

## Beautiful Grey

### "Artificial Flowers"

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Alone in the world was poor little Anne  
As sweet a young child as you'd find  
Her parents had gone to their final reward  
Leaving their baby behind  
Did you hear this poor little child was only nine years of  
age  
When mother and dad went away  
Still she bravely worked at the one thing she knew  
To earn a few pennies a day  
She made artificial flowers, artificial flowers  
Flowers for ladies of fashion to wear  
She made artificial flowers, artificial flowers  
Fashioned from Annie's despair  
With papers and shears, with wire and wax  
She made up each tulip and mum  
As snow flakes drifted in to her tenement room  
Her baby little fingers grew numb  
From artificial flowers, those artificial flowers  
Flowers for ladies of high fashion to wear  
She made artificial flowers, artificial flowers  
Made from Annie's despair  
And they found little Annie all covered with ice  
Still clutching her poor frozen shears  
Amidst all the blossoms, she had fashioned by hand  
And watered with all her young tears  
There must be a Heaven where little Annie can play  
In heavenly gardens and bowers  
And instead of halo, she'll wear round her head  
A garland of genuine flowers  
No more artificial flowers, artificial flowers  
Flowers for ladies of society to wear  
Those artificial flowers, artificial flowers  
Fashioned from Annie's  
Fashioned from Annie's despair

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