

# Gentle Annie

Steven Foster

♩ = 60

VERSE

1. Thou wilt come no more gen - tle An - nie, Like a  
 2. We have roamed and loved mid the bow - er When a  
 3. Ah! the hours grow sad while I pon - der near the

D

DUL A

D 2 1 0 0 1 0 1 2 7 6+ 5

D

DUL A

A 5 4 3 3 4 3 4 5 10 9 8

flow'r thy spir - it did de - part; Thou art gone, a - las! like the  
 down - y cheeks were in their bloom; Now I stand a - lone mid the  
 si - lent spot where thou art laid, And my heart bows down when I

D

DUL A

D 4 5 0 0 1 2 1 2 1 0 0 1 0 1

D

DUL A

A 7 8 3 3 4 5 4 5 4 3 3 4 3 4

man - y, That have bloomed in the sum - mer of the  
 flow - ers, While they min - gle their per - fumes o'er the  
 wan - der, by the streams and the mea - dows where we

D

DUL A

D 2 7 6+ 5 4 3 2 2 1 0 2

D

DUL A

A 5 10 9 8 7 6 5 5 4 3 2

**CHORUS**

heart. tomb. strayed. Shall we ne - ver more be - hold thee, Ne - ver

Em G A D

D

DUL A

D 0 4 4 5 8 7 5 4 2 6+ 7

D

DUL A

A 3 7 7 8 11 10 8 7 5 9 10

hear thy win - ning voice a - gain? When the spring - time comes, gen - tle

F#m D A7 F#m D A7

D

DUL A

D 2 1 0 0 1 2 1 2 1 0 0 1 0 1

D

DUL A

A 5 4 3 3 4 5 4 5 4 3 3 4 3 4

An - nie. When the wild - flow'rs are scat - tered o'er the plain.

D A7 D

D

DUL A

D 2 7 6+ 5 4 3 2 2 1 0 0

D

DUL A

A 5 10 9 8 7 6 5 5 4 3 2 3