



**Songs  
of  
Australia**

**A Collection of  
Favourite and Obscure  
Australian Folk Songs**

compiled by

**David Johnson**

2019

# PREFACE

The original 2011 collection *Old and Not So Old Bush Songs* began as a means of tidying my own repertoire, gained from exploring and performing for over forty years. More and more good songs were discovered and added, and poems that needed a tune were worked in. The result is over 300 songs.

Where possible I have credited the sources of the songs and melodies, but please don't hesitate to edify me about omissions or errors.

Arrangements of the better known songs are based on what I learnt at the Bush Music Club, and from an extensive personal library of Australian folk records and folklore and folk music publications. In the previous version I stayed true to texts as originally published but found that this confused both myself and other singers when there was a commonly known version. Hence the version here may differ from the last edition.

I encourage you to adapt these arrangements to suit your own needs. The songs have generally been pitched for a deeper vocal range. If a particular song is needed in another key it can be easily transposed using a software program that recognises and uses ABC music coding, such as abcExplorer and abcEdit. They can be downloaded from my website either as PDF files or as versatile ABC files.

Heartfelt thanks are due to the many friends who have sustained my enthusiasm for this volume with their support for the previous edition, the main source book for our monthly Bush Traditions session at the Goulburn Club. Acknowledgement to the many individual contributors is made on the relevant pages.

Phyl Lobl, as she tried to educate the Arts Council of Australia about folk songs, offered this amusing characteristic: "everyone else sings the wrong version." These then are my *wrong versions*; a unique collection of Australian songs ranging from colonial times to the present. Some great classics, and many that I trust will become better known.

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## Important Note

This book is not offered for sale for profit. In the *spirit of folk music* it has been prepared for sharing, as have my previous publications. Copies are made available to musical friends for the cost of photocopying and binding. You are welcome to copy the work in part or in full for your own use, preferably with acknowledgement.



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# Across the Warrego

Original words by Jim Grahame; arrangement and tune by Martyn Wyndham-Read.  
Jim Grahame was the pen name of Jim Gordon, a life-long friend of Henry Lawson, who considered him the better poet.

I dreamt some dreams of dried up streams streams that sel-dom flow  
Of men and things, mis - for - tune brings a - cross the War - re - - go.  
And I could see old fac - es there, old fac - es grim and set  
Old mates of mine that tramped with me, and some are tramp - ing yet

And in my sleep, I saw the sheep, heard them bleating low  
The ringing flocks, the stringing flocks, that crossed the Warrego  
The young and strong were in the lead, the old and weak behind  
With lagging feet and dragging feet, some of them were blind

And in my dreams, I saw the teams, teams I used to know  
The long, long teams – the strong, strong teams that crossed the Warrego  
And lurching wool bales strained the ropes that lashed them fore and aft  
And every ounce of horse flesh pulled – from leader to the shaft

I dreamt of nights by campfire light – the flicker and the glow  
The big white moon, the black gin's croon beyond the Warrego  
And I could hear the bullock bells ringing o'er the plain  
And thirsty kangaroos loped in and bounded out again

And in the scrub, I saw a pub – name I do not know  
And it was there to cash the cheques, that crossed the Warrego  
A graveyard stood right out in front, two pepper trees were there  
And goats were camping underneath, a skillion at the rear

And in the night, I woke in fright – my pulse was far from slow  
I dreamt that I was on the tramp, beyond the Warrego  
I dreamed a mirage danced ahead – drought plains at my back  
And I was trudging, trudging on out across the track.

# The Adventures of Jack O'Donohoe

Words from the Bradshaw Collection, in Cambridge University Library discovered by Hugh Anderson.  
Setting from the singing of 'The Wild Colonial Boy' by Jacko Kevans

The musical score is written on four staves of a grand staff (treble clef, common time). The lyrics are placed below the notes. Chord symbols (C, Dm, Am, G, F) are placed above the staves to indicate the harmonic accompaniment. The melody consists of quarter and eighth notes, with some phrases ending in a half note.

At \_\_\_ tend each val - i - ant high - way - man and out - laws of dis - tain,  
Who choose to live \_\_\_ in slav - er - y or wear the brand \_\_\_ of chains,  
At - ten - tion pay \_\_\_ to what I say, be - lieve me if \_\_\_ you do,  
I \_\_\_ will re - late the wretch - ed state of Jack O' - Don - o - - hoe.

This bold undaunted highwayman, as you shall understand,  
Was banished for his natural life from Erin's happy land,  
In Dublin town, of high renown, where his first breath he drew  
The deeds of honour titled valiant Jack O'Donohoe.

When he effected his escape he took to the highway.  
Where tyrants dare not walk the road either by night or day  
Every morning in the newspaper there was something published new,  
Concerning of that hero bold called Jack O'Donohoe.

He had not been twelve months on the Australian shore,  
Till he turned on the highway as many did before,  
There was McMurragh and Andrew Ward, Warber, and Wellesley too,  
Those were the chief associates of brave O'Donohoe.

Says O'Donohoe to his comrades if you prove true to me,  
This day we'll fight with all our might and gain our liberty,  
We got courage stout and bold and Irishmen so true.  
So this day we'll fight for liberty says bold O'Donohoe.

O no cried cowardly Wellesley to that we'll not agree.  
Don't you see there's eight or nine of them it's time for us to flee  
And if we stay it will be too late and the battle we'll surely rue  
Then be gone from me you cowardly dogs cried bold O'Donohoe.

Says the serjeant to O'Donohoe discharge your carabine  
Or do you intend to fight with us or on to us resign.  
To resign on to such cowardly dogs I never intend to do,  
But this day I'll fight for liberty cried Jack O'Donohoe.

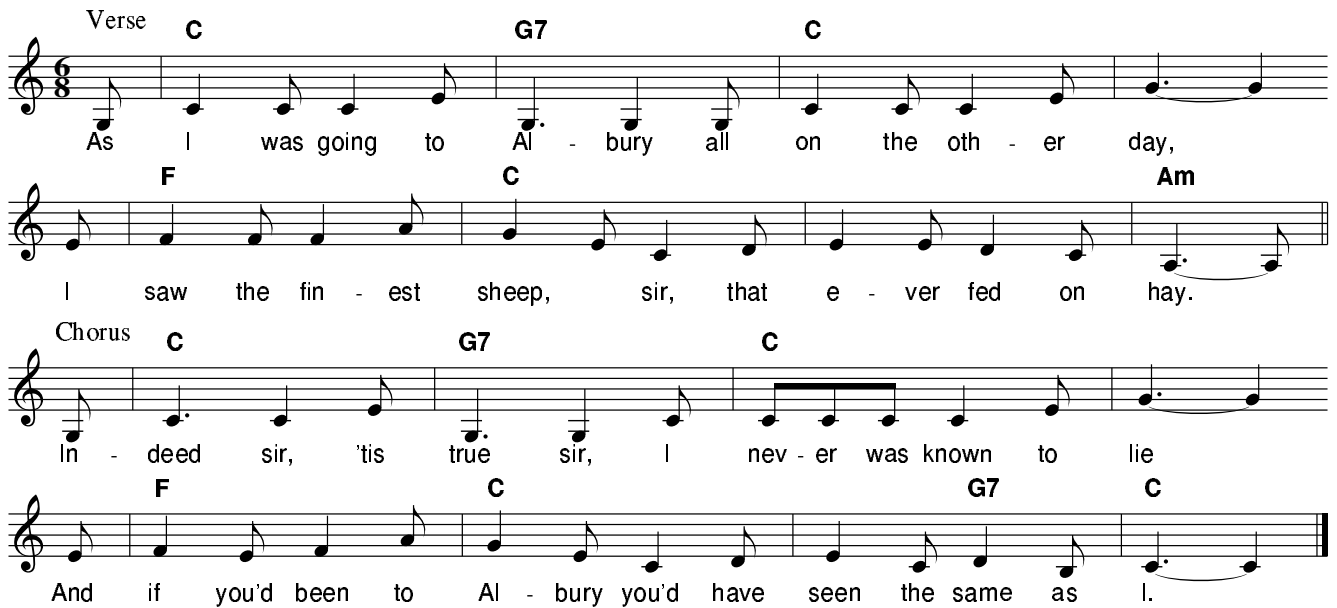
Then the serjeant and the corporal their men they did divide,  
Some they placed behind him and more then by his side,  
The serjeant and the corporal in front they fired to,  
Till at length the ball caused the fall of brave O'Donohoe.

Nine rounds he fought with the police until a powder ball,  
It struck the heart of O'Donohoe which caused him for to fall  
In closing of his sparkling career he bid this world adieu.  
Saying good people all pray for the soul of brave Jack O'Donohoe.

# The Albury Ram

Based on the English song 'The Ram of Dalby' this was collected from Tom Newbound by Arthur Lumsden and Norm O'Connor.  
The collected "blow away the morning dew" chorus is replaced by another version that insists on the veracity of the tale.

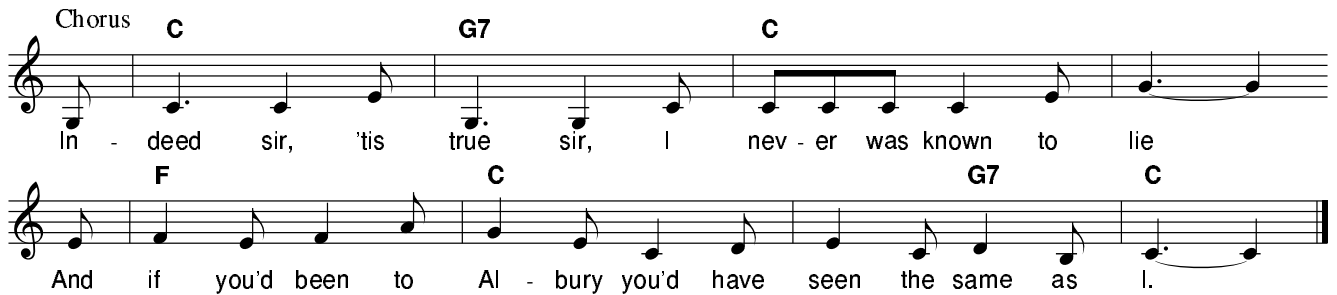
Verse



The musical notation for the verse consists of two staves of music in 4/4 time. The first staff contains the melody and lyrics: "As I was going to Al - bury all on the oth - er day," with chords C, G7, and C above it. The second staff continues the melody and lyrics: "I saw the fin - est sheep, sir, that e - ver fed on hay." with chords F, C, and Am above it.

As I was going to Al - bury all on the oth - er day,  
I saw the fin - est sheep, sir, that e - ver fed on hay.

Chorus



The musical notation for the chorus consists of two staves of music in 4/4 time. The first staff contains the melody and lyrics: "In - deed sir, 'tis true sir, I nev - er was known to lie" with chords C, G7, and C above it. The second staff continues the melody and lyrics: "And if you'd been to Al - bury you'd have seen the same as I." with chords F, C, G7, and C above it.

In - deed sir, 'tis true sir, I nev - er was known to lie  
And if you'd been to Al - bury you'd have seen the same as I.

The sheep, he had four feet, sir, on which he used to stand,  
And every one of them, sir, it covered an acre of land.

The sheep, he had two horns, sir, they grew so mighty wide,  
They're going to make a bridge, sir, from Albury to Clyde.

The sheep, he had a tail, sir, it grew so mighty long,  
They're going to make a telegraph from Sydney to Geelong.

The wool upon his belly, it bore him off the ground,  
Was sold in Melbourne the other day for a hundred thousand pound.

The wool upon his back, sir, it grew so mighty high,  
The eagles built their nest there, for I heard the young ones cry.

A hundred gallons of oil, sir, were boiled out of his bones,  
Took all the girls in Albury to drag away his frame.

Oh, the man who owned this sheep, sir, he must have been mighty rich,  
The man who made this song, sir, was a lying son of a ... gun!

# All A-Cheatin'

Collected from Joe Yates of Sofala by John Meredith and Chris Sullivan. A scathing view of business ethics. It isn't like that now!

## Chorus

All a - - cheat - in' a - - cheat - - cheat - - cheat - in'  
And they're all a - cheat - in' in the coun - try and the town.  
All a - - cheat - in' a - - cheat - - cheat - - cheat - in'  
And they're all a - cheat - in' in the coun - try and the town.

## Verse

First comes the milk - man down the street he does walk  
He knows well how to cheat you with his wat - er and his chalk.

Next comes the butcher with his greasy old hat  
And under the scales sticks a greasy lump of fat.

Next comes the baker with his rolls and his buns  
He sure knows how to cheat you – short weight in every one.

Next comes the grocer with his basket on his arm  
The change you should have had still sticking to his palm.

## Newer Verses

Next comes the politician by Jeez they can talk  
Sure know how to cheat you with their lies and travel rorts.

Next comes the banker with a bonus that's immense  
He's thieving us of thousands without fear of consequence.

# All For Me Grog

## Across the Western Plains

First printed in the Bulletin in May 1916 and based on the sailor song 'Across the Western Ocean'.  
Can be sung slowly as a lament but more usually as a rollicking celebration of good drinking times.

Verse



Well I am a ramb - lin' lad and me stor - y it is sad.  
If ev - er I get to Lach - lan I should won - der.  
For I spent all me brass in the bot - tom of a glass,  
Now a - - cross the west - ern plains I must wan - - der.

Chorus



And it's all for me grog me jol - ly jol - ly grog.  
It's all for me beer and to - - bac - - co.  
For I spent all me tin in a shant - y drink - ing gin.  
Now a - - cross the West - ern Plains I must wan - - der.

I'm stiff and stoney broke and I've parted with me moke  
And the sky is looking black as flaming thunder;  
And the shanty boss is too for I haven't got a sou  
That's the way you're treated when you're down and under.

Well I'm crook in the head for I haven't been to bed  
Since first I touched this shanty with my plunder.  
I see centipedes and snakes, and I'm full of pains and aches  
So I'd better make a push for way out yonder.

I'll take that Old Man Plain and I'll cross it once again  
Until me eyes the track no longer see boys.  
And my beer and whisky brain looks for sleep but all in vain  
And I feel as if I had the Darling Pea boys.

So hang that blasted grog, that hocussed shanty grog  
And the beer that's loaded with tobacco.  
Grafting humour I am in and I'll stick the spurs right in  
And settle down once more for some hard yakka.



# And When They Dance

Written by Roy Abbot with an added last verse by Graeme Murray. It makes a very suitable free waltz for a bush dance.

C F G7  
And when they dance, their dress - es spin round,  
C G7  
They — trav - el so light that they ne'er touch the ground,  
C Dm Am G7  
And the smiles on their fac - es will win ev - ery crown,  
F G7 F C  
The lass - - es who dance 'til the mom - - - ing.

## Chorus

And when they dance, their dresses spin round,  
They travel so light that they ne'er touch the ground,  
And the smile on their faces will win every crown,  
The lasses who dance 'til the morning.

I've travelled about, yes I've been all around,  
From Perth in the west, to old Sydney town,  
And it warms up my heart every time I look down,  
At the lasses who dance 'til the morning.

I've played for the gentry, I've played for them all,  
From a small country do to a debutantes ball,  
And there's one thing unites them, the big and the small,  
It's the lasses who dance 'til the morning.

And as they dance, men turn them around.  
Lads all dressed up for a night on the town.  
In their waistcoats and moleskins, it's a smile and a bow  
To the lasses who dance 'til the morning.

At the end of the dance the folk leave the floor,  
Their feet must be tired, so tender and sore,  
But who are the ones who still call out for more?  
It's the lasses who dance 'til the morning.

# Andy's Gone With Cattle

The original poem was written by Henry Lawson (1888). This setting, first published in 'Bandicoot Ballads', is to a tune John Manifold remembered from his youth and he thought may have English pleasure garden origins.

Our And-y's gone with cat-tle now; our hearts are out of or-der.  
With drought he's gone to bat-tle now a-cross the Queens-land bor-der.  
He's left us in de-jec-tion now; our thoughts with him are rov-ing;  
It's dull on this se-lec-tion now, since And-y went a--drov-ing.

Who now shall wear the cheerful face in times when things are slackest?  
And who shall whistle round the place when Fortune frowns her blackest?  
And who shall cheek the squatter now, when he comes round us snarling?  
His tongue is growing hotter now, since Andy crossed the Darling.

Oh may the showers in torrents fall, and all the tanks run over;  
And may the grass grow green and tall in pathways of the drover;  
And may good angels send the rain on desert stretches sandy,  
And when the summer conies again, God grant it brings us Andy.

# Another Fall of Rain

Words by John Neilsen and the tune is the well-known "Little Old Log Cabin in the Dell" by American songwriter Will S Hays.

The musical score is written in 4/4 time and consists of eight staves of music. Each staff contains a line of lyrics and is accompanied by a treble clef and a key signature of one flat (F major). Chord symbols (C, F, G7) are placed above the staff lines to indicate the harmonic structure. The lyrics are: "The weath - er had been sul - try for a fort - night's time or more. The shear - ers had been batt - ling might and main, And some had got the cent - ur - y as ne - ver did be - fore but now all hands were wait - ing for the rain. For the Boss is get - ting rust - y and the ring - er's cav - ing in His band - aged wrist is ach - ing with the pain, And the sec - ond man I fear will make it hot for him Un - - less we have a - noth - er fall of rain."

The weather had been sultry for a fortnight's time or more  
The shearers had been battling might and main,  
And some had got the century as never did before  
But now all hands were waiting for the rain  
For the Boss is getting rusty and the ringer's caving in  
His bandaged wrist is aching with the pain  
And the second man I fear will make it hot for him  
Unless we have another fall of rain.

Now some had taken quarters and were curled up on their bunks  
When we shored the six tooth wethers from the plain.  
But if the sheep get harder a few more men will funk  
Unless we have another fall of rain.  
For the Boss is getting rusty and the ringer's caving in  
His bandaged wrist is aching with the pain  
And the second man I fear will make it hot for him  
Unless we have another fall of rain.

But the sky is clouding over and the thunder's muttering loud  
The clouds are moving eastwards o'er the plain  
And I see the lightning flashing from the edge of yon dark cloud  
And I hear the gentle patter of the rain  
So it's lads put on the stoppers and let us to the huts  
Where we'll gather round and have a friendly game.  
While some are playing music and some play ante-up  
And others just sit gazing at the rain.

Well now the rain is over let the presser spin the screws  
Let the teamsters back their wagons in again  
And we'll block the classer's table by the way we push them through  
For everything is merry since the rain.  
And the Boss he won't be rusty when his sheep they are all shorn  
And the ringer's wrist won't ache much with the pain  
Of pocketing his season's cheque for fifty quid or more  
And the second main won't drive him hard again.

Instrumental

So it's lads pull out the stoppers, and we'll take a final drop  
For the shearers here may never meet again  
For some may meet next season and some not even then  
And others will just vanish like the rain.

# The Answer's Ireland

Written by John Dengate and set by him to the Irish tune Roddy McCorley, to celebrate the musical debt we owe the land of Erin.

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 (C, F, Am, Dm, G7) are placed above the staff lines. The lyrics are: "Who gave Aus-tra - lia the songs to sing, the tunes of songs so grand. Songs to in -spire, full of beau - ty and fire? the answ - er's Ire - land. Know when you sing of Jack Don - a - hue that he was a Dub - lin man, And Den - is O' -Reil - ly is trav' - ling still with a black - thorn in his hand."

Who gave Australia the songs to sing, the tunes of songs so grand.  
Songs to inspire, full of beauty and fire? the answer's Ireland.  
Know when you sing of Jack Donahue that he was a Dublin man,  
And Denis O'Reilly is travelling still with a blackthorn in his hand.

Who raised a ruckus at Castle Hill, who there defied the crown?  
'Twas the same rebel boys who in '98 'gainst odds would not lie down.  
Oh, but they made Samuel Marsden fret and ruffled the silver tails;  
Why, the words "croppy pike" were enough to strike fear into New South Wales.

Who agitated at Ballarat for Joe Latrobe's death knell?  
Who was it raised up the five-starred flag and damned the traps to hell?  
Who was it gathered beneath that flag where solemn oaths were sworn?  
Who would not run from the red coats' guns upon Eureka morn?

Ned Kelly's dad was an Irish lad, the Kellys all died game.  
Brave Michael Dwyer's bones are buried here: we'll not forget that name.  
Who could resist Larry Foley's fist, and Foley wore the green.  
Who led the anti-conscription ranks in 1917?

Repeat first verse.

# Artesian Water

Words derived from an A B Paterson poem, with a setting by Graham Jenkin. Graham founded the Tea and Damper Club which became the major body in South Australia devoted to the preservation and dissemination of Australian folklore, music and verse.

Verse

capo 5

**C**  
**F**

**Dm**  
**Gm**

Now the stock have start - ed dy - ing, for the Lord has sent a drought:  
We're sick of prayers and Pro - vi - dence. We're not going to do with - out.  
With the der - rick up a - - bove us and the sol - id earth be - low,  
We are wait - ing at the lev - er for the word to let her go.

Chorus

**G7**  
**C7**

**C**  
**F**

**G7**  
**C7**

**C**  
**F**

**C**  
**F**

**F**  
**Bb**

**C**  
**F**

**G7**  
**C7**

**C**  
**F**

**G7**  
**C7**

**C**  
**F**

**C**  
**F**

**G**  
**C**

**C**  
**F**

Sink - ing down, down, down, sink - ing down, down, down.  
We'll find ar - tes - ian wat - er deep - er down, down, down.  
Deep - - er down, deep - - er down.  
Yes we'll find ar - tes - ian wat - er deep - er down.  
wat - er deep - er down, down, down, down.

Now, our engine's built in Glasgow by a very canny Scot,  
And he marked it twenty horse-power, but he don't know what is what:  
When Canadian Bill is firing with the sun-dried gidgee logs,  
She can equal thirty horses and a score or so of dogs.

But the shaft has started caving and the sinking's very slow,  
And the yellow rods are bending in the water down below,  
And the tubes are always jamming, and they can't be made to shift  
Till we nearly burst the engine with a forty horse-power lift.

But there's no artesian water, though we've passed three thousand feet.  
And the contract price is growing, and the boss is nearly beat.  
But it must be down beneath us, and it's down we've got to go.  
Though she's bumping on the solid rock four thousand feet below.

But it's hark! the whistle's blowing with a wild, exultant blast,  
The boys are madly cheering, for they've struck the flow at last;  
And it's rushing up the tubing from four thousand feet below,  
Till it spouts above the casing in a million-gallon flow.

And it's clear away the timber, and it's let the water run:  
How it glimmers in the shadow, how it flashes in the sun!  
By the silent belts of timber, by the miles of blazing plain  
It is bringing hope and comfort to the thirsty land again.

Sinking down, down, down, sinking down, down, down.  
We found artesian water deeper down, down, down  
Deeper down, deeper down  
Yes we found artesian water deeper down, down, down, down!

# Assisted Passage

Words and music by Harry Robertson, a Scottish-born, Australian seaman, engineer, folk-singer, songwriter, poet and activist.

Verse

Don't take a trip like me, me boys, don't sail a - cross the sea,  
To Bot - any Bay I'm head - ed and I'm bound in mis - er - y.

Chorus

Oh the whal - ing barque is rol - ling bad it makes our ir - ons clang,  
As we pitch a - cross the o - cean for to join the pris - on gang.

'Twas on a cold and moonlit night the frost lay all around,  
His lordship's keepers beat me 'til I fell upon the ground.

They took the rabbit I had caught to feed me child at home,  
For fourteen years the judge he said my sins I must atone.

They took me from the dungeon on to a whaling barque,  
And with rats and roaches now I sail and savage bureaucrats.

Oh Mother England's clever and her business methods stark,  
For the ships that take the convicts out will bring the whale oil back.



# 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 is written in G major (one sharp) and 3/4 time. It consists of four staves of music. 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 rickety old banjo 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.

# Australia's on the Wallaby

This song has been widely collected in Australia. Similarities with Henry Lawson's Freedom on the Wallaby invite questions.

Verse



Our fath - ers came in search of gold, The claim it proved a duf - fer;  
The syn - dic - ates and banks went broke And so we had to suf - fer.  
We're all for free - dom for our - selves, Our - selves and mates of to - il,  
Aus - tra - lia's on the wal - lab - y and the bil - ly's on the boil.

Chorus



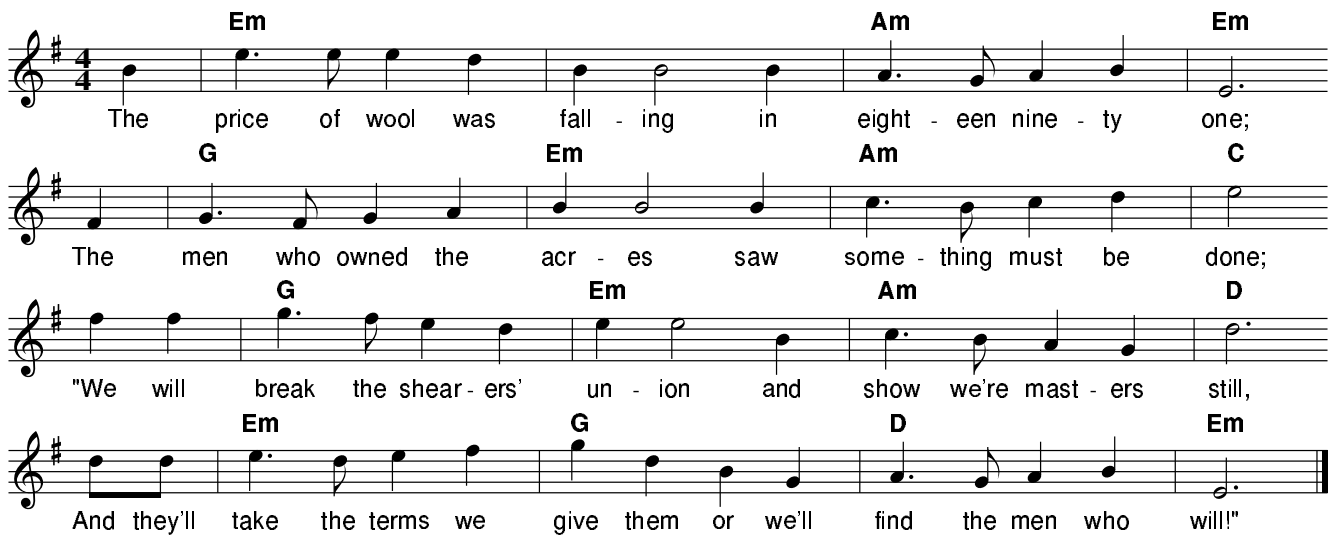
Aus - tral - ia's on the wal - lab - y Just list - en to the coo - ee;  
The kang - ar - oo he rolls his swag and the em - u shoul - ders blu - ey.  
The boom - er - angs are whizz - ing round, The ding - o scratch - es gra - vel,  
The poss - um, bear and band - i - coot are all out on the tra - vel.

There's tiger-snakes and damper, boys,  
And what's that on the coals?  
There's droughts and floods and ragged duds  
And dried-up waterholes.  
On sun-scorched plains where shade is not  
They're asking us to toil,  
Australia's sons are weary and  
The billy's on the boil.

The kooka calls the bats, and now  
The pigeon and the shag,  
The mallee-hen and platypus  
Are rolling up their swag.  
For the curlew sings a sad farewell  
Beside a long lagoon  
And the brolga does his last-way waltz  
To the lyrebird's mocking tune.

# The Ballad of 1891

Words by Helen G Palmer (daughter of Vance and Nettie) and music by Doreen M Bridges and popularised in the Australian musical 'Reedy River'. The Shearers' Strike of 1891 and its aftermath were the origins of the Labor Party as workers strove for a political voice.



The price of wool was fall - ing in eight - een nine - ty one;  
The men who owned the acr - es saw some - thing must be done;  
"We will break the shear - ers' un - ion and show we're mast - ers still,  
And they'll take the terms we give them or we'll find the men who will!"

From Clermont to Barcaldine the shearers' camps were full,  
Ten thousand blades were ready to strip the greasy wool,  
When through the west like thunder rang out the union's call:  
"The sheds'll be shore union or they won't be shorn at all!"

Now Billy Lane was with them – his words were like a flame;  
The flag of blue above them, they spoke Eureka's name.  
"Tomorrow", said the squatters, "You'll find it does not pay –  
We're bringing up free labourers to get the clip away!"

"Tomorrow", said the shearers, "They may not be so keen –  
We can mount three thousand horsemen to show them what we mean!"  
"Then we'll pack the west with troopers from Bourke to Charters Towers  
You can have your fill of speeches, but the final strength is ours!"

"Be damned to your six-shooters, your troopers and police –  
The sheep are getting heavy, the burr is in the fleece!"  
"Then if Nordenfeldt and Gatling won't bring you to your knees,  
We'll find a law", the squatters said, "That's made for times like these!"

To trial at Rockhampton the fourteen men were brought;  
The Judge had got his orders: the squatters owned the court –  
But for every one was sentenced, a thousand won't forget  
When they gaol a man for striking, it's a rich man's country yet!

# The Ballad of Ben Hall's Gang

A composite version from John Manifold to the tune "The Black Horse" from Wynnum Qld.  
The King refers to Frank Gardiner 'King of the Road' and definitely not royalty!

Come all you sons of lib - er - ty and list - en to my tale;  
A stor - y of bush - rang - ing days I will to you un - veil.  
'Tis of those val - i - ant her - oes, God bless them one and all!  
Let us sit and sing: 'God save the King, Dunn, Gil - bert and Ben Hall.'

Come all you sons of liberty and listen to my tale;  
A story of bushranging days I will to you unveil.  
'Tis of those valiant heroes, God bless them one and all!  
Let us sit and sing: 'God save the King, Dunn, Gilbert and Ben Hall.'

Ben Hall he was a squatter, and he owned six hundred head;  
A peaceful, quiet man was he until he met Sir Fred.  
The troopers burnt his homestead down, his cattle perished all.  
'I've all my sentence yet to earn,' was the word of brave Ben Hall.

John Gilbert was a flash cove, and young O'Meally too,  
With Ben and Bourke and Dunn and Vane, they all were comrades true.  
They bailed the Carcoar mailcoach up and made the troopers crawl.  
There's a thousand pound set on the heads of Dunn, Gilbert and Ben Hall.

From Bathurst down to Goulburn town they made the coaches stand,  
While far behind, Sir Frederick's men went labouring thro' the land.  
Then at Canowindra's best hotel they gave a public ball:  
"We don't hurt them that don't hurt us," says Dunn, Gilbert and Ben Hall.

They held the gold-commissioner to ransom on the spot,  
But young John Vane surrendered after Mickey Bourke was shot.  
O'Meally at Goimbla did like a hero fall;  
But "We'll take the country over yet," says Dunn, Gilbert and Ben Hall.

They never robbed a needy man, the records go to show,  
But staunch and loyal to their mates, unflinching to the foe;  
So we'll drink a toast tonight, my lads, their memories to recall.  
Let us sit and sing: "God save the King, Dunn, Gilbert and Ben Hall!"

# The Ballad of Eureka

Words by Helen Palmer and tune by Doreen Jacobs, 1951. Used on the Melbourne production of Reedy River in 1953. Helen was the daughter of Vance Palmer and was an active communist until she was expelled for challenging socialist views.

capo 5

They're leav - ing ship and sta - tion. They're leav - ing bench and fold,  
 And pour - ing out from Mel - bourne to join the search for gold.  
 The face of town and count - ry is chang - ing ev' - ry day,  
 But \_\_\_\_\_ rul - ers keep on rul - ing the old co - lon - ial way.

They're leaving ship and station,  
 They're leaving bench and fold,  
 And pouring out from Melbourne  
 To join the search for gold.  
 The face of town and country  
 Is changing ev'ry day,  
 But rulers keep on ruling  
 The old colonial way.

"How can we work the diggings  
 And learn how fortune feels  
 If all the traps forever  
 Are yelping at our heels?"  
 "If you've enough!" says Lalor,  
 "Of all their little games,  
 Then go and get your licence  
 And throw it on the flames!"

"The law is out to get us.  
 And make us bow in fear.  
 They call us foreign rebels  
 Who'd plant the Charter here!  
 They may be right;" says Lalor,  
 "But if they show their braid,  
 We'll stand our ground and hold it  
 Behind a bush stockade!"

It's down with pick and shovel,  
 A rifle's needed now;  
 They come to raise a standard,  
 They come to make a vow.  
 There's not a flag in Europe  
 More lovely to behold,  
 Than floats above Eureka  
 Where diggers work the gold.

There's not a flag in Europe  
 More lovely to the eye,  
 Than is the "blue and silver"  
 Against a southern sky  
 Here in the name of freedom,  
 Whatever be our loss,  
 We swear to stand together  
 Beneath the Southern Cross!

It is a Sunday morning.  
 The miner's camp is still;  
 Two hundred flashing redcoats  
 Come marching to the hill  
 Come marching up the gully  
 With muskets firing low;  
 And diggers wake from dreaming  
 To hear the bugle blow.

The wounded and the dying  
 Lie silent in the sun,  
 But change will not be halted  
 By any redcoat's gun.  
 There's not a flag in Europe  
 More rousing to the will  
 Than the flag of stars that flutters  
 Above Eureka's Hill.

# The Ballad of Jack Lefroy

The song was collected in Queensland by Vance Palmer and Stan Arthur who could not identify any bushranger of that name. Their tune was adapted by members of the Melbourne band, Paradiddle, making the verse minor to contrast with the major chorus.

Am Dm Am  
Come all you lads and listen, a stor - y I would tell,  
Am Dm E7  
Be - fore they take me out and hang me high,  
Am Dm Am  
My name is Jack Le - froy, and my life I would en - joy,  
Dm E7 Am  
But the old judge has sen - tenced me to die.  
Dm Am  
My moth - er she was Ir - ish and she taught me at her knee,  
Am Dm E7  
But to stead - y work I ne - ver did in - cline,  
Am Dm Am  
As a young - ster I could ride an - y horse was wrapped in hide,  
Dm E7 Am  
And when I saw a good un' he was mine.

## Chorus

D D A  
So all young lads take warn - ing and don't be led a - stray,  
A D E7  
For the past you ne - - ver, ne - ver can re - call;  
A D A  
While young your gifts em - ploy, take a less - on from Le - froy.  
A E7 A E7  
My fate should be a warn - ing to you all.

"Go straight young man", they told me when my first long stretch was done,  
"If you're jugg'd again you'll have yourself to thank",  
But I swore I'd not be found hunting nuggets in the ground,  
When the biggest could be picked up in the bank.  
Well I've stuck up mail coaches, and I've ridden with Ben Hall,  
And they never got me cornered once until  
A pimp was in their pay – Gave my dingo hole away,  
And they run me to earth at Riley's Hill.

"Come out, Lefroy!" they called me: "Come out, we're five to one",  
But I took my pistols out and stood my ground,  
For an hour I pumped out lead till they got me in the head,  
And when I awoke they had me bound.  
It's a pleasant day to live, boys, a gloomy one to die,  
A-dangling with your neck inside a string,  
How I'd like to ride again down the hills to Lachlan Plain!  
But when the sun rises I must swing.

# The Ballad of Norman Brown

A poem by Dorothy Hewett from the Australian Communist Party newspaper The Tribune (1957). It was set to music by Phyl Lobl.

Capo 2      Am      Dm      Am  
                 Bm      Em      Bm

There was a ver - y simp - le man, Hon - est and qui - et, yet he be - came  
The mate of ev' - ry work - ing man, And ev' - ry min - er knows his name.

Chorus:

Oh Norman Brown, oh Norman Brown  
The murderin' coppers they shot him down,  
They shot him down in Rothbury town,  
A working man called Norman Brown.

"An honest man," the parson said,  
And dropped the clods upon his head,  
But honest man or not, he's dead  
And that's the end of Norman Brown.

Coal bosses wiped their hands and sighed,  
"It is a pity that he died."  
It will inflame the countryside,  
And all because of Norman Brown.

At pit-top meetings and on strike  
In every little mining town,  
When miners march for bread and rights  
There marches honest Norman Brown.

He thunders at the pit-top strike,  
His voice is in the women's tears,  
With banner carried shoulder-high  
He's singing down the struggling years.

A miner's pick is in his hand,  
His song is shouted through the and,  
A land that's free and broad and brown,  
The land that bred us Norman Brown.

Last chorus:

Oh Norman Brown, oh Norman Brown,  
The murderin' coppers they shot him down.  
They shot him down in Rothbury town,  
To live forever ... Norman Brown.



# The Ballad of the Kelly Gang

## Part 1

First published in 1879 in "The Kelly Gang, Outlaws of the Wombat Ranges" by G Wilson Hall. Given here to "The Wearing of the Green"

Sure, \_\_\_ Pad - dy dear, and did you hear the news that's go - ing round?  
On the head of bold Ned Kel - ly they have placed five thous - and pound;  
For \_\_\_ Dan, Steve Hart and Joe - y Byrne a thous - and each they'll give,  
But if the sum was doub - le, sure, the Kel - ly boys would live.  
It's \_\_\_ sad to think such pluck - y hearts in crime should be em - ployed,  
But \_\_\_ by po - lice per - sec - u - tion they have all been much an - noy - ed.  
Re - venge is sweet, and in the bush they can def - y the law:  
Such stick - ing - up and plun - der - ing, col - - on - ials nev - er saw!

'Twas in November '78 the Kelly Gang came down,  
Just after shooting Kennedy near famous Mansfield Town.  
Blood horses they all upon rode, revolvers in their hands;  
They took Euroa by surprise, and gold was their demand.  
Into the bank Ned Kelly walked, and "Bail up!" he did say,  
"Unlock the safe, hand out your cash, be quick and don't delay!"  
Without a murmur they obeyed the robber's bold command,  
Ten thousand pounds in gold and notes they gave into his hand.

"Now hand out all you fire- arms," the audacious scoundrel said;  
"And all your ammunition, or - a bullet thro' your head.  
Your wives and children too must come, just make them look alive!  
Jump into these conveyances, we'll take you for a drive."  
They drove them to a station about five miles away,  
Where twenty men already had been bailed up all the day;  
A hawkler also shared their fate as everybody knows.  
He came in handy to the gang, supplying them with clothes.

They next destroyed the telegraph by cutting down the wire,  
And of their cast-off clothing they made a small bonfire.  
Throughout the whole affair, boys, they never fired a shot:  
The way they worked was splendid and will never be forgot.

## Part II

O Paddy dear, do shed a tear, I can't but sympathize!  
These Kellys are a terror, and they've made another rise:  
This time across the billabong, on Morgan's ancient beat,  
They've robbed the bank of thousands and in safety did retreat.  
They rode into Jerilderie town at twelve o'clock at night,  
And rose the troopers from their beds all in a dreadful fright.  
They took them in their nightshirts, ashamed am I to tell;  
They covered them with revolvers, and locked them in a cell.

Next morning being Sunday, of course they must be good;  
They dressed themselves in troopers' clothes and Neddy chopped some wood.  
Nobody there suspected them; for troopers all they pass;  
And Dan, the most religious, took the Sergeant's wife to Mass.  
They spent the day most pleasantly, had plenty of good cheer,  
Beef steaks and onions, tomato sauce and beer.  
The ladies in attendance indulged in pleasant talk,  
And just to ease the troopers' wives they took them for a walk.

On Monday morning early, still masters of the ground,  
They took their horses to the forge and got them shod all round.  
Then back they brought and mounted them, they planned the raid so well,  
And in company with the troopers they stuck up the Royal Hotel.  
They shouted freely for all hands and paid for all they drank;  
Then two of them remained in charge and two went to the bank.  
They bailed up all the bankers' clerks and robbed them of their gold,  
And caught the manager in his bath, all blue with funk and cold.

They destroyed communication by telegraph at last.  
Of robberies and plunderings they had a perfect fast.  
Where they have gone's a mystery, the police they cannot tell,  
So until we hear from them again I'll bid you all farewell.

# The Banks of the Condamine

Collected by Vance Palmer novelist, dramatist, essayist and critic, with this arrangement by British/Australian folkie, Denis Tracey.

Oh, hark, the dogs are bark-ing, love, and it is near - ly day.  
 The men have all gone must-er - ing And I can no long - er stay,  
 And I must be off by morn-ing light be - fore the sun does shine,  
 To meet the Rom - a shear - ers on the banks of the Con - da - mine.

Oh Willie, dearest Willie,  
 I'll go along with you,  
 I'll cut off all my auburn fringe  
 And be a shearer, too,  
 I'll cook and count your tally, love,  
 My ringer you will shine,  
 And I'll wash your greasy moleskins  
 On the banks of the Condamine.

Oh, Nancy, dearest Nancy,  
 With me you cannot go,  
 The squatters have given orders, love,  
 No woman shall do so;  
 Whilst on the Murrumbidgee  
 I'll think of you with pride  
 And my shears they will run smoothly  
 When I'm on the whipping side.

Oh Willie, dearest Willie,  
 Then stay at home with me,  
 We'll take up a selection  
 And a farmer's wife I'll be:  
 I'll help you husk the corn, love,  
 And cook your meals so fine  
 You'll forget the ram-stag mutton  
 On the banks of the Condamine.

Oh, Nancy, dearest Nancy,  
 Please do not hold me back,  
 Down there the boys are waiting,  
 And I must be on the track;  
 So here's a good-bye kiss, love,  
 Back homewards I'll incline  
 When we've shorn the last of the jumbucks  
 On the banks of the Condamine.

# Bare Legged Kate

Written by John Dengate about his mother who was brought up in Gundagai. It is based on the County Sligo song 'Bare Legged Joe'

Bare-leg-ged Kate with your nat - ur - al grace, Big, sad eyes in the Ir - ish \_ face.

A poor bush girl when the sum-mer is \_ high in the ston-y hills \_ of Gun \_ da - gai.

Bare-legged Kate, why do you weep  
When the men ride by with the travelling sheep?  
Does the sight of the drover make you sad?  
Do you think of the father you never had?

Bare-legged Kate, why do you run?  
Down by the creek in the setting sun  
Down where the eyes of the world cannot see  
Run Kate, run, from poverty.

Bare-legged Kate, there is gold in the hills  
But you know that the cyanide process kills.  
Poisons the miners and cuts them down  
In the mean little homes below the town.

Bare-legged Kate, when the floods come down.  
It's the poor on the creeks are the ones who drown  
When the great Murrumbidgee is thundering by  
Through the haunted hills of Gundagai.

# The Battle of Castle Hill

Words by John Dengate set to the Scot tune of 'The Bonnie Lass o' Fyvie'. To describe this as a battle is quite an exaggeration. In 1804 the colony was in danger of uprising from the largely Irish convict population who were little more than slaves.

The musical score is written on four staves in G major (one sharp) and 4/4 time. The melody is simple and folk-like. Chord symbols are placed above the notes: D, Bm, D, Bm, D, A7, D, G, D, A7, D, A7, D.

I'll sing of Toon - gab - - - - - bie, a place of re - nown - - -  
and e - - - vents that occ - urred in the days of yore.  
Oh, the con - victs work - ing there lived a life of black des - pair,  
It was all in the year of eight - een hun - - - - - dred and four.

Brave Cunningham said, "I will march at your head  
If you'll throw off your fetters and follow me,  
And though Ireland's far away we will think of her today  
As we fight for our lives and our liberty."

The magistrate's house they burned to the ground  
'Twas a grand insurrection, a stirring sight  
And it cannot be denied that the flogger's wretched hide  
Was bruised and abused on that eventful night.

Parramatta here they come, so beat on the drum;  
A rider spurs for Sydney and the loyalists' arm,  
And without the least delay Samuel Marsden ran away  
In a boat that he pinched from John MacArthur's farm.

There's a priest forced to ride by Colonel Johnstone's side  
While the Rum Corps red coats march in the rear.  
Soon a bitter cup will spill on the road near Castle Hill  
Where the convicts rest not knowing death is near.

See the dead on the road, hear the sharp command 'Reload!'  
See the soldiers present, hear the volleys crash.  
There's a dozen coppers more lying lifeless in their gore,  
They're safe from the Reverend Samuel Marsden's lash.

# The Battle of the Somme

Pipe Major William Laurie (1882–1916) He was in the battle, wrote the tune in hospital after it, and died of trench related illness a few months later. Words by singer/ songwriter Phyl Lobl.

The lark in the evening she drops to the ground now  
 The dug-outs are quiet we wait for the morning

Bidding farewell to the long summer day.  
 Feeling a thrill as the battle draws near.

High on a ridge hear a gun hit the silence,  
 Dawn with her pale flush, silvers the grey sky

Flames like a flower fire brighten the sky.  
 Sharp tongues of shell fire call up the day.

Chorus

Glor - y, vain glor - y, you beck - oned us on ward,  
 Kitch - en - er's call and your light led the way.

The bright light of glor - y soon turned in - to dark - ness  
 Splashed with the mud and the pain of the day.

The lines they are formed and the orders are given  
 While General Haig sends his prayers to the sky.  
 As we move onward our bayonets before us  
 We know that those prayers were no better than lies.  
 Rising and twisting the smoke curls above us  
 I see by the green glow there's gas in its domes.  
 We stumble and fall through the craters and shell holes,  
 Watching the bombs turning trenches to tombs.

We're over the rise now, the line is before us,  
 Enemy gun fire mowing us down.  
 What hope have the bayonets and the rifles we carry  
 Against a machine gun here on the Somme?  
 Day's nearly done now the battlefield empties,  
 The living are hidden the dead lying still.  
 The wounded are calling for someone to save them  
 But no one can help them, no body will.

'What's to be said of the life-time of man now,  
Shifting from sorrow to sorrow again.  
You button up one cause for mankind's vexation  
Only to find there's another undone.'  
Each generation has freedom to fight for,  
Choose between gun fire or words for your tools.  
Freedom's a phantom but reason could find her.  
Honour and glory a haven for fools.

# The Battler's Ballad

In the Great Depression the need to travel outback to try to find work gave rise to the temptation to 'ride a rattler' rather than walk.  
 Words written from his experiences by Jack Wright c.1930s. Collected by Alan Scott. Tune by Mike O'Rourke.

**Capo 2**

**G A**  
 You are just a lone - ly batt - ler and you're wait - ing for a ratt - ler  
 You are tired and you are wear - y, lack of sleep makes your eyes blear - y

**G A D7 E7**  
 And you wish to heav - en you shoes were nev - er born.  
 And the soles of both your shoes are worn right through.

**D7 E7**  
 For you ran to dodge a cop - per and you came an aw - ful crop - per  
 Your heart is sore and ach - ing and your back is near - ly break - ing

**D7 E7 G A**  
 And the skin coat on both shirt your hands is cut and tom.  
 And your coat and shirt and pants have had it too.

**C D G A Em F#m C D**  
 And it's hey, hey ho - - bol You are just a roll - ing stone.

**C D G A Em F#m**  
 E - ven though you're ston - y broke, if you still can crack a joke

**D7 E7 G A**  
 You're as good as an - - y king up - on his throne.

Your blood is nearly boiling and your muscles need no oiling  
 As you duck and dodge the headlight's brilliant glare.  
 For you've seen the copper's wood heap and you know that it's a good heap  
 You know the tucker's not the best in there.  
 Then the engine gives a whistle, you trip up on a thistle  
 Get tangled up in signal wires and points.  
 Then you blunder in the gutter and angrily you mutter  
 'Well, strike me pink, of all the flamin' joints!'  
 And it's hey, hey hobo! You are just a rolling stone.  
 Though your pants are wearing thin, if you can still raise a grin  
 You're as good as any king upon his throne.



Then you see the green light flashing and hear the bumpers crashing  
You see the great big engine rushing by.  
With your swag all at the ready, your nerves are not so steady  
For you know you'll have to take her on the fly.  
Then your swag you try to throw in, but the flamin' thing won't go in  
Bounces off the truck and hits you, and you fall.  
Pick the remnants of your swag up, pick your billy-can and bag up  
You say, 'I missed the bastard after all!  
And it's hey, hey hobo! You are just a rolling stone.  
Though the sky is looking grey, there will surely come a day  
When you'll own a bloody railway of your own.

# A Beechworth Shearer's Song

signed simply O.D.H., 22/8/1901 From the Ovens and Murray Advertiser, Beechworth NSW;  
set to the suggested Welsh tune 'Sweet Jenny Jones' or 'Cader Idris'

Come list - en, my boys, and I'll sing you a dit - ty  
 A few simp - le words I have put in - - to song -  
 And if you don't find it in - - struc - tive or wit - ty,  
 At least you will own it is not ver - - y long.  
 Yet tho' it is now grow - ing late in the sea - son,  
 And shear - ing on all the large sta - tions near, done,  
 Still I think we can say, with a good show of rea - son,  
 "Hur — rah, boys! Hur - - rah, boys Our shear - ing's be - - gun."

The sheep are all mustered and drafted for washing,  
 That they may be cleaned from all spurious grease—  
 What with dogging and shouting, and pushing and splashing,  
 They ought, I am sure, to yield very white fleece.  
 Clip, clip, go the shears, while the soft wool is falling,  
 And me for the fleeces so quickly must run;  
 While some "Wool away here" so loudly are calling,  
 And still boys, and still boys, the shearing goes on.

Now "Tar" is called for by one in the corner,  
 Another one says, "Oh, a cobbler I've got;  
 Here's a nasty old brute, but I soon shall have shorn her."  
 While another one says, "Here's a precious old nut."  
 Yet still on the post see the tallies increasing,  
 As each one chalks on it the number he's done,  
 And the shepherd, with joy, sees his flock is decreasing,  
 While still boys, while still boys, the shearing goes on.

Now the last pen is folded, let's go in a "docker"—  
 We soon shall be finished, my friends, I declare—  
 Wire in then, my boys, while there's shot in the locker,  
 And then we'll decamp for another long year.  
 Our horses we'll catch, then, and quickly will saddle,  
 And then for our cheques with what pleasure we'll run,  
 And so, with good wishes to all we skedaddle,  
 For Hurrah, boys! Hurrah, boys! The shearing is done.

# Ben Hall

A new ballad in traditional style by John Dengate (from Bush Music Club Newsletter May 1969). Tune by David Johnson 2014

Verse

Ben Hall is out to get re-venge for what the troops have done - ,  
And Oh Sir Fred - rick Pot - tin - ger, by God you'd bet - ter run - - .

Chorus

Look out Sir Fred, stay in your bed, stick close to your a - bode;  
Be - ware Sir Fred for Bold Ben Hall is out up - on the road.

Ben Hall, he fights them fair & square, He fights them man to man,  
Come on Sir Frederick Pottinger and catch him if you can.

The deeds of Hall and Gilbert, they have set the world ablaze;  
Ben Hall is the unchallenged lord of all that he surveys.

Now bold Ben Hall has been betrayed, Ben Hall he has been sold –  
They've slaughtered him at Goobang Creek; in death he's lying cold.

But Pottinger, the man of blood, a coward's death has died  
And Ben Hall has the victory in the tyrant's suicide.

# Big Ben Pie

"Never trust a bloke who doesn't drink beer" was advice singer/songwriter John Dengate got from his dad.

When I was on - ly fif - teen I was sil - ly as could be.  
My fath - er called me o - - ver and this he says to me:  
"If you want the light of wis - - dom to glis - ten in your eyes,  
You'll have to cheer for Res - ch's beer and eat meat pies."

## Chorus

All among the gravy, all among the crust;  
Show a little faith boys, show a little trust.  
I can eat a respectable tally myself whenever I like to try,  
I'm known from here to Blacktown as the Big Ben Pie.

I've bathed myself in gravy when the centre starts to sag,  
I've washed them down with Resch's and cans of Toohey's Flag;  
Cast your eyes upon my strides, you'll see the greasy stain.  
Pass me the tomato sauce and here we go again.

I've had them stony cold and I've had them scalding hot.  
I've had them at the Cricket Ground, sitting on my blot.  
I've waved my pie in triumph when the Tigers led to nil,  
And I've thrown them at the coppers on the scoreboard hill.

# The Big Gun Shearer

Words from a Bill Bowyang reciter with added last verse by Bill Scott. Tune is as sung by Jacko Kevans. Bill Bowyang was a pen name of Alexander Vindex Vennard (1884–1947). Born at Vindex station, near Winton, Queensland, he enlisted as Frank Reid and served at Gallipoli. Post war he moved to Queensland where he collected yarns, ballads and anecdotes and published them as Bill Bowyang.

The Big Gun toiled, with his heart and soul; Shear-ing sheep to make a roll,  
Out in the back-blocks, far a-way, Then it's off to Syd-ney for a hol-i-day.  
Then it's off to Syd-ney for a hol-i-day.

Down in the city he's a terrible swell,  
Takes a taxi to the Kent Hotel.  
The barmaid says, "Why you do look ill,  
Must have been rough tucker, Bill."

In the city he looks a goat,  
With his Oxford bags and Seymour coat,  
He spends his money like a fool, of course,  
That he worked for like a bloomin' horse.

He shouts for everyone round the place  
And goes to Randwick for the big horse race,  
He dopes himself with backache pills  
And talks of high tallies and tucker bills.

And when it's spent he's sick and sore,  
The barmaid's looks are kind no more,  
His erstwhile friends don't care a hoot,  
He goes to the bush per what? – per boot.

Back in Bourke where the flies are bad  
He tells of the wonderful times he's had,  
He tells of the winners he shouldn't have missed,  
And skites of the dozens of girls he's kissed.

He stands at the corner cadging fags,  
His shirt tail showing through his Oxford bags,  
He's pawned his beautiful Seymour coat,  
He's got no money. Oh, what a goat!

He's got no tucker and can't get a booze,  
The soles have gone from his snake-skin shoes.  
He camps on the Bend, in the wind and the rain,  
And waits for shearing to start again.

All you blokes with a cheque to spend,  
Don't go to the city where you've got no friends.  
Head for the nearest wayside shack,  
It's not so far when you've gotta walk back.

# Big Poll the Grog-seller

Written by Charles Thatcher in the 1850s and set to the tune "Phillip the Falconer". Thatcher was known as the 'Bard of the Goldfields'. He preferred making his fortune above ground by entertaining the diggers who dug, sluiced and panned for gold.

**C** **G7** **C** **C** **Am** **D7** **G7**  
 Big Poll the Grog - sell - er gets up ev - 'ry day, and her small row - dy tent sweeps out; \_\_\_\_\_  
**C** **G7** **C** **C** **G7** **C**  
 She's turn - ing in plen - ty of tin peo - ple say, For she knows what she's a - bout.  
**C** **G7** **C** **C** **D7** **G7**  
 Pol - ly's good - look - ing, and Pol - ly is young, And Pol - ly's poss - essed of a smooth oil - y tongue;  
**C** **F**  
 She's an inn - - o - - cent face and a good head of  
**C** **C** **G7** **C**  
 hair, And a lot of young fell - ows will oft - en go there;  
**C** **G7**  
 And they keep drop - ping in hand - some Pol - - ly to  
**C** **C** **D7** **G7**  
 court, And she smiles and supp - lies them with bran - dy and port,  
**C** **F** **C** **Echo** **C** **G7** **F** **C**  
 And the neigh - bours all say that the whole bless - ed day She is grog - sell - ing late and earl - y.

Two sly-grog detectives have come up from town,  
 And they both roam about in disguise;  
 And several retailers of grog are done brown,  
 And have reason to open their eyes:

Of her small rowdy crib they are soon on the scent;  
 But Polly's prepared when they enter her tent;  
 They call for some brandy - "We don't sell it here,  
 But," says Poll "I can give you some nice ginger beer,"

And she adds, "Do you see any green in my eye?  
 To your fine artful dodge and disguise I am fly;  
 For, if Polly you'd nail, you'd have, without fail,  
 To get up in the morning early."

# Bill Jinks

Riverboat transport was very important for the towns on the Darling and the Murray. Alex Hood wrote this song about a river identity.

Verse

There's a sail - or bold on the Mur - ray - - O who's \_ sailed the world a - round.  
He's the cap - tain of the Riv - er - boat Jane No bet - ter could be found.

Chorus

And the mot-or goes chug, chug-ga, chug-ga, chug, chug As it sings the riv - er boat song.  
The gum trees sigh as the Jane goes by and the padd-le wheels push her a - long.

Detailed description: The image shows the musical notation for the song 'Bill Jinks'. It is written in G major and 4/4 time. The score is divided into a Verse and a Chorus. The Verse consists of two lines of music. The Chorus consists of two lines of music. Chords are indicated by letters above the notes: G, C, D7, G, C, D7, G, D, C, Bm, Am, G, D7, G.

Bill Jinks has a beard as white as snow  
And a captain's hat on his head.  
His mate steers the boat while Bill has a rest  
In a hammock for his bed.

As the Jane goes by Bill fishes for eels  
Because they're his favourite dish.  
To have eels for his breakfast dinner and tea  
Is the Captain's dearest wish.

If you're going his way Bill will take you aboard  
And give you a marvellous ride  
Past river gums creeks and billabongs  
You'll see all the country-side.

# Bill the Bullocky

In an article called Gundagai's Dog by JG Castleton in 1938 he says the words were sighted on a matchbox holder and dated 1859.  
Set to an Irish rebel tune and given a rollicking chorus to rollick by Dave Johnson.

Verse

As I came down through Con-roy's Gap, I heard a maid-en cry,  
"There goes old Bill the Bull-ock-y, he's bound for Gun-dag-ai!"

Chorus

With a heave on the yoke and a  
heave on the chains and the crack of the whip a - - gain and a - gain.

'A better bullock-driver never cracked more honest crust;  
A kinder-hearted driver never dragged a whip through dust.'

With Spark and Charlie in the lead and on the pole old Ball,  
Who bent his back, nor cared a damn if the others pulled at all.

His team got bogged at Five-Mile Creek; Bill lashed and cried and swore,  
'If Nobby don't haul us out of this I'll speak to him no more!'

So Nobby strained, and broke the yoke, and poked out Baldy's eye,  
And the dog sat on the tucker-box five miles from Gundagai.

Come all you bullock-drivers, and listen to my rhyme,  
And if ever you go a-carrying, don't bind yourselves to time.

For I'm on the Sydney Road, my boys, my fortune for to try,  
And I'm loaded for a storekeeper, in the town of Gundagai.



# Billy Barlow in Australia

Songs about immigrants and their successes and woes were quite common in the 1800s. This version came from Goulburn musician, Peter McLaren and is based on that in the first Penguin songster.

Am  
When I was at home I was down on my luck

G  
And I earned a poor living by driving a truck

Am G C F  
But an aunt died and left me a thousand pounds - oh

Am Dm Am  
"I'll start on my travels" said Billy Barlow.

C G C F  
Oh dear! Lack-a-day-o!

Am Dm Am  
So off to Australia went Billy Barlow.

When to Sydney I got there a merchant I met  
Who said he would teach me a fortune to get  
He had cattle and sheep past the colony's bounds  
Which he sold with the station for my thousand pounds  
Oh, dear! Lack-a-day-o!  
He gammoned the cash out of Billy Barlow

So I got my supplies and I gave him my bill  
And for New England started - my pockets to fill!  
But by bushrangers met - with my traps they made free  
Took my horse and left Billy tied up to a tree  
Oh, dear! Lack-a-day-o!  
"I shall die of starvation" thought Billy Barlow

At last I got loose and I then did repair  
For my station once more and at length I got there  
But a few days before that the blacks, you must know,  
Had speared all the cattle of Billy Barlow.  
Oh, dear! Lack-a-day-o!  
"It's a beautiful country" said Billy Barlow

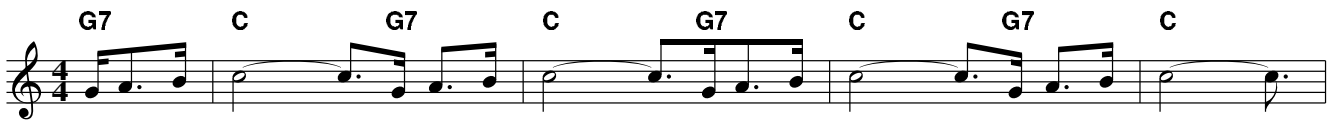
And for nine months before that no rain there had been  
So the devil a blade of grass was to be seen  
One third of my wethers the scab they had got  
And the other two-thirds had just died of the rot  
Oh, dear! Lack-a-day-o!  
"I shall soon be a settler" said Billy Barlow

I'm in Sydney - insolvent - in poverty's toil  
I've no cattle for salting, no sheep for to boil  
I can't get a job, though to any I'd stoop  
If 'twas only the making of portable soup  
Oh, dear! Lack-a-day-o!  
Pray give some employment to Billy Barlow!

# Billy Hughes Army

First verse and tune collected by Ron Edwards in Queensland; other verses written or adapted by Dave Johnson for the re-enactment of the Kangaroo March, a recruitment march in 1915 from Wagga Wagga to Sydney.

## Intro



Why don't you join, why don't you join, Why don't you join Bill -y Hugh -ses' arm -y?

## Verse



1.Six bob a day, plenty to eat,  
 2.Things are look - in crook in bloom - in' Tall - a - rook.  
 3.Eng - - land's call - ing out for lads to stoush the Kraut;  
 4.Bil - - ly's had a look. He knows that things are crook.



Great big boots and blis - - ters on your feet.  
 There's no work and out the back of Burke.  
 Big strong men put down your pick and pen.  
 He'll pay six bob; Come and do the job.

## Chorus



Why don't you join, why don't you join, Why don't you join Bill -y Hugh -ses' arm -y?

# Billy of Tea

from the Native Companion Songster 3 1889, reprinted in 'Old Bush Songs' edited by Douglas Stewart and Nancy Keesing.  
The setting is a simplified version of part of the tune 'Bonnee Dundee'.

You can talk of your whisk - y or talk of your beer,  
There is some - thing far bet - ter a - - wait - ing me here;  
It \_\_\_\_\_ stands on the fire \_\_\_\_\_ be - neath the gum tree;  
There is noth - ing much bet - ter than a bil - ly of tea.  
So fill up your tumb - ler as high as you can,  
You'll nev - er per - - suade me it's not the best plan,  
To \_\_\_\_\_ let all the beer and yhe spir - its go free  
And stick to my dar - ling old bil - - ly of tea.

I wake in the morning as soon as it's light,  
And go to the nosebag to see it's all right,  
That the ants on the sugar no mortgage have got,  
And straight away sling my old black billy pot,  
And while it is boiling the horses I seek,  
And follow them down perhaps as far as the creek;  
I take off the hobbles and let them go free,  
And haste to tuck into my billy of tea.

And at night when I camp, if the day has been warm  
I give each of the horses their tucker of corn,  
From the two in the pole to the one in the lead,  
A billy for each holds a comfortable feed;  
Then the fire I start and the water I get,  
And the corned beef and damper in order I set,  
But I don't touch the grub, though so hungry I be  
I wait till it's ready - my billy of tea.

# Billygoat Overland

This song fits in the category of yarns that exaggerate but on the surface seem to be fair dinkum. The words are attributed to 'Banjo' Paterson and set to the well-known tune 'The Lincolnshire Poacher'.

Come all ye lads of the drov-ing days, ye gen-tle-men un-a-fraid;  
I'll tell you of the strang-est trip that ev-er a drov-er made.  
For we rolled our swags and packed our bags, and tak-ing our lives in hand,  
Oh, we start-ed a-way with a thous-and goats on the Bil-ly-goat Ov-er-land.  
Echo Oh, we start-ed a-way with a thous-and goats on the Bil-ly-goat Ov-er-land.)

There wasn't a fence that'd hold the mob, to keep 'em from their desires;  
They skipped along the top of the posts and cakewalked on the wires;  
And whenever the lanes were bare of grass and the paddocks were nice and green,  
Oh, the goats they travelled outside the lanes, and we rode in between!

The squatters started to drive them back, but that was no good at all!  
The horses ran for the lick of their lives from scent that was like a wall!  
And never a dog had pluck enough in front of the mob to stand,  
And face the charge of a thousand goats on the Billygoat Overland.

We found we were hundreds over strength when we started to count the mob;  
And they put us in jail for a crowd of thieves that travelled to steal and rob.  
For every goat between here and Bourke that scented our spicy band  
Had left his home and his friends to join the Billygoat Overland.

# The Binda Ball

The original words were written by John Manifold and set to a waltz from John Warn of the Crooked Corner Band, who played for many years in the Crookwell area near Binda. The additional verses and chorus were added by Richard Officer. S.

Verse

There was nev - er a dance like our Box - ing Day ball,  
for we found, at the height of the fun - - - ,  
That the Monks girls were danc - ing with Gil - bert and Hall,  
and Chris - tin - - a Mac - - ki n - - non with Dunn.

Chorus

And oh what a good time was had there by all  
when we danced with John Gilbert, Jack Dunn and Ben Hall.

