

Songs

that focus on, or mention, the

Concertina



for the
Concertina Convergence 2023

compiled for the fun of it by
Dave Johnson

The Songs

Augathella Station

Also known as Brisbane Ladies, this version from the singing of A.L.Lloyd whose tune and fourth verse make it distinct from other versions. This tune derives from a sailors song, *Spanish Ladies*. The concertina line is sometimes given as *to the racketty old banjo of Henery Gunn*.

The Drover

The song was written by Saul Mendelsohn, who was a storekeeper in Narango, where he died in 1879. This is the original title of the song and this is the tune Mendelsohn gave it *True British Sailors*.

The Good Old Concertina

This is a poem by Henry Lawson. Two settings are given here the first by Bob Bolton who was a concertina player himself, and the second to the tune *The Girl I Left Behind Me* or *Brighton Camp*.

The Man with the Concertina,

The original words came from Robert Stewart (b1838) drover, horse-breaker, shearer and gold-digger. Printed in Stewart and Keesing's *Old Bush Songs* with the teasing note *a verse and a half missing* which inspired Bob Rummery to add verses. He used the setting as given in *Australian Tradition #25, The Girl I Left Behind Me*.

The Man with the Concertina,

Dave de Hugard recorded his own version of the song with the words quite significantly adapted and set it to his own tune.

The Hut That's Upside Down

The original version collected by John Meredith from Tom and Mary Byrnes, had lines missing also. The version published by the Bush Music Club in various books didn't quite work so I adapted it and in the process included a fiddle and concertina.

I Played Me Concertina

A comic song sung by Arthur Osmond on an Edison Standard Record 1909 as heard on a recording from University of California, Santa Barbara Library. It was unearthed by Rob Willis and transcribed by me.

The Shearer's Jamboree

A popular Australian Country and Western song with words and music by Eric Tutin 1946. It was recorded by Tutin and Joan Martin, with Martin doing a characteristic yodel as a break.

The Woolshed Hop

An unashamedly silly song from an unidentifiable copy of sheet music. I saw it performed as part of the Pram Street Theatre musical "Back to Burke Street". The music was posted to me by a cast member. Later I added a second verse.

My Little Concertina

Written by Peter Best for the brilliant iconic 1995 film *On Our Selectio*. The song was the theme song for the love interest between Kate and Sandy. In the original soundtrack they sing it nicely in counterpart.

A Night at Daisy Park

Neil McCann wrote the words for the original poem about his grandfather's experience. I believe that Dave de Santi and John Harpley corroborated on the tune for a Wongawill recording.

The Old Country Hall Song

In 2018 I was asked to put on a show for the centenary of the Wingello Mechanics Institute Hall so I collated slides and stories and tunes that related to the hall. But I needed a song that summarised its social and historical significance for the community, so I wrote this to a locally collected tune, the Glenquarry Waltz (aka The New Mexico Waltz).

Ben Hall at Goobang Creek

Richard Officer has a long standing interest in the story of Ben Hall as a great uncle was largely responsible for thwarting the success of the Eugowra Rocks Robbery. In this song he has Hall reminiscing on the eve of his fatal shooting by the police.

Songs of the Bush

Written by Jason and Chloe Roweth from Milthorpe with a tinge of regret for the missed opportunity of learning concertina from an older relative. Chloe has taken up the concertina now and pumps out the odd dance tune on it.

On My Little Concertina

On his YouTube page English concertinist, Ian Page describes the song as *a humorous ditty as full of innuendo as anyone could wish*. The words were written by fellow Englishman Jim Garrett.

In an English Concertina

This is an idea drafted by Greg Wilson and tweaked by yours truly. The setting is the well known English Country Gardens, a Morris tune collected by Cecil Sharp, the founding father of the folk-song revival in England. The tune was arranged for piano in 1918 by Percy Grainger, an Australian-born composer and is often mistakenly attributed to him.

Augathella Station

Brisbane Ladies

The original words were by Saul Mendelsohn, from Nanago (see The Drover).
This version was collected by A L Lloyd about 1930.

