Gentle Annie
Stephen Foster 1856

Key of D

Moderately slow

Thou wilt come no more, gentle Annie. Like a flower they spirit did depart. Thou are gone, alas, like the many. That have bloomed in the summer of my heart. Shall we never more be hold thee. Never hear thy winning voice again. When the

Spring time comes, gentle Annie. Whenthe wild flowers are scattered o'er the plain.