

# Gentle Annie

*Lyrics by Lame Jack Cousens of Springhurst, Victoria who travelled around the country with a threshing machine. He claimed to have written this parody of the Stephen Foster song of the same name, about Annie Watts, a girl he met on a farm.*

Now, the har - - vest time's come, gen - tle An - - nie - - ,

And your wild - oats are all scat - tered round the field.

You'll be an - - xious to know, gen - tle An - - nie - - ,

How your lit - - tle crop of oats is going to yield.

And we'll say fare - - - well, gen - tle An - - nie - - ,

For you know with you I can no long - er stay.

Yes, I'll bid you a - - dieu, gen - tle An - - nie - - ,

Till I meet you on an - - oth - er thresh - ing 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.

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.