The bushranger's gold in the candlelight flowed,  
And we joined in their generous caprice,  
But storekeeper Morris ran off down the road,  
To Bathurst to warn the Police.

"Bad scran to the blackguard!" cried Margaret Monks,  
"There's time for just one event more,  
It's a matter of teaching good manners to skunks,  
Come on, and we'll burn down his store!"

With the store well on fire we stood back to admire  
How our handiwork lit up the sky.  
Then we danced to the doomed buildings funeral pyre  
'Til the bushrangers said their goodbye.

When the traps and the traitor rode up with the dawn,  
The store had been burnt to the ground,  
The dancing was over, the curtains were drawn,  
And the bushrangers couldn't be found.

They arrested Christina and Ellen and Peg,  
But we heard the girls pluckily call,  
"It was cheap at the price, to have shaken a leg,  
With John Gilbert, Jack Dunn and Ben Hall!"

When word got around, the event it was found  
Caused general amusement to all,  
That Binda had hosted and danced to the sound  
Of the bushrangers' Boxing Day Ball.

# Biralla Station Ball

The words by Guy Eden, a contemporary of Lawson and Paterson. They were published in a book of his poems 'Bush Ballads' (1904).  
Dave Johnson found it in Fisher Library stack while researching Australian literature for his BSc and later wrote a tune for it in 2005.

There was laugh - ter in the stab - le yard and in the shan - ty bar,  
And laugh - ter seemed to twin - kle in the eye of e - very star  
As the sound of bray - in' in - stru - ments came float - in' from the hall.  
Just to tell us they was wait - in' at Bir - al - la Sta - tion Ball. Bloom - in' Ball!  
There was noth - in' in them parts could touch Bir - al - la Sta - tion Ball.

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! There 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 sickly 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.

# Black Billy Tea

Original words and tune by NZ folksinger, Joe Charles; with last two verses by David Johnson

Kick out the fire, boys, roll up your 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.

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 it's..

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.

# The Black Velvet Band

A song published in England as a broadside in about 1840. A short three verse version is given here as collected.

'Twas in the cit - y of Lon - don in ap - prentice - ship I \_\_\_ was bound,  
One day as I was a - walk - ing a - long \_\_\_ my us - u - al beat

And \_ man - ys the hour of sweet hap - pi - ness I've spent in that dear \_ old town.  
A \_\_\_ pret ty lit - tle young mai \_\_\_ den came trip - ping a - long \_ the street.

Chorus

And her eyes they shone \_ like dia - monds I thought her the pride of the land.

And the hair that hung down to her shoul \_ ders was tied with a black vel - vet band.

One day as we were out walking a gentleman passed us by.  
I could see she was bent on some mischief by the rolling of her dark eyes  
Gold watch she picked from his pocket and slyly placed into my hand.  
I was taken in charge by a copper. Bad luck to that black velvet band!

Before the Lord Mayor I was taken. "Your case, sir, I plainly can see,  
And if I'm not greatly mistaken, you're bound far over the sea.  
Yes it's over the dark and blue ocean, far away to Van Dieman's land,  
Far away from your friends and relations and the girl with the black velvet band."



# The Blacksmith's Song

Words from The Newcastle Morning Herald and Miners' Advocate 1886; Adaptation and tune by David Johnson 2018  
There are very few songs in the Australian tradition that appreciate the work of tradesmen like the blacksmith.

Verse

With fire - burn'd face and short black hair, With leath - er a - pron and el - bows bare,  
He swings his might - y ham - mer; He swings his might - y ham - mer;  
There's not a farm - er near or far but's glad of his an - vil's ring and jar,  
For he makes them shoe and share, and bar.  
Chorus

Sing hey for the cheer - y clam - our of the Black - smith's might - y ham - mer.

In the winter frost, in the summer heat,  
You may hear the steady, ringing beat,  
With which he swings his hammer;  
With which he swings his hammer;  
He strikes when the iron's hot, all day ;  
He clears his work and he pays his way;  
The thing he thinks that thing he'll say.

Of the blacksmith's trade it may be said  
He can hit the right nail on the head,  
When he swings his mighty hammer,  
When he swings his mighty hammer,  
The metal he works is as rich as gold,  
And though he bloweth both hot and cold,  
His heart and his hand are true and bold.

He can forge at will and break no law;  
He can temper his work without a flaw,  
When he swings his mighty hammer;  
When he swings his mighty hammer;  
It is bolt, or bar, or nail, or chain,  
Harrow or plough or crank or crane ;  
For the blacksmith's work is never in vain.

His work is in every trade and life,  
From the field of corn to the field of strife,  
Sing hey! for the blacksmith's hammer.  
Sing hey! for the blacksmith's hammer.  
May the red sparks fly in the smithy hold;  
May the anvil never grow still and cold;  
May the Hammerman aye be true and bold.

# Bluey Brink

Collected from "Old Dad" Adams of Cowra by AL Lloyd but with possible American and Tex Morton antecedents.  
It reminds me of the time that me and Billy Jenkins was workin' out at Coonabarabran in 1972.....

There once was a shear - er by name Blue - y Brink.  
A dev - - il for work and a dev - - il for drink;  
He could shear his two hun - dred a day with - out fear,  
And drink with - out wink - ing four gall - ons of beer.

Now Jimmy the barman who served out the drink,  
He hated the sight of this here Bluey Brink,  
Who stayed much too late, and who come much too soon,  
At morning, at evening, at night and at noon.

One morning as Jimmy was cleaning the bar,  
With sulphuric acid he kept in a jar,  
Old Bluey come yelling and bawling with thirst:  
"Whatever you've got, Jim, just hand me the first."

Now it ain't in the histories, it ain't put in print,  
But Bluey drunk acid with never a wink,  
Saying, "That's the stuff, Jimmy, well, strike me stone dead,  
This'll make me the ringer of Stevenson's shed."

Now all that day long as he served out the beer,  
Poor Jimmy was sick with his trouble and fear;  
Too worried to argue, too anxious to fight,  
Seeing the shearer a corpse in his fright.

Now early next morning, he opened the door,  
And along come the shearer, asking for more,  
With his eyebrows all singed and his whiskers deranged,  
And holes in his hide like a dog with the mange.

Says Jimmy, "And how did you find that new stuff?"  
Says Bluey, "It's fine, but I've not had enough.  
It gives me great courage to shear and to fight,  
But why does that stuff set my whiskers alight?"

"I thought I knew drink, but I must have been wrong,  
For what you just give me was proper and strong;  
It set me to coughing, and you know I'm no liar,  
And every cough set my whiskers on fire."

# Bold and Reckless Gardiner

## The Morning of the Fray

Poem attributed to Gardiner in Charles McAlister's Old Pioneering Days in the Sunny South. This is Bert Lloyd's setting. Gardiner's supporters had his sentence modified from 32 years to exile but it brought down the government of the day.

It's all a - bout Frank Gard - ner, with the de - vil in his eye - - ,

He said: "We've work be - - fore us, lads, we've got to do or die - - .

So black - en up your fac - es - - be - - fore the dead of night,

And it's o - ver by Eu - gow - ra Rocks we'll eith - er fall or fight."

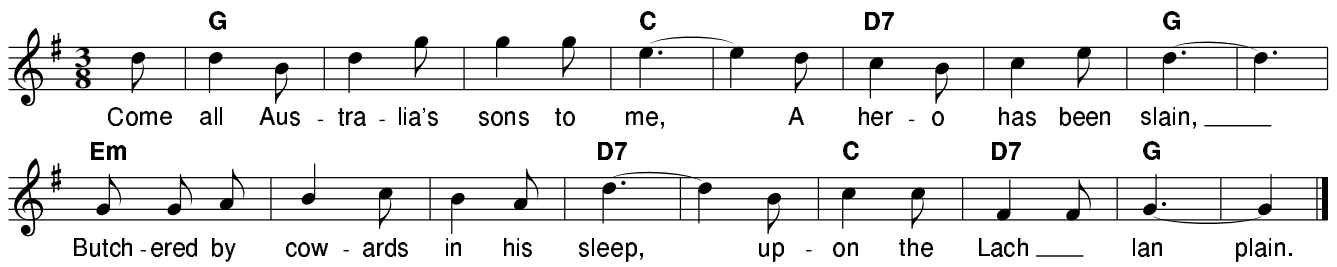
"We'll stop the Orange escort with powder and with ball.  
We'll shoot the coach to pieces and we'll down the peelers all.  
We'll lift the diggers' money, we'll collar all their gold,  
So mind your guns are killers now, my comrades true and bold."

So now off go the rifles, the battle has begun.  
The escort started running, boys, all in the setting sun.  
The robbers seized their plunder so saucy and so bold,  
And they're riding from Eugowra Rocks encumbered with their gold.

And so with loaded saddle packs we left that fatal place,  
We knew the traps from Bathurst town would soon be on the chase!  
The bold and reckless Gardiner shouted as we rode away  
I think we've made our fortunes at Eugowra Rocks today!"

# Bold Ben Hall

First published in AB Paterson's 'Old Bush Songs' in the 1926 edition which was. The  
This tune from Sally Sloane collected by John Meredith.



Chords: G, C, D7, G, Em, D7, C, D7, G

Lyrics: Come all Aus - tra - lia's sons to me, A her - o has been slain, Butch - ered by cow - ards in his sleep, up - on the Lach lan plain.

Ah, do not stay your seemly grief,  
But let the teardrops fall,  
Australian hearts will always mourn  
The fate of bold Ben Hall.

He never robbed a needy man,  
The records sure will show  
How staunch and loyal to his mates,  
How manly to the foe.

No brand of Cain e'er stamped his brow,  
No widow's curse can fall;  
Only the robber rich men feared  
The coming of Ben Hall.

For ever since the good old days  
Of Turpin and Duval,  
The people's friends were outlaws,  
And so was bold Ben Hall.

Yet savagely they murdered him,  
Those coward bluecoat imps,  
Who only found his hiding place  
From sneaking peelers' pimps.

Yes, savagely they murdered him,  
Oh, let your teardrops fall,  
For all Australia mourns today  
Her bravest son, Ben Hall.

No more he'll mount his gallant steed  
To roam the ranges high;  
Poor widow's friend in poverty,  
Our bold Ben Hall, goodbye.

# Bold Jack Donahue

The only bushranger ballad found by Ron Edwards in his extensive research on English broadsides.  
This text is largely as it appears in Paterson's Old Bush Songs.

In Dub - lin Town I was brought up in that cit - y of great fame.  
My de - cent friends — and par - ents will tell to you the same.  
It was for the sake of five hun - dred pounds I was sent a - cross the main,  
For sev - en long years in New South Wales to wear the con - vict's chain.

I'd scarcely been twelve months or more upon the Australian shore  
When I took to the highway as I'd oft-times done before  
There was me and Jackie Underwood and Weber and Walmsley too  
They were the true associates of Bold Jack Donahue.

Now Donahue was taken all for a notorious crime  
And sentenced to be hanged upon the gallows tree so high.  
But when they came to Bathurst Gaol he left them in a stew  
For when they came to call the roll, they'd lost Jack Donahue.

As Donahue made his escape to the bush he went straight 'way  
The squatters they were all afraid to travel by night or day  
And every week in the newspapers there was published something new  
Concerning of the valiant deeds of Bold Jack Donahue.

As Donahue was cruising one sunny afternoon  
Little was his notion that his death would be so soon.  
When a sergeant of the horse police discharged his carbine  
And called aloud on Donahue "To fight or to resign."

"Resign to you, you cowardly dogs, is a thing I never would do.  
I'll fight this night with all my might" cried bold Jack Donahue.  
"I'd rather roam these hills around like a wolf or kangaroo  
Than work one hour for the government" cried bold Jack Donahue.

He fought six rounds with the horse police until that fateful ball  
Which pierced his heart and cruel smart caused Donahue to fall.  
And as he closed his mournful eyes and bid this world adieu  
He cried "Convicts all both great and small, remember Donahue"

# Bold Jack Donahue Lament

Written for his primary school play 'Jack Donahoe' by John Dengate and set to a variant of 'Cruiskeen Lawn'.

**Dm** **C** **A**  
Bold Jack Don - a - - hue, now we bid fare - well to you'

**Dm** **F** **A**  
Your wild bush - rang - ing days are at an end.

**F** **Am** **C** **Gm**  
From the moun - tains to the sea you de - fied au - thor - i - ty.

**Dm** **A** **Dm** **A** **F** **Gm**  
A friend to all the pris' - ners in the gangs and gaols in the

**Dm** **A** **Dm**  
col - - on - y of New South Wales.

**F** **Am** **C** **Gm**  
Lay him in his grave, Don - - a - hue the brave.

**Dm** **A** **Dm** **A** **F** **Gm**  
Gaze a fin - - al time u - - pon his face and

**Dm** **A** **Dm**  
lay him in his rest - - ing place.

# Bonnie Jess

Lyrics by Thomas E Spencer (1845–1911) and the setting by Gary Shearston. Spencer was variously a building contractor, an industrial arbitrator and a writer. His writing for 'The Bulletin' included the well-known 'How McDougall Topped the Score'.

Now the shear - ing time is o - ver, Bon - nie Jess  
And the sheep are in the clo - ver, Bon - nie Jess  
By the creek the cat - - tle are low - - ing  
And the gold - - en crops are grow - - ing  
While the set - ting sun is glow - ing, Bon - nie Jess  
And a kiss to you I'm blow - ing, Bon - nie Jess

To your face the crimson's rushing, Bonnie Jess  
Ah! I know why you are blushing, Bonnie Jess  
'Tis the memory appearing  
Of the promise in the clearing  
When you said twixt hope and fearing, Bonnie Jess  
You would wed me after shearing, Bonnie Jess

And now the shearing time is over, Bonnie Jess  
And you're looking to your lover, Bonnie Jess  
And my horse's hooves are ringing  
As along the road I'm swinging  
And a song for you I'm singing, Bonnie Jess  
And a wedding ring I'm bringing, Bonnie Jess

# Boozin', Jolly Well Boozin'

Collected from Harry Cotter of Binalong NSW by Colin McJannett with an extra verse from Mudcat (mudcat.org), a great resource for background information on 'things folkie'. It is well worth a look.

Where do you think I have been all the day Booz - in', jol - ly well booz - in'.  
Where do you think I have spent all me pay Booz - in', jol - ly well booz - in'.  
I won't say you're wrong, I won't say you're right I don't want to ar-gue, I don't want to fight.  
But where would you like me to take you to - night? Booz - in', jol - ly well booz - in'.  
chorus  
Booz - in', booz - in', when - ev - er you're dry Booz - in', booz - in' suits you and I  
Some do it o - pen and some on the sly but we all love to go booz - in'.

What are the joys of a hard working man?  
Boozin', jolly well boozin'.  
What is he doin' whenever he can?  
Boozin', jolly well boozin'.  
He goes home on payday and he gives his wife all  
At many a pub there's been many a call  
What makes him prop himself up by the wall?  
Boozin', jolly well boozin'.

What do the Salvation Army run down?  
Boozin', jolly well boozin'.  
What are they doin' in every town?  
Boozin', jolly well boozin'.  
They stand on the street corners, they holler and shout  
They jump on beer barrels they spruik and they spout,  
But what are they doing when the lights are turned out?  
Boozin', jolly well boozin'.

What are the joys of the single young girl  
Boozin', jolly well boozin'.  
And what gets her head in one helluva whirl  
Boozin', jolly well boozin'.  
She starts off on tonic, then to lager gets lead,  
She winds up on vodka – right out of her head,  
And wakes up next morning in some strange fella's bed  
Boozin', jolly well boozin'.



# Botany Bay

This song appeared in the musical drama Little Jack Sheppard in Melbourne in 1886. Ron Edwards claimed that a fellow researcher had found most of the lines in earlier street broadsides.

Fare well to old England for ever,  
too - rall - - li - - oo - - ral - - li - - add - it - y,

Fare well to my rum - culls as well;  
Sing - ing too - - rall - - li - - oo - - ral - - li - - ay,

Fare well to the well - known Old Bail ey,  
Sing - ing too - ral1 - - li - - oo - - ral li - - add it - y,

Where I used to cut such a swell. Sing - ing  
For we're bound for Bot - an - y Bay.

There's the Captain as is our commander,  
There's the bosun and all the ship's crew;  
There's the first and the second class passengers,  
Knows what we poor convicts goes through.

'Tain't leaving old England we cares about  
'Tain't cause we mis-spells what we knows  
But because all we light-fingered gentry  
Hops around with a log on our toes.

For seven long years I'm transported,  
For seven long years and a day,  
For meeting a cove in an alleyway,  
And taking his ticket away.

Oh, had I the wings of a turtle dove,  
I'd soar on my pinions so high;  
Slap bang to the arms of my Polly love,  
And in her sweet presence I'd die.

Now, all my young dookies and duchesses,  
Take warning from what I've to say -  
Mind all is your own as you touchesses,  
Or you'll join us in Botany Bay,

# A Botany Bay Courtship

Words published in the Sydney Gazette in 1832 and here set to the 'Irish Washerwoman' as suggested by folklorist John Lahey.

Now the Cur-ren - cy Lads may fill their glas-ses, and drink to the health of the  
 Cur-ren-cy Lass-es, The lass I a-dore, the lass for me, is the lass from the Fe\_\_male Fac-tor - y.  
 O! Mol -ly's her name, and her name is Mol -ly, Al - though she was tried by the name of Pol -ly;  
 She was tried and sent for death at New-ry, But the judge was bribed \_and so was the jur - y.

She got "death recorded" in Newry town  
 For stealing her mistress's watch and gown;  
 Her little boy Paddy can tell you the tale,  
 His father was turnkey at Newry jail.  
 The first time I saw the comely lass  
 Was at Parramatta, going to Mass;  
 Says I: "I'll marry you now in an hour."  
 Says she: "Well, go and fetch Father Power."

But I got into trouble that very same night!  
 Being drunk in the street I got into a fight;  
 A constable seized me – I gave him a box –  
 And was put in the watch-house and then in the stocks.  
 O! It's very unaisy as I remember,  
 To sit in the stocks in the month of December,  
 With the north wind so hot, and the hot sun right over,  
 O! sure, and it's no place ac all for a lover!

"Tis worse than the treadmill," says I, "Mr Dunn,  
 To sit here all day in the heat of the sun."  
 "Either that or a dollar," says he, "for your folly"  
 But if I had a dollar I'd drink it with Molly.  
 But now I am out again, early and late  
 I sigh and I cry at the Factory gate.  
 "O! Mrs Reordan, late Mrs Farson,  
 Won't you let Molly come out very soon?"

"Is it Molly McGuigan?" says she to me.  
 "Is it now?" says I, for I know'd it was she.  
 "Is it her you mean that was put in the stocks  
 For beating her mistress, Mrs Cox?"  
 "O! yes and it is, madam, pray let me in,  
 I have brought her a half-pint of Cooper's best gin.  
 She likes it as well as she likes her own mother,  
 Pray let me in, madam, I am her brother."

So the Currency Lads may fill their glasses  
 And drink the health of the Currency Lasses  
 But the lass I adore, the lass for me,  
 Is the lass from the Female Factory.

# Bound For Australia

From Stan Hugill's 1979 collection, Shanties From The Seven Seas, set to 'Jock Stuart' aka 'Ernie Goodman's Waltz'.

capo 3

**D F A7 C7 D F G Bb**  
I'm \_\_\_ leav - ing old Eng - land, the land that I love

**D F A7 C7**  
And I'm bound for a - - cross \_\_\_ the sea;

**D F A7 C7 D F G Bb**  
Oh, I'm bound for Aus - - tra - lia, the land of the free

**D F A7 C7 D F**  
Where there'll be a wel - come for me.

**D F Em Gm G Bb D F**  
Chorus  
So fill up yer glass - es an' drink what ye please,

**E7 G7 F#m Am A7 C7**  
For what - ev - - er's the dam - - age I'll pay,

**D F Em Gm G Bb D F**  
So be ais - - y an' free, whilst yer drink - in' wid me,

**G Bb A7 C7 D F**  
Sure I'm a man yiz don't meet ev - - ery day!

When I board me ship for the south'ard to go,  
She'll be looking so trim and so fine,  
And I'll land me aboard, with me bags and me stores,  
From the dockside they'll cast off each line.

To Land's End we'll tow, with our boys all so tight,  
Wave a hearty goodbye to the shore,  
An' we'll drink the last drop to our country's green land,  
An' the next day we'll nurse our heads sore.

We'll then drop the tugs and sheet tops' home taut,  
An' the hands will crowd sail upon sail,  
Wid a sou'wester strong, boys, we'll just tack along,  
By the morn many jibs will turn pale.

We'll beat past the Ushant and then down the Bay,  
Where the west wind it blows fine an' strong,  
We'll soon get the Trades an' we should make good time,  
To the southward then we'll roll along.

Round the Cape we will roll, take our flyin' kites in,  
For the Forties will sure roar their best,  
An' then run out East with yards all set square,  
With the wind roaring out of the west.

We'll then pass Cape Looin all shipshape and trim,  
Then head up for Adelaide Port,  
Off Semaphore Roads we will there drop our hook,  
And ashore, boys, we'll head for some sport.

When I've worked in Australia for twenty long years,  
One day will I head homeward bound,  
With a nice little fortune tucked under me wing,  
And a Sally or Sue I'll be bound!

# The Boundary Rider

Attributed to a mysterious A.A. in The Narromine News & Trangie Advocate 1900. Set to an original tune by Dave Johnson 2018

capo 3

When the sun - set tips the rid - ges, I can smell the dis - tant gid - gahs,  
And through the fit - ful gloam - ing there stands the gate a - jar;  
Old Ro - ver comes to meet me, there's no oth - er voice to greet me,  
Save the voi - ces of the night wind through the wil - ga and be - lar.

Chords: D, F, A7, C7, Em, Gm, D, F

As the day is slowly dying, comes the endless sobbing, sighing,  
And the branches of the she oaks are a-swaying in the breeze,  
While the stars above are blinking as they laugh at red Sol sinking,  
As he leaves us for his friends in other lands beyond the seas.

Now, again, the scene is shifting as the misty breeze is lifting,  
And the moon is slyly peeping through the clouds of silver grey;  
For the night is stealing o'er us, and the kookaburra's chorus  
Is ringing through the ridges, as they sing their evening lay.

Now, some folks in the city may think of me with pity,  
But my heart is filled with gladness you town chaps never knew,  
For my horse and dog they love me, and the moon shines fair above me,  
The wild bush is my sweetheart, she is ever fair and true.

# The Braidwood Coach

Words by Guy Eden published in his collected works 'Bush Ballads' (1906), tune by David Johnson 2005

Capo 2

Now all a-board, my son-nies, for the  
time is slip-ping past, We've got to make ten miles be-fore the dawn,  
Our team's a spank - - in' good 'un, but they've  
nev-er gone so fast As they must make the pace this bless-ed morn.  
Just let that buck - - le out a hole! that's  
right-now mind your eye, Or Thun-der-clap will catch you on the shin!  
Are all the mail bags snug? Who - a Ding - o! Narr - a - bri! Now,  
gen-tle-men, if you please tum-ble in! Then woa, stead-y woa! Now,  
let the beaut-ies go. They know what they've to do be-fore the dawn - - ing;  
And the jour-ney ain't all clov-er, for the creek is runn-in' o-ver,  
And we're bound to reach Mor-u - - ya in the mor - - - nin'.

Chords: G, A, Am, Bm, D7, E7, F, G, C, D, F7, A7, D

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'!

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 now we'll reach Moruya in the mornin'.

# Break O' Day

Words by Henry Lawson (June 1904); tune by Bruce Woodley. Woodley is an Australian singer-songwriter and musician. He was a founding member of the successful pop-folk group The Seekers,



A C G7 F C  
You love me, you say, and I think you do, But I know so man-y who don't,

C G7 F C  
And how can I say I'll be true to you, When I know very well that I won't?

B C G7 F C  
I have journ - eyed long and my goal is far, I love, but I can not bide,

C Em7/B Am Dm G7 F C  
For as sure as ris - es the morn - ing star, With the break of day I'll ride.

C F C F C G7  
I was doomed to ru - in or do-omed to mar The home wher - ev - er I stay,

C Em7/B Am Dm G7 F C  
But I'll think of you as the morn - ing star And they call me Break o' Day.

(A)

They well might have named me the Fall o' Night,  
For drear is the track I mark;  
But I love fair girls and I love the light,  
For I and my tribe were dark.

(C)

You may love me, dear, for a day and night,  
You may cast the world aside;  
But as sure as the morning star shines bright  
With the break of day I'll ride.

(A)

There was never a lover so proud and kind,  
There was never a friend so true;  
But the song of my life I have left behind  
In the heart of a girl like you.

(C)

There was never so deep or cruel a wrong  
In the land that is far away,  
There was never so bitter a broken heart  
That rode at the Break o' Day.



(A)

God bless you, girl, with your red-gold hair  
And your pitying eyes of grey—  
O my heart forbids that a star so fair  
Should be marred by the Break o' Day.

(B)

Live on, my girl, as the girl you are,  
Be a good and a true man's bride,  
For as sure as beacons the evening star  
With the fall o' night I'll ride.

(C)

I was born to ruin or born to mar  
The home wherever I light.  
O I wish that you were the Evening Star  
And that I were the fall of night.

# The Brewer's Glee


from the 1881 Colonial Songster to the recommended tune 'When the Kye Comes Home'. Some of the brews that were served by shanties that 'lambed down' shearers were probably not to far removed from this formula.

Verse



Come all ye weal - thy brew - ers that make col - on - ial ale,  
 Let us mix up the de - coc - tion that has such a read - y sale:  
 Come hith - er with your drugs; hops and bar - ley are too dear.  
 We'll mix the swip - ers up a dose of pure col - on - ial beer.

Chorus



Oh the brew - ing of the beer, Oh the brew - ing of the beer.  
 Suc - - cess to all your chem - is - try, the art of brew - ing beer.

First fill the vat with water, put some black molasses in,  
 With vitriol and opium we may just as well begin;  
 Put in some camomile, it's a wholesome thing I hear  
 And may counteract the 'bacco that we'll now put in the beer.

Whack in some alum, salt, and ginger, now to make it nice  
 And to pleasure the poor devils here's some grains of paradise;  
 Don't spare the nux vomica, tho' strychnine is quite dear  
 We add it for a hoppy kind of flavour to the beer.

Then coculus indicus to make their heads go round,  
 Here's quassia and multum too – better if they're ground,  
 Put nutgalls in for colour, potash to make it clear,  
 And to hinder it from scouring put some jalap in the beer.

The farmer feeds his cattle and his poultry with his grain,  
 We do not want his barley while we've fox-glove and herbane;  
 With copperas, and wormwood, and hartshorn, and don't fear  
 That lushingtons need ever go without colonial beer.

# Bringing Home the Cows

From AB Paterson Old Bush Songs with a tune by David Johnson 2004

Shad - ows of the twi - light fall - ing on the mount - ain's brow,  
 To each oth - er birds are call - ing in the leaf - y bough.  
 Where the dais - ies are a - spring - ing, and the catt - le bells are ring - ing,  
 Comes my Mar - y, gai - ly sing - ing, bring - ing home the cows.  
 Bring - ing home the cows. Bring - ing home the cows.  
 Comes my Mar - y, gai - ly sing - ing, bring - ing 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. x3  
 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. x3  
 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. x3  
 Then we'll spend our evenings singing  
 Bringing home the cows.

# The Broken-Down Squatter

first published in The Queenslander in 1884 under Charles Flower's pen-name "Anthos"

Verse  
capo2

The musical score is written in treble clef with a key signature of three sharps (F#, C#, G#) and a 3/4 time signature. The guitar accompaniment is indicated by chords placed above the staff. The lyrics are written below the notes. The score is divided into a Verse and a Chorus. The Verse consists of 12 lines of music, and the Chorus consists of 4 lines of music. The chords used are G, A, Em, F#m, D7, E7, C, D, Am, and Bm.

Verse

Capo 2

Chords: G, A, Em, F#m, D7, E7, C, D, Am, Bm

Lyrics:

Come, Stump - y, old man, we must shift while we can;  
To - geth - er we'll roam from our drought - strick - en home.

All your mates in the pad - dock are to dead.  
It seems hard that such things have to be,

Let us bid our fare - - wells to Glen Ev - a's sweet dells  
And it's hard on a horse when he's nought for a boss

And the hills where your mast - er was bred;  
But a brok - en - down squat - ter like me!

Chorus

For the banks are all brok - en, they say,  
And the mer - chants are all up a tree.

When the big - wigs are brought to the Bank - rupt - cy Court  
What chance for a squat - ter like me?

No more shall we muster the river for fats,  
Or spiel on the Fifteen-mile plain,  
Or rip through the scrub by the light of the moon,  
Or see the old stockyard again.  
Leave the slip-panels down, it won't matter much now,  
There are none but the crows left to see,  
Perching gaunt on yon pine, as though longing to dine  
On a broken-down squatter like me.

When the country was cursed with the drought at its worst,  
And the cattle were dying in scores,  
Though down on my luck, I kept up my pluck,  
Thinking justice might temper the laws.  
But the farce has been played, and the Government aid  
Ain't extended to squatters, old son;  
When my money was spent they doubled the rent,  
And resumed the best half of the run.

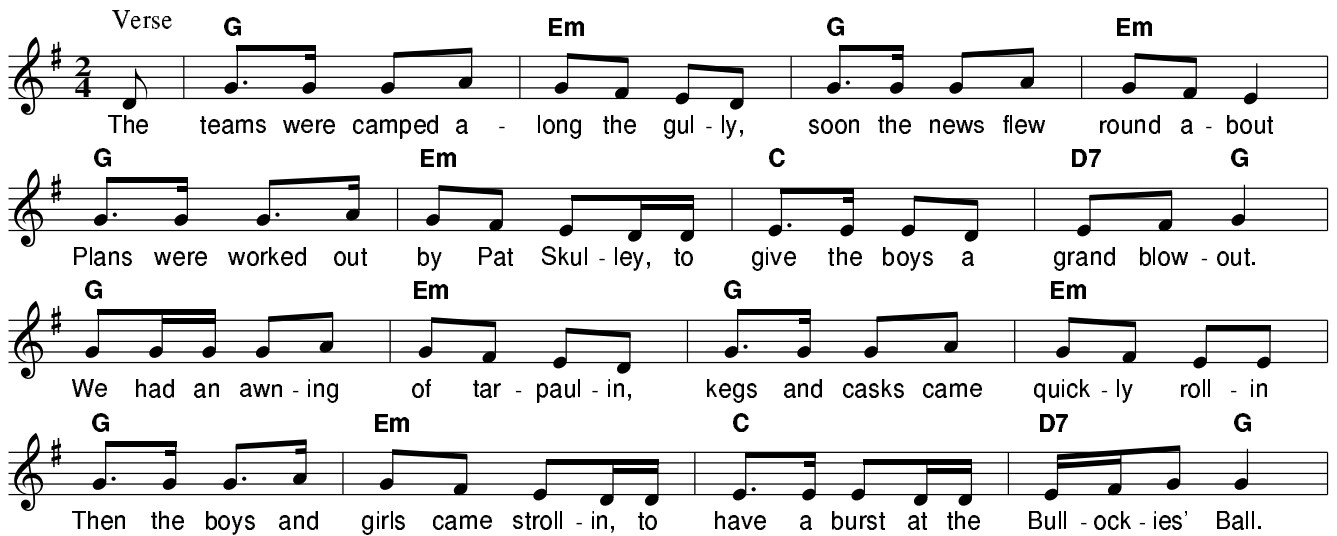
'Twas done without reason, for leaving the season  
No squatter could stand such a rub;  
For it's useless to squat when the rents are so hot  
That one can't save the price of one's grub;  
And there's not much to choose 'twixt the banks and the screws  
Once a fellow gets put up a tree;  
No odds what I feel, there's no court of appeal  
For a broken-down squatter like me.

They have left us our hides and but little besides,  
You have all I possess on your back.  
But, Stumpy, old sport, when I boil my next quart,  
We'll be well on the wallaby track.  
It's a mighty long ride till we cross the Divide,  
With the plains stretching out like a sea.  
But the chances seem best in the far away West  
For a broker, down squatter like me.

# The Bullockies Ball

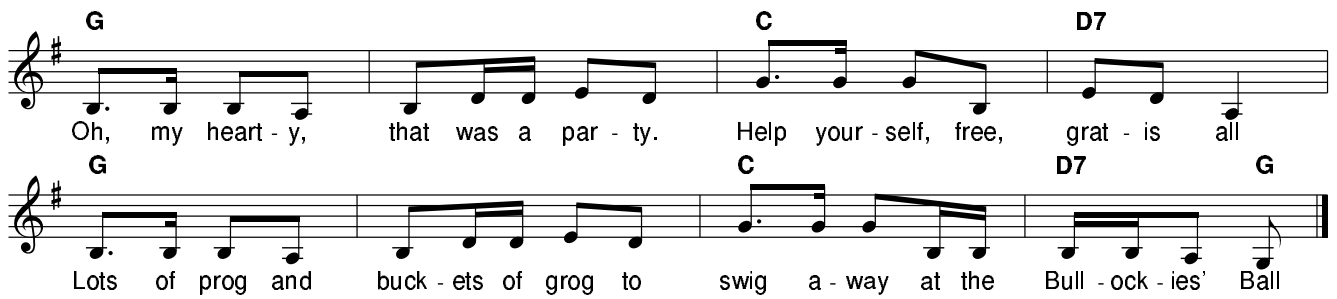
This parody of 'Finnegans Wake' was sung to John Meredith by Margaret Parker and her sister Mrs Sprike, who had learned the song from their father, John Brennan. Brennan heard the song while droving in the Gulf Country.

Verse



The teams were camped a - long the gul - ly, soon the news flew round a - bout  
Plans were worked out by Pat Skul - ley, to give the boys a grand blow - out.  
We had an awn - ing of tar - paul - in, kegs and casks came quick - ly roll - in  
Then the boys and girls came stroll - in, to have a burst at the Bull - ock - ies' Ball.

## Chorus



Oh, my heart - y, that was a par - ty. Help your - self, free, grat - is all  
Lots of prog and buck - ets of grog to swig a - way at the Bull - ock - ies' Ball

First came Flash Joe, but Jimmy was flasher; Hopping Billy the one-eyed boss,  
Brisbane Sal and the Derwent Slasher, Billy the Bull and Paddy the Hoss;  
Nanny the Rat, the real macassar; Brisbane Bess and Mother McCall;  
All came rolling up together, to have a burst at the Bullockies' Ball

Soon pint pots began to rattle, the cry was "Pass the rum this way!"  
The boys began to blow their cattle, and the ladies, of course, must have their say  
Sal said she'd take cheek from no man, down to a dish of hash did stoop  
She got a smack in the eye with a doughboy, put her sitting in a bucket of soup.

Oh then, boys, there was the ructions, man the tucker and let fly  
Brisbane Bess with a hunk of damper caught Flash Joe right in the eye  
Nanny the Rat, the real macassar, with a frying pan a dozen slew  
He got a clip with a leg of mutton, took a dive in an Irish stew

There was a wallowman Doughy Rolly Foley, said he's put them to the rout  
Seized a junk of roly-poly, but a poultice of pigweed stopped his mouth  
Now, this raised his old woman's dander, into an awful tanter flew  
"Fair play" cried she to a bleedin' overlander, "You pumpkin-peeling, toe-rag snob!

## Last Chorus

Oh, my hearty, that was a party. Help yourself, free, gratis all  
Blackened eyes and broken noses that wound up the Bullockies' Ball.

# Bullocky-O

collected by Stan Arthur and Bob Michell from Cyril Duncan of Nerang Qld, possibly composed by his father.  
Bullock teams were the mainstay of transport in Australia while horses were rare and expensive.

D A7

I draw for Speck - le's Mill, bull - ock - y - O, bull - ock - y - O,

A7 D

And man - y a log I drew, bull - ock - y - - O.

G D

I draw ced - ar, beech and pine, and I nev - er get on the wine;

D A7 D

I'm the king of bull - ock - driv - ers, don't you know, bull - ock - y - O!

D A7 D G D

I'm the king of bull - ock - driv - ers, don't you know, bull - ock - y - O!

There's Guinea and Anderson too, bullocky-O, bullocky-O,  
And it's many a log they drew, bullocky-O.  
I can give 'em a thousand feet, axe 'em square and never cheat;  
I'm the king of bullock-drivers, don't you know, bullocky-O!

There's Wapples too, he brags, bullocky-O, bullocky-O,  
Of his forty raw-boned stags, bullocky-O.  
I can tell you it's no slander when I say I raise their dander,  
When they hear the crack of me whip, bullocky-O, bullocky-O.

I draw for Speckle's Mill, bullocky-O, bullocky-O,  
And it's many a log I drew, bullocky-O.  
I draw cedar, beech and pine, and I never get on the wine;  
I'm the king of bullock-drivers, don't you know, bullocky-O!

# The Bulls of the Speewah

Adapted from a poem by RC Pierce (Bob Bloodwood) in *The Scrub Bull and Other Verses* [1953] and set to a collected dance tune.

The musical score is written in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a time signature of 6/8. It consists of four staves of music. The lyrics are written below the notes. Chord symbols (G, C, Am, Em, D7) are placed above the staff lines to indicate the accompaniment.

Oh all this talk of the Dawson scrub it fairly leaves me cold.  
I tell you them bulls was dink - um cows in the Spee - wah days of old.  
More fierc - er than the fierc - est cat more dan - ger - ous in packs.  
I've known them tie branch - es to their tails to cov - er up their tracks.

When leaving camp put out the fire that you had last night  
For them bulls carry firesticks in their teeth to set your yards alight.  
They have the blackbirds squared to call to put you off your course  
They even have the dingoes trained to heel your bloody horse.

I remember one day there was six of us to muster to Jackass yard  
No finer stockmen in the land and used to riding hard.  
The boss was up on a raking bay called Casanova's Desire  
And I kidded myself that I looked at home on a horse called Black Maria.

We sighted a score or more of bulls contented as you please  
Sharpening their horns on the sandstone rocks and some was skewering trees.  
Well we made them flaming cattle run as hard as they could lick  
But every time I looked behind they seemed to be gaining quick.

There was one roan bull with a nasty look bowled over my mare and me  
So to to see if me mates was right I climbed the nearest tree.  
Well I'm up here and he's down there as if he'd like to stay  
But seeing I've no further use for him I let him drift away.

Then down I come and grab my mare and take hold of the reins  
For I'm as keen as mustard now to help my mates again.  
They was heading straight for the Jackass yard it was clear the way they went  
Big trees were torn up by the roots and even the hills looked bent.

And when I rode up to Jackass yard I sat there goggle-eyed  
For the bulls was camped outside the gate and the stockmen was inside.  
So when I hear talk of the Dawson days my mind goes back to when  
Them wild bulls of the Speewah scrub used to muster up the men.



# Burke's Dream

Words from A B Paterson 'Old Bush Songs' set to the Irish rebel march O'Donnell Abu  
O'Donnell was a 16C Gaelic Lord, Abu translates as 'to victory'

Lone - - ly and sad - - ly one night in Nov - em - - ber  
I laid down my wear - y head in search of re - pose  
On my pal - - let of straw, which I long shall re - mem - ber;  
Tir - - ed and wear - y I fell in - - to a doze.  
Tir - - ed from work - ing hard, Down in the lab - our yard,  
Night brought re - - lief to my sad, ach - ing brain.  
Locked in my pris - on cell, Sure - - ly an earth - ly hell,  
I fell a - - sleep and be - - gan for to dream.

I dreamt that I stood on the green fields of Erin,  
In joyous meditation that victory was won.  
Surrounded by comrades, no enemy fearing,  
"Stand," was the cry, "every man to his gun."  
On came the Saxons then, Fighting our Fenian men,  
Soon they'll reel back from our piked volunteers.  
Loud was the fight and shrill, Wexford and Vinegar Hill,  
Three cheers for Father Murphy and the bold cavaliers.

I dreamt that I saw our gallant commander  
Seated on his charger in gorgeous array.  
He wore green trimmed with gold and a bright shining sabre  
On which sunbeams of Liberty shone brightly that day.  
"On," was the battle cry, "Conquer this day or die,  
Sons of Hibernia, fight for Liberty!  
Show neither fear nor dread, Strike at the foeman's head,  
Cut down horse, foot, and artillery!"

I dreamt that the night was quickly advancing,  
I saw the dead and dying on the green crimson plain.  
Comrades I once knew well in death's sleep reposing,  
Friends that I once loved but shall ne'er see again.  
The green flag was waving high under the bright blue sky,  
And each man was singing most gloriously.  
"Come from your prison, Bourke, We Irishmen have done our work,  
God has been with us, and old Ireland is free."

I dreamt I was homeward, back over the mountain track,  
With joy my mother fainted and gave a loud scream.  
With the shock I awoke, just as the day had broke,  
And found myself an exile, and 'twas all but a dream.

# Bush Night

Words and music by English photographer, author and songwriter Doug Kennedy who lived in Australia for several years.

## Chorus

Smoke curls up a - round the old gum tree trunk,  
Sil - - ver moon makes the wet trees glist - - en.  
Fire burns bright - ly while we sit round and list - - en  
To the sounds of a coo - - l bush night.

The musical notation for the chorus is written on four staves in G major, 4/4 time. The notes are: G4 (quarter), A4 (quarter), B4 (quarter), A4-G4 (beamed eighth notes), F#4 (quarter), E4 (quarter), D4 (half). The lyrics are placed below the notes. Chords G, C, D7, and G are indicated above the staff.

## Verse

We drove through rain to reach our Flind - - ers camp - site.  
Clouds on the moun - tain top and creeks were run - ning.  
The land looked green and the birds were sing - ing  
And we camped by a wood ed creek.

The musical notation for the verse is written on four staves in G major, 4/4 time. The notes are: G4 (quarter), A4 (quarter), B4 (quarter), A4-G4 (beamed eighth notes), F#4 (quarter), E4 (quarter), D4 (half). The lyrics are placed below the notes. Chords G, C, D7, and G are indicated above the staff.

The clouds were clearing and a full moon rising.  
Pine trees outline 'gainst a starry sky.  
The ground shone ghostly and a bat flew over.  
There was peace on that shiny bush night.

Guitar played softly while we drank our coffee.  
Flames jumped up from the red hot cinders.  
We talked of the outback and we sang of the Flinders.  
There was beauty on that cold bush night.

# The Bushman's Farewell

Words and music by Graham Jenkin. The collection of songs arranged and published by Jenkin 'Great Australian Balladists' is a classic and the records are well worth chasing. They are available in digital form from [australianfolk.blogspot.com](http://australianfolk.blogspot.com)

Verse

The time I fear is near - ly here to sad - dle up and slide,  
To roll my swag and pack my gear and cross the Great Div - ide.  
The nags are read - y set to go. It's time to strap the pack.  
There's just one thing I trul - y know - I won't be com - ing back!

Chorus

So it's good - bye my love - - my heart stays with you,  
One kiss be - fore I take my fi - nal ride.  
Say fare - well to the pret - ty girls and the good old mates I knew.  
We may meet a - gain a - - cross the Great Div - ide.

This time must come to everyone, some later and some soon,  
And I'll be gone before the sun has bowed beneath the moon.  
I can't complain, so don't you grieve, that I'm to go this way,  
It's time to saddle up and leave, forever and a day.

Perhaps I might have liked to know just one more northern spring,  
To see the Wattle blossom grow and hear the magpies sing;  
But when the kuratanpas bless the sandhills after rain,  
There'll be one less merry stockman to muster on the plain.


We've had some wild and woolly nights since first I came up here.  
I've had my share of toil and fights, I've drunk my share of beer.  
My best was all I'd ever give to women or to men,  
And if I had my life to live: -I'd do it all again.

I've rode some splendid horses, how we always loved to race,  
But on those country courses someone else can take my place.  
My dear I'm going under, in a moment I must die:  
But you'll always hear the thunder of my stockwhip in the sky!

# The Bushman


from A B Paterson 'Old Bush Songs' tune is variant of 'Brennan on the Moor', an Irish song about a highwayman.

Verse



When the mer - chant lies down, he can scarce go to sleep  
For think - ing of his merch - an - dise up - on the fat - al deep;  
His ships may be cast a - way or tak - en in a war,  
So his life we'll env - y not, \_\_\_\_\_ who true bush - men are.

Chorus



Who true bush - men are, Who true bush - men are,  
So his life we'll env - y not, who true bush - men are.

When the soldier lies down, his mind is full of thought  
O'er seeking that promotion which so long he has sought;  
He fain would gain repose for mortal wound or scar,  
So him also we'll envy not, who true bushmen are.  
Who true bushmen are, Who true bushmen are,  
So him also we'll envy not, who true bushmen are.

When the sailor lies down, his mind he must prepare  
To rouse out in a minute if the wind should prove unfair.  
His voyage may be stopped for the want of a spar,  
So him also we'll envy not, who true bushmen are.  
Who true bushmen are, Who true bushmen are,  
So him also we'll envy not, who true bushmen are.

When the bushman lies down, his mind is free from care,  
He knows his stock will furnish him with meat, wear and tear.  
Should trade and commerce fail us in the shadow of a war,  
Then bread and beef won't fail us boys, who true bushmen are.  
Who true bushmen are, Who true bushmen are,  
Then bread and beef won't fail us boys, who true bushmen are.

Then fill, fill your glasses, a toast I'll give you, then,  
To you who call yourselves true-hearted men.  
Here's a health to the soldier and even Jacky tar,  
And may they always meet such friends as we bushmen are.  
As we bushmen are. As we bushmen are,  
And may they always meet such friends as we bushmen are.

# The Cabbage Tree Hat

By "YARRUM" and reprinted in the Federal Capital Pioneer in 1925. The setting is 'Rosin the Bow'.

Old hat, though I don't like a new one, through this war I must cast you a - side;  
You've proved a good friend and a true one, through man-y a blaz-ing hot ride.  
Each rip in your crown tells a stor- y of gal-lops o'er moun-tain and flat  
Each patch is more to your glor- y, my bat-tered, old Cab-bage-tree Hat.

We've streaked it, old hat, by the moonlight,  
When the cattle were going like smoke,  
We've heard the wild bull's distant bellow  
In his stronghold 'mid the brigalows and oak.  
You've been soaked in the floods of the Darling,  
Cut to ribbons and tramped nearly flat  
By the bullocks when they broke at "The Crossing,"  
My hardy old Cabbage-tree Hat.

Though your crown be patched up with leather,  
Though I've sewn you with horse-hair and string,  
No more shall we travel together  
When the mustering comes next spring.  
For your work is ended--Rest peacefully there--  
And should I through this war come to that,  
I trust life may close with a record as true  
As that of my Cabbage-tree Hat.

# Callaghan's Hotel

Words written by Henry Lawson in Mudgee in April 1915 and published in the Mudgee Guardian. The poem was originally Flanagan's Hotel, where Lawson gained a reputation as a drinker and the hotel turnover reached a record. The setting is by David Kirkpatrick.

The musical score is written in 2/4 time and consists of four staves. The lyrics are: "There's the same old coach-ing stab-les that was used by Cobb and Co, And the yard the coach-es stood in more than six-ty years a-go And the pub-lic priv-ate par-lour where they serve the pass-ing swell Was the shoe-ing forge and smith-y up at Call-a-ghan's ho-tel." The chords indicated above the notes are C, F, G7, G7, C, C, F, G7, G7, C.

There's the same old walls and wood work that our fathers built to last,  
And the same old doors and wainscot and the windows of the past  
And the same old nooks and corners where the jim-jams use to dwell.  
But the Fantods dance no longer up at Callagans's hotel.

There are memories of the old days that were red instead of blue,  
In the time of "Dick the Devil" and other devils too  
But perhaps they went to heaven and are angels doing well—  
They were always open-hearted up at Callaghan's Hotel.

Then the new chum, broken hearted, and with boots all broken too,  
Got another pair of bluchers, and a quid to see him through;  
And the old chum got a bottle, who was down and suffering hell;  
And no tucker-bags went empty out of Callaghan's Hotel.

And I sit and think in sorrow of the nights that I have seen,  
When we fought with chairs and bottles for the orange and the green;  
For the pride of dear old Ireland till they rang the breakfast bell  
And the honour of old England, up at Callaghan's Hotel.

There's the same old coaching stables that were used by Cobb and Co.  
And the yard the coaches stood in more than sixty years ago.  
And the public-private parlour where they serve the passing swells,  
Was the shoeing forge and smithy, up at Callaghan's hotel?

# Cane Killed Abel

Words by seaman/folksinger Merv Lilley, with a tune by singer/songwriter Chris Kempster (1933–2004). Kempster's role in the Australian folk movement was a significant pioneering one – as a singer, songwriter, composer, collector and teacher.

Leader **D** **A7** **D**  
I was a cane cutter but now I'm at sea.

Chorus **A7**  
Stool it and top it and load it my boys.

Leader **D** **A7** **D**  
Once Cane \_\_\_\_\_ killed A - - bel but it won't kill me.

Chorus **A7** **D**  
Stool it and top it and load it my boys.

There was an old seaman who sang this refrain.  
He stood at the bar and he filled up again.

I rise every morning about half past three.  
To cook my own breakfast, my dinner and tea.

I worked very hard until I went to sea.  
Once Cane killed Abel but it won't kill me.

This cutting of cane, it isn't much fun.  
They melt it all down and make Bundaberg rum.

I was a cane cutter but now I'm at sea.  
Once Cane killed Abel but it won't kill me.



# The Canecutter's Lament

Collected in different areas from several canecutters. It is loosely based on the Thomas Bilby hymn 'Here We Suffer Grief and Pain'.

How we suff - - - ered grief and pain,  
Out on the I - - - sis cut - - - ting cane,  
We worked in the mud that's as red as blood,  
And the gang - er he put the spurs right in.

Six months on end in this lousy place,  
And the food is a choice of evils,  
There's cat's-meat stew that the flies have blew,  
And the damper is crawling with weevils.

The Chinese cook with his cross-eyed look  
Tormented our guts with his greasy hashes,  
And blocked our holes with his hard-baked rolls  
And his tea gave us itches and rashes.

The cane was bad, the cutters were mad,  
The cook had shit on the liver,  
Never again will I cut cane,  
On the banks of the Isis River.

I'm going to leave this lousy place,  
I'll cut no more for that bloody bugger,  
He can stand in the mud that is red as blood  
And cut his own bloody sugar.

# The Catalpa

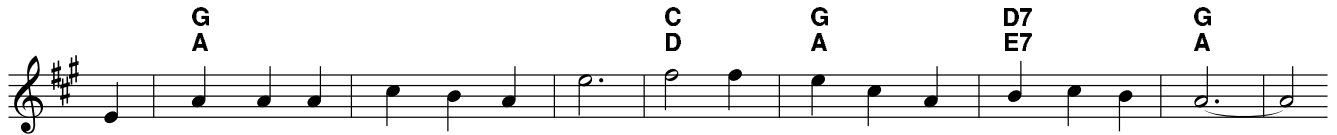
Collected by Russel Ward from Victor Courtney. The setting is 'Rosin the Bow'. Prior to the American War of Independence the British assumed the right to 'rule the waves' and board any ship, after they did not dare attack a ship with the 'star spangled banner'

Verse

capo 2

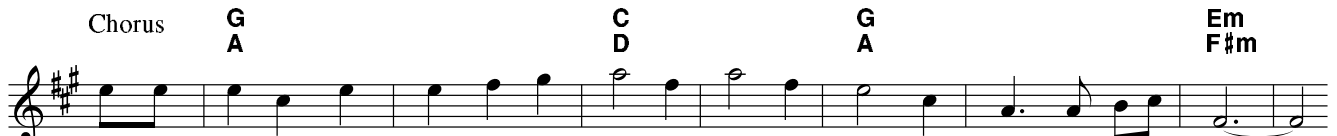


A nob-le whale ship and com - man - der, — called the Cat - al - pa they say,

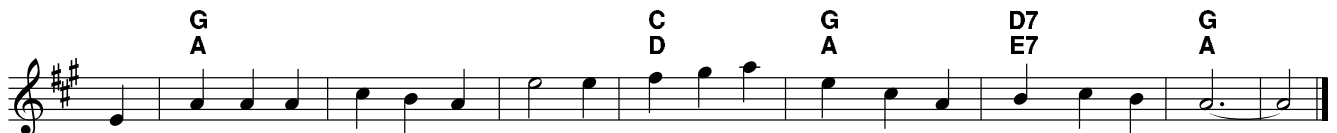


She sailed out to West-ern Aust - ral - ia And took six brave Fen-ians a - way.

Chorus



So come all you screw ward-ers and gaol — ers, re - mem - ber Perth Reg-at-ta Day,



Take care of the rest of your Fen - i - ans, or the Yank - ees will steal them a - way.

For seven long years they had served here, and seven long more had to stay,  
For defending their country, old Ireland, for that they were banished away.

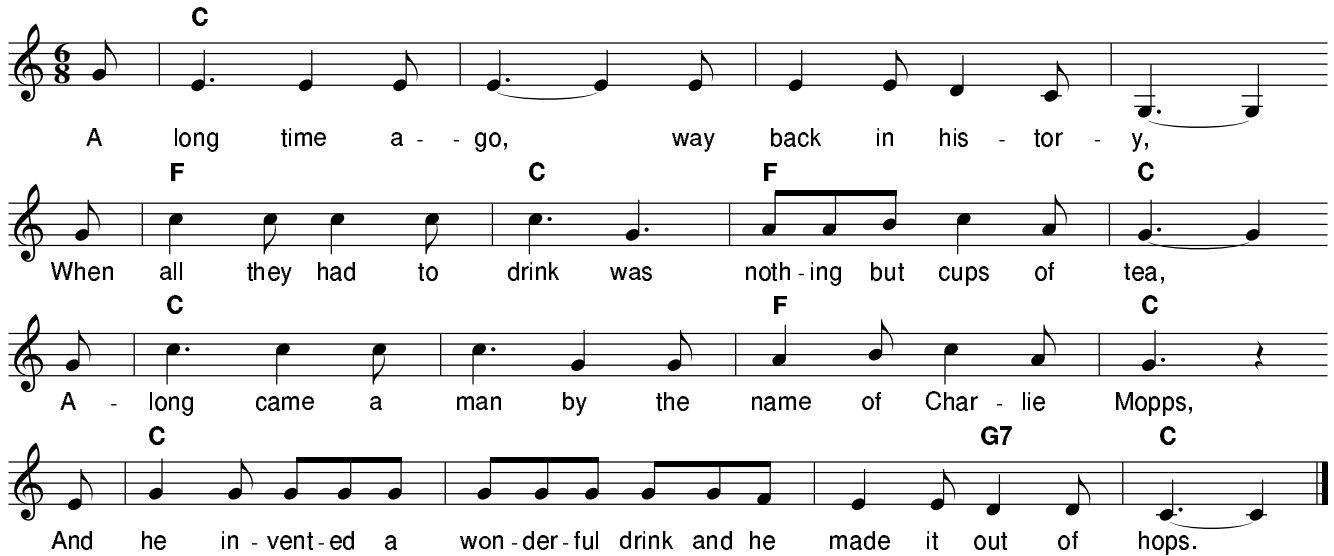
All the Perth boats were a-racing and making short tack for the spot,  
But the Yankee tacked into Fremantle, and took the best prize of the lot.

The Georgette, armed with bold warriors, went out the Yanks to arrest,  
But she hoisted her star-spangled banner, saying: "You will not board me, I guess.

Now they've landed safe in America, there they'll be able to cry,  
"Hoist up the green flag and the shamrock, hurrah for old Ireland we'd die."

# Charlie Mopps

A popular song among drinkers in England and Ireland, probably of music hall origins. Popularised here in the play "Reedy River".



A long time a - - go, way back in his - tor - y,  
When all they had to drink was noth - ing but cups of tea,  
A - long came a man by the name of Char - lie Mopps,  
And he in - vent - ed a won - der - ful drink and he made it out of hops.

## Chorus

Oh, he oughter been an admiral, a sultan or a king,  
And to his praises we should always sing,  
Look what he has done for us, he's filled us up with cheer,  
Lord bless Charlie Mopps, the man who invented beer!

When beer was first invented it was very, very dear,  
Just fancy paying a caser for a glorious glass of beer.  
People of that day were foolish so they say,  
They used to chew the hops and throw the beer away.

The day that Charlie died, he came to Heaven's gate,  
He said to Saint Peter, "Now tell me how I rate."  
St. Peter looked at him and said, "Now tell me, who are you?"  
He said, "I'm Charlie Mopps" and Peter said, "Pass through!"

At the \*Hotham, Young and Jackson's, the Sarah Sands\* as well,  
One thing you can be sure, it's Charlie's beer they sell,  
So come on, all you lucky lads, at ten o'clock she stops,  
For five short seconds remember Charlie Mopps.  
One, two, three, four, five.

You can talk about inventors of today being up to date.  
Our animated pictures and our photographs are great,  
But the greatest inventor of them all, to me is plain and clear,  
It's the one and only Charlie Mopps, the man who invented beer.

\* \* replace these with your own locals

# Click Go The Shears

First references to this song are in 1890, but its popularity dates from its revival in the 1950s.

## Verse

Out on the board the \_\_\_\_\_ old shear - er stands  
Grasp - - ing his shears in his thin bon - - y hands  
Fixed is his gaze on a bare - - bell - - ied "joe";  
Glor - y if he gets her, won't he make the ring - - er go.

## Chorus

Click go the shears boys, click, click, click  
Wide is his blow and his hands move quick.  
The ring - er looks a - round and is beat - en by a blow  
And he curs - es the old snag - ger with the bare - - bell - - ied "joe".

In the middle of the floor in his cane-bottomed chair  
Is the boss of the board, with eyes everywhere  
Notes well each fleece as it comes to the screen  
"By the living Harry can't you take'm off clean?"

The colonial-experience man he is there, of course  
With his shiny leggin's just got off his horse.  
Casting round his eye like a real connoisseur  
Whistling the old tune "I'm the Perfect Lure".

The tar-boy is there awaiting in demand  
With his blackened tar-pot in his tarry hand,  
Sees one old ewe with a cut upon her back.  
Here's what he's waiting for it's "Tar here Jack!"

Now the shearing is all over and we've all got our cheques  
Roll up your swag for we're off along the tracks.  
The first pub we come to it's there we'll have a spree  
And everyone that comes along it's, "Come and drink with me!"

### Extra verses

Down by the bar the old shearer stands  
Grasping his glass in his thin bony hands  
Fixed is his gaze on a green-painted keg.  
Glory he'll get down on it before he stirs a peg!

There we leave him standing, shouting for all hands  
Whilst all around him every shouter stands.  
His eyes are on the cask which is now lowering fast  
He works hard he drinks hard and goes to hell at last.

You take off the belly-wool clean out the crutch.  
Go up the neck for the rules they are such.  
You clean round the horns first shoulder go down  
Long blow down the side and then turn around.

Click, click, click, that's how the blade shears go.  
Click, clickety click Oh my boys it isn't slow.  
You finish off a sheep down the chute give him a kick  
And still you hear the shears a-going click, click, click.

In come the dollars and in come the cents  
Out go the pounds and the shillings and the pence.  
Be prepared folks when the coins begin to mix  
On the fourteenth of February nineteen sixty-six.

# The Coal Owners' Song

Words by J D Richmond, Surrey printed in the Miners' Advocate & Northumberland Recorder(1875)  
Set to an original tune by Dave Johnson 2018

C Dm G7 C  
Hur - rah! let us laugh and the ru - by wine quaff, while we join in our fav - our - ite toast  
C G7 Am C Dm G7 C  
"With plen - ty of gold and our sway un - con - trolled, coal own - ers are real - ly the most."

As the nation we gull, with our own coffers full,  
Who shall dare to dispute our dominion?  
'Mid enjoyment and ease we shall act as we please,  
And with scorn treat all public opinion.

There are Lords in our band we can grasp by the hand,  
For we're closely united by Mammon;  
Plenty Commoners too in the House to subdue  
Every motion that's hostile with "gammon."

In the Coal Committees we have trusty MPs  
Who the doubters beside them will cram  
With their wonderful lies of demand and supplies  
O! the whole is a beautiful sham.

The miners may strike, or may play if they like,  
Till we add a few pence to each "score;"  
It is well understood it is all for our good  
We can then squeeze consumers the more.

Let the paupers endure--they were born to be poor,  
Shall we make a reduction to please them?  
Away with such stuff! If they can't get enough,  
Why, then, let the cold weather freeze them.

If there's dullness of trade--well, our fortunes are made,  
And we don't care a rush who goes under,  
When we feel the desire, we can always retire  
To estates which we've got with our plunder.

We are all moral men--we repeat that again--  
For we're always at church on a Sunday,  
Impressed with the notion that outward devotion  
Will cloak all our misdeeds in just one day.

In our well-cushioned pews we can placidly muse,  
And confess that we're miserable sinners;  
Then, the short service o'er, we drive home as before,  
To bless heaven for luxurious dinners.

# Cobb and Co

Cobb and Co operated coaches in Australia from 1852 till 1924. They established a reputation for efficiency, speed and reliability, and their imported stagecoaches used through-brace technology – thick straps of leather suspended the body of the vehicle providing considerable comfort on rough outback. Words and tune written by Lionel Long.

1. There's a hust - le and a bust - le in the old ho - tel to - night.  
 2. There's Bil - ly Jones, the jack - er - oo, still breath - less from his ride.

The bar is full to burst - ing and the lights are gleam - ing bright.  
 He bought a brand new sul - ky and it's stand - in' just out - - side.

They're wait - ing for the hors - es who've been rac - ing through the night  
 He's wait - ing for the pret - ty girl who's gon - na be his bride

And they're wait - ing for the coach of Cobb and Co.  
 And she's com - ing on the coach of Cobb and Co.

Cobb and Co,  
 Cobb and Co,

and they're wait - ing for on the coach of Cobb and Co.  
 and she's com - ing on the coach of Cobb and Co.

Now the hors - es hooves are drum - ming in the dis - tance they're a - com - ing.

A far off lamp is mov - ing 'cross the plain.

At break - neck speed they're driv - ing, pret - ty soon they'll be ar - - riv - ing.

There'll be lots of cheer when old friends meet a - - gain.

(A) There's Dan the old prospector and he's got a bag of gold  
 He made a lucky strike, about two thousand pounds I'm told  
 He's off to see the city lights before he gets too old  
 And he's leaving on the coach of Cobb & Co  
 Cobb & Co, Cobb & Co, and he's leaving on the coach of Cobb & Co.

(A) Jim Burke is mighty worried 'cause the creeks are running dry  
Unless he gets some money soon he'll kiss his farm goodbye  
His written to the bank and now he's waiting their reply  
And he hopes it's on the coach of Cobb & Co  
Cobb & Co, Cobb & Co, and he hopes it's on the coach of Cobb & Co.

(B) The driver's whips are cracking and the horses hooves are tracking  
As across the red and dusty plain they race.  
There's a distant light a burning and the passengers are yearning  
For the comfort of a warm and kindly place.

(A) And someone shouts "They're coming!" and the door is opened wide  
There's a rattle and a clatter and the coach is there outside  
With horses hot and steamy from their long and dusty ride  
And the coach that bears the name of Cobb & Co  
Cobb & Co, Cobb & Co, and the coach that bears the name of Cobb & Co.



# The Cockies of Bungaree I

Collected from Simon McDonald by members of the Folklore Society of Victoria. Some of Simon's songs and tunes were released on Australian Traditional Singers and Musicians in Victoria (1963) and his life story was related in 'Time Out of Mind' by Hugh Anderson.

The musical score is written in 6/8 time and consists of four staves. The lyrics are written below the notes. Chord symbols are placed above the staff lines. The lyrics are: "Now all you blokes take my ad-vice and do your dai-ly toil, But don't go down to Bun-gar-ee to work in the choc'-late soil, For the days they are so long, my boys, they'll break your heart in two, And if e-ver you work for Cock-y Burke, you ver-y soon will know."

## Chorus

Oh, we used to go to bed, you know, a little bit after dark,  
The room we used to sleep in, it was just like Noah's Ark:  
There were dogs and cats and mice and rats and pigs and poult-er-y;  
Oh, I'll never forget the time we had, while down in Bungaree!

The first thing Monday morning, sure, to work I had to go,  
My noble cocky says to me, "Get up, you're rather slow."  
The moon was shining gloriously, and the stars were bright, you see,  
I thought before the sun would rise I'd die in Bungaree.

He called me to my breakfast before the sun did shine,  
He called me to my supper at half past eight or nine,  
And after tea was over, all with a merry laugh,  
The old cocky says to me, "We'll cut a bit of chaff."

