

Anna Maryè

Words by
James M. Magruder

Music by
John H. Hewitt

Playfully

6 $\text{\textcircled{S}}$ B \flat F7 B \flat

1. The — "whip - poor - will" sang to his mate in the grove, And the
2. Oh! her eye it smiles kind - ly on all it looks on. And her

9 E \flat B \flat C7(omit 5) F F7

night-winds were waft - ing the strains of his love; The moon kept her watch o'er the
voice oh! how soft - ly be - witch - ing in tone; Her heart is a treas - ure which

12 B \flat F7 F7 B \flat Cm F7 B \flat

land, o'er the sea. And her beams kissed the sweet face of An-na Mar-ye!
peer-less will be, To him who shall win the sweet An-na Mar-ye!

15 C7 F

I sat at her feet and I
O'er all the wide world if there

19 Gm C7 F Gm/B \flat F/C C7 *ad lib.* F F7

gazed on her face And no stain of the earth on its fea-tures could trace; Like the
can be one found To bring tears to those eyes, or that bos-om to wound; How—

22 $B\flat$ F7 $B\flat$ $B\flat$ F/A $B\flat 7$ $E\flat$

stars up a - bove shone that fair brow to me, Not a moon beam looked gent - ler than
lost to all good and how har-dened must be The _ heart that could harm thee, sweet

25 Cm F7 $B\flat$ D.S.

An - na Mar - ye!
An - na Mar - ye!