

Gentle Annie  
(Stephen Foster)

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

cho: Shall we never more behold thee;  
Never hear thy winning voice again  
When the Springtime comes gentle Annie,  
When the wild flow'rs are scattered o'er the plain?

2. We have roamed and loved mid the bowers,  
When thy downy cheeks were in their bloom;  
Now I stand alone mid the flowers  
While they mingle their perfumes o'er thy tomb.

3. 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.

Stephen Foster, 1856  
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