Now when you are chaff-cutting, boys, isn't it a spell?  
Yes, by jove, says I, it is, and it's me that knows it well,  
But too many of these working spells, with me they disagree,  
For I hate the jolly night-work that they do in Bungaree.

Now, when my first week's work was up, I reckoned I'd had enough,  
I went up to that cocky and I asked him for my stuff,  
I came down into Ballarat, and it didn't take me long,  
I went straight into Sayers' Hotel and blued my one-pound-one.

# The Cockies of Bungaree II

From the singing of A L Lloyd; it seems that Bungaree ws a hard place to work as it is mentioned in a number of collected songs.

C Am Dm G7 C

Come all you wear - y tra - vel - lers that's out of work just mind.

C F C F C G7

You take a trip to Bung - a - ree and plen - ty there you'll find.

C Am

Have a tri - al with the cock - ies you can take it straight from me.

C Am Dm G7 C

I'm ver - y sure you'll rue the day you first saw Bung - a - ree.

Well how I come this weary way I mean to let you know  
 Being out of employment I didn't know where to go  
 So I went to the registry office and there I did agree  
 To take a job of clearing for a cocky in Bungaree

His homestead was of surface mud the roof of mouldy thatch  
 The doors and windows hung by a nail with never a bolt or catch  
 The chickens laid eggs on the table such a sight you never did see  
 One laid an egg on the old tin plate of the cocky of Bungaree

Well it's early the very next morning it was the usual go  
 He rattled a plate for breakfast before the sun did show  
 The stars were shining glorious and the moon was high you see  
 I thought before the sun would rise I'd die in Bungaree

By the time I come into supper it was just on half past nine  
 And when I had it eat I reckon it was my bedtime  
 But the cocky he come over to me and he says with a merry laugh  
 I want you now for an hour or two to cut a bail of chaff

Well when the work was over I had to nurse the youngest child  
 Whenever I cracked a bit of a joke the missus she would smile  
 The old feller he got jealous looked like he'd murder me  
 And there he sat and whipped the cat the cocky in Bungaree

Well when I'd done my first week's work I reckoned I'd had enough  
 I went up to that cocky and asked him for me stuff  
 I came down into Ballarat and it didn't take me long  
 I went straight into Sayer's Hotel and blued my one pound one

# The Codfish Shanty

Collected by Maryjean Officer and Norm O'Connor and published in 'Tradition' 1966. Extra verses Dave Johnson.

Shantyman Crew

Mel-bourne girls, ain't got no combs, Heave a - way, heave a - way,

Shantyman Crew

They comb their hair with cod-fish bones, And we're bound for Aus-tra-lia.

Shantyman and Crew

Heave a - way, my bull-y bull-y boys, Heave a - way, heave a - way,

Heave a - way, why don't you make a noise, And we're bound for Aus-tra-lia.

Melbourne boys, they have no sleds,  
They slide downhill on codfish heads,

Melbourne wives have rusty pails,  
To use when scrapin' codfish scales.

Liza Lee, she promised me,  
When I return she'll marry me.

Melbourne folks don't have no ills,  
Doctors feed 'em codfish pills.

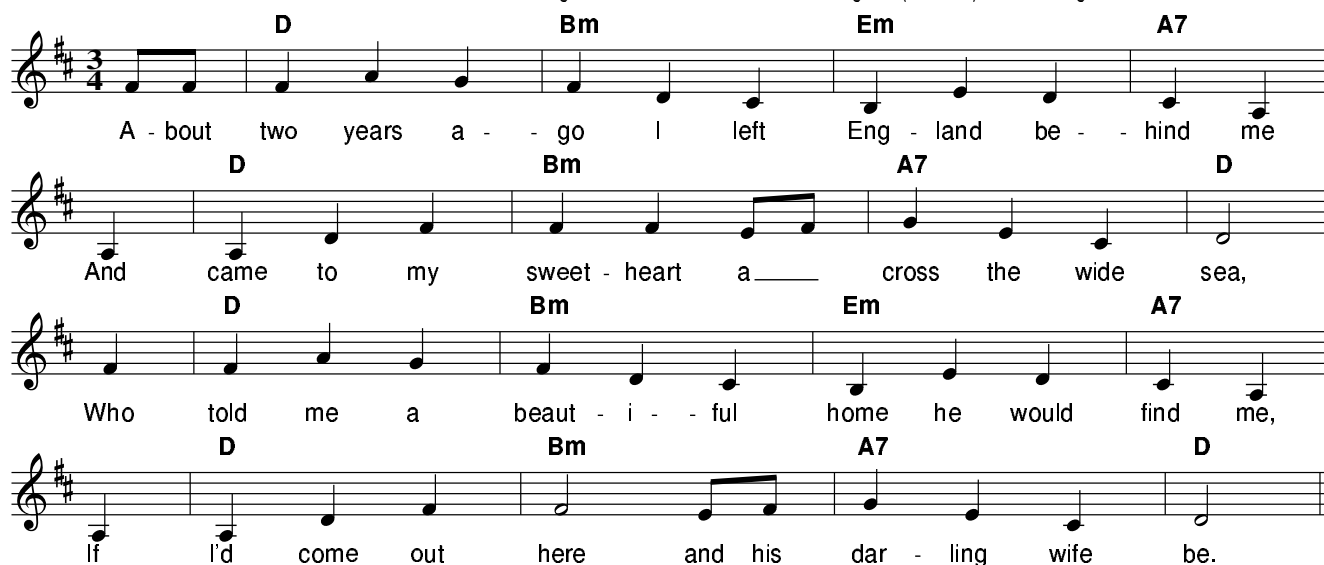
Melbourne cats don't have no tails,  
Lost them all in southeast gales.

Melbourne girls don't clip their nails  
They file them down with codfish scales

Our anchor's dropped, our sails are furled  
It's the finest harbour in the world

# The Colonial Widow

This song comes from Coxon's Comic Songster (1858–9) where it is given the air 'Nora McShane'.



A - bout two years a - - go I left Eng - land be - - hind me  
And came to my sweet - heart a cross the wide sea,  
Who told me a beaut - i - - ful home he would find me,  
if I'd come out here and his dar - ling wife be.

We stayed one week in Melbourne, and then off we started,  
And by coach away to the diggings we went,  
But at our journey's end I was quite broken-hearted,  
To find my fine home was a rotten old tent.

And he'd go with his mates to a grog tent close handy,  
And drinking and fighting all day there remain,  
Then reel home at night with a bottle of brandy,  
And beat me if ever I dared to complain.

One night this kind husband of mine, not returning,  
I thought his career had received a slight check,  
But imagine my joy next morning when learning,  
He'd fallen down an old hole and broken his neck.

So now I'm a widow, some call me good looking,  
Of ardent admirers I've got a long train,  
Though the bait must be rich that will make me be hooking,  
Myself on the line of a husband again.

# The Convict Maid

Based on broadsides of the early 1800s, this abbreviated version from the Queensland Centenary Songbook (1959)

You lads and lass-es all at - tend to me While I re - late my tale of mis - er - y;  
By — hope-less love was I once be-trayed, And now I am, a-las, a Con-vict Maid.

To please my lover did I try so sore,  
That I spent upon him all my master's store,  
Who in his wrath did so loud upbraid  
And brought before the judge this Convict Maid.

The judge his sentence then to me addressed  
Which filled with agony my aching breast:  
'To Botany Bay you must be conveyed  
For seven long years to be a Convict Maid.'

For seven long years I toil in pain and grief,  
And curse the day that I became a thief.  
Oh had I stuck by some honest trade,  
I ne'er had been, alas, a Convict Maid.

# The Convict's Wedding

Words by George Ernest 'Bartlett' Adamson (1884-1951), an Australian journalist, poet, author and political activist.  
Tune by David Johnson 2018

The musical score is written in 3/4 time and consists of 11 staves. The first four staves are in the key of C major (one sharp, F#). The fifth staff changes to the key of F major (two sharps, F# and C#). The sixth staff changes to the key of D major (two sharps, F# and C#). The seventh staff changes to the key of G major (three sharps, F#, C#, and G#). The eighth, ninth, and tenth staves remain in G major. The eleventh staff returns to the key of C major. Chord symbols are placed above the notes: Am, Dm, E7, F, C, G, and Am.

Chains on my ank - les, I came from a cold - er land  
O - - ver the loll - - a - - ping leagues of the sea;  
Out of the past to this warm - er and old - er land.  
Out of my chains for at last I am free.  
Free in a land where the fut - - ure may shine,  
Free now to marr - y the lass who is mine.  
O - ver the rock - y road, rock - ing and roll - ick - ing,  
Songs of my heart like the bush breez - es frolic - ing,  
O - - ver the rock - y road, rock - ing and roll - ick - ing,  
Let us not tarr - y, but hurr - y, oh, hurr - y down  
Hurr - y, we marr - y in Cobb - it - y Town.

2. Distant the day when on shores of Loch Torridon,  
Fought I the battle that brought me to woe.  
Brought me to Sydney with chains so horrid on,  
Brought me to Camden a convict - but so  
Brought me at last to my lass of delight  
Making me bless then that Torridon fight.

3. Far from my home on the wild Wingecarribee  
Bourne upon boots that were shed with a song.  
Walking the bush road I wondered would Harry be  
Waiting to hustle his old coach along.  
Suddenly I crested the top of the rise...  
Harry was waiting there, frisking the flies.

4. So down from Bargo and down the long Razorback,  
Gallop our horses with Harry to guide.  
Then with no longing to dream olden days are back  
Onward through Camden a free man I ride,  
Nearing the lass who is waiting for me,  
Waiting for justice to set my life free.

Final Chorus

Over the Campbelltown cobblestones clattering,  
On we go galloping speed alone mattering.  
Over the cobblestones clipparty clopperty.  
Let us not tarry, but hurry, oh, hurry, down!  
Hurry, we marry in Cobbity Town.

# The Cove What Drives

The words come from George Loyau (George Chanson) abbreviated and set to the tune of the 'Wonderful Crocodile'.

Verse

You've heard no doubt of lots of tales of ad - ven - tures on this land;  
 But mine is a more dom - est - ic turn, I'm an old hand.  
 Oh, man - y a yarn I could re - late Of how we pass our lives;  
 So list to what I'm go - ing to state A - bout a cove what drives.

Chorus

To my ri tol lol fol did - dle de lol fol. Ri tol loor - al lay.  
 To my ri tol lol fol did - dle de lol fol. Ri tol loor - al lay.

First Lapstone-hill, a nasty rise  
 When leaving Penrith town,  
 I have to pass to reach the spot  
 Where once the mail went down.  
 But steady ever is my plan,  
 Though myself I never deprives  
 Of nobbler here, and a stiff ball there,  
 'Cos I'm the cove what drives.

Come up old Ball, and Blucher too,  
 You stubborn critters go;  
 Way lads! Come hither! Back again!  
 You wretches! Gee! Way! Whoa!  
 You wouldn't stop, I'll flog you all  
 Out of your precious lives;  
 Come Damper, give another haul!  
 Oh, I'm the cove what drives.

I never yet my mate refused  
 To help him from a bog;  
 I never sold my boots or coat,  
 Or pawn'd my shirt for grog.  
 What though I bawl in gullys deep,  
 True pleasure I derives;  
 If you were there, I'd never swear,  
 'Cos I'm the cove what drives.

Ye friends who here have met to-night  
 To listen to my song,  
 I trust when done you will not say,  
 The bull puncher was wrong.  
 But give to me your kind applause,  
 For harsh words cut like knives;  
 So another time I'll come and sing  
 More about a cove what drives.



# Cradle Song

A Louis Esson poem set to music by Chris Kempster. Esson (1878–1943) was a Melbourne socialist playwright and poet. His early work was published in the Bulletin and then later in more left journals such as the Socialist.

1. Ba - - by, O ba - - by, fain you are for bed;  
 2. Ba - - by, my ba - - by, rest your drows - y head, The

Mag - - pie to mo - - poke bus - y as the bee; The  
 one man that works here, tir - ed you must be;

lit - tle red calf's in the snug cow - shed, And the lit - tle brown bird's in the tree.

Dad - dy's gone a - shear - ing down the Cast - le - reagh, So we're all a - lone now, on - ly you and me.

All a - mong the wool - - O; keep your wide blades full - - O!

Dad - dy loves his ba - - by, part - ed tho' they be.

# The Cross of the South

The words are by Kenneth Cook 1971 and set to the Irish rebel tune 'Kelly of Killane'. Cook (1929~1987) was an Australian journalist, documentary maker, and novelist. His interest in lepidoptery led to the establishment of the first Australian Butterfly Farm at Wilberforce

'Twas the month of Dec - em - - ber, the year fif - ty four,  
 When the men of Eu - - rek a re - - belled.  
 And they swore that the flag that they'd made for them - selves,  
 E - ver proud - - ly a - - loft would be held.  
 Oh The min - - ers took arms in the stock - ade that day,  
 The bold word passed from mouth to mouth.  
 "We will stand by the flag, and the stars that it bears,  
 White stars of the Cross of the South".

Though the hot blood of heroes ran fast in their veins,  
 There was but one man they obeyed.  
 The hero of heroes they chose from their ranks.  
 Peter Lalor their hero they made.  
 Peter Lalor said, "Now we must stand by our guns,  
 Fear not the cannon's fierce mouth!  
 For I see the soldiers are gathering now  
 To tear down the Cross of the South".

Captain Thomas, he charged the Eureka Stockade,  
 With three hundred troops by his side.  
 Fire and steel met them there and they fell back again,  
 But the first of the miners had died.  
 The smoke from the battle had scarce cleared away,  
 When the soldiers came charging once more,  
 And the miners were killed as they stood 'round their flag,  
 Or fell from the wounds that they bore.

Bold Peter Lalor lay shot on the ground,  
 Where the soldiers had left him for dead.  
 And the flag that he loved lay there by his side,  
 The white stars all stained with red.  
 Peter Lalor he rose on his knees in the dust,  
 Wild words poured from his mouth.  
 "You can murder us all in black tyranny's name,  
 But you can't kill the Cross of the South".

# Cuppacumalonga

A setting of a CJ Dennis poem by Graham Jenkin. The collection of songs arranged and published by Jenkin 'Great Australian Balladists' is a classic and the records are well worth chasing. They are available in digital form from [australianfolk.blogspot.com](http://australianfolk.blogspot.com)

Child or Woman

"Rov - er, rov - er, cat - tle - drov - er, where go you to - day?"

Drover

"I go to Cup - pa - - cum - a - long - - a, fif - ty miles a - way;

O - ver plains where sum - mer rains have sung a song of glee,

O - ver hills where laugh - ing rills go seek - ing for the sea,

I go to Cup - pa - - cum - a - long - - a, to my broth - er Bill."

Chorus

"So come a - long, ah, come a - long, ah, Come to Cup - pa - cum - a - long - a

Come to Cup - pa - cum - a - long - a Hill!"

"Rover, rover, cattle-drover, how do you get there?"

"For twenty miles I amble on upon my pony mare,  
Then walk awhile and talk awhile to country men I know,  
Then up to ride a mile beside a team that travels slow,  
Then on to Cuppacumalonga, riding with a will."

"Rover, rover, cattle-drover, what do you do then?"

"I camp beneath a kurrajong with three good cattlemen;  
Then off away at break of day with strong hands on the reins,  
To laugh and sing while mustering the cattle on the plains—  
For up at Cuppacumalonga life is jolly still."

"Rover, rover, cattle-drover, how may I go too?"

"I'll saddle up my creamy colt and he shall carry you.  
My creamy colt, who will not bolt, who does not shy or kick.  
We'll pack the load and take the road and travel very quick.  
And if the day brings work or play we'll meet it with a will."

# Cuttin' A Monkey

Written by Sydney singer/songwriter Don Henderson in 1961. The title means killing a sheep for tucker when 'on the track'.  
Though not a gifted singer Henderson's words and tunes resonated and were performed by many of his contemporaries.

Verse

The musical notation for the verse consists of four staves of music in 6/8 time. The melody is written on a treble clef staff. Chords are indicated by letters C, F, and G7 above the staff. The lyrics are written below the notes.

If any of you lads should think to roam Far from the com - fort of your home  
And go out on the wal - la - by, pray list - en to me rhyme.  
For I am one who's humped his drum If you want some ad - vice I'll give you some  
On the haz - ards that a swag - man has to face from time to time.

Chorus

The musical notation for the chorus consists of four staves of music in 6/8 time. The melody is written on a treble clef staff. Chords are indicated by letters C, F, and G7 above the staff. The lyrics are written below the notes.

Oh \_\_\_\_\_ boys I'm tramp - in down the track  
With a bill - y and a tuck - er bag, with a blue - y on me back.  
Oh \_\_\_\_\_ boys I've come a wear - y mile  
So I'll sit and tell a stor - y while I rest me pins a - while.

I've nearly starved a time or two  
On outback tracks while travellin through  
When my due right to tucker there the squatter has denied.  
When asked for ten, ten, two, a half  
Of meat, flour, sugar, tea he laughed,  
Not carin that for lack of food a swagman might have died.

I've had close shaves make no mistake  
With killer crocs and taipan snakes  
And many's been the bunyip I've seen with me own eyes.  
Though I will face the rogue dingo  
Wild bull and boar and buffalo  
Sometimes danger lurks about in quite a different guise.

So if you want to hit the track  
Let me give you advice on what to pack  
For upon the contents of your swag might well depend your life.  
Now were a man whilst fast asleep  
Perchance attacked by a savage sheep  
Who'd blame him if for self defence he had a long-blade knife?

Final chorus

Oh boys I'm trampin down the track

With a billy and a tucker bag, with a bluey on me back.

Oh boys I've come a weary mile

And I sat and told a story while I rested me pins awhile.

# The Cyprus Brig

## The Seizure of the Cyprus Brig in Recherche Bay

Words adapted by Bob Bolton from a manuscript from the Mitchell Library in Sydney and a version collected by Dr Lloyd Robson from JH Davies, Newtown Tas in 1961. Note that Hobart Town was pronounced hoe'beten.

D
A
D
A

A
G
A

A
G
A

A
D
A

When we landed in this colony to different masters went,  
 For trifling offences, boys, to Hobarton gaol were sent,  
 Now a second sentence we received and ordered for to be  
 Sent to Macquarie Harbour, that place of tyranny.

Down Hobarton streets we were guarded, on the Cyprus Brig conveyed,  
 The topsails they were hoisted boys; the anchor it was weighed.  
 The wind it blew a sou' sou' west, and on we steered straightway,  
 Till they brought her to an anchorage, in a place called Recherche Bay.

Now confined in a dismal hole, these lads contrived a plan,  
 To take possession of that brig, or else die, every man.  
 The plan it being approved upon, we all retired to rest,  
 And early the next morning, boys, we put them to the test.

Up steps bold Jack Muldemon, his comrades three or more,  
 We soon disarmed the sentry, and left him in his gore.  
 "Liberty, oh liberty, it's liberty we crave;  
 Deliver up your arms, my boys, or the sea shall be your grave."

First we landed the soldiers, the captain and his crew,  
 We gave three cheers for liberty and soon bid them adieu.  
 William Swallow he was chosen, our commander for to be,  
 We gave three cheers for liberty, and boldly put to sea.

Play on your golden trumpets, boys, and sound your cheerful notes,  
 The Cyprus Brig's on the ocean, boys, by justice does she float.  
 Forever happy may they be, may kind fortune keep them free,  
 From gags, and cats, and chains and traps, and cruel tyranny.

# The Cyprus

Collected by Ian Coggins from Maeve Chick, Hobart Tas in 1968 and published in Australian Tradition in March 1969.  
Australian Tradition was published 1963-75 by The Victorian Folk Music Club and the Folklore Society of Victoria

There was a ship, the "Cy-prus" was her name, She sailed from Ho-bart\_\_ Town.  
Three and thir - ty con-victs were a-board; All Mac-quar-ie Har-bour\_\_ bound, were they;  
All Mac-quar-ie Har-bour\_\_ bound.

A life in chains is sorrow to a man,  
'Twere better he were dead,  
And sooner than a soldier mercy show,  
The cruel sea will turn red, I swear,  
The cruel sea will turn red.

You may plead for pity's blessed sake  
But a tyrant's eye is blind  
And sooner than a soldier mercy show,  
The cruel sea will turn kind, I swear,  
The cruel sea will turn kind.

Aboard this ship and loaded down with chains  
Was a man named Brian Malone.  
Twas he who said "Now we can take this ship  
And sail her away on our own, brave boys  
And sail her away on our own"

They took the ship lined the soldiers on the deck  
And they were craven men,  
But Brian Malone he pitched them overboard  
And the convicts were free men again, at last  
The convicts were free men again

They set their course and northerly did sail,  
Far from Van Diemen's Land  
And swore that they never again would bow down  
Beneath the tyrant's hand, no more,  
Beneath the tyrant's hand.

They were lost and never seen again  
But when the moonlight pales,  
And waves ride high and lightning splits the night  
They say the Cyprus sails, once more,  
They say the Cyprus sails,

# Dan McCartney

Variant of Woolloomooloo Lair, collected and arranged by Alan Scott from Susan Colley of Bathurst.

Verse



Chorus



Every time that he'd get tight then mother and him would fight  
 Half their time they used to spend in jail.  
 They were known to the police for they always broke the peace  
 And not a soul would ever go their bail.

When I grew up a lad I went straight into the bad  
 Soon became a most accomplished thief  
 The government was kind and didn't seem to mind  
 For in Darlinghurst they granted me relief.

I was watched with constant care and they used to cut my hair  
 For six months I wasn't allowed to roam  
 But my visits I'll renew 'twixt there and Woolloomooloo,  
 And in either place I'll find a welcome home.



# The Dead Horse Shanty

learnt from Alex Hood, with extra verses added from various sources. Alex was a prominent performer in the Folk Revival in Sydney folk clubs like PACT Folk. He spent most of his working life touring schools all round Australia presenting Australian songs and stories.

Shantyman D Crew A7

I say old man your horse will die. We say so for we know so.

Shantyman Em Crew A7 D A7 D

Poor old man your horse will die. Poor old man.

One month a rotten life we've led,  
While he lay on his feather bed.

For thirty days we've ridden him,  
And when he dies we'll tan his skin,

But now the month is up, old turk.  
Get up, ye swine, and look for work.

And if he lives, I'll ride him again,  
I'll ride him with a tighter rein.

We'll hoist him up to the fore yard-arm,  
Where he won't do sailors any harm.

It's up aloft the horse must go,  
We'll hoist him up and bury him low,

So now, old horse your time has come.  
We'll say goodbye with a tot of rum.

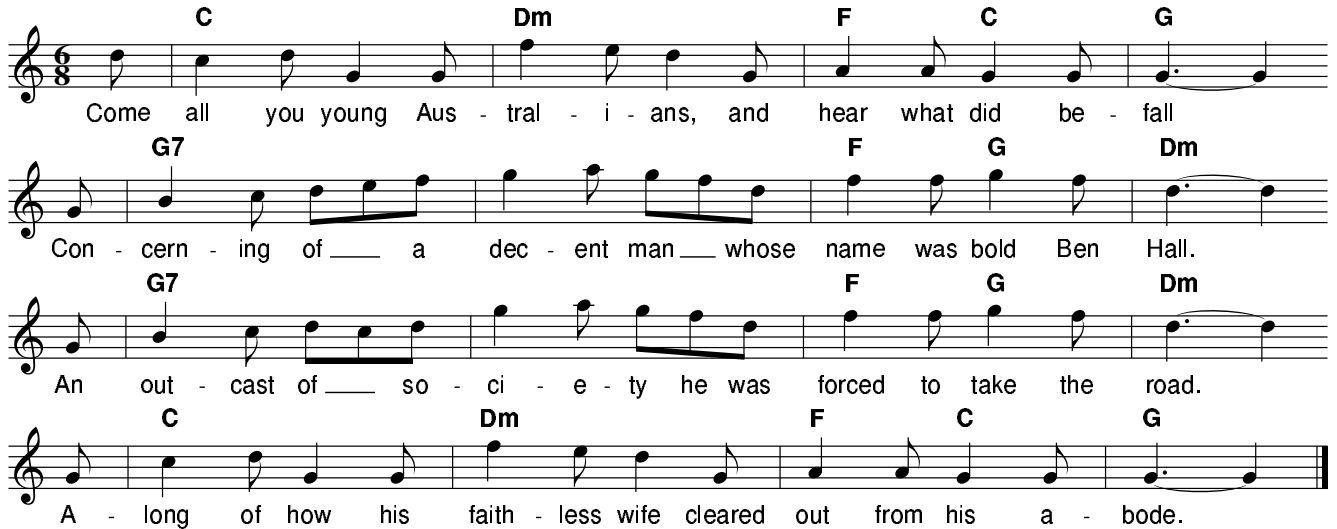
So goodbye, old horse, we say goodbye.  
Poor old horse you were bound to die.

We'll use the hair of his tail to sew our sails,  
And the iron of his shoe to make deck nails.

We'll drop him down with a long, long roll,  
Sharks'll have his body and the devil take his soul.

# The Death of Ben Hall

Collected from the singing of Sally Sloane by John Meredith as edited by John Manifold.



C Dm F C G  
Come all you young Aus - tral - i - ans, and hear what did be - fall

G7 F G Dm  
Con - cern - ing of \_\_\_ a dec - ent man \_\_\_ whose name was bold Ben Hall.

G7 F G Dm  
An out - cast of \_\_\_ so - ci - e - ty he was forced to take the road.

C Dm F C G  
A - long of how his faith - less wife cleared out from his a - bode.

The traps pursued him like a dog through every hill and dale,  
Until he faced his enemies and made them all turn tail.  
No petty, mean or pilfering act would bold Ben Hall endure;  
He preyed on rich and hearty men, and scorned to rob the poor.

One night as he in hiding lay upon the Lachlan Plain,  
The troopers had surrounded him, his courage was in vain,  
And when he stirred to ease himself, not knowing who was by,  
Without a word of warning the bullets fast did fly.

Although he had a lion's heart, the bravest of the brave,  
They riddled him with thirty wounds, no word of challenge gave;  
And cowardly-hearted Condell, the Sergeant of Police,  
Crept up and fired with famous glee which gave him his release.

Throughout Australia's sunny clime Ben Hall will range no more;  
His fame is spread from far and near to every distant shore;  
And generations after this his name will yet recall  
And tell their children of the deeds committed by Ben Hall.

# The Death of Ned Kelly

Written by John Manifold (1915–85) and published in *Bandicoot Ballads* in 1951. *Bandicoot Ballads* were loose leaf ballad broadsheets of Australian folk song published by Rams Skull Press and illustrated by Ron Edwards. There were sold in two sets of 8 songs.

**Capo 2**

Ned Kel - ly fought the rich men in coun - try and in town,  
Ned Kel - ly fought the troop - ers un - - til they ran him down;  
He thought that he had fooled them, for he was hard to find,  
But he rode in - to Glen - row - an with the troop - ers close be - - hind.

Chords: Am, Bm, E7, F#7, C, D, E7, F#7, Dm, Em, G, A, E, F#, Am, Bm, Am, Bm, E7, F#7, Am, Bm.

'Come out of that, Ned Kelly,' the head zarucker calls,  
'Come out and leave your shelter, or we'll shoot it full of holes.'  
'If you'd take me,' says Kelly, 'that's not the speech to use;  
I've lived to spite your order, I'll die the way I choose!'

'Come out of that, Ned Kelly, you done a lawless thing;  
You robbed and fought the squatters, Ned Kelly, you must swing.'  
'If those who rob,' says Kelly, 'are all condemned to die,  
You had better hang the squatters; for they've stolen more than I.'

'You'd best come out, Ned Kelly, you done the Government wrong,  
For you held up the coaches that bring the gold along.'  
'Go tell your boss,' says Kelly, 'who lets the rich go free,  
That your bloody rich man's government will never govern me.'

They burned the roof above him, they fired the walls about,  
And head to foot in armour Ned Kelly stumbled out;  
Although his guns were empty he made them turn and flee,  
But one came in behind him and shot him in the knee.

And so they took Ned Kelly and hanged him in the jail,  
For he fought single-handed although in iron mail.  
But no man single-handed can hope to break the bars;  
It's a thousand like Ned Kelly who'll hoist the flag of stars.

# Denis O'Reilly

As learnt from Sydney bush musician and collector Jamie Carlin. The song is clearly Irish in origin with Australian references. A similar song 'With My Swag All On My Shoulder' has a similar theme and details exploits on the goldfields.

Verse

My name is Den-nis O' - - Reil - - ly From Dub - lin town I came.  
 For to tra - vel this whole world o - - ver I sailed the Aus - tra - lian main.

Chorus

With my pack up - on my shoul - der And a black - thorn in my hand  
 I'll tra - vel the bush - es of Aus - tra - - lia Like a true - born I - rish - man.

With my pack upon my shoulder  
 And a blackthorn in my hand  
 I'll travel the bushes of Australia  
 Like a trueborn Irishman

When I arrived in Melbourne town  
 The girls all jumped with joy  
 Saying one unto another  
 Here comes my Irish boy

Chorus  
 With his pack upon his shoulder  
 And a blackthorn in his hand  
 He'll travel the bushes of Australia  
 Like a trueborn Irishman

Oh, daughter dearest daughter  
 What do you intend to do  
 To fall in love with an Irishman  
 A man you never knew.

Oh mother dearest mother  
 I'll do the best I can  
 I'll travel the bushes of Australia  
 With my trueborn Irishman

# A Digger's Lament

Words from the Newcastle Sun Anzac Day 1922 and set to the 'Lament For The Death of Archie Beaton' by David Johnson 2019.

A long the drear - y path of life, I plod my wear - y way.  
Each day is full of bit - ter strife, and sor - rows ev - er stay.  
The path was decked with ros - es fresh. But now the thorns re - - main;  
They tear and scratch my ten - der flesh caus - ing a - gon - is - ing pain.

Chords: Am, Dm, Am, G, Am, F, Em, Am, Am, G, Am

My blistered feet are bruised and sore by jagged stones below.  
The boots I've worn twelve months or more are minus heel and toe.  
My ragged clothes are worn threadbare, they've lost their style and cut:  
Yet for my clothes I would not care if I could fill my gut.

Still on in search of work I plod, rebuffs give me the blues;  
It seems I've lost all faith in God, and in old Billy Hughes.  
Where are the promises he made, while we fought across the seas,  
One by one we've watched them fade like clouds upon the breeze.

Now like a hungry, beaten whelp, I throw away my pride,  
And ask you one and all to help the men you've cast aside.  
The men who thought you'd take good care of all they held so dear;  
They starved in trenches over there, and now they're starving here.

# 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.

The musical score is written in G major and 3/4 time. It consists of six staves of music. The lyrics are: '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'. Chord symbols G, D7, C, and G are placed above the notes to indicate the accompaniment.

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.

# The Diggins–Oh

From "Modern Street Ballads" by John Ashton 1888 and set to the tune of "Kelvin Grove".

I've come back all skin and bone from the dig - - gins - - oh.  
 And I wish I'd nev - er gone to the dig - - gins - - oh.  
 Be - - lieve me, 'tis no fun, I once weighed fif - teen stone,  
 But they brought me down to one at the dig - - gins - - oh!

I built a hut with mud at the diggins–oh.  
 That got washed away by flood at the diggins–oh.  
 I used to dig, and cry that it wouldn't do to die,  
 Undertakers charge too high at the diggins–oh.

A crown a pound for steaks, at the diggins–oh.  
 Ditto chops, and no great shakes, at the diggins–oh.  
 Five "hog" a small pig's cheek; If a herring red you'd seek,  
 One will keep you dry a week, at the diggins–oh.

They tied me to a tree, at the diggins–oh.  
 With my nuggets they made free, at the diggins oh.  
 I escaped from bodily hurt, though they stole my very shirt,  
 I had to paint myself with dirt, at the diggins–oh.

But now I'm safe returned from the diggins–oh.  
 Never more I mean to roam to the diggins–oh.  
 It some peoples' fortune mends. Much upon the man depends–  
 I'd sooner be here with friends than at the diggins–oh.

# Dinky Di

Popular song amongst Australian soldiers in both World Wars sung to 'Villikins and His Dinah'.

Well, he came down to Lon - don and straight a - way strode  
To Ar - my Head - - quart - ers on Horse - fer - ry Road;  
To see all the bludg - ers who dodge all the straff  
By get - ting soft jobs on the head - quart - ers Staff.  
Din - - ki Di Din - - ki Di  
By get - ting soft jobs on the head - quart - ers Staff.

Well, the lousy Lance Corporal says, "Pardon me, please,  
You've mud on your tunic and blood on your sleeve,  
And you look so disgraceful that people will laugh"  
Said the lousy Lance Corporal on headquarters Staff.  
Dinki di, dinki di, said the lousy Lance Corporal on headquarters Staff.

Well, the digger just shot him a murderous glance  
Says he, "I'm just back from the balls-up in France,  
Where whiz-bangs are flying, and comforts are few  
And brave men are dying for bastards like you!"  
Dinki di, dinki di, and brave men are dying for bastards like you!

"We're shelled on the left and we're shelled on the right,  
We're bombed through the day and we're bombed through the night  
And if something don't happen - and that very soon  
There'll be nobody left in the flamin' platoon!"  
Dinki di, dinki di, there'll be nobody left in the flamin' platoon!

Well, the matter soon came to the ears of Lord Gort  
Who gave to the matter a great deal of thought;  
He awarded the digger a VC and two bars  
For giving that Corporal a kick up the arse.  
Dinki di, dinki di, for giving that Corporal a kick up the arse.



# Do You Think I Do Not Know

Henry Lawson wrote the words in 1910 in response to criticism that he never wrote about love. The tune given here is based on David Kirkpatrick's setting. Kirkpatrick (1927-2003) is, of course, better known by his stage name Slim Dusty.

The musical score is written on a single treble clef staff in 3/4 time, with a key signature of one sharp (F#). The melody consists of quarter and eighth notes, with some rests. Chord symbols are placed above the staff at various points: A, E7, E7, A, A, E7, D, A, E7, and A. The lyrics are written below the staff, aligned with the notes.

A They say that I nev-er have writ-ten of love As the writ-ers of songs should do.

E7 They say that I nev-er could touch the strings, With a touch that is firm \_ and true.

A They say I know noth-ing of wo-men and men, In the fields where love ros-es grow.

D A E7 A I must write, they say, with a halt-ing pen. Do you think I do not know?

My love-burst came, like an English spring,  
In the days when our hair was brown,  
And the hem of her skirt was a sacred thing,  
And her hair was an angel's crown.  
The shock when another man touched her arm,  
Where the dancers sat in a row.  
The hope, and despair, the false alarm  
Do you think I do not know?

The arbour lights in the western farms,  
Do you remember the question put?  
While you held her warm in your quivering arms,  
And trembled from head to foot,  
The electric touch of her finger tips,  
The murmuring answer low,  
The soft, shy yielding of warm red lips.  
Do you think I do not know?

She was buried at Brighton where Gordon sleeps,  
When I was a world away;  
And the sad old garden its secret keeps,  
For nobody knows to-day,  
She left me a message for me to read,  
Where the wild wide oceans flow;  
Do you know how the heart of a man can bleed?  
Do you think I do not know?

I stood by the grave where the dead girl lies,  
When the sunlit scene was fair,  
'Neath white clouds high in the autumn sky,  
I answered the message there,  
But the haunting words of the dead to me,  
Shall go wherever I go.  
She lives in the marriage that might have been.  
Do you think I do not know?

They sneer or scoff, and they pray or groan,  
And the false friend plays his part,  
Do you think that the blackguard who drinks alone,  
Knows aught of a pure girl's heart?  
Knows aught of the first pure love of a boy,  
With his warm young blood aglow,  
Knows aught of the thrill of the world-old joy—  
Do you think I do not know?

They say that I never have written of love,  
They say that my heart is such,  
That the finer feelings are far above;  
But a writer may know too much,  
There are darkest depths in the brightest nights,  
When the clustering stars hang low;  
There are things it would break his strong heart to write—  
Do you think I do not know?

# The Dogs' Meeting

The words have been attributed to Henry Lawson and this tune is The Lincolnshire Poacher.

The dogs once held <sup>3</sup> a fest - i - val, They came from near and far.

And some they came by aer - o - plane And some by mot <sup>3</sup> or car.

Be - - fore in - to the con - cert hall They were al - lowed <sup>3</sup> to look,

Each <sup>3</sup> dog had to take <sup>3</sup> off his (rap - rap - rap) And hang it on a hook.

Each <sup>3</sup> dog had to take <sup>3</sup> off his (rap - rap - rap) And hang it on a hook.

Oh, hardly were they seated there, each mother, son and sire,  
 When a dirty little yeller dog began to holler, 'Fire!'  
 Out they rushed in panic, they didn't stop to look;  
 Each dog just grabbed a (rap-rap-rap) from off the nearest hook.

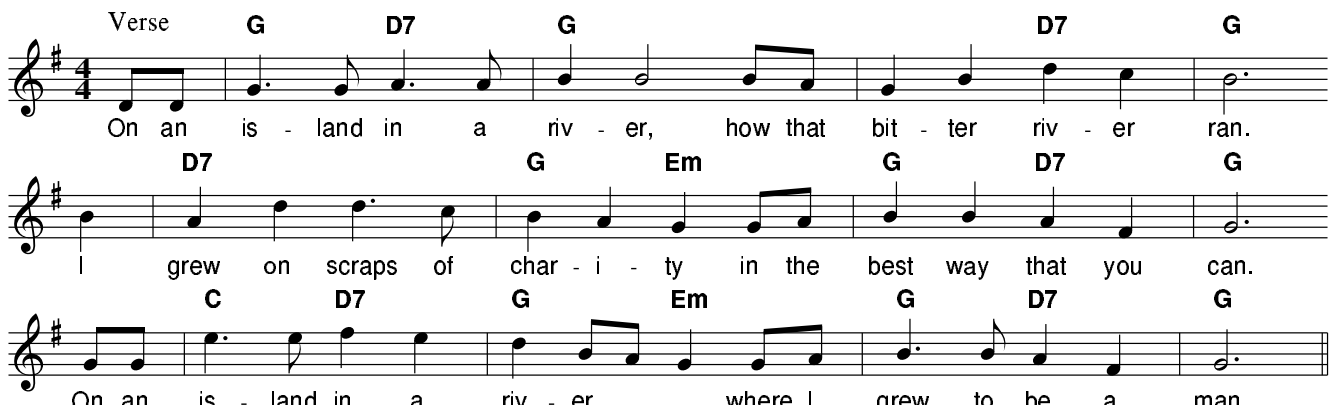
They rushed out from the concert hall, they didn't stop to look.  
 Each dog had grabbed a (rap rap rap) from off the nearest hook,  
 And when they got onto the street confusion was afore.  
 Each dog he had a (rap rap rap) he didn't have before.

And that's the reason why you see, when walking down the street,  
 Each dog will stop and swap a smell with every dog he meets.  
 And that's the reason why a dog will leave a good fat bone  
 Just to go and sniff a (rap-rap-rap) in hopes to find his own.

# Dole Bread

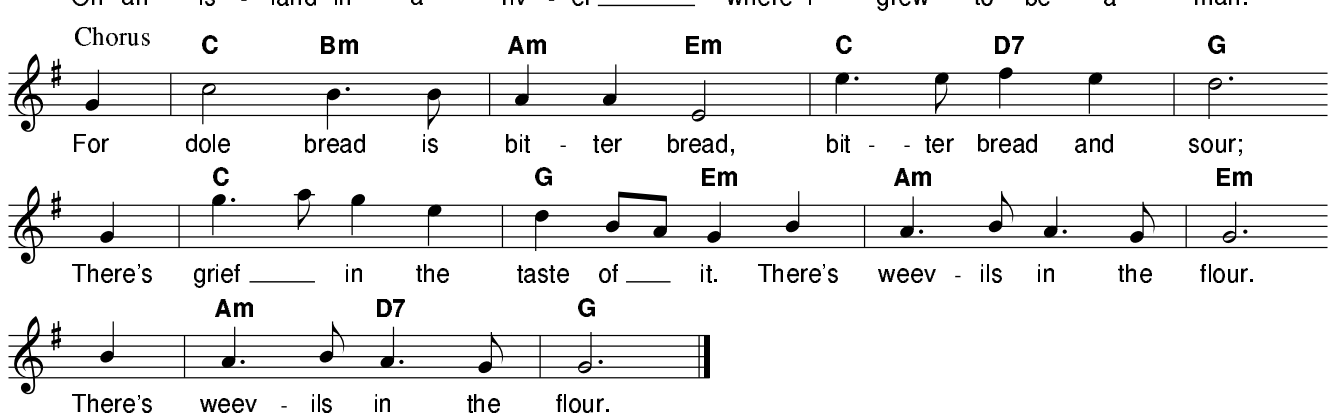
Words by Australian poet Dorothy Hewett, set to a tune by Mark Leyden. Hewett (1923~2002) was an Australian communist/feminist poet, novelist and playwright. Her third marriage was to seaman/songwriter Merv Lilley.

Verse



On an is - land in a riv - er, how that bit - ter riv - er ran.  
I grew on scraps of char - i - ty in the best way that you can.  
On an is - land in a riv - er where I grew to be a man.

Chorus



For dole bread is bit - ter bread, bit - - ter bread and sour;  
There's grief in the taste of it. There's weev - ils in the flour.  
There's weev - ils in the flour.

And just across the river stood the mighty BHP  
Poured pollution on the waters, poured the lead of misery.  
But its smoke was black as Hades, rolling hungry to the sea.

In those humpies by the river where we lived on dole and stew  
While just across the river those greedy smoke stacks grew.  
And the hunger of the many filled the bellies of the few.

On an island in a river, how that bitter river ran.  
It broke the banks of charity and it baked the bread of man  
On an island in a river where I grew to be a man.

## Final Chorus

For dole bread is bitter bread. There's weevils in the flour.  
But men grow strong as iron upon black bread and sour,  
On black bread and sour.

# Down by the Sydney Side

Words from AB Paterson's 'Old Bush Songs', Setting by David Johnson 2004

## Verse

Musical notation for the Verse, featuring a treble clef, a key signature of one sharp (F#), and a 4/4 time signature. The melody is written on a single staff with lyrics underneath. Chord symbols (G, C, Am, D7) are placed above the staff to indicate accompaniment. The lyrics are: "Ov - er near a chock - and - log hut, Down by the riv - er - - side, A bronzed young bush - man sat, Tell - ing his blush - ing bride That the time had come when he must rove Down by the Syd - ney side."

## Chorus

Musical notation for the Chorus, featuring a treble clef, a key signature of one sharp (F#), and a 4/4 time signature. The melody is written on a single staff with lyrics underneath. Chord symbols (C, G, Em, Am, D7) are placed above the staff to indicate accompaniment. The lyrics are: "Down by the Syd - ney side, my dear, Down by the Syd - ney side; I must a - way in the morn - ing, love, Down by the Syd - ney 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.

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.

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.

## Final Chorus Last Line

I'll stay away in the morning, love,  
From down the Sydney side.

# Drifting Down the Darling

Words by W T Goodge with a tune by Sydney musician John Poleson; Goodge (1862–1909) was born in England and at the age of 20 he travelled to Sydney where he jumped ship and went on the wallaby. He had his work published in 'The Bulletin' and worked on several newspapers including 'The Tribune'. In 1899 he published a collection of his poems 'Hits! Skits! and Jingles!'

Verse

The musical score for the verse is written in 4/4 time on a single treble clef staff. It consists of 16 measures. The lyrics are: "It was in the ear - ly eight - ies when a man could see some fun, In the eight - ies when the prat - ies stood at twent - y pounds a ton, And a work - ing man's re - sour - ces would - n't run to feed - ing hors - es, That we start - ed down the Darl - ing with Mc - Gin - - - dy! Now Mc - Gin - dy was a wond - er though we of - ten thought him daft, But he worked a - way like thund - er till he made a sort of raft, And a de - cent craft we thought her when we launched her on the wa - ter, And we drift - ed down the Darl - ing to Men - - in - - - dee!"

Chorus

The musical score for the chorus is written in 4/4 time on a single treble clef staff. It consists of 16 measures. The lyrics are: "Drift - ing down the Dar - ling on Mc - Gind - y's rick - et - y raft! When the snags were all be - fore us and the breeze was right a - baft. She was lump - y, rough and ug - ly and a crank - y kind of craft, When we drift - ed down the Darl - ing to Men - - in - - - dee!"

Chords: C, F, G7, Dm, Am

And McGindy'd been a sailor and of course he rigged the raft,  
He'd been mate aboard a whaler and he understood the graft,  
Well you should of heard the cheering and the borak and the jeering,  
When we started down the Darling with McGindy!  
It was awful work to steer her for she wouldn't come to port,  
And whene'er a snag came near her you can bet the raft got caught;  
But he laughter and the singing it was splendid it was ringing,  
When we drifted down the Darling to Menindee;

Thompson came from Ena- Weena where the wool he'd had to class,  
And he played the concertina which helped the time to pass.  
Oh how I made them bristle when I played upon the whistle  
When we started down the Darling with McGindy;  
Old McGindy as a singer was the dandy of the west,  
He was recognised the ringer and the absolutely best,  
And he'd simply make you shiver if you'd heard him on the river,  
When we drifted down the Darling to Menindee.

# The Drover's Dream

A very widely known and collected bush song. Given here as learnt at the Bush Music Club. Collector Ron Edwards recorded a longer version that included a wider range of animals, including foxes and rabbits.



One night while travel - ling sheep, my com - pan - ions lay a - sleep,

There was - n't a star to illum - in - ate the sky,

I was dream - ing, I sup - pose, for my eyes were near - ly closed

When a ver - - y strange pro - cess - ion passed me by.

First there came a kan - gar - oo with his swag of blank - ets blue

A ding - - o ran be - side him for a mate;

They were travel - ling might - y fast, and they shout - ed as they passed

"We'll \_\_\_\_ have to jog a - long, it's get - ting late."

The pelican and the crane, they came in from off the plain  
 To amuse the company with a Highland Fling  
 The dear old bandicoot played a tune upon his flute  
 And the native bears sat round them in a ring.  
 The drongo and the crow sang a song of long ago  
 While the frill-necked lizard listened with a smile;  
 And the emu standing near with his claw up to his ear  
 Told the Funniest yarn I've heard for quite a while.

Three frogs from out the swamp where the atmosphere is damp  
 Came bounding in and sat upon the stones;  
 They each unrolled their swags and produced from little bags  
 The violin, the banjo and the bones  
 The goanna and the snake and the adder wide awake  
 With the alligator danced "The Soldier's Joy."  
 Beneath the spreading silky oak the jackass cracked a joke  
 And the magpie sang, "The Wild Colonial Boy,"



Some brolgas darted out from the tea-tree all about  
And performed a set of Lancers very well.  
Then the parrot green and blue gave the orchestra its cue  
To strike up "The Old Log Cabin in the Dell."  
I was dreaming, I suppose, of these entertaining shows  
But it never crossed my mind I was asleep;  
Till the Boss beneath the cart woke me up with such a start  
Yelling, "Dreamy, where the hell are all the sheep?"

# A Drover's Life

written by Bill Scott and is set to the tune 'Dear Old Donegal'.

The musical score is written in 4/4 time and consists of eight staves of music. Each staff contains a line of lyrics and is accompanied by a treble clef and a key signature of one flat (F major). Chord symbols (C, F, G7) are placed above the notes. Some notes are marked with a '3' for a triplet. The lyrics are: A Dia - man - tin - a drov - er led a cold and lone - ly life, And he thought one day he'd like to try and get him - self a wife. He told his horse a - bout it as they travel - led south one day, And asked him what he reck - oned, but the horse said, "Neigh!" "A drov - er's life is lone - ly, but a drov - er's life is free, No - thing to eat but dam - per and chops and noth - ing to drink but tea, And wheth - er the nights are fine and warm, or wheth - er the rain comes down, You drop your blue - y and roll it out and sleep on the ston - y ground."

Well, he left the mob at Quilpie and while he rested there,  
He saw a lovely sheila with lots of golden hair.  
He whispered to his cattle dog, "Now she'd be good enough  
To be me new offsider." But the dog said, "Ruff!"  
"A drover's life is lonely, but a drover's life is free,  
What would you do with a beautiful girl to bounce upon your knee?  
She'd only grumble about the heat and whinge about the flies,  
And sit and complain for half the night about the bindi-eyes,"

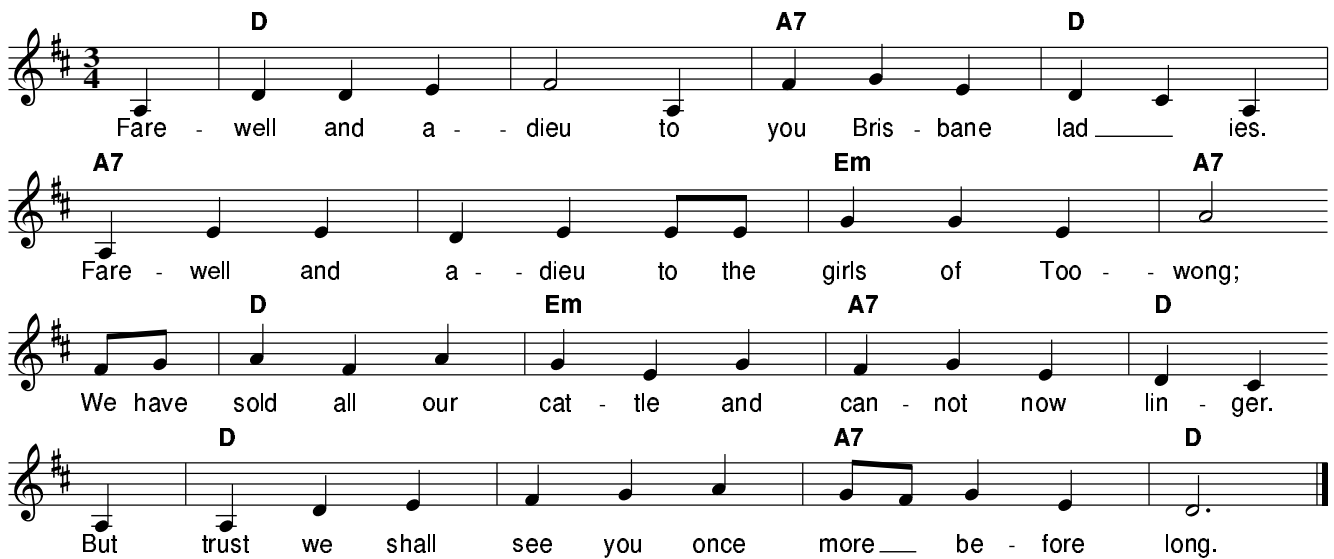
But he took a job on her father's place, just cleanin' out the drains,  
Ridin' round the fences and burnin' sheep's remains.  
Now and then he'd see her, and he'd worship her from afar,  
"That's her!" he said to a ram one day, but the ram said, "Baa!"  
"A drover's life is lonely but a drover's life is free,  
What would you do with a beautiful girl to bounce upon your knee?  
A single man can sleep all night curled up in a hollow log,  
You stick to your bachelor ways, me boy, with your horse and your faithful dog."

But the drover wouldn't listen – before he'd been there a week,  
She married another squatter before he had a chance to speak,  
So he snatched his time and rolled his swag and rode away in the dark.  
"I think I'll die," he said to some crows, but the crows said, "Caark!"  
"Us crows know what we're talking about. Just you listen to us!  
Stay single, boy, on the old stock route, and don't go making a fuss,  
You're better off as a single man than spending all your quids  
Just to get a house and a sheila and a team of billy lids."

So now he's riding north again on the track to Camooweal,  
With his old brown horse, and a mob of crows and skinny blue dog at heel,  
Whenever he thinks of Goldilocks, a tear comes into his eye,  
But the horse and the dog and crows and the ram all join together to cry:  
"We told you so! We told you so! You're better off on your own.  
As long as you follow the overland you're better off alone.  
And whether the nights are warm and dry, or whether the rain comes down,  
You can drop your swag and roll it out and sleep on the stony ground."

# The Drover

Composed and published by Saul Mendelsohn, Nanango Qld about 1881 after the model of 'True British Sailors'. Queensland folklorist Bob Michell did extensive research and corresponded with Mendelsohn's descendants to verify this.



Fare - well and a - - dieu to you Bris - bane lad \_\_\_ ies.

Fare - well and a - - dieu to the girls of Too - - wong;

We have sold all our cat - tle and can - not now lin - ger.

But trust we shall see you once more \_\_\_ be - fore long.

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 Old Cattle Station,  
For it's flamin' dry going in the old Queensland bush.

The first camp we make is called 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 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.

# Duke's Song

Written by singer/songwriter Gary Shearston (1939~2013) for 'Duke' Tritton, published in John Meredith's "Duke of the Outback". Shearston was a leading figure of the folk music revival of the 1960s notably performing Australian traditional folk songs.

C F G7 F C  
Come gath - er round me peop - le and list - en to my song,  
C F C F C G7  
I want to tell you of a man whose time has passed and gone;  
C G7 C Am  
In case you nev - er knew him, he was one of the good old kind,  
C Am Dm G7 C  
And I'm glad to say that through his songs, that he was a friend of mine.  
G7 F C G7 C G7 C  
(4 bar instrumental - except last verse)

Duke Tritton was a bushman, and writer and singer too.  
As shearer and a drover he'd often humped his blue,  
And at timber cutting or building roads he often turned a hand,  
And high on the Warrumbungle Range the fences he built still stand.

When first he took to the bush, with Dutchy Bishop, his mate,  
They did some busking in country towns, a coin or two to make.  
On Sundays outside an Anglican church they'd sing 'Abide with Me',  
Then race round to the Catholic mob and hit them with 'Ave Marie'.

He shore in most of the famous sheds and saw big tallies done,  
They called him 'The Duke' in a boxing troupe, 'cause most of the time he won;  
And back in the hungry thirties, when tucker meant your time,  
He worked as a powder monkey on the Sandy Hollow Line.

There are songs that he wrote and songs that he sang, and stories that he told  
Of every trade that a working man could try in the days of old.  
With his blue eyes fairly blazing, and gripping his ghostly blade,  
He could tell us more than any man of how the land was made.

And now his time is over and he's tramped beyond the skies;  
If there isn't a union where he's gone, he's the one who'll organise,  
And I'll bet if the angels are out of tunes, or their songs aren't up to par,  
It won't be long till he'll have them singing 'Shearing in a Bar'.  
So long old timer, and thanks mate for the songs you left behind.

# Dust in the Sun

Words written by Darcy Niland and the setting is The Dying Stockman in 2/4 time

I was born by the wheel of a wag-on One noon of a summer begun  
And I spent all my years in the saddle I was born to the dust in the sun.

I've watched with a star for my lantern  
And many a tale we have spun  
In my time in the stars and the moonlight  
In my days in the dust in the sun

For my true love told me she needs me  
My heart's with the girl that I've won  
Just a day's ride away in the distance  
She can see me as dust in the sun

We'll be married one day in October  
I'll buy me some sheep and a run  
Far away from the plains and the mountains  
Far away from the dust in the sun.

We will live for and love one another  
With love that will never be done  
Yet I'll dream by the fire in the evening  
And remember the dust in the sun

In the haze and the blaze of the drought time  
Way back to that summer begun  
And I'll dream by the fire in the winter  
Of my days in the dust in the sun.

# The Dying Stockman

Written in 1892 by Horace Flower at Gatton in Qld. It became very widely known around the country.  
The better known version to 'Tarpaulin Jacket' is given here

A strap-ping young stock-man lay dy-ing, A sad-dle sup-port-ing his head;  
And his mates all a-round him were cry-ing As he leant on his el-bow and said:

Chorus:

Wrap me up in my stockwhip and blanket  
And bury me deep down below,  
Where the dingoes and crows will not find me,  
In the shade where the coolibahs grow.

Cut down a couple of saplings,  
Place one at my head and my toe;  
Carve on them a stockwhip and saddle  
To show there's a stockman below.

There's some tea in that battered old billy,  
Place the pannikins all in a row,  
And we'll drink to the next merry meeting,  
In the place where all good stockmen go.

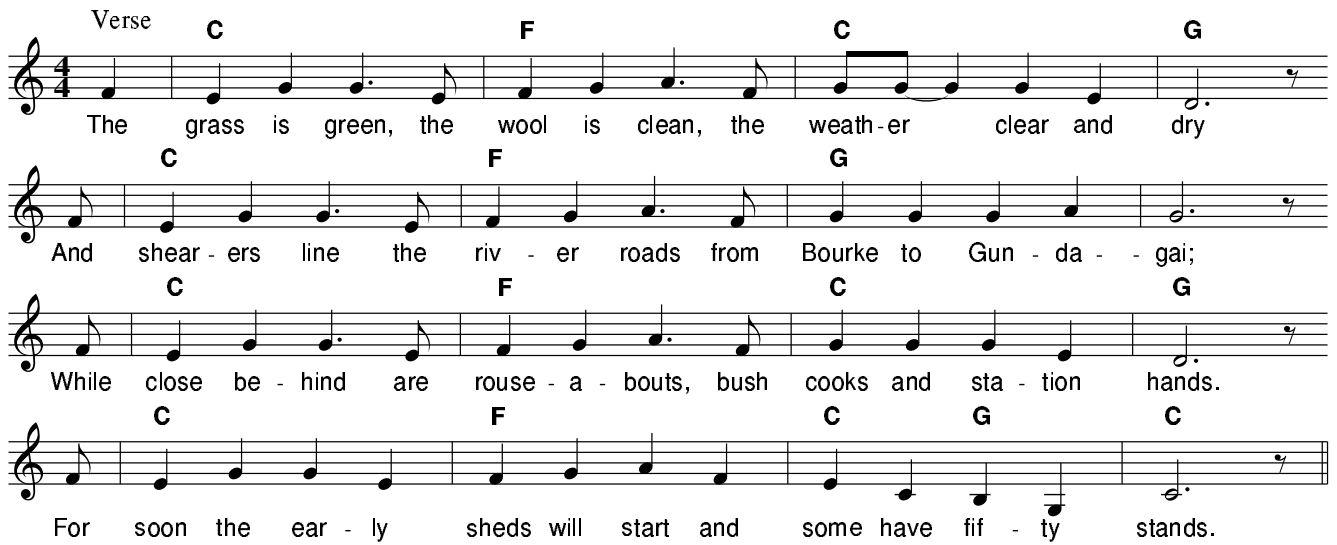
I hear the wail of a dingo,  
In the gloom of the scrubs down below,  
And he rings the knell of a stockman,  
Farewell, dear old pals, I must go.

If I had the wings of a pigeon,  
Far over the plains I would fly;  
I'd fly to the arms of my loved ones,  
And there I would lay down and die.

# The Early Sheds

Original words Jim Grahame (Jim Gordon), a life-long friend of Henry Lawson. The tune was written by musical duo Tony & Helen Romeo, both long term members of the Bush Music Club and performers with Southern Cross Bush Band.

Verse



The grass is green, the wool is clean, the weath-er clear and dry  
And shear - ers line the riv - er roads from Bourke to Gun - da - - gai;  
While close be - hind are rouse - a - bouts, bush cooks and sta - tion hands.  
For soon the ear - ly sheds will start and some have fif - ty stands.

Chorus



The grass is green, the wool is clean, the weath-er clear and dry  
And shear - ers line the riv - er roads from Bourke to Gun - da - - gai.

Beside the billabongs and the creeks as in and out they wind  
Are stringing flocks of bleating sheep with men and dogs behind;  
While at the outposts of the run where dancing whirlwinds spin  
Are shepherds riding far and wide to bring the stragglers in.

The engine has a trial run, the grinder tests his gear  
And clears away his oily rags where they have lain a year.  
The old shed trembles on its joists and creaks from roof to floor  
Where startled swallows leave their nests and vanish through the door.

Beyond the sheds are swagmen's camps with here and there a tent.  
The nomad dwellers of the bush who pay no rate or rent.  
Young rousies sit and poke the fire with mouths agape in awe  
The bush providing education they've not had before.



# Eight Bells

A seamen's song collected by Merv Lilley from Kevin Troy, on the SS Dulverton, from Singabout 4/1.  
Striking eight bells meant the end of the watch.

## Chorus

Strike those bells, sec - ond mate, and then we'll go be - low,  
I see the glass is fall - in' and I know she's gon - na blow.  
What do we care for the weath - - er, and what do we care for the swell,  
Just \_\_\_\_\_ wait - in' on the sec - ond mate to strike eight bells.

The musical notation for the chorus is in G major, 4/4 time. It consists of four staves of music. The first staff has a D chord above it. The second staff has C and G chords above it. The third staff has G, C, and D7 chords above it. The fourth staff has D7, G, C, and G chords above it. There are triplets in the third staff.

## Verse

Now down in the stoke hole a great big fire - man stands,  
Rak - in' out the fires with a big rake in his hands;  
He's bawl - in' at the trim - - mer, but he's a - fraid to tell,  
That he's wait - in' on the sec - ond mate to strike eight bells.

The musical notation for the verse is in G major, 4/4 time. It consists of four staves of music. The first staff has a G chord above it. The second staff has G and D7 chords above it. The third staff has G and C chords above it. The fourth staff has D7, G, C, and G chords above it.

Down in the galley, the greasy cook 'e stands,  
Mixin' up the pea soup with his dirty slimy hands.  
He's mixin' up the pea soup, but he's afraid to tell,  
That he's waitin' on the second mate to strike eight bells.

Now up in the wheelhouse, an able seaman stands,  
Gazin' in the compass with the wheel spokes in his hands;  
She's steerin' nor-by-east sir, she's steerin' up to hell;  
Still he's waitin' on the second mate, to strike eight bells.

# The Eight Hour Day

Words from Maryborough Chronicle May 1915 attributed to BANNERMAN; set here to 'The Girl I Left Behind Me'.

With — eight hours work, and eight hours rest, and eight hours re - cre - a - tion,  
Aust — ral - ian work - ers hope to build a free and hap - py na - - tion.  
So keep our ban - ners wav - ing high and stand un - it - ed ev - - er,  
And forge a - head for hu - man good, by fear - less, firm en - - dea - vour.

By industry and honest work, be high or low your station,  
Keep working for the common wealth and build a mighty nation.  
Come toast the men who led the van; Those veterans old and grey,  
Who fought our battles years ago and gained the Eight Hour Day!

# Euabalong Ball

This is AL Lloyd's adaptation of both words and tune of the "Wooyeo Ball" that he recorded in 1953.

Oh who has - n't heard of Eu - - ab - - a - - long Ball,  
Where the lads of the Lach - lan, the great and the small,  
Come bent on di - - ver - sion from far and from near  
To shake off their troub - les for just once a year?

## Chorus:

Euabalong Ball! What a wonderful sight  
Where the lads and the lasses were dancing all night  
And many's the man who may blush to recall  
The polkas he danced at Euabalong Ball.

There were sheilas in plenty, some two or three score,  
Some weaners, some two-tooths and some rather more;  
With their fleeces all scoured so fluffy and clean,  
The finest young shearlings there ever were seen.

The music struck up, and it set us a pace!  
Some danced at a canter, and some tried to race,  
And I soon heard the manager let out a curse  
As somebody caught him a dig with their spurs.

The boundary riders went bounding about,  
But the well-sinkers seemed to be feeling the drought;  
Tho' the water was scarce, there was whiskey to spare  
What they couldn't swallow they rubbed in their hair!

# The Eumerella Shore

First appeared in print in The Launceston Examiner in 1861. Since appeared as Eumeralla, Numenally, and Numeralla.  
A longer version Numeralla Shore, with verses about the Monaro region, is displayed in the Numeralla Hall.



There's a long green gul - ly by the Eu - mer - el - la shore  
Where I've ling - ered man - y hap - py hours a - - way.  
All on my se - lec - tion I have a - cres by the score  
where I un - - yoke my bull - ocks from the dray.  
To my bull - ocks then I say. You can feed feed a - way;  
For you'll ne - ver be im - pound - ed an - - y - - more;  
For you're run - ning, run - ning, run - ning on the duf - fer's piece of land.  
Free - se - - lect - ed by the Eu - mer - el - la shore.

When the moon has climbed the mountain and the stars are shining bright  
Our horses we will mount and ride away;  
And we'll duff the squatters' cattle in the darkness of the night  
And have the calves all branded by the day.  
O my pretty little calf, at the squatter you may laugh,  
For he'll never be your owner anymore  
While your running, running, running on the duffer's piece of land  
Free-selected by the Eumerella shore.

If we find a mob of horses when the paddock rails are down,  
Though before they're never known to stray,  
Oh, quickly will we drive them to some distant inland town,  
And sell them into slav'ry far away.  
To Jack Robertson we'll say "You've been leading us astray,  
And we'll never go a-farming any more;  
For it's easier duffing cattle on this little piece of land  
Free selected by the Eumerella shore."

