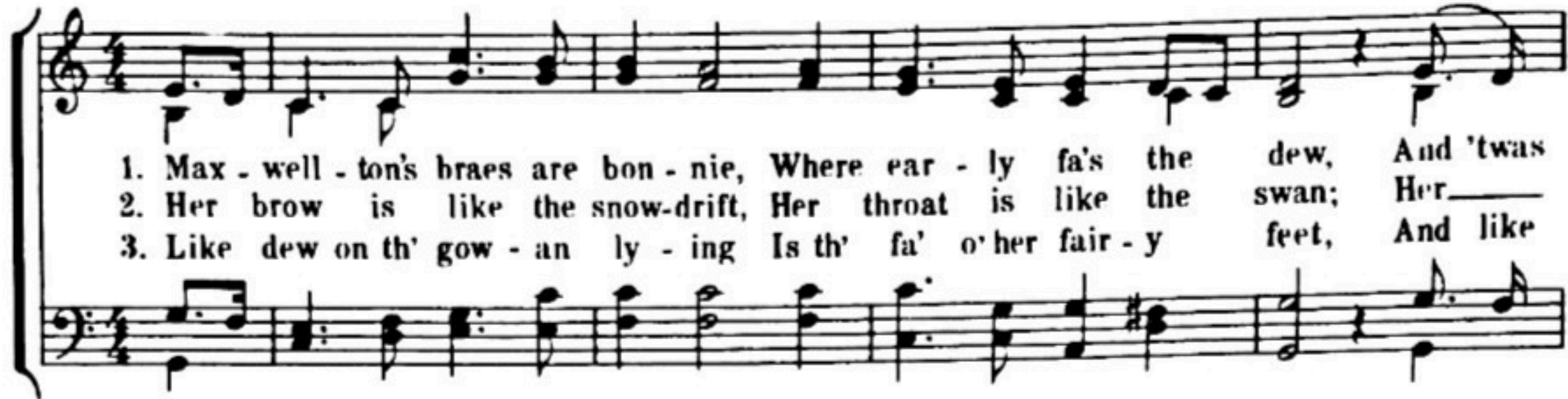
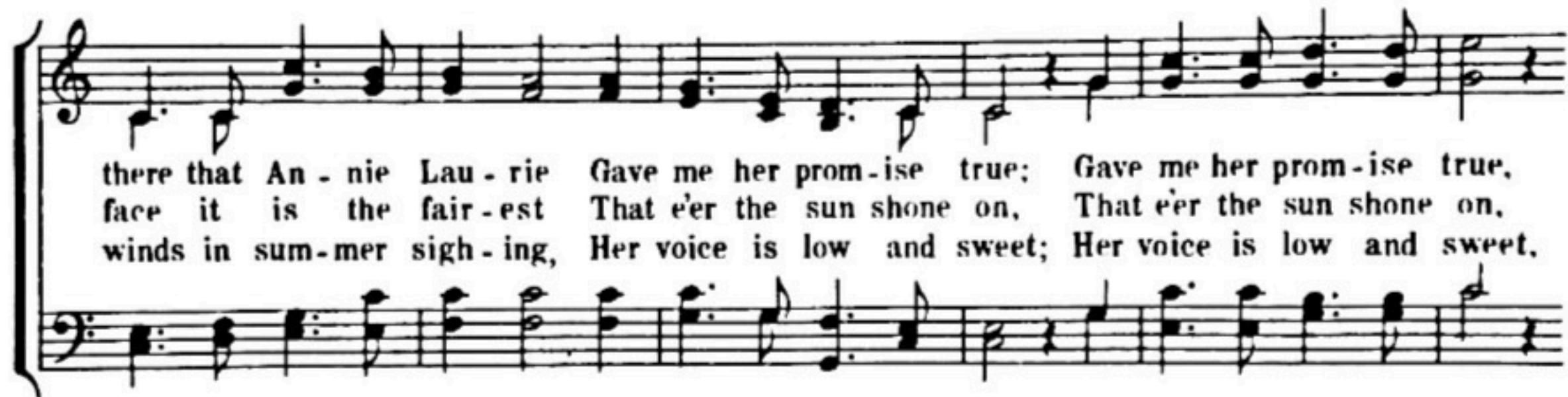


ANNIE LAURIE

Lady John Scott



1. Max - well - ton's braes are bon - nie, Where ear - ly fa's the dew, And 'twas
2. Her brow is like the snow-drift, Her throat is like the swan; Her—
3. Like dew on th' gow - an ly - ing Is th' fa' o' her fair - y feet, And like



there that An - nie Lau - rie Gave me her prom - ise true; Gave me her prom - ise true,
face it is the fair - est That e'er the sun shone on, That e'er the sun shone on,
winds in sum - mer sigh - ing, Her voice is low and sweet; Her voice is low and sweet,



Which ne'er for - got will be, And for bon - nie An - nie Lau - rie, I'd lay me doon and dee.
And dark blue is her e'e, And for bon - nie An - nie Lau - rie, I'd lay me doon and dee.
And she's a' the world to me, And for bon - nie An - nie Lau - rie, I'd lay me doon and dee.

Transpose to Bb.