

# Nanny O.

Violin

Slow

While absent from these faithfull 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.*

W	HILE, 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!
F	ears, fondly-framed, my breast alarms,	But memory heightens all I feel—
	And tears of passion bathe my eyes :	With pain I recollect the past!
A	long this secret grove I stray,	Some FAIRY guide me to the spot,
	For oft at Eye I've met him here ;	Where hides the sov'reign of this heart!—
A	nd, 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'RER, cease to rove;  
 Ah!—haste to these fond arms again,  
 For none you meet like me will love!