Gentle Annie

S.C. Foster

1. Thou wilt come no more gentle Annie, Like a
   flower the spirit did depart; Thou art gone, alas!

2. We have roamed and lov'd mid the bow'rs, When thy
   hours grow sad while I ponder When they have

3. Ah! the wild flow'rs are scattered o'er the plain When the
   spring time comes, gentle Annie When the wind

Chorus

man'y, That have bloomed in the summer of the heart. Shall we
wander, While they mingle their perfumes o'er the tomb.
ne'er more be hold thee, Ne-ver hear thy winning voice again? When the

D A7 D

D G A7 D

D G D

Bm G A7 D A7

G Bm G D A7

D A7 D

D G D A7 D

D A7

G D G7 A7 D

D A7

D A7 D

G D G7 A7 D

D A7

G D G7 A7 D

D A7 D

G D G7 A7 D

D A7