

Wm. F. Richardson

ANNIE LAWRENCE



*Her cheeks were pale and thin, she early tells the tale,
And twas there that her Lavinia gave in her promise true.*

A Scotch Ballad

NEWLY ARRANGED FOR THE

PIANO FORTE.

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ANNIE LAWRIE.

ALLEGRO.

p *mf*

Max-welton's banks are bon-ny, Where early falls the dew, And 'twas

p

there that An...nie Law-rie gave me her prom-ise true. Gave

me her prom...ise true, And ne'er forget will I, But for

f

bonnie An.....nie Law...rie I'd lay me down and die.

dim.

cres:

Her brow is like the snaw-drift, her throat is like the swan, Her

p

face is as the fair-est that e'er the sun shone on. That

e'er the sun shone on, And dark blue is her e'e, And for

bonnie An...nie Law...rie I'd lay me down and die.

cres:

3rd Verse.

Like dew on the gowan lying is the fa' o' her fairy feet,
 And like winds in summer sighing, her voice is low and sweet;
 Her voice is low and sweet, and she's a' the world to me,
 And for bonnie Annie Lawrie I'd lay me down and die.