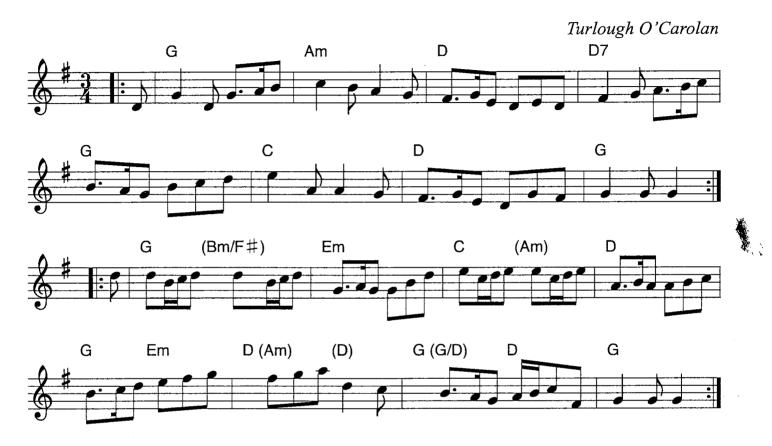
Fanny Power



(Music part A:)

When all but dreaming was Fanny Power,

A light came streaming from out her bower.

A heavy thought at her door delayed.

A heavy hand on the latch was laid.

(Music part A:)

"Now, who dare venture at this dark hour

Unbid to enter my maiden bower?"

"Oh, Fanny, open the door to me

And your true lover you'll surely see."

(Music part B:)

"My own true lover so tall and brave,

He lives in next isle o'er the angry wave."

"Your true love's body lies on the pier.