

Gentle Annie - song lyrics

American Old-time song lyrics from www.traditionalmusic.co.uk

GENTLE ANNIE.

Thou wilt come no more, gentle Annie-
Like a flower thy spirit did depart;
Thou art gone, alas! like the many,
That have blooin'd in the summer of my heart.

Chorus.

Shall we never more behold thee,
Never hear thy winning voice again,
When the Spring-time comes, gentle Annie,
When the wild flowers are scatter'd o'er the plain?

We have roam'd and lov'd 'mid the bowers,
When thy downy cheeks were in bloom;
Now I stand alone 'mid the flowers,
While they mingle their perfume o'er thy tomb.
Shall "we never more behold thee, &c.

Ah the hours grow sad while I ponder
Near the silent spot where thou art laid;
And my heart bows down when I wander
By the streams and the meadows where we stray'd.
Shall we never more behold thee, &c.