

E. C. Wright

"SONGS OF THE OLD DOMINION,"

Nº 2

LOWLAND FANNY

*Sung by the*

Norfolk Philharmonic Association

*Adapted to*

*Original Words*

by

J. H. HEWITT.

*Pr. 25 Cts Net.*

BALTIMORE,

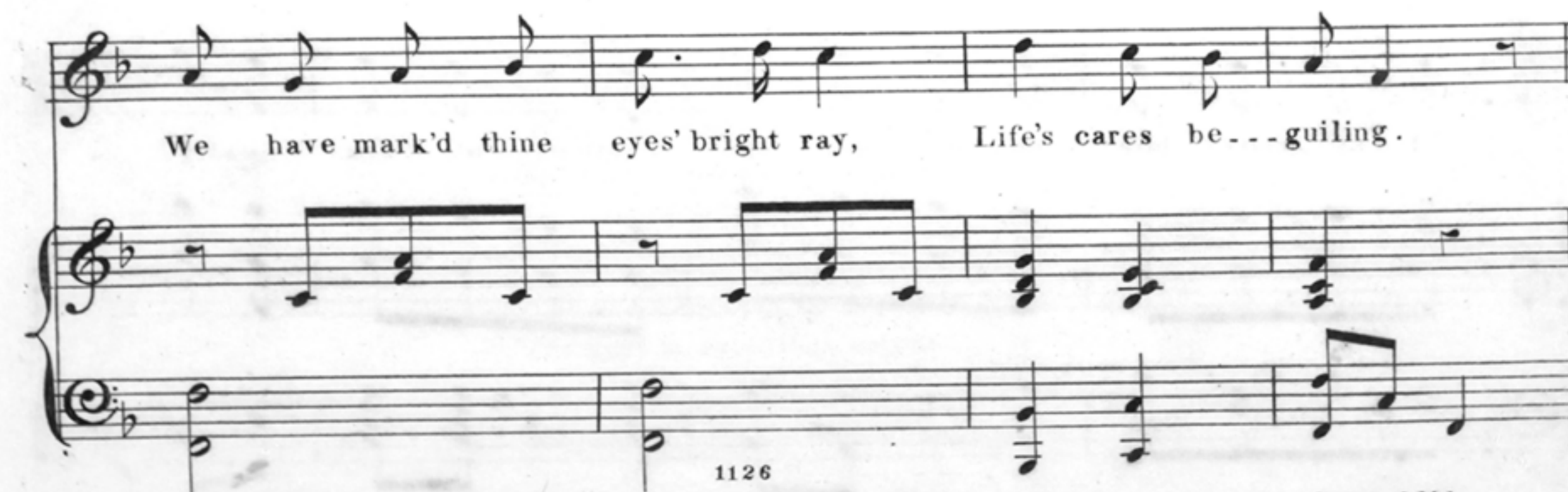
*Published by Frederick D. Benteen.*

*W<sup>m</sup> T. Mayo New Orleans.*

"LOWLAND FANNY"

Playfully.

PIANO.



Where the proud mag--no--lia grows, Is thy dwelling—hid-den treasure!

Blooming with the for-est rose, All joy and pleasure. Oh,

Refrain.

*mf*

Lowland Fan--ny is the star That leads us on to du-ty; She

lit--tle knows how ma--ny are The captives of her beauty.

CHORUS.

5

Oh, Lowland Fanny is the star That leads us to our du-ty; She little knows how

many are the captives of her beauty.

Love has never touch'd thy heart,  
 Lowland Fanny! with his arrow;  
 Thou hast never learnt his art,  
 Or felt his sorrow.  
 Like a gem that steals no light,  
 Claiming nature's beauty only;  
 Thou art in seclusion bright—  
 Joyous— though lonely!  
 REFRAIN. Oh, Lowland Fanny &c.

Webb.