

# Biralla Station Ball

Words anon

Tune David Johnson 2001

The musical score consists of five staves of music in treble clef, 4/4 time. The notes are as follows:  
Staff 1: C4, D4, E4, F4, G4, A4, B4, C5, G4, F4, E4, D4, C4.  
Staff 2: F3, G3, A3, B3, C4, D4, E4, F4, G4, A4, B4, C5, G4, F4, E4, D4, C4.  
Staff 3: C4, D4, E4, F4, G4, A4, B4, C5, G4, F4, E4, D4, C4.  
Staff 4: C4, D4, E4, F4, G4, A4, B4, C5, G4, F4, E4, D4, C4.  
Staff 5: C4, D4, E4, F4, G4, A4, B4, C5, G4, F4, E4, D4, C4.

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  
The 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 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.



# Speewaa

Words M'G Bulletin 1897

Tune D Johnson 2002

The musical score for 'Speewaa' is written on four staves in a single system. The key signature has two flats (Bb and Eb), and the time signature is common time (C). The melody is written on the top staff, and the accompaniment is written on the bottom three staves. Chord symbols are placed above the staves: Bb, Eb, Bb, Eb, Bb, F7, Bb, Eb, Bb, F7, Bb, Eb, Bb, F7, Bb, Eb, Bb, F7, Bb.

The push are getting mighty stiff, they've swallered every drain;  
So jump from off my knee a jiff and fill old girl again.  
Ter-morrer mornin off we clear, this evenin, it's our shout;  
So give our cheques ter missus dear, and say we'll take em out.  
For we're off to the Speewaa in the Never Never Land  
Over the Cooper and beyond the belt of sand  
We're chock-a-block o' graftin' in the same old track  
So we'll make a break for Speewaa in the land Out Back.

The boss has whips of stuff about and miles and miles of land;  
He'd buy old Jimmy Tyson out and sell up Hungry Rand.  
He keeps the pound-a-hundred pay with all the chaps he's got,  
And leaves it ter themselves ter say if sheep are wet or not.  
So we're off to the Speewaa, where there's bunce to scoff,  
With pay at Union prices and the boss no flamin toff;  
No more thirty bob a week for twelve hours graft a day,  
We'll start at the Speewaa on the Union pay.

The huts are painted pinks and blues with mirrors on the walls,  
And servants hurry in with booze when any shearer calls.  
There's plate of icecream in the shed and on the hottest days  
Long shandies with a foamin head are handed round on trays.  
So we're off to the Speewaa, where the fun's alright,  
There's a grand pianer tootlin in the huts at night  
And a dandy girl to play it too with lovely golden hair;  
So we're off to the Speewaa where they treat yer fair.

So give's a kiss or two and wish us luck ahead;  
In six months we'll be safely through or else we'll both be dead.  
But we ain't goin ter feed no crow nor meet no sudden ends;  
And when we're back ye'll never know ye had such toffs for friends.  
So collar the billy and pick up the swag again,  
We're going to pad the same old hoof across the same old plain;  
But comin back! – just look at us a-drivin four-in-hand  
For we'll make our piles at Speewaa in the Never Never Land.

# Limejuice Tub

Tune and words adapted by D Johnson 2005 from material collected John Meredith from Cyril Ticehurst and Bill Hughes.

G

G

D7 G

G Am D7 G

When shearing comes lay down your drums  
Step to the boards you brand new chums  
Since you have crossed the briny deep,  
You fancy you can shear the sheep.

### *Chorus*

With a roo-da-ma-ra, rub-a-dub-a-dub,  
Drive me back to the limejuice tub.

There's fourteen shearers shearing in a row  
The whistle toots and away they go,  
With belly-wools and second-cuts ,  
Half the buggers are sewing up guts.

Shearerman like toast and butter,  
Wolseley comb and Lister cutter;  
Rouseabout like plenty joke,  
Plenty rain, and engine broke.

With a little bit of sugar and a little bit of tea,  
A little bit of flour you can hardly see,  
Without any meat, between you and me,  
It's a bugger of a life, by Gee!

