

The Head Gardener

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As the (C) winter days grow (Am) shorter (G7) and the (C) nights are (G7) long and (C) cold,
The (C) harvest work is (C) over, all the (C) surplus has been (G7) sold.
So I (C) dig and prune and (Am) tidy (G7) 'til I'm (C) ready (G7) for a (C) break
Then I (C) notice someone (C) watching (F) as I (C) lean (G7) upon my (C) rake.....

In his (C) little red (Am) weskit (G7) and his (C) jacket (G7) of (C) brown
(C) That's when the (C) old head (C) gardener comes (G7) down
He (C) chirps and he (Am) whistles (G7) and he (C) hops (G7) all (C) around
In his (C) little red (C) weskit (F) and his (C) jacket (G7) of (C) brown.

When the apple buds are bursting and the frosts are all but gone,
And the daffodils and crocuses look up to greet the sun,
All the seeding and the potting takes from morning until night,
And guess who's hopping over, just to check I did it right?

In his little red weskit and his jacket of brown
That's when the old head gardener comes down
He chirps and he whistles and he hops all around
In his little red weskit and his jacket of brown.

Now the bees can tease their magic from the lavender and rose,
but I must tend the bedding with the water can and hose,
Still I find a little moment just to sing a summer song,
and when the chorus comes around he's there to sing along.

In his little red weskit and his jacket of brown
That's when the old head gardener comes down
He chirps and he whistles and he hops all around
In his little red weskit and his jacket of brown.

Now the year's work's nearly over and the harvest days have come,
so we're picking and we're stacking till the dimming of the sun
but when we break for bread and cheese and warming harvest ale
he is there with a chirrup and a flicking of his tail....

In his little red weskit and his jacket of brown
That's when the old head gardener comes down
He chirps and he whistles and he hops all around
In his little red weskit and his jacket of brown.