Artificial Flowers

The Beautiful South

Alone in the world was poor little Anne
As sweet a young child as you'd find
Her parents had gone to their final reward
Leaving their baby behind

Did you hear this poor little child
Was only nine years of age
When mother and dad went away
Still she bravely worked
At the one thing she knew
To earn a few pennies a day

She made artificial flowers, artificial flowers
Flowers for ladies of fashion to wear
She made artificial flowers, artificial flowers
Fashioned from Annie's despair

With papers and shears, with wire and wax
She made up each tulip and mum
As snow flakes drifted in to her tenement room
Her baby little fingers grew numb

From artificial flowers, those artificial flowers
Flowers for ladies of high fashion to wear
She made artificial flowers, artificial flowers
Made from Annie's despair

And they found little Annie all covered with ice
Still clutching her poor frozen shears
Amidst all the blossoms, she had fashioned by hand
And watered with all her young tears

There must be a Heaven where little Annie can play
In heavenly gardens and bowers
And instead of halo, she'll wear round her head
A garland of genuine flowers

No more artificial flowers, artificial flowers
Flowers for ladies of society to wear
Those artificial flowers, artificial flowers

Fashioned from Annie's
Fashioned from Annie's despair

Lyrics powered by lyrics.tancode.com
written by JERRY BOCK, SHELDON HARNICK
Lyrics Â© R & H MUSIC CO OBO MAYERLING PRODUCTIONS, LTD. , BOCK IP LLC

Lyrics provided by
https://damnlyrics.com/