The musical score consists of four staves of music in 3/4 time, key of D major. The lyrics are: "Fare - well and a - - dieu to you, sweet Bris - bane la ___ dies. Fare - well and a - - dieu to you maids of Too - wong. For we've sold all our catt - le and have__ to be mov __ ing But we hope we shall see__ you a - - gain be - fore long." The chords are: Em, C, G, Em, C, D, G, D, Em, G, C, Em, B7, Em.

Chorus

We'll rant and we'll roar like true Queensland drovers
We'll rant and we'll roar as onward we push
Until we return to the Augathella station
For, it's flaming dry going through the old Queensland bush.

The first camp we make, we shall call it the Quart Pot,
Calbooture, then Kilcoy, and Collington's Hut,
We'll pull up at the stone house, Bob Williamson's paddock,
And early next morning we'll cross the Blackbutt.

Then on to Taromeo and Yarraman Creek, lads,
It's there we shall make our next camp for the day
Where the water and grass are both plenty and sweet, lads,
And maybe we'll butcher a fat little stray.

Then on to Nanango, that hard-bitten township
Where the out-of-work station-hands sit in the dust,
Where the shearers get shorn by old Tim, the contractor
Oh, I wouldn't go by there, but I flaming well must!

The girls of Toomancey they look so entrancing
Those young bawling heifers are out for their fun
With the waltz and the polka and all kinds of dancing
To the old concertina of Bob Anderson.

Then fill up your glasses, and drink to the lasses,
We'll drink this town dry, then farewell to all
And when we get back to the Augathella Station,
Why don't you come by there and pay us a call.

The Drover

Composed by Saul Mendelsohn, Nanango Qld about 1881 after the model of "True British Sailors".

Fare - well and a - - dieu to you Bris - bane lad - ies.
Fare - well and a - - dieu to you girls of Too - - wong;
We have sold all our cat - tle and can - not now ling - er.
But trust we shall see you a - - gain ___ be - fore long.

Chorus:

We sing and we shout like true Queensland natives
As merrily, merrily onward we push.
Until we return to the Old Cattle Station,
What joy and delight is a life in the bush.

The first camp we make we'll call it the Good Luck,
Caboolture and Kilcoy, then Colinton Hut;
We pull up at Stone-house, Bob Williams's paddock.
And soon the next morning we cross the Black Butt.

On, on past Taromeo to Yarraman Creek, boys,
It's there we will make a fine camp for the day,
When the water and grass are both plenty and good boys.
The life of the drover is merry and gay.

The camp is all snug and supper is over,
We lounge round the fire enjoying a smoke.
While yarning of home, or the life of a drover.
Till all join in the chorus to 'Grandfather's Clock.'

Next night through Nanango the jolly old township,
'Good day to you, lads' with a hearty shake hands
'Come on, this is my shout! Well here's to your next trip.
And we hope you will step in tonight at our dance!'

Oh, the girls look so pretty the sight is entrancing.
Bewitching and graceful they join in the fun.
Of waltz, polka, first set, and all other dancing.
To the old concertina of Jack Smith, the Don

Though far I have travelled through Russia and Finns-Land,
Have met the famed damsels of Poland and Spain:
More lovely and fair are the darlings of Queensland,
You may search the wide world for their equals in vain.

Now drink to our lasses in right hearty fashion,
Come sing the loud chorus - sing farewell to all;
And when we return from the Old Cattle Station,
We'll always be pleased to give you a call.

The Good Old Concertina

Words by Henry Lawson January 1891 and two settings given here. The first by Bob Bolton 1986 and the second to 'The Girl I Left Behind Me' also known in Britain as 'Brighton Camp'

'Twas mer - ry when the hut was full of jol - ly girls and fel - lows.
 We danced and sang un - til we burst the con - cer - tin - a's bel - lows.
 From dis - tant Dar - ling to the sea, from the Downs to the Riv - er - in - a,
 Has e'er a gum in all the west not heard the con - cer - tin - a?

'Twas mer - ry when the hut was full of jol - ly girls and fel - lows.
 We danced and sang un - til we burst the con - cer - tin - a's bel - lows.
 From dis - tant Dar - ling to the sea, from the Downs to the Riv - er - in - a,
 Has e'er a gum in all the west not heard the con - cer - tin - a?