It's home, it's home I'd like to be,  
Not humping the drum in this country,  
Sixteen thousand miles I've come,  
To march along with a blanket drum.

# Black Billy Tea

Words anon except last two verses  
Tune and extra verses D Johnson 2000

Musical notation for the first two lines of the song. The first line has chords C, Dm, G7, C, G7. The second line has chords C, Dm, G7, C F C, C G7 C.

Chorus

Musical notation for the chorus. Chords are C, Dm, G7, C F C, C G7 C.

Kick out the fire, boys, roll up you pack.  
Don't forget the billy, boys, billy burnt and black  
Black billy tea, boys, black as it can be.  
Black billy tea is the stuff for me.

Chorus  
Black billy tea, boys, black as it can be.  
Black billy tea is the stuff for me.

Brew it in a billy, brew it in a pot,  
Just throw in a handful, pour it while its hot.  
Drink it from a cup, boys, drink it from a tin,  
Turn the bottom up, boys and fill 'er up again.

Mouthorgan Jack and John "the Baptist" too  
All the old tiem fellas, they knew how to brew.  
Way down in a coal mine or driving on a drive  
Black billy tea keeps a man alive.

Old Jack was in the bush pulling out a log,  
When the chain slipped off it and it slid into a bog.  
Jack took out his billy, made a cup of tea,  
Got the outfit out again as easy as could be.

Working in the city where the traffic never ends  
Shuffling bits of paper and pushing round a pen.  
Tea trolley comes, your thirst is at an end.  
Drink and close your eyes then you can pretend its..

When you go out hiking or camping in the bush  
To get a bit of exercise and find a bit of shoosh  
Take along your tucker bag, take along your pack  
Take along your billy boys, billy burnt and black.

I met a bound'ry rider just afore we started out  
Who told me that the creek is rising fast,  
I've crossed it flooded over, must be twenty times about,  
And always prayed each time would be the last  
The water rushes onward in a swirl of crested foam,  
Full three foot deep when taken at the flood,  
And landed in the middle—well—you somehow sigh for home  
When buried to the axles deep in mud !  
Then woa, steady woa! Just see the beauties go,  
They know that soon will come the golden dawnin',  
But if pluck and nerve can do it—you can bet they'll see us through it  
And will land us in Moruya in the mornin'!

Just look how old Red Rover, like a young unbroken colt,  
Lays down to it at whisper of his name,  
I tell you he's a good 'un—My Colonial, what a jolt !  
Oh no, sir, don't be sorry that you came!  
Hurrah! the dawn is breakin'! now the gum trees you can see  
Like spectres tall and grim on either hand-  
Let's reach the creek at daylight, and I then won't care a dee  
It's a terror in the dark you understand !  
Then woa, steady woa! Just see the darlin's go.  
Old Dingo cocks his ears by way of warnin'!  
Keep up your heart, my beauty, just for me and home and duty,  
And we're bound to reach Moruya in the mornin'!

We're getting very near, sir, and the creek will heave in sight,  
When once we round the tea tree now in view,  
Just close your eyes a moment, sir, and pray with all your might,  
That I may get the mail bags safely through—  
Lay down to it, me darlin's, for the sake of Auld Lang Syne,  
Don't fail me, beauties, now we've come so far,  
Another fifty yards we'll have the tea tree well in line ;  
Hang on, sir, round the corner—here we are !  
Then woa, steady woa ! Lord! how the waters flow,  
See how the white foam glistens in the dawnin',  
Lord knows if we shall do it—but I'm bound to rush 'em thro' it  
If we want to reach Moruya in the mornin'!

Are all you chaps inside awake ? That's right, well mind your eye,  
The creek must be quite three foot deep or more,  
You'd best get on the seat if you'd prefer to come thro' dry,  
The water's bound to cover all the floor  
Its neck or nothin' now, sir, for we can't afford to shrink,  
The creek gets only bigger with delay,  
Hold on, sir, like blue blazes! for we're comin' to the brink!  
Now Thunderclap and Dingo show the way!  
Now go, beauties, go! see how they breast the flow  
And face the stream, all danger simply scornin';  
Now Narrabri! Red Rover! one more pull! Hurrah, we're over !!  
And thank God we'll reach Moruya in the mornin'!

