

A Maryborough Miner

Collected by AL Lloyd from Bob Bell of Condoblin in 1934. The song is closely related to *The Murrumbidgee Shearer*, but the overlap of words suggests that this is the older song.

capo 3

Come all you sons of lib - er - ty and list - en to my song.

I'll tell you my ob - ser - va - tions and it won't take ver - y long.

I've fos - sicked a - round this con - tin - ent five hund - red miles or more

And man - y's the time I might have starved but for the cheek I bore.

I've been on all the diggings boys from famous Ballarat
I've long-tommed on the Lachlan and I've fossicked Lambing Flat.
So you can understand me boys just from me little rhyme
I'm a Maryborough Miner and I'm one of the good old time.

I come to the Fitzroy River all with my Bendigo Rig.
I had a shovel, a pick and a pan and for a licence I begged.
But the assayman called me a loafer said for work I'd no desire
And so to do him justice boys I set his office afire.

Oh yes me jolly jokers I've done it on the cross,
Although I carry bluey now I've sweated many a horse.
I've helped to ease the escort of many an ounce of gold
And the traps have been upon me tail more times than I ever told.

Oh yes the traps have trailed me and been frightened out of their stripes.
They never could have caught me for they feared me cure for gripes
And well they knew I carried it for they had often seen it
A-glistening in my flipper chaps my patent pill machine.

I'm one of the men who cradled on the reef at Tarrangower
Anxiety and misery my grim companions there;
I puddled the clay at Bendigo and I chanced my arm a Kew
And I wound up my avocation with ten years on Cockatoo.

(8 bar instrumental – first half of the verse melody)
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