'Twas peaceful round the campfire blaze,
 The long white branches o'er us;
 We'd play the tunes of bygone days,
 To some good old bush chorus.
 Old Erin's harp may sweeter be,
 The Scottish pipes blow keener;
 But sing an old bush song for me
 To the good old concertina.

'Twas cosy by the hut-fire bright
 When the pint pot passed between us;
 We drowned the voice of the stormy night
 With the good old concertina's.
 Though trouble drifts along the years,
 And the pangs of care grow keener,
 My heart is gladdened when it hears
 That good old concertina.

The Man with the Concertina

Bob Rummery's adaptation of the words from Stewart and Keesing's Old Bush Songs.
Original song by Robert Stewart (b1838) drover, horse-breaker, shearer and gold-digger.
The setting as given in Australian Tradition #25 is 'The Girl I Left Behind Me'.

Once more I'm on the brid-le track, And through the moun-tains steer - ing,
With a horse to ride and one to pack, I'm jog-ging down for shear - ing.
At night I pick the dri - est camp, and build a three-logged fire _____
And when a man's out on the tramp, what more could he de - sire? _____

I eat me tucker and drink me tea perhaps with a piece of damper,
Then lie for a while upon me back and watch the possums scamper.
I light my pipe and puff a cloud, You'd think it was a steamer,
Then Finnegan's Wake I finger out upon the concertina.

There's a place I like to be – it's on the old Monaro
For your ribuck sport and company you have no need to care-o.
Oh the boys all get together there. We all toss in a dinar
And we buy some grog and have some tunes upon the concertina.

And now my boys, my song is done, I find my throat wants clearing.
I've told you how to have some fun going down the river shearing.
You'll hear of me I have no doubt all through the Riverina,
You're sure to hear them talk about the man with the concertina.

The Man with the Concertina

Dave de Hugar's original tune and the words adapted and expanded.
The version in the classic reference, Stewart and Keesing's Old Bush Songs, is missing lines.

Tune A for verses 1,2,4,5,6,8,9

1. I've been jog - ging down the brid - le track, and through the mount - ains steer - ing,
2. And way up here in the mount - ain range the air is pret - ty chil - ly,
With a horse to ride and one to pack, I'm jog - ging down to shear - ing
And I pitched me camp and lit me fire and I put on the bil - ly.

Tune B for verses 3,7

3. I found a nice dry shel - tered spot and built a good log fi - re,
And when a bloke is on the track, what more could he des - i - re?

- A
- I've been jogging down the bridle track, through the mountains steering,
With a horse to ride and one to pack, jogging down to shearing—
 - And way up here in the mountains the air is pretty chilly,
And I pitched me camp and lit me a fire, I put on the billy—
- B
- I found a nice dry shelter spot and built a good log fire,
And when a bloke is on the track, what more could he desire?
- A
- I light me pipe and puff a cloud you'd think it was a steamer,
And an old bush tune I'll finger around, upon the concertina.
- A
- And a few days back some fellows on the track, had fiddles and concertinas,
What a grand old night, by the fire light the pint pot passed between us.
- A
- Old Erin's harp may sweeter be, the Scottish pipes blow keener,
But give to me an old bush tune on the fiddle and concertina.
- B
- And the sky is fairly clear tonight and the stars are shining brightly,
And the moon is rising through the trees, and the horses resting quietly—
- A
- I'll be up with the morning light I'll head for the Riverina,
They know me there around the place as the man with the concertina.
- A
- Yes, I'll be off with the morning light, and head for the Riverina,
And I hope you like this little song, from the man with the concertina.

The Hut That's Upside Down

Collected and arranged by John Meredith from Mary and Tom Byrnes of Concord. The original transcription has unnecessary repetition, probably the result of a forgotten phrases. This has been modified by Dave Johnson.

My name is Bob - by Am - bel - et, to Glas - gow I be - long,
I've just stepped in a - mong you all to sing to you a song,
I've trav - elled a - bout the "count - er - ee" to places of re - nown,
But now I'm an - chor - ed hard and fast in the hut that's up - side

Chorus

The cook he danced the highland fling, and laddie played the lute.
The little boy from Burraway he played upon the flute.
Scotty he sang "The Mulberry Tree" and "All Dull Care is Flown",
We're happy as larks out in the park in the hut that's upside down.