# Eureka Lead

Lyrics by Australian author Kenneth Cook (c1960), sung to the tune 'The Parting Glass' by his wife Patricia Cook.

Verse

I \_\_\_ have a pick I \_\_\_ have a pan I have a dog \_\_\_ with \_\_\_ one brown eye.  
I \_\_\_ have the shoes u \_\_\_ pon my feet That's all I have \_\_\_ un \_\_\_ til I die.

Chorus

A glass \_\_\_ of rum to soothe \_\_\_ my heart There's not much more a \_\_\_ man can need  
And \_\_\_ if there were 'twould \_ be no use There is no gold \_\_\_ on Eu - rek - a Lead.

To make my fortune finding gold  
I left a girl behind in tears.  
I said that I would come home soon  
But I've been here for fifteen years.

Now with my dog with one brown eye  
I suppose I'll keep on wandering  
Far from the girl I love I'll be  
And still the years a-squandering.

# An Exile of Erin

## The Plains of Emu

Words written by Rev John McGarvie, who provided articles to the Sydney Gazette until 1831. Proof of this is in his papers held in the Mitchell Library, which predate the arrival of Frank the Poet who is sometimes given credit for writing it.

capo 2

Oh fare - well my coun - try, my kin - dred, my lov - er,  
Each morn - ing and ev - 'ning is sa - cred to you.  
While I toil the long day - with - out shel - ter or cov - er  
And fell the tall - gums - the black but - ted and blue.  
Full of - - ten I think of and talk - of thee, Er - in,  
Thy heath - cov - ered moun - tains are fresh - in my view,  
Thy glens, - lakes and riv - ers Loch Con - and Kil - jer - rin,  
Whilst chain'd - to the soil - on the Plains of E - - mu.

**Chords:** C, D, G, A, Am, Bm, Em, F#m, D, E, G, A, C, D, Em, F#m, G, A, Am, Bm, D, E, G, A, C, D, G, A, C, D, Em, F#m, D, E, G, A, C, D.

The ironbark wattle and gum-trees extending  
Their shades under which rests the shy kangaroo  
May be felled by the bless'd who have hope o'er them bending  
To cheer their rude toil though far exiled from you  
But, alas! without hope peace or honour to grace me  
Each feeling was crushed in the bud as it grew  
Whilst "never" is stamped on the chains that embrace me  
And endless my thrall on the Plains of Emu

Hard hard was my fate far from thee to be driven  
Unstained unconvicted as sure was my due  
I loved to dispense of the freedom of Heaven  
But force gained the day and I suffer for you  
For this land never broke what by promise was plighted  
Deep treason this tongue to my country ne'er knew  
No base-earned coin in my coffer e'er lighted  
Yet enchained I remain on the Plains of Emu.

Dearest mother, thy love from my bosom shall never depart  
But shall flourish, untainted and true.  
For hard was my fate, far from thee to be driven  
But force gained the day, and now I suffer for you  
Oh, spare her the tear, and no charge lay upon her  
And weep not, my Nora, her tears to renew  
But cherish her age, until night closes on her  
And think of the swain who still thinks but of you.

Our names shall still live, though like writing in water  
Confined to the call of the wild cockatoo  
As each wattle–scrub echo repeats to the other our names,  
Then each breeze will hear me sighing anew.  
But dumb'd be my tongue if my heart should cease its motion  
Or if the isle I forget where my first breath I drew  
Each affection is warmed with sincerest devotion  
And the tie it is unbroken on the Plains of Emu.

# Farewell to Anzac

Original words written in 1916 by the English poet Cicely Fox-Smith (1882–1954);  
The arrangement and tune by Martyn Wyndham-Read ~2013

Come \_ hump your swags and leave, me lads, the ships are in \_ the bay  
We've \_ got our march - ing or - ders now, it's time to come a - - way  
And a long good - bye to An - zac Beach where blood has flowed \_ in vain  
And we're leav - ing, leav - ing, leav - ing it but game to fight a - - gain!

But some there are that will not leave this bleak and bloody shore  
And some who marched and fought with us will fight and march no more;  
Their blood has bought till Judgment Day the slopes they stormed so well,  
And we're leaving, leaving, leaving them, lying where they fell.

Australia's sons are lying there – the bravest and the best  
And many's the man we'll leave behind – their days have come to rest!  
We've done our best with yesterday, to-morrow's still our own  
And we're leaving, leaving, leaving them, lying all alone!

Oh there are some who've gone beyond the praising and the blame,  
And many a man will win renown, but none more fair a fame;  
They showed the world Australia's sons knew well the way to die  
And we're leaving, leaving, leaving them, quiet where they lie.

Yes, we will leave these lads behind, lying where they died;  
They are in our hearts and in our minds, their glory and their pride –  
Around them sea and barren land, over them the sky,  
And we're leaving, leaving, leaving them, quiet where they lie!



# Fifty-Six-O-Three

## Death Where Is Thy Sting

A rogue steam locomotive was hard to work and harder to fix. This story was written by locomotive driver Wifred C Knight and published in 'The Locomotive Journal', 1930. John Dengate suggested the traditional tune 'Old Bullock Dray'.

You may talk a - bout your tri - als and your troub - les at the war  
And your flam - in' trips to Esk - bank on E - lev - en - sev - en - ty - four  
But if you want real hard - ship you can take it straight from me,  
Just do a trip with Ding - bat on the Fif - ty - Six - O - Three.

You may talk about your trials and your troubles at the war,  
And your f lamin' trips to Eskbank on the Eleven-seventy-four,  
But if you want real hardship you can take it straight from me,  
Just do a trip with Dingbat on the Fifty-Six-O-Three.

The drivers book her "Steaming dull", the fitters say she ain't!  
They say they've searched her innards, and can't find her complaint;  
They swear they've searched the elements, and other parts that be  
But can't locate the trouble on Fifty-Six-O-Three.

Now there's fitters, would-be fitters and leading fitters too,  
And boiler-makers by the score, with nothing else to do  
But talk about the cricket scores, and the football soon to be,  
But don't you raise the subject of Fifty-Six-O-Three.

And still she battles on her way, with bangs and knocks galore  
It's really quite apparent she will not last much more,  
So when she falls to pieces, 'twill fill our hearts with glee,  
No more she'll shake our innards out, Crock Fifty-Six-O-Three.

# Five and a Zack

collected by John Manifold from Keith Walker from North Stradbroke Island, Queensland.  
Keith learnt it in the Murrumbidgee Irrigation Area in the 1920s.

I've \_\_\_ been a few miles, I've crossed a few stiles,  
I've been round the world, there and back;  
But at one place I struck, 'tween here and Haze - - brouck,  
They stung me for five and a zack.

The timekeeper there, with his sanctified air,  
Is a Salvation Army lance-jack;  
On his cornet he'll bleat when they play in the street,  
But he stung me for five and a zack.

The job's at an end; I'm camped in the bend,  
And I hate the whole duck-shoving pack.  
It's not that I'm broke or in need of a smoke,  
But they stung me for five and a zack.

May that time-keeper stand in an Aunt Sally band,  
And blow till his eyeballs turn black!  
May each note of his cornet turn into a hornet,  
And sting him for five and a zack.

When my time comes, I'll go to the hot place below,  
And I never intend to come back.  
On my tombstone you'll find these words underlined:  
'They stung me for five and a zack.'

# Flash Jack From Gundagai I

submitted to AB Paterson for Old Bush Songs by Charles Henry Souter. Tune as popularised by Bert Lloyd.

I shore at Bur - ra - bog - ie and I shore at Tog - an - main,  
I shore at Big Wil - lan - - dra and on the old Col - er - aine,  
But be - fore the shear - ing was o - - ver I wished I was back a - gain,  
A - shear - ing for old Tom Pat - tēr - son, on the One Tree Plain.

## Chorus

All among the wool, boys, all among the wool,  
Keep your blades full, boys, keep your blades full,  
I can do a respectable tally myself whenever I like to try,  
And they know me round the backblocks as Flash Jack from Gundagai.

I've shore at Big Willandra and I've shore at Tilberoo,  
And once I drew my blades, boys, upon the famed Barcoo,  
At Cowan Downs and Trida, as far as Moulamein,  
But I always was glad to get back again to the One Tree Plain.

I've pinked 'em with the Wolseleys and I've rushed with B-bows, too,  
And shaved 'em in the grease, boys, with the grass-seeds showing through,  
But I never slummed a pen, my lads, whatever it might contain,  
When shearing for old Tom Patterson, on the One Tree Plain.

I've been whaling up the Lachlan, and I've dossed on Cooper's Creek,  
And once I rung Cudjinnie shed, and blued it in a week;  
But when Gabriel blows his trumpet, lads, I'll catch the morning train,  
And push for old Tom Patterson's, on the One Tree Plain.

# Flash Jack From Gundagai II

from Singabout 1965 and where it was noted as being written sometime between 1888 and 1893.

Verse

I've shore at Bur - a - bog - ie and I've shore at Tog - an - main,  
I've shore at Big Wil - lan - dra and on the old Col - er - aine,  
But be - fore the shear - ing was o - ver I wished I was back a - gain,  
A - shear - ing for Hung - ry Pat - ter - son on the One Tree Plain.

## Chorus

All a - mong the wool, boys, keep your wide blades full boys,  
I can do a res - spect - a - ble tal - ly my - self when - e - ver I like to try,  
And they know me round the back - blocks, they know me round the back - blocks  
They know me round the back - blocks as Flash Jack from Gun - da - gai.

I've shore at Old Illilawa and I've shore at Tilberoo,  
And once I drew my blades, lads, upon the famed Barcoo,  
At Cowan Downs and Trida, as far as Moulamein,  
But I always was glad to get back again to the One Tree Plain.

I've pinked 'em with the Wolseleys and rushed with B-bows, too,  
And shaved 'em in the grease, lads, with the grass-seeds showing through,  
But I never slummed me pen, my lads, whatever it might contain,  
When shearing for Hungry Patterson on the One Tree Plain.

I've been whaling up the Lachlan, and I've dossed on Cooper's Creek,  
And once I rung Cudjingle shed, and blued it in a week;  
But when Gabriel blows his trumpet, I'll catch the morning train,  
And head for Hungry Patterson's on the One Tree Plain.

# The Flash Stockman

Originally collected by Alex Vennard from Crooked Mick and published in Bush Recitations (c 1932) to suggested tune Boorooloola.  
This version as modified and popularised by AL Lloyd to the tune of Drovers Dream (Killaloe)



I'm a stock-man, that's me job, and they call me Ug-ly Bob,  
I'm old and grey, I've on-ly got one eye.  
In a yard I'm good, of course, but just put me on a horse,  
And I'll go where lots of young-uns dare-n't try.  
I can ride 'em through the gid-gee, o-ver count-ry rough and ridg-y,  
I can lose 'em in the ver-ry worst of scrub.  
I can ride both rough and eas-y, on a dew-drop I'm a dais-y,  
And a right down bob-by-dazz-ler in the pub.

(B) I can ride 'em through the gidgee, over country rough and ridgy,  
I can lose 'em in the very worst of scrub.  
I can ride both rough and easy, on a brumby I'm a daisy,  
And a flamin' bobby-dazzler in a pub.

(A) You should see me use a whip, I can give the tailers gyp,  
I can make the blasted echoes roar and ring.  
With a branding iron, well I'm a perfect flaming swell,  
In fact, I'm duke of every blasted thing.

(A) You should see me skin a sheep, it's so lovely you could weep,  
I can act the silvertail as if me blood was blue –  
You can strike me pink or dead, if I stood upon me head  
I'd still be good as any other two.

(B) There's a notion in me pate that it's luck, it isn't fate  
That I'm so far above the common run.  
For in everything I do, you could split me fair in two  
For I'm far too bloody good to be in one.

# Fol a Rol a Roo

Words and tune by Dave de Hugard based on a fragment from shearer Hector McLeod of Orbost, Victoria. This was sent to Sun-News Pictorial journalist C S Waight when he put out a request in his column for "old songs" on behalf of Dr Percy Jones.

Come all you would be ring - ers, shear - ers short and tall  
 "Here's a lit - - tle dit - ty that \_\_\_\_\_ may a - muse you all  
 It's all a - bout the tal - lies and you well know the fun  
 Of \_\_\_\_\_ check - ing out the tal - lies at the end of ev - ery run.  
 Chorus  
 Hey the did - dle - doo! Fol - a - Rol - a - Roo! I'm at the tail, Bob. Where are you?  
 Com - - - in' down the whip - pin' side.  
 Fol - a - Rol - a - Roo! And we're do - in' ver - y nice - ly at the wool - - shed.

At the board we're ready boys to make a decent show.  
 We're Jingle Jangle Jingle boys and you should see us go.  
 First away the belly wool then round the crutch and hocks,  
 The Rousies they're all ready boys to sweep away the locks.

China's chasing Charlie, Jack is chasing Bob,  
 Bill is takin' it easy, but doin' a decent job.  
 The board is fairly humming, the blades are opened wide.  
 There's Tommy Burns already turned and on the whipping side.

Hi-diddle-doo! I'm comin' after you.  
 I'm at yer back Jack, Fol-a-rol-a-roo!  
 Sheep are rattlin' down the shutes. Sheep come from the pen.  
 You wipe your brow and grab a sheep and off you go again.

Until the final bell boys, that's the way we go.  
 At times close together boys, a'shearin' blow for blow.  
 China's chasin' Charlie or Jack is drawin' near,  
 An' they go like hell until the bell, an' then they'll have a beer.

And when this shed is over, it's time to have some fun,  
 Then out along the track boys to find another run.  
 We'll camp beside the creek, boys, or in the river bend,  
 And when it's time to start to shear, it's off we go again!

# Four Little Johnny Cakes

as popularised by the musical Reedy River (1954) with tune credited to Louis Lavater possibly an adapted traditional tune. Reedy River, written by Dick Diamond, featured bush songs. It played in Melbourne and Sydney for record seasons in the early 1950s.

Verse

Hur - - rah for the Lach - lan, boys, and join me in a cheer,  
 For that's the place to go to make a good cheque ev'r - y year,  
 With a toad - skin in my pock - et I bor - rowed from a friend,  
 Oh, is - n't it nice and cos - y to be camp - ing in the bend?

Chorus

With my lit - tle round flo - ur bag a - - sit - ting on a stump,  
 My lit - - tle tea - and - sug - ar bag look - ing nice and plump,  
 And a nice fat cod - fish just off the hook,  
 And four lit - - tle john - ny - cakes, a cred - it to the cook.

I've a loaf or two of bread and some "murphies" that I shook,  
 Perhaps a loaf of brownie that I snaffled from a cook,  
 A nice leg of mutton ... just a bit cut off the end,  
 Oh, isn't it nice and jolly to be whaling in the bend?

I have a little book and some papers for to read,  
 Plenty of matches and a good supply of weed,  
 I wouldn't be a squatter as beside my fire I sit,  
 With a paper in my hand and my old clay lit.

When shearing-time comes, I'm in all my glory then,  
 I saddle up my moke and I soon secure a pen,  
 I canter through the valley and gallop o'er the plain,  
 I shoot a turkey, stick a pig, and off to camp again.

Last chorus:

With my little round flour-bag sitting on a stump,  
 My little tea-and-sugar bag looking nice and plump,  
 A little fat cod-fish just off the hook,  
 And four little johnny-cakes - I'm proud to be the cook!

# Frank Gardiner

Collected by Nancy Keesing and John Meredith from Ina Popplewell who provided both words and melody.

Oh, Frank Gard - iner he is caught at last, and lies in Syd - ney gaol,  
For wound - ing Ser - geant Mid - dle - ton and for rob - bing the Mud - gee Mail,  
For plund - ering of the Gold Es - cort, the Car - coar Mail al - so,  
And it was for gold he made so bold, and not so long a - go.

His daring deeds surprised them all throughout the Sydney land,  
And on his friends he gave a call and quickly raised a band,  
And fortune always favoured him until the time of late,  
Until Ben Hall and Gilbert met with their dreadful fate.

Farewell adieu to outlawed Frank, he was the poor man's friend,  
The Government has secured him, the laws he did offend.  
He boldly stood his trial and answered in a breath:  
'And do what you will, you can but kill. I have no fear of death.'

Day after day they remanded him, escorted from the bar,  
Fresh charges brought against him from neighbours near and far,  
And now it is all over, the sentence they have passed,  
All sought to find a verdict and 'Guilty' 'twas at last.

O'Meally has surrendered, Ben Hall's got his death wound,  
And as for Johnnie Gilbert, near Binalong was found,  
Alone he was and lost his horse, three troopers came in sight,  
And they fought the three most manfully, got slaughtered in the fight.

When lives you take, a warning, boys, a woman never trust,  
She will turn round, I will be bound, Queen's evidence the first,  
He's doing two and thirty years, he's doomed to serve the crown,  
And well may he say, he cursed the day he met with Mrs Brown.

Frank Gardiner he is caught at last, and lies in Sydney gaol,  
For wounding Sergeant Middleton and robbing the Mudgee Mail,  
For plundering of the Gold Escort, the Carcoar Mail also,  
And it was for gold he made so bold, and not so long ago.



# The Free Selector's Daughter

Words by Henry Lawson (1891) set to a variant of 'The Girl I Left Behind Me' by Mike Jackson.

The musical score is written in 2/4 time and consists of four staves. Each staff begins with a treble clef and a key signature of one flat (B-flat). The melody is simple and folk-like. Chord symbols are placed above the notes: C, G7, C, G7, C on the first staff; C, G7, C, G7, C on the second; G7, C, G7, C on the third; and C, G7, C, G7, C on the fourth. The lyrics are written below the notes.

I met her on the Lach-lan Side A dar-ling girl I thought her,  
And ere I left I swore I'd win The free-selector's daugh-ter.  
I milked her fath-er's cows a month, I brought the wood and wat-er,  
I mend-ed all the brok-en fence, Be-fore I won the daugh-ter.

I listened to her father's yarns,  
I did just what I "oughter",  
And what you'll have to do to win  
A free-selector's daughter.  
I broke my pipe and burnt my twist,  
And washed my mouth with water;  
I had a shave before I kissed  
The free-selector's daughter.

Then, rising in the frosty morn,  
I brought the cows for Mary,  
And when I'd milked a bucketful  
I took it to the dairy.  
I poured the milk into the dish  
While Mary held the strainer,  
I summoned heart to speak my wish  
And O her blush grew plainer.

I told her I must leave the place  
I said that I would miss her;  
At first she turned away her face,  
And then she let me kiss her.  
I put the bucket on the ground,  
And in my arms I caught her.  
I'd give the world to hold again  
That free-selector's daughter!

# 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

# Garrawilla

Collected from Jack Wright of Coogee, by John Meredith and published in Singabout. Jack learnt it from his father who was shearing at Garrawilla, in northern NSW when it was written by one of the shed hands and given out as hand written copies to his mates.

Verse

I sing of Gar - ra - - wil - la, a sta - tion of the glen.  
Like a gem a - mong the mount - ains, the home of gal - lant men.  
I mean the jol - ly shear - ers, who there re - side in peace,  
And send to dear old Eng - land, Aus - - tra - lia's gold - en fleece.

Chorus

Oh boys, a shear-er's life is jol - ly. Oh boys, a shear-er's life is free.  
Oh boys, a shear-er's life's a jol - ly life. And a shear-er's life for me.

Now a shearer's life is not all joy, for weary days they pass,  
Thinking of their horses and looking out for grass.  
The boss he makes them knuckle down, and if his sheep they scar  
Lord help the man that does it if he calls not for tar.

If he would keep his tally up, a shearer cannot slack.  
For sheep condemned as badly shorn have raddle down the back;  
And wool, it must come cleanly off as all good shearers know.  
And if you nick a pizzle, then hump your drum and go.

And when the sheds have all cut out and shearing time is o'er,  
The shearer rolls his bluey up and moves along once more.  
Some travel to their wives and homes, while others go to town.  
And over wine and women, they knock their money down.

And thus it is from year to year, a shearer's life goes round.  
Until the iron hand of death, it lays him in the ground.  
But if up there in heaven, they have a shearer's pen.  
You'll find that heaven's sheep are shorn by Garrawilla men.

# Gentle Annie

Lyrics by Lame Jack Cousens of Springhurst, Victoria who travelled around the country with a threshing machine. He claimed to have written this parody of the Stephen Foster song of the same name, about Annie Watts, a girl he met on a farm.

Now, the har - - vest time's come, gen - tle An - nie - - ,  
And your wild - oats are all scat - tered round the field.  
You'll be an - - xious to know, gen - tle An - nie - - ,  
How your lit - tle crop of oats is going to yield.  
And we'll say fare - - well, gen - tle An - nie - - ,  
For you know with you I can no long - er stay.  
Yes, I'll bid you a - dieu, gen - tle An - - nie - - ,  
Till I meet you on an - - oth - er thresh - ing day.

Your mutton's very sweet, gentle Annie,  
And I'm sure it can't be packed in New South Wales,  
But you'd better put a fence around the cabbage,  
Or they'll all get eaten up by the snails.

You'll take my advice, gentle Annie,  
And you'd better watch your chappie goin' away  
With his packbag flung over his shoulder,  
And he stole some knives and forks the other day.

# The German Girl

Published in Coxon's Comic Songster 1858-9 where it was set to the tune 'The Low-backed Car'

I once fell deep in love, sir, in a true Col - on - ial way.  
With a Ger - man girl who played and sang in the "Un - ion" bar all day;  
I'd just ar - rived, was green as grass, not bad - ly off for tin.  
So this Ger - man girl first drew me out and af - ter - wards took me in.  
As she sat in the "Un - ion" bar and played on an old, cracked guit - ar;  
I soon, 'pon my soul, made a ver - y large hole in my cash at the "Un - ion" bar.

I once fell deep in love, sir, in a true Colonial way.  
With a German girl who played and sung in the "Union" bar all day;  
I'd just arrived, was green as grass, not badly off for tin.  
So this German girl first drew me out and afterwards took me in.  
As she sat in the "Union" bar and played on an old, cracked guitar;  
I soon, 'pon my soul, made a very large hole in my cash at the "Union" bar.

I shepherded that girl, sir, and soon got in such a flame  
That I fancied every fellow, sir, was going to jump my claim;  
The prospect, too, I liked so well, it made my heart quite flutter.  
And think I was on not in a line, and dead upon the gutter.  
As I sat in the "Union" bar and watched my love play her guitar;  
I considered it great to go round with the plate for the lady who played the guitar.

Young men, list to the sequel, and a warning take in time.  
Don't get sweet on German girls like those who're in my rhyme.  
For when I'd no more cash to spend and drop into the plate  
She said I was a shicer and got another mate;  
And now when we meet in the bar. She still sings and plays the guitar.  
She'll wink at her mate, who'll come round with the plate for the lady who plays the guitar.

# Give Me A Hut

The Free Selector

Published in A B Paterson's 'Old Bush Songs' with the long title 'Then Give Me a Hut In My Own Native Land' this song celebrates the passing of the Free Selection Act which at least in spirit opened up the land previously held by the squattocracy.

The musical score is written in G major and 6/8 time. It consists of four staves of music. The first staff begins with a G chord and contains the lyrics 'Ye sons of this coun - try, it's here you be - long.' The second staff starts with an Am chord and ends with a D7 chord, with lyrics 'For you I would of - - fer a verse of my song'. The third staff begins with a G chord and contains the lyrics 'To re - - jice at the vic - tory John Rob - ert - son's won,'. The fourth staff starts with an Am chord, has a D7 chord in the middle, and ends with a G chord, with lyrics 'Now the Land Bill is passed and the good times have come.'

Chorus:

Then give me a hut in my own native land,  
Or a tent in Australia where the tall gum trees stand;  
No matter how far in the bush it may be,  
If the dear native girl will but share it with me.

No more with our swags through the bush need we roam  
Imploring of charity to give us a home,  
For the land is unfettered, and we may reside  
In a home of our own by some clear waterside.

We will plant our own garden and sow our own field,  
And eat of the fruits which industry will yield,  
And be independent, as long we have strived,  
Tho' those who have ruled us the right long denied.

# Golden Gullies of the Palmer

from Colonial Born by G Firth-Scott published in the 1870s and set to Henry Clay Work's 'Marching Through Georgia' (1865)

## Verse

Musical notation for the Verse, featuring a treble clef, a key signature of one sharp (F#), and a 4/4 time signature. The melody is written on a single staff with lyrics underneath. Chord symbols are placed above the staff at various points: D, G, D, E7, A7, D, Bm, G, A7, G, D.

Then roll the swag and blank-et up, and let us haste a - - way,  
To the Gold - en Pal - mer, boys, where ev' - ry - one they say,  
Can get his ounce of gold or it may be more, each day,  
In the Gol - - den Gul - lies of the Pal - - - mer.

## Chorus

Musical notation for the Chorus, featuring a treble clef, a key signature of one sharp (F#), and a 4/4 time signature. The melody is written on a single staff with lyrics underneath. Chord symbols are placed above the staff at various points: D, G, D, E7, A7, D, Bm, G, A7, G, D.

Hur - - rah! Hur - - rah! We'll sound the ju - - bil - - ee,  
Hur - - rah! Hur - - rah! And we will mer - ry be,  
When we reach the dig - gings, boys, there the nug - gets see,  
In the Gol - - den Gul - lies of the Pal - - - mer.

Kick at troubles when they come is the motto for us all;  
And if you've missed the ladder in climbing Fortune's wall,  
Depend upon it boys, you'll recover from the fall,  
In the Golden Gullies of the Palmer.

Then sound the chorus once again and give it with a roar,  
And let its echoes ring boys, upon the sea and shore,  
Until it reaches the mountains, where the gold is in galore,  
In the Golden Gullies of the Palmer.

# 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'

## Setting 1

'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 tree in the land not heard the con - cer - - tin - - a?

## Setting 2

'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 Good Old Time

The Year of '79

Incomplete text from "Snowy" Baker of McCulleys Gap, NSW. Located by Shayne Kerr and edited and set to this tune by Brad Tate.

I'll \_\_\_ sing you a rhyme of a good old time a-bout fort - y years a - - go,  
When we start - ed out on a shear - ing route for the coun - try down \_ be - low.  
We'd a fif - teen bob a hun - dred job and thought we were do \_\_\_ ing fine,  
But \_\_\_ how we'd shear I'll tell you here in the year of sev - en - ty - - nine.

For the squatters knew a thing or two to clip the men that shore,  
And conditions of course were all enforced by the process of the law.  
We'd be fined if we used a naughty word or run late for the morning bell,  
But the boss could shout at the rouseabout and curse and swear like hell.

For the shearers then weren't Union men and the lone man had no say.  
The boss was quick with his raddling-stick and decided what he'd pay.  
As we travelled about we signed to cut out in spite of the rain and hail,  
And if we quit not cutting our bit, we'd do the cut-out in jail.

When a shed was done we'd hump a drum on the tracks of the dusty west,  
For to tramp and shear for most of the year was the life that we knew best.  
Some, just a few, had homes to go to but most had nowhere to stay,  
So the bulk of the band would mostly land at a shanty by the way.

They'd get some decks of cards, and their cheques would melt like snow in the sun,  
Then they'd raffle their smokes, and the broken blokes would be off to the nearest run.  
With a swag on their back on the wallaby track out west they'd have to remain  
And work their way for six bob a day till the shearing came round again.

# Goorianawa

Sung by Duke Tritton at the Bush Music Club and published in Singabout 1956. Duke learnt it from his uncle in 1895.

Verse

I've been man - y years a shear - er, and fanc - ied I could shear,  
I shore for Rouse of Gun - taw - ang and al - ways missed the spear.  
I shore for Nich - ol - as Bay - ley, and I dec - lare to you  
That on his pure mer - in - os I could al - ways strug - gle through.

Chorus

But, oh! my, I nev - - er saw be - - fore,  
The way we had to knuck - le down at Goor - i - an - a - wa.

I've been shearing down the Bogan, as far as Dandaloo;  
For good old Reid of Tabretong, I've often cut a few.  
Haddon Rig and Quambone, and even Wingadee,  
I could close my shears at six o'clock with a quiet century.

I've been shearing on the Goulburn side and down at Douglas Park,  
Where every day was 'Wool Away! and Toby did his work.  
I've shore for General Stewart, whose tomb is on The Mount,  
And the sprees I've had with Scrammy Jack are more than I can count.

I've shore for John McMaster down at Rockedgial Creek,  
And I could always dish him up with thirty score a week.  
I've shore at Terramungamine and on the Talbragar  
And I ran McDermott for the cobbler when we shore at Buckingbar.

I've been shearing at Eugowra, I'll never forget the name,  
Where Gardiner robbed the escort that from the Lachlan came.  
I've shore for Bob Fitzgerald down at the Dabee Rocks,  
McPhillamy of Charlton and Mister Henry Cox.

That was in the good old days – you might have heard them say,  
How Skellycorn from Bathurst rode to Sydney in a day.  
But now I'm broken-mouthed and my shearing's at an end,  
And though they called me Whalebone, I was never known to bend.

Last chorus: But spare me flamin' days, I never saw before,  
The way we had to knuckle down at Goorianawa.

# A Goulburn Shearer's Song

Credited to 'Argyle' From The Goulburn Herald & Chronicle Saturday 1871, set to the recommended tune Cheer Boys Cheer.

The musical score is written on a single staff in G major (one sharp) and common time (C). It consists of four lines of music. The first line starts with a D chord and contains the lyrics: "Shear, boys! shear! no more of id - - le yarn - - ing - -". The second line starts with a G chord and contains: "La - - bor a - lone will bear us on our way;". The third line starts with a D chord and contains: "Hun - - dreds more shall fol - low in the track". The fourth line contains: "So, now is the time, boys; to shear, shear a - way." and includes chord changes for D, A7, D, D, A7, and D.

Now is our time, boys, the heavy fleece is growing,  
There's work, good and steady, for many a summer's day;  
Hundreds shall follow in the track we're going  
Now is the time, boys; shear, shear away.

Shear, boys, shear! the pay is good and ready;  
Shear, boys, shear! with strong and willing hand;  
Shear, boys, shear! let's at it hard and steady,  
Shear, boys, shear! in this new and happy land.

Shear, boys, shear! how many a mile we've wander'd,  
Looking for work, and looking it in vain;  
Think, boys, think, how many a pound we've squander'd,  
Then work with a will, boys, nor be such fools again.

Many a spree we've had, spent many a hard-earned shilling;  
Then fasting and weary we've tramped the lonely way--  
Then work, boys, work! with ready hand and willing,  
And we'll save our cheques, boys, 'gainst a rainy day.

Shear, boys, shear! let's at it hard and steady;  
Shear, boys, shear! stout heart and willing hand;  
Shear, boys, shear! the pay is good and ready;  
And cheer, boys, cheer! for this new and happy land.

# The Great Northern Line

Collected from Duke Tritton by John Meredith. It is a parody on the Knickerbocker Line, a song about a coach route in New York.

Verse

My \_\_\_\_\_ love he is a team - ster, a hand - some man is he,  
Red shirt, white mole - skin trous - ers, and hat of cab - bage - tree;  
He drives a team of bul - - locks, and wheth - er it's wet or fine  
You will hear his whip a - crack - ing on the Great North - ern Line.

The musical notation for the verse consists of four staves of music in 6/8 time, featuring a key signature of one flat (Bb). The melody is simple and rhythmic, with lyrics written below the notes. Chord symbols (Dm and C) are placed above the staff to indicate the accompaniment.

## Chorus

Watch him, pipe him, twig him how he goes,  
With his lit - tle team of bul - locks, he cuts no dirt - y shows;  
He's one of the flash young car - ri - ers that on the road do shine,  
With his lit - tle team of bul - locks on the Great North - ern Line.

The musical notation for the chorus consists of four staves of music in 6/8 time, featuring a key signature of one flat (Bb). The melody is simple and rhythmic, with lyrics written below the notes. Chord symbols (Dm and C) are placed above the staff to indicate the accompaniment.

And when he swings the greenhide whip he raises skin and hair;  
His bullocks all have shrivelled horns, for, Lordy, can he swear!  
But I will always love him, this splendid man of mine,  
With his little team of bullocks on the Great Northern Line.

When he bogged at Mundowie and the bullocks took the yoke,  
They strained with bellies on the ground until the bar-chain broke.  
He fixed it up with wire and brought wool from Bundamine  
With his little team of bullocks on the Great Northern Line.

When he comes into Tamworth you will hear the ladies sigh,  
And parents guard their daughters, for he has a roving eye;  
But he signals with his bullock-whip as he comes through the pine,  
With his little team of bullocks on the Great Northern Line.

# A Gum Tree Canoe

Words and music collected by Frank Nickels 1957 from Mrs J Wilson from St Arnaud, Victoria.  
It is an Australianised version of a minstrel song published in Boston in 1847 and written by S. S. Steele

Verse

I'll sing you a dit - - ty a sweet lit - - tle song,  
It will just take a mo - ment it won't keep you long.  
I'll sing of the days when our love was so new  
And we sailed down the Mur - ray Riv - er boys \_\_\_\_\_ In a gum tree can - oe.

Chorus

We rowed, we rowed o'er the wat - er so blue,  
Like a feath er we would float a - long in a gum tree can - oe.

My hand on my banjo, my toe on my oar  
I work all the day and I sing as I go  
And at night I return to my Julia so true  
And we sail down the Murray River boys  
In a gum tree canoe.

I once left the river and went on the land  
To set myself up as a cocky so grand  
But the life didn't suit me it made my heart sore  
So I went back to the Murray River boys  
And my Julia once more.

# Hard Tack

Text and melody collected from Jack Davies by John Lahey and published in his 'Great Australian Folk Songs' (1965)

I'm a shear - er, yes I am, and I've shorn 'em sheep and lamb,  
From the Wim - me - ra to the Darl - ing Downs and back.  
And I've rung a shed or two where the fleece was tough as glue,  
But I'll tell you where I struck the 'ard - - est tac.

I was down round Yenda way, killin' time from day to day,  
Till the big sheds started movin' further out;  
When I struck a bloke by chance that I summed up in a glance  
As a cocky from a vineyard round about.

Now it seems he picked me, too; well, it wasn't 'ard to do,  
I'd a pair o' tongs, a-hangin' at me hip.  
"I've got a mob," he said, "of about two hundred head,  
And I'd give a ten pound note to have the clip."

I said "Right. I'll take the stand"; it meant gettin' in me hand;  
And by nine o'clock we'd rounded up the mob  
In a shed in the ground- with them wine casks all around,  
That was where I started on me job.

I takes it easy for a bit while me hand was gettin' fit,  
And by dinner time I'd done some half a score,  
With the cocky pickin' up, and handing me a cup,  
Of pinkie after every sheep I shore.

The cocky had to go away about the seventh day,  
After showin' me the kind of casks to use;  
Then I'd do the pickin' up, and I'd manipulate the cup,  
Strollin' round them wine casks, just to pick and choose.

Then I'd stagger to the pen, grab a sheep and start again,  
With a noise between a hiccup and a sob,  
And sometimes I'd fall asleep with me arms around the sheep,  
Worn and weary from me over-arduous job.

Well, six long weeks went by, until one day with a sigh,  
I pushed the dear old cobbler through the door,  
Gathered in the cocky's pay, then staggered on me way,  
From the hardest bloody shed I ever shore.

# Haul Away Joe

This is a 'tack and sheet' shanty collected by Stan Hugill from maritime veteran Paddy Griffiths.

Shantyman

When I was a lit - tle boy, my moth - er then she told \_\_\_ me, \_\_\_

Crew

Way! Haul A - - way! We'll haul a - - way Joe

Shantyman

If I did not kiss the girls, my lips would grow all mould \_\_\_ y, \_\_\_

Crew

Way! Haul A - - way! We'll haul a - - way Joe.

Chorus

Way! Haul A - - way! We're bound for bet - ter weath \_\_\_ er,

Way! Haul A - - way! We'll haul a - - way Joe

I sailed the seas for many a year not knowin' what i was missin'.  
Then I sets me sails afore the gales an' started in a-kissin'.

First I met a Yankee girl and she was fat and lazy,  
Then I met a Spanish girl and she nearly drove me crazy,

Then I got meself an Irish gal an' her name was Molly Flannigan.  
She stole me boots, she stole me clothes, she pinched me plate an' pannikin.

Louis was the King of France afore the revolution,  
Then he had his head cut off which spoilt his constitution.

The cook is in the galley boys makin' duff so handy.  
The captain's in his cabin lads drinkin' wine and brandy.

Saint Patrick was a gentleman. He came from decent people.  
He built a church in Dublin Town and on it put a steeple.

Once I was in Ireland a'diggin' turf and taties.  
But now I'm on a Yankee ship a haulin' on the braces.

Ye call yeseelf a second mate an' cannot tie a bowline,  
Ye cannot even stand up straight when the packet she's a-rollin'.

# Holy Dan

## Verse

A poem from the inexhaustible talent of 'Anon' and set to the tune of 'Look Out Below' with a liturgical drone for the prayer verses.

It happ - ened in the Quens-land drought, And o - ver hill and dell, No  
grass - - the wa - ter far a - part, All dry and hot as hell.

## Prayer

One bull - ock Thou has tak - en, Lord, And so it seem - eth best. Thy  
will be done, but see my need And spare to me the rest!

2. The wretched bullock-teams drew up  
Beside a waterhole -  
They'd struggled on through dust & drought  
For days to reach this goal.

3. And though the water rendered forth  
A rank, unholy stench,  
The bullocks and the bullockies  
Drank deep their thirst to quench.

4. Two of the drivers cursed and swore  
As only drivers can.  
The other one, named Daniel,  
Best known as Holy Dan,

5. Admonished them and said it was  
The Lord's all-wise decree-,  
And if they'd only watch and wait,  
A change they'd quickly see.

6. 'Twas strange that of Dan's bullocks  
Not one had gone aloft,  
But this, he said, was due to prayer  
And supplication oft.

7. At last one died but Dan was calm,  
He hardly seemed to care;  
He knelt beside the bullock's corpse  
And offered up a prayer.

## Prayer

One bullock Thou has taken, Lord,  
And so it seemeth best.  
Thy will be done, but see my need  
And spare to me the rest!

8. A month went by, Dan's bullocks now  
Were dying every day,  
But still on each occasion would  
The faithful fellow pray,

## Prayer

Another Thou has taken, Lord,  
And so it seemeth best.  
Thy will be done, but see my need,  
And spare to me the rest!

9. And still they camped beside the hole,  
And still it never rained,  
And still Dan's bullocks died and died.  
Till only one remained.

10. Then Dan broke down - good Holy Dan -  
The man who never swore.  
He knelt beside the latest corpse,  
And here's the prayer he prore.

## Prayer

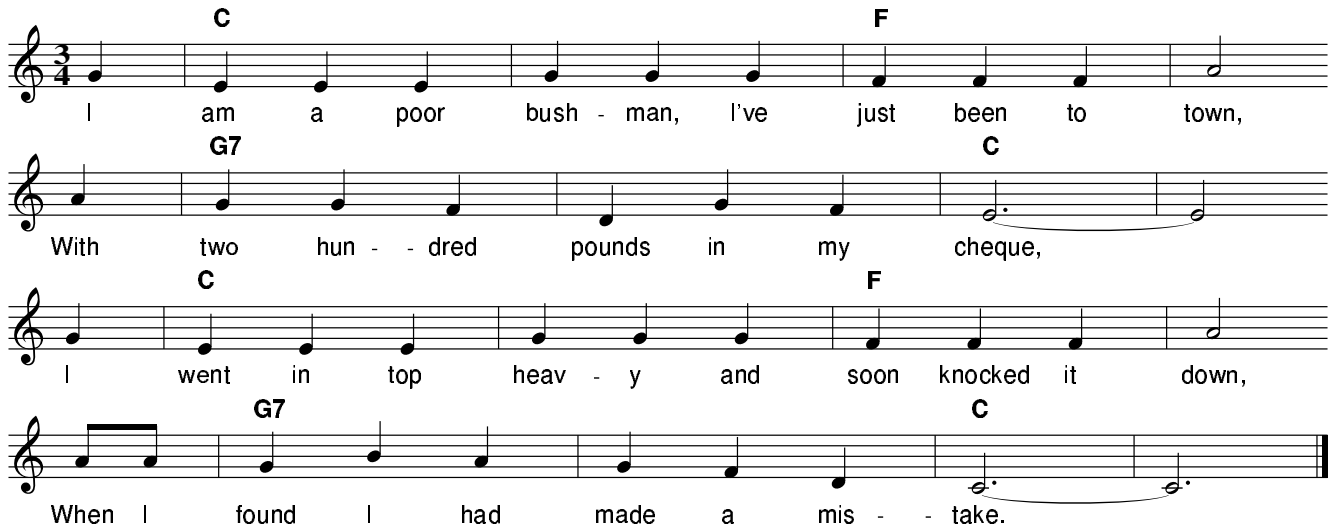
That's nineteen Thou has taken, Lord,  
And now You'll plainly see  
You'd better take the bloody lot,  
One's no damn good to me.'

11. The other drivers laughed so much  
They shook the sky around;  
The lighting flashed, the thunder roared,  
And Holy Dan was drowned.



# Humpin' Old Bluey

Short version collected from Ron Manton of Erskineville by John Meredith.  
Extra verses from A Poor Bushman from "G.W." in The Queenslander 1894



I am a poor bush - man, I've just been to town,  
With two hun - - dred pounds in my cheque,  
I went in top heav - y and soon knocked it down,  
When I found I had made a mis - - take.

In less than one week my cash had run out,  
I had not the price of a shout,  
My horses all sold, they jumped over the bar,  
And I got the dirty kick out.

Humping old bluey, it is a stale game,  
And that I can plainly see;  
You're battling with poverty, hunger, sharp thorn,  
Things are just going middling with me.

Some shearing I found to my great surprise,  
The price being five bob a score,  
I threw down my swag, saying, 'Dash my old rags  
I never will hump you no more.'

Now the shearing's all over, and I'm such a swell,  
I'm riding a very fine hack;  
If my friends were to see me, I'm not humping bluey,  
I'm pushing a bit further back.

Humping your drum, that after rum,  
Wasting your young life away;  
You're battling with poverty, hunger, sharp thorn,  
I'm through with these troubles, I say.

# Hurrah for the Diggings

This short song came from a recording of goldfields song by Melbourne band Paradiddle. This arrangement from Peter McLaren.

1. Hur - - rah for the dig - gings, to Ben - di - go we go boys.  
2. Hur - - rah for the dig - gings, the cry gath ers strength, boys.

Cal - i - - for - nia is beat - en, the Yank - ees out - - done.  
And \_\_\_ For - tune now smiles on the gal - lant and bold.

Their famed El Dor - - a - - do has now had its day, boys  
The good time long prom - ised is com - ing at length, boys.

'Tis time that Aus - - tra - - lia should share in the fun.  
Then away! Pick and crad - le to gath - er the gold.

Hur - - rah for the Dig \_\_\_\_\_ gings!

# 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.

The musical score is written in 4/4 time and consists of four staves of music. The first staff begins with a C chord and ends with an F chord. The second staff begins with a G7 chord and ends with a C chord. The third staff begins with a C chord and ends with an F chord. The fourth staff begins with a G7 chord, has a triplet of eighth notes in the middle, and ends with a C chord. The lyrics are: "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-gee" 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 Hate Smoke

Words and music by Melbourne singer/songwriter, Lyell Sayer. Using humour can be the best way to get a message across.

Verse

The musical notation for the verse is written on a single staff in G major, 2/4 time. It consists of 12 measures. The lyrics are: 'To Vir - gin - ia went Sir Wal - ter with the bless - ing of Queen Bess, Where he found lots of good - ies and his - tory knows the rest, But when he saw that chop - ping block he got an aw - ful fright. Well for bring - ing back to - - bac - co it served old Ral - eigh right'. Chords G, C, and D7 are indicated above the staff.

To Vir - gin - ia went Sir Wal - ter with the bless - ing of Queen Bess,  
Where he found lots of good - ies and his - tory knows the rest,  
But when he saw that chop - ping block he got an aw - ful fright.  
Well for bring - ing back to - - bac - co it served old Ral - eigh right

Chorus

The musical notation for the chorus is written on a single staff in G major, 2/4 time. It consists of 12 measures. The lyrics are: 'For I hate smoke. It makes me cough and choke. It burns my eyes and makes me feel as if I'm gun - na croak Well I'm not a nark or whing - er. I'm an eas - y go - ing bloke But let me say with - - out de - lay that I hate smoke'. Chords G, C, and D7 are indicated above the staff.

For I hate smoke. It makes me cough and choke.  
It burns my eyes and makes me feel as if I'm gun - na croak  
Well I'm not a nark or whing - er. I'm an eas - y go - ing bloke  
But let me say with - - out de - lay that I hate smoke.

Wherever I may choose to go there're smokers by the score  
They puff a packet in an hour and then rush out for more.  
There's a fag in every open gob. Oh what an awful stink  
What it's doing to my innards I just can't bear to think.

If God intended us to smoke the truth I will relate,  
We'd all have chimneys on our heads and down below a grate.  
We'd all eat coal instead of meat whenever we were fed.  
We'd have to raise a head of steam to get up out of bed.

But I suppose I'll stagger on until that fateful day  
When I contract lung cancer which will carry me away  
Well I know death comes to all of us but one thought makes me glum  
I'll bet I get my send off at the crematorium.

# I Was Brought Up In Manchester

This song was published in England as broadsides and is variously known as 'The Transport's Lament', Van Dieman's Land and 'The Banks of Newfoundland'. It was undoubtedly sung here as it was referred to in a Tom Collin's book 1865 and in the Bulletin in 1888

I was brought up in Man - ches - ter in a place you all know well,  
Brought up by hon - est par - ents, the truth to you I'll tell,  
Brought up by hon - est par - ents and reared most ten - der - ly,  
Till I be - came a rov - ing lass at the age of twent - y three.

My character soon taken, oh, and I was sent to gaol,  
My friends all tried to aid me, but nothing could prevail.  
At the Old Bailey sessions, the judge he said to me,  
"The jury finds you guilty so you're bound for Botany Bay."

'Twas on the 28th of May from England we did steer,  
And everything being safe on board, sailed down the river clear.  
And as we passed those big ships by, you could hear the sailors say,  
"There goes a gang of forty thieves all bound for Botany Bay."

Come all you men of learning and warning take from me,  
I'll have you quit night rambling and shun bad company.  
I'll have you quit night rambling or else you'll rue the day  
You'll rue your transportation when you're bound for Botany Bay.

# I've Just Come From Sydney

From 'The Queensland Centenary Pocket Songbook' (1959); this ditty was collected from Mr Dixon from Pittsworth in the Darling Downs by Hilda Lane.

I've just come from Syd - ney a - cross the range of moun - tains  
Where the nan - ny - goats and the bill - y - goats and the moo - cows do dwell;

I've come here in search of a pretty little maiden,  
Though where she is now I ca-annot tell.

Oh how shall I find her? To you I'll describe her:  
She wears a flannel petticoat and a hat upon her head;

She sleeps when she's walking and snores when she's talking,  
And her clothes are all marked with a W X Y Z.

Oh where shall I find her? She ran away with a Chinaman!  
Farewell to the nannygoats and the billygoats so high,

Farewell to the moo-cows! By the seaside I'll wander,  
And in its cold waters I'll lay me down and . . . (spoken) get up again.

# If I Were A Blackbird

From the singing of Sally Sloane; collected by John Meredith and transcribed by Tony Stuart

Verse

I am a young maiden and my story is  
For once I was court-ed by a brave sailor lad.  
He court-ed me strong-ly by night and by day,  
But now my dear sail-or has gone far a-way.

Chorus

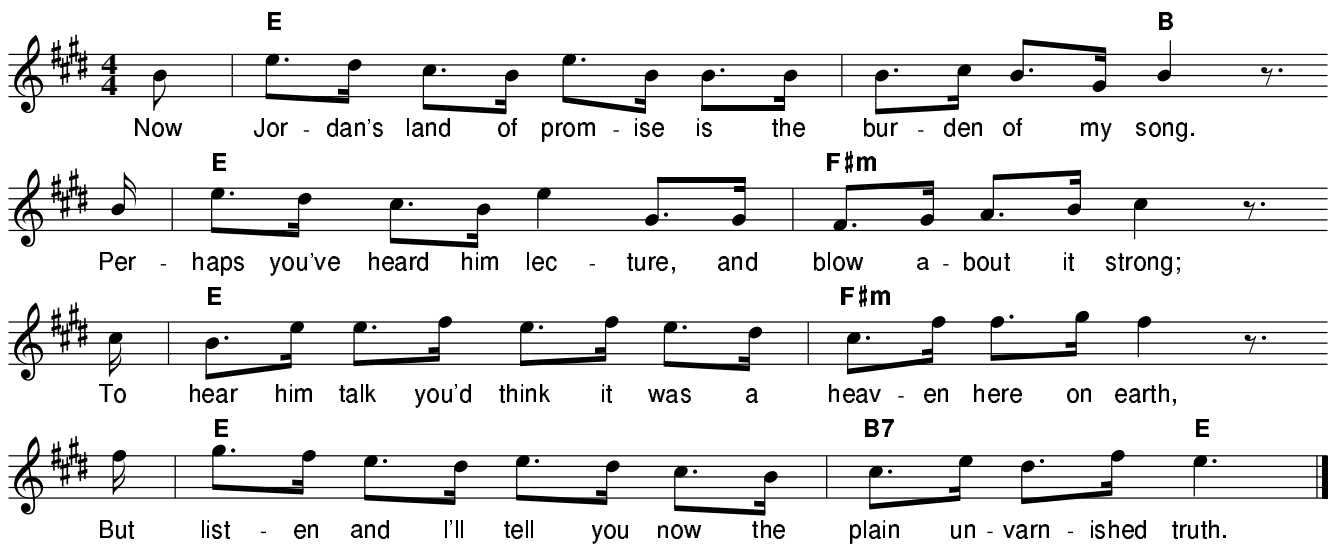
Oh, if I was a black-bird, I'd whistle and sing  
And I'd fol-low the ship that my true love sails in  
And on the top rig-ging, I would there build my nest  
And pil-low my head on his lil-ly-white breast.

He promised to take me to Donnybrook Fair  
To buy me red ribbons to bind up my hair,  
And when he'd return from the ocean so wide  
He'd take me and make me his own loving bride.

His parents they slighted me and will not agree  
That I and my sailor boy married should be  
But when he comes home I will greet him with joy,  
And I'll take to my bosom my dear sailor boy.

# Immigration

Mr Jordan was sent to England by the Queensland Government in 1858–60 to lecture on the advantages of immigration. His talks were entertaining but not based on reality. From Paterson's Old Bush Songs and set to 'Sing A Song of Sixpence.'



Now Jor - dan's land of prom - ise is the bur - den of my song.

Per - haps you've heard him lec - ture, and blow a - bout it strong;

To hear him talk you'd think it was a heav - en here on earth,

But list - en and I'll tell you now the plain un - varn - ished truth.

Here mutton, beef, and damper are all you'll get to eat,  
From Monday morn till Sunday night, all through the blessed week.  
And if the flour-bag is short, then mutton, beef, and tea  
Will be your lot, and like it or not, 'twill have to do, you'll see.

Here snakes and all vile reptiles crawl around you as you walk,  
But these you never hear about in Mr. Jordan's talk;  
Mosquitoes, too, and sandflies, they will tease you all the night,  
And until you get quite colonized you'll be a pretty sight.

Here are boundless plains where it seldom rains, and you'll maybe die of thirst;  
But should you so dispose your bones, you'll scarcely be the first,  
For there's many a strong and stalwart man come out to make his pile,  
Who never leaves the fatal shore of this accursed isle.

To sum it up in few short words, the place is only fit  
For those who were sent out here, for from this they cannot flit.  
But any other men who come a living here to try  
Will vegetate a little while, and then lie down and die.



# Irish Lords

Words by Charles H. Souter with a setting by Martyn Wyndham-Read. Martyn is an English folksinger with a strong interest in researching, arranging and singing Australian folk songs. He is a much-respected performer at Australian folk festivals.

The bar - ley grass was two feet high, and the bill - a - bongs were full;  
The brol - gas danced a min - u - et, and the world seemed made of wool;  
The nights were nev - er wear - i - some, and the days were nev - er slow,  
When first we went to Ir - ish Lords on the road to I - van - hoe.

The rime was on the barley grass,  
As we passed the homestead rails,  
A Darling jackass piped us in,  
With his trills and turns and scales,  
And youth and health and carelessness,  
Sat on the saddle-bow,  
And Mary lived at Irish Lords,  
On the road to Ivanhoe.

On every hand was loveliness,  
And the fates were fair and kind,  
We drank the very wine of life,  
And we never looked behind;  
And Mary, Mary, everywhere,  
Went flitting to and fro,  
When first we went to Irish Lords  
On the road to Ivanhoe.

The window of her dainty bower,  
Where the golden banksia grew,  
Stared like a dead man's glassy eye,  
And the roof had fallen through.  
No violets in her garden bed,  
And her voice stilled long ago  
When last we went to Irish Lords,  
On the road to Ivanhoe.

# Jacksons

## The Road to Omeo

Collected from Wally Wildesmith from Tumbarumba NSW and from Bert Cook from Tarwonga Vic by John Meredith.  
Wiggy Jackson was a hard boss who drove and operated road making equipment for the Victorian Country Roads Board in the 1920s.

Well we start - ed down from Nar - i - el one earl - y morn in spring,  
The bus - y bees were hum - ming and the mock - ing bird did sing,  
The lit - - tle birds all round us joined \_\_\_\_\_ in the morn - ing song,  
So we sad - dled up our hors - es and we steered for Corr - y - ong.

There was Billy Moore and Brownie, Dave Warland and two more,  
And none of us afraid of quod, we'd all been there before,  
We'd whips and whips of rhino and I mean to let you know,  
That I won't go back with Jacksons on the road to Omeo.

Now we steered into Tintaldra to see big Jack McGrath,  
His breath would fairly stun you as he served behind the bar,  
His wine would knock you silly, and his beer would make you blow,  
But we won't go back with Jacksons on the road to Omeo.

Now we reined them up at Winns Hotel, the best pub in the town,  
We wasn't there so very long and our cheques was all knocked down,  
Brownie said, "We're stoney broke, I think we'll have to go,  
But we won't go back with Jacksons on the road to Omeo."

Now my spree is nearly ended and I think I've drunk me share,  
If ever I get another cheque I'll act up on the square;  
Saddle up the old grey horse and ashearin' I will go  
But I won't go back with Jacksons on the road to Omeo.

Oh now my spree is over and it's home I will return,  
I'll go back to that pretty girl, her heart will surely yearn  
I'll roll her in the clover, let the wind blow high or low,  
But I won't go back with Jacksons on the road to Omeo.

# Jacky Howe

Collected from Duke Tritton by John Meredith 1955, tune adapted by David Johnson 2009

Verse



When you meet with a mob of old-timers in wool-sheds, in pubs and in town,  
You'll hear of a mighty fast shear-er, Jack-y Howe, the man from the 'Downs'.  
He was the great-est blade-shear-er that e-ver Aus-tra-li-a has known,  
There was nev-er a man that could catch him, For Jack's in a class of his own.

Chorus



They were good for a rush or a rally, But they had-n't the power to stay;  
When Jack went out for a tally He'd shear his three hundred a day.

You might mention the name of Joe Davis,  
McDermott, Whalebone or Bill Horne,  
But they were not in the same class  
As Jacky, the best shear-er born.  
And even the best of the big guns,  
Sullivan, Tom Power and Jim Vance;  
Fast cutters were, but not one of them  
With Jacky had ever a chance.

There were many who thought they could beat him  
But Jack, his blades running full,  
Just cut them all down in a manner  
That left them all blinded with wool.  
'Twas at Alice Downs that he put up  
The best score that's ever been done,  
When he wiped out the other gun shearers  
With his tally of three twenty one.

# Jim Jones at Botany Bay

Collected by Charles McAllister and published in Old Pioneering Days in the Sunny South (Goulburn 1907).  
The tune is as McAllister suggested Irish Mollie Oh

The musical score is written in 6/8 time and consists of four staves of music. The lyrics are written below the notes. Chord symbols are placed above the notes. The chords are: C, Dm, Am, Am, F, C, Dm, Am, Am, F, C, Dm, Am, G, Am, G, Am.

O list - en for a mo - ment, lads, and hear me tell my tale,  
How o'er the sea from Eng - land's shores I was com - pelled to sail.  
The jur - y says 'He's guil - ty, Sir' and says the judge, says he,  
'For life, Jim Jones, I'm send - ing you a - cross the storm - y sea.

'And take my tip before you ship to join the iron gang;  
Don't be too gay at Botany Bay, or else you'll surely hang—  
Or else you'll hang,' he says, says he, 'and after that, Jim Jones,  
It's high upon the gallows tree the crows will pick your bones.

'You'll have no time for mischief then, remember what I say;  
They'll flog the poaching out of you, out there at Botany Bay.'  
The waves were high upon the sea, the winds blew up in gales –  
I would rather drown in misery than come to New South Wales.

The winds blew high upon the sea, and the pirates came along,  
But the soldiers on our convict ship were full five hundred strong.  
They opened fire and somehow drove that pirate ship away,  
I'd rather have joined that pirate ship than come to Botany Bay.

For day and night the irons clang, and like poor galley slaves  
We toil and toil, and when we die must fill dishonoured graves.  
But by and by I'll break my chain; into the bush I'll go,  
And join the brave bushrangers there, Jack Donahue & Co.

And some dark night when everything is silent in the town  
I'll kill the tyrants one and all, I'll shoot the floggers down;  
I'll give the Law a little shock, remember what I say  
They'll yet regret they sent Jim Jones in chains to Botany Bay.

# Jimmy Shearer

From the Brisbane Newspaper the Worker 16 December 1899 attributed to Flinders River, S.L. The tune is a version of 'Bow Wow Wow'  
The original song appeared c1760 and showed in doggerel, how every class of humanity might be likened to the canine race.

I'll sing of what oc - curred out West in eight - een seven - ty - nine, Sirs,  
 When Jim - my Shear - er was one day a lit - tle touched by wine, Sirs,  
 That is, it was - n't quite cham - pagne which made poor Jim - my queer, Sirs,  
 He was - n't o - ver flush those days, 'twould only run to beer, Sirs.

Chorus

Oh dear me, Jim - my Shear - er's woes and troub - les, Oh dear me!

The heat upon that Christmas day  
 Brought out the perspiration ;  
 And so he thought he'd seek the shade  
 Down near the railway station.  
 That is, he would have gone down there,  
 For Jimmy was no young 'un,  
 But the railway hadn't come that far,  
 It stopped at Bogantungan.

So when he could not find some shade,  
 Some bad words he did utter,  
 And cut a fill of baccy up  
 With a Wolseley's patent cutter.  
 That is, he would have used this means,  
 But solely was prevented,  
 'Cos shearing by machinery,  
 It hadn't been invented.

So Jimmy camped there all the night  
 Till he regained his senses,  
 And as his purse was empty, he  
 Saved all hotel expenses.  
 He dreamed he'd won the Melbourne Cup,  
 Owned Merriwee and Dewey,  
 And when he woke he took the track  
 And went off humping bluey.

# Jindabyne

A lament on the flooding of Old Jindabyne for the Snowy Mountains Hydro-Electric Scheme. It is one of a series of songs composed by Ulick O'Boyle about the project and the men who built it. Further songs available from [songsofthesnowy.com.au](http://songsofthesnowy.com.au).

It's time to say fare - - well to Jin - da - - byne  
It's been my home these fif - ty years of time.  
Now the moun - tains in their win - ter snow and the Snow - y Riv - er down be - low  
Will whis - per in fare - - well to Jin - da - - byne  
And now fare - - well old home of mine  
They're going to flood the val - ley and the town of Jin - da - - byne.

When I was young my father said to me  
"Upon this spot I'm going to plant a tree  
Tall and strong and made of pine to mark the land that I've made mine  
And you'll make yours, my boy, in time to be"  
But now farewell old tree of mine  
They're going to flood the valley and the town of Jindabyne.

I guess that it don't hurt to have my say  
For the young they'll laugh and say I've had my day  
And they'll dam the waters from those hills even if an old man feels  
There's things around the good lord meant to stay.  
Like Jindabyne, old home of mine  
They're going to flood the valley and the town of Jindabyne.

When Jindabyne at last becomes a lake  
My eyes will see the waves but my heart will take  
A trip beneath the surface blue down the years of memory true  
And this perhaps will ease my yearning ache  
For Jindabyne, a dream of mine,  
When they flood the valley and the town of Jindabyne.

# Jog Along Till Shearing

The song was collected from Joe Cashmere of Sylvania by Russel Ward et al and sung to the popular tune 'Bow! Wow! Wow!'. The original song came to notice in about 1760 with many verses that likened various folk to dogs with the catchy chorus of the title. Many popular songs used the tune including 'The Barking Barber' and the risqué 'Miss Tickle Tovey's School'.

Verse

The truth, is in my song so clear, with - out a word of gam - mon:  
The swag - men trav - el all the year a - - wait - ing for the lamb - in'.  
Now when this dirt - y work is done, to the near - est shan - ty steer - ing,  
They meet a friend, their mon - ey spend, then jog a - long till shear - ing.

Chorus

And it's Home sweet home, That is what they left it for, Their home sweet home

Now when the shearing season comes, they hear the price that's going;  
New arrivals meet old chums, then they start their blowing.  
They say that they can shear each day their hundred pretty handy,  
But eighty sheep is no child's play if the wool is dense and sandy.

Now when the sheds are all cut out, they get their bit of paper;  
To the nearest pub they run they cut a dashing caper.  
They call for liquor plenty and they're happy while they're drinking,  
But where to go when the money's done it's little they are thinking.

Sick and sore next morning they are when they awaken.  
To have a drink of course they must to keep their nerves from shakin'.  
They call for one and then for two in a way that's rather funny,  
Till the landlord says, 'Now, this won't do; you blokes have got no money.'

They're sleeping on verandahs and they're lounging on the sofas;  
For to finish up their spree they're ordered off as loafers.  
They've got no friends, their money's gone, and at their disappearing,  
They give three cheers for the river bends, then jog along till shearing.

# John Gilbert (Busranger)

From AB Paterson's Old Bush Songs here set to the well-known 'Sing A Song of Sixpence' which incidentally was the recruiting song of the infamous pirate Blackbeard – offering sixpence a day.

John Gil - bert was a bush - rang - er of ter - rib - le re - nown,  
For stick - ing lots of peop - le up and shoot - ing oth - ers down.  
John Gil - bert said un - to his pals, "Al - though they make a bob - bery  
A - - bout our tricks, we've nev - er done a tip - top thing in rob - bery.

"We have all of us a fancy for experiments in pillage,  
Yet never have we seized a town, or even sacked a village."  
John Gilbert said unto his mates "Though partners we have been  
In all rascality, yet we no festal day have seen."

John Gilbert said he thought he saw no obstacle to hinder a  
Piratical descent upon the town of Canowindra.  
So to Canowindra town rode Gilbert and his men,  
And all the Canowindra folk subsided there and then.

The Canowindra populace cried "Here's a lot of strangers!"  
But immediately recovered when they found they were bushrangers.  
And Johnny Gilbert said to them, "You need not be afraid:  
We are only old companions with bushranging for a trade."

And Johnny Gilbert said, said he, "We'll never hurt a hair  
Of men who bravely recognize that we are just and fair."  
The New South Welshmen said at once, not making any fuss,  
That Johnny Gilbert, after all, was "Just but one of us."

So Johnny Gilbert took the town (including public houses),  
And treated all the "cockatoos" and shouted for their spouses.  
And Miss O'Flanagan performed in manner quite genteelly  
Upon the grand pianner for the bushranger O'Meally.

And every stranger passing by they took, and when they got him  
They robbed him of his money and occasionally shot him.  
And Johnny's enigmatic feat admits of this solution,  
That bushranging in New South Wales is a favoured institution.

So Johnny Gilbert ne'er allows an anxious thought to fetch him,  
For well he knows the Government don't really want to ketch him,  
And if such practices should be to New South Welshmen dear,  
With not the least demurring word ought we to interfere.



# The Jolly Puddlers

Written by the golfields' bard, Charles Thatcher in the 1850s and set to the popular tune of the period "The Jolly Waggoners".

Verse

They want to stop our pud - dl - ing, as man - y of you know.  
Con - tract - ors say that of our slush there is an o - ver - - flow,  
But if they stop us they'll be sure to in - jure Ben - di - - go

Chorus

Drive on my lads, heigh - - ho, wash on my lads, heigh - - ho,  
For who can lead the life that we jol - ly pudd - lers do.

