

# Annie O The Banks O Dee - song lyrics

American Old-time song lyrics from [www.traditionalmusic.co.uk](http://www.traditionalmusic.co.uk)

ANNIE O THE BANKS O DEE

It may not be, it cannot be  
That such a gem was made for me;  
But, oh 1 gin it had been my lot,  
A palace not, a highland cot;  
That bonny simple gem had thrown  
Bright lustre round a jewell'd crown;  
For oh! the sweetest lass to me  
Is Annie, Annie o' the banks o' Dee;  
Annie o' the banks o' Dee,  
[Annie o' the banks o' Dee;  
For oh! the sweetest lass to me  
Is Annie o' the banks o' Dee.

I love her for her artless truth  
I love her wi' the heart o' youth,  
When a' the golden dreams o' love,  
Bright winged angels from above,  
A stolen glance from Annie snares  
My heart away from all its cares;  
For oh! the sweetest lass to me  
Is Annie, Annie o' the banks o' Dee;  
Annie o' the banks o' Dee,  
Annie o' the banks o' Dee;  
For oh! the sweetest lass to me  
Annie o' the banks o' Dee.