



1. Max - wel - ton's braes are bon - ny, Where early falls the dew, And 'twas there that An - nie
 2. Her brow is like the snow drift, Her throat is like the swan, Her face it is the
 3. Like dew on the gow - an ly - ing, Is the fa' o' her fai - ry feet, And like winds in sum - mer



Lau - rie gave me her pro - mise true. Gave me her pro - mise true, Which
 fair - est that e'er the sun shone on. That e'er the sun shone on, And
 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 bonnie An - nie Lau - rie I'd lay me down and dee.
 dark blue is her e'e, And for bonnie An - nie Lau - rie I'd lay me down and dee.
 a' the world to me, And for bonnie An - nie Lau - rie I'd lay me down and dee.