



A Favourite Air Set by Mr. Hawdon

So brightly sweet fair Nannys Eyes their rising beams do play that

Like the Sons of In dia we can dread the coming Day

For if her morning Rays with such un

usual Vigour stream How will the wondrous world withstand her

full meridian beam

*Now she innocently kills,
 With an unaiming Dart,
 Who shall resist her, when with skill
 She levels at the heart,
 Since with each smile, the pretty Nymph,
 Now captivates the sense,
 What when her Beautys, at the height,
 Will be its Influence.*