The shearing it has now begun the machines are doing well,
The little shears they go "click click", and the wool rolls off pell-mell,
The tramway runs around the board, the boys are flying around,
And after work they all return to the hut that's upsidedown.

The other night I went to read and went to sleep quite sound,
I thought the hut was all "a-jee" and I was on the ground.
When I awoke to my surprise the boys were dancing round,
With a fiddle and concertina in the hut that's upside down.

At night we pass the hours away at euchre, nap and bluff,
Others rhyme to kill their time while others blow their stuff.
Some will read and some will fight and some will act the clown.
And some will yarn till past midnight in the hut that's upside down.

There was prime roast beef for dinner and the duff was nicely browned;
We're getting as fat as poisoned pups on the grub that's served around.
And now me boys I must away I hope no one will frown,
But give three cheers for Willie the cook in the hut that's upside down.

I Played Me Concertina

Arthur Osmond on and Edison Standard Record 1909
Recording from University of California, Santa Barbara Library
Available under Creative Commons Attribution-Noncommercial 2.5 License
Unearthed by Rob Willis; transcribed by Dave Johnson

This con - cer - tin - a you must know I take with me where e're I go.
While I was sail - ing once a - broad my poor wife she fell o - ver board.
I said "I am a sel - fish clown, I can't stand here and see her drown"
So I shut my eyes and sat me down and played my con - cer - tin - a.

One day whilst bathing in the sea some ladies had a game with me.
Those naughty ladies sad to say they pinched my clothes and ran away.
"Give me my clothes I am discreet" but they stuck to them just like a leech.
So I walked down along the beach and played my concertina.

At twelve o'clock the other night I rushed around to Doctor White.
When I got there and rang the bell, the doctor came and shouted "Well
Please tell me sir what brings you here at twelve o'clock it's very queer?"
I said I thought you'd like to hear me play my concertina.

For a donkey ride I went one day and in my usual careless way,
I pinned my concertina to the donkey's tail and off we flew.
I gave a shout as we set sail. He jumped me up till I felt pale,
And every time he wagged his tail he played my concertina.

The Shearer's Jamboree

Words and music by Eric Tutin 1946. Recorded by Tutin and Joan Martin.

The musical score is written in treble clef with a key signature of two sharps (F# and C#) and a 2/4 time signature. The melody is simple and rhythmic, with lyrics written below the notes. Chord symbols (A, D, E7) are placed above the staff to indicate accompaniment. The lyrics are: We were shear-ing down at Mun-gan-di, the go-ing had been tough, We reck-oned when we'd fin-ished work that we had worked e-nough. The chin-a-man jumped in the creek, the cook went on a spree, We round-ed up the coun-try-side and held a jam-bor-ee. There was mus-ic down in the hol-low, There was sing-ing and danc-ing and beer All the fel-las on the sta-tion held a mon-strous cel-e-bra-tion When the shear-ing was done for the year.

There were seven concertinas and a gadget made of wood
A fella with a trombone got a note in where he could,
A fiddle and a cornet and a bloke who played a leaf
He knew the Swanee River so they voted him the chief.

There was music down in the hollow,
There was singing and dancing and beer
There was never such a shindig from Sheas to Goondiwindi
When the shearing was done for the year.

It was nearly ten o'clock next day before we found the cook
The whisky he'd been drinking must have made him awful crook
He was sleeping in the pig-sty with his head upon a sow
And when they both woke up and went you should have heard the row.

There was music down in the hollow,
There was singing and dancing and beer
There was never such a shindig from Sheas to Goondiwindi
When the shearing was done for the year.

The Woolshed Hop

An unashamedly silly song from an unidentifiable copy of sheet music from the Pram Street Theatre musical "Back to Burke Street".
Second verse added by David Johnson 2021

1. From the Mur - ray to Clon - curr - y way out west of Bourke
2. Mar - an - o - a, Cun - n - amul - la far as Dia - man - - tin - a

Sta - tions clear - in' No more shear - in' Take a rest from work.
Mus - ter's o - ver. Cat - tle dro - ver. Bring the con - cer - - tin - a.