These blessed road contractors are trying us to crush,  
They say that they're impeded by our messy dirty slush,  
They want to make us knock off but they'll find it is no go.

Why have our escorts fallen off, the question pray don't shirk,  
'Tis because it's been so dry and our machines have had no work,  
'Tis puddling not quartz reefing now keeps up Bendigo.

If you crush the puddling interest and stay the puddler's hand.  
What becomes of your fine buildings here that on the township stand?  
The commerce of this district then would sink down precious low.

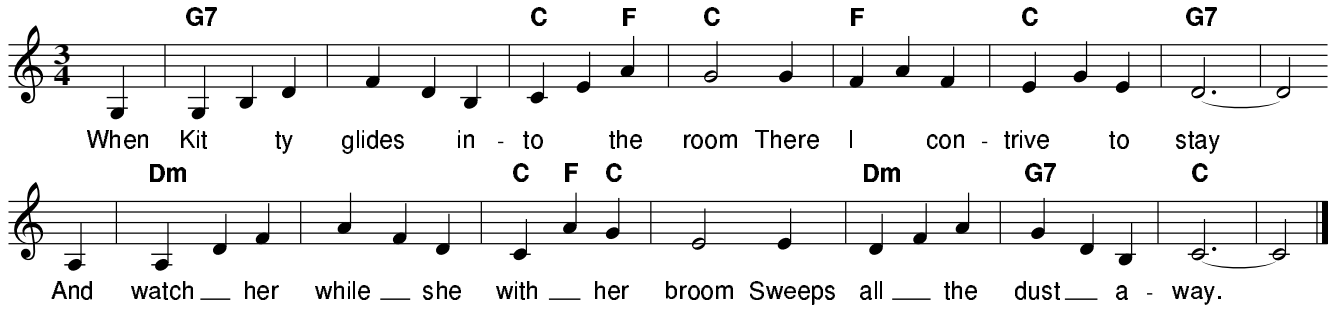
The winter soon is coming and our dams will then be full.  
We'll run the stuff through the machines and then we'll have a pull,  
And in its pristine glory will shine forth Bendigo.

The days of tub and cradle, alas, alas, are past.  
An ounce to every tub of course was far too good to last,  
But still we get a crust for now we wash the stuff below.

When puddling ceases for all here 'twill be a bitter cup.  
Heffernan and Thatcher too may both of them dry up.  
And to some other diggings they both will have to go.

# Kitty's Broom

Words by Harry "The Breaker" Morant, known to have been an inveterate romantic / predatory womaniser. Music by Graham Jenkin.



When Kitty glides in - to the room There I con - trive to stay  
And watch \_\_\_ her while \_\_\_ she with \_\_\_ her broom Sweeps all \_\_\_ the dust \_\_\_ a - way.

For bright-faced, slender Kitty's such  
A comely sight to see,  
She grasps that broom with magic touch  
And waves it willingly.

And with her white and shapely arms,  
Where dimples love to play,  
She wields that magic wand and charms  
Dull care and dust away.

All this life's care and sad concerns  
No longer darkly loom,  
All shadow into sunlight turns  
When Kitty does the room.

Along life's thorny path of gloom  
I'd wend a cheerful way  
Did Heaven send Kitty with her broom  
To brush the briars away.

# The Knitting Song

From the Victorian Newspaper The Wangaratta Chronicle July 1915 no author cited.  
Set to an adaptation of the Laang Barn Dance by Dave Johnson 2018

## Verse

Sold - ier sad, on the sod-den ground, Sail - or lad tossed up-on the seas,  
Can't you hear\_\_\_ a lit - tle cric - ket - ty sound steal - ing steal - ing a-cross on the breeze?  
It's the knit - ting need - les sing \_\_\_ing their song, as they twine the kha - ki or the blue,  
Thous - ands and thous - ands and thous - ands strong, all for Tom, Bill and Jack, for \_\_\_you.

## Chorus

Click click click! How they dart and flick, flash - ing in the fire \_\_\_light to and fro!  
Purl and plain, round and round a - gain, Knit - ting love and luck in - to ev - ery row.

Busy hands may be rough or white, fingers thick and gouty or slim,  
Careful eyes may be youthfully bright, or perhaps they're weary and dim,  
It's the lady and workgirl, whether young or old, they've all got just one end in view,  
Knitting comforts to warm against the cold, all for Tom, Bill and Jack, for you.

Knitting lit by the midnight oil, or first light as the day begins,  
In the stress of their dangerous toil, can they hear the song of the pins?  
The click click click click - through the wind and foam, floating to the boys over there  
Every knitted woolly sock brings a smile and a hope and a prayer.

# The Kookaburra Laughed

described as "a new song with words and music by Stan Wakefield" in 'Singabout' 1958. Stan was active in the Bush Music Club and his collection of songs 'Songs of Australia' was published posthumously in 1966.

Down to the lake came the old black horse  
Down to the lake for a drink.  
Well the croc-o-dile snapped his jaws of course  
That was the end of the poor old horse.  
Said the croc "I'm king of all this land  
For none my might - y jaws can stand..."  
But the kook - a - bur - ra laughed at the boast - ful croc  
And the kook - a - bur - ra laughed "Ha! ha!"

Down to the lake came the buffalo bull  
Down to the lake for a drink  
Well he flipped his horns and the old man croc  
Fell with a bump on a big hard rock  
Said the bull "I'm king of all this land  
For none my mighty horns can stand..."  
But the kookaburra laughed at the boastful bull  
And the kookaburra laughed "Ha! ha!"

The bull trod hard on a little brown snake  
An the little brown snake was hurt  
So he bit that bull on the leg so deep  
That the buffalo bull went off to sleep.  
Said the snake "I'm king of all this land  
For none my poison bite can stand..."  
But the kookaburra laughed at the boastful snake  
And the kookaburra laughed "Ha! ha!"

Now the kookaburra laughed and he winked his eye  
"Little snake how I love you.  
Although you call yourself a king  
To me you're just a tasty thing."  
Then he glided down beside that lake  
And swallowed him whole that little brown snake  
And the kookaburra laughed "Ha! ha! Ha! ha!"  
And the kookaburra laughed "Ha! ha!"

# The Lachlan Tigers

Collected by AL Lloyd and set by him to the same tune as 'The Station Cook' which is related to traditional Scot tune 'Musselburgh Fair'.  
An American version 'The Cruise of the Bugler' has been dated as 1875 and possibly derived from the nigger minstrel shows.

capo 2

Am Bm G A  
Now at his gate each shear-er stood as the whistle loud-ly blew,  
G A Am Bm  
With eye-brows fixed and lips com-pressed the tigers all fell to  
Am Bm G A  
You could hear the click-ing of the shears as through the wool they glide,  
Am Bm G Am Bm G A Am Bm  
You see our gun al-read-y turned, he's on the whip-ping side.

## Chorus

A mob of lachlan tigers, it's plain to see we are.  
Hark to our burly ringer as he loudly calls for tar (Tar)  
"Tar here!" calls one and quick the tarboy flies.  
"Sweep those locks away!" , another loudly cries.

The scene it is a lively one and ought to be admired.  
There hasn't been a better board since Jackie Howe expired.  
Along the board the contractor walks, his face all in a frown  
And passing by the ringer he says "Watch me lad keep down."

I must have those bellies off, the top knots too likewise  
My eye is quick so none of your tricks, or you'll go off like flies"  
My curses on that gaffer he's never on our side  
To shear a decent tally boys in vain I've often tried.

I have a pair of Ward & Paynes that are both bright and new  
I'll rig them up and let you see what I can really do.  
I've shorn on the Riverina where they shear them by the score  
But such a mob as this me boys I never saw before.

# Lambled Down

from The Native Companion Songster set to the suggested tune 'Excelsior'. The structure shows that the song is based on US poet H W Longfellow's work of the same name (1841). Set to music by the Irish composer Michael Balfe it became a drawing room favourite.

Capo 3

The shades of night — were fall - ing fast, As down a steep old gul - ly passed

A man whom — you could plain - ly see had just come off a drunk - en spree,

Lambed down. Lambed down.

He'd left the station with his cheque, and little evil did he reck;  
At Ryan's pub he felt all right, and yet he was, before the night,  
Lambled down. Lambled down.

"Oh, stay!" old Ryan said, "and slip your blanket off, and have a nip;  
I'll cash your cheque and send you on." He stopped, and now his money's gone.  
Lambled down. Lambled down.

He's got the shakes and thinks he sees blue devils lurking in the trees;  
Oh, shearers! if you've any sense Don't be on any such pretence  
Lambled down. Lambled down.

# The Lass from Yackandandah

Words from The Melbourne Punch 1857, the setting is 'The Girl I Left Behind Me'. This lass inspired at least two poems.

Let — po - ets sing of Eng - lish girls, their beaut - y and their can - dour;  
 Give — me a sweet - er nymph than all, the lass of Yack - an - - dan - dah.  
 When dress'd in all her Sun - day best, no Mel - bourne belle looks grand - er;  
 In sheen - y Sab - bath sat - in shines the lass of Yack - an - - dan - dah.

Her spotless name hath never known one touch or taint of slander,  
 Though barmaid at the 'Harrow' is the lass of Yackandandah.  
 I'd like to see the man who'd dare with calumny to brand her,  
 He'd find he'd got his match in her, the lass of Yackandandah.

Her tongue subdues us, one and all, we dare not reprimand her;  
 Each brawling sot is mute before the lass of Yackandandah.  
 The lazy landlord long has ceased the effort to command her;  
 And in the 'Harrow' reigns supreme the lass of Yackandandah.

She draws a cork with such an air, no mortal can withstand her;  
 She turns a tap, and turns our heads, the lass of Yackandandah.  
 When she's behind the bar, I stand and stare, like any gander;  
 Whereat, she calls me silly goose, the lass of Yackandandah.

For her dear sake a goose I'd be, a bunyip, salamander,  
 Or anything, in short, to win the lass of Yackandandah.  
 I wish I were Belshazzar, or the Emp'ror Alexander,  
 My crown I'd lay at her dear feet, the lass of Yackandandah.

My wages all in drinking healths to her, I weekly squander,  
 Yet cannot drown my passion for the lass of Yackandandah.  
 Her coldness is enough to raise an angel's bile or dander,  
 She'll be the death of me I know, the lass of Yackandandah.

# Lazy Harry's

## Along the Road to Gundagai

Words sent to AB Paterson by Dr CH Souter and published in Old Bush Songs with the last chorus courtesy of Bill Scott.  
Tune as adapted over years of performance by Dave Johnson

Verse

Well we start - ed out from Ro - to when the sheds had all cut out.  
We had whips and whips of rhin - o and we meant to push a - bout  
So we humped our blu - eys joy - ful - ly and made for Syd - ney Town  
With a three - spot cheque bet - ween us that was want - ing knock - ing down.

Chorus

So we camped at Laz - y Har - ry's on the road to Gun - da - gai  
The road to Gun - da - gai, not five miles from Gun - da - gai  
Yes, we camped at Laz - y Har - ry's on the road to Gun - da - gai

Well we crossed the Murrumbidgee near the Yanco in a week  
And strolled through old Narrandera and we crossed the Burnett Creek  
But we never stopped at Wagga for we'd Sydney in our eye  
But we camped at Lazy Harry's on the road to Gundagai.

We chucked our blooming swags off and we walked into the bar.  
We called for rum and raspberry and a shilling each cigar  
But the girl who served the poison, she winked at Bill and I  
So we camped at Lazy Harry's on the road to Gundagai.

I've seen lots of girls me boys and drunk a lot of beer  
And I've met with some of both that would leave you mighty queer  
But for beer to knock you sideways and girls to make you sigh  
You must camp at Lazy Harry's on the road to Gundagai.

In a week the spree was over and the cheque was all knocked down  
So we shouldered our Matildas and we turned our backs on town  
And the girls stood us a nobbier as we sadly waved goodbye  
And we tramped from Lousy Harry's on the road to Gundagai.

Final Chorus (from Bill and Alan Scott)

Yes, we tramped from Lousy Harry's on the road to Gundagai,  
The road to Gundagai, not five miles from Gundagai.  
Yes, we tramped from Lousy Harry's on the road to Gundagai



# Limejuice and Vinegar

Collected from Jimmy Cargill of Randwick NSW by Warren Fahey. Limejuice and vinegar were issued to sailors to prevent scurvy which results from inadequate vitamin C in the diet. In 1747 James Lind showed that scurvy could be treated with citrus fruit.

Verse

If you want to join an Eng - lish ship, you must roam a - bout at large,  
If you want to join an Eng - lish ship, you must have a good dis - charge,  
Signed by the board of trade and with ev - 'ry - thing in - tact,  
Or else there's no ad - vance a - board, it's con - trar - y to the Act.

Chorus

So, shout boys, hur - rah, I tell you it's a fact,  
There's noth - ing done a - - board the ship con - trar - y to the Act.  
So lay aft, boys, lay aft, and see you get your whack,  
Lime - juice and vin - - e - gar, ac - - cor - ding to the Act.

Now when you've signed your articles, of course you've heard 'em read,  
They'll tell you of the beef and pork, the butter and the bread,  
The sugar and the marmalade and, with quantity exact,  
Limejuice and vinegar, according to the Act,

Now when you join the ship, my boys, your heads are always sore,  
And you expect a watch on watch, just as you have before,  
But the mate he cries, "Lay aft, and do as I say exact,  
For watch on watch the first day out's contrary to the Act."

Now slack away your weather main-braces and haul upon the lee,  
Swell up your jib-halliards and let your sheets go free.  
And bring along the watch tackle to board the stout main tack,  
For I want to see the main-sail set according to the Act.

# The Limejuice Tub

Collected by A L Lloyd while working in the Riverina in the 1930s. Bert Lloyd (1908–1982) was an English folk singer and collector, and a key figure in the folk music revival of the 1950s and 1960s, most widely known for his work with British folk music. He worked briefly in Australia and made several records of Australian Bush ballads.

When shear-ing comes lay down your drums, Step to the board, you brand-new-chums,  
With a rah-dum, dah-dum, rub-a-dub-dub, We'll send you home in a lime-juice tub.

Chorus (or verse)

Here we are in New South Wales,  
Shearing sheep as big as whales,  
With leather necks and daggy tails,  
And fleece as tough as rusty nails.

There's brand-new chums and cockies' sons,  
They fancy that they are great guns,  
They fancy they can shear the wool,  
But the beggars can only tear and pull.

Since they have crossed the briny deep,  
They fancy they can shear the sheep,  
With a rah-dum, dah-dum, rub-a-dub-dub,  
We'll send them home in a lime-juice tub.

The very next job they undertake  
Is to press the wool, but they make a mistake,  
They press the wool without any bales,  
Oh shearing's hell in New South Wales.

They tar the sheep till they're nearly black,  
Roll up', roll up', you'll get the sack'.  
Once more, we're away on the wallaby track,  
Once more to look for work outback.

And when they meet upon the road,  
From off their backs throw down their load,  
Then at the sun they take a look,  
And reckon it's time to breast the cook.

We camp in huts without any doors,  
Sleep upon the dirty floors,  
With a pannikin of flour and a sheet of bark  
We wallop up a damper in the dark.

You cockatoos, you never need fret,  
For to show you up I'll not forget,  
For I'm the man who's willing to bet  
You're up to your heads, heels first in debt.

And though you live beyond your means,  
Your daughters wear no crinolines,  
Nor are they troubled with boots or shoes,  
For they're wild in the bush with the kangaroos.

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.

# The Little Fish

This song was collected from Dick Fitzgerald from Charleville, Qld by Jamie Carlin. Jamie is a life member of the Bush Music Club, and has been an inspiration to many younger bush musicians. A version of the song appeared in the film 'Captains Courageous'.

Verse

There's a song in my heart for the one I love best,  
And her pic - ture is tat - toed all o - - ver my chest.

Chorus

Yoh - - ho, lit - tle fish - y, don't cry, don't cry;  
Yoh ho, lit - tle fish - y, don't cry, don't cry.

There are fish in the sea, there can be no doubt,  
Just as good as the ones that have ever come out.

Little fish, when he's caught, he fights like a bull whale,  
As he thrashes the water with his long narrow tail.

The ship's under way and the weather is fine;  
The captain's on the bridge hanging out other lines.

The crew are asleep, and the ocean's at rest,  
And I'm singing this song to the one I love best.

# Little Freehold on the Plain

From 'The Queenslander' (1894) supplied by 'Rory', Gympie with the recommended tune 'Little Old Log Cabin in the Lane'.

Verse

I'm a brok - en - down old squat - ter, my cash it is all gone,  
Of \_\_\_\_\_ troub - les and bad seas - ons I com - - plain;  
My \_\_\_\_\_ cat - tle are all mort - gaged, of hor - ses I have none,  
And I've lost that lit - tle free - hold on the plain.

Chorus

For the stock - yard's brok - en down, \_\_\_\_\_ and the wool - shed's cav - ing in;  
I've \_\_\_\_\_ writ - ten to the mort - ga - gees in vain;  
My \_\_\_\_\_ wool it is all dam - aged, it is - n't worth a pin,  
And I've lost that lit - tle free - hold on the plain.

I started as a squatter some twenty years ago,  
When fortune followed quickly in my train;  
But I speculated heavy and I'd have you all to know  
That I've lost that little freehold on the plain.

I built myself a mansion, and chose myself a wife;  
Of her I have no reason to complain;  
For I thought I had sufficient to last me all my life,  
But I've lost that little freehold on the plain.

And now I am compelled to take up the drover's life,  
Driving cattle through the sunshine and the rain,  
And leave her there behind me, my own dear loving wife  
We were happy in that freehold on the plain.

# A Little Sprig of Wattle

Words A. H. Scott, 4th Battery, Australian Field Ambulance Gallipoli 1915, set to an original tune by David Johnson 2015.  
The ANZAC legend was being pumped up in Australia to encourage recruitment. The ANZAC Book 1916 was written and illustrated in Gallipoli by the Men of Anzac and published "for the benefit of Patriotic Funds connected with the A&NZAC".

## Intro and fill

F G7 C

## Verse

C G7 C

1. My moth - - er's let - - ter came to - - day,  
2. The old home now looks at its best,  
3. I al - - most see that glimpse of spring.  
4. The old home snug a - - midst the pine.

F C G7

And now my thoughts are far a - - way,  
The mess - - age ran; the count - - ry's dressed  
The ver - - y air here seems to ring  
The creek that twists and turns and twines

Am Em Dm C

For in bet - - ween its pag - - es lay  
In spring's gay cloak, and I have pressed  
With joy - - ful notes of birds that sing  
Round tall gum roots and un - - der - - mines

F G7 C

A lit - - - tle sprig of wat - - tle.  
A lit - - - tle sprig of wat - - tle.  
A - - mong the sprigs of wat - - tle.  
Is all a - - blaze with wat - - tle.

# Look Out Below!

Written by Charles Thatcher (Thatcher's Colonial Songster c1856). The tune was collected from Sally Sloane and Gladys Scrivener by John Meredith and the chorus tag is possibly a Marian Henderson adaptation.

A young man left his native shores, For trade was bad at home;  
To seek his fortune in this land He crossed the briny foam;  
And when he went to Ballarat, It put him in a glow,  
To hear the sound of the windlasses And the cry "Look out below, below, below".  
To hear the sound of the windlasses And the cry "Look out below!"

Wherever he turned his wandering eyes,  
Great wealth he did behold—  
And peace and plenty hand in hand,  
By the magic power of gold;  
Quoth he, I am both young and strong,  
A-digging I will go,  
For I like the sound of the windlasses  
And the cry "Look out below, below, below".  
For I like the sound of the windlasses  
And the cry "Look out below".

Amongst the rest he took his chance,  
His luck at first was vile;  
But still he resolved to persevere,  
And at length he made his pile.  
Says he, "Now I'm a wealthy man  
It's homewards I will go  
And I'll say farewell to the windlasses  
And the cry "Look out below, below, below".  
And I'll say farewell to the windlasses  
And the cry "Look out below".

Arrived in London once again,  
His gold he freely spent,  
And into every gaiety  
And dissipation went.  
But pleasure, if prolonged too much,  
Oft causes pain, you know,  
And he missed the sound of the windlasses  
And the cry "Look out below, below below".  
And he missed the sound of the windlasses  
And the cry "Look out below"

And thus he reasoned with himself  
Oh, why did I return,  
For the diggers's independent life  
I now begin to yearn.  
Here purse proud lords the poor oppress  
But there it is not so;  
Give me the sound of the windlass,  
And the cry "Look out below, below, below" .  
W:Give me the sound of the windlass,  
And the cry "Look out below " .

So he started for this land again,  
With a charming little wife;  
And he finds there's nothing comes up t  
A jolly digger's life.  
Ask him if he'll go back again,  
He'll quickly answer, no:  
For he loves the sound of the windlass,  
And the cry "Look out below, below, below".  
For he loves the sound of the windlass,  
And the cry "Look out below".

# Maggie May

A popular foc'sle song, this version is a compilation of versions by John Manifold collected by himself and others.

Verse

Oh \_\_\_ gath - er round you sail - or boys and list - en to my tale  
And \_\_\_ when you've heard it through you'll pit - - y me.  
I was a god - damned fool in the port of Liv - er - pool  
The first time that I came home from sea.  
I was paid off at the Hove May for the trip to Syd - ney Cove.  
Oh Mag - gie Mag - gie May they have tak - en you a - way  
And two pound ten a month was all my pay.  
To slave up - - on that cold Van Diem - en's shore.  
Then I start - ed drink - ing gin and was neat - ly tak - en in  
For you robbed so man - y sail - ors and you dosed so man - y whal - ers  
By a lit - tle girl they all call Mag - gie May.  
You'll nev - er see old Lime Street an - y more.

'Twas a damn unlucky day when I first saw Maggie May.  
She was cruising up and down old Cannin' Place.  
She cut a figure fine as a warship of the line  
So me being a sailor I gave chase.  
In the morning when I woke sick and sore and stoney broke  
No trousers coat or weskit could I find.  
The landlady said "Sir I can tell where they are—  
They're down in Stanley's hock shop Number nine".

To the bobby on his beat at the corner of the street  
To him I went to him I told my tale.  
He asked as if in doubt "Does your mother know you're out?"  
But agreed that lady ought to be in jail.  
To the hockshop I applied but no trousers there I spied.  
The bobbies came and took that girl away.  
The jury "Guilty" found her of robbing a homeward bounder  
And paid her passage out to Botany Bay.



# Man of the Earth

Words by miner and poet Jock Graham collected by Warren Fahey who challenged singer/songwriter Phyl Lobl to set it to music.

The musical score is written on a single treble clef staff in 3/4 time. It consists of eight lines of music, each with a corresponding line of lyrics below it. Chord symbols (C, G7, F) are placed above the staff at various points. The lyrics are: "By pro - fess - ion and birth I'm a man of the earth, I bur - - row in it like a mole; I dig it and drill it, and blast it and fill it For that great com - - mod - - it - - y coal. To some I'm a brave man, to oth - ers a knave man A strike and at - - tack man, a black man and slack man Who plun - ders the coun - - try of coal." The score ends with a double bar line.

It's narkin' at times to be blamed for their crimes,  
And placed in the villainous role  
Invented by story, press-jury and tory,  
The profit-made agents of coal.  
No story of men who are suffering pain;  
Of heroes who starve on the dole;  
Nought written or spoken of hearts that are broken:  
The widows and orphans of coal.

The court is the gauge which determines my wage,  
The parson looks after my soul;  
My hands are my boss's, his gains are my losses;  
My body is bartered in coal.  
The gaps in our lines: 'Red roll of the mines!  
Show death has been takin' his toll,  
While snipers at maimed men and dead men and famed men  
Grow fat on the blood on the coal.

By profession and birth I'm a man of the earth,  
I burrow in it like a mole;  
I dig it and drill it, and blast it and fill it  
For that great commodity coal.  
Yet through muck and mire and lung-dust and fire,  
More clearly I'm seein' my goal:  
Of diggin' and drillin' and blastin' and fillin';  
Supplyin' a socialised coal.

# The Man with the Concertina

written and recorded by Dave de Hugard, a foremost collector, folklorist, interpreter, composer and performer of Australian bush songs.

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
1. 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—  
A
  2. 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
  3. 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
  4. 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
  5. 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
  6. 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
  7. 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
  8. 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
  9. 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 Maranoa Drovers

from AB Paterson 'Old Bush Songs', also collected with this tune from Pat Murphy by Ron Edwards.  
Purportedly it is a variant of William S Hays' 'Little Old Log Cabin in the Lane'.

Verse

The night is dark and storm - y, and the sky is cloud - ed o'er;  
Our hors - es we will mount and ride a - - way,  
To watch the squat - ters' cat - tle through the dark - ness of the night,  
And we'll keep them on the camp till break of day.

Chorus

For we're go - ing, go - ing, go - ing to Gun - ne - dah so far,  
And soon we'll be in sun - ny New South Wales;  
And we'll bid fare - well to Queens - land, with its swamp - y cool - i - - bah  
Hap - py drov - ers from the sand - y Mar - an - - oa.

When the fires are burning bright through the darkness of the night,  
And the cattle camping quiet, well, I'm sure  
That I wish for two o'clock when I call the other watch.  
This is droving from the sandy Maranoa.

Our beds made on the ground, we are sleeping all so sound  
When we're wakened by the distant thunder's roar,  
And the lightning's vivid flash, followed by an awful crash.  
It's rough on drovers from the sandy Maranoa.

We are up at the break of day, and we're all soon on our way,  
For we always have to go ten miles or more;  
It don't do to loaf about, or the squatter will come out.  
He's tough on drovers from the sandy Maranoa.

We shall soon be on the Moonie, and we'll cross the Barwon, too;  
Then we'll be out upon the rolling plains once more;  
We'll shout "Hurrah! for Queensland, with its swampy coolibah,  
And the cattle that come off the Maranoa."

# Mary of the Murrumbidgee

The origin of the words was not credited in the Folklore Council of Aust book of Australian Folksongs 1974  
The setting is 'The Girl I Left Behind Me'

Oh, it's man - y a year since I went down the long grey Mur - rum - bid - gee,  
Or — took an axe to cut the poles or pegged my tent with a gid - gee;  
Though man - y long years have passed a - way and steps grow slow and wear - y,  
I nev - er can for - - get the days when I went court - ing Mar - - y!

Oh, my love she was but seventeen  
And I was one-and-twenty,  
We hadn't a bean to call our own  
But love we had in plenty!  
And whether we walked to the old sliprails,  
Or whether we kissed in the dairy –  
It was wedding bells at the end of the year  
When I went courting Mary!

Oh, I stripped some sheets of stringy-bark  
With which to build our cabin;  
Today a mansion stands in its place,  
The hall door marked 'Moorabbin'.  
But though it's walls are wide and tall  
It's rooms are bright and airy,  
I'd give it all to live again  
In the hut I shared with Mary!

# 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)  
 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.

# The Miner

The words and major tune were collected first by O'Connor and Officer from Mrs R Sayers of Box Hill, Vic. The minor tune is from AL Lloyd. One could use the minor version for verses and the major version for choruses.

## Minor Tune

The minor tune is written in 3/4 time. The lyrics are: "The min - er he goes and chang - es his clothes, And then makes his way to the shaft; For each man will know he's go - - ing be - - low To \_\_\_\_\_ put in eight hou - - rs of graft." The chords are: Am, G, Am, C, E7, Am, C, G, Em, Am, G, Am.

## Major Tune

The major tune is written in 3/4 time. The lyrics are: "The min - er he goes and chang - es his clothes, And then makes his way to the shaft; For each man will know he's go - - ing be - - low To \_\_\_\_\_ put in eight hou - - rs of graft." The chords are: C, Am, G7, C, C, Am, G7, C.

## Chorus

With his calico cap and his old flannel shirt,  
His pants with the strap round the knee,  
His boots watertight and his candle alight,  
His crib and his billy of tea.

The tapman to the driver will knock four and one,  
The ropes to the windlass will strain;  
As one shift comes up, another goes down,  
And working commences again.

He works hard for his pay at six bob a day,  
He toils for his missus and kids.  
He gets what's left over, and thinks he's in clover  
To cut off his baccy from quids.

And thus he goes on, week in and week out,  
To toil for his life's daily bread.  
He's off to the mine in hail, rain or shine,  
That his dear ones at home may be fed.

Digging holes in the ground where there's gold to be found,  
And most times where gold it is not,  
A man's like a rabbit with this digging habit,  
And like one he ought to be shot.

# Moreton Bay I

A composite version by John Manifold, Warren Bowden and Bill Scott and set to the Irish tune Youghal Harbour

capo 2

One Sun - day morn - - ing, as I went walk - - ing,  
 By Bris - bane wa - - ters I chanced to stray;  
 I heard a con - - vict his fate be - - wail - - ing,  
 As on the sun - ny ri - - ver bank he lay:  
 "I am a nat - - ive of Er - in's is - - land,  
 But ban - ished now from my nat - ive shore,  
 They tore me from my \_\_\_\_\_ ag - ed par - - ents,  
 And from the maid - en whom I do a - - dore.

"I've been a prisoner at Port Macquarie,  
 At Norfolk Island and Emu Plains,  
 At Castle Hill and at cursed Toongabbie,  
 At all these settlements I've worked in chains;  
 But of all places of condemnation  
 And penal stations in New South Wales,  
 To Moreton Bay I have found no equal,  
 Excessive tyranny each day prevails.

"For three long years I was beastly treated,  
 And heavy irons on my legs I wore,  
 My back with flogging was lacerated,  
 And oft-times painted with ray crimson gore.  
 And many a man from down-right starvation  
 Lies mouldering now underneath the clay;  
 And Captain Logan he had us mangled  
 All on the triangles of Moreton Bay.



"Like the Egyptians and ancient Hebrews,  
We were oppressed under Logan's yoke,  
Till a native black lying there in ambush  
Did deal this tyrant his mortal stroke.  
My fellow-prisoners be exhilarated  
That all such monsters like death may find,  
And when from bondage we are liberated  
Our former sufferings will fade from mind."

# Moreton Bay II

Simon McDonald's Version

Collected from Simon McDonald of Creswick, Vic. by Norm O'Connor and Mary-Jean Officer.  
Hugh Anderson's biography of McDonald "Time Out of Mind" portrays a fascinating working life in Victoria in Post WWI Australia.

## Verse

I am a nat - - iver of the land of Er - - in  
I was earl - - y ban - ished from my nat - ive shore.  
On the ship Col - um - bus went circ - u - lar sail - ing  
And I left be - - hind me the girl I a - dore.  
O'er the bound - ing bil - lows which were loud - ly rag - ing  
Like a bold sea mar - in - er my course did steer.  
We were bound for Syd - ney our des - tin - - a - tion  
And ev' - - ry day in ir - - ons wore.

Chords: C, F, C, Am, G, F, C, Am, F, C, Am, G, F, C, Am, F, C

## Chorus

Oh, More - ton Bay you'll find no e - qual  
Nor - - folk Is - - land and E - - mu Plains  
At Cast - le Hill and cursed Toon - gab - bie  
And all time pla - ces in New South Wales.

Chords: F, C, Am, G, F, C, Am, F, C

When I arrived 'twas in Port Jackson  
And I thought my days would happy be  
But I found out I was greatly mistaken  
I was taken a prisoner to Moreton Bay.  
For three long years I was beastly treated  
And heavy irons on my legs I wore  
My back from flogging was lacerated  
And oft-times painted with crimson gore.

Like the Egyptians and ancient Hebrews  
We were oppressed under Logan's yoke  
But a native black there lay in ambush  
Did give this tyrant a mortal stroke.  
Now fellow prisoners be exhilarated  
That all such monsters such death may find,  
And when from bondage we are liberated  
Then our former sufferings shall fade from mind.

# Mulga Bill's Bicycle

Words by A B 'Banjo' Paterson (1896) and setting by Bundanoon folksinger Richard Officer.

A C G7  
'Twas Mul - ga Bill, from Eag - le - hawk, that caught the cyc - ling craze; -

Dm G7 C G7 C  
He turned a - way the good old horse that served him man - y days;

B C Am F  
He dressed him - self in cyc - ling clothes, res - plen - dent to be seen;

C Am G7 C  
He hur - ried off to town and bought a shin - ing new mach - ine.

echo C Am G7 C  
But rid - ing is my spec - ial gift, my chief - est, sole de - light;

C C F  
Just ask a wild duck can it swim, a wild - cat can it fight.

(A) 'Twas Mulga Bill, from Eaglehawk, that caught the cycling craze;  
He turned away the good old horse that served him many days;  
(B) He dressed himself in cycling clothes, resplendent to be seen;  
He hurried off to town and bought a shining new machine.

(A) And as he wheeled it through the door, with air of lordly pride,  
The grinning shop assistant said, "Excuse me, can you ride?"  
(A) "See here, young man," said Mulga Bill, "from Walgett to the sea,  
From Conroy's Gap to Castlereagh, there's none can ride like me.

(A) I'm good all round at everything, as everybody knows,  
Although I'm not the one to talk - I hate a man that blows.  
(C) But riding is my special gift, my chiefest, sole delight;  
Just ask a wild duck can it swim, a wildcat can it fight.

(A) There's nothing clothed in hair or hide, or built of flesh or steel,  
There's nothing walks or jumps, or runs, on axle, hoof, or wheel,  
(B) But what I'll sit, while hide will hold and girth and straps are tight:  
I'll ride this here two-wheeled concern right straight away at sight.

(A) 'Twas Mulga Bill, from Eaglehawk, that sought his own abode,  
That perched above the Dead Man's Creek, beside the mountain road.  
(B) He turned the cycle down the hill and mounted for the fray,  
But ere he'd gone a dozen yards it bolted clean away.

(A) It left the track, and through the trees, just like a silver streak,  
It whistled down the awful slope towards the Dead Man's Creek.  
(A) It shaved a stump by half an inch, it dodged a big white box:  
The very wallaroos in fright went scrambling up the rocks,  
(C) The wombats hiding in their caves dug deeper underground,  
As Mulga Bill, as white as chalk, sat tight to every bound.

(A) It struck a stone and gave a spring that cleared a fallen tree,  
It raced beside a precipice as close as close could be;  
(B) And then as Mulga Bill let out one last despairing shriek  
It made a leap of twenty feet into the Dead Man's Creek.

(A) 'Twas Mulga Bill, from Eaglehawk, that slowly swam ashore:  
He said, "I've had some narrer shaves and lively rides before;  
(A) I've rode a wild bull round a yard to win a five-pound bet,  
But this was the most awful ride that I've encountered yet.

(A) I'll give that two-wheeled outlaw best; it's shaken all my nerve  
To feel it whistle through the air and plunge and buck and swerve.  
(B) It's safe at rest in Dead Man's Creek, we'll leave it lying still;  
A horse's back is good enough henceforth for Mulga Bill."

# The Murrumbidgee Shearer

From AB Paterson's Old Bush Songs. The song is closely related to and derived from 'A Maryborough Miner'.

capo 3

Chords: A C, G Bb, A C, G Bb, A C, A C, Em Gm, G Bb, A C, A C, C Eb, G Bb, A C, A C, G Bb, A C, C Eb, Em Gm, A C.

Come, all you jol - ly na - tives, and I'll re - late to you  
 Some of my ob - ser - va - tions, ad - ven - tures, too, a few.  
 I've trav - elled a - bout the coun - try for miles full man - y a score,  
 And off times would have hun - gered, but for the cheek I bore.

I've coasted on the Barwon, low down the Darling, too,  
 I've been on the Murrumbidgee, and out on the Paroo;  
 I've been on all the diggings, boys, from famous Ballarat;  
 I've loafed upon the Lachlan and fossicked Lambing Flat.

I went up to a squatter, and asked him for a feed,  
 But the knowledge of my hunger was swallowed by his greed.  
 He said I was a loafer and for work had no desire,  
 And so, to do him justice, I set his shed on fire.

Oh, yes, I've touched the shepherd's hut, of sugar, tea, and flour;  
 And a tender bit of mutton I always could devour.  
 I went up to a station, and there I got a job;  
 Plunged in the store, and hooked it, with a very tidy lob.

Oh, yes, my jolly dandies, 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's the ounce of gold;  
 The traps have often chased me, more times than can be told.

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

I've been hunted like a panther into my mountain lair.  
 Anxiety and misery my grim companions there.  
 I've planted in the scrub, my boys, and fed on kangaroo,  
 And wound up my avocations by ten years on Cockatoo.

So you can understand, my boys, just from this little rhyme,  
 I'm a Murrumbidgee shearer, and one of the good old time.

# Mustering Day

Collected by Miranda Manifold from Mrs J Allingham from Ingham Qld and based on the popular song 'Early in the Morning'

Verse

A E7 A

The boss he came to the old hut door, And said, as he'd of - ten said be - fore

A E7 A

"To - mor - row will be must'r - ing day, So sad - dle your hor - ses and let's a - way!"

Chorus

A E7 A

So ear - ly in the morn - ing, So ear - ly in the morn - ing,

D A E7 A

So ear - ly in the morn - ing, Be - fore the break of day.

The morning star was in the sky  
When up we jumped and rubbed an eye  
We got our horses in command  
And jumped upon them, whip in hand.

But the horse he rode was rather free  
And ran him into a blue gum tree;  
Threw the old man on his head,  
Broke his neck and killed him dead.

Across the plain we jog along  
Over gully, swamp and billabong;  
On every side from far and near  
The crack of the stockwhip loud and clear.

That night I took the old draught horse  
To carry home the old man's corpse.  
But then, in the pale moonlight,  
I got the most tremendous fright!  
(no chorus)

We found a mob not far away  
And started them off without delay;  
A baldy cow ran over the track,  
And the boss he went to fetch her back.

For, there I saw the old man's ghost  
Sitting on top of the stockyard post,  
Smoking still the same old clay  
He always smoked on mustering day!

Wherever I go, wherever I stray,  
I'll never forget that mustering day;  
I'll never forget the old man's ghost  
Sitting on top of the stockyard post.

# My Little Wet Home in a Trench

Music is 'Little Grey Home in the West' Hermann Loehr 1909 with this parody by Private Tom Skeyhill 1915

Capo 3

The musical score is written in 6/8 time with a key signature of one flat (Bb). It consists of nine staves of music. The lyrics are as follows:

1. In my little wet home in a trench  
 2. Our friends in that trench cross the way  
 3. So hurrah for the mud and the clay

Where rain storms con - tin - ual - ly drench  
 Seem to know that we're here to stay  
 Which leads to Der Tag that the say

The sky o - ver head, clay and mud for a bed  
 They shoot and they shout But they can't get us out  
 When we en - ter Ber - lin That cit - y of sin

And a stone that we use for a bench  
 Tho' there's no dirt - y fat trick they won't play  
 And make the fat Ber - lin - er pay.

Bul - ly beef and hard bis - cuits we chew  
 They rushed us a few cold nights a - go  
 Yes we'll think of the cold slush and stench,

It seems years since we tast - ed a stew  
 But we don't like in - trud - ers you know.  
 As we fought with the Bel - gians and French.

Shells, they crack - le and scare But no place can com - pare With my  
 Some de - par - ted quite sore Oth - ers left ev - er - more. Near my  
 There'll be shed then I fear Red - der stuff than a tear For my

lit - tle wet home in a trench. lit - tle wet home in a trench.

**Chords:** D, F, A7, C7, G, Bb, D, F, Cm, Am, E7, G7, B7, D7, E7, G7, F, D, F, A7, C7, D, F, A7, C7, D, F.



# My Name is Ben Hall

Words distilled by John Manifold from A B Paterson's Old Bush Songs and set to a varsovienna. Manifold (1915–85) was born into the squattocracy but time spent in England during the rise of fascism made him a 'partisan for peace'. Returning to post-war Australia his was involved in 'subversive acts' including writing poetry, collecting ballads and folklore, singing, and making musical instruments.

My - - name is Ben Hall, from Mur - ru - run - di I - - came;  
The \_\_\_ cause of my turn - out you - - all know the same.  
I was sent to the gaol, my catt le tured to the - - Crown,  
I was forced to the bush, my - - - sor rows to drown.

I am always well mounted; with a gun in my hand,  
And I speak people fair when I bid them to stand;  
And I act most gently towards all womankind  
Tho' my false wife's behaviour is still on my mind.

I once met a squatter, I knew he had cash,  
For the evening before he'd been cutting a dash;  
But he handed straight over when my pistols I showed,  
So I gave back five pounds he might spend on the road.

Here's a health to Frank Gardiner that leader so fine  
And also Jack Vane who is serving his time!  
With my friends in the bush I'll distribute this wealth,  
And I always reserve my last shot for myself!

# My Name is Edward Kelly

Collected from Cyril Duncan, Nerang Qld, by members of the Moreton Bay Bushwhackers. Stan Arthur and Bill Scott were prominent members of the MB Bushwhackers who recorded for Wattle records 'Folk Songs from Queensland' in 1959.

My name is Ed - ward Kel - ly, I'm hon - oured vast - ly well.  
I rule sup - reme, my word is law, wher - ev - er I may dwell.  
My friends are all u - - nit - ed, my mates and ar - my near;  
We sleep be - neath some shad - y tree, no dang - er do we fear.

Now the first of my adventures was through my sister dear,  
Who was grossly insulted and put in bodily fear;  
And when I came to hear of this it made my heart to ache;  
I took to the hills to have revenge, all for my sister's sake.

Oh I am young and in my prime, I'm twenty-four years old.  
I spent some time in vanity among young girls so bold;  
But now I am a-robbing upon the Queen's Highway;  
I fight the traps and rob the banks, and never run away.

In Mansfield that fair township where I was bred and born,  
Oft times have I roamed those hills from dark till early morn,  
But now I am a-robbing, and loudly my guns do roar.  
'Twas there I shot poor Kennedy, which grieved my heart full sore.

Now the troopers they are all sent out to search the country round,  
To bring in this notorious gang, but the Kellys can't be found.  
The Kellys are in the ridges, the police in ranks abound;  
The price upon my head, my boys, is now one thousand pound.

I never would surrender to any coat of blue,  
Or any man that wears a crown belonging to the crew.  
They're game, there is no doubt of it, when they are on the beat,  
But it took ten traps to take Ben Hall when he was fast asleep.

I'd rather die like Donahue, that bushranger so brave,  
Than be taken by the Government to be treated like a slave.  
I'd rather fight with all my might as long as I'd eyes to see;  
I'd rather die ten thousand deaths than die on the gallows tree.

Now all young men take my advice, that's bent on a roving life;  
Pray do not roam but stay at home, settle down and take a wife.  
For if you go a-robbing upon the Queen's Highway  
You'll have to fight with all your might, or else lay down and die.

# My Old Black Billy

Words are by Ted Harrington, and the music by Roy Jeffries (1915). Harrington (1895~1966) was an Australian poet and short story writer, the last of the bush balladists. He served in Palestine with the Australian Light Horse and took part in the charge on Beersheba. Like many returned soldiers his health never recovered from his war experiences, but he kept up his writing.

Verse

I've humped my blue-y through all the states, With my old black bil-ly, the best of mates;  
 For years I've camped and toiled and tramped On roads that are rough and hil-ly,  
 With my plain and sen-sib-le, in-dis-pen-sa-ble, Old black bil-ly.

Chorus

My old black bil-ly, my old black bil ly,  
 Wheth-er the wind be warm or chil-ly,  
 I al-ways find, when the shad-ows fall,  
 That my old black bil-ly's the best mate of all.

I have carried my swag on the parched Paroo,  
 Where the water is scarce and the houses few,  
 On many a track in the great Outback,  
 Where the heat would drive you silly,  
 I've carried my sensible, indispensable,  
 Old black billy.

When my tramping days at last are o'er,  
 And I drop my swag at the Golden Door,  
 Saint Peter will stare when he sees me there,  
 Then he'll say, "Poor wandering Willie,  
 Come in with your sensible, indispensable,  
 Old black billy.

# A Nautical Yarn

Words published by Keighley Goodchild in 1883 with the 'Dreadnought' named as the tune, but the tune here, 'Villikens and His Dinah' has become standard. Goodchild (1851–1888) was a journalist and bush poet, writing his best known ballad 'While the Billy Boils' in 1882

I sing of a cap - tain who's well known to fame;  
A nav - al com - man - - der, Bill Jinks was his name,  
Who sailed where the Mur - ray's clear wat - ers do flow,  
Did this fresh - water shell - - back, with a yo heave a ho.

To the Port of Wahgunyah his vessel was bound  
When night comes upon him and darkness around;  
Not a star on the waters its clear light did throw;  
But the vessel sped onward with a yo heave a ho.

'Oh, captain, oh captain, let's make for the shore,  
For the winds they do rage and the winds they do roar!  
'Nay, nay,' said the captain, 'though the fierce winds may blow  
I will stick to my wessel with a yo heave a ho.'

'Oh, captain, oh captain, the waves sweep the deck,  
Oh, captain, oh! captain, we'll soon be a wreck—  
To the river's deep bosom each seaman will go!  
But the captain laughed lightly, with yo heave a ho.

'Farewell to the maiden—the girl I adore;  
Farewell to my friends—I shall see them no more!  
The crew shrieked in terror, the captain he swore—  
They had stuck on a sandbank, so they all walked ashore.

# Ned Kelly's Farewell to Greta

Collected by Norm O'Connor, Bob Michel and Mary-Jean Officer from Mrs Peatey of Brunswick Vic, in 1959

Musical notation for the song 'Ned Kelly's Farewell to Greta'. The score is in G major and 4/4 time. The first line of music has chords G, D7, G, C, G, D7. The second line has chords Am, D7, C, G, D7, G. The lyrics are: Farewell my home in Greta, my sister Kate farewell; It grieves my heart to leave you, but here I cannot dwell.

Ned

The brand of Cain is on my brow, the bloodhounds on my trail,  
And for the sake of golden gain my freedom they assail.

But should they cross my chequered path, by all I hold on earth,  
I'll give them cause to rue the day their mothers gave them birth.

I'll shoot them down like kangaroos that roam the forests wide,  
And leave their bodies bleaching upon some woodland side.

Kate:

Oh Edward, dearest brother you know you must not go  
And risk to be encountered by such a mighty foe!

It's duly North lies Morgan's Tower, and pointing to the sky  
South-east and East the mighty range of Gippsland mountains lie.

You know the country well, dear Ned, go take your comrades there,  
And profit by your knowledge of the wombat and the bear.

And let no petty quarrels part the union of our gang,  
But stick to one another, Ned, and guard our brother Dan.

# The New England Cockie

To 'Roast Beef of Old England'

Originally given in Paterson's Old Bush Songs 1924 to 'Roast Beef of Old England'. Alternative tune is from Alex Hood.

Musical score for the first tune. It consists of four staves of music in 3/4 time, key of D major. The lyrics are: 'Twas a New Eng - land cock - y of whom I've been told Who died, so t'is said, on ac - - count of the cold. As he lay on his death - bed and wrestl - ed with Fate, He called on his child - ren to share the estate. The chords are: D, A7, G, A7, D, A7, E7, A7, D, A7, G, A7, D.

## Alternative tune

Musical score for the alternative tune. It consists of four staves of music in 3/4 time, key of D major. The lyrics are: 'Twas a New Eng - land cock - y of whom I've been told Who died, so t'is said, on ac - - count of the cold. As he lay on his death - bed and wrestl - ed with Fate, He called on his child - ren to share the estate. The chords are: G, D7, C, G, G, D7, C, D7, G, Em, Bm, C, G, C, D7, G.

'Twas an New England cocky of whom I've been told  
Who died, so t'is said, on account of the cold.  
As he lay on his deathbed and wrestled with Fate,  
He called on his children to share the estate.

'Let John have the pig and the pet native bear,  
The old kangaroo can be Margaret's share;  
Let Mike have the possum that comes when he's called,  
And Katy the emu although he's gone bald.'

'To Mary I'm leaving the pink cockatoo,  
And that's about all your poor father can do.  
There's fish in the creek and there's fowl on the lake;  
Let each have as much as their needs do dictate.'

'Farewell, my dear children, no more can I leave.  
Don't quarrel, or else my poor spirit will grieve  
And if you should marry and have children, my prayer,  
Is remember I nursed you on pumpkin and bear.'

# A Night at Daisy Park

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

## Chorus

C G7 C G7 C G7 C

Play us a tune on your old con-cer - tin - a, they ask young Jim - my Mc - Cann.

C G7 C G7 C G7 C

The danc - ing be - gins as he plays the first note, and the girls take the men by the hand.

G7 C F C G7

In an old log kitch - en at Dais - y Park, the eve - ning has just be - gun.

C F G7 C F G7 C

There'll be sing - ing and danc - ing for hours to come, and they'll wish no end to the fun.

## Verse

C G7 F C G7 C

The road runs north from Bed - ger - e - bong, the sulk - y runs rough on the track.

C G7 F C G7 C

They're out for the night for a song and a dance, not sure when they'll be back.

F C F G

Past Gun - ning Gap church on the right now they're close, there's ex - cite - ment in the air.

C G7 F C G7 C

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.

# Nine Miles From Gundagai

Usually credited to Jack Moses but probably a rework of an older song. The tune is Camooweal Races.

C F  
I'm used to punch - ing bull - ock teams a - cross the hills and plains.  
F G7 C  
I've teamed out - back this for - ty years in blaz - ing droughts and rains.  
C F  
I've lived a heap of troub - le down with - out a bloom - ing lie  
F G7 C  
But I can't for - get what happen - ed me nine miles from Gun - da - gai.

T'was getting dark the team got bogged, the axle snapped in two  
I lost me matches and me pipe. so what was I to do?  
The rain came, t'was bitter cold and hungry, too, was I  
And the dog, he sat in the tuckerbox, nine miles from Gundagai.

Some blokes I know has stacks of luck, no matter how they fall,  
But there was I, lor-luv-a-duck no blessed luck at all.  
I couldn't make a pot of tea nor get me trousers dry.  
And the dog sat in the tuckerbox nine miles from Gundagai.

I can forgive the blinkin team I can forgive the rain  
I can forgive the dark and cold and go through it again  
I can forgive me rotten luck but hang me till I die  
I can't forgive that plurry dog nine miles from Gundagai.



# Norfolk Whalers

## Row My Love Row

Words and music by Harry Robertson, a Scottish-born, Australian seaman, engineer, folk-singer, songwriter, poet and activist. During the 1950s he served in commercial whaling fleets and wrote a number of songs about his experiences.

### Verse

High on the cliff-tops of Norfolk's sweet isle  
The women and children are watching the while.  
Far down below the whale-boat-men row,  
As after the hump-back the northern men go.

The musical notation for the verse is written on four staves in 3/4 time, key of B-flat major. Chords are indicated above the notes: Dm, C, Dm, C, Dm, C, Dm, C, Dm, C, Dm, C, Dm, C, Dm, C.

### Chorus

Row, my love, row and bring back to me  
The king of the ocean, the prize of the sea

The musical notation for the chorus is written on two staves in 3/4 time, key of B-flat major. Chords are indicated above the notes: F, Dm, Gm, Dm, C, Dm, C, Dm.

The men on the boats strain hard at the oars,  
As they head for the whale and away from the shores.  
High in the bow the harpoon man stands,  
The steel-shafted harpoon held tight in his hands.

It's "ship your oars, lads, and quiet as we go"  
The harpoon sinks deep and the blood starts to flow.  
Hell-fire and fury break out on the waves,  
One flip of his tail will mean watery graves.

At last the whale drags the boat o'er the sea  
But tires from his efforts the lines to break free.  
Exhausted at last he floats in the sun  
Sharp lances complete what the harpoon'd begun.

It's back to the island will be a long row,  
Should darkness come down then the lanterns will glow.  
High on the clifftops the islanders stand  
And watch for the whalers to return to the land.

With backs nearly broken and blistered hands sore  
The whalers at last reach the land's rocky shore.  
The joy of friends' faces a pleasure to see  
As they welcome them home with the prize of the sea.

# North by West

Words by Harry 'Breaker' Morant, tune by Graham Jenkin. "Shoot straight you bastards!" were his last words to the firing squad before they executed him for the murder of Boer prisoners in a climate of appeasement just before reaching a peace treaty.

We've drunk our wine, we've kissed our girls, the funds are sink - ing low,  
The hors - es must be think - ing it's a fair thing now to go;  
So sling the swags on Con - da - mine and strap the bil - lies fast,  
We'll stuff a bot - tle in the bags and let's be off at last.

What matter if the creeks are up – the cash, alas, runs down!  
A very sure and certain sign we're long enough in town.  
Old Bobby rides the boko, and you'd better take the bay,  
Quart Pot will do to carry me the stage we go today.

No grass this side the Border fence! and all the mulga's dead!  
The horses for a day or two will have to spiel ahead;  
Man never yet from Queensland brought a bullock or a hack  
But lost condition on that God–abandoned Border track!

When once we're through the rabbit–proof it's certain since the rain  
There's whips o' grass and water, so it's North by West again!  
There's feed on Tyson's country–we can spell the mokes a week  
Where last year Billy Stevens trapped his brumbies on Bough Creek.

The Paroo may be quickly crossed–the Eulo Common's bare;  
And, anyhow, it isn't wise, old man, to dally there!  
Alack–a–day, far wiser men than you or I succumb  
To woman's wiles, and potency of Queensland wayside rum.

Then over sand and spinifex and o'er the ridge and plain!  
The nags are fresh–besides, they know we're North by West again.  
The brand upon old Darkie's thigh is that upon the hide  
Of bullocks we must muster on the Diamantina side.

We'll light our camp–fires where we may, and yarn beside the blaze;  
The jingling hobble–chains shall make a music through the days.  
And while the tucker–bags are right, and we've a stick of weed,  
A swagman shall be welcome to a pipe–full and a feed.

So fill your pipe, and, ere we mount, we'll drink another nip  
Here's how that North by West again may prove a lucky trip;  
Then back again–I trust you'll find your best girl's merry face  
Or, if she jilts you, may you find a better in her place!

# Number Twenty-Two

This poem was published in the Australian Federated Union of Enginemen "The Locomotive Journal" in 1880 under the penname of "Javey" of Murrurundi. Shortened and set here to Widgeoara Joe.

The musical score is written in 4/4 time and consists of four staves. The first staff begins with a C chord and ends with a G7 chord. The second staff begins with a G7 chord and ends with a C chord. The third staff begins with a C chord and ends with a G7 chord. The fourth staff begins with a G7 chord and ends with a C chord. The lyrics are: "If you talk of lo - co - mo - tives and would like to know the star, Step up on the foot - plate for a trip to War - a - tah. I drive the fin - est en - gine, I can prove the state - ment true, For there's no man or en - gine e - quals me and Twen - ty - Two."

There's the four-wheeled coupled Fairburns, One, & Two, & Three  
They're as fleet as Flying Dutchmen, but you can plainly see  
For speed and strength and steaming, and likewise for running true,  
I'm a happy combination with old Number Twenty-Two.

Look at Billy Martin again he's running late,  
A-ripping and a-whipping – Doctor is his mate;  
Drive, Billy, drive, but no matter what you do  
You couldn't hold a candle to old Number Twenty-Two.

There's the Thirties and the Forties, they are Beyer Peacock's make,  
They're easy on the lever, they're handy with the brake,  
With improvements and inventions, and with everything that's new;  
But the bully engine of them all is Number Twenty-Two.

Take a trip with Wrightson on number Thirty Eight,  
Always on the knocker, not a minute late.  
Drive Geordie drive, but no matter what you do,  
The darling of the Northern Line, is Number Twenty-Two.

Cabby runs to Maitland, little Seventeen,  
Dancin' and a prancin', like a ballet queen.  
Drive, Cabby, drive, but no matter what you do,  
You know you couldn't foot it, with old Number Twenty-Two.

I can work the staff and ticket and keep time with any train,  
I can pull the best amongst them and I'll tell you once again,  
If you want a driver that is sure to pull you through,  
Just ask for Thomas Plunkett and old Number Twenty-Two.

# Oh Bedad Then Says I

From concertina player Herb Tattersall recorded by John Meredith. The original "I don't care if I do" is changed here to the recognisable "I don't mind if I do"

Well, you asked me to sing you a bit of a song. It's not ver-y short and it's not ver - y long;

You asked me to sing you a some - thing that's

new - - "Oh, be - dad then," says I, "I don't mind if I do."

Well, me name is Dan Murphy, a farmer am I,  
I courted a lass and I felt rather shy;  
She bid me come in for a moment or two—  
"Oh, bedad then," says I, "I don't mind if I do."

Well, we entered the kitchen—'twas cosy and bright;  
A fine, hearty supper I put out of sight.  
Said she, "Here's a drop of the old mountain dew—"  
"Oh, bedad then," says I, "I don't mind if I do."

Now, when I was finished, I picked up me hat;  
Says Peggy, Me darlin, don't leave me like that.  
She asked me to kiss her like fond lovers do—  
"Oh, bedad then," says I, "I don't mind if I do."

Then we kissed and we squeezed and to lover's delight;  
She asked me to wed her and make her my wife.  
Says she, "I've a cow and an acre or two—"  
"Oh, bedad then," says I, "I don't mind if I do."

In was early next morning to the church to get wed;  
The priest stood and faced us with a book, and he said,  
"Now, let you take Peggy and Peggy take you—"  
"Oh, bedad then," says I, "I don't mind if I do."

# The Old Bark Hut

This version is largely that from AB Paterson's Old Bush Songs. Research has shown it to have been popular in the 1850's.

Verse)

Oh my name is Bob the Swag - man and be - fore you all I stand.  
I've had man - y ups and downs while travel - ling through the land.  
I once was well - to - do me boys but now I'm so hard up  
That I'm forced to go on rat - ions in the Old Bark Hut.

Chorus)

In the Old Bark Hut, in the Old Bark Hut,  
(Then echo the last line of the verse)

2. Ten pounds of flour, ten pounds of beef, some sugar and some tea  
Is all they give a hungry man until the seventh day.  
So you must be mighty sparing or you'll go with a hungry gut  
Which is one of the great misfortunes of the old bark hut.
3. The bucket I wash me feet in has to cook me tea and stew.  
They'd say "You're being mighty flash" if you should ask for two.  
I've a pint pot and a billy and a broken handled cup  
And they all adorn the table in the old bark hut.
4. Faith, the table is not made of wood, like many you have seen—  
For if I had one half so good, I'd think myself serene;  
'Tis only an old sheet of bark – God knows when it was cut –  
It was blown from off the rafters of the old bark hut.
5. Of furniture there's no such thing. 'Twas never in the place  
Except the stool I sit upon and that's an old gin case.  
I use it for a safe as well but you must keep it shut  
Or the flies will make it canter round the old bark hut.
6. If you should leave it open and the flies should get your meat,  
They'd scarcely leave a single bit that's fit for man to eat.  
But you must not curse nor grumble what won't fatten will fill up  
And what's out of sight is out of mind in the old bark hut.
7. To live in the hut in the summer–time the weather is nice and cool.  
You can feel the gentle breezes blowing in through every hole.  
You can leave the old door open or you can leave it shut  
There's no fear of suffocation in the old bark hut.

8. But to live in the hut in the winter-time it really is a treat  
Especially when it's raining hard and blowing wind and sleet.  
The rain comes down the chimney and your meat is black with soot  
It's a substitute for pepper in the old bark hut.
9. I've seen the rain come in this hut just like a perfect flood,  
Especially through that great big hole where once the table stood.  
There's not a blessed spot, me boys, where you could lay your nut,  
But the rain is sure to find you in the old bark hut.
10. So by me fire I make me bed and there I lay me down  
And think myself as happy as a king that wears a crown  
But just as I go off to sleep a flea will wake me up  
Which makes me curse the vermin in the old bark hut.
11. Faith such flocks of fleas you never saw they are so plump and fat  
And if you make a grab at one he'll spit just like a cat.  
Last night they had me pack of cards and were fighting for their cut  
And I thought the devil had me in the old bark hut.
12. So now me friends I've sung me song and sung it as well as I could.  
I hope the ladies present did not find me language rude.  
And all you boys and girls in the days when you grow up  
Remember Bob the Swagman in the old bark hut.

# Old Black Alice

From the Queensland Centenary Songster a composite from Bill Scott and Kath Walker (Oodgeroo Noonuccal), set to 'Brighton Camp'.

Now, Old Black A - lice are my name, and Well - shot are my sta - tion;  
It's no dis - grace, this old black face, it's the col - our of my na - tion.  
Bin - di - eye and mind your eye, and don't kick up a shin \_\_\_\_\_ dy;  
I've got a boy in Cam - oo - weal, and one in Goon - di - - win - - di.

I can polka, I can waltz, I can dance the figures;  
White man find 'em too much work, teach 'em to the niggers!  
Dance me up and dance me down, I don't mind your colour,  
I've got a boy in Kingaroy and one in Cunnamulla.

God He made the lubra girl that all the white girls run down;  
He made the whites by light of day, the black ones after sundown.  
Dance the black girl round and round, don't you dare despise her!  
I've got a man at Cuddapan, and another one at Mount Isa.

White man wash in old tin tub, black man wash much cleaner;  
Black man wash in Condamine and in the Di'mantina.  
Listen to the beat and mind your feet; don't exhaust my patience!  
I'm off next week to Combo Creek to meet my fine relations.

# The Old Bullock Dray I

First published in the Queensland Figaro and Punch in 1887 though reference to the "depot" or "factory" (the Female Factory) suggests earlier times. Tune has similarities with "Old Zip Coon" aka "Turkey in the Straw". This is a composite.

Oh the shear - ing is all o - ver and the wool is com - ing down.

I mean to get a wife my boys when I get in - - to town.

Ev' - ry creat - ure has a mate that pre - sents it - self to view

From the lit - tle pad - dy - mel - on to the box - ing kan - gar - oo.

## Chorus:

So it's roll up your blankets and let's make a push  
I'll take you up the country and I'll show you the bush  
I'll be bound you won't get such a chance another day  
So come and take possession of the old bullock dray.

Now I've saved up a good cheque and I mean to buy a team  
And when I get a wife, me boys, I'll be all serene.  
For calling at the depot they say there's no delay  
To pick up an offsider for the old bullock dray.

Oh yes of beef and damper I'll make sure there is enough  
And we'll boil in the billy such a walloper of a duff.  
And our friends will all dance to the honour of the day  
To the music of the bells around the old bullock dray.

Oh we'll have plenty s and girls, yes we must mind that  
There'll be flash little Maggie and buckjumpin' Pat  
There'll be Stringybark Josephine and Greenhide Mike  
Oh my colonial oath, just as many as you like.

They'll stop all immigration we won't need it any more  
We'd be having young Colonials twins by the score.  
And I wonder what the devil Jack Robertson would say  
If he saw us promenading round the old bullock dray.

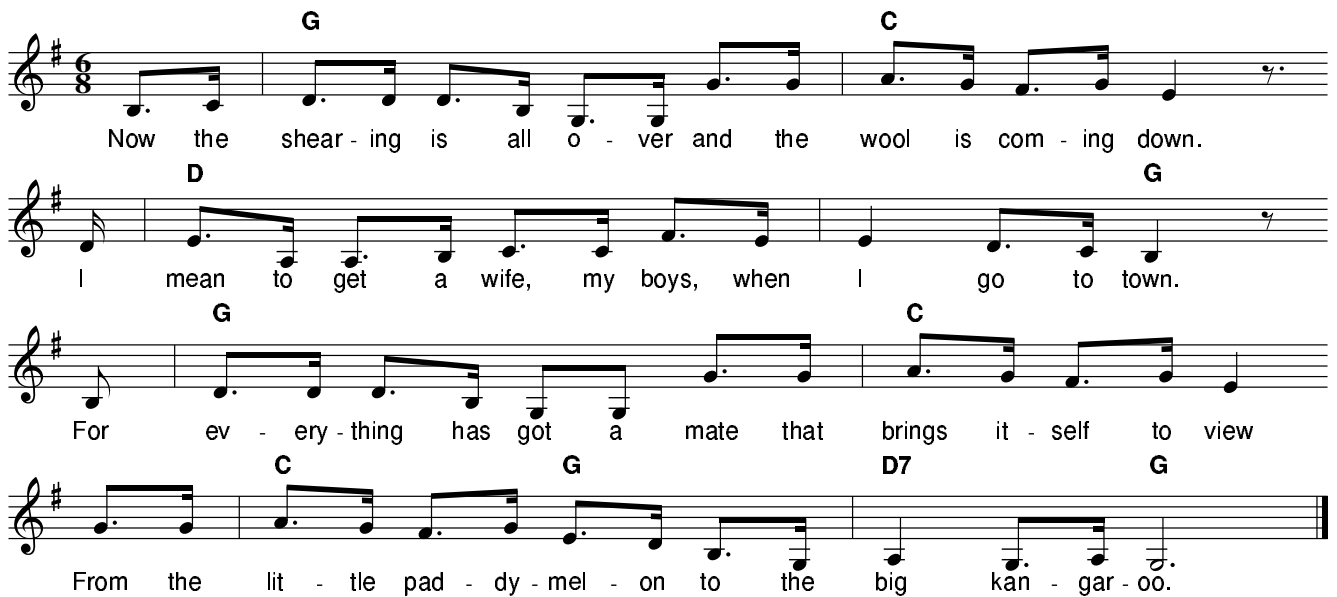
If the lady doesn't answer I can bear it with a grin  
I'll head back up the country and I'll marry a native gin  
Oh! "Baal gammon white feller," this is what she'll say.  
"Budgery you and your old bullock dray."

