

Gentle Annie
Misc Traditional

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Tabbed by Jack Dingler
weaseldog2001@yahoo.com

Gentle Annie
Traditional

A E A D
The harvest timeâ€™s come, gentle Annie,
A E
And your wild oats are all scattered round the field.
A E A D
Youâ€™ll be anxious to know, gentle Annie,
A E A
How your little crop of oats is going to yield.

CHORUS

D A
Weâ€™ll say farewell, gentle Annie,
E
For you know with you I can no longer stay.
A E A D
Yes, Iâ€™ll bid you adieu, gentle Annie,
A E A
Till we meet you on another threshing day.

Your muttonâ€™s very sweet, gentle Annie,
And Iâ€™m sure it canâ€™t be packed in New South Wales,
But youâ€™d better put a fence around the cabbage,
Or theyâ€™ll all get eaten up by the snails.

Chorus

Youâ€™ll take my advice, gentle Annie,
And youâ€™d better watch your chappie goinâ€™ 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 Iâ€™ll bid you adieu, gentle Annie,

Till we meet you on another threshing day.

Chorus