

# Welch Gillian, Annabelle

Leased twenty acres  
And one jimmy mule  
From the Alabama Trust  
Half of cotton, third of corn  
Get a hand full of dust

We cannot have all things pleasin'  
No matter how we try  
Until we've all gone to Jesus  
We can only wonder why

I had a daughter  
Called her Annabelle  
She's the apple of my eye  
Tried to give her something like I never had  
Didn't want to ever hear her cry

We cannot have all things pleasing  
No matter how we try  
Until we've all gone to Jesus  
We can only wonder why

When I'm dead and buried  
I'll take a hard life of tears  
Every day I've ever known  
Anna's in the churchyard  
She's got no life at all  
She only got these words on stone:

We cannot have all things pleasing  
No matter how we try  
Until we've all gone to Jesus  
We can only wonder why