Here comes the wag - on. Bring Sue and Mag in.
Sadd - - led or bare - back ride in and bring Jack

Off to the wool - shed and the Wool - shed Hop.
Off to the wool - shed and the Wool - shed Hop.

Now the shear - in's ov - - er let the fun be - - gin.
Now the mus - ter's ov - - er let the fun be - - gin.

Here's a con - cert - - in - - a and a vi - o - - lin.

This is what they go for, nev - er want to stop.

On the Mur - rum - - bid - - gee Do the Wool - shed Hop.

Clap your hands and take your part - ner, twirl her round and round.

Tap your feet and to your part - ner make this sil - ly sound "Baa".

On the Riv - er - - in - - a jump - ing for your chop,

Like a young mer - - in - - o, do the Wool - shed Hop!

My Little Concertina

composed by Peter Best for the 1995 Film "On Our Selection"

She's my lit - tle con - - cer - - ti - na

She's al - ways a - - round when I call

Dressed up in patch - es, No - thing quite match - es

But still she's the belle of the ball

She's my lit - tle con - - cer - - ti - na

She's nev - - er fick - le at all

And she loves me to hold her, fold and un - fold her

She's my lit - tle con - - cer - - ti - na.

Sing it high. Sing it low. Swing and sway to and fro.

My lit - tle con-cer - ti - na. Lit - tle con-cer - ti - na.

Sing it soft. Sing it sweet. Get us all on our feet.

My lit - tle con - cer - ti - na

G **D7** **G**
 She's my lit - tle con - - cer - - ti - na

C **D7**
 She's not a kid an - - y more

C **G** **Em**
 She's com - fy to dance with, have a ro - - mance with

Am **C** **D7** **E \flat 7**
 She gets them all on the floor. Sure,

G **D7** **G**
 She's my lit - tle con - - cer - - ti - na.

Am **Em** **Bm**
 The one that I real - ly a - - dore

C **G** **C** **G**
 And when I want to please her I pick her up and squeeze her

G **D7** **G**
 She's my lit - tle con - - cer - - ti - - na

A Night at Daisy Park

Words by Neil McCann with Dave de Santi and John Harpley corroborating on the tune.

Chorus

Play us a tune on your old con-cer-tin-a, they ask young Jim-my Mc - Cann.
 The danc-ing be-gins as he plays the first note, and the girls take the men by the hand.
 In an old log kitch-en at Dais-y Park, the eve-ning has just be-gun.
 There'll be sing-ing and danc-ing for hours to come, and they'll wish no end to the fun.

Verse

The road runs north from Bed-ger-e-bong, the sulk-y runs rough on the track.
 They're out for the night for a song and a dance, not sure when they'll be back.
 Past Gun-ning Gap church on the right now they're close, there's ex-cite-ment in the air.
 When you see the tall pines line the road to the house, it's tie-up and straight-en your hair.

The folk in the house hear the sulky approach, they jump up and rush to the door.
 Jim's playing a tune, it's in time with the horse as it trots down the drive in four-four.
 They welcome them in and they give them a drink and discuss the past week and such things.
 With formalities over they move all the chairs to make plenty of room for the flings.

The Music goes on till the wee tiny hours the kids lie asleep on the floor.
 The night's nearly over, the dancing has stopped, their tired feet are too sore.
 The wood-stove boils the kettle once more, they sit round and sing an old song.
 One last cup of tea 'fore they head on their way back to Bedgerebong.

The Old Country Hall Song

Many country halls are the main focus for their communities, often with social dancing a key component. The song was written in 2018 for the centenary of the Wingello Mechanics Institute Hall by Dave Johnson. The tune is the Glenquarry Waltz (aka The New Mexico Waltz)

F **Bb**
 If these walls could speak what tales they could tell
Bb **F** **C7**
 Of grand cos - tume balls and of dig - ger's fare - - wells
F **Bb**
 Con - cer - tin - a and fid - dle and the M - C's clear call.
F **C7** **F**
 They're ech - oes from the walls of the Old Coun - try Hall.
F **C7** **F**
 (They're ech - oes from the walls of the Old Coun - try Hall.)
F **Bb** **F**
 The tal - low - wood floor is the best to be found,
F **C7**
 So danc - ers will ride here from ten miles a - - round
F **Bb** **F**
 To pi - an - o and accor - dion the drum's stead - y beat,
Bb **C7** **F**
 They whirl and they dance till they're dead on their feet.

