

# 46 FANNY BLAIR

Collected and arranged by  
CECIL J. SHARP

Allegro ma non troppo

VOICE

1. Come all you\_ young  
young Fan - ny\_—  
day that\_ young

PIANO

fe - males wher - ev - er you be, Be - ware of\_ false swear - ing and  
Blair, she is eight - een years old, And, as I\_ must die, the  
He - gan was doom - ed to die The peo - ple\_ rose up with a

false per - ju - ry; For\_ by a young fe - male I'm\_ wound - ed full  
truth I'll un - fold; I\_ nev - er stole with\_ her in\_ all my life -  
mur - mur - ing cry: If we catch her we'll crop\_ her, she\_ false - ly has

soon, You see I'm\_ cut down in the height\_ of my bloom.  
time; It's a hard thing\_ to die for an - oth - er one's crime.  
sworn, Young He - gan\_ dies in - no - cent we're all\_ of us sure.

2. 'Twas last Mon - day\_ morn, as I lay\_ on my bed, A  
 4. The day of\_ my\_ tri - al Squire Ver - non was there, And  
 6. There's one fa - vour\_ more which I beg\_ of my friends, To

young man\_ came to me, and these\_ words he said: Rise\_ up! Thom - as  
 on the\_ green ta - ble they hand - ed Miss Blair. False oaths she's a -  
 take me\_ to\_ Bloom - field one night\_ by them - selves, And\_ bur - y my

He - gan, and\_ fly you else - where, For ven - geance is sworn you by  
 swear - ing I'm a - shamed for to tell, Till the judge cried: There's some - one has  
 bod - y in\_ Ma - ry - le - mould. I pray that\_ the great God will

First and second times	last time
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young Fan - ny Blair. 3. O  
 tu - tor'd you well. 5. The  
 par - don my soul.