

Folk & Traditional Song Lyrics

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Gentle Annie 2

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(G) G D7 G C / G D7 / G D7 G C / G D7 G

The harvest time's come, gentle Annie,
And your wild oats are all scattered round the field.
You'll be anxious to know, gentle Annie,
How your little crop of oats is going to yield.

C G / G D7 / G D7 G C / G D7 G

We'll say farewell, gentle Annie,
For you know with you I can no longer stay.
Yes, I'll bid you adieu, gentle Annie,
Till we meet you on another threshing day.

Your mutton's very sweet, gentle Annie,
And I'm sure it can't be packed in New South Wales,
But you'd better put a fence around the cabbage,
Or they'll all get eaten up by the snails.

CHORUS

You'll take my advice, gentle Annie,
And you'd better watch your chappie goin' away
With his packbag flung over his shoulder,
And he stole some knives and forks the other day.

CHORUS

The bullocks they are yoked, gentle Annie,
For you know with you I can no longer stay.
So I'll bid you adieu, gentle Annie,
Till we meet you on another threshing day.

CHORUS

The original song, "Gentle Annie," seems to have been written by Stephen Foster in 1856. Like many good songs, it found its way to Australia, where it took on local references and, perhaps, a more ambiguously sensual flavor. This version appeared in print in Vol. I, no.e, (1964) of *Australian Tradition*, and was recorded by

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Martyn Wyndham-Road. Thence via Joe Hickerson to Ed Trickett to me.

Recorded on Side 2 Band 4 of "Turning Toward the Morning"
DC