Fanny Blair (2)

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Come all you young females wherever you be,
Beware of false swearing and flse perjury;
For by a young female I'm wounded full soon
You see I'm cut down in the height of my bloom.

'Twas last Monday morn as I lay on my bed,
A young man came to me and these words he said:
"Rise up, Thomas Hegan! and fly you elsewhere
For vengeance is sworn you by young Fanny Blair."

O young Fanny Blair, she is eighteen years old.
And, as I must die, the truth I'll unfold,
I never stole with her in all my lifetime
It's a hard thing to die for another man's crime.

The day of my trial Squire Vernon was there
And on the green table they handed Miss Blair,
False oaths she's a-swearing I'm ashamed for to tell
Till the judge cried,"There's someone has tutored you well."

The day that young Hegan was doomed to die,
The people rose up with a murmuring cry;
If we catch her, we'll crop her, she falsely has sworn
Young Hegan dies innocent we're all of us sure.

There's one favor more which I beg of my friends,
To take me to Bloomfield one night by themselves;
And bury my body in Marylemould
I pray that the great God will pardon my soul.

From English Folk Songs, Sharp