# The Braidwood Coach

Words anon  
Tune D Johnson 2004

The musical score consists of six staves of music in G major (one sharp) and 4/4 time. The melody is written on a treble clef. The chords are indicated above the notes. The first four staves use a sequence of G, Am, D7, and G. The fifth and sixth staves introduce new chords: G, Am, G, D7, G, C, D7, C, B, C, D7, G, D7, G.

Now all aboard, my sonnies, for the time is slipping past,  
We've got to make ten miles before the dawn,  
Our team's a spankin' good 'un, but they've never gone so fast  
As they must make the pace this blessed morn.  
Just let that buckle out a hole! that's right—now mind your eye,  
Or Thunderclap will catch you on the shin!  
Are all the mail bags snug ? Right oh ! woa Dingo! Narrabril  
Now, gentlemen, if you please—tumble in !  
Then woa, steady woa! Now, let the beauties go  
They know what they've to do before the dawning;  
And the journey aint all clover, for the creek is runnin' over,  
And we're bound to reach Moruya in the mornin'.

Just pass this rug across your knees and hitch it on the rail,  
You'll find the air, sir, pretty cold and chill,  
We can't pull up and light a fire when carryin' the mail,  
We've got to freeze and bear it sittin' still!  
Yes, dark it is, and some might find it difficult to steer,  
For where the corners come its hard to tell,  
But I've been drivin' here, sir, some where close on twenty year,  
And I'd follow this old bush track by the smell!  
Then woa, steady woa ! just hear the beauties go.  
All danger or fatigue they're simply scornin',  
And no matter what the weather—you can bet they'll pull together  
And will land us in Moruya in the mornin'!

# The Braidwood Coach

Words anon  
Tune D Johnson 2004

The musical score consists of six staves of music in a single system. The key signature is B-flat major (two flats) and the time signature is common time (C). The music is written in a treble clef. Above the staves, various chords are indicated: Bb, Cm, F7, Bb, Bb, Cm, Bb, Cm, F7, Bb, Cm, Bb, F7, Bb, Eb, A2, Bb7, A2, Bb, Eb, A2, Bb7, Eb, Bb7, Eb. The melody is characterized by a steady eighth-note accompaniment with a more active upper line.

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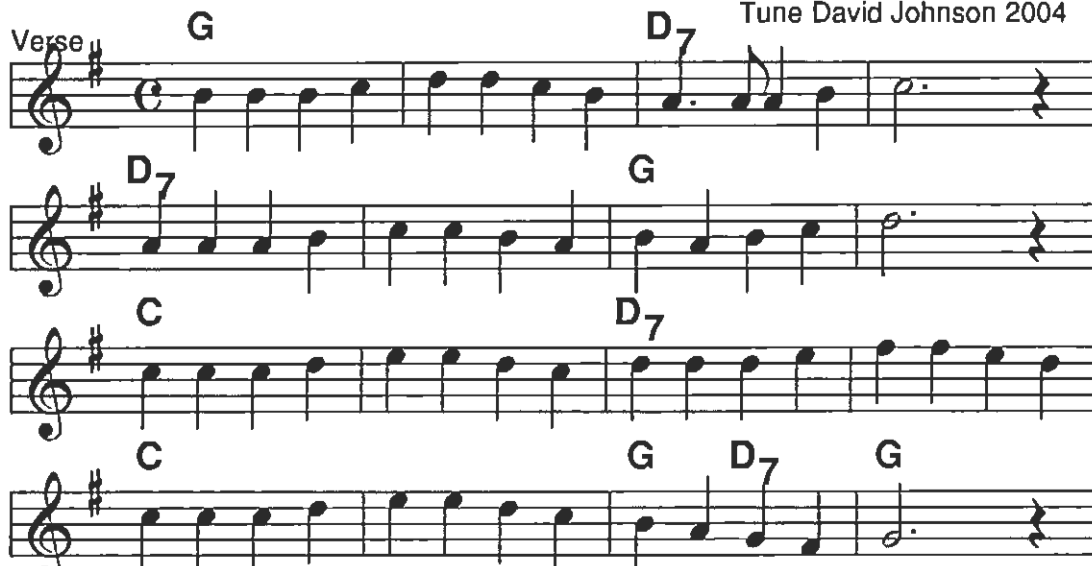
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# Bringing Home the Cows


