

Annie Laurie

Alicia Scott

N.C. C F C D7/A G7 N.C.

Max - wel - ton's banks are bon - nie Where ear - ly falls the dew; And 'twas
 Her brow is like the snow - drift, Her throat is like the swan; Her
 Like dew on th' gow - an ly - ing Is th' fa' o' her fair - y feet, And like

T 0 2 | 0 0 3 2 | 2 0 0 0 | 3 0 2 0 | 2 0 2
 A | | | | |
 B | | | | |

C F C/G G7 C

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

T 3 2 | 2 0 0 0 | 3 0 2 0 | 0 3
 A | | | | |
 B | | | | |

G C Am Dm/F E N.C.

me her prom - ise true, And ne'er for - get will I, But for
 e'er the sun shone on, And dark blue is her e'e And for
 voice is low and sweet, And she's a' the world to me, And for

T 3 3 5 5 | 7 3 | 3 3 5 5 | 7 7 5
 A | | | | |
 B | | | | |

Am F C/G E/G# N.C. Am G7 C

bon - nie An - nie Lau - rie, I'd lay me down and dee.
 bon - nie An - nie Lau - rie, I'd lay me down and dee.
 bon - nie An - nie Lau - rie, I'd lay me down and dee.

T 3 2 0 3 0 | 3 0 0 2 | 3 0 2 0 | 0
 A | | | | |
 B | | | | |