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Annie Lisle.

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A N N I E L I S T A
Solo and Chorus.

Original
WORDS AND MUSIC BY

From G. C. Prichard
H. S. THOMPSON,

Mass. House Hospital No. 144 1868
AUTHOR OF

“Lilly Dale,” “Willie’s on the Dark Blue Sea,”
“Ida May,” &c., &c., &c.

PIANO.

GUITAR.

B O S T O N :



PUBLISHED BY OLIVER DITSON & CO.

277 WASHINGTON STREET.

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Organ of the Anti-Slavery Cause, & respectfully dedicated
to George Peter Winters of The Society 19th Reg. Wis. Milit.

W. W. WINTERS

W. W. Winters

W. W. WINTERS

ANNIE LISLE.

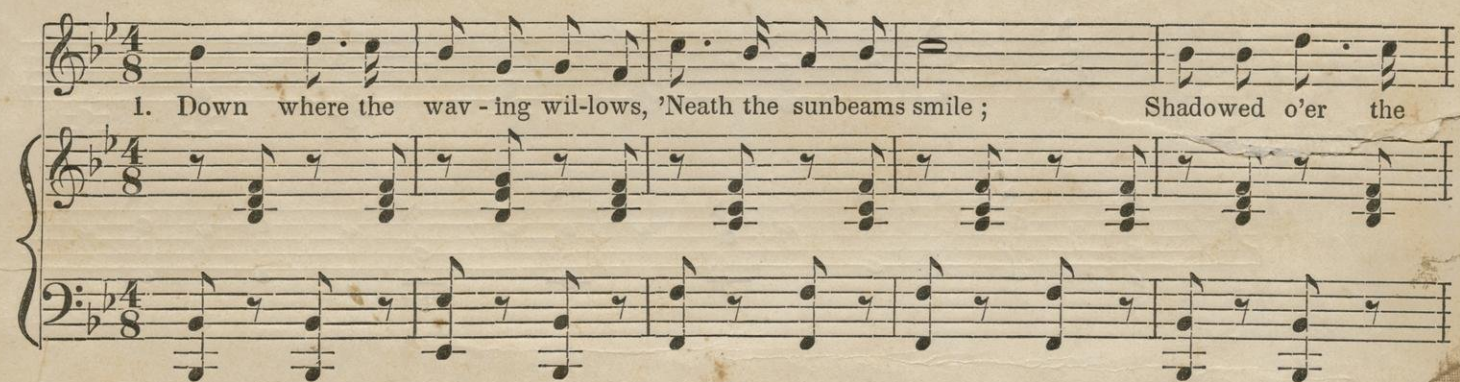
POETRY and MUSIC By

H. S. THOMPSON.

MODERATO.




1. Down where the wav - ing wil - lows, 'Neath the sunbeams smile ; Shadowed o'er the



murm'ring waters, Dwelt sweet An - nie Lisle ; Pure as the for - est li - ly, Nev - er thought of



guile Had its home with - in the bo - som of loved An - nie Lisle.



CHORUS.

Treble. Wave wil - lows, mur - mur wa - ters, Gold - en sun - beams smile ;

Alto. Wave wil - lows, mur - mur wa - ters, Gold - en sun - beams smile ;

Tenor. Wave wil - lows, mur - mur wa - ters, Gold - en sun - beams smile ;

Bass. Wave wil - lows, mur - mur wa - ters, Gold - en sun - beams smile ;

Piano.

REPEAT CHORUS

Earth - ly mu - sic can - not wak - en Love - ly An - nie Lisle.

Earth - ly mu - sic can - not wak - en Love - ly An - nie Lisle.

Earth - ly mu - sic can - not wak - en Love - ly An - nie Lisle.



SECOND VERSE.

Sweet, came the hallowed chiming
 Of the Sabbath bell,
 Borne on the morning breezes
 Down the woody dell.
 On a bed of pain and anguish,
 Lay dear Annie Lisle;
 Changed were the lovely features,
 Gone the happy smile.

CHORUS. Wave willows, murmur waters,
 Golden sunbeams smile;
 Earthly music cannot waken
 Lovely Annie Lisle.

THIRD VERSE.

Toll bells of Sabbath morning,
 I shall never more
 Hear your sweet and holy music,
 On this earthly shore
 Forms clad in heavenly beauty
 Look on me and smile;
 Waiting for the longing spirit
 Of your Annie Lisle.

CHORUS. Wave willows, &c.

FOURTH VERSE.

Raise me in your arms, dear Mother.
 Let me once more look
 On the green and waving willows,
 And the flowing brook;
 Hark, those strains of angel music
 From the choirs above;
 Dearest Mother, I am going,
 Truly, "God is love."

CHORUS. Wave willows, &c.