Song collected AB Paterson (Old Bush Songs)

Tune David Johnson 2004

Verse



Chorus



Shadows of the twilight falling  
On the mountain's brow,  
To each other birds are calling  
In the leafy bough.  
Where the daisies are a-springing,  
And the cattle bells are ringing,  
Comes my Mary, gaily singing,  
Bringing home the cows.  
Bringing home the cows.  
Bringing home the cows.  
Comes my Mary, gaily singing,  
Bringing home the cows.

By a bush the pathway skirted  
Room for two allows.  
All the cornfields are deserted,  
Idle are the ploughs.  
Striving for wealth's spoil and booty,  
Farmer boys have finished duty,  
When I meet my little beauty  
Bringing home the cows.  
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When I meet my little beauty  
Bringing home the cows.

Tender words and kind addresses,  
Most polite of bows,  
Rosy cheeks and wavy tresses  
Do my passions rouse;  
Dress so natty and so cleanly,  
Air so modest and so queenly,  
Oh! so haughty, yet serenely  
Bringing home the cows.  
Bringing home the cows.  
Bringing home the cows.  
Oh! so haughty, yet serenely  
Bringing home the cows.

Arm-in-arm together walking,  
While the cattle browse,  
Earnestly together talking,  
Plighting lovers' vows.  
Where the daisies are a-springing,  
Wedding bells will soon be ringing;  
\*Then we'll spend our evenings singing  
Bringing home the cows.  
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# The Song of the Fetterler

Words by 'Johnson'  
Tune D Johnson 2005

## Verse

Musical notation for the Verse section, consisting of two staves of music in G major. The first staff has chords G, C, G, Am, D7. The second staff has chords G, C, G, C, G, D7, G.

## Chorus

Musical notation for the Chorus section, consisting of one staff of music in G major. The staff has chords C, D7, G, D7, G.

Old 17 is whistling as she rushes through the night  
With head and taillights gleaming and every car alight  
But as she takes the cutting and holds the shining track  
From lusty throats come calling the song of the man – Outback.

### *Chorus*

So give a cheer for the fettlers who live along the track  
The gangs of navies that sweat and toil maintaining the line - Outback

On cold and lonely stretches on bridges, tall and long  
You hear the cry of 'Paper' the fettlers' only song.  
Then as you roll and fling them just watch the eager pack  
That rush like boys to grab them for news is scarce – Outback

In scorching Sun and blinding dust in snow and sleet and hail  
These men the track are keeping for the passing of the Mail.  
Then after 'grub' it's Paper time and every tent and shack  
Is going through the latest by the light of the lamp – Outback.

Where oil lamps cast feeble light in tents with earthen floor  
And canvas walls go swaying as the winds though gum trees roar,  
Those papers, every single page, are read, from front to back.  
Then passed along to cobblers. That's the way of the men –Outback.

But when the storm clouds gather and rain comes for a week  
The Ganger roars at Midnight " Come on boys! Down the Creek".  
Out then in gleaming oilskins they go along the Track  
With jacks and picks and crowbar. There's a washaway on – Outback.

So now you know just what it's like to work on the line out there.  
Where every man's a toiler where each man does his share.  
Next time you hear them calling don't pass the waiting Pack.  
Give out the news from Sydney. It's a lot to these men - Outback.

# What a Life

Words anon  
Tune David Johnson 2005

The musical score is written on four staves in treble clef, 2/4 time, with a key signature of one sharp (F#). The notes are: G4, A4, B4, C5, B4, A4, G4, F#4, E4, D4, C4. Chords are indicated above the notes: Am, G, Am, G, Am, G, Am. Chords are indicated below the notes: Em, D, Em, D, Em, D, Em. Chords are indicated below the notes: Bm, A, Bm, A, Bm, A, Bm. Chords are indicated below the notes: D, C, D, C, D.

