

# The Beautiful South, Artificial Flowers

(Harnick/Bock)

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