

The Diggers Quadrilles

Words by Alf Wallace (*The Axeman*) 1909 set to the tune 'When I Went to Germany' collected from Cecil Chapman by Rob Willis.

Have you struck Ho - gan's shan - ty on Sat - - ur - - day night,
Where the dry - blow - er sings and the reef - ers re - - cite;
Where there's stings of all kinds on Ho - gan's old shelf,
And the rum - our is round that he brews them him - - self.
And on Sat - - ur - - day night there's some mur - der - ous mills,
When the dig - gers line up for the Dig - ger's Quad - - rilles

The music's magnificent, the tune are all beauts,
Special timed for No. 10 boots;
When they swing they shake lizards and spiders and ants
On the floor from the legs of their dungaree pants.
While dancing flat out they have various spills
In Hogan's old pub at the Digger's Quadrilles.

There's a stampede of diggers when diggers salute,
And a mixture of Blucher and Wellington boot;
And sometimes a dryblower bursts into song,
While the language fired at him is gory and strong,
For Hogan's bush beer breeds horrible thrills,
But they lap it up well at the Digger's Quadrilles.

There's a musical dryblower who murders the tune,
For the Holden's mazurka and march to Belune;
They've the Ruby Schottische and the Peak promenade,
And a drunken M.C. that can lap it up hard.
You'd get drunk on his breath, through the beer that he swills
While he roars out the sets at the Digger's Quadrilles.

They loop all the loops and shoot all the shoots,
Till they dance the Prince Alberts right out of their boots.
There's often a fight in the midst of the din
If a reefer makes eyes at a dryblower's gin.
If you're anyway nervous you'd not require pills,
When war's been declared at the Digger's Quadrilles.