And now we are married with children twice times three.  
No-one lives as happy as my little wife and me  
She goes out a-hunting to while away the day  
While I take down the wool in the old bullock dray



# The Old Bullock Dray II

Burl Ives came to Australia in 1952. In Melbourne he obtained songs from Dr Percy Jones which were released as a folio and record called 'Australian Folk Songs' with acknowledgement to Jones for collection and arrangement.



Now the shear - ing is all o - ver and the wool is com - ing down.  
I mean to get a wife, my boys, when I go to town.  
For ev - ery - thing has got a mate that brings it - self to view  
From the lit - tle pad - dy - mel - on to the big kan - gar - oo.

Chorus:

So roll up your bundle and let us make a push,  
And I'll take you up the country and show you the bush;  
I'll be bound such a chance you won't get another day,  
So roll up and take possession of the Old Bullock Dray.

I'll teach you the whip, and the bullocks how to flog,  
You'll be my off-sider when I'm fast in the bog,  
Hitting out both left and right and every other way,  
Making skin, blood and hair fly around the Bullock Dray.

Good beef and damper, of that you'll get enough.  
When boiling in the bucket such a wallop of duff,  
My mates they'll all dance and sing upon our wedding day  
To the music of the bells around the Old Bullock Dray.

There'll be lots of picaninnies, you must remember that;  
There'll be "Buck-jumping" Maggie and "Leather-belly" Pat;  
There'll be "Stringy-bark" Peggy and "Green-eyed" Mike;  
Yes, my colonial, as many as you like.

Now that I am married and have picaninnies three  
No one lives so happy as my little wife and me;  
She goes out hunting to wile away the day  
While I take down the wool in the Old Bullock Dray.

# Old Bush Shanty

The song was written by Jack O'Hagan (1898 ~1987) in 1924. He was an Australian singer-songwriter and radio personality who published some 200 songs including 'The Road to Gundagai' and 'Our Don Bradman'.

The musical score is written in 4/4 time and consists of six staves. The melody is written on a treble clef staff with a key signature of one flat (Bb). The lyrics are written below the notes. Chords are indicated by letters above the staff: C, G, F, G, C, D7, G7, F, G, D7, G, C, F, D7, G7, C, F, C, G7, C.

You can bet I'll be set when I get back to that old bush shan-ty of mine  
There I'll be, where I'll see folks so dear to me and ev - ery - thing will be fine  
There'll be broth - er and sis - - ter, old mum and grey - haired dad  
I know they're just the great - est pals that I have e - ver had  
And I hope, pray, and sigh I'll be there un - til I die  
In that old bush shan - ty of mine

# The Old Country Hall Song

Many country halls have been and 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.

## Chorus

capo 5

Chorus musical notation with lyrics and guitar chords:

If these walls could speak what tales they could tell  
 Of grand cos - tume balls and of dig - ger's fare - - wells  
 Con - cer - tin - a and fid - dle and the M - C's clear call.  
 They're ech - oes from the walls of the Old Coun - try Hall.  
 (They're ech - oes from the walls of the Old Coun - try Hall.)

## Verse

Verse musical notation with lyrics and guitar chords:

The tal - low - wood floor is the best to be found,  
 So danc - ers will ride here from ten miles a - - round  
 To pi - - an - - o and accor - dion the drum's stead - y beat,  
 They whirl and they dance till they're dead on their feet.

## Ending

Ending musical notation with lyrics and guitar chords:

If these walls could speak what tales they could tell

Grand cos - tume balls; Dig - ger's fare - - wells;  
 Pian - o and drums; Hay - mak - ers Jig;  
 1 2 3 kick; Belle of the Ball;

Accord - i - - on band; Swish - ing of skirts;  
 Kids run - ning round; Dressed to the nines;  
 How is the farm? D'you want a beer?

**C**  
**F**

Can you hear them? Can you hear them?

**C**  
**F** **G7**  
**C7** **C**  
**F**

The ech - oes from the walls of the old coun - try hall!

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 fettlers 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.

# Old Dan Tucker

First verse collected from concertina player Herb Tattersall by John Meredith. Other verses added by David Johnson 2009

D A7

Old Dan Tuck - er was a fun - ny old man. He washed his face in a fry - ing pan,

D A7 D

Combed his hair with the leg of a chair, Com - plained of a tooth - ache in his hair.

Old Dan Tucker had a funny old dog.  
He danced a jig on a hollow log.  
From dawn to noon he played this tune  
And beat out the rhythm with a fork and spoon

Old Dan Tucker had a funny old wife.  
She washed the clothes with a carving knife,  
Swept the floor with an apple core,  
Kept a big brown turkey in the kitchen drawer.

Old Dan Tucker had a funny old pig.  
She went to church in an orange wig.  
She lived in a sty made of apple pie  
And sang in the rain when the weather was dry.

Old Dan Tucker had a funny old chook.  
She put on a hat to read a book.  
She had a dolly peg for a wooden leg  
And played the piano when she laid an egg.

# The Old Emma

The origin was not credited in the Folklore Council of Aust book of Australian Folksongs 1974 Tune suggested is 'Wee Doch An Doris'.

On the Mur - ray Riv - er steam - ers, while the sea - son's un - der - - way,  
We have to keep on haul - ing our car - goes night and day;  
It was late one day we load - ed up, the sky was o - ver - - cast  
With the car - go piled up on the wharf, we had to move it fast!

The night was dark and stormy when we left old Wentworth Town,  
Loaded up with spuds and onions – for Wilcannia we were bound!  
The lightning flashed, the thunder roared, the wind blew with great force;  
We blindly steered and hoped and prayed to keep a middle course!

We'd only just got ten mile out when 'The Emma' ran aground  
'All hands on deck,' the Captain cried, 'and help us get her round.'  
We got the block and tackle and we got the gear to work;  
We slowly heaved the old boat up with every little jerk.

'Heave–ho, heave–ho, together, boys!' the tackle took the strain!  
At last, we got her off the bank – we were afloat again!  
Then, when we got her straightened up and put the gear away,  
You'd hear the boys all yell and shout, 'Hip–hip–hooray, HOORAY!'

# Old Ireland Lies Groaning

collected by Frank Clune and set to "An Emigrant's Daughter" by Dave Johnson 2018. It was purportedly written by Jack Donahoe.

Old Ire - land lies groan - ing A hand at her throat, \_\_\_\_\_  
By \_\_\_\_\_ cow - ard be \_\_\_\_\_ trayed And by for - eig - ners bought.  
For \_\_\_\_\_ get not \_\_\_\_\_ the less - ons Our \_\_\_\_\_ fath - ers have taught!  
Though our land's full of \_\_\_\_\_ dan - ger And held by a \_\_\_\_\_ strang - er Be brave and be true!

We'll take to the hills  
Like the bandits of old,  
When Rome was first founded  
By warriors bold,  
Who knew how to plunder  
The rich of their gold;  
A life full of danger,  
With Jack the bushranger –  
The bold Donahoo.

We've left dear old Ireland's  
Hospitable shores –  
The land of the Emmets,  
The Tones and the Moores,  
Sweet liberty o'er us  
Her scalding tear pours.  
She points to the manger,  
Where Christ was a stranger –  
And perished for you.

You may hurl us to crime  
And brand us with shame;  
But you never will catch us,  
Our spirit to tame;  
For we'll fight to the last  
In old Ireland's sweet name,  
And we are bushrangers  
Who care not for dangers –  
With bold Donahoo!

# The Old Keg of Rum

Words collected by Vance Palmer, music restored by Margaret Sutherland and published in a collection 'Old Australian Bush Ballads' by Allan and Co in 1950. The preface says that "These ballads are among the few surviving from those sung around campfires and at bush meeting places in the days between our early pastoral settlement and the end of our first century."

Verse

My name is old Jack Pal - mer, and I once dug for gold

The song I'm gun - na sing for you re - calls the days of old

When I'd plent - y mates a - round me, and the talk would fair - ly hum

As we sat and sang to - geth - er round the old keg of rum.

Chorus

The old keg of rum, the old keg of rum

(Echo the last line of the verse)

There was Bluey Watt, the breaker, and old Tom Hynes  
 And little Doyle, the ringer, who now in glory shines  
 And many more hard doers, all gone to Kingdom Come  
 We were all associated round the old keg of rum.

When the shearing time was over in the sheds on the Bree  
 We'd raise a keg from somewhere, and we'd all have a spree  
 We'd sit and sing together till we got that blind and dumb  
 That we couldn't find the bung-hole of the old keg of rum.

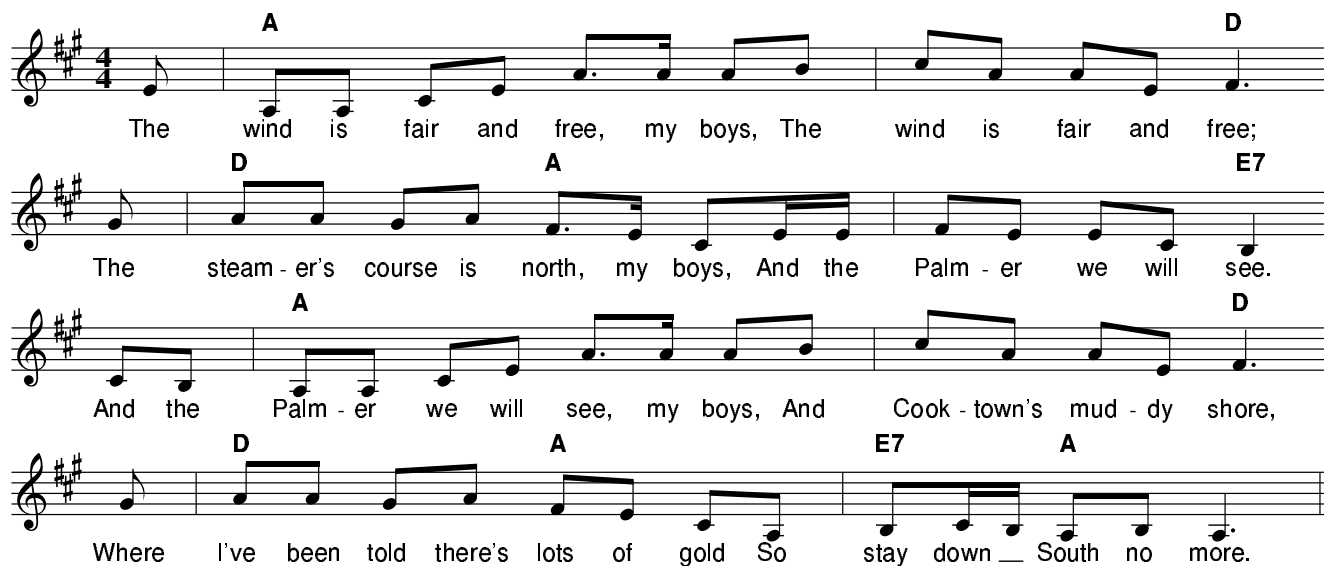
There was some would last the night out, and some would have a snooze  
 And some were full of fight, boys, but all were full of booze  
 Till often in a scrimmage I have corked it with my thumb  
 Just to keep the life from leaking from the old keg of rum.

Well, now my song is ended, I've got to travel on  
 An old buffer skiting of days now dead and gone  
 But I hope you youngsters round me will, perhaps in years to come  
 Remember old Jack Palmer and the old keg of rum.



# The Old Palmer Song

From The Native Companion Songster of 1889 to the tune of the English broadside "Ten Thousand Miles Away"



The wind is fair and free, my boys, The wind is fair and free;  
The steam-er's course is north, my boys, And the Palm-er we will see.  
And the Palm-er we will see, my boys, And Cook-town's mud-dy shore,  
Where I've been told there's lots of gold So stay down — South no more.

Chorus:

So, blow ye winds, heigho!  
A digging we will go,  
I'll stay no more down South, my boys,  
So let the music play.  
In spite of what I'm told,  
I'm off to search for gold,  
And make a push for that new rush  
A thousand miles away.

I hear the blacks are troublesome,  
And spear both horse and man,  
The rivers all are wide and deep,  
No bridges them do span.  
No bridges them do span, my boys,  
And so you'll have to swim,  
But never fear the yarns you hear  
And gold you're sure to win.

So let us make a move, my boys,  
For that new promised land,  
And do the best we can, my boys,  
To lend a helping hand.  
To lend a helping hand, my boys,  
Where the soil is rich and new;  
In spite of blacks and unknown tracks,  
We'll show what we can do.

# Old Sydney Town

A retrospective historical song written by singer/songwriter Phyl Lobl.

Verse

The Tank Steam ran si - lent through shad - ed green banks  
 When first I saw Syd - ney I off - ered no thanks  
 And the pleas - ant bush scen - er - y gave me no cheer  
 For the eyes of a con - vict are blinde - d by fear.

Chorus

Oh Old Syd - ney Town I'm a used to be rov - er  
 But now I can see that you fair won me ov - er  
 From the Her - o of Wat - er - loo up at the Rocks  
 To Black - watt - le Bay with its dirt - y old docks  
 I'll sing of your pleas - ures that sat - is - fy me  
 Of your har - bour, your pubs, and your Circ - u - lar Quay

Well Phillip he formed you for he chose the place  
 Macquarie came after and quite changed your face  
 But for the prisoners of old Mother England enslaved  
 To build up your city no names are engraved

Well the stone that was cleaved that they used for the Quay  
 Was carved from the earth by poor convicts like me  
 How I hated the stone from that Argyle Cut  
 And I wished it were my bones that hung at Pinchgut

Well they gave me a pardon and set me quite free  
 But the white cliffs of Dover no more will see me  
 I'm taking a ferry run—I'm doing fine—  
 From Blues Point to Dawes Point and straight down the line.

# Old Woman

A lullaby from Simon McDonald from Victoria. There are versions dating back to the earliest published collections of nursery rhymes. This is quite unique with the lilted chorus. However it seemed too short to me hence my two extra verses.

**Capo 3**

The musical score is written for guitar with a capo on the 3rd fret. It consists of ten staves of music in 3/4 time, each with a key signature of one flat (B-flat major). The lyrics are written below the notes. Chords are indicated by letters above the staff lines.

There once was an old wom - an she was rolled in a blan - ket,  
 She was nine - ty - nine times \_\_\_\_\_ as high as the moon,  
 "Old wo - man, old wo - man, old wo - man," said I, \_\_\_\_\_  
 "Where are you go - - ing, you're climb - ing so high."  
 "I'm go - ing to sweep \_\_\_\_\_ up cob - webs from the sky  
 And if you just wait I'll be with you by and by."  
 Fal da da di did - dle da di did - dle da di did - dle da di  
 Fal da da di did - dle da di did - dle da di di di  
 Fal da da di did - dle da di di da di di da di  
 And if you just wait I'll be with you by and by.

There once was an old sailor he was singing a song  
 He was ninety-nine miles away from the shore  
 "Old sailor, old sailor, old sailor," said I,  
 "Where are you going, you're sailing so far."  
 "I'm going to find some treasures from the sea  
 And if you just wait I'll be with you by and by."

There once was an old swagman he was walking outback  
He was ninety-nine miles on the wallaby track  
"Old swagman, old swagman, old swagman," said I,  
"Where are you going, you're walking so far."  
"I'm looking for work and a place for a feed  
And if you just wait I'll be with you by and by."

# On The Dole

Words by "Mulga Mick" published in the Tasmanian newspaper The Voice 1933; Set to Drover's Dream

Come list - en to my song, and I won't de - tain you long;  
To ex - - plain the pres - - ent pov - - er - ty I'll try.  
E - ven if you don't ag - ree, you'll have bet - ter sight to see,  
If I help to wipe the cob - webs from your eye.  
Soon we're com - ing to the end, when we'll have no cash to spend,  
Now the Banks have put the coun - try up the pole.  
But don't make a mis - take, to their sys - tem you'll a - wake,  
With the land - lord and the ten - - ants on the dole.  
Chorus  
Soon we'll all be on the dole, Yes, we'll all be on the dole,  
Now the Banks have put the coun - try up the pole.  
So we can lie in bed all day 'cause we'll have no rent to pay  
With the land - lord and the ten - - ants on the dole.

Now it's one of Nature's laws to eradicate the cause,  
And time alone will then effect a cure,  
So we human beings must try, and that remedy apply  
To the social ills the people now endure.  
The real gist of this song is that our distribution's wrong,  
Because, we allow the Banks to hold the sway;  
Helped by Plutocratic law, which really is the cause  
Of the poverty we're suffering today.

Soon we'll all be on the dole. Yes, we'll all be on the dole,  
If the usurious Banks we can't control,  
We have to change the laws which we all know are the cause  
Why the people, of to-day are on the dole.

With each country's goods o'erflowing  
yet each nation now is owing  
More interest than it's possible to pay;  
Yet those Banking Thieves how cry we'll be wealthy by-and-by  
If we only work an extra hour each day.  
He'll deserve the nation's thanks who  
Takes the power from the Banks:  
Then the help of the machines can be enjoyed.  
With the hours cut down to four the depression will be o'er  
And ne'er again will we have unemployed.

Then we'll all get off the dole. Yes, we'll all get off the dole,  
With the people all united as a whole.  
Preach and practice what is right and put the Profiteers to flight  
And ne'er again will we go on the dole.

# On The Track

Original words Jim Grahame (Jim Gordon), a life-long friend of Henry Lawson. The tune was written by musical duo Tony & Helen Romeo, both long term members of the Bush Music Club and performers with Southern Cross Bush Band.

I've lived for days on a pint of flour and I've buck - led my belt up tight  
I've a bluch - er boot on my left side foot, and a but - ton up boot on my right  
It's fif - teen weeks since I lost my job and a month till the first sheds start  
The days are hot and the stag - es long and the tuck - er would break your heart  
Chorus  
I've blown me cheque and tast - ed dust, and smoked the last of my tea  
And it's lit - tle I'd care if it were to - day, the end of the road for me.

It's fifteen weeks since I earned a pound, and it's twelve since the last was spent  
On a bit of a spree at a township pub with a quid or two that I lent  
A hot wind blows from the dry north-west, there's a rim of gum on my lips  
And my shoulders ache where the swag-straps drag, and my trousers sag on my hips

I drop my swag in a beefwood shade, I have plenty of time to rest  
Till the birds wing off to the nearest pool, when I'll follow their thirsty quest;  
Mirages mock as I sit and brood, or I battle it out with fate  
Yes, I talk to myself at a time like this for the want of a better mate

I think awhile of these city men who reckon they're on the land,  
As they preen themselves in a week-end camp or sport on the ocean sand.  
They write the stuff that I read today and they boast of the race and flags;  
But they'd change their tune if they changed their lot with a man that carries a swag!

# On the Wallaby

## The Tent Poles are Rotting

Written by Henry Lawson in 1891 and published in Brisbane with a shorter version appearing in *The Boomerang* in the same year. It was adapted, set to music and recorded by Dave de Hugard.

Verse 1

The tent poles are rot - ting, and the camp - - fires dead  
 And the pos - sums they ram - ble in the trees o - ver - head  
 I'm \_\_\_ out on the wall - a - by, I'm hump - - ing my drum  
 And I tramp down the road where the sun - - down - ers come.

Other Verses

And it's north west by west o - ver rang - - es and far  
 To the plains where the catt - le and the sheep sta - tions are  
 With the sky for my roof and the earth for my bunk  
 And a cal - i - - co bag for my dam - - per and my junk.  
 And \_\_\_ scarce - - ly a com - rade \_\_\_ my mem - - ,ry re - veals  
 But this spir - - it - less din - - go in tow at my heels.

Now my tent is all torn and my blankets are damp  
 And the fast-rising waters still flow by the camp  
 And the cold water rises in jets from the floor  
 As I lie on my bed and I listen to it roar  
 And I think of tomorrow how my foot-steps will lag  
 As I tramp beneath the weight of a rain-sodden swag.

But the way of a swagman is mostly uphill  
 But there's joys to be found on the wallaby still  
 When your day has gone by with its tramp and its tail  
 And your campfire you build and your billy it can boil  
 Oh, there's comfort and peace in the bowl of your clay  
 Or the yarn of a mate who is tramping that way.

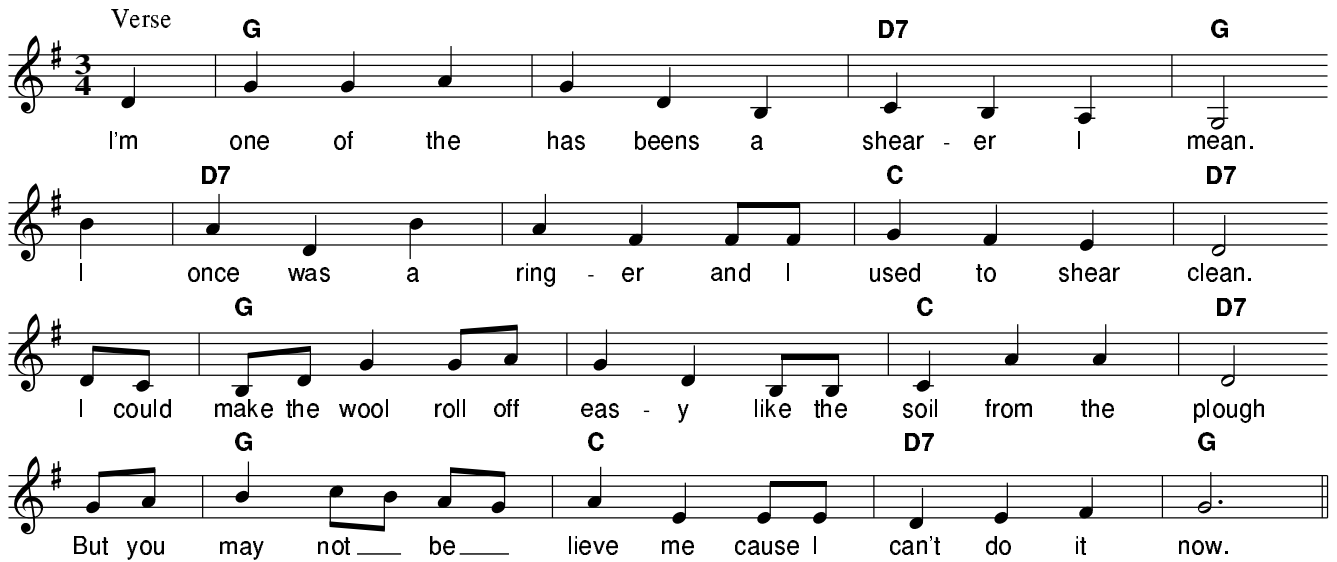


But beware of the city where it's poison for years  
And there's always a danger in drinking long beers  
For a bushman gets bushed in the streets of the town  
And he loses his friends when his cheque's all knocked down  
He's right 'til his pockets are empty and then ,  
He must hump his old bluey up the country again.

# One of the Has Beens

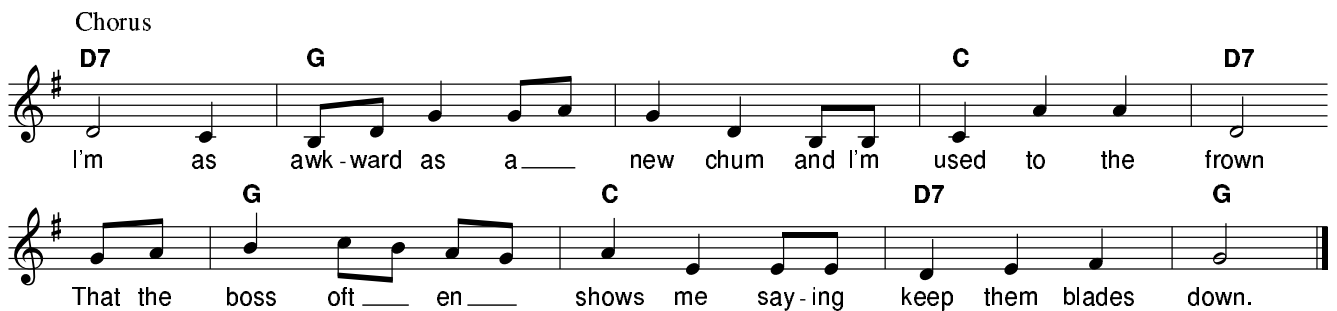
Almost identical versions collected by A L Lloyd and by Stewart and Keesing. The tune is "Polly Perkins"

Verse



I'm one of the has beens a shear-er I mean.  
I once was a ring-er and I used to shear clean.  
I could make the wool roll off eas-y like the soil from the plough  
But you may not be-lieve me cause I can't do it now.

Chorus



I'm as awk-ward as a new chum and I'm used to the frown  
That the boss oft en-shows me say-ing keep them blades down.

I've shored with Pat Hogan, Bill Bright and Jack Gunn,  
Tommy Leighton, Charlie Fergus and the great roaring Dunn.  
They brought from the Lachlan the best they could find  
But not one among them could leave me behind.

It's no use complaining I'll never say die  
Though the days of fast shearing for me have gone by.  
I'll take the world easy shear slowly and clean  
And I merely have told you just what I have been.

# The Outside Track

Words by Henry Lawson (1896), and the setting by Gerry Hallom (1982). The outside track refers to the literary and artistic set in Australia who seemed to need recognition in Britain to sanction their work. Lawson himself spent a difficult time in London.

The port - lights glowed in the morn - ing mist that rolled from the wat - ers green;  
 And o - ver the rail - ing we grasped his fist as the dark tide came be - tween.  
 We cheered the cap - tain and cheered the crew, and our mate, times out of mind;  
 We cheered the land he was go - ing to and the land he had left be - hind.

**Chorus**  
 For they mar - ry and go as the world rolls back they mar - ry and van - ish and die  
 But their spir - it shall live on the out - side track, as long as the years go — by.

There were ten of us there on the moonlit quay and one on the for'ard hatch;  
 No straighter man to his mates than he had ever said: "Len's a match!"  
 'Twill be long, old man, ere our glasses clink, 'twill be long ere we grasp your hand!  
 And we dragged him ashore for a final drink, till the whole wide world seemed grand.

We roared Lang Syne as a last farewell but my heart seemed out of joint;  
 I well remember the hush that fell when the steamer passed the point.  
 We drifted home through the public bars, we were ten times less by one  
 Who had sailed out under the morning stars, and under the rising sun.

And one by one, and two by two, they have sailed from the wharf since then  
 I have said good-bye to the last I knew, the last of the careless men,  
 And I can't but think that the times we had were the best times after all,  
 As I turn aside with a lonely glass and drink to the barroom wall.

## Final Chorus

But I'll try my luck for a cheque Out Back,  
 Then a last good-bye to the bush;  
 For my heart's away on the Outside Track,  
 On the track of the steerage push.

# The Overlander I

The words were published as early as 1894 in 'The Queenslander' and the tune is 'And Ye Shall Walk in Silk Attire' from Scotch Quadrilles c1820. Many tunes from published sheet music for the quadrilles became absorbed into the general music fabric.

Verse

There's a trade you all know well; And it's bring - ing cat - tle o - ver  
On ev - 'ry track, to the Gulf and back, men know the Queens-land drov - er

Chorus

So it's pass the bill - y round, boys, don't let the pint pot stand there,  
For to - night we drink the health of ev - 'ry o - ver - land - er.

Well, I come from northern plains where the girls and grass are scanty,  
Where the creeks run dry or ten feet high and it's either drought or plenty!

There are men from every land, from Spain and France and Flanders,  
They're a well-mixed pack, both white and black, the Queensland overlanders.

When we've earned a spree in town, we live like pigs in clover;  
And the whole damn cheque pours down the neck of many a Queensland drover.

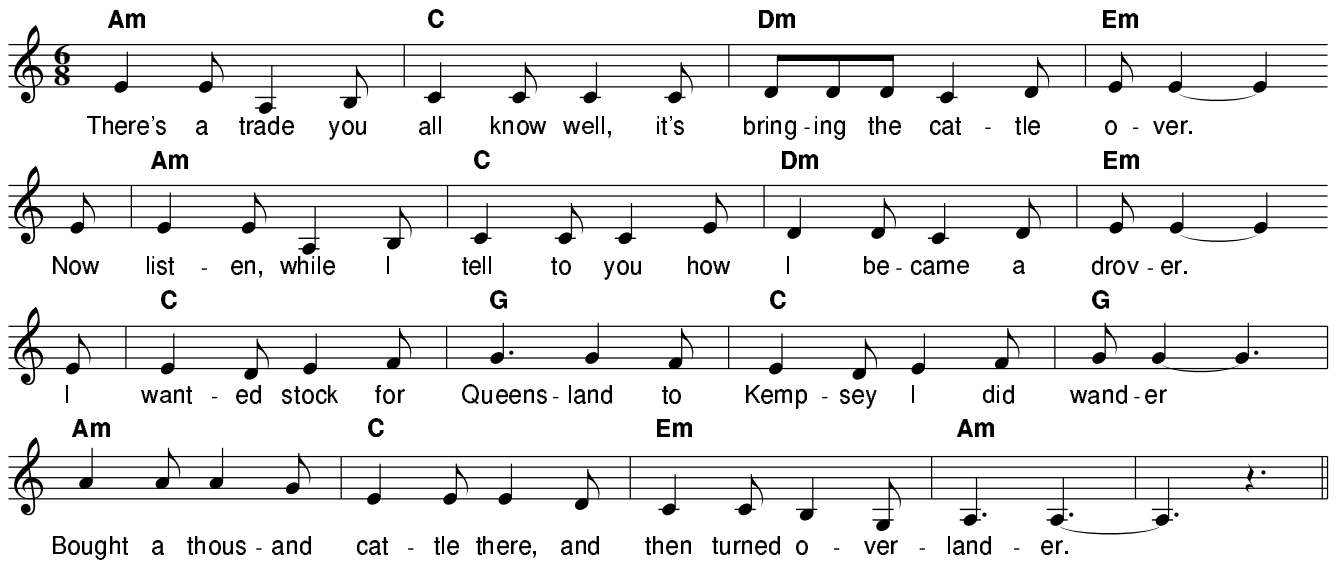
As I pass along the road, the children raise my dander,  
Shouting "Mother dear, take in the clothes, here comes an overlander,"

But I'm bound for home once more, on a prad that's quite a goer,  
I'll find me a job with a crawling mob on the banks of the Maranoa.

# The Overlander II

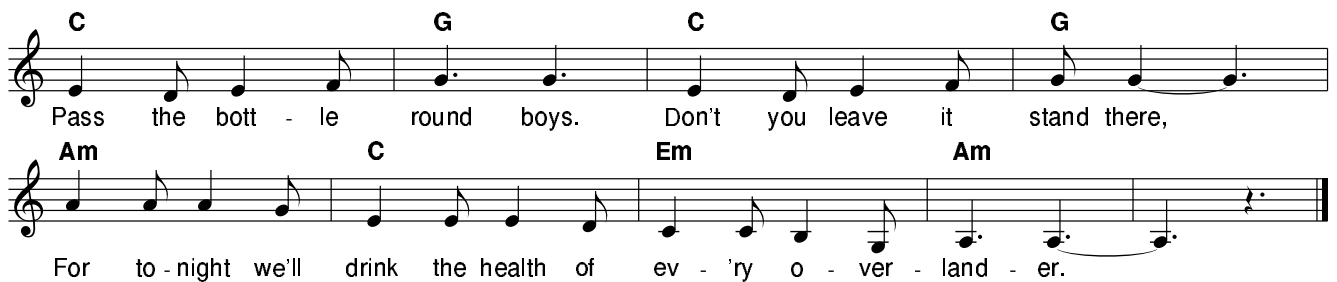
A composite version of words with the tune as collected and arranged by A L Lloyd. Overlanders drove mobs of cattle or sheep out to distant properties or back into the markets. A difficult life with long days in the saddle and then the night watch as well.

## Verse



There's a trade you all know well, it's bring-ing the cat-tle o-ver.  
Now list-en, while I tell to you how I be-came a drov-er.  
I want-ed stock for Queens-land to Kemp-sey I did wand-er.  
Bought a thous-and cat-tle there, and then turned o-ver-land-er.

## Chorus



Pass the bott-le round boys. Don't you leave it stand there,  
For to-night we'll drink the health of ev-ry o-ver-land-er.

When the cattle were counted and the outfit ready to start,  
I saw the boys all mounted with their swags thrown in the cart,  
All kinds of men I had too from France and Spain and Flanders –  
Lawyers, doctors, good and bad, in the mob of overlanders.

From the track I then spread out where the grass was green and young.  
When a squatter with a curse and shout told me to move along.  
I said, "Come draw it mild man, now don't you raise my dander  
For I'm a regular knowin' card, a Queensland overlander."

It's true we pay no licence and our run is rather large;  
It's not often they can catch us so they cannot make a charge.  
They think we live on store beef, but I'm no flamin' gander  
When a good fat stray comes our way "He'll do" says the overlander.

I would scorn to prig a shirt, as all my mates will say  
But if we pass a township upon a washing day,  
The dirty brats of kids would shout and quickly raise my dander  
Crying, "Mother dear, take in the clothes. Here comes the overlander."

In town we dress ourselves up and we go and see a play.  
We never think of being hard up, but how to spend our pay,  
We steer up to the pretty girls that dress themselves in grandeur  
And while they sweat our cheques, they swear they love the overlander.

# Paddy Fagan

Patsy Fagan

An Irish song given an Australian setting. Collected by folk collector and singer Alan Scott (1956) and later by Brad Tate (1967). Alan was very active in the early days of the Bush Music Club, collecting, editing and performing with the original Bushwhackers.

The musical score is written in 2/4 time and consists of four staves. The lyrics are: 'I left my home in Ire - land, 'twas man - y years a - - go, I left my home in An - trim where the pigs and the pra - ties grow. And since I left old Ire - land, it's al - ways been my plan, To show these Auss - ie peo - ple I'm a de - cent work - ing man.' The chords are: C, F, C, G, D7, G, C, F, Am, C, G, C.

## Chorus:

'Hello, Paddy Fagan!', you'll hear the girls all cry.  
'Hello, Paddy Fagan, you're the apple of me eye.  
You're a decent lad from Ireland, there's no one can deny.  
You 're a harum scarum devil-may-care-um decent Irish boy.'

I'm working here in Aussie and I've got a decent job,  
Shovelling bricks and mortar, and the pay is fifty bob.  
Oh, I wake up in the morning and I wake up with the lark  
And as I'm walking down the street you'll hear the girls remark;

Now if there's one among you who'd care to marry me,  
I'll take you to my little home across the Irish sea.  
I'll dress you up in satin and I'll please you all I can,  
Just to let these Aussie people know I'm a decent Irishman.

# Paddy Malone

Text from AB Paterson's 'Old Bush Songs' (1905) and set to the old Irish tune 'The Stone Outside Dan Murphy's Door'.  
The term 'Ohone' is Gaelic for 'alas'. It is sometimes spelt 'Ochone' which closer approximates the pronunciation.



Och my name's Pat Ma - - lone. and I'm from Tip - per - - ar - y.  
Sure I don't know it now. I'm so both - ered. O - - hone!  
And the gals that I danced with, light - - heart - ed and air - y,  
It's \_\_\_ scarce - ly they'd no - tice poor Pad - dy Ma - - lone.  
Tis twelve months or more since our ship she cast an - chor  
In hap - py Aus - - tra - - lia, the Em - - i - - grant's home.  
And from that day to this there's been noth - ing but cank - er,  
And grafe and vex - - a - - tion for Pad - dy Ma - - lone.  
Oh Pad - - dy Ma - - lone! Oh Pad - dy O - - hone.  
Bad luck to the a - - gent that coaxed ye to roam.

Wid a man called a squatter I soon got a place, sure.  
He'd a beard like a goat, and such whiskers. Ohone!  
And he said – as he peeped through the hair on his faitures  
That he liked the appearance of Paddy Malone.  
Wid him I agreed to go up to his station.  
Saying abroad in the bush youll find yourself at home.  
I liked his proposal, and without hesitation  
Signed my name wid a X that spelt Paddy Malone.  
Oh, Paddy Malone, you're no scholar. Ohone!  
Sure. I made a cris-crass that spelt Paddy Malone.

A—herding my sheep in the bush, as they call it —  
It was no bush at all, but a mighty great wood,  
Wid all the big trees that were small bushes one time,  
Along time ago, faith! I spose 'fore the flood.  
To find out this big bush one day I went further,  
The trees grew so thick that I couldn't, Ohone!  
I tried to go back then, but that I found harder,  
And bothered and lost was poor Paddy Malone.  
Oh, Paddy Malone, through the bush he did roam  
What a Babe in the Wood was poor Paddy Malone.

I was soon o'ercome, sure, wid grafe and vexation,  
And camped, you must know, by the side of a log;  
I was found the next day by a man from the station,  
For I coo—ey'd and roared like a bull in a bog.  
The man said to me, 'Arrah. Pat! where's the sheep now?"  
Says I, "I dunno, barring one here at home,"  
And the master began and kicked up a big row too,  
And swore he'd stop the wages of Paddy Malone.  
Arrah! Paddy Malone, you're no shepherd. Ohone!  
We'll try you with bullocks now, Paddy Malone.

To see me dressed out with my team and my dray too,  
Wid a whip like a flail and such gaiters, Ohone!  
But the bullocks, as they eyed me, they seemed for to say too,  
"You may do your best, Paddy, we're blest If we go."  
"Gee whoa! Redman! come hither, Damper!  
Hoot, Magpie! Gee, Blackbird! Come hither, Whalebone!"  
But the brutes turned round sharp, and away they did scamper.  
And heels over head turned poor Paddy Malone.  
Oh, Paddy Malone! you've seen some bulls at home,  
But the bulls of Australia cows Paddy Malone.

I was found the next day where the brutes they did throw me  
By a man passing by, upon hearing me groan,  
And wiping the mud from my face said he knew me,  
Says he, "Your name's Paddy?" "Yes! Paddy Malone."  
I then says to him, "You're an angel sent down, sure!"  
"No, faith, but I'm not; but a friend of your own!"  
And by his persuasion, for home then I started.  
And you now see before you poor Paddy Malone.  
Paddy Malone! You are now safe at home.  
Bad luck to the agent that coaxed ye to roam!



# Paddy Moore

## Keep Low, Me Boys, Keep Low

learnt from Bob Campbell who collected the chorus from Bill Baxter and wrote the verses. Published in Stringybark and Greenhide 1983.

Ex - - ser - geant Pad - dy Moore was a man I once shore for.

He could hold his head in the rough - est shed and he al - ways sang this song

Chorus  
He sang "Keep low me boys keep low. Take a long clean \_\_\_\_\_ blow.

For the weath - er's dry and the sheep might die and the man needs the wool."

He'd served in the state p'lice force and he rode a flash big horse  
With the helmet white and the leggings bright the pride of Buramy Creek.

To shear his tall bred sheep shearers had to stand six feet  
With the sheep held high and the wool filled eye the long blow cut through clean.

Paddy Moore picked up the fleece on his table he'd throw each piece  
If the wool looked good and he saw no blood he'd turn round to me and he'd sing

Paddy said one must be bright to decide twixt wrong and right  
But if he did wrong he'd sing this song and decide that he was right.

# Parramatta

Described as 'A new Negro Melody' composed for and sung by Mr J S Brice, Negro Melodist.  
Written by George Loyau and published in the Sydney Songster (~1865) adapted by David Johnson 2011.

## Verse 1

Capo 5

G C C F D G G C  
I'm gon - na sing you all a song, and the sub - ject it is lat - ter,  
G C C F D G G C  
All on my ad - - vent - ures when I went to Parr - a - - mat - ta;  
G C C F  
Went to Parr - a - mat - ta! Went to Parr - a - mat - ta!  
G C C F D G G C  
All on my ad - - vent - ures when I went to Parr - a - - mat - ta

## Other verses

G C C F D G G C  
I got a tick - et on the train, and the thing kept on a - - roar - ing,  
G C C F D G G C  
It re - mind - ed me of Sal - ly Lane, one time I heard her snor - ing;  
G C C F D G G C  
Then it gave an ug - ly screech, and made an aw - ful clat - ter,  
G C C F D G G C  
And I was fright - ed out of sense, till I reached Parr - a - - mat - ta.  
G C C F  
I reached Parr - a - mat - ta! I reached Parr - a - mat - ta!  
G C C F D G G C  
I was fright - ed out of sense, till I reached Parr - a - - mat - ta.

Now I walked up and down the street, and there I met a lady,  
With coal black eyes, and yellow hair, they call her Jenny Grady;  
I walked 'longside this lovely gal, my nerves they felt a shatter,  
As we walked arm in arm that day, all round Parramatta.  
All round Parramatta. All round Parramatta.  
We walked arm in arm that day, all round Parramatta.

I wore a coat of velvet plush, long with my white silk stocking,  
To see the mud fly in the street, it really was quite shocking;  
Miss Grady gave me such a smile, I can't tell what's the matter,  
She really was a lovely gal, and lived in Parramatta.  
Lived in Parramatta. Lived in Parramatta.  
She really was a lovely gal, and lived in Parramatta.

We went to the hotels about, and I felt awful funny,  
When after several hours out, I found I'd lost my money;  
My watch and chain were also gone, as clean as any hatter,  
And I was totally done brown that day in Parramatta.  
That day in Parramatta. That day in Parramatta.  
I was totally done brown that day in Parramatta.

I parted with my lovely girl, it being late on Sunday,  
And agreed to meet her in the Square, upon the next day Monday;  
I swear I've never seen her since, and if I do I'll catch her,  
And make her wish she'd never stole from me at Parramatta.  
From me at Parramatta. From me at Parramatta.  
Make her wish she'd never stole from me at Parramatta.

# Past Carin'

Original words by Henry Lawson (1899), slightly adapted by Phyl Lobl in her original setting. This is a fine example of how Lawson could focus on the plight of ordinary working class people and their day to day struggles, hopes and despair.

Now up and down the creek bed brown the great black crows are fly - in',  
 And down be - low the spur, I know, a - noth - er milk - er's' dy - in';  
 The crows have with - ered from the ground, the tank's clay bed is glar - in',  
 But from my heart no tear nor sound, for I have gone past car - in'  
 Past, both - er - in' or car - in', Past weep - in' and des - pair - in',  
 But from my heart no tear nor sound, for I have gone past car - in'.

Through Death and Trouble, turn about, through hopeless desolation,  
 Through flood and fever, fire and drought, and slavery and starvation;  
 Through childbirth, sickness, hurt, and blight, and nervousness an' scarin',  
 Through bein' left alone at night, I've got to be past carin'.  
 Past, botherin' or carin', Past weepin' and despairin',  
 Through bein' left alone at night, I've got to be past carin'.

Our first child took, in days like these, a cruel week in dyin',  
 All day upon her father's knees, or on my poor breast lyin';  
 The tears we shed – the prayers we said were awful, wild – despairin';  
 I've pulled three through, and buried two since then – and I'm past carin'.  
 Past, botherin' or carin', Past weepin' and despairin',\*  
 I've pulled three through, and buried two since then – and I'm past carin'.

'Twas ten years first, then came the worst, all for a barren clearin';  
 I thought, I thought my heart would burst when first my man went shearin';  
 He's drovin' in the great North-west, I don't know how he's farin';  
 For I, the one that loved him best, have grown to be past carin'.  
 Past, botherin' or carin', Past weepin' and despairin',\*  
 For I, the one that loved him best, have grown to be past carin'.

My eyes are dry, I cannot cry, I've got no heart for breakin',  
 But where it was in days gone by, a dull and empty achin'.  
 My last boy ran away from me, I know my temper's wearin',  
 But now I only wish to be beyond all signs of carin'.  
 Past, botherin' or carin', Past weepin' and despairin',\*  
 But now I only wish to be beyond all signs of carin'.

# Pickin' Up Spuds

Words by Canberra poet, Colin Webb reflecting on a holiday job at Burrawang NSW; set to the tune 'Rosin the Bow'.

I heard in the heat of Dec - em - ber me un - cle was dig - gin' the spuds;  
Bein' short of a quid then for Christ - mas I put on me old work - in' duds.  
By six I was down in the pad - dock, the trac - tor was go - in' a - round,  
Dig - gin' up rows of pot - a - - toes and leav - ing 'em there on the ground.

Well, he gave me some bags and a bucket, and he told me bout green ones and chats;  
I looked round the paddock all over, there was spud-bags and backsides and hats –  
There were backsides of every description, and hats bobbin' up and down.  
Then I heard him yell 'Come on young fella, you won't make much just standin' around!'

So I wired right in to them 'taters – I was goin' at 'em like fire!  
Till me head started hurtin' and I slowed down – in five minutes I started to tire.  
The sun was a-blazin' down on me, I started to feel quite a thirst,  
Me back and me legs were both achin': I wondered what would cave in first.

But when I saw that I'd filled five or six bags, why, then I felt like a young bull!  
Till he came round and shook 'em down properly and he said 'These here bags are half-full!'  
Well, I felt me heart sink within me when I thought what I would have to do,  
But I filled 'em right up to the top, and I threw in a green spud or two.

Oh, the paddock was as rough as blazes – There were thistles and snakes in me socks;  
And I noticed the fella beside me was fillin' his bag up with rocks.  
He was lobbin' 'em in there like crazy, and it brought a smile to me lips  
When I thought about the poor bloke who'd be buyin' them spuds to make chips!

When me uncle went home for his dinner I sat down in the shade of the fence;  
When I felt me sore muscles and sunburn I tell you, it fair made me wince.  
I prayed for a storm as I lay there, and we had one – it came down a flood!  
I thought 'Beauty, we'll pack up and go home'. But no, we picked spuds in the mud.

Yes, we worked spuds till eight that evenin', Then I loaded his truck up and all;  
But when I asked my uncle to pay me He gave me five dollars, that's all.  
Well, I'm told green potatoes are poison; That night, I had a dream  
Me uncle was eatin' spuds, and every potato was green!

# The Pig Catcher's Love Song

Words written by North Queenslander Jack Crossland to the tune of 'Old Smokey'.

Oh mar - ry me, dar - - ling, I love you sin - cere,  
I love you the way I love Cairns Bit - ter Beer

I have an old humpy, a camp oven or two,  
A rifle and pig-dogs; now I only want you.

You'll never go hungry as long as you live,  
With sweet-bucks and mangoes and slabs of wild pig.

I'll always be faithful, and reasonably true,  
I may love other women but I'll mostly love you.

I'll often get drunken, and sometimes tell lies,  
But I often will tell you how blue are your eyes.

Oh, marry me, darling, I never will fail;  
There are worse blokes than me, love, but they're mostly in gaol.

They're mostly in gaol, love; they're mostly in gaol.  
There are worse blokes than me, love, but they're mostly in gaol.

# The Poet's Coat

A2B1A1

Original words by Jim Grahame – Tune by Tony and Helen Romeo (2018)

**A Verses 1, 2 & 4**

I've brought it out from the lumber-room where it hung on a rusty hook  
 its folds are frayed and dusty and stiff as the leaves of an ancient book  
 It has been a treasure for ten long years, shoddy and cheap and mean  
 'Twas bought when the poet's purse was light and the poet's years were lean.

**B Verse 3**

One lone black button hangs by a thread; 'twas often he wore it tight  
 To cover rents in a worn-out shirt when the wind blew cold in the night  
 My mind goes back to a dull grey day (he'd plenty of them in the past)  
 But he was a sick and a broken man. It was then that he wore it last.

2. The cuffs are ragged, the collar grimed the elbows are threadbare worn  
 The pockets hang with their mouths agape with the edges tattered and torn  
 Its colour is known as pepper and salt a ready-made kind of a sac  
 And cut to a style that's out of date with a little slit at the back
3. One lone black button hangs by a thread 'twas often he wore it tight  
 To cover rents in a worn-out shirt when the wind blew cold in the night  
 My mind goes back to a dull grey day he'd plenty of them in the past  
 But he was a sick and a broken man – it was then that he wore it last.
4. I will hang it on its rusty hook in the dust of the lumber-room  
 Away from the clutch of a careless hand and the restless sweep of the broom  
 And there I will repair at times when I tire of men and their ways  
 And dream awhile by my old mate's coat that he wore in the olden days

# The Pommy's Lament

Collected from Muriel Whalan, Katoomba NSW by John Meredith. The tune is "King of the Cannibal Isles".

All you on em - i - gra - tion bent, With home and Eng - land dis - con - tent,  
 Come list - en to my sad la - ment A - bout the bush of Aus - tral - ia.  
 Once I pos - sessed a thous - and pounds, Says I to me - self how grand it sounds,  
 For a man to be farm - ing his own grounds In the prom - is - ing land of Aus - tral - ia.

Chorus

Ill - - a - war - ra, Mitt - a - gong, Parr - a - mat - ta, Woll - on - gong,  
 If you wish to be - come a beg - gar - man Well, go to the bush of Aus - tral - ia.

When coming out the ship got lost,  
 In a very sad plight we reached the coast,  
 And very nearly made a roast  
 For the savages of Australia.  
 Escaped from thence I lighted on  
 A fierce bushranger with his gun,  
 Who borrowed my garments, every one,  
 For himself in the bush of Australia.

Sydney town we reached at last,  
 Says I to meself, all danger's passed,  
 Now I'll make me fortune fast  
 In the promising land of Australia.  
 So off I went with cash in - hand,  
 Upon the map I bought the land,  
 But found it nought but barren sand  
 When I got to the bush of Australia.

Of sheep I got a famous lot;  
 Some died of hunger, some of rot,  
 But the devil a lot of rain we got  
 In this promising land of Australia.  
 My convicts, they were always drunk,  
 And kept me in a mighty funk,  
 Says I to meself as to bed I sunk,  
 I wish I were out of Australia.

Variant Chorus:  
 Booligal, Gobarralong,  
 Emu Flat and Jugiong,  
 If you wish to become a beggarman  
 Well, go to the bush of Australia.

Of ills I've had enough, you'll own,  
 But something else my woes to crown,  
 One night my bark hut tumbled down,  
 And settled me in Australia.  
 Of cash and homestead thus bereft,  
 The ruddy spot I gladly left,  
 Making it over by deed of gift  
 To the savages of Australia.

I gladly worked my passage home  
 And now to England back I've come,  
 Determined never more to roam,  
 At least, to the bush of Australia,  
 And stones upon the road I'll break,  
 And earn my seven bob a week,  
 'Tis better surely than the freak  
 Of settling down in Australia.

Variant Final Chorus:  
 Currabubula, Bogalong,  
 Ulladulla, Gerringong,  
 If you don't wish to become a beggarman  
 Don't go to the bush of Australia.



# Poor Ned Kelly

Written by Canadian/Australian hill billy singer Smilin' Billy Blinkhorn c 1939. Blinkhorn (1914–77) sang cowboy songs from an early age and made a career in associating this with advertising. He moved to Sydney in 1938 performing in vaudeville theaters and recording for Regal Zonophone Records.

Verse

When he was a lad a - bout six - teen years old  
He re - - ceived a horse that his best mate stole  
And the judge just to give him time to think  
Gave him three years hard lab - our in the loc - - al clink.

Chorus

It was poor Ned Kell - y, it's eas - i - er to do to - day!  
Poor Ned Kell - y! You don't ev - en have to run a - - way.

Now when he got out he went straight for a while  
And he worked very hard but he couldn't make a pile,  
And the coppers used to bully his poor old mum,  
So he stole their horses just for fun.

Now Ned and his mates they ran fast and free  
They held up the town of Jerilderie.  
They took the local coppers and they locked them away  
And they entertained the people for the rest of the day.

Now at Glenrowan they took old Ned  
But he wore a suit of armour so they couldn't shoot him dead.  
They took him down to Melbourne and they wouldn't go him bail  
Then they hanged him from the rafters of the Russell St Gaol.

(Spoken)  
But what with income tax and sales tax and GST,  
the price of food and beer and the way they charge these days  
for a cup of tea and a meat pie, I say to meself  
"Old Ned and his mates, they weren't such bad blokes".

# The Press Gang

Words by Michael Watson and published in 'Coles Treasury of Song', tune by David Johnson 2005.  
A version with identical words and a different tune was collected by Ron Edwards from Stan Dean of Cairns, Qld.

Verse

Sit round the gal - ey fire, my lads, and list - en while I sing,  
I'll tell you all how I was pressed when George the Third was king;  
In eight - een 'three the war broke out, and so, to man the fleet,  
The press-gang seized all lands-men that a - - shore they chanced to meet.

(Chorus not till after 2nd verse)

Yeo, heave ho! Here's to all the lass - es, O,  
Cheer-i - ly, lads, 'time a - board soon pass - - es, O,  
Yeo, heave ho! Sing and fill your glass-es, O, Cheer-i - ly, lads! Who'll serve the King?

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.

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."

# The Pub With No Beer

Adapted by Gordon Parsons from the original poem 'A Pub Without Beer' by Dan Sheahan (1944)

The musical score is written in 3/4 time and consists of four staves. The lyrics are written below the notes. Chord symbols are placed above the staves: C, D7, G7, and C.

Well it's lone - some a - - way from your kin - dred and all  
By the camp - fire at night where the wild ding - oes call  
But there's noth - ing so lone - some, mor - bid or drear  
Than to stand in the bar of a pub with no beer.

Now the publican's anxious for the quota to come  
And there's a far away look on the face of the bum  
The maid's gone all cranky and the cook's acting queer  
Oh what a terrible place is a pub with no beer

Then the stockman rides up with his dry dusty throat  
He breasts up to the bar and pulls a wad from his coat  
But the smile on his face quickly turns to a sneer  
As the barman says sadly "the pub's got no beer"

Then the swaggie comes in smothered in dust and flies  
He throws down his roll and rubs the sweat from his eyes  
But when he is told, he says "what's this I hear?  
I've trudded fifty flamin' miles to a pub with no beer."

Now there's a dog on the verandah, for his master he waits  
But the boss is inside drinking wine with his mates  
He hurries for cover and he cringes in fear  
It's no place for a dog around a pub with no beer.

And old Billy the blacksmith, the first time in his life  
Has gone home cold sober to his darling wife  
He walks in the kitchen, she says you're early Bill dear  
But then he breaks down and tells her "the pub's got no beer!"

Oh it's hard to believe that there's customers still  
But the money's still tinkling in the old ancient till  
The wine buffs are happy and I know they're sincere  
When they say they don't care if the pub's got no beer.

Well it's lonesome away from your kindred and all  
By the campfire at night where the wild dingoes call  
But there's nothing so lonesome, morbid or drear.  
Than to stand in the bar of that pub with no beer.

# The Rabbit Shearing

Collected by Ron Edwards from Sybella Lowe of Yeoval NSW. The words were in a book of newspaper cuttings from the Mudgee area c1918; here set to 'Bill Edwards' Schottische' by Dave Johnson 2018

The musical score consists of four staves of music in a 2/4 time signature. The first staff begins with a treble clef and a common time signature. The melody is written on a five-line staff. Below the staff, the lyrics are: "There was dust and an - i - ma - tion at the bus - y Bun - neigh sta - tion,". Above the staff, the chord "C" is marked above the first measure and "F" above the fifth measure. The second staff continues the melody with lyrics: "And full of noise and tur - moil was the spac - ious shear - ing shed." Above the staff, the chord "G7" is marked above the first measure and "C" above the fifth measure. The third staff has lyrics: "For now the end was near - ing of the sta - tion's big - gest shear - ing,". Above the staff, the chord "C" is marked above the first measure and "F" above the fifth measure. The fourth and final staff has lyrics: "And Bun - neigh was world fam - ous for the rab - bits that it bred." Above the staff, the chord "G7" is marked above the first measure and "C" above the fifth measure.

The shearers shored with vigour, with their tallies growing bigger;  
They had put through more than forty thousand bunnies since the morn.  
The rabbit-dogs were yelping loud, and every hand was helping,  
To get the fur of twenty million, long - wool rabbits shorn.

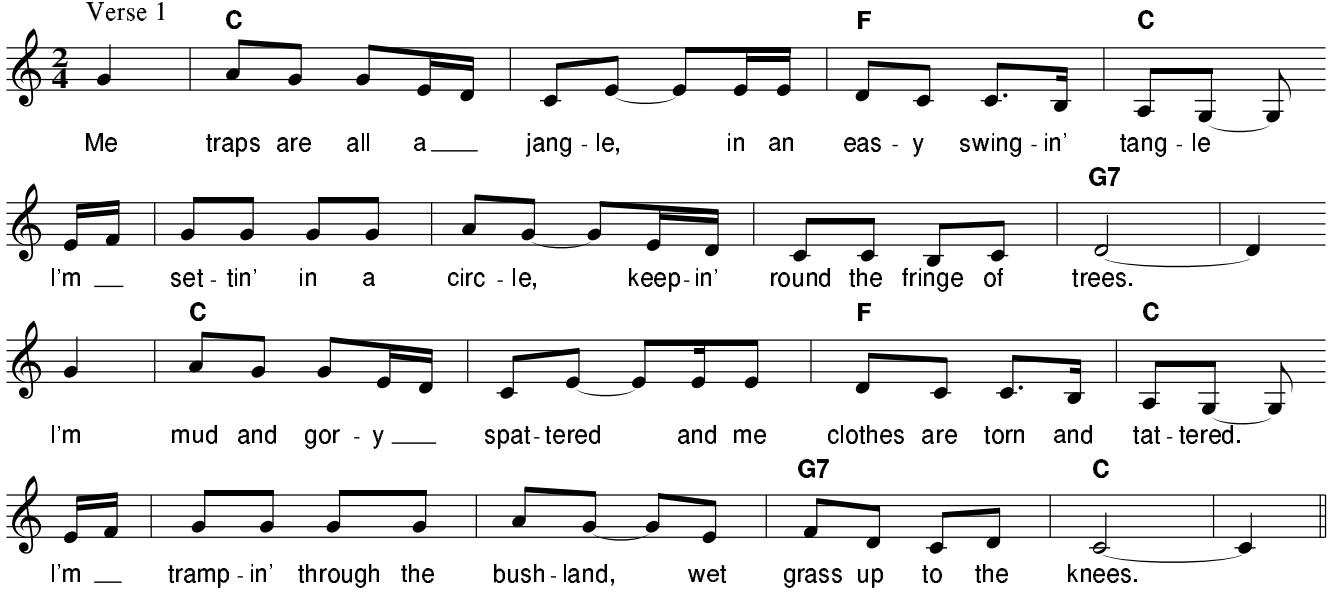
A shearer paused in wonder, and he spat and said, "By thunder,  
What sort of mongrel rabbit is this bloke I've got to shear?  
I know all breeds of rabbit, but I don't know where to grab it.  
In all my life I never saw a rabbit look so queer!"

His mate, a very old man, remarked, "Why, I've been told, man,  
That mobs of these here animals this station used to keep;  
They say they used to rear them, and then blokes would come and shear them;  
My father said they used to call the silly beggars 'sheep!'"

# The Rabbit Trapper

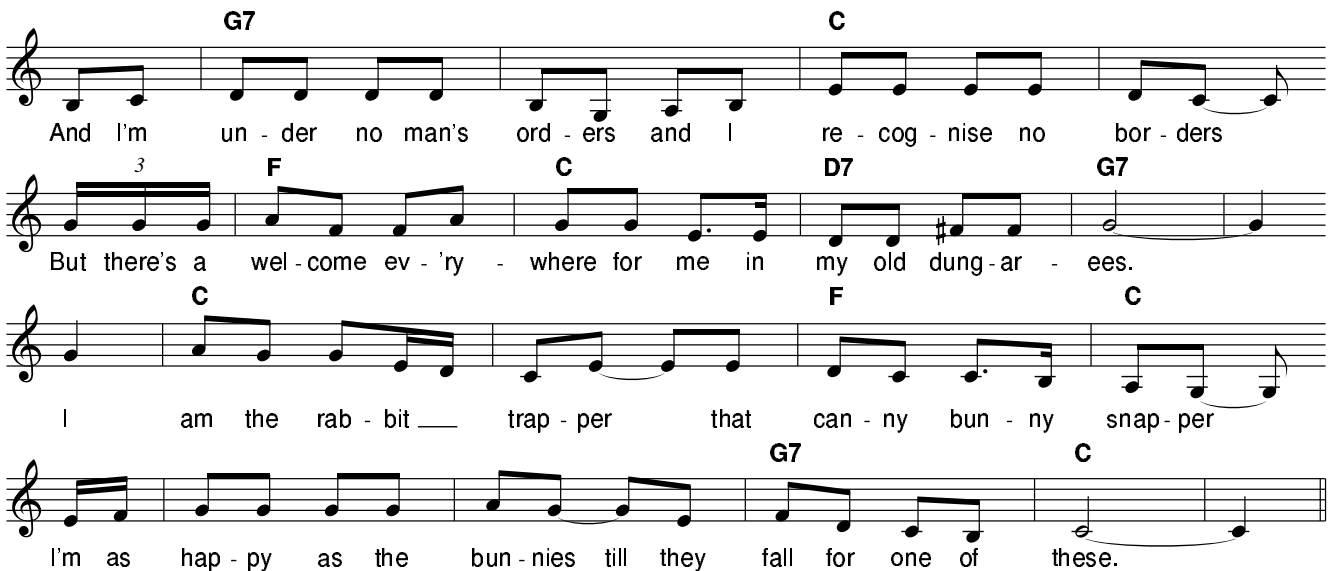
Collected from Basil Cosgrove of Armidale NSW, by Wendy Lowenstein and Dave de Hugar d c1970

## Verse 1



Me traps are all a\_\_\_ jang - le, in an eas - y swing - in' tang - le  
I'm \_\_\_ set - tin' in a circ - le, keep - in' round the fringe of trees.  
I'm mud and gor - y \_\_\_ spat - tered and me clothes are torn and tat - tered.  
I'm \_\_\_ tramp - in' through the bush - land, wet grass up to the knees.

## Verses 2 and 5



And I'm un - der no man's ord - ers and I re - cog - nise no bor - ders  
But there's a wel - come ev - 'ry - where for me in my old dung - ar - ees.  
I am the rab - bit \_\_\_ trap - per that can - ny bun - ny snap - per  
I'm as hap - py as the bun - nies till they fall for one of these.

## Verses 3,4 and 6



And it's a fair - ly fresh ol' morn - in' I can hear the koo - kas call - in'  
As I jing - le through the bush - land in \_\_\_ my old dung - ar - ees.  
And these bun - nies that I'm \_\_\_ stop - pin' they fair - ly keep me hop - pin'  
And I think I'll have a smok - o when I get up to those trees.

4. While you blokes are courtin' tabbies, I'm out among the rabbies  
I can hear them buckin squealin' a dozen traps ahead.  
While you blokes at the pub are flirting, at the last trap I am certain  
To be baggin' up my bunnies, keepin' tally as I tread.
5. And I'm under no man's orders and I recognise no borders  
But there's a welcome everywhere for me in my old dungarees.  
I am the rabbit trapper that canny bunny snapper  
I'm as happy as the bunnies till they fall for one of these.
6. Come on Blue, old cobber, I've got to get on decent clobber  
So it's time we got a move on, there's someone I've got to see.  
We'll make the railway early, there's a shy and dinkum girly,  
She'll juggle with the cream cans and write cheques out for me.

# The Rabbiter

Words and music by Bush Music Club member Stan Wakefield and published as a Bushwhacker Broadside in 1954.

Verse

The musical notation for the Verse is written on a treble clef staff in G major (one sharp) and 4/4 time. It consists of three lines of music. The first line has chords A, D, and A. The second line has chords Bm, A, E7, and A. The third line has chords Bm, A, E7, and A. There are triplets of eighth notes in the first two lines of the second line and the first line of the third line. The lyrics are: I read a - bout the for - tunes that the rab - bit - ers make out - back  
The sport - ing life, and the lair - y tales of pic - es fetched at Syd - ney sales,  
So I start - ed out a - cross New South Wales on the rov - ing rab - bit - ers' track.

Chorus

The musical notation for the Chorus is written on a treble clef staff in G major (one sharp) and 4/4 time. It consists of two lines of music. The first line has chords D, A, Bm, and A. The second line has chords A, E7, A, D, A, E7, and A. There are triplets of eighth notes in the first line. The lyrics are: With a hool - em - up and a sool - em - up and a fool - em - up de - coys,  
The men who scalp the rab - bit - ers are the Syd - ney Mar - ket boys.

