

Freedom on the Wallaby

Based on the Henry Lawson poem written in 1891 and revised in 1894. The earlier version is given here with a tune by Doreen Jacobs.

There's trou - ble in the back coun - try, And Free - dom's hump - ing blue - y.

And Free - dom's on the wall - a - by, Oh don't you hear her coo - ee?

She's just be - gun to boom - er - ang, She'll knock the tyr - ants sil - ly.

She's going to light an - - oth - er fire... And boil an - oth - er bil - ly.

Our fathers toiled for bitter bread
While loafers thrived beside them.
But food to eat and clothes to wear
Their native land denied them,
And so they left that native land
In spite of their devotion
And so they come, or if they stole...
Were sent, across the ocean.

Then Freedom couldn't stand the glare
Of Royalty's regalia,
She left the loafers where they were
And came out to Australia.
But now across the mighty main
The chains have come to bind her.
She little thought she'd see again...
The wrongs she'd left behind her.

Our parents toiled to make a home
Hard grubbing 'twas and clearing.
They wasn't troubled much with lords
When they was pioneering.
But now that we have made the land
A garden full of promise
Old Greed must crook his dirty hand...
And come to take it from us

So we must fly a rebel flag
As others did before us,
And we must sing a rebel song
And join in rebel chorus.
We'll make the tyrants feel the sting
Of those that they would throttle;
They needn't say the fault is ours...
If blood should stain the wattle.

Last verse is sometimes used as a chorus