



Thou wilt come no more, gen-tle An-nie, Like a flow'r thy spir - it did de -
We have roamed and loved mid the bow-ers, When thy down - y cheeks were in their



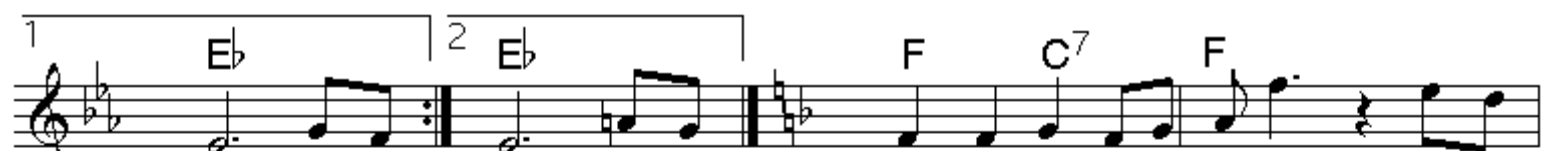
part; Thou art gone, a-las! like the man-y That have bloomed in the sum-mer of my
bloom; Now I stand a-lone mid the flow-ers While they min - gle their per-fumes o'er thy



heart. Shall we nev - er more be - hold thee; Nev - er hear thy win - ning voice a -
tomb.



gain When the Spring-time comes, gen-tle An-nie, When the wild flow'rs are scattered o'er the



plain? We have Plain? Ah! the hours grow sad while I pon-der Near the



si - lent spot where thou art laid, And my heart bows down when I wan-der By the



streams and the meadows where we strayed. Shall we nev - er more be - hold thee; Nev - er



hear thy win - ning voice a - gain When the Spring-time comes, gen-tle An-nie, When the



wild flow'rs are scat - tered o'er the plain?