings,  
Pale as transparent psyche-wings,  
To the vile text, are traced such things  
As might make lady's cheek indeed  
More than a living rose to read;  
So nought save foolish foulness may  
Watch with hard eyes the sure decay;  
And so the life-blood of this rose,  
Puddled with shameful knowledge, flows  
Through leaves no chaste hand may uncloze:  
Yet still it keeps such faded show  
Of when 'twas gathered long ago,  
That the crushed petals' lovely grain,  
The sweetness of the sanguine stain,  
Seen of a woman's eyes, must make  
Her pitiful heart, so prone to ache,  
Love roses better for its sake:--  
Only that this can never be:--  
Even so unto her sex is she.

Yet, Jenny, looking long at you,  
The woman almost fades from view.  
A cipher of man's changeless sum  
Of lust, past, present, and to come,  
Is left. A riddle that one shrinks  
To challenge from the scornful sphinx.

Like a toad within a stone  
Seated while time curmbles on;  
Which sits there since the earth was curs'd  
For Man's transgression at the first;  
Which, living through all centuries,  
Not once has seen the sun arise;  
Whose life, to its cold circle charmed,  
The earth's whole summers have not warmed;  
Which always--whitherso the stone  
Be flung--sits there, deaf, blind, alone;--  
Aye, and shall not be driven out  
Till that which shuts him round about



Break at the very Master's stroke,  
And the dust thereof vanish as smoke,  
And the seed of Man vanish as dust:--  
Even so within this world is Lust.

Come, come, what use in thoughts like this?  
Poor little Jenny, good to kiss,--  
You'd not believe by what strange roads  
Thought travels, when your beauty goads  
A man to-night to think of toads!  
Jenny, wake up. . . . Why, there's the dawn!

And there's an early waggon drawn  
To market, and some sheep that jog  
Bleating before a barking dog;  
And the old streets come peering through  
Another night that London knew;  
And all as ghostlike as the lamps.

So on the wings of day decamps  
My last night's frolic. Glooms begin  
To shiver off as lights creep in  
Past the gauze curtains half drawn-to,  
And the lamp's doubled shade grows blue,--  
Your lamp, my Jenny, kept alight,  
Like a wise virgin's, all one night!  
And in the alcove coolly spread  
Glimmers with dawn your empty bed;  
And yonder your fair face I see  
Reflected lying on my knee,  
Where teems with first foreshadowings  
Your pier-glass scrawled with diamond rings.

And now without, as if some word  
Had called upon them that they heard,  
The London sparrows far and nigh  
Clamour together suddenly;  
And Jenny's cage-bird grown awake  
Here in their song his part must take,  
Because here too the day doth break

And somehow in myself the dawn  
Among stirred clouds and veils withdrawn  
Strikes greyly on her. Let her sleep.  
But will it wake her if I heap  
These cushions thus beneath her head  
Where my knee was? No,--there's your bed,  
My Jenny, while you dream. And there  
I lay among your golden hair  
Perhaps the subject of your dreams,  
These golden coins.  
For still one deems  
That Jenny's flattering sleep confers  
New magic on the magic purse,--  
Grim web, how clogged with shrivelled flies!  
Between the threads fine fumes arise  
And shape their pictures in the brain.  
There roll no streets in glare and rain,  
Nor flagrant man-swine whets his tusk;  
But delicately sighs in musk  
The homage of the dim boudoir;  
Or like a palpitating star  
Thrilled into song, the opera-night  
Breathes faint in the quick pulse of light;  
Or at the carriage-window shine  
Rich wares for choice; or, free to dine,  
Whirls through its hour of health (divine  
For her) the concourse of the Park.  
And though in the discounted dark  
Her functions there and here are one,  
Beneath the lamps and in the sun  
There reigns at least the acknowledged belle  
Apparelled beyond parallel.  
Ah Jenny, yes, we know your dreams.

For even the Paphian Venus seems  
A goddess o'er the realms of love,  
When silver-shrined in shadowy grove:  
Aye, or let offerings nicely placed  
But hide Priapus to the waist,

And whoso looks on him shall see  
An eligible deity.

Why, Jenny, waking here alone  
May help you to remember one,  
Though all the memory's long outworn  
Of many a double-pillowed morn.  
I think I see you when you wake,  
And rub your eyes for me, and shake  
My gold, in rising, from your hair,  
A Danae for a moment there.

Jenny, my love rang true! for still  
Love at first sight is vague, until  
That tinkling makes him audible.

And must I mock you to the last,  
Ashamed of my own shame,--aghast  
Because some thoughts not born amiss  
Rose at a poor fair face like this?  
Well, of such thoughts so much I know:  
In my life, as in hers, they show,  
By a far gleam which I may near,  
A dark path I can strive to clear.

Only one kiss. Goodbye, my dear.

"Jenny" is a song written, produced and performed by the virtual band Studio Killers, released in May 2013 as the fourth single from their self-titled debut studio album. Played in the key of B major, the song, inspired by singer Chubby Cherry's crush with a person named Jenny, discusses a girl falling in love with her best friend. The single was a number-two hit on the Finnish Singles Chart, and was received positively by critics. "Jenny" is the seventh track from and the fourth single released from Studio Killers' debut album of the same name. It was released on May 13th, 2013. The song is about a person who is in love with their best friend, whose name is Jenny. According to Cherry, "Jenny" was a song that she wrote before she was involved with the band. She said it was inspired by her romantic interest in a person named Jenny. She also states that the lyrics had changed during production, having Goldie Foxx and Dyna Mink Jenny (plural Jennies). A diminutive of the female given names Jane, Jennifer, or Eugenia (rarely), also used as a formal given name. 1837 Leigh Hunt, Jenny Kissed Me, Jenny kissed me when we met, Jumping from the chair she sat in; Time, you thief, who love to get. Sweets into your list, put that in! Say I'm weary, say I'm sad, Say that health and wealth have missed me, Say I'm growing old, but add, Jenny kissed me. Jenny Live broadcasts Jenny Scordamaglia's talk show. She presents about different topics: psychology, sexology and paranormal themes. Her show teaches the viewers to live with positive energy. Jenny Live is available for free and around the World. Miami TV. All New Movies and series Entertainment Sports News and information General Discovery Kids Music Documentary. - Passionate about dance, 13-year-old Jenny convinces girls of her hip-hop troupe to participate in the inter-school competition. In full repetition, his health plays him a trick. The diagnosis of leukemia is a real punch. After a few days in the hospital, Jenny misses the comforts of home, chemo treatments cut her appetite and take away all energy. Fortunately, his father and his friends surround