

Annie Laurie

Lady JOHN SCOTT

Tenderly

1. Max-wel-ton's braes are bon-nie, Where ear-ly fa's the dew, And 'twas there that
2. Her brow is like the snaw-drift, Her throat is like the swan, Her face it
3. Like dew on th' gow-an ly-ing Isth' fa'o' her fair-y feet, And like winds in

An-nie Lau-rie Gave me her prom-ise true. Gave me her prom-ise true, Which
is the fair-est That e'er the sun shone on. That e'er the sun shone on, And
sum-mer sigh-ing, Her voice is low and sweet. Her voice is low and sweet, And she's

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