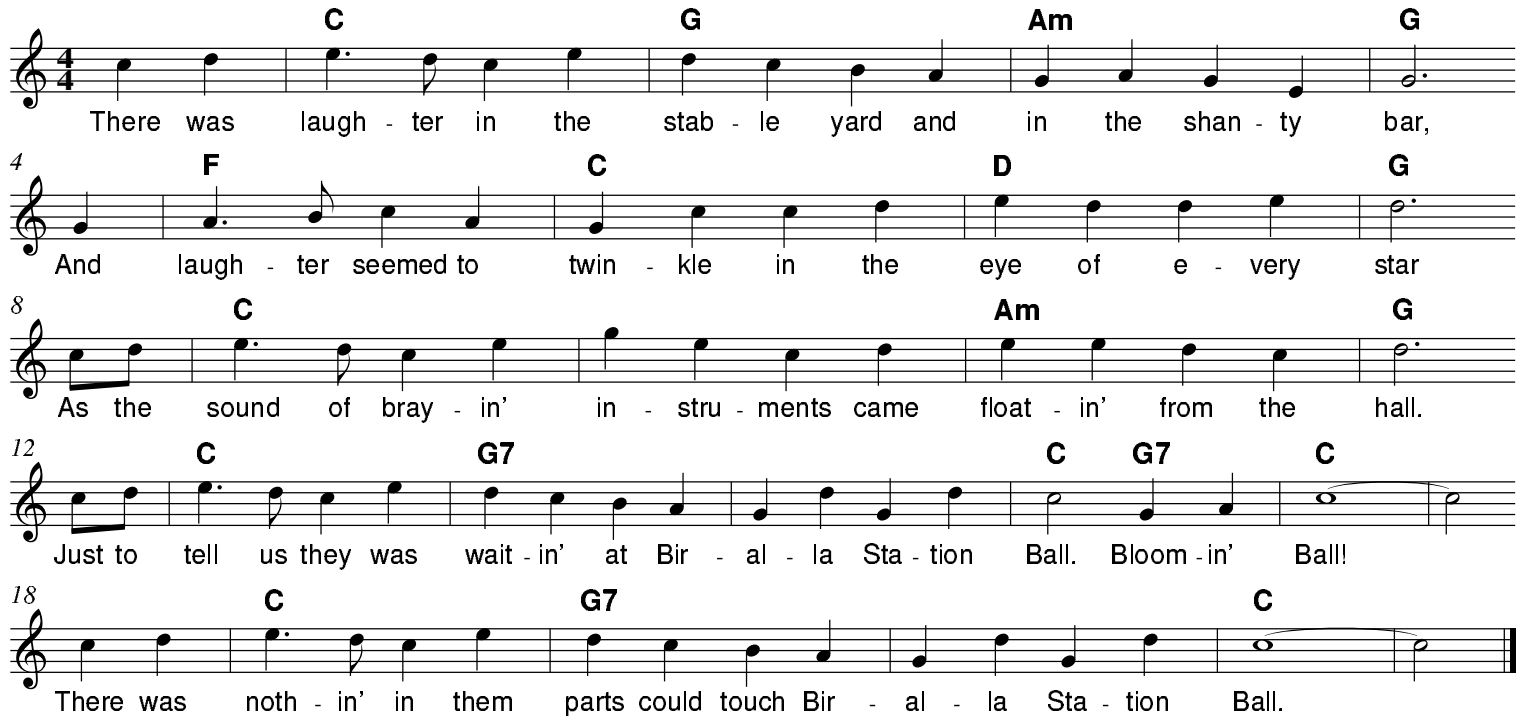


Biralla Station Ball

The words by Guy Eden, a contemporary of Lawson and Paterson. They were published in a book of his poems 'Bush Ballads' (1904).
Dave Johnson found it in Fisher Library stack while researching Australian literature for his BSc and later wrote a tune for it in 2005.



There was laugh - ter in the stab - le yard and in the shan - ty bar,
And laugh - ter seemed to twin - kle in the eye of e - very star
As the sound of bray - in' in - stru - ments came float - in' from the hall.
Just to tell us they was wait - in' at Bir - al - la Sta - tion Ball. Bloom - in' Ball!
There was noth - in' in them parts could touch Bir - al - la Sta - tion Ball.

There was laughter in the stable yard and in the shanty bar,
And laughter seemed to twinkle in the eye of every star
As the sound of brayin' instruments came floatin' from the hall
Just to tell us they was waitin' at Biralla Station Ball –
Bloomin' Ball! There was nothin' in them parts could touch Biralla Station Ball

You can bet we was excited as we pressed into the room
Where the cornet loud was brayin' and the drum did louder boom,
And our hearts began a beatin as our eyes began to fall
On the gals who were a-waitin' at Biralla Station Ball –
Bloomin' Ball! There was some spicy young uns at Biralla Station Ball.

So all of us we grabbed our gals and soon were in the swim
While the cornet player blew and sweated till his eyes was dim
But if he tried to stop good lord why wasn't there a squall
From every dog-goned covey at Biralla Station Ball –
Bloomin' Ball! He must blow or bust who tootled at Biralla Station Ball.

So we danced and jigged till midnight when we clean ran out o' breath
And the good old cornet player smiled the sickly smile o' death
The drummer gave one feeble bang then through the drum did fall,
Which clearly meant the endin' of Biralla Station Ball –
Bloomin' Ball! Why we almost died o' laughin' at Biralla Station Ball.

Then out into the road we went, and in his arms held tight
Each one of us he clasped his gal and whispered her goodnight
Then on our good old gees we jumped, and shoutin' out to all
A last farewell, we galloped from Biralla Station Ball –
Bloomin' Ball! God Bless the cove who started first Biralla Station Ball.