Use linseed and turps to make a good seal,
 Then it's sawdust and candle to get a smooth feel.
 For He's A Good Fellow with gusto they sing
 And they stand to attention for God Save the King.

The supper displays all the work of the cooks;
 And the belle of the ball with her blushing cute looks
 There's the crowing of roosters, and banging of nails;
 And there's apples and peaches and honey for sale

A lib'ry for fettle's to read and to learn
 The president's flustered with some new concern
 And there's quoits, chess and ludo, a game of ping pong
 And Miss Alice Waters will give us a song.

The foxtrot and tango they are all the rage
 And the kids put to sleep at the back of the stage
 The whirring machines of the picture show man;
 The harvest and ag shows and a local bush band.

Ben Hall at Goobang Creek

Words and tune by Richard Officer 2016

The musical score is written in 4/4 time and consists of four staves. Each staff has a treble clef and a key signature of one flat (B-flat). The lyrics are written below the notes. Chord symbols are placed above the staves: C, Dm, C, G7, F, C, G7, C, Dm, G7, C.

I've made my camp by Goobang Creek, I've kept my fire low.
For at a moment's notice I may have to go
The overhanging branches a ceiling to my bed
While fern fronds from the creek bank A pillow for my head.

I've paid the law in double for my cattle they let die
They turned me from an honest life I did so hard to try
A thousand pounds now on my head I really must take heed
I can no longer leave to chance what some may do for greed.

Our three days at Canowindra they all went very well
Once we rounded up the Peeler man and locked him in his cell
Then gathered up the townfolk to Robinson's Hotel
There's no sure way of knowing what stories they will tell.

I played a concertina John O'Meally somewhere found
A three row anglo Lachenal with a pleasing steel reed sound
Johnny and the Bankers daughter they made a dashing pair
But only after he had tied her father to a chair!

At Eugowra Rocks with bullock teams we blocked the Orange road
Taking from the escort coach its total load of gold
If it hadn't been for Clements we would have cleared away
Don't dwell on life's misfortunes I can hear Frank Gardiner say!

When we shouted driver Fagen jumped and fled
Bullets aimed but missed him, one struck his hat instead
The coach without its driver was cause for grave concern
When it veered and struck a rock which caused its overturn.

We bailed the Faithfull Brothers up out on the Braidwood track
They did not take it kindly they started shooting back!
And there were shots aplenty and yet no one was slain
It was due more to good luck than due to proper aim!

It could have turned quite nasty when Johnny shot his horse
But we rode in and rescued him, he'd do the same of course
And I pursued the 'Old Man' but he will live to boast
That I would have been shot dead but for a stout fence post!

Yes, I know that I have lost good mates along the way
They knew the risks and dangers and how they might pay
We lived a life of plenty when there was gold enough
And looked out for each other whenever times got tough.

Songs of the Bush

Chloe & Jason Roweth

Voice

Gran-dad - knew - sto - ries and songs of this count-ry from days be fore
T. V. when gold was still found and the tunes that he played had a
sound all Aust - ra ... lian, flow-ing as end-less as a spring from the ground.
There in the gold-fields were all kinds of peo-ple, ma-ny who
tra-veled so far from their home, so Gran-dad knew Ger-mans and
Koo-ris and I - rish, shared with them mu-sic and sto-ries and poems.
But I ne - ver learned ... how to play con - cer - ti - na, hap-py e -
nough with my foot keep - ing ... time, and some-where I guess I just
took it for grant - ted, the songs of the bush would still be there next time.

Songs of the Bush (C & J Roweth) / **The Drover / Joe's Treeparter** (Traditional)
(Arrangement Copyright C & J Roweth)

From the Us Not Them CD "Live – One Man's Weeds.....Another Man's Flowers" (2001)

This song is our 'thank you' to the many collectors of Australian music and folk-lore.

Grandad knew stories and songs of this country,
From days before TV, when gold was still found;
And the tunes that he played had a style all Australian
Flowing as endless as a spring from the ground.

