

ANNA MARYE



Song by
JOHN H. HEWITT.

Lith. by A. Horn & Co. Balto.

PUBLISHED BY GEORGE WILLIG, BALTIMORE.
DORR & RADE RICHMOND.

SONG

Annie Maryè,

POETRY BY

J. M. Magruder

Music by

John H. Hewitt,

OF RICHMOND.

And Respectfully Dedicated

TO

MISS ANNA MARYÈ.

OF PORT GIBSON,

Mississippi.

Published by GEORGE WILLIG *Baltimore.*

ANNA MARYE.

*

Words by J. M. MAGRUDER.

Music by J. H. HEWITT.

PLAYFULLY.



Oh! her

The

eye it smiles kind - - ly on all it looks on, And her

"whip - - poor-will" sang to his mate in the grove, And the

voice oh! how' soft - ly be - witch - ing in tone; Her heart is a treasure which

night-winds were waf - ting the strains of his love; The moon kept her watch o'er the

peer-less will be, To him who shall win thee, sweet An - na Ma - rye!

land, o'er the sea, And her beams kissed the sweet face of An - na Ma - rye!

O'er all the wide world if there

I sat at her feet and I

can be one found To bring tears to those eyes, or that bo-som to wound; How

gazed on her face And no stain of the earth on its fea-tures could trace; Like the
ad lib.

lost to all good and how hardened must be The heart that could harm thee, sweet

stars up a-bove shone that fair brow to me, Not a moon-beam looked gentler than
ad lib.

An - na Ma - rye!

An - na Ma - rye!
ad lib.