

# Nanny O.

Violin

Slow

While absent from these faithful arms, O'er distant hills my Henry hies Fears

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fondly fram'd my heart alarms, And tears of passion bathe my eyes: A -

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- - long this secret Grove I stray, For oft at eve I've met him here; And

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to il-lu-sive thought a prey, I turn and fancy he is near.

## NANNY O!

*The words by W. PEARCE, Esq.*

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|---|---|
| WHILE, absent from these faithful arms, | Beneath these oaks how wou'd he kneel,    |
| O'er distant hills my HENRY hies,       | And vow his love with life shou'd last!   |
| Fears, fondly-framed, my breast alarms, | But memory heightens all I feel—          |
| And tears of passion bathe my eyes :    | With pain I recollect the past!           |
| Along this secret grove I stray,        | Some FAIRY guide me to the spot,          |
| For oft at Eve I've met him here ;      | Where hides the sov'reign of this heart!— |
| And, to illusive thought a prey,        | Adieu, ye vales!—adieu, sweet cot!        |
| I turn, and fancy he is near!           | My snowy lambs and I—must part.           |

Thro' woods and wilds—'midst thorns and brakes,  
    For thee, dear lad! my way I'll keep,  
'Till strength this tender frame forsakes;  
    When wearied,—lie me down and weep!  
But O! return—perfidious swain!  
    Thou, airy WAND'ERER, cease to rove;  
Ah!—haste to these fond arms again,  
    For none you meet like me will love!