Rising early with the dawn,  
Feeling dragged and forlorn,  
Messing round for grub to eat,  
Damper, tea and leath'ry meat.  
Cursing at the day a head,  
Wishing you were snugly dead  
*Heat, and sweat, and toil, and strife,*  
*Oh — what a life!*

Droving from the day begun  
Neath a broiling, blazing sun  
Stock exhausted, nearly beat,  
Not a blade of grass to eat.  
Water holes all parched and dry,  
Heifers lying down to die,  
*Heat, and sweat, and toil, and strife,*  
*Oh — what a life!*

Shepherding when things are bad,  
Work enough to drive you mad:  
Dogs won't work, oh luckless plight,  
Cussed sheep do nothing right.  
Wethers rush fresh feed to find,  
Ewes and crawlers left behind,  
*Heat, and sweat, and toil, and strife,*  
*Oh — what a life!*

Shearing till you're stiff and sore,  
Payment, four and six a score,  
Practice seems no sort of use,  
Tomahawking like the deuce.  
Flies collect from near and far,  
Sheep all hacked, and yells for tar,  
*Heat, and sweat, and toil, and strife,*  
*Oh — what a life!*

Digging gold it's off you go,  
Spirits high, exchequer low,  
Dig a hole five feet by two,  
Blistered hands and backache too:  
Bottom it, then have to drive,  
Final exit, half alive.  
*Heat, and sweat, and toil, and strife,*  
*Oh — what a life!*

# The Pressgang

Words by Michael Watson

Tune D Johnson 2005

Verse

Musical notation for the Verse section, consisting of four staves of music in G major. The chords are: Em, B7, Em, D, Em, D, G, Bm, Em, D, C, D, Em.

Chorus

Musical notation for the Chorus section, consisting of four staves of music in G major. The chords are: G, D7, G, D7, Am, D7, G, D7, G, D, G, D7, Am, C, D, Em.

Sit round the galley fire, my lads, and listen while I sing,  
I'll tell you all how I was pressed when George the Third was king ;  
In eighteen 'three the war broke out, and so, to man the fleet,  
The pressgang seized all landsmen that ashore they chanced to meet.

One night, as I was strollin' with my sweetheart on the quay,  
She smilin'—oh! so pretty, boys, and happy as could be,  
We heard the dip of oars hard by, and voices gaily sang,  
And this is what the chorus was, that o'er the waters rang.

Yeo, heave ho ! here's to all the lasses, O,  
Cheerily, lads, 'time aboard soon passes, O,  
Yeo, heave ho ! sing and fill your glasses, O,  
Cheerily, lads ! who'll serve the King ?

The boat was moored 'longside the quay—ashore then jumped the crew,  
A gallant young lieutenant and a gang of jackets blue ;  
They pounced on me—and lor, how close my little lass did cling,  
And how she prayed they'd let me off from servin' of the King.

Says I, "But I'm a barber, boys, so what's the good of me?"  
Says they—"Then you're the shaver that's just wanted on the sea,  
So bid your lass farewell, my lad, and jump into the boat,  
And like a pipin' bullfinch you'll soon chirp when you're afloat."

# Down by the Sydney Side

Song collected AB Paterson (Old Bush Songs)

Tune David Johnson 2004

## Verse

## Chorus

Over near a chock-and-log hut,  
Down by the river-side,  
A bronzed young bushman sat,  
Telling his blushing bride  
The time had come when he must rove  
Down by the Sydney side.

### CHORUS

Down by the Sydney side, my dear,  
Down by the Sydney side;  
I must away in the morning, love,  
Down by the Sydney side.

For the sheep they wanted shearing,  
And of shearers there was few,  
And 'twas time that he was steering  
Across the sunny New (South Wales)—  
So I must away in the morning, love,  
Down by the Sydney side.

Chorus:  
Down by, etc.

She kissed him yet once more again,  
As she tightly clasped his hand,  
And, though her heart it throbbed with pain,  
She murmured a fond Good-bye!  
For she knew that he was bound to ride  
Down by the Sydney side.

