Gentle Annie

Kate & Anna McGarrigle

Thou wilt come no more gentle Annie
Like the flower, who's spirit did depart
Who has come and gone like the many
Who have bloomed in the springtime of my heartShall I never more behold thee?
Never hear thy laughing voice again
When the springtime comes gentle Annie
And the wild flowers are scattered o'er the plainsWe did roam and love midst the bowers
When thy downy cheeks were in their bloom
Now I walk alone midst the flowers
As they mingle their perfume o'er thy tombShall we never more behold thee?
Never hear thy laughing voice again
When the springtime comes gentle Annie
And the wild flowers are scattered o'er the plains

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