

Gentle Annie

Stephen Foster, 1856
(written in Eb)

Thou wilt come no more, gen - tle A - nnie, Like a
3 flow'r thy spi - rit did de - part; Thou art gone, a - las! like the
6 ma - ny That have bloomed in the sum - mer of my
8 heart. Shall we ne - ver more be - hold thee; Ne - ver
11 hear thy win - ning voice a - gain When the Spring - time comes gen - tle
14 A - nnie, When the wild flow'rs are sca - ttered o'er the plain?