And there in the goldfields were all kinds of people,
Many who'd travelled so far from their homes,
So Grandad knew Germans and Kooris and Irish,
And shared with them music and stories and poems.

*But I never learned how to play concertina,
Happy enough with my foot keeping time.
Somewhere I guess I just took it for granted -
The songs of the bush would still be there next time.*

This country was growing, it's character showing -
We're tough dancing drinkers always good for a laugh,
And the songs we were singing were no longer homesick
Of bushrangers, shearing and this country we love.

But I never...

Strange days indeed when the songs of our history
Need be collected all over again,
But the old people die, taking with them their memories,
And the melodies vanish like they've never been.

And I never...

On My Little Concertina

A humorous ditty as full of innuendo as anyone could wish.
As sung by English concertinist Ian Page and written by fellow Englishman Jim Garrett.

Now when I was a lit - tle boy and at my fath - er's knee
He gave me such a won' - drous toy it filled my heart with glee
With but - tons at each end of it and bel - lows in be - tween
My fath - er taught me how to play and when I was six - teen
I played Rule Bri - tan - ia and oth - er songs less clean - er
While fing - ering the but - tons and squeez - ing the box on my lit - tle con - cer - tin - a

I met a pretty little girl; she lived just down our road.
Her concertina she would play in hypophrygian mode.
She taught me third inversion and positions one to six.
She taught me each progression as she squeezed her box of tricks.
She played "Wolfgang Mozart Amadeus Ex Machina"
While fingering the buttons and squeezing the box on her little concertina,
While fingering the buttons and squeezing the box on her little concertina.

The Wedding March was on her mind and this soon led to strife.
I told her I was not inclined to play duets for life.
Her passions roused, she flew at me, then on the floor she sprawled.
She fractured her cadenza and straightway with one A chord,
She cried: "I'll Tell Me Ma;" she sent me a subpoena
For fingering the buttons and squeezing the box on her little concertina,
For fingering the buttons and squeezing the box on her little concertina.

Now, when I came to quarter bench, the judge said: "This won't do.
You cannot finger instruments that don't belong to you."
I said: "M'lud, now don't be harsh; she's played this tune before.
She learned her obligato from the organist next door.
They played "Roll Me Over," so excuse my misdemeanor
For fingering the buttons and squeezing the box on her little concertina,
For fingering the buttons and squeezing the box on her little concertina."

The judge he was a kindly bloke and let me off scot-free,
So now I'm playing folk and blues as happy as can be,
So if you own an instrument, don't keep it on the shelf.
Be proud to give performances and finger it yourself.
Just play "Twankydlilo" you'll find it nothing keener
Than fingering the buttons and squeezing the box on your little concertina,
Than fingering the buttons and squeezing the box on your little concertina.

In an English Concertina

original idea from Greg Wilson to the anonymous but well known tune "English Country Garden"
some judicious editing to enumerate the parts by Dave Johnson

C F G Em C Dm G7 C
How man-y parts do think there might be in an eng-lish con-cer-ti-na

C F G Em C Dm G7 C
Take it a-part, and you'll find a lot in an eng-lish con-cer-ti-na.

Am Em Am Em F Dm G7
Two ac-tion box-es two reed-pans and of course the bel-lows in be-tween

C F G Em C Dm G7 C
These are the parts, you are sure to have, in an eng-lish con-cer-ti-na.

Several screws and twelve long bolts open an english concertina
Two finger slides and two thumb straps on an english concertina.
Buttons, levers, pads and springs forty eight of all these things,
So many parts now are on your bench?
How many parts are we up to now from an english concertina?

The reed pan is next when you're counting parts in an english concertina.
There's ninety six reeds and they're tuned in pairs in an english concertina
Valves for each one of the pair. Bellows too to push the air.
I hope someone here is keeping count!
How many parts are we up to now in an english concertina?

So how many parts do you think there are in an english concertina?
(Play melody and ask audience.....)
More than four hundred parts that go to make an english concertina.

Now it's all in bits, you'll need to make them fit that english concertina.
And if you do not get it right, you will be up all night, with that english concertina.
Who can mend it, who can tune it, who can make it play again,
These are the things that you need to know.
If it all goes back together, you can play a merry tune, on your english concertina.