A free and independent life,  
A life of simple joys –  
I camped beneath an old belar,  
And me tucker was mostly fried galah,  
And I trapped 'em near and I trapped 'em far  
For the Sydney market boys.

I poisoned out at Hillston  
And I trapped at Gundagai;  
I followed 'em over creeks and bogs,  
And chopped 'em out of hollow logs,  
And tailed 'em up with yelping dogs  
Way back of Boggabri.

Besides the bunnies that you catch  
There's things that you despise –  
A hawk, a snake, a crow, a rat,  
A bandicoot, a tiger cat,  
But when you're lucky a lamb that's fat  
Is a welcome enough surprise.

I skinned and scalped and scalped and skinned  
Till me back was nearly broke,  
With blood and muck all stiff and brown  
The stink of me clothes would knock you down,  
And I slaved all day for half a crown  
For the Sydney market bloke.

I thought I'd get a snifter cheque  
For skins I sent from Bourke,  
But the broker rogues at Sydney town  
They weigh them short and they grade them down,  
And they sent me back three lousy pound  
For a month of slavin' work.

Some day we're going to set our traps  
To catch the hungry crew  
Who live on useful workers' sweat –  
We'll stop their thievin' racket yet,  
And to make them earn their tucker, you bet,  
Is the job for me and you.

Last Chorus:

With a hool-em-up and a sool-em-up,  
And there'll be no more decoys;  
Then a-hunting, hunting we will go  
For the Sydney market boys.



# The Ramble-er

Collected by AB Paterson c 1905. The Ramblers was a bush band that formed about 1957 after The Bushwhackers disbanded, including Harry Kay, Alex Hood and Chris Kempster performing similar material. This tune by David Johnson (2005).

## Verses 1 & 2

1. The earth rolls on through empty space, its journey's never done,  
 It's entered for a starry race through-out to 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.

Chorus

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

## Verses 3 & 4

3. 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;  
 Axe-man, navvy Old Nick can bear me out in what I haven't been.

2. 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.

4. 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.

# Randwick Races

Words by John Dengate to a variant of the Galway Races; John wrote this vicariously based on reports of friends who were there.

We ar - rived at Rand - wick rac - es, in a tax - i from Clo - vel - ly.  
We had mon - ey in our pock - ets, boys, and schoo - ners in our bel - lies.  
Well the book - ies saw us com - ing and they pan - icked in a cris - is  
They tink - ered with the odds and they short - ened all their pric - es.  
Chorus  
With me whack, fol de ra, fol de did - dle - y i - - dle day.

Hunger it was gnawing and the thirst was in us rising  
And the crowd's excited roaring reached a level quite surprising.  
So we swallowed several middies and demolished pies and sauces  
And we set to work comparing jockeys, prices, weights and horses.

Denis Kevans said, "We will finish rich as Pharaoh  
If we back the chestnut filly from the district of Monaro.  
She's a trier, she's a flier, never knock her or decry her –  
She's fifty-five to one; when she wins we'll all retire."

There was every kind of punter from illiterates to scholars;  
I struggled through the betting ring and wagered twenty dollars  
Then the horses were away; from the barrier they thundered  
I hoped that very day to collect the eleven hundred.

We shouted in despair; Denis Kevans tore his hair,  
O'Dea began to swear at the filly from Monaro.  
She was struggling in the pack and our very hearts were bleeding  
She was falling further back and the favourite was leading.

It seems the filly heard us for suddenly she sprinted.  
She raced around the ruck with a purpose quite unstinted.  
At the ledger she was third, oh you should have seen her flying;  
I got so damned excited that I choked upon my pie,

They stormed into the straight like cavalry invading  
The filly was improving and the favourite was fading  
She's won it by a nose ... but a protest has been entered!  
The stewards have upheld it. Curse the day they were invented!

We walked back to Clovelly from the blasted Randwick races  
With ulcers in our bellies, boys, and gloom upon our faces.  
We cursed the filly's jockey and we cursed the Randwick stewards  
Then drowned our disappointment in a flood of amber fluids.

# The Reedy Lagoon

Collected by Geoff and Nancy Wills from Lance Carew, Mataranka NT, and/or Dr Barlow, Mackay Qld. Geoff Wills (1919–2000) was, apart from his interest in folk music, an instrument maker specialising in viols. He was also a seaman and an active unionist.

The sweet - scent - ed wat - tle sheds per - fume a - - round,  
En - - tic - - ing the bird and the bee,  
As I lie and take rest in a fern - cov - ered nest,  
'Neath the shade of a kurr - - a - - jong tree.  
High up in the air I can hear the re - - frain  
Of a butch - er - - bird pip - - ing his tune,  
For Spring in her glor - y is back once a - - gain  
To the banks of the Reed - - y Lag - - oon.

I've carried my bluey for many a mile,  
My boots are worn out at the toes,  
And I'm dressing this season in far different style  
From what I did last season, God knows.  
My cooking utensils, I'm sorry to say,  
Consist of a knife and a spoon,  
And I've dry bread and tay in a battered Jack Shea,  
On the banks of the Reedy Lagoon.

Oh, where is poor Frankie (how couldn't he ride!)  
And Johnnie, the kind-hearted boy?  
They tell me that lately he's taken a bride,  
A Benedick's life to enjoy.  
And Mac, the big Scotsman? I once heard him' say  
He'd wrestled the famous Muldoon;  
But they're all far away, and I'm lonely today  
On the banks of the Reedy Lagoon.

Oh, where is the lady I oft-times caressed,  
The girl with the sad dreamy eyes?  
She pillows her head on another man's breast,  
Who tells her the very same lies.  
My bed she would hardly be willing to share.  
Where I camp by the light of the moon!  
But it's little I care, for I couldn't keep square  
On the banks of the Reedy Lagoon.

# Reedy River

Words by Henry Lawson with this setting by Chris Kempster. It was the title song for the musical Reedy River by Dick Diamond. The play premiered at the Melbourne New Theatre March 1953. The Sydney New Theatre production featured The Bushwhackers. It played throughout Australia over three years to an estimated audience of half a million people. It has been revived several times.

Verses 1,2,4,5,7

1. Ten miles down Reed - y Riv - er, a pool of wat - er lies,  
 And all the year it mir - rors the chan - ges in the skies,  
 And in that pool's broad bos - om is room for all the stars;  
 Its bed of sand has drif - ted, o'er count - less rock - y bars.

Verses 3, 6 & 8

3. Be - - neath the gran - ite ridg - es, the eye may just dis - - cern  
 Where Rock - y Creek e - - mer - ges from deep green banks of fern;  
 And stand - ing tall be - - tween them, the grass - y she\_ oaks cool  
 The hard, blue - tint - ed wat - ers, be - - fore they reach the pool.

2. Around the lower edges, there waves a bed of reeds,  
 Where water rats are hidden and where the wild duck breeds;  
 And grassy slopes rise gently to ridges long and low,  
 Where groves of wattle flourish, and native bluebells grow.
4. Ten miles down Reedy River one Sunday afternoon,  
 I rode with Mary Campbell to that broad, bright lagoon;  
 We left our horses grazing till shadows climbed the peak,  
 And strolled beneath the sheoaks on the banks of Rocky Creek.
5. Then home along the river, that night we rode a race,  
 And the moonlight lent a glory to Mary Campbell's face;  
 I pleaded for our future all through that moonlight ride,  
 Until our weary horses drew closer side by side.
6. Ten miles from Ryan's Crossing and five below the peak  
 I built a little homestead on the banks of Rocky Creek;  
 I cleared the land and fenced it, and ploughed the rich, red loam,  
 And my fir-st crop was golden when I brought my Mary home.

7. Now still down Reedy River, the grassy sheoaks sigh,  
The water-holes still mirror the pictures in the sky;  
The golden sand is drifting across the rocky bars,  
And over all for ever go sun and moon and stars.
  
8. But of the hut I builded, there are no traces now,  
And many rains have levelled the furrows of my plough;  
The glad, bright days have vanished, for sombre branches wave  
Their wattle blossom golden above my Mary's grave.

# River Bend

Words from AB Paterson Old Bush Songs; Music is a popular maudlin song 'Sweet Belle Mahone' by J H McNaughton (1918).  
Adapted here to distance this song's message from the original song's.

Verse

At Riv - er Bend, in New South Wales, All a - lone a - - mong the whales,  
Bust - ing up some post and rails, All \_\_\_\_\_ on my own.  
In the blaz - ing sun we stand, Cab - bage-tree, black vel - vet band,  
Mole - skins stiff with sweat and sand, All \_\_\_\_\_ on my own.

Chorus

All \_\_\_\_\_ on my own. \_\_\_\_\_ All \_\_\_\_\_ on my own. \_\_\_\_\_  
(then echo last line of the verse)

In the burning sand we pine;  
No one asks us to have a wine,  
'Tis a jolly crooked line,  
All on my own.

When I am sitting on a log,  
Looking like a great big frog,  
Waiting for a Murray cod,  
All on my own.

Land of snakes and cockatoos,  
Native bears and big emus,  
Ugly blacks and kangaroos,  
All on my own.

Paddymelons by the score,  
Wild bulls, you should hear them roar!  
They all belong to Johnny Dore,  
All on my own.

# The Roaring Days

The words by Henry Lawson were first published in 'The Bulletin' in 1889. They were adapted and set to the tune of 'Ten Thousand Miles Away' by members of the Bush Music Club and recorded on the double album '20 Golden Greats' on the Festival label.

The musical score is written in treble clef with a key signature of two sharps (F# and C#) and a 4/4 time signature. The melody is simple and folk-like. Chord symbols are placed above the staff: A, D, A, E7, A, D, A, E7, A. The lyrics are written below the staff.

The night too quick - ly pass - es and we are grow - ing old,  
So let us fill our glass - es and toast the Days of Gold  
When \_\_\_ finds of wond - rous treas - ure set all the South a - blaze,  
And you and I were faith - ful mates all through the roar - ing days.

Then stately ships came sailing from every harbour's mouth,  
And sought the land of promise that beacons in the South  
Then southward streamed their streamers and swelled their canvas full  
To speed the wildest dreamers e'er borne in vessel's hull.

Their shining Eldorado, beneath the southern skies,  
Was day and night for ever before their eager eyes.  
The brooding bush, awakened, was stirred in wild unrest,  
And all the year a human stream went pouring to the West.

Oh, who would paint a goldfield, and limn the picture right,  
As old adventure saw it in early morning light  
The azure line of ridges, the bush of darkest green,  
The little homes of calico that dotted all the scene.

I hear the fall of timber from distant flats and fells,  
The pealing of the anvils as clear as little bells,  
The rattle of the cradle the crack of wind-lass-boles  
The flutter of the crimson flags above the golden holes.

Ah, then our hearts were bolder, and if Dame Fortune frowned  
Our swags we'd lightly shoulder and tramp to other ground.  
But golden days are vanished and altered is the scene  
The diggings are deserted, the camping grounds are green.

# Ryebuck Shearer

Collected from Jack Lipscombe, Ryde NSW by John Meredith, with extra verses arranged from Ernie Sibley of Mudgee NSW.  
Ryebuck means fair dinkum; Sawbees were blade-shears made by the English tool company Sorby in Sheffield.

I come from the south and my name is Field  
 And when my \_\_\_\_\_ shears they are prop - - er - ly steeled  
 It's a hun - - dred and odd I have ver - y oft - en peeled  
 And of course I'm a Rye - - buck Shear - - - er.

## Chorus:

If I don't shear a tally before I go  
 My shears and stone in the river I will throw  
 And I'll never open Sawbees to take another blow  
 To prove I'm a Ryebuck Shearer

There's a bloke on the board and I heard him say  
 That I'd never shear a hundred sheep a day  
 Well one fine day, I'll show him the way  
 And I'll prove I'm a Ryebuck Shearer

Well I'll make a splash but I won't say when  
 I'll hop off me tail and I'll into the pen  
 While the ringer's shearing five, I'll be shearing ten  
 And I'll prove I'm a Ryebuck Shearer.

There's a bloke on the board and he's got a yellow skin  
 A very long nose and he shaves on the chin  
 And a voice like a billy goat dancing on a tin  
 And of course he's a Ryebuck Shearer

There's a bloke up north or so I've heard  
 He's got a face like a dried-up buffalo's turd  
 Well if you think that's bad well you ought to see his bird  
 And of course she's a Ryebuck Shearer.



# The Sandy Hollow Line

Written by 'Duke' Tritton in 1937 based on his experience in the Depression. Set here to 'Lachlan Tigers'. Tritton (1886–1965) was an Australian poet, folk singer and shearer. He responded to an ad in the Bulletin for information on the old songs which then connected him with the Bush Music Club. He was an active member and he sang with The Bushwhackers.

Capo 2

The sun was blaz - ing in the sky and waves of shim - mer - ing heat  
Glared down on the rail - way cut - ting, we were half dead on our feet,  
And the gang - er stood on the bank of the cut and snarled at the men be - low,  
"You'd bet - ter keep them shov - els full or all of you cows will go."

"I never saw such a useless mob, You'd make a feller sick.  
As shovel men you're hopeless and you're no good with the pick."  
There were men in the gang who could belt him with a hand tied at their back  
But he had the power behind him and we daren't risk the sack.

So we took his insults in silence, for this was the period when  
We lived in the great depression and nothing was cheaper than men,  
And we drove the shovels and swung the picks and cursed the choking dust;  
We'd wives and hungry kids to feed, so toil in the heat we must.

And as the sun rose higher the heat grew more intense,  
The flies were in their millions, the air was thick and dense.  
We found it very hard to breathe, our lungs were hot and tight  
With the stink of sweating horses and the fumes of gelignite.

But still the ganger drove us on, we couldn't take much more,  
We prayed for the day we'd get a chance to even up the score.  
A man collapsed in the heat and dust, he was carried away to the side;  
It didn't seem to matter a damn if the poor chap lived or died.

'He's only a loafer', the ganger said, 'A lazy useless cow.  
I was going to sack him anyway, he's saved me the trouble now.'  
He had no thoughts of the hungry kids, no thought of a woman's tears  
As she struggled and fought to feed her brood all down the weary years.

But one of the Government horses fell down and died in the dray;  
They hitched two horses to him and dragged his corpse away.  
The ganger was a worried man and he said with a heavy sigh,  
"It's a bloody terrible thing to see a good horse die."

"You chaps get back to your work, don't stand loafing there.  
Get in and trim the batter down, I'll get the engineer."  
The engineer came and looked around and said as he scratched his head,  
"No horse could work in this dreadful heat or all of them will be dead."

"They're much too valuable to lose, they cost us quite a lot,  
And I think it's a wicked shame to work them while it's hot.  
So we will take them to the creek and spell them in the shade.  
You men must all knock off at once. Of course you'll not be paid."

And so we plodded to our camps and it seemed to our weary brains  
We were not better than convicts, though we didn't wear the chains.  
And in those drear depression days we were unwanted men,  
But we knew that when a war broke out we'd all be heroes then.

And we'd be handed a rifle and forced to fight for the swine  
Who tortured us and starved us on the Sandy Hollow Line.

# Send Her Down Hughie

## The Rouseabout's Prayer

Sung by Duke Tritton and recorded by John Meredith. It is based on the music hall song 'Swing Me Higher Obadiah'

### Verse

Half - way through the shear - ing and the weath - er was ver - y dry,  
But the clouds were gath - er - ing, \_\_\_ and low - down in the sky;  
Just as we were hav - ing a smoke, a show - er came o - ver the plain,  
And we heard from the shear - ing shed \_\_\_ the rouse - a - bouts re - frain:

### Chorus

Send her down a lit - tle bit hard \_\_\_ er, dear old Hugh - ie do!  
Send her down a lit - tle bit hard - er and we'll love you;  
Send her down for a week or two; All the rous - ies will stick like glue  
Just a lit - tle bit hard - - er dear old Hugh - ie do!

It is known as the rouseabouts prayer, it's been sung in every shed,  
For when the sheep are too wet to shear the rousies get board and bed,  
And their pay goes on if it's wet or dry, and they haven't a worry or care,  
So they lay in their bunk and sleep or read, and sing the rouseabouts' prayer:

Ten points of rain and the shearers vote on whether it's wet or dry,  
And if they all decide to shear, you will hear the rouseabouts sigh,  
'Spare me days', you will hear them say, 'There's frogs in the blanky wool',  
And they stare over the counting pens and sing, for their hearts are full:

When the rain is tumbling down the shearers grumble and curse,  
And the boss goes round with a hungry look, for it hits him in the purse;  
So he prowls about the shed all day like a bull in a stockyard ring,  
And grinds his teeth in futile rage when he hears the rouseabout sing:

# Sergeant Small

A song that reflected the difficulty unemployed men had trying to find work in the country.  
Verses by Terry Boyle, chorus by Tex Morton, setting by Brad Tate

Verse

Capo 2



I went broke in west-ern Queens-land, in nine-teen thir-ty one.  
No-bod-y would em-ploy me, so my swag-carr-ying days be-gun.  
I start-ed out through Chart-ers Tow-ers, through all the west-ern towns,  
I was on my way to Rom-a; dest-in-a-tion Dar-ling Downs.  
(Chorus from after 2nd verse)  
Well, I wish I was a-bout twen-ty stone, and onl-y sev-en feet tall.  
I'd go back to west-ern Queens-land and beat up Ser-geant Small.

My pants were getting ragged, my boots were getting thin,  
And as I came into Mitchell, the goods train shunted in.  
I could hear the whistle blowing and, looking out I could see  
She was on her way to Roma, it was quite plain to me

And as I sat and watched her, inspiration's seeds were sown,  
I remembered the Government slogan; "Use the railways that you own".  
As the sun was a'getting lower and night was coming nigh,  
I shouldered my belongings and I took her on the fly.

As I came into Roma, I kept my head down low,  
I heard a voice say "Any room, mate?", I answered "Plenty, beau".  
"Come out of there, my noble man", said the voice of Sergeant Small,  
"I have caught you very nicely, you've been riding for a fall".

The old judge was very kind to me; he gave me thirty days,  
Said "Maybe this might help to cure your rattler jumping ways",  
So if you're down and out in the outback, boys, I'll tell you what I think;  
You steer clear of Queensland goods trains, they're a short cut to the clink.

# The Shanty By the Way

Dr Percy Jones collected this song in New Zealand from a man who heard two old diggers singing it. They had learnt it from a miner on the west coast who had come from Australia in the 19th century. It is derived from an E J Overbury poem (1865)

Verse

It's in a first-rate bus-iness sec-tion where four bush-roads cross and meet.  
It stands in a qui-et and neat di-rec-tion to rest the wear-y trav-el-lers' feet.  
Ker-o-sene lamps are shin-ing bright-ly; cards and lo the bil-liard balls:  
Men and maids are danc-ing light-ly to the mus-ic in-side those walls.

Chorus

Rows of bot-tles stand-ing up-right, label-led with bright blue and gold,  
Beer's so cold it needs no ic-ing from the cel-lar's drear dark hold.

There's quoits and games and bagatelle, all to suit your fancy—oh;  
But better far behind the bar stands smiling darling Nancy—oh.  
Nancy's smiles are quite beguiling to make some fun she's willing—oh.  
You give a rap she turns the tap and thanks you for your shilling—oh.

Landlord stands with smiling face, He likes to see your cash forked out.  
Landlord stands with smiling face, Sometimes he will stand a shout.  
Landlord shouting is uncommon. He's kidding you to dance and play.  
How the devil can a man keep sober in the shanty by the way?

When you wake up in the morning In your thirst without a mag  
You cast around a sad reflection As you shoulder up your swag.  
Penniless you'll have to wander for many a long and weary day  
Till you earn another cheque to squander in the shanty by the way.

# The Shearer's Dream

Words by Henry Lawson with this tune from the sung version of Charles Ayger, Glebe NSW collected by John Meredith.

I dreamt I shore in a shear-ing shed a-nd it was a dream of joy - .  
For eve - ry one of the rouse - a - bouts was a gi - rl dressed up as a boy - .  
Dressed up like a page in a pant - o - mime the pret - ti - est e - ver seen - .  
They had flax - en hair they had coal black hair a-nd e - ver - y shade be - tween.

The shed was cooled by electric fans that was over every chute.  
The pens was of polished mahogany and everything else to suit.  
The huts had springs to the mattresses and the tucker was simply grand  
And every night by the billabong we danced to a German band.

Our pay was the wool on the jumbucks' backs so we shore till all was blue.  
The sheep was washed afore they was shore and the rams were scented too  
And we all of us cried when the shed cut out in spite of the long hot days  
For every hour them girls waltzed in with whisky and beer on trays.

There was three of them girls to every chap and as jealous as they could be  
There was three of them girls to every chap and six of them picked on me.  
We was drafting them out for the homeward track and sharing them round like steam  
When I woke with my head in the blazing sun to find it a shearer's dream.

# 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 accompanied by chords indicated by letters A, D, and E7 above the staff. The lyrics are written below the notes.

We were shear-ing down at Mung-an-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.

Chorus  
There was mus-ic down in the hol-low,  
There was sing-ing and danc-ing and beer.

1. All the fel-las on the sta-tion held a mon-strous cel-e-bra-tion  
2,3. There was nev-er such a shin-dig from She-as to Goon-di-win-di  
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.

(Optional instrumental verse with yodelling.)

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.

# A Shearer's Lament

Words by Matt O'Connor from the 'Border Fence'. The setting is based on Harry Cotter's Schottische.

Verse

The musical notation for the verse consists of two staves of music. The first staff is the vocal line, and the second is the guitar accompaniment. The key signature is one sharp (F#) and the time signature is common time (C). The lyrics are: 'We just finished shear-ing sheep out west of the Par-oo, And now it's rained five inch-es and we don't know what to do. A week a-go the sand was loose and dust blew ev-'ry day. But now the mud is three feet deep and we can't get a-way.'

Chorus

The musical notation for the chorus consists of two staves of music. The first staff is the vocal line, and the second is the guitar accompaniment. The key signature is one sharp (F#) and the time signature is common time (C). The lyrics are: 'I think I'll give this job a-way, I'm sick of be-ing greas-y, I heard a-bout a fenc-ing job they tell me is dead eas--y.'

I've just been talking to the boss, you all know Hector Cope,  
He says the Bullo's two miles wide and to cross it there's no hope.  
You hear a lot of people swear about the dough we make.  
But they forget the price of beer and all the combs we break.

Why I took this job on I cannot understand,  
If the bloody sheep ain't waterlogged the cows are full of sand.  
A man is doubled up all day, half blinded in his sweat,  
Then cooped up once it gets dark inside a mozzy net.

It may have been a good job once, those old hands had their breaks,  
They pushed a bike from shed to shed and lived on Johnny cakes.  
They had more time to do the job, they worked nine hours a day,  
And after paying for their grub, one pound a hundred pay.



# Shearing in a Bar

Collected from Duke Tritton by several members of the Bush Music Club including John Meredith and Alan Scott.  
Pete Seeger filmed Duke performing this song during his Australian tour in 1963.

My shear-ing days are o-ver, though I nev-er was a gun,  
I could al-ways count my twen-ty at the end of ev-'ry run.  
I used the old Trade Un-ion shears, and the blades were al-ways full  
As I drove 'em to the knock-ers, and I chopped a-way the wool.  
I shore at Goor-i--an-a-wa, and nev-er got the sack,  
From Breez-a out to Com-pa-dore I al-ways could go back,  
And though I am a truth-ful man, I find when in a bar  
That my tal-lies seem to doub-le and I nev-er call for tar

Shearing on the western plains where the fleece is full of sand,  
And the clover burr and corkscrew grass, is the place to try your hand,  
For the sheep are tall and wiry where they feed on the Mitchell grass,  
And every second one of them is close to the cobbler class;  
And a pen chock full of cobblers is a shearer's dream of hell,  
So, loud and lurid are their words when they catch one on the bell;  
But when we're pouring down the grog, you'll hear no call for tar,  
For a shearer never cuts 'em when he's shearing in a bar.

At Louth I caught the bell sheep, a wrinkly tough-wooled brute,  
Who never stopped his kicking till I tossed him down the chute.  
Though my wrist was aching badly, I fought him all the way,  
I couldn't afford to miss a blow, I must earn my pound a day.  
So when I took a strip of skin, I would hide it with my knee,  
Turn the sheep around a bit where the right bower couldn't see,  
Then try to catch the rousie's eye and softly whisper – Tar!  
But it never seems to happen when I'm shearing in a bar.

I shore away the belly wool, then trimmed the crutch and hocks,  
Opened up along the neck, while the broomie swept the locks;  
Then smartly swung the sheep around and dumped him on his rear;  
Two blows to clip away the wig – I also took an ear.  
Then down around the shoulder and the blades were opened wide,  
As I drove 'em on the long blow and down the whipping side.  
And when the fleece fell on the board, He was nearly black with tar,  
But this is never mentioned when I'm shearing in a bar.

Now when the season's ended and my grandsons all come back,  
In their buggies and their sulkies – I was always on the track;  
They come and take me into town to fill me up with beer,  
And I sit on a corner stool and listen to them shear.  
There's not a bit of difference, it must make the angels weep  
To hear a mob of shearers in a bar room shearing sheep;  
For the sheep go rattling down the race with never a call for tar,  
For they still don't seem to cut 'em when they're shearing in a bar.

Then memories come crowding and they wipe away the years,  
And my hand begins to tighten and I seem to feel the shears.  
I want to tell them of the sheds, of sheds where I have shorn,  
Full fifty years or sometimes more before these boys were born.  
I want to speak of Yarragrinn, Dunlop, or Wingadee,  
But the beer has started working and I'm wobbling at the knee.  
So I'd better not start shearing, I'd be bound to call for tar,  
Then be treated like a blackleg when I'm shearing in a bar.

# The Sheep-Washer's Lament

Compiled from a number of informants by John Manifold. Multiple informants implies that the sentiments expressed struck a chord.

When first I took the West-ern track, 'twas man - y years a - - go,  
No mast - er then stood up so high, no ser - vant stood so low;  
But now the squat - ters, puffed with pride, do treat us with dis - - dain.  
La - - ment with me the by - gone days that will not come a - - gain.

I had a pair of ponies once, to bear me on my road;  
I earned a decent cheque at times, and blued it like a lord.  
But lonely now I hump my drum in sunshine and in rain,  
Lamenting on the bygone days that will not come again.

Let bushmen all in unity combine with heart and hand  
Till bloody cringing poverty is driven from our land;  
Let never Queensland come to know the tyrant's ball and chain,  
And workers all in time to come their vanished rights regain.

With perfect health, a mine of wealth, the bushman stout and strong,  
Would smoke his pipe and hum his tune, and sing his cheerful song,  
But now we toil from morn till night, though much against the grain,  
Lamenting on the bygone days that will not come again.

I once could boast two noble prads, to bear me on my way;  
My good revolver in my belt, I never knew dismay.  
But lonely now I hump my drum in sunshine and in rain,  
Lamenting on the bygone days that will not come again.

I earned a decent cheque at times, and blued it like a lord.  
My dress a prince's form would grace, and sprees I could afford.  
But now in tattered rags arrayed, my limbs they ache with pain,  
Lamenting on the bygone days that will not come again.

# Shepherding

Written by goldfields bard Charles Thatcher c1856, a parody on 'The Days When We Went Gypsying'.

Verse

Oh, the days when we went shep - her - ding a long time a - go,  
And prec - ious laz - y days they were, as most of you well know.  
At nine o' - clock each morn - ing to the holes we would re - pair  
To joke and chaff, and have a laugh, with oth - er shep - herds there.

Chorus

'Twas thus we passed the hours a - way in past - ime ver - y slow  
In the days when we went shep - her - ding a long time a - go.  
In the days when we went shep - her - ding a long time a - - go.

We'll endeavour to describe to you in this our humble rhyme  
The way we jolly shepherds used to pass away the time:  
The first thing we'd pitch put about four shovelsful of soil,  
Then all knock off and have a spell from this laborious toil.

To a grog-shop then we would repair, and drink with other chaps;  
And if they were out for licenses we'd stand and joe the traps;  
And when we'd had our nobbler, to the holes away we'd cut  
With a pack of cards to have a game of cribbage, whist, or put.

And when the game was over we'd come back one by one,  
And four o'clock would come and see our daily labour done:  
But often after shepherding for many and many a day,  
We'd find the blessed line had slewed, and gone the other way.

# The Shores of Botany Bay

Collected from Duke Tritton by John Meredith. It is said that Tritton wrote the last verse to add to the verses he remembered.

capo 2

The musical score is written in G major (one sharp) and 2/4 time. It consists of four staves of music. The lyrics are written below the notes. Chords are indicated above the staff lines.

Chords: C, D, Am, Bm, F, G, G7, A7.

Lyrics:

I'm on my way down to the quay where a big ship now does lay,  
 For to take a gang of nav - vies I was told to en - gage;  
 But I thought I would call in for a while be - fore I went a - - way,  
 For to take a trip on an em - i - grant ship To the shores of Bot - any Bay.

## Chorus

Farewell to your bricks and mortar, farewell to your dirty lime.  
 Farewell to your gangway hand gang planks and to hell with your overtime;  
 For the good ship Rag of Muffin is a-lying at the quay,  
 For to take old Pat with a shovel on his back,  
 To the shores of Botany Bay.

For the boss came up this morning, and he said, 'Well Pat, hello!  
 If you do not mix that mortar fast be sure you'll have to go.'  
 Of course he did insult me, I demanded my pay,  
 I told him straight, I was going to emigrate  
 To the shores of Botany Bay.

And when I reach Australia, I'll go and dig for gold,  
 Sure there's plenty there for the digging, or so I have been told.  
 Or I might go back into my trade, eight hundred bricks I'll lay  
 In an eight hour day for eight bob pay  
 On the shores of Botany Bay.

# Sixteen Thousand Miles From Home

From the singing of Jack Wright of Coogee, NSW collected by John Meredith, as learnt from Jamie Carlin at the Bush Music Club.

Verse

Oh, I'm six - teen thous - and miles from home And me heart is fair - ly ach - ing,  
 To think that I should hum - ble so To come out here stone break - ing.  
 The road I took was Bun - gre - oo Where I met with a sub - con - tract - or,  
 Who eyed me and stud - ied me As a par - son or a doc - tor.

Chorus

With me hoor - al door - al, Tid - dy fal - oor - al, Tid - dy fal oll dee - i - doh.

Now I told him I was out of work,  
 And wanted some employment.  
 He says 'You do! You stink with scent,  
 You've had too much enjoyment.  
 Go over on to yonder hill,  
 Get from the boss a hammer,  
 And nine and six it is your pay,  
 And mind you now, that's grammar.'

So I battered and whacked the whole of the day,  
 At evening I grew spiteful;  
 With the sight I didn't know what to do,  
 I hadn't broke me hatful.  
 Just then the boss he came along,  
 Says he, 'You'll have to alter,  
 You'll be getting no run of the store, be Gosh,  
 You'll never earn your salt, sir.'

So I chucked me hammer down on the heap,  
 With that I did consider,  
 I knocked the dust from off me boots,  
 And battered me old black beaver,  
 Bad luck then to the mam and dad,  
 That reared me up so lazy,  
 With a silver spoon I'm a regular loon,  
 With hunger I'm very near crazy.

(Instrumental for half of verse)  
 Now I'll go and list the army,  
 I'll go and list the rifle,  
 And if I get shot I'll forget the lot,  
 All pastime and all trifle.

# The Sleeper Cutters Camp

Written by Dan Sheahan at Messines, France (1917), sent to Australia but banned by the military censor; music by Denis Kevans

The musical score is written in 6/8 time and consists of six staves. Each staff contains a line of music with lyrics underneath. Chord symbols are placed above the notes. The lyrics are: "My sole ad - dress at pres - ent is a bat - tle - field in France, If it's ev - er go - ing to al - ter, there is onl - y just a chance, To dodge the Jer - ry rif - les and the shrap - nel fly - ing round. I've bur - rowed like a bun - ny in a funk - hole und - er - ground. The floor is just a pud - dle, 'cause the roof lets in the damp, I wish I was in Aus - sie where the sleep - er cut - ters camp."

The tea is foul and bitter, like an ancient witch's brew,  
The bread is sour and scanty, and you ought to see the stew.  
The "lootenant" that is leading is a leery kind of coot –  
We always call him "Mister" so plain Bill would never suit,  
I'd sell my chance of Heaven for five minutes with the scamp,  
Where the red bull's chewing nut grass by the sleeper cutters' camp.

If another war is starting, I'll hang out with the "jibs"\*,  
Not much in being a hero, with a bayonet 'tween your ribs.  
Hard fighting for the Froggies, pushing Huns across the Rhine,  
They can take Alsace and Flanders and Normandy for mine!  
All I'm needin' is a pozzie where the ground is not too damp,  
'Neath azure skies of Aussie, just a sleeper cutters' camp.

Here, sitting in a dug-out, a rifle on my knees,  
I fancy I am back there, once again, among the trees,  
With long lost friends I'm chatting, by the camp-fire's ruddy glow,  
Where we boiled the old black billy, in the days of long ago,  
The signal comes to "Fall-in", I can hear the Diggers tramp.  
Farewell, perhaps forever, to the sleeper cutters' camp.

\* jibs – conscientious objectors

# Snowy River Roll

Written in 1953 by Australian composer William Lovelock for the building of the Snowy Mountains Hydro-Electric Scheme.

## Verse

Musical notation for the Verse of 'Snowy River Roll'. The music is in 3/4 time with a key signature of one sharp (F#). The lyrics are: Give me a man who's a man a - - mongst men Who'll stow his white col - lar and put down his pen. We'll blow down a moun - tain and build you a dam Much big - ger and bet - ter than old Unc - le Sam.

## Chorus

Musical notation for the Chorus of 'Snowy River Roll'. The music is in 3/4 time with a key signature of one sharp (F#). The lyrics are: And it's roll, roll, roll on your way. Snow - - y Riv - - - er roll on your way. Roll on your way un - - til Judge - - ment Day. Snow - - - y Riv - - - er roll.

Sometimes it's raining and sometimes it's hail,  
And sometimes it blows up a blizzardly gale.  
Sometimes there's fire and sometimes there's flood,  
And sometimes you're up to your eyeballs in mud!

Give me bulldozers and tractors and hoses  
And diesels to ease all my troubles away.  
With the help of the Lord and good Henry Ford  
The Snowy will roll on her way.

Don't bring your sweetheart and don't bring your wife,  
For here you must follow the bachelor life!  
When woman is woman a man is a fool!  
You get much more work from a bow-legged mule.



# A Song and A Sigh

Words are from the pen of Henry Lawson (March 1889) and the setting from Rita Baker as played by Dave de Hugard. de Hugard (born 1945), musician and folklorist, is arguably the country's foremost interpreter of the old bush songs

The creek went down with a brok - en song, Be - neath the she - oaks high \_\_\_\_\_  
The wat - er car - ried the song a - long, And the oaks the sigh. \_\_\_\_\_  
The song and the sigh went wind - ing by, wind - - ing down; \_\_\_\_\_  
Circl - ing the foot of the mount - ain high And the hill - side brown. \_\_\_\_\_

Chords: C, Dm, G7, C, C, Dm, G7, C, G7, C, D7, G, G7, C, Dm, G7, C

They were hushed in the swamp of the Dead Man's Crime—  
Where the curlews cried—  
But they reached the river the selfsame time,  
And there they died.  
And the creek of life goes winding on,  
Wandering by;  
And bears for ever, its course upon,  
A song and a sigh.

# A Song of Light

Words by John Barr published in 'The Bulletin', here set to the tune of the 'Old Keg of Rum'. John Barr was for a time a sub-editor of 'The Bulletin' which was published in Sydney from 1880 to 2008. During its heyday from 1880 to 1918 it largely dictated the debate in Australian culture and politics. It lampooned colonial governors, business leaders, the bourgeoisie, the church, feminists and prohibitionists, while it supported the labour movement, Australian independence, liberal democracy and White Australia.

C G7 C

There have plen - ty songs been writ - ten, of the moon - light on the hill, \_\_\_\_\_

C G7

Of the star - light on the o - cean, and the sun - flecks on the rill, \_\_\_\_\_

F

But one glor - ious song has nev - er fall - en yet up - on my ear, \_\_\_\_\_

F G7 C

'Tis a roy - al song of glad - ness of the gas - light on the beer. \_\_\_\_\_

C G7

The gas - light on the beer. \_\_\_\_\_ The gas - light on the beer. \_\_\_\_\_

F G7 C

'Tis a roy - al song of glad - ness of the gas - light on the beer. \_\_\_\_\_

I have watched an amber sunset, creep across a black-faced bay;  
 I have seen the blood-flushed sunrise paint the snow one winter day,  
 But the gleam I will remember best, in lingering days to come,  
 Was a shaft of autumn radiance on a pint of golden rum.  
 A pint of golden rum. A pint of golden rum.  
 Was a shaft of autumn radiance on a pint of golden rum.

I have seen the love stars shining through bronze hair across my face,  
 I have seen white bosoms heaving 'neath a wisp of open lace,  
 But resplendent yet in memory and it seemeth brighter far-  
 Was a guttered candle's flicker on a tankard in a bar  
 A tankard in a bar. A tankard in a bar  
 Was a guttered candle's flicker on a tankard in a bar

# The Song Of The City Stockman

Published in the Sydney Mail September 1910 and signed by "6 x 8"; Tune David Johnson 2015

The days of our drov-ing are o - ver, And brand-ing and must-er - ing, too.  
We've thrown up the life of the rov - er 'Twixt the Gulf and the parch-ing Bar - coo;  
We've quit - ted the graft on the sta - tion, And sacked the old black bil - ly can  
To work in a town sit - u - a - tion For a bi - o - graph pic - ture man.

We are still handling horses and cattle,  
It is true, in the old western way.  
But, Lord, what a different battle,  
For very near six times the pay!  
For we yard in the heart of the city,  
Near pubs and the choicest of scran;  
Old "milkers" we can't help but pity,  
For a biograph picture man.

No more through the Mulga and Gidgee,  
We gallop the leaders to check  
No more 'cross the plains, and the ridgy  
Hill country we're risking our neck!  
We're actors, in white shirts and collar,  
And shiny top boots, spick and span,  
And we crack our stock whips, and holler  
For a biograph picture man.

No night watches now, and no soaking  
When the skin drenching rain starts to fall  
And you shiver and list' to the croaking  
Of frogs, and the curlews' shrill call.  
We're swells now, and city street rovers,  
And camp with the white-handed clan  
We're high-class Centennial Park drovers  
For a biograph picture man.

We have done with the breaking of fillies  
And colts, near related to Nick,  
On the stations outback, where the will is  
Oft stronger than power to stick!  
In front of the camera's "blinkers,"  
In a pub-yard the size of a pan,  
We are breaking-in horses with winkers!  
For a biograph picture man.

It's a life full of ease and of leisure,  
And liquor, and blue eyes and brown,  
Yet at times we get weary of pleasure  
And the hustle and bustle of town;  
And we sit down and pine like a tracker  
For the bush and the black billy can,  
And wish we had done with the yakker  
For the biograph picture man.

# The Song of the Fetter

Words from the Australian Railway Union Magazine Railroad' by 'Johnson' 1929, tune by David Johnson 2004

Verse

Capo 2

Old sev - en - teen is whistl - ing as she rush - es through the night  
With head and tail - lights gleam - ing and ev - ery car a - light  
But as she takes the cut - ting and holds the shin - ing track  
From lust - y throats come call - ing the song of the man: Out - back.

Chorus

Roll and throw your pap - er for the fett - lers on the track.  
Roll and throw your pap - er for the men on the line: Out - back

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 their 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.

# Songs of Australia

Original words and music by Stan Wakefield and published in his folio of songs of the same name.  
Here it gains an extra verse contrived by singer/songwriter Peter Cahill in 2015.

The musical score is written in 4/4 time and consists of eight staves. Each staff contains a line of music with lyrics underneath and guitar chords above. The chords are: C, G7, C, G7, F, Dm, G7, C, Dm, G7, F, Dm, G7, C, Dm, G7, C, G7, C, G7, F, Dm, G7, C, Dm, G7, C.

When sum - mer days are long then comes a rowd - y song  
Down by the bur - raw - ong, Fern - - like and shad - - y.  
High in the kur - ra - jong, Far up the bil - la - bong  
I hear a cur - ra - wong An - - swer his lad - - y.  
Watt - - les of gold - en hue, Low - - ries of red and blue  
Gleam in the morn - ing dew Bush - - land's re - - ga - - lia  
Hark to the mer - ry crew, King par - rot, cock - a - too,  
Lyre - - bird, that sing the true Songs of Aust - ra - - lia.

Sweet tunes from violin, banjo and mandolin.  
Voices now joining in – they'll never fail ya  
All round this wide country People from land and sea  
Singing in harmony– Songs of Australia.  
Outback and city streets wherever strangers meet,  
This land beneath our feet forever changing.  
Bush Music still alive, people will always strive,  
For history will survive in Songs of Australia.



# Southern Markets

A poem from Harry "The Breaker" Morant; original setting by Graham Jenkin adapted by David Johnson. Morant, a contemporary of Lawson and Paterson, was a widely experienced bushman with a penchant for the ladies and for horses and for poetry.

Verse

We're bound for south - ern mar - kets! We're bring - ing o \_\_\_ ver - land

A thous - and head of bul - locks of the Bur - ran - bun - gee brand;

Some tough old pik - ers in the mob, a rough, hard - hid \_\_\_ ed lot

They culled off Bur - ran - bun - gee when last Christ - mas suns were hot!

Chorus

And it's Hey! Hey! Hey! We're bring - ing cat - tle o \_\_\_ ver.

Hey! Hey! \_\_\_ Hey! We're bound for Syd - ney Town.

Ride up the wing and steady there those longhorns in the lead!  
 For many a week we haven't struck so green a patch of feed!  
 And deftly on that cock-horned steer let fall the stockwhip's thong,  
 It needs some greenhide now to shift the lazy tail along!

We've travelled long, dry stages, we've loafed on well-grassed plain!  
 In moonlit and in murky nights, in sunshine and in rain!  
 We've brought along the cattle since the first days of the year,  
 Now winter nights and Muswellbrook alike are drawing near!

In starlit nights when cattle camp hard-breathing on the ground,  
 We let the night horse take his time and slowly dodge around;  
 And think of good old Sydney town, with time and cash to spare:  
 The races! and the draghounds! and the bright-eyed girl down there!

From the Barwon down to Muswellbrook, this trip will finish soon.  
 We'll have the bullocks in the yards before another moon,  
 And when this trip is ended, and when this cheque is done  
 We'll ride away nor'-west again to the Burrانبungee run!

Old Mac has cattle waiting! there's another contract job.  
 We'll drove to southern markets yet another mulga mob  
 This double-toast we'll drink, mates! the first when we get through,  
 To: 'The boys 'way back behind us! and the girls we're coming to!'



# Speewah

From The Bulletin 1897 by M'G with a setting by David Johnson. The more common spelling used instead of the original 'Speewaa'.

The push are get - ting might - y stiff, they've swall - ered ev - ery drain; \_\_\_\_\_

So jump from off my knee a jiff and fill old girl a - gain. \_\_\_\_\_

Ter - mor - rer morn - in off we clear, this eve - nin, it's our shout; \_\_\_\_\_

So give our cheques ter miss - us dear, and say we'll take em out.

For we're off to the Spee - wah in the Nev - er Nev - er Land

O - - ver the Coop - er and be - - yond the belt of sand. \_\_\_\_\_

We're chock - a - block o' graft - in' in the same old track

So we'll make a break for Spee - waa 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 Speewah, 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 Speewah 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 Speewah, 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 Speewah 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 in Speewah in the Never-Never Land.

# The Springtime It Brings On The Shearing

This is an abbreviated collected version of EJ Overbury's poem "The Wallaby Track. Tune collected by D Percy Jones.

Oh the spring - time it brings on the shear - - - ing,  
 And it's then you will see them in droves, \_\_\_\_\_  
 To the West Coun - try sta - - tions all steer - - - ing,  
 A \_\_\_\_\_ seek - ing a job off the coves. \_\_\_\_\_

**Chorus**  
 With a ragged old swag on my shoulder,  
 And a billy quart-pot in my hand,  
 I tell you we'll 'stonish the new-chum,  
 To see how we travel the land.

You may talk of your mighty exploring  
 Of Landsborough, McKinley and King,  
 But I feel I should only be boring  
 On such frivolous subjects to sing.

For discovering mountains and rivers  
 There's one for a gallon I'd back,  
 Who'd beat all your Stuart's to shivers  
 It's the men on the Wallaby Track.

From the Billabong, Murray and Loddon,  
 To the far Tatiara and back,  
 The hills and the plains are well trodden,  
 By the men on the Wallaby Track.

Oh, and after the shearing is over,  
 And the wool season's all at an end,  
 It is then you will see those flash shearers  
 Making johnny-cakes camped in the bend.

# The Squatter's Man

Collected by AB Paterson and published in 'Old Bush Songs' 1905 with later suggestion of the tune 'King of the Cannibal Isles' from folklorist Hugh Anderson. Anderson (1927–2017) is recognised as one of our primary publishers of folkloric material and for his contributions to the study of Australian folklore, many published under the imprint of his Red Rooster Press.

## Verse

Come, all ye lads an' list to me, That's left your homes an' crossed the sea,  
 To try your for - tune, bound or free, All in this gold - en land.  
 For twelve long months I had to pace, Hump - ing my swag with a cadg - ing face,  
 Sleep - ing rough, no sav - ing grace, I'm sure you'll un - der - stand.

Chorus (starts after 2nd verse)

Squat - ter's man. Squat - ter's man. I'm sure you'll un - der - stand.

(Echo last line of the verse)

Unto this country I did come, a regular out-and-out new chum.  
 I then abhorred the sight of rum. Teetotal was my plan.  
 But soon I learned to wet one eye. Misfortune oft-times made me sigh.  
 To raise fresh funds I was forced to fly, and be a squatter's man.  
 Chorus

Soon at a station I appeared. I saw a squatter with his beard,  
 And up to him I boldly steered, with my swag and billy-can.  
 I said, "Kind sir, I want a job!" said he, "Do you know how to snob  
 Or can you break in a bucking cob to be a squatter's man?"

"Tis now I want a useful cove to stop at home and not to rove.  
 There's plenty about, a regular drove, who will not stay and work  
 But I'll give you ten, ten, sugar an' tea and ten bob a week, if you'll suit me,  
 And very soon I hope you'll be a handy squatter's man.

"At daylight you must milk the cows. Make butter, cheese, and feed the sows  
 Put on the kettle. The cook arouse and clean the family shoes.  
 The stable and sheep yard clean out, and always answer when we shout,  
 With 'Yes, Ma'am', and 'No, Sir', mind your mouth and my youngsters don't abuse.

Fetch wood and water, bake an' boil. Act as butcher when we kill;  
 The corn and taters you must hill. Keep the garden spick and span.  
 You must not scruple in the rain to take to market all the grain.  
 Be sure you come back sober again to be a squatter's man.

He sent me to an old bark hut, I inhabited by a greyhound slut,  
 Who put her fangs through my poor foot, and, snarling, off she ran.  
 So once more I'm looking for a job, without a copper in my fob.  
 With Ben Hall or Gardiner I'd rather rob, than be a squatter's man.

# The Station Cook

Collected and arranged by Dr Percy Jones to the Scot tune 'Musselburgh Fair' (aka 'Lachlan Tigers'). Jones was choirmaster at a Melbourne girls college and wanted Australian material for the choir so he asked columnist Jerry Waight to ask for suggestions from his readers. This was one of the songs that were sent in following the request. Sadly Jones didn't follow through on many items.

The song I'm going to sing to you will not de - tain you long,  
It's all a - bout a sta - tion cook we had at Pyr - o - nong.  
His pas - try was so beaut - i - ful, his cook - ing was so fine,  
That it gave us all a stom - ach - ache right through the shear - ing - time.

Chorus:

But, oh dear! I feel so queer, I don't know what to do,  
The thought of leaving Fowlers Bay just breaks my heart in two,  
But if ever I catch the slushy I'll make him rue the day  
He ruined my constitution while shearing at Fowlers Bay.

Oh, you should see his plum-duffs, his doughboys, and his pies,  
I swear by Long Maloney that they'd open a shearer's eyes.  
He'd say, 'Take your time, good fellows,' and he'd fix us with a glance,  
Saying, 'I'd dish you up much better, if you'd give me half a chance.'

Oh, you should see his doughboys, his dumplings, and his pies,  
The thought of such luxuries would open a shearer's eyes.  
He gets up in the morning, gives us plenty of stewed tea,  
And don't forget, when shearing's done, to sling the cook his fee.

# Station Songs and Droving Ditties

Words by Harry 'Breaker' Morant, tune by Graham Jenkin. Morant was exiled to Australia for unspecified reasons. As a 'black sheep' he earned a remarkable reputation as a horseman, jockey and horsebreaker. Hence the nickname.

Sta - tion songs and drov - ing dit - ties strung to - geth - er on the track  
 Far a - - way from coast - al cit - ies in the drov - ing days out - back;  
 Some on dist - ant wat - er - cours - es 'neath the blaz - ing north - ern sun,  
 When re - turn - ing with the hors - es to a far north - west - ern run;

Some were fashioned in the gloaming  
 While the morrow's damper cooked;  
 Some were penned by rivers roaming  
 Where the wily fish was hooked;  
 Ere the midday "quart" was ready  
 And an hour was slow to pass  
 Whilst the nags were feeding steady  
 On the ripening Mitchell grass;

Some were written down for learning  
 By the warm and gentle light  
 Of a mulga camp-fire burning  
 Through a balmy summer's night.  
 Or, when horse-bells chimed and tinkled  
 Where the feed was drenched with dew,  
 And the wintry white stars twinkled  
 High above in heaven's blue.

Then—of stockwhips' ring and rattle  
 In the range—some memory flashed;  
 Or of night-rides after cattle  
 When the gidya branches crashed.  
 And a rhyme perchance I've come by  
 Recollecting some past ride—  
 When we trapped the flying brumby  
 On the Southern Queensland side.

Jingles, neither good nor clever,  
 Just a rover's random rhymes,  
 But they'll serve their turn if ever  
 They recall the old bush times,  
 When a bushman, in his leisure,  
 Reads them 'neath the shady pine;  
 Or they give one moment's pleasure  
 To some old bush mate o' mine!

# Steam's Up

From the Sydney Songster (~1865) composed for and sung by JS Brice by George Loyau to Stephen Foster's 'Ring de Banjo'.  
The original words were in a 'niggerese' used in the music halls, here stripped to reveal the song underneath by David Johnson.

Verse

Capo 2

Musical notation for the Verse of 'Steam's Up'. The key signature is G major (one sharp) and the time signature is 2/4. The music is written on a single staff with a treble clef. The lyrics are: Oh, list - en to me one and all, I've come to sing this song, The sub - ject is - n't ver - y short, and is - n't ver - y long; It's of a rath - er cur - ious thing, and cur - ious it may seem, That all the world is go - ing round by means of gas and steam.

Chords: G A, Em F#m, D7 E7, G A, D7 E7, G A, D7 E7, G A.

Chorus

Musical notation for the Chorus of 'Steam's Up'. The key signature is G major (one sharp) and the time signature is 2/4. The music is written on a single staff with a treble clef. The lyrics are: Steam's up, fel - las! \_\_\_\_\_ steam's \_\_\_\_\_ up, I say? Coach - es won't be an - y use, when steam trains come this way.

Chords: G A, Em F#m, D7 E7, G A, D7 E7, G A.

No longer will you need a dray to take a heavy load,  
For you will find an empty train at every muddy road;  
From Queensland to Victoria, however strange it seems,  
We shall be able to depart in things that go by steam.

The lawyers will all close their shops, for want of certain fees,  
The parsons at no college then will need to take degrees;  
The doctors who have always got from patients quite the cream,  
Will cut off legs and broken arms in future all by steam.

The bush will be a bush no more where kangaroos abound,  
But in its place a terminus or railway will be found;  
And when you want your breakfast, you can all have cream,  
In future they will milk the cows by things that work by steam.

# The Stockman's Last Bed

Dates from before being published in Annabella Boswell's Journal 1845. Set here as usual to 'The Last Whistle'.

(Verse)

capo 3

The musical score is written in G major with a capo on the 3rd fret, resulting in a key signature of one flat (F major). The time signature is 3/4. The score consists of six staves of music with lyrics underneath. Chord symbols are placed above the notes. The lyrics are: 'Be ye stock - men or no, to my stor - y give ear. Poor Jack's gone a - - loft; no more shall we hear The crack of his whip or his steed's live - ly trot, His clear 'Go a - - head!' or his jing - ling quart - - pot. Chorus For we laid him where watt - les their sweet fra - grance shed, And tall gum trees shad - ow the stock - man's last bed.'

While drafting one day he was horned by a cow.  
 'Alas!' cried poor Jack, 'it's all up with me now!  
 I ne'er shall be seen in the saddle again,  
 Or bound like a wallaby over the plain.'

His whip it is silent, his dogs they do moan;  
 His horse looks in vain for its master's return.  
 No friends to deplore him, unheeded he dies;  
 Save the wandering myall none cares where he lies.

Now stockmen, if ever on some sunny day,  
 While tailing a mob, you should happen that way,  
 Tread lightly by the mound in the tall gum trees' shade,  
 For it may be the spot where our comrade is laid.

# The Stockmen of Australia

From AB Paterson's Old Bush Songs 1905 with this setting to 'The Irishman' by Ron Edwards.

The stock - men of Aust - ral - i - a, what rowd - y boys are they,  
 They'll curse and swear a hur - ri - cane if you come in their way.  
 They dash a - long the for - est on black, bay, brown, or grey,  
 And the stock - men of Aust - ral - i - a, hard - rid - ing boys are they.  
 And the stock - men of Aust - ral - i - a, hard - rid - ing boys are they.

By constant feats of horsemanship, they procure for us our grub,  
 And supply us with the fattest beef by hard work in the scrub.  
 To muster up the cattle they don't stop night or day.  
 And the stockmen of Australia, hard-riding boys are they.  
 (Echo last line each time)

Just mark him as he jogs along, his stockwhip on his knee,  
 His white mole pants and polished boots and jaunty cabbage-tree.  
 His horsey-pattern Crimean shirt of colours bright and gay,  
 And the stockmen of Australia, what dressy boys are they.

If you should chance to lose yourself and drop upon his camp,  
 He's there reclining on the ground, be it dry or be it damp.  
 He'll give you hearty welcome, and a stunning pot of tea,  
 For the stockmen of Australia, good-natured boys are they.

If down to Sydney you should go, and there a stockman meet,  
 Remark the sly looks cast on him as he roams through the street.  
 From the shade of lovely bonnets steal forth those glances gay,  
 For the stockmen of Australia, the ladies' pets are they.

Whatever fun is going on, the stockmen will be there,  
 Be it theatre or concert, or dance or market fair.  
 To join in the amusements be sure he won't delay,  
 For the stockmen of Australia, light-hearted boys are they.

Then here's a health to every lass, and let the toast go round,  
 To as jolly a set of fellows as ever yet were found.  
 And all good luck be with them, for ever and today,  
 Here's to the stockmen of Australia— hip, hip, hooray!



# The Streets of Forbes

Collected from Mrs Ewell, Brisbane Qld by John Manifold and said to have been written by John McGuire, Ben's brother-in-law.

Come - all you Lach - lan men - - - and a sor - row - ful tale I'll tell,  
Con - cern - ing of a her - o bold who through mis - fort - une fell.  
His name it was Ben Hall - - , a man of good re - - nown,  
Who was hunt - ed from his sta - tion - - and - - like a dog shot - - down.

Three years he roamed the roads and he showed the traps some fun.  
A thousand pounds was on his head with Gilbert and Jack Dunne.  
Ben parted from his comrades the outlaws did agree  
To give away bushranging and to cross the briny sea.

Ben went to Goobang Creek and that was his downfall  
For wounded like a sieve was valiant Ben Hall.  
'Twas early in the morning upon the fifth of May  
When the seven police surrounded him as fast asleep he lay.

Billy Dargin he was chosen to shoot the outlaw dead.  
The others then fired madly and filled him full of lead.  
They rolled him in his blanket and strapped him to his prad  
And they led him through the streets of Forbes to show the prize they had.

# A Strike Song (1917)

A chorus song of the English Transport Workers published in the Wingham Chronicle and Manning River Observer in 1917

Verse

We meet to - day in Free - dom's cause, And raise our voic - es high,  
We'll join our hands in u - nion strong, To batt - le or to die.

Chorus

Hold the fort, for we are com - ing, U - nion men be strong;  
Side by side we batt - le on - ward, Vict - or - y will come.

Look, my comrades, see the Union,  
Banners waving high;  
Reinforcements now appearing,  
Victory is nigh.

See our numbers still increasing,  
Hear the bugle blow;  
By our Union we shall triumph  
Over every foe.

Fierce and long the battle rages,  
But we will not fear;  
Help will come whene'er its needed,  
Cheer, my Comrades, cheer.

# Stringybark and Greenhide

From George Chanson (Loyau) Sydney Songster c 1865 with a collected tune from Ron Edwards. Ron Edwards () was a publishing and artistic phenonemon, an outstanding figure in Australian cultural history, with many folk music publications.

Verse



I sing of a com - mod - it - y, it's one that will not fail yer,  
I mean the com - mon odd - it - y, the main - stay of Aust - ral - ia;  
Gold it is a pre - cious thing, for com - merce it in - creas - es,  
But string - y - bark and green - hide can beat it all to piec - es.

Chorus



String - y - bark and green - hide, that will nev - er fail yer!  
String - y - bark and green - hide, are the main - stay of Aust - ral - ia.

If you travel on the road, and chance to stick in Bargo,  
To avoid a bad capsiz, you must unload your cargo  
For to pull your dray about, you'll need some extra force on,  
Take a bit of greenhide, and hook another horse on.

If you chance to take a dray, and break your leader's traces,  
Get a bit of greenhide, to mend your broken places;  
Greenhide is a useful thing, all that you require,  
But stringybark's another thing, when you want a fire.

If you want to build a hut, to keep out wind and weather,  
Stringybark will make it snug, and keep it well together;  
Greenhide if it's used by you, will make it all the stronger,  
For if you tie with greenhide, it's sure to last the longer.

New chums to this golden land never dream of failure,  
Whilst you've got such useful things as these in fair Australia;  
For stringybark and greenhide will never, never fail yer,  
Stringybark and greenhide are the mainstay of Australia.

# The Stringybark Cockatoo

The words come from Paterson's 'Old Bush Songs' and they are set to a variant of 'Life on the Ocean Waves'.

Verse

I'm a broke al-luv-ial min-er who loves his cup to drain  
 which oft-en times has caused me to lay in the wind and rain.  
 Roam-ing a-bout the coun-try, look-ing for work to do  
 I took a job a-reap-ing for the string-y-bark cock-a-too.

Chorus

Oh the string-y-bark cock-a-too, the string-y-bark cock-a-too.  
 (Echo last line of the verse.)

Ten bob an acre was his price—with promise of fairish board.  
 He said his crops were very light, 'twas all he could afford.  
 He drove me out in a bullock dray, and his piggery met my view.  
 Oh, the pigs and geese were in the wheat of the stringybark cockatoo.

The hut was made of the surface mud, the roof of a reedy thatch,  
 The doors and windows open flew without a bolt or latch.  
 The pigs and geese were in the hut, the hen on the table flew,  
 And she laid an egg in the old tin plate for the stringybark cockatoo.

For breakfast we had pollard, boys, it tasted like cobbler's paste,  
 To help it down we had to eat brown bread with vinegar taste.  
 The tea was made of the native hops which out on the ranges grew;  
 'Twas sweetened with honey bees and wax for the stringybark cockatoo.

For dinner we had goanna hash, we thought it mighty hard;  
 They wouldn't give us butter, so we forced down bread and lard.  
 Quondong duff, paddymelon pie, and wallaby Irish stew  
 We used to eat while reaping for the stringybark cockatoo.

When we started to cut, the rust and smut was just beginning to shed,  
 And all we had to sleep on was a dog and a sheepskin bed.  
 The bugs and fleas tormented me, they made me scratch and screw;  
 I lost my rest while reaping for the stringybark cockatoo.

At night when work was over I'd nurse the youngest child,  
 And when I'd say a joking word, the mother would laugh and smile.  
 The old cocky, he grew jealous, and he thumped me black and blue,  
 And he drove me off without a rap—the stringybark cockatoo.

# Stringybark Creek

The words were published without source in Stewart and Keesing's Australian Bush Ballads. The setting is by The Bushwackers.

A \_\_\_\_\_ serg - eant and three con - stab - les rode out from Mans - field Town  
Near the end of last Oct - o - ber for to hunt the Kel - lys down;  
They head - ed for the Wom - bat Hills and thought it quite a lark  
To be camped a - long the bor - ders of a creek called String - y - bark.

Chords: Am, C, F, E7, Am, G, Am, C, F, C, E7, Am, G, F, G, Em, Am

When Scanlon and the sergeant rode away to search the scrub  
Leaving MacIntyre and Lonigan in camp to cook the grub,  
Ned Kelly and his comrades came to take a nearer look,  
For being short of flour they wished to interview the cook.

Both troopers in the camp alone they were well pleased to be  
Watching as the billy boiled to make their pints of tea;  
They joked and chatted gaily, never thinking of alarm  
Till they heard the dreaded cry behind, 'Bail up, throw down your arms!'

The traps they started wildly and Mac then firmly stood  
While Lonigan made tracks to gain the cover of the wood,  
Ned Kelly muttered sadly as he loaded up his gun,  
'Oh, what a flamin' pity that the bastard tried to run.'

'Twas later in the afternoon the sergeant and his mate  
Came riding blithely through the bush to meet a cruel fate.  
'The Kellys have the drop on you!' cried MacIntyre aloud,  
But the troopers took it as a joke and sat their horses proud.

Then trooper Scanlon made a move his rifle to unsling,  
But to his heart a bullet sped and death was in its sting;  
Then Kennedy leapt from his mount and ran for cover near,  
And fought, a game man to the last, for all that life held dear.

The sergeant's horse raced round the camp alike from friend and foe,  
And MacIntyre, his life at stake, sprang to the saddle-bow  
And galloped far into the night, a haunted, harassed soul,  
Then like a hunted bandicoot hid in a wombat hole.

At dawn of day he hastened forth and made for Mansfield town  
To break the news that made men vow to shoot the Kellys down.  
So from that hour the Kelly gang was hunted far and wide,  
Like outlaw dingoes in the wild until the day they died.

# Struggle In The West

The words were published in the Brisbane Worker in April 1891. The setting is 'Rosin the Beau'.

The musical score is written in treble clef with a key signature of three sharps (F#, C#, G#) and a 3/4 time signature. The melody is accompanied by guitar chords indicated by letters above the staff. The lyrics are written below the notes.

There's a strug - gle go - ing on in the West, boys,  
A bat - - tle for free - dom and right, \_\_\_\_\_  
Though Tyr - - an - - ny's rais - - ing his crest, boys,  
We'll con - quer or die in the fight. \_\_\_\_\_  
They may take from the land that is free, \_\_\_\_\_ boys,  
The bal - - lot that backs up his claim; \_\_\_\_\_  
They may land us in pris - on but see, boys, \_\_\_\_\_  
They nev - - er shall win at their game.

They are bringing their guns to the West, boys,  
The G-ating and Nordenfeldt too.  
It would seem that we must be suppressed , boys,  
Says Price, "Lay them out and fire low."  
The soldier and trooper are here, boys,  
To shoot down the men of their class;  
Grim heroes with rifle and spear, boys,  
To charge on a weaponless mass.

There are wool sheds and grass in the West, boys,  
There's fences and sheep on the plain.  
Would a stranger to see them have guessed, boys,  
They've sprung from our labour and pain.  
Can they garrison plains with police, boys?  
Can they watch the back-tracks with their troops?  
Can they watch the slow growth of the fleece, boys?  
They are mad, they are fools, they are dupes'.

They are bringing the scabs to the West, boys,  
At the sheds they are dumping them down.  
For the man that the squatter likes best, boys,  
Is the loafer and bludger from town.  
Surrounded by troops and police, boys,  
Let them watch till the squatters go lame.  
If they wait till we sue them for peace, boys,  
They never shall win at their game.

So be true to yourselves in the West, boys,  
Be true to the whole working class.  
The brag of the squatter we'll test, boys,  
By the power of the union Hold Fast!  
Let them hunt up the scum of the South, boys,  
Bring outcasts too wretched to name.  
We'll smack 'em straight in the mouth, boys,  
And they never will win at their game.

