

bet my mon-ey on de bob-tail nag, Some-bo-dy bet on de bay. . .

Gentle Annie

S. C. FOSTER

Andante con moto

1. Thou wilt come no more, gen-tle An-nie,
 2. We have roam'd and lov'd 'mid the bow-ers,
 3. Ah! the hours grow sad while I pon-der

Like a flow'r thy spir-it did de-
 When thy down-y cheeks were in their
 Near the si-lent spot where thou art

part;
 bloom;
 laid,

Thou art gone, a-las! like the man-y
 Now I stand a-lone 'mid the flow-ers,
 And my heart bows down when I wan-der

That have
 While they
 By the

bloom'd in the sum-mer of the heart. Shall we nev - er more be -
 min - gle their perfumes o'er thy tomb. Shall we nev - er more be -
 streams and the meadows where we stray'd. Shall we nev - er more be -

hold thee, Nev-er hear thy winning voice a - gain? When the Spring-time comes, gen-tle

An - nie, When the wild flow'rs are scat-ter'd o'er the plain?