Fair Fanny Moore (2)

Fair Fanny Moore (2)

Go look in yonders cottage all darkened and alone
There once were gravel walks, now green and overgrown;
Look in and there you'll see, sirs, some dark spots on the floor,
Alas, it is the blood of the fair Fannie Moore.

Young Fanny, all blooming, two lovers they came
They offered her their gold, their riches and their fame,
Their gold and their riches failed to allure
The long burning bosom of the fair Fanny Moore.

The first was young Randolph, all haughty with pride
He offered his gold, his riches beside
His gold and his riches failed to allure
The long burning bosom of the fair Fanny Moore.

The next was young Edward of lowly degree,
He offered her his heart, enraptured was she;
So quickly to the altar, so for to secure
The heart and the hand of the fair Fanny Moore.

As Fanny was sitting in her cottage one day,
Business having called her fond husband away,
Toung Randolph the haughty stepped in by the door
And clasped to his bosom the fair Fanny Moore.

Oh Fanny, dearest Fanny, beware of your fate
Accept of my offer before it's too late,
For one thing is certain, I'm determined to secure
The life or the love of the fair Fanny Moore.

Oh spare me, oh spare me, young Fanny she cried,
Oh spare me, oh spare me, for mercy's sake, she sighed
Then go ye, go ye, tp the land of the blest
He buried his dagger in her snowy white breast.

Young Fanny, all blooming, in bloodstains she died,
Young Randolph the haughty was taken and tried,
He was hung in his chains on a tree before the door,
For taking the life of the fair Fanny Moore.

Young Edward the shepherd, distracted and wild

Roamed far [and away from] his own native isle,
Till at length he was carried from [to] his own cottage door
And laid by the side of the fair Fanny Moore.

From Ozark Folk Songs, Randolph
Collected from Mrs. J. F. Trail, AK, 1942
DT #337
Laws O38

apr96

Visit www.traditionalmusic.co.uk for more songs.