

1840

Fanny Grey

Caroline Sheridan Norton

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Recommended Citation

Norton, Caroline Sheridan, "Fanny Grey" (1840). *Historic Sheet Music Collection*. Paper 510.
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FANNY GREY
A
Ballad of real Life
 Written and composed by the
HON. MRS. NORTON.

BOSTON: Published by PARKER & DITSON 107 Washington Street.

MODERATO.

Well, well, Sir! So, you're come at last! I thought you'd come no more: I've

waited, with my bonnet on, from One 'till half past Four! — You know I hate to sit a-lone, un-

settled where to go: You'll break my heart, — I feel you will, — if you continue so! You'll

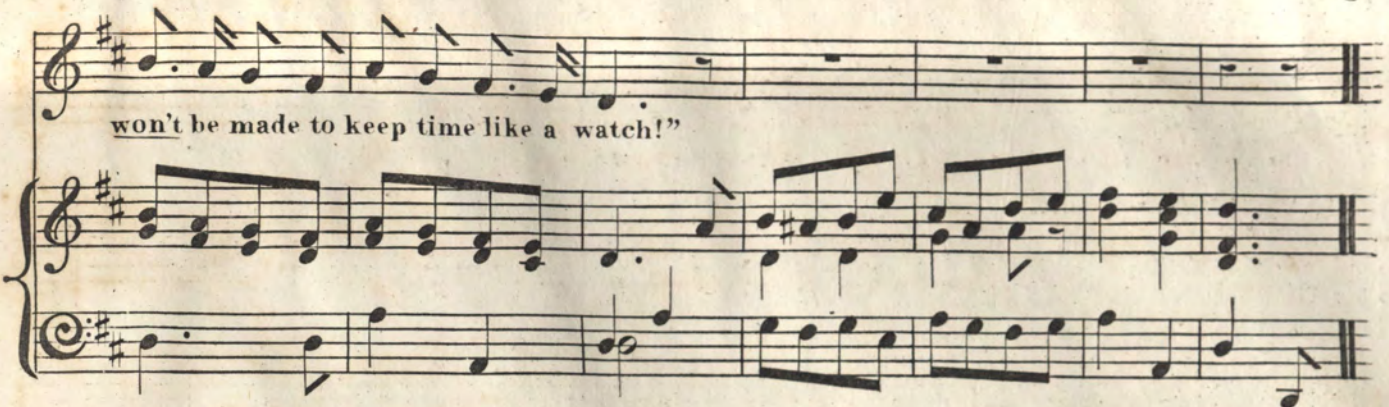
break my heart,—I feel you will,—if you continue so!

2^d VERSE.

“Now pray, my love, put by that frown, and don't begin to scold! You really will per-

suade me soon you're growing cross and old.— I on-ly stopp'd at Grosv'nor gate, young Fanny's eye to

catch: I won't, I swear I won't be made to keep time like a watch! I won't, I swear I



3

"It took you, then, two hours to bow? Two hours!— Take off your hat;
 I wish you'd bow that way to me;— and apropos of that,—
 I saw you making love to her— (You see I know it all!)
 (Bis) I saw you making love to her, at Lady ^{Fellen's} Glossop's Ball!"

4

"Now really, ^{Jane} Jane, your temper is so very odd To-Day!
You jealous,—and of such a Girl as little Fanny Grey!
 Make love to her! Indeed, my dear, you could see no such thing:
 (Bis) I sat a minute by her side, to see a turquoise ring!"

5

"I tell you that I saw it all, the whisp'ring and grimace,
 The flirting and coquetting, in her little foolish face,
 Oh! Charles I wonder that the Earth don't open, where you stand—
 (Bis) By the Heav'n that is above us both, I saw you kiss her hand!"

6

"I didn't, love! Or if I did,— allowing that 'tis true,—
 When a pretty woman shews her rings, what can a poor man do?
 My life, my soul, my darling Jane! I love but you alone
 (Bis) I never thought of Fanny Grey— (How tiresome she's grown!)"

7

"Put down your hat,— don't take your stick!— Now prithee, Charles, do stay!
 You never come to see me now, but you long to run away;
 There was a time, there was a time you never wish'd to go,—
 (Bis) What have I done, what have I done, dear Charles, to change you so?"

8

"Pooh, pooh, my love! I am not chang'd,— but Dinner is at Eight;
 And my Father's so particular, he never likes to wait;
 "Good-Bye!" Good-Bye! You'll come again? "Yes, One of these fine days!"
 (Bis) "He's turn'd the Street,— I knew he would— He's gone to Fanny Grey's!"

