Annie Lee - song lyrics

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ANNIE LEE.
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Words and Music by Chas. B. Soule.

In all the world there lives no maid so fair as Annie Lee;
Each morn I meet her in the glade-she's all the world to me:
Her eyes are bluer than the skies, her cheeks are fairer than the rose,
And on her virgin breast there lies the drift of mountain snows.
The stars that shine so bright above are not more fair than she,
And that is why I fell in love with pretty Annie Lee.

The world is full of music now, and sorrow is no more;
The bird upon the myrtle bough sings sweeter than before.
What care I for those mystic ships they say may come from over the sea,
For I have heard sweet Annie's lips speak words of love to me.
In humble cot, with all my pride, contented I can be
If Annie Lee is by my side-she's all the world to me.

Across yon mountain valley far you see the church spire rise,
And often on its golden star we turn our longing eyes.
And now the secret I'll reveal-next Sunday morning, side by side,
Before its altar we shall kneel, sweet Annie as my bride.
And then some cozy nook we'll find upon the mountain crest,
And leaving all the world behind, we'll build a little nest.