

# ¶ Nanny Wilt thou gang with me,

Harmonized for

## Two Voices

by the Composer

THOMAS CARTER.

I. 1/6

ANDANTINO.  
AFFETTUOSO.

Oh Nanny, wilt thou gang with me, Nor sigh to  
Oh Nanny, wilt thou, gang with me, Nor sigh to

leave the flaunting town, Can si lent glens have  
leave the flaunting town, Can si lent glens have

charms for thee, The low ly Cot, and rus set Gown, Nor  
charms for thee, The lowly Cot, and rus set Gown,

London. Printed by shade East Side Soho Square.

long.....er drest in silk...en sheen, no long.....er deckt with  
 no longer drest in silk...en sheen, no longer deckt with  
 Jew...els rare, Say canst thou quit the bu...sy scene, Where  
 Jew...els rare, Say canst thou quit the bu...sy scene,  
 thou wert fairest, wert fairest of the fair, Say canst thou quit the  
 Where thou wert fairest, wert fairest of the fair, Say canst thou quit the  
 fair=est of the fair  
 bu...sy scene, Where thou wert fairest, wert fairest of the fair, Where  
 bu...sy scene, thou wert fairest, wert fairest of the fair, Where

3

thou wert fairest, where thou wert fairest, where thou wert fairest  
 thou wert fairest, where thou wert fairest, where thou wert fairest  
 fairest of the fair, where thou wert fairest, where thou wert fairest, where  
 fairest of the fair, where thou wert fairest, where thou wert fairest, where  
 thou wert fairest of the fair.  
 thou wert fairest of the fair.

## 2

O Nanny, when thou'rt far awa,  
 Wilt thou not cast a look behind;  
 Say, canst thou face the flaky snaw,  
 Nor shrink before the warping wind:  
 O can that soft and gentle mien,  
 Severest hardships learn to bear;  
 Nor sad regret each courtly scene,  
 Where thou wert fairest of the Fair?

## 3

O! Nanny canst thou love so true,  
 Thrō perils keen, with me to go;  
 Or when thy Swain mishap shall know,  
 To share with him the pang of woe:  
 And when invading pains befall,  
 Wilt thou assume the Nurse's care;  
 Nor wishful those gay scenes recall,  
 Where thou wert fairest of the Fair?

## 4

And when at last thy Love shall die,  
 Wilt thou receive his parting Breath;  
 Wilt thou repress each struggling sigh,  
 And cheer with smiles the Bed of death;  
 And wilt thou o'er his much lov'd clay,  
 Strew Flowers, and drop the tender tear,  
 Nor then regret those scenes so gay,  
 Where thou wert fairest of the Fair?

O Nanny — Duet.

and I am a good man.

He is a good man.

He is a good man.