

Fair Fanny Moore, *In the Street*

Memo

There's a cot in yonder valley, 'tis deserted, and alone, It had long been neglected, and is weed over grown, If you enter at the door, see the blood stain's on the floor, Oh, that is the blood, of the fair Fanny Moore.

To Fanny all blooming, two lover's there came,
 2 One offered young Fanny, his wealth and his fame,
 But for all of his riches, he could not allure,
 The true loving heart of, the fair Fanny Moore,
 Young Henery the shepherd, was of lowly degree,
 3 But he won her fond heart, and accepted was he,
 Then quick to the alter, he there did secure,
 The hand and the heart of the fair Fanny Moore,
 As Fanny was a-settin in her cottage one day,
 4 When duty had called her young husband away,
 Young Randall the Haughty, came in at the door,
 and he clasped in his strong arms, the fair Fanny Moore,
 Oh spare me, Oh spare me young Fanny she cried,
 6 Oh spare me in mercy, I now am a bride,
 Oh no say's young Randall, you'll go to your rest,
 And he hurried his knife, in her snowy white breast,
 Young Fanny, all a-blooming, in her bright beauty died,
 7 Young Randall the haughty was taken and tried,
 At last he was hung, on a tree by the door,
 For shedding the blood of, the Fair Fanny Moore,
 8 Young Henery the shepherd, went distracted, and wild,
 And he wandered away, from his own native Isle,
 But at last when death claimed him, he was brought back to the shore,
 And laid by the side of his, Fair Fanny Moore.

5 Verse
 Oh Lanny, oh Lanny, reflect on your fate
 Accept my kind offers, before it's too late (5 Verse)
 There is one thing to do, I am bound to secure
 The love or the life of the fair Lanny Moore