Chorus :  
Down by, etc.

The best of friends must part, my dear,  
Your faith in me abide;  
Trust in my love, and have no fear,  
For soon I'll homeward ride;  
Then for a year I will not steer  
Down by the Sydney side.

### CHORUS

Down by the Sydney side, my dear,  
Down by the Sydney side,  
I'll stay away in the morning, love,  
From down the Sydney side.

# The Way of the World

Words Henry Lawson 1896  
Tune David Johnson 2000

The musical score is written on four staves in treble clef with a common time signature (C). The melody is on the first staff, and the accompaniment is on the second, third, and fourth staves. Chord symbols are placed above the notes. The first staff has chords: Am, G, Am, G, C, Em, Am. The second staff has chords: Am, G, Am, G, C, Em, Am. The third staff has chords: F, C, F, C, F, C, G7. The fourth staff has chords: Am, G, Am, G, Am, G, Am.

When fairer faces turn from me and gayer friends grow cold,  
And I have lost through poverty the friendship bought with gold;  
When I have served the selfish turn of some all-wordly few,  
And Folly's lamps have ceased to burn, then I'll come back to you.

When my admirers find I'm not the rising star they thought,  
And praise or blame is all forgot my early promise brought;  
When brighter rivals lead a host where once I led a few,  
And kinder times reward their boast, then I'll come back to you.

You loved me, not for what I had or what I might have been.  
You saw the good, but not the bad, was kind for that between.  
I know that you'll forgive again - that you will judge me true:  
I'll be too tired to explain when I come back to you.



# The Way of the World

Words Henry Lawson 1896

Tune David Johnson 2000

The musical score is written on four staves in treble clef with a key signature of two sharps (D major). The first staff has a common time signature. The notes are: Bm, A, Bm, A, D, F#m, Bm. The second staff has notes: Bm, A, Bm, A, D, F#m, Bm. The third staff has notes: G, D, G, D, G, D, A7. The fourth staff has notes: Bm, A, Bm, A, Bm, A, Bm.

When fairer faces turn from me and gayer friends grow cold,  
And I have lost through poverty the friendship bought with gold;  
When I have served the selfish turn of some all-wordly few,  
And Folly's lamps have ceased to burn, then I'll come back to you.

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You loved me, not for what I had or what I might have been.  
You saw the good, but not the bad, was kind for that between.  
I know that you'll forgive again - that you will judge me true:  
I'll be too tired to explain when I come back to you.


# The Ramble-er

Words collected AB (Banjo) Paterson


Tune D Johnson1984

Verses 1&2

C Dm Am C Dm G<sub>7</sub>




C Am G<sub>7</sub> C G C




Chorus

C G<sub>7</sub> C F C G<sub>7</sub> C




Verses 3&4

C Dm Am C Dm G<sub>7</sub>




C Am G<sub>7</sub> C Dm C Dm C G<sub>7</sub> C



Chorus

C G<sub>7</sub> C F C G<sub>7</sub> C



The earth rolls on through empty space, its journey's never done,  
It's entered for a starry race throughout the Kingdom Come.  
And, as I am a bit of earth, I follow it because –  
And prove I am a rolling stone that never gathers moss.

For I'm a ramble-er, a rollicking ramble-er.  
I'm a roving rake of poverty and a son of a gun for beer.

I've done a bit of fossicking for tucker and for gold;  
I've been a menial rouseabout and a rollocking shearer bold.  
I've shanked across the Old Man Plain after busting up a cheque,  
And whipped the cat once more again, though I haven't met it yet.

I've done a bit of droving of cattle and of sheep,  
I've done a bit of moving with Matilda for a mate  
Of fencing I have done my share wool scouring on the green;  
Axeman, navy – Old Nick can bear me out in what I haven't been.

I've worked the treadmill thresher, the scythe and reaping hook,  
Been wood and water fetcher for Mary Jane the cook:  
I've done a few cronk things too, when I have struck a town,  
There's few things I wouldn't do – but I never did lambing-down.