

Gentle Annie

Stephen Foster, 1856

♩=110

Thou wilt come no more, gen-tle An-nie, Like a flower thy spi-rit did de-part; Thou art gone, a-las! like the ma-ny That have bloomed in the sum-mer of my heart. Shall we ne-ver more be-hold thee; Ne-ver hear thy win-ning voice a-gain, When the Spring time comes, gen-tle An-nie, When the wild flowers are scat-tered o'er the plain?