# The Sulky Stockman

A nonsense poem by CJ Dennis set to music by Graham Jenkin. CJ Dennis was banjo-playing contemporary of Paterson. His output and popularity exceeded that of Lawson and Paterson at the time but history has judged otherwise. This adaptation by David Johnson.

1. Come, let us sing with a right good ring  
 2. The colts were clipped and the sheep were shorn,  
 3. The cook came out as the clock struck one  
 4. They spread their swags in the gum - - tree's shade  
 5. The sun sank down and the stars shone out

SING HEY FOR A JOL - LY BUSH SONG, SING HEY!

Of an - y old, fun - ny old sil - ly old thing.  
 But the stock man stood there all for - - lorn.  
 And the bound - ar - y ri - - der got his gun.  
 For the work was done and the cheques were paid.  
 And the old book - - keep - - er moped a - - bout.

SING HO FOR A BAL - LAD OF A BACK - BLOCK DAY!

The sun shone bright - - ly o - - ver - - head,  
 The rails were up - - ly and the gate - - was - - tied,  
 He fired it once at an old black crow;  
 The o - - ver - - seer rode in at three,  
 The ding - - o wailed to the mo - - poke's call,

And the shear - - ers stood by the shear - - ing shed;  
 And the big black bull was safe in - - side;  
 But the shot went wide, for he aimed too low;  
 But his horse pulled back and it would not gee,  
 The craz - - y colt stamped in his stall;

But 'The run wants rain,' the stock - man said  
 But 'The wind's gone West!' the stock - man sighed.  
 And the stock - man said, 'Fat stock is low.'  
 And the stock - man said, 'We're up a tree!'  
 But the stock - man groaned, 'It's bunk for all.'

SING DI - - DUM, WATT - LE - GUM, JOHN - NY - CAKE FOR TEA

FOR A JOL - LY BUSH SONG SING HEY! SONG SING HEY!



# Swaggie Passing Through

Written by M'G and first published in the Bulletin in 1894.  
This setting to the 'Jolly Beggar Man' as learnt from Maitland folkie Bob Campbell



I have a pict - ure in my mind though man - y years have passed.  
The trees so green, the sky so blue, the riv - er swirl - ing past.  
The laugh - ing child - ren still I see though fad - ed from their view  
For \_\_\_\_\_ simp - ly they re - gard - ed me as a swag - gie pass - ing through.

Chorus

I am a jol - - ly swag - gie I've been on the road for years.  
I've \_\_\_\_\_ heard a lot of laugh - ing and I've seen a couple of tears.  
If you'll be hon - est to me face I'll be the same to you,  
And here I stand be - fore you I am a swag - gie pass - ing through.

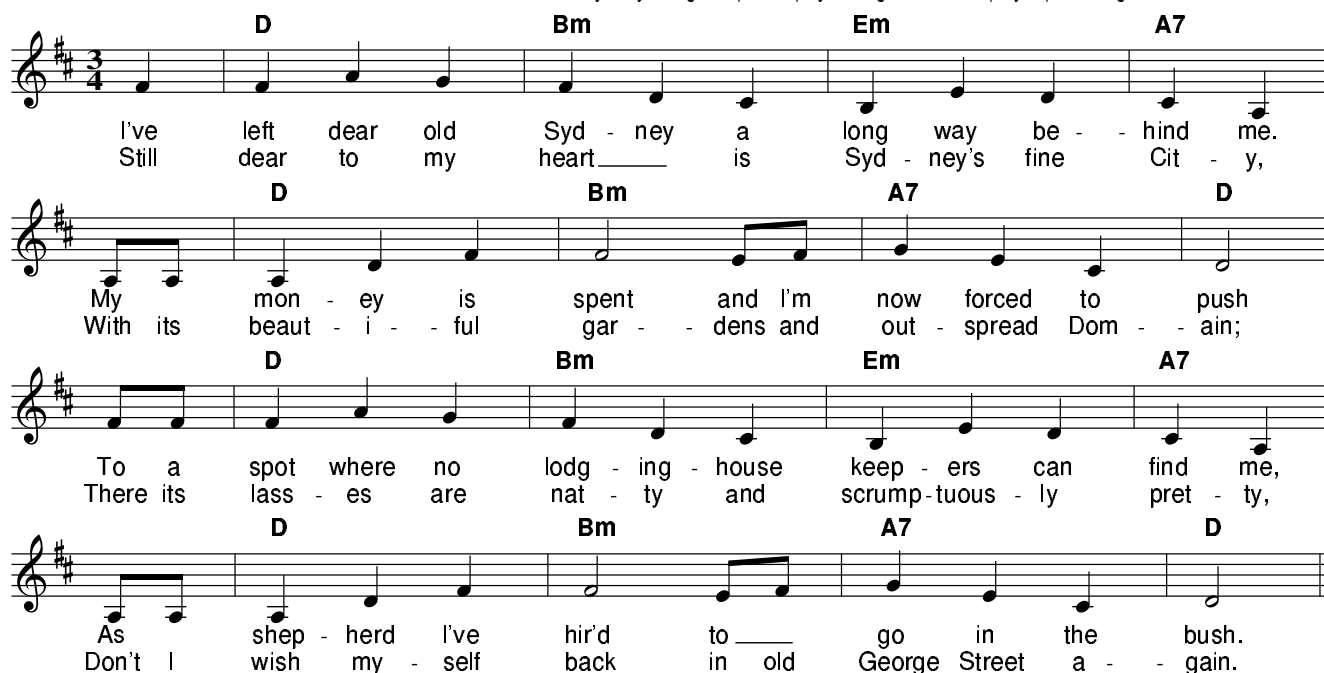
I have a picture in my mind though many years have passed  
The green of trees, the sky so blue, the river swirling past.  
The laughing children still I see though faded from their view  
For simply they regarded me as swaggie passing through.

I am a jolly swaggie I've been on the road for years  
I've heard a lot of laughing and I've seen a couple of tears  
If you'll be honest to me face I'll be the same to you  
And here I stand before you I am a swaggie passing through.

'Tis all the same when life we quit we have our pain and fun  
We laugh, we loaf, we love a bit and then our tally's done  
And all the world of hate and war or love and friendship true  
It little cares we're nothing more than swaggies passing through.

# Sydney As It Used To Was

from The Sydney Songster (~1865) by George Chanson (Loyau) the air given is 'Nora McShane'.



I've left dear old Sydney a long way behind me.  
Still dear to my heart is Sydney's fine City,

My money is spent and I'm now forced to push  
With its beauty is gar-dens and out-spread Dom-ain;

To a spot where no lodg-ing-house keep-ers can find me,  
There its lass-es are nat-ty and scrump-tuous-ly pret-ty,

As shep-herd I've hir'd to go in the bush.  
Don't I wish my-self back in old George Street a-gain.

Oh don't I remember the old Pitt-street corner,  
Where a lot of young fellows on each night would meet;  
There I sported a gal that was know as Sal Horner,  
And at the eel pie shop I often stood treat.  
The old Prince of Wales we've oft been to view it,  
And heard the sweet Christy's sing dear "Ellen Bayne"  
Every song that they gave my charmer she knew it,  
Don't I wish I was back in Pitt street again.

Oh don't I remember the beautiful market,  
With its stalls on each side like a regular street;  
Ah, that was the place where a feller could lark it,  
And on Saturday night a good titter he'd meet.  
And there's the Haymarket near fam'd Brickfield-hill, Sir,  
Where you'll buy things as cheap as in Petticoat Lane;  
From a yard of white tape up to Holloway's pills, Sir,  
Don't I wish I was down in George-street again.

There's where you can purchase something for a penny,  
If it's only a tatur all hot from the can;  
Get your boots black'd and shined, that's if you have any,  
And if you've but sixpence you can shout like a man.  
In the bush all is dull, there's no trips by the rail, Sir,  
Nor even a ride to far-famed Cremorne;  
Where we went in like Britons at the porter and ale, Sir,  
Oh dear don't I wish that I'd never been born?

Oh, don't I remember the times when the Shakespeare  
Was kept by that fun loving fellow Jem Foans;  
When we left the Victoria, or the oyster shop near it.  
We'd go up to hear him keep time with the bones.  
Or at Toogood's rooms amusement we'd find it,  
Ah, all my life long there I'd wish to remain;  
But my cash being gone, why I laugh and ne'er mind it  
Though I oft wish myself back in Sydney again.

Oh, don't I remember the Domain on Sunday,  
For there you were certain, to meet lots of gals;  
Yet when the band play'd, though it might be on Monday  
You'd see them there sporting their fal de ral lals,  
Twas amusing to gaze on their sky flying streamers,  
As by shop boys escorted they walked the Domain  
After doing ninepen'orth in the busses or steamers.  
Don't I wish myself often in Sydney again.

Oh, don't I remember the old Randwick course, Sir;  
And the feats of Miss Alice with Zoe and Ben Bolt  
Then I stak'd a few bob on a beautiful horse, Sir,  
Which my father had rear'd on his farm from a colt.  
Ah, who hasn't heard of the feats of Miss Dickson,  
Whose horses in Maitland created some sport,  
Tho' Zenobia yet may turn out a vixen,  
If the matter goes into the Criminal Court.

There's something so dear in the hut I was born in,  
Though many may laugh at my father's abode  
He was an old settler, and oft brought his corn in  
From a spot that's well known on the new Windsor Road.  
They may talk of the bush, but Woolloomooloo,  
Has more beauty to me, and even Balmain  
Is a snug little spot, with an out and out view Sir  
Don't I wish I was back in dear Sydney again.

# Sydney or the Bush

written by Alex Hood with the note that 'Sydney or the Bush' means all or nothing.

Verse

I got a job with cat - tle work - ing in the west - ern scrub,  
Where the on - ly way to quench your thirst was a fort - night at the pub.  
When the mon - ey did - n't reach the bill I took off with a whoosh,  
For the pub - li - can was a bruis - er it was Syd - ney or the Bush.

Chorus

Syd - ney or the Bush, Syd - - ney or the Bush.

[Echo last line of verse]

I caught the train to Sydney and was walking round the Cross  
When a big hoon tried to roll me, said "My gain will be your loss."  
He thought he had the muscle but I smacked him in the moosh.  
You can rise to the occasion when it's Sydney or the Bush.

Then I met this bonzer woman we were getting along all right,  
Till another bloke started hanging round cos she eyed him off one night.  
So I threw me arms around her, said "Will you'be my Tooshy Swoosh?"  
I had to pop the question. It was Sydney or the Bush.

I've been around this country, north south east and west  
And the locals always ask of me which part is the best.  
Well when it's time to settle down, although there is no rush,  
The simple choice you have to make is Sydney or the Bush.

# Sydney Town

by Frank Hardy 1964 with the warning "add verses at your own risk." Hardy (1917-1994) was an Australian left-wing novelist and writer best known for his novel 'Power Without Glory' and political activist for supporting the Gurindji Strike at Wave Station.

## Chorus

The more they try to keep me down The bet-ter I live in Syd-ney Town.  
The more they try to keep me down The bet-ter I live in Syd-ney Town.

The musical notation for the chorus consists of two staves of music in G major, 2/4 time. The melody is simple and rhythmic, with a consistent pattern of quarter and eighth notes. The lyrics are written below the notes, with hyphens indicating syllables that span across notes. Chord symbols G, D, A7, and D are placed above the notes to indicate the harmonic structure.

## Verse

Great grand-dad-dy walked a - long the street With a ball and chain a - - round his feet  
And that's the way I ought to walk By the way the toffs all talk and talk.

The musical notation for the verse consists of two staves of music in G major, 2/4 time. The melody is more complex than the chorus, featuring a mix of quarter, eighth, and sixteenth notes. The lyrics are written below the notes, with hyphens indicating syllables that span across notes. Chord symbols D, A7, and D are placed above the notes to indicate the harmonic structure.

They rob me in the Parliament  
They charge me half my pay for rent  
They heard I was living on the Rocks  
So they pulled it down for building blocks.

The beer's gone up in the public bar  
And I can't afford a motor car  
But I keep six bottles in the fridge  
And pay no toll on the harbor bridge.

The jockies and the bookies cheat,  
The odds-on favorites all get beat  
So just to show them I'm no fool  
I go to Tommo's Two-up school.

They all throw heads when I back tails  
I got no dough, to 'bank on the Wales'.  
But I'll get a job, it'll suit me fine  
On the Eastern Suburbs railway line.

If I go on stike, I'll have good cause,  
Then I'll get hit with a Penal Clause,  
But I don't care, let the bosses rage,  
I'll fight for a rise in the basic wage.

The monopolies can all arrange  
To rig their shares on the Stock Exchange  
Through lottery tickets with my spouse  
I've got shares in the Opera House.

They won't let you win on poker machines  
They show rubbish on the TV screens  
So for entertainment I go for  
Australian songs at the Troubador.

# Sydney Town ed

by Frank Hardy 1964 with the warning "add verses at your own risk." Hardy (1917-1994) was an Australian left-wing novelist and writer best known for his novel 'Power Without Glory' and political activist for supporting the Gurindji Strike at Wave Station.

## Chorus

The more they try to keep me down The bet-ter I live in Syd-ney Town.  
The more they try to keep me down The bet-ter I live in Syd-ney Town.

## Verse

Great grand-dad-dy walked a - long the street With a ball and chain a - - round his feet  
And that's the way I ought to walk By the way the toffs all talk and talk.

They rob me in the Parliament  
They charge me half my pay for rent  
They heard I was living on the Rocks  
So they pulled it down for building blocks.

The beer's gone up in the public bar  
And I can't afford a motor car  
But I keep six bottles in the fridge  
And pay no toll on the harbor bridge.

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They show rubbish on the TV screens  
So for entertainment I go for  
Australian songs at the Troubador.

# The Talking Dog

Written by New Zealand folksinger/writer Peter Cape (1926–79) in about 1964. Cape wrote and recorded many of his songs including his well-known 'Taumarunui On The Main Trunk Line' and 'She'll Be Right Mate.'

Verse

The musical notation for the verse consists of six staves of music in 2/4 time, key of F major. The notes are: F4, G4, A4, Bb4, C5, Bb4, A4, G4, F4, E4, D4, C4. The lyrics are: "There's a young cow cock - y sit - ting on a log, Sharp - en - ing his axe and talk - ing to his dog. He says 'I'm sick and tired of batch - ing all me life.'" Chords F and C7 are indicated above the first and third staves, and Bb and F above the fourth and fifth staves.

There's a young cow cock - y sit - ting on a log,  
Sharp - en - ing his axe and talk - ing to his dog.  
He says "I'm sick and tired of batch - ing all me life."  
And the dog says "Well, why don't you take a wife?"

Chorus

The musical notation for the chorus consists of two staves of music in 2/4 time, key of F major. The notes are: F4, G4, A4, Bb4, C5, Bb4, A4, G4, F4, E4, D4, C4. The lyrics are: "You've got ducks in the duck pond, pork - ers in the pen. You hard - ly fin - ish milk - ing and your start - ing in a - - gain." Chords C7 and F are indicated above the first and second staves.

You've got ducks in the duck pond, pork - ers in the pen.  
You hard - ly fin - ish milk - ing and your start - ing in a - - gain.

So the jumped into the ute and drove to the local hall.  
There's lots of lovely girls lined up along the wall.  
He says to the dog "I'll leave the choice to you."  
The dog cut out a beauty and he says "She'll do."

"Now you've got to do it proper. You've got to get a ring.  
Talk to the parson. Get the choir to sing."  
Great day coming. Down the church at three. "  
Who gives this woman?" and the dog says "Me".

Now this poor cow cocky still can't get it right.  
The dog talks all day and the missus talks all night.  
"Gunna leave 'em to it. Take another lease.  
I'm going up the country just to get a bit of peace."

Now if you want a moral and I don't see why you should,  
Talking to your dog won't do you any good,  
And if you must get married do it quick and nice,  
And if you've got a talking dog then don't take his advice.

# Tambaroora Gold

Words collected by Dr Russell Ward, edited by John Manifold and his tune slightly adapted by David Johnson. Ward (1914–1995) was an Australian historian best known as the author of 'The Australian Legend'. He and Nancy Keesing and John Meredith had an arrangement for sharing folklore material they found in the early 1950s. Manifold (1915–85) was a leading light in Queensland's bush music scene.

A D A7  
It was just a - bout a year a - go, as near as I can guess,  
D A B7 E7  
When I left dear old Syd - ney Town in troub - le and dis - - tress.  
A D A7  
My friends and sweet - heart slight - ed me and gave me turn - ips cold,  
D A E7 A  
Un \_\_\_ til a voice cried in my ear, 'Try Tam - bar - oor - a gold!'

The day I left old Sydney Town, a tear fell from my eye;  
Of all my friends there was not one to say to me goodbye.  
So I wandered on my journey, and quite soon I did behold  
The hills that glittered brightly with bright Tambaroora gold.

I'd not been long upon the fields before I got a job  
And worked six months for wages for a chap named Dusty Bob.  
With that a claim I purchased, and while turning up the mould.  
My pile I soon created with bright Tambaroora gold.

Then I came back to Sydney Town, a regular dashing swell,  
And strange to say my previous friends all seemed to wish me well.  
They lowly bowed and touched their hats as up the street I strolled;  
But, thinks I, 'they don't want Johnny but his Tambaroora gold'.

When I walked down the street last night, by someone I was told  
To stand and to deliver up my Tambaroora gold.  
I flew into him madly; in the gutter as we rolled  
He cried, 'Spare my days, and Devil take your Tambaroora gold.'

The other day as I strolled out I met Eileen Arvone,  
Who once gave me cold turnips when she found my money gone.  
Said she, 'Come to my bosom, John, we'll be lovers as of old.'  
But says I, 'You don't love Johnny but his Tambaroora gold.'

So all you bold young diggers, attend to my advice,  
And don't trust man or woman till you've looked them over twice  
I have travelled for experience and have many a time been sold,  
But this time they won't get Johnny or his Tambaroora gold.





# The Tea and Damper Song

Words by Alexander Forbes and set to music and published in 'Songs of the Australian Balladists' by Graham Jenkin.

Verse

In the bush of Aust - - ra - - lia you all are a - - ware  
There are plen - ty of hard - ships and pret - ty rough fare,  
But with flour, salt and wa - ter you all will a - - gree  
A man can knock up some nice dam - per for tea.

Chorus

Don't I like dam - - per. Lot's of nice dam - - per  
Plen - - ty of dam - per with black bil - - ly tea.

Now the English like mutton, the Scots like burgoo  
And Paddy delights in 'rale ould Irish stew'.  
But George, Pat and Sandy will all say with me  
There are many things worse than nice damper for tea.

One day to my grief I got lost in the bush  
While attempting for home by a near way to push,  
And I thought as the sun going down I could see  
'Well there's no chance tonight for some damper for tea.'

Two days and three nights there I wandered forlorn  
My legs were quite tired and my clothes were all torn,  
My trousers were tattered right up to the knee  
But the thing grieved me most was no damper for tea.

At length safe and sound I got back to my home,  
Took bloomin' good care for some time not to roam,  
But that night you can bet that I pitched in with glee  
To a flamin' good feed of nice damper for tea.

# The Teams

Words by Henry Lawson (1889) and the setting by harpist Cathie O'Sullivan (1979)

A cloud of dust on the long white road, and the teams go creep - ing on  
Inch by inch with the wear - y load; and by the power of the green-hide goad  
The dis - tant goal is won.  
With eyes half - shut to the blind - ing dust, and necks to the yokes - bent low,  
The beasts are pull - ing as bull - ocks must; and the shin - ing tyres - might al - most rust  
While the spokes are turn - ing slow.

With face half-hid 'neath a broad-brimmed hat that shades from the heat's white waves  
And shouldered whip with its green-hide plait, the driver plods with a gait like that  
Of his weary, patient slaves.  
He wipes his brow, for the day is hot, and spits to the left with spite;  
He shouts at Bally, and flicks at Scot, and raises dust from the back of Spot,  
And spits to the dusty right.

He'll sometimes pause as a thing of form in front of a settler's door,  
And ask for a drink, and remark, 'It's warm,' or say, 'There's signs of a thunderstorm,'  
But he seldom utters more.  
The rains are heavy on roads like these; and, fronting his lonely home,  
For days together the settler sees the waggons bogged to the axletrees,  
Or ploughing the sodden loam.

And then when the roads are at their worst, the bushman's children hear  
The cruel blows of the whips reversed while bullocks pull as their hearts would burst,  
And bellow with pain and fear.  
And thus with glimpses of home and rest are the long, long journeys done;  
And thus 'tis a thankless life at the best is distance fought in the mighty West,  
And the lonely battles won.

# Ten Thousand Miles Away

A popular song derived from broadsides of the early 1800s, collected in Australia from a number of sources.

Sing ho for a brave and gal-lant ship and a fair and fav-ring breeze

And a bul-ly crew and a cap-tain too to car-ry me o-ver-seas.

To car-ry me o-ver-seas me lads to my true love far a-way.

She's tak-ing a trip on a gov-ern-ment ship ten thous-and miles a-way

## Chorus

So blow ye winds heigh ho a-roving I will go  
I'll stay no more on England's shore to hear the music play.  
I'm off on the morning train to cross the raging main.  
I'm taking a trip on a government ship ten thousand miles away.

Now my true love she was beautiful and my true love she was young  
Her eyes they shone like diamonds bright and silvery sounds her tongue.  
And silvery sounds her tongue, me boys, and while I sing this lay  
She's doin' the grand in a distant land, ten thousand miles away.

Oh dark and dismal was the day when last I seen me Meg.  
She'd a government band around each hand and another one round each leg.  
And another one round each leg, me boys, all togged in a suit of grey  
Adieu, said she, remember me, ten thousand miles away.

I wish I were a bosun bold or even a bombardier  
I'll build a boat and away I'd float and straight to my true love steer  
And straight to my true love steer, me boys, where the dancing dolphins play  
And the whales and sharks are having their larks ten thousand miles away.

Now the sun may shine through a London fog or the Thames run bright and clear,  
The ocean brine be turned to wine e'er I forget me beer.  
E'er I forget me beer, me boys, or me landlord's quart a day.  
E'er I forget me own true love ten thousand miles away.

# Thirty-Eight-O-One

Written by Ray King and Ron Russell in 1987 in a rock band style. Tune and chorus adapted Dave Johnson 2019.

In the gold - en age of steam, there lived a beaut - y queen,  
Roam - ing round the coun - try - side, she was a driv - er's dream.  
Work - ing days and work - ing nights, up be - fore the sun  
They all tried hard to get a - board, Thir - ty - Eight - O - - One.

## Chorus

Thir - ty - Eight O - - One, Thir - ty - Eight O - - One,  
From north to south and east to west you just keep roll - in' on.  
Thir - ty - Eight O - - One, Thir - ty - Eight O - - One,  
You stood the test, you're still the best Thir - ty - Eight - O - - One.

The queen of all the fleet, the railway's pride and joy,  
To ride upon the footplate, was the dream of every boy.  
As she went roaring by, on another express run  
Everyone would turn their heads for, Thirty-Eight-O-One.

Bound from Sydney town, the black smoke rolling higher,  
Across the Hawkesbury river, to Newcastle on the Flier.  
Over the Great Divide, on the Central Western run,  
On the Southern Line, right on time, went, Thirty-Eight-O-One.

But your greatest feat, was steaming across the nation,  
All the crowds would gather round, at every country station.  
On the standard gauge, westward to the sun,  
Across to Perth and back again went, Thirty-Eight-O-One.

The days of steam have been and gone, but some remember well  
That big green flash as she went by, had such a tale to tell.  
And now she's back upon the tracks, she just keeps rolling on,  
She beat the rest she's still the best, Thirty-Eight-O-One.

# A Thousand Miles Away

Published in The Queenslander in 1894 with a note "Supplied by 'Specially Jim' Tambo, air 'Ten Thousand Miles Away'"

Hur - - rah for the Rom - a rail - - way! Hur - - rah for Cobb and Co,  
And give me a horse, a good fat horse to car - ry me West - ward Ho.  
To car - ry me West - ward Ho! my boys, that's where the cat - tle stray  
On the far Bar - coo, where they eat nar - doo, a thous - and miles a - way.

## Chorus

Then give your horses rein across the open plain,  
We'll ship our meat both sound and sweet, nor care what some folks say;  
And frozen we'll send home the cattle that now roam  
On the far Barcoo and the Flinders too, a thousand miles away.

Knee-deep in grass we've got to pass, for the truth I'm bound to tell,  
Where in three weeks the cattle get as fat as they can swell.  
As fat as they can swell, my boys; a thousand pounds they weigh,  
On the far Barcoo, where they eat nardoo, a thousand miles away.

No Yankee hide e'er grew outside such beef as we can freeze;  
No Yankee pastures make such steers as we send o'er the seas.  
As we send o'er the seas, my boys, a thousand pounds they weigh.  
From the far Barcoo, where they eat nardoo, a thousand miles away.

# The Three Black Crows

Collected by Wendy Lowenstein from Jack "Speargrass" Guard of Georgetown, Qld

Now three black crows sat on a tree, And they were black as they could be,

Black Crow

Crrrk, crrrk, crrk.

Cockatoo (White Crow)

Arrk, arrk, arrk

Said one black crow unto the other,  
"Where shall we dine today, dear brother?"  
Crrrk, crrrk, crrrk.

"On yonder hill's an old gray mare,  
I think, my friends, we shall dine there."  
Crrrk, crrrk, crrk.

They perched upon her high backbone,  
And picked her eyes out one by one,  
Crrrk, crrrk, crrrk.

Said the second black crow unto the other,  
"Isn't she a tough old bugger?"  
Crrrk, crrrk, crrk.

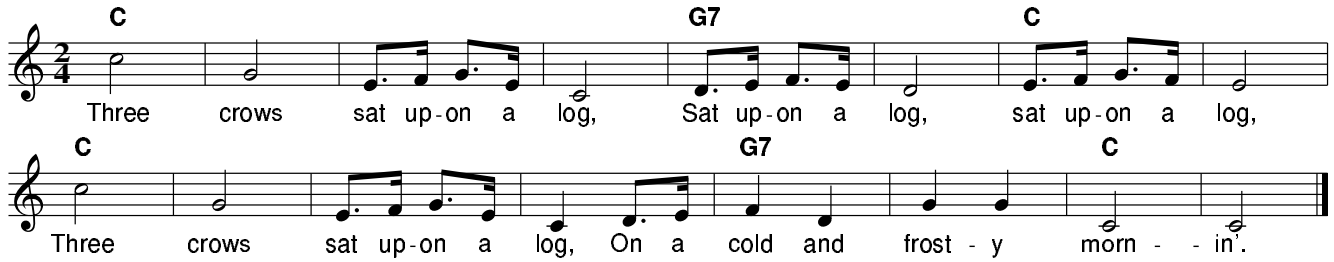
Up came a squatter with his gun,  
And shot them all excepting one,  
Crrrk, crrrk, crrk.

Now that one black crow got such a fright,  
He turned from black right into white,  
Crrrk, crrrk, crrrk.

Now that is why you'll often see  
A white crow sitting on a tree,  
Arrk, arrk, arrk.

# Three Crows

Scottish children's song adapted by David Johnson.



Three crows sat up-on a log, Sat up-on a log, sat up-on a log,  
Three crows sat up-on a log, On a cold and frost - y morn - - in'.

The first crow couldn't see for fog,  
Couldn't see for fog, couldn't see for fog,  
The first crow couldn't see for fog,  
On a cold and frosty mornin'.

The second crow fell into a bog,  
Fell into a bog, fell into a bog,  
The second crow fell into a bog,  
On a cold and frosty mornin'.

The third crow was chased off by a dog,  
Chased off by a dog, chased off by a dog,  
The third crow was chased off by a dog,  
On a cold and frosty mornin'.

Three crows sat upon a log,  
Sat upon a log, sat upon a log,  
Three crows sat upon a log,  
On a cold and frosty mornin'.



# Tiger O'Reilly

Written by David Johnson for the Centenary of the Wingello Mechanics Institute Hall 2018

## Verse

Born in an opal mining town, White Cliffs New South Wales,  
Where his father built the school by hand according to the tales.  
He learnt cricket with a gum-wood bat and hand carved banksia ball  
And bowled a most peculiar style; he was gangly and tall.

## Chorus

Tiger O'Reilly, how you made those wickets fall  
Tiger O'Reilly, when you bowled and spun that ball.

Born in an opal mining town, White Cliffs New South Wales  
Where his father built the school by hand according to the tales.  
He learnt cricket with a gum-wood bat and hand carved banksia ball  
And bowled a most peculiar style; he was gangly and tall.

Tiger O'Reilly how you made those wickets fall  
Tiger O'Reilly when you bowled and spun the ball.

When he was twelve his family came to live in Wingello  
Where everyone was a cricket crank according to Bill O.  
His brother Jack described to him the Bosie spinning way  
Which soon became a feature of his wicket-taking play.

In twenty-five at Bowral he first played against The Don,  
Who gave the boys from Wingello some leather-hunting fun,  
At close of play still not out with two hundred and thirty four;  
But bowled him clean on the next week-end with his very first leg spin ball.

To Erskineville, then Griffith as a teacher he was sent  
And played for club and state and made his mark where e'er he went.  
But the green cap was elusive till in nineteen thirty-two  
Seven wickets 'gainst South Africa in his Cricket Test debut.

For ten years more his googlies kept batsmen on the go.  
The secret was his grip that hid the way the ball would flow.  
Then forty years a columnist reporting on the game  
And now he is remembered in the Cricket Hall of Fame.

# The Tomahawker

This is clearly a parody on 'The Knickerbocker Line', which originates from the horse-drawn omnibus era, circa 1840–1860 in New York. A blackface minstrel version inspired many parodies published in songsters in the 1860s in America and Australia.

Verse

Oh, my love he is a shear - er, a shear - er lad by trade,  
And man-y's the tid - y tal - - ly, my love for me has made.  
While walk - ing through a shed one day, in the Spring - time of the year  
He thought he'd make, a pile at it, so he start - ed in to shear.  
He quick - ly put a doz - en a - way, though he near - ly half - killed nine,  
He's the reg - u - lar topp - er slash - er, in the tom - a - hawk - ing line.

Chorus

Watch him, pipe him, twig him, how he shears.  
He leaves the wool on the bell - y and legs, and round the horns and ears,  
He's a reg - u - lar terr - or to cobb - lers and dut - y bound to shine,  
With his o - il rags and his doub - le cut, in the tom - a - hawk - ing line.

He always says he'll stay at home, but he's such a changeful mind.  
He's packed his traps again this year, and left me here behind.  
He's travelling through the country, with his tongs and turkey stone,  
On a hungry ghost of a crocodile, a heap of skin and bone.  
He's looking out for a shed, where he can average ninety-nine,  
For he's death upon rosellas, in the tomahawking line.

Oh, my love he is a shearer, and he's the man for me,  
He's the man you, often read about, but very seldom see  
And though he is a dab, sir, a regular don to shear,  
He can double his highest tally when he gets upon the beer.  
He can manage brandy, rum or gin, at a pinch champagne or wine,  
But his boss performance is with the tongs, in the tomahawking line.

# Tomahawkin' Fred

This first appeared in Jack Bradshaw's 'Quirindi Bank Robbery' 1899 and is a parody on the Music Hall song 'Fashionable Fred'. Bradshaw was born in Dublin C1846 and arrived in Melbourne in 1860. Although he started working as a shearer and station hand, he turned to a rather lack-lustre life of crime as 'Australia's last bushranger'.

Verse

Now some shear - ing I have done and some priz - es I have won,  
Through my knuck - ling down so close to the skin,  
But I'd rath - er tom - a - hawk an - y day and shear a flock,  
For that's the on - ly way to make some tin.

Chorus

I am just a - bout to cut out for the Dar - ling  
To turn a hun - dred out I know the plan.  
Give me suff - i - cient cash and you'll see me make a splash,  
For I'm Tom - ma - hawk - ing Fred the lad - ies' man.

Put me on the shearing floor and it's there I'm game to bet  
That I'd give to any ringer ten sheep start.  
When on the whipping side away from them I slide  
Just like a bullet or a dart.

Of me you might have read for I'm Tomahawking Fred,  
My shearing laurels are known both near and far.  
I'm the don of the Riverine, other shearers cut a shine,  
But our tar boys say I never call for tar.

Wire in and go ahead for I'm Tomahawking Fred  
In the shearing sheds, my lads, I cut it fine.  
Ther is Roberts and Jack Dunn, shearing prizes they have won,  
But my tally's never under ninety-nine.

# The Transport

## A Botany Bay Broadside

from an early English broadside published circa 1828 and here set to The Black Horse.



Come all you men of learning, and a warning take by me,  
I would have you quit night walking, and shun bad company.  
I would have you quit night walking, or else you'll rue the day.  
You'll rue your transportation, when you're bound for Botany Bay.

Come all you men of learning, and a warning take by me,  
I would have you quit night walking, and shun bad company:  
I would have you quit night walking, or else you'll rue the day.  
You'll rue your transportation, my lads, when you are bound for Botany Bay.

I was brought up in London town, in a place I know full well;  
Brought up by honest parents, for the truth to you I'll tell;  
Brought up by honest parents, and rear'd most tenderly,  
Till I became a roving blade, at the age of twenty-three.

My character soon taken was, and I was sent to jail,  
My friends they tried to clear me, but nothing could prevail;  
At the Old Bailey sessions the judge to me did say  
"The jury's found you guilty. my lad, so you must go to Botany Bay."

To see my aged father dear, as he stood at the bar,  
Likewise my tender mother, her old grey locks to tear;  
In tearing of her old grey locks, these words to me did say  
"O son! O son! what have you done, that you're going to Botany Bay?"

It was on the twenty-eighth of May from England we did steer,  
And all things being safe on board, we sail'd down the river, clear;  
And every ship that we pass'd by, we heard the sailors say  
"There goes a ship of clever lads, and they are bound for Botany Bay."

O there is a girl in Manchester, a girl I know full well,  
And if ever I get my liberty, along with her I'll dwell;  
O then I mean to marry her, and no more to go astray;  
I'll shun all evil company, bid adieu to Botany Bay.

# Travelling Down the Castlereagh

Collected by Banjo Paterson and published in his collection of Old Bush Songs published in 1905.  
The origin of the tune given is contentious; this version as popularised by Dave de Hugar.

capo 2

**G A** **Em F#m** **C D** **G A**  
 I'm trav - el - ling down the Cast - le - reagh, and I'm a sta - tion - hand,  
**G A** **D7 E7**  
 I'm hand - y with the rop - ing pole, I'm hand - y with the brand,  
**G A** **Em F#m** **C D** **G A**  
 And I can ride a rowd - y colt, or swing an axe all day,  
**G A** **D7 E7** **G A**  
 But there's no de - mand for sta - tion - hands a - - long the Cast - le - reagh.  
**G A** **Em F#m** **C D** **G A**  
 So it's shift, boys, shift! There is - n't the slight - est doubt  
**G A** **D7 E7**  
 We've got to make a shift for the sta - tions furth - er out.  
**G A** **Em F#m** **C D** **G A**  
 With the pack - horse run - ning aft - er, for he fol - lows like a dog,  
**G A** **D7 E7** **G A**  
 We must strike a - cross the coun - try at the old jig - - jog

This old black hose I'm riding – you'll notice what's his brand  
 He wears the crooked R. There's none better in the land.  
 He takes a lot of beating but they other day they tried  
 As a bit of a joke with a racing bloke at twenty pounds a-side  
 And it was shift, boys, shift There wasn't the slightest doubt  
 I had to make him shift for my money was running out.  
 But he cantered home a winner with the other one at the flog.  
 He's a red hot sort to pick up with his old jig-jog

I asked a cove for shearing once along the Marthaguy:  
'We shear non-union here,' says he. 'I call it scab,' says I.  
I looked along the shearing floor before I turned to go –  
There were eight or ten non-union men a-shearing in a row!  
It was shift, boys, shift! There wasn't the slightest doubt  
It was time to make a shift with the leprosy about.  
So I saddled up my horses and I whistled to my dog,  
And we left his scabby station at the old jig-jog.

I went to Illawarra where my brother's got a farm;  
He has to ask the landlord's leave before he lifts his arm:  
The landlord owns the countryside, man, woman, dog and cat,  
They haven't the cheek to dare to speak without they touch their hat.  
It was shift, boys, shift! There wasn't the slightest doubt  
The little landlord-god and I would soon have fallen out.  
Was I to touch my hat to him, was I his blooming dog?  
So I makes for up the country at the old jig-jog.

It's time that I was moving, I've a mighty way to go  
Till I drink artesian water from a thousand feet below;  
Till I meet the overlanders with the cattle coming down –  
I'll work a while and make a pile, then have a spree in town.  
So it's shift, boys, shift! There isn't the slightest doubt  
We've got to make a shift for the stations further out.  
With the packhorse running after, for he follows like a dog,  
We can cross a lot of country at the old jig-jog.

# The Troop Train Leaves

Original words Jim Grahame (Jim Gordon), a life-long friend of Henry Lawson. The tune was written by musical duo Tony & Helen Romeo, both long term members of the Bush Music Club and performers with Southern Cross Bush Band.

The set - ting sun has decked the west with flam - ing locks of gold.  
The breath of night is on the air, the earth seems damp and cold,  
While shad - ows of the pop - lars stretch like ghost - ly fing - ers spread  
That point the dark and sil - ent way to un - known roads a - - head.

The engine spurting mists of steam with furnace fires aglow  
Belching smoke in drifting spheres like rain clouds hanging low,  
While milling crowds move back and forth, departure won't be long  
For soldiers clad in battledress who mingle with the throng.

As "All Aboard!" is called aloud, "Make way please! Stand aside!"  
Shy lovers whisper last good-byes beside a weeping bride,  
And there are many friendless ones whose feelings are obscure  
While metal pointers of the clock turn slow but deadly sure.

But there are two beyond the throng who are the last to part.  
She helps him with his heavy gear - 'tis lighter than her heart  
Yet there's a smile upon her lips, held high is her grey head.  
There is no falter in her voice and not a tear is shed.

She jokes with him, and laughs with him, (he must not see her grieve).  
She's worn the mask of gaiety, these last days of his leave  
And as the train pulls slowly out, hands wave and wave and wave  
Then stiff of lip she turns away - the bravest of the brave.

Those watching thought her unconcerned, some thought that she was hard  
As firm of step and straight of form she leaves the station yard  
But on her dark and lonely way, gone is the smile that lied  
Her head is bowed, her cheek is wet, the mask is cast aside.

# Tumba-Bloody-Rumba

The words were written by John Wolfe, and set here to the British traditional tune 'Jack of All Trades' by Warren Fahey.

Verse

He asked for work at must-er - time, we tried him as a rid - er,  
We tried him as the roust - a - bout, and as the cook's off - sid - er,  
He said he'd sailed the sev - en seas, he'd been up in A - - las - ka,  
He'd been in ev - .ry west - ern state from Tex - as to Neb - ras - ka.

Chorus

He said he'd shorn a sheep or two, and cut a bit of lum - ber,  
And waged war on the kang - a - roo, at Tum - ba - blood - y - - rum - ba.

We had him in the shearing shed, we put him on the stacker,  
We tried him digging rabbits out, He wasn't worth a cracker,  
He had a shop in Singapore, He owned a pearling lugger,  
He was a champ at baccarat, Australian rules and rugger.

He never showed his aptitude, on work he was allotted,  
But showed his skill upon the drinks, and cigarettes he botted,  
He said he'd climbed the Matterhorn, he'd been a union leader,  
And years ago in Adelaide he was a pigeon breeder.

We tried him cutting fencing posts. We tried to find his caper,  
Until that happy pay-day when he got his piece of paper.  
I wonder what he's doing now, perhaps back on the lumber,  
Or shooting kanga-bloody-roos, at Tumba-bloody-rumba.



# Van Diemen's Land

Clearly based on a broadside circa 1800, this version is cobbled from extant versions.

You ram - bling boys of Liv - er - pool I'll have you to \_\_\_ be - ware  
When you go out hunt \_\_\_ ing with your dog, your \_\_\_ gun, your snare.  
Watch out for the game \_\_\_ keep - er. Keep your dog at your \_\_\_ com - mand,  
And think up - on the hard \_\_\_ ships, go - ing to Van \_\_\_ Die - men's Land.

We had two Irish lads on board, Jimmy Murphy and Paddy Malone,  
And they were both the truest mates that any man could own.  
The gamekeeper he caught them and from old England's Strand,  
They were fourteen years transported unto Van Diemen's Land.

One night as I lay sleeping all in the hold below,  
I dreamed I was in Liverpool, way back in Marylebone  
With my true love beside me and a jug of ale at hand,  
When I woke quite broken hearted lying off Van Diemen's Land,

The minute that we landed upon that fatal shore,  
The planters they inspected us full twenty score or more.  
They led us round like horses and sold us out of hand,  
Then they yoked us to the plough, brave boys, to plough Van Diemen's Land.

# The Wallaby Brigade

from 'The Queenslander' (1894) with a tune based on GF Root's Tramp Tramp Tramp! (1864)

Verse

The musical notation for the verse consists of four staves of music in 4/4 time, G major. The lyrics are: "You of - ten have been told of reg - i - ments brave and bold, But we are the brav - est in the land; We're called the Rag - Tag Band, and we ral - ly in Queens - land, We are mem - bers of the Wal - la - - by Brig - - - -". Chords G, C, and D7 are indicated above the notes.

You \_\_\_\_\_ of - ten have been told of reg - i - ments brave and bold,  
But we \_\_\_\_\_ are the brav - est in the land;  
We're \_\_\_\_\_ called the Rag - Tag Band, and we ral - ly in Queens - land,  
We are mem - bers of the Wal - la - - by Brig - - - -

Chorus

The musical notation for the chorus consists of four staves of music in 4/4 time, G major. The lyrics are: "Tramp, tramp, tramp a - cross the bord - - - ers, The swag - - men are roll - - ing up, I see. When the shear - ing's at an end we'll go fish - ing in a bend. Then hur - - rah! for the Wal - - la - by Brig - - ade." Chords G, D7, and C are indicated above the notes.

Tramp, tramp, tramp a - cross the bord - - - ers,  
The swag - - men are roll - - ing up, I see.  
When the shear - ing's at an end we'll go fish - ing in a bend.  
Then hur - - rah! for the Wal - - la - by Brig - - ade.

When you are leaving camp, you must ask some brother tramp  
If there are any jobs to be had,  
Or what sort of a shop that station is to stop  
For a member of the Wallaby Brigade.

You ask 'em if they want men, you ask for rations then,  
If they don't stump up a warning should be made;  
To teach them better sense—why, "Set fire to their fence"  
Is the war cry of the Wallaby Brigade.

The squatters thought us done when they fenced in all their run,  
But a prettier mistake they never made;  
You've only to sport your dover and knock a monkey over.  
There's cheap mutton for the Wallaby Brigade.

Now when the shearing's in our harvest will begin,  
Our swags for a spell down will be laid;  
But when our cheques are drank we will join the Tag-rag rank,  
Limeburners in the Wallaby Brigade.

# Wallaby Liz

A favourite at the Bush Music Club in the 1980s Wallaby Liz was written by one of its members, Stan Wakefield. A collection of his compositions 'Songs of Australia' was published by Southern Music who also put out 'Authentic Australian Bush Ballads' for the BMC.

Verse

Did you ev - er hear tell of Wal - la - by Liz? Catch me, kiss me, mist - er.

She'd snatch your hat and a - way she'd ride A - cross the hills and though man - y had tried

Nev - er a bush - man kisssed her, Nev - er a bush - man kisssed her.

Chorus

Dor - ri - go Dub - bo and Wing - a - dee Yal - lah Ben - al - la and Bung - a - ree

Too - ley - buc and Tal - brag - ar Mit - ta - gong Mer - ri - wa Mung - er - i - bar

Her father worked a timber mill  
In Ferntree Gully hiding.  
She kept the house, and fed the cats,  
And, on the sly, collected hats—  
A tribute to her riding,  
A tribute to her riding.

A stranger chanced to ride that way,  
And Wallaby Liz, to greet him,  
She snatched his hat and away she ran,  
But he was a wild Monaro man,  
And never a track could beat him,  
Never a track could beat him.

He cracked his whip and the chase was on—  
The dogwood went a—crashing:  
They roused a flock of cockatoos,  
And scattered a mob of kangaroos  
That up the spur went dashing,  
Up the spur went dashing.

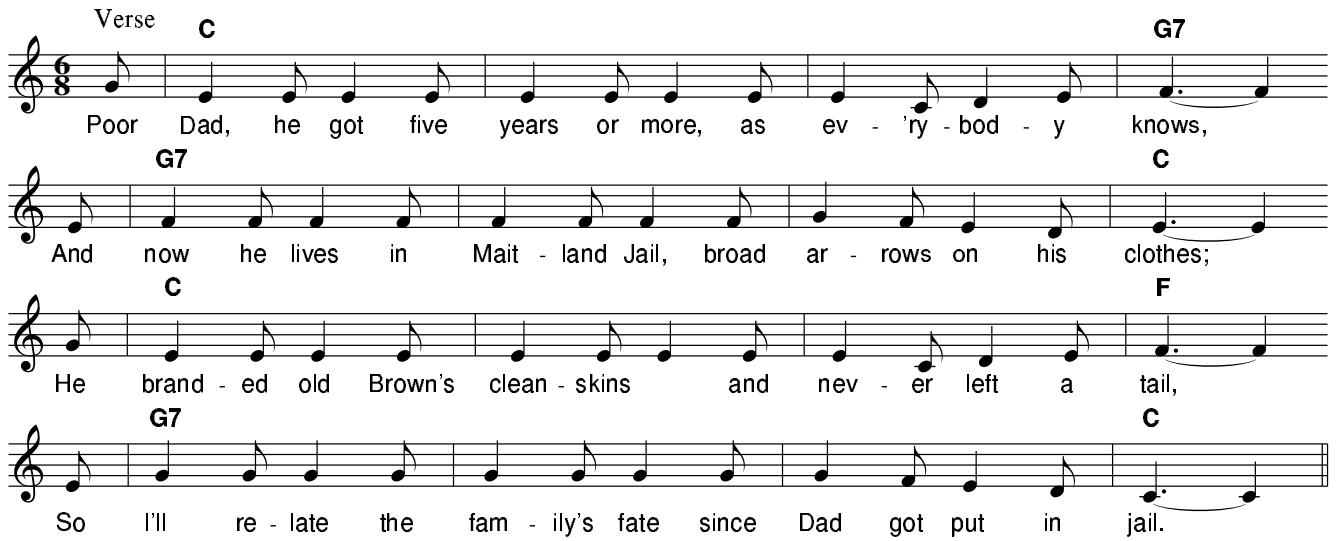
The nimble blood mare jumped the creek,  
And Wallaby Liz, astride her  
Knew that this would be her final race,  
For the man who rode with an easy grace  
Was galloping close beside her,  
Galloping close beside her.

Then laughing Elizabeth drew the rein:  
"Do you think you've won your hat, sir?"  
And now I've told you all I can,  
She lost the race and won her man,  
So that was the end of that, sir,  
That was the end of that, sir.

# Wallaby Stew I

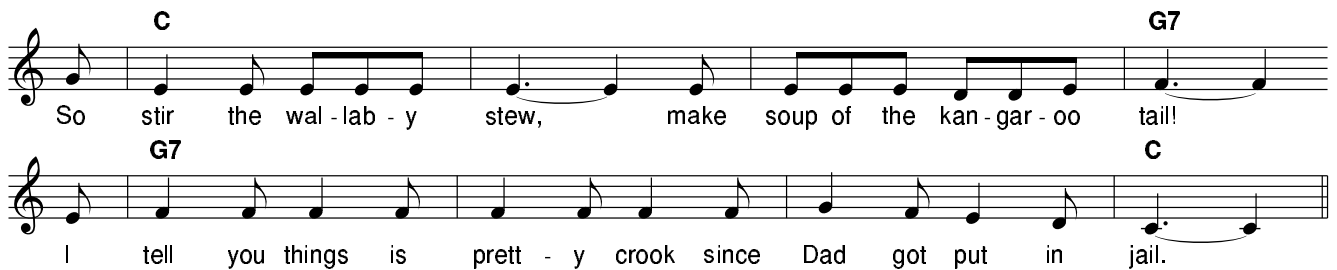
First published in the Bulletin in 1897, written by Cecil Poole set to "According to the Act" by AL Lloyd.

Verse



Poor Dad, he got five years or more, as ev - 'ry - bod - y knows,  
And now he lives in Mait - land Jail, broad ar - rows on his clothes;  
He brand - ed old Brown's clean - skins and nev - er left a tail,  
So I'll re - late the fam - ily's fate since Dad got put in jail.

## Chorus



So stir the wal - lab - y stew, make soup of the kan - gar - oo tail!  
I tell you things is prett - y crook since Dad got put in jail.

Our sheep all died a month ago, not rot but bloomin' fluke,  
The cow was boozed last Christmas Day by my big brother Luke,  
I sold the buggy on my own, the place is up for sale;  
That won't be all that has been junked when Dad gets out of jail!

Our Bess got shook upon some bloke who's gone we don't know where:  
He used to act around the sheds, but he ain't acted square;  
And Mother's got a shearer cove forever at her tail -  
The family will have grown a bit when Dad gets out of jail.

They let Dad out before his time to give us a surprise,  
He came and looked around the place and gently "blessed his eyes",  
He shook hands with the shearer cove, and said that things seemed stale,  
Then left him there to shepherd us, and caught the North-West Mail.

# Wallaby Stew II

First published in the Bulletin in 1897, written by Cecil Poole set to "According to the Act" by AL Lloyd.

Verse

Poor Dad, he got five - years or more, as ev - 'ry - bod - y knows,  
And now he lives in Mait - land Jail, broad ar - rows on his clothes;  
He brand - ed old Brown's clean-skins and nev - er left a tail,  
So I'll re - late the fam - ily's fate since Dad got put in jail.

Chorus

So stir the wal - lab - y stew, me boys, make soup of the kan - ga - roo tail!  
I tell you things is pret - ty crook since Dad got put in jail.

Our sheep all died a month ago, not rot but bloomin' fluke,  
The cow was boozed last Christmas Day by my big brother Luke,  
I sold the buggy on my own, the place is up for sale;  
That won't be all that has been junked when Dad gets out of jail!

Our Bess got shook upon some bloke who's gone we don't know where:  
He used to act around the sheds, but he ain't acted square;  
And Mother's got a shearer cove forever at her tail -  
The family will have grown a bit when Dad gets out of jail.

They let Dad out before his time to give us a surprise,  
He came and looked around the place and gently "blessed his eyes",  
He shook hands with the shearer cove, and said that things seemed stale,  
Then left him there to shepherd us, and caught the North-West Mail.

# Waltzing Matilda (Cowan Version)

Words written by AB Paterson in 1895 and published with music arranged by Marie Cowan in 1903.

Verse

capo 2

G A D7 E7 Em F#m C D

Once a jol - ly swag - man camped by a bill - a - bong,

G A D7 E7

Un - - der the shade of a Cool - i - - bah tree,

G A D7 E7 Em F#m C D

And he sang as he watched and wait - ed till his bil - ly boiled,

G A D7 E7 G A

You'll come a Waltz - - ing Ma - - til - - da with me.

Chorus

G A C D

Waltz - - ing Ma - til - - da, Waltz - - ing Ma - til - - da,

G A D7 E7

You'll come a Waltz - - ing Ma - - til - - da with me,

G A D7 E7 Em F#m C D

And he sang as he watched and wait - ed till his bil - ly boiled,

G A D7 E7 G A

You'll come a Waltz - - ing Ma - - til - - da with me.

Chorus

For the last half repeat the last two lines of the verse

Down came a jumbuck to drink at that billabong  
Up jumped the swagman and grabbed him with glee,  
And he sang as he shoved that jumbuck in his tucker bag  
You'll come a Waltzing Matilda with me.

Up rode the squatter mounted on his thorough-bred  
Down came the troopers One Two Three  
Whose is that jumbuck you've got in your tucker bag  
You'll come a Waltzing Matilda with me.

Up jumped the swagman sprang in to the billabong  
"You'll never take me alive" said he,  
And his ghost may be heard as you pass by that billabong  
You'll come a Waltzing Matilda with me.

# Waltzing Matilda (McPherson Version)

This version was unearthed and authenticated by Richard Magoffin with words and tune in Christina McPherson's own handwriting.

Verse

capo 2

Oh there once was a swag - man \_\_\_\_\_ camped in a bill - - a - bong  
Und - - er the shade of a cool - - i - - bah tree  
And he sang as he looked at his old bil - ly boil - - ing  
Who'll come a waltz - - ing Ma - - til \_\_\_\_\_ da with me.

Chords: G A, D7 E7, G A, C D, G A, Em F#m, D7 E7, G A, C D, G A, D7 E7, G A

Chorus

Who'll come a waltz - - ing Ma - - til - - da my dar - - ling?  
Who'll come a waltz - - ing Ma - - til - - da with me?  
Waltz - - ing Ma - til - - da and lead - - ing a wat - er bag  
Who'll come a waltz - - ing Ma - - til \_\_\_\_\_ da with me?

Chords: G A, C D, G A, D7 E7, G A, C D, G A, D7 E7, G A

Down came a jumbuck to drink at the water hole  
Up jumped the swagman and grabbed him with glee  
And he sang as he stowed him away in his tucker bag  
You'll come a waltzing Matilda with me

Down came the squatter a riding on his thoroughbred  
Down came the troopers one two three  
Whose is that jumbuck you've got in the tucker bag  
You'll come a waltzing Matilda with me

But the swagman he up and he jumped into the water hole  
Drowning himself by the coolibah tree  
And his ghost may be heard as it sings in the billabong  
Who'll come a waltzing Matilda with me

# Waltzing Matilda (Queensland Version)

Also known as the Buderim version as it was collected from John O'Neil of Buderim by John Manifold.

capo 2

Oh there once was a swag - man camped in a bill - a - bong \_\_\_

Un - - der the shade of a cool - i - - bah tree

And he sang as he looked at his old \_\_\_ bil - ly boil \_\_\_ ing \_\_\_

"Who'll come a waltz - - ing Ma - - til - - da with me?"

Chorus (same tune)

Who'll come a waltzing Matilda my darling  
 Who'll come a waltzing Matilda with me  
 Waltzing Matilda and leading a water bag  
 Who'll come a waltzing Matilda with me

Down came a jumbuck to drink at the water hole  
 Up jumped the swagman and grabbed him with glee  
 And he sang as he stowed him away in his tucker bag  
 You'll come a waltzing Matilda with me

Down came the squatter a riding on his thoroughbred  
 Down came the troopers one two three  
 Whose is that jumbuck you've got in the tucker bag  
 You'll come a waltzing Matilda with me

But the swagman he up and he jumped into the water hole  
 Drowning himself by the coolibah tree  
 And his ghost may be heard as it sings in the billabong  
 Who'll come a waltzing Matilda with me



# The Water Lily

Words written by Henry Lawson in November 1890. Many consider that Lawson's early poems were his best. With this one, at a time when death in childhood was not uncommon, Lawson poignantly captures a mother's anguish at her loss. The setting is by Chris Kempster

A lone - - ly young wife in her dream - - ing dis - - cerns  
 A lily - - decked pool with a bor - - der of ferns.  
 And a beau - - ti - - ful child, with but - - ter - - fly wings,  
 Trips \_\_\_ down to the edge of the wat - - er and sings:  
 'Come, mam - - ma! Come! Quick! Fol - - low me,  
 Step out on the leaves of the wa - - ter - - lily!  
 'Come mam - - ma! Come! Quick! Fol - - low me,  
 Step out on the leaves of the wa - - ter lily!

And the lonely young wife, her heart beating wild,  
 Cries, 'Wait till I come, till I reach you, my child!'  
 But the beautiful child with butterfly wings  
 Steps out on the leaves of the lily and sings:

And the wife in her dreaming steps out on the stream,  
 But the lily leaves sink and she wakes from her dream.  
 Ah, the waking is sad, for the tears that it brings,  
 And she knows 'tis her dear baby's spirit that sings:

# The Water Witch

Recorded from the singing of JH Davies of Newtown Tas by Lloyd Robson, published in Aust'n Trad'n 1965. Text extended by Brad Tate.  
The Water Witch was a whaling barque of 236 tons built in 1820, commandeered by convicts in 1840. She last hunted whales in 1892.

## Verse

capo 2

O, a neat Lit - tle pack - et from Ho - bart set sail,  
On a cruise round the west - 'ard for mon - ster sperm whale;  
For a cruise round the west - 'ard where storm - y winds blow,  
Bound a - way in the Wat - er - witch to the west - 'ard we'll go.  
Chorus  
Bound a - way, bound a - way, where the storm - y winds blow,  
Bound a - way in the Wat - er - witch to the west - 'ard we'll go.

O, it's early one morning just as the sun rose  
A man from her masthead cries out: "There she blows!"  
"We're away" cries our skipper and springing aloft.  
Three points on the lee bow and scarce three miles off.

We sailed off the west wind and came up apace;  
The whaleboats were lowered and set on the chase.  
"Get your lines in your boats, me boys, see your box-line all clear,  
And lower down, me bully boys, and after him we'll steer."

We fought him alongside, harpoon we thrust in,  
In just over an hour he rolled out his fin.  
The whale is cut in, boys, tried out and stowed down,  
He's worth more to us, boys, than five hundred pound.

Now the ship she gets full, me boys, and to Hobart we'll steer  
Where there's plenty of pretty girls and plenty good beer;  
We'll spend our money freely with the pretty girls on shore,  
And when it's all gone, we'll go whaling for more.

# The Way of the World

The words were written by Henry Lawson in early 1896 at a time when Lawson's stars were in the ascension. Literary figures in the 1890s were the celebrities of the time. Lawson clearly perceived the temporary nature of such fame. The tune is by David Johnson

The musical score is written in 4/4 time and consists of four staves. The first two staves are vocal lines with lyrics underneath. The third staff shows the chord progression for the first two lines of lyrics. The fourth staff is a vocal line with lyrics underneath. Chord symbols are placed above the notes they apply to.

Am G Am G C Em Am  
When fair - er fac - es turn from me and gay - er friends \_ grow cold,  
Am G Am G C Em Am  
And I have lost through pov - er - ty the friend - ship bought \_ with gold;  
F C F C F C G7  
When I have served the self - ish turn of some all - word - ly few,  
Am G Am G Am G Am  
And Fol - ly'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 Wee One Lament

collected from Sally Sloane by John Meredith. Note that AL Lloyd's first line ending 'from the town of Kiandra' is given in preference to Sally's line 'cut down in my blossom'. Sally had a remarkable memory for songs she had learnt from her mother and grandmother.

Verse

capo 3

Musical notation for the Verse of 'The Wee One Lament'. The piece is in 3/4 time and features a capo on the 3rd fret. The melody is written on a single treble clef staff. The lyrics are: 'I am a young man from the town of Kiandra. I married a young girl to comfort my home, But she goes out and leaves me and cruelly deceives me And leaves me with a wee one that's none of my own.' Chords are indicated above the staff: A/C, G/Bb, A/C, D/F, G/Bb, E/G, Em/Gm, A/C, G/Bb, A/C, G/Bb, A/C.

Chorus

Musical notation for the Chorus of 'The Wee One Lament'. The melody continues on a single treble clef staff. The lyrics are: 'Oh the day rue the day ever I married Oh how I wish I were single again. With my weeping and wailing and rocking the cradle And nursing a wee one that's none of my own.' Chords are indicated above the staff: A/C, G/Bb, A/C, D/F, G/Bb, E/G, Em/Gm, A/C, G/Bb, A/C, Em/Gm, G/Bb, A/C.

While I'm at work my wife's on the rantan  
 Out on the town with another young man.  
 She goes out and leaves me and cruelly deceives me  
 And leaves me with a wee one that's none of my own.

All you young men that is fond of the lassies  
 Take my advice, leave them flash girls alone.  
 For by the lord Harry if one you should marry  
 She'll leave you with a wee one that's none of your own.

# The Western Creeks Are Calling

Collected from Jim Creed by Queensland folklorist, Bob Michell and based on a Will Ogilvie poem 'Northwards to the Sheds'

Verse

There's a whis - per from the reg - ions out be - yond the Bar - won Banks,  
A - gath - 'ring of the leg - ions and a - form - ing of the ranks.  
There's a whis - per com - ing near - er with a sound that nev - er fails,  
It's time for ev - er - y shear - er to be out - up - on the rails.

Chorus

For the west - ern creeks are call - ing, the id - le days are done,  
The snow - y fleece is fall - ing and the Queens - land shed's be - gun.

On the green plains of the Murray they'll run their horses in.  
There's hustle and there's bustle when the Queensland shed's begun,  
There'll be tightening of the bridle and shortening of the girth,  
Stirring of the idle that are keen to show their worth.

North along the Lachlan and the sun dried Castlereagh,  
On to the Never Never ride the ringers on their way,  
They'll be saddling on the Bogan and bridling on the Bland,  
Shearers by the hundreds heading north to lend a hand.

They'll be camped below the station where they'll cut both peg and pole,  
Raising tents for occupation while they're waiting for their role.  
They'll be past the pen doors picking light wool weaners one-by-one,  
You'll hear the blades a-clipping and you'll know the shed's begun.

They will leave the girls behind them, their empty glasses too.  
There's plenty left behind them when they reach the famed Barcoo.  
There'll be kissing there'll be sorrow such as only sweethearts know,  
But by the noon tomorrow they'll be singing as they go.

# Westward Ho!

Words by Harry "The Breaker" Morant. Music by Graham Jenkin. Morant enlisted and went to fight for the British in the Boer War. His efficiency in dealing with the Boers contrasted starkly with the British ineffectiveness. He was tried for murdering prisoners found guilty and executed. It has been noted that his keenness to enlist coincided with some unsolved NSW murders.

The musical score is written in 8/8 time and consists of four staves. The lyrics are: "There's a damp - er in the ash - es, tea and sug - ar in the bags, There's whips of feed and shel - ter in the sand - hills for the nags, There's gid - ya wood a - bout us and wat - er close at hand, And just one bott - le left of the good Glen - liv - et brand." The chords are: C, G7, C, F, C, G7, C, G7, C, G7, C, F, C, F, C, G7, C.

There are chops upon the embers, which same are close-up done,  
From as fine a four-tooth wether as there is on Crossbred's run;  
'Twas a proverb on the Darling, the truth of which I hold;  
"That mutton's always sweetest which was never bought nor sold."

Out of fifty thousand wethers surely Crossbred shouldn't miss  
A sheep or so to travellers- faith, 'tis dainty mutton, this-  
Let's drink a nip to Crossbred; ah, you drain it with a grin,  
Then shove along the billy, mate, and, squatted, let's wade in.

The night's a trifle chilly, and the stars are very bright,  
A heavy dew is falling, but the fly is rigged aright;  
You may rest your bones till morning, then if you chance to wake,  
Give me a call about the time that daylight starts to break.

We may not camp tomorrow, for we've many a mile to go,  
Ere we turn our horses' heads round to make tracks for down below.  
There's many a water-course to cross, and many a black-soil plain,  
And many a mile of mulga-ridge ere we get back again.

That time five moons shall wax and wane we'll finish up the work,  
Have the bullocks o'er the border and we'll truck 'em down from Bourke  
And when they're sold at Homebush, and the agents settle up,  
Sing hey! a spell in Sydney town and Melbourne for the Cup.

# What A Life!

Words by Guy Eden published in his collection of 'Bush Ballads' (1906) with a tune by David Johnson 2005.  
 Guy Ernest Morton Eden (1864 – 1954) was born in Queensland 1864 where his father held various official posts.  
 The family returned to England where his musical talent was put to writing for the London stage late 19C and early 20C.

Ris - ing ear - ly with the dawn, Feel - ing drag - gled and for - lorn,  
 Mess - ing round for grub to eat, Damp - er, tea and leath - 'ry meat.  
 Curs - ing at the day a - head, Wish - ing you were snug - ly dead

Chorus  
 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,

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,

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,

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.

# When It's Springtime in the Mallee

from Australian Folksongs of the Land and People, published in 1974 by the Folk Lore Council of Australia. The tune is clearly 'Springtime in the Rockies' written by R Sauer, M H Woolsey in 1929 and it is an example of the pervasive cultural influence of the USA

When it's spring-time in the Mal-lee, And the Mal-lee scrub is green,  
Then we make for the old rol-ler and yoke up the bull-ock team.  
With a creak of chains, whips crack-ing 'Get up, Dark-ie, Come on, Pride,  
Move on there, you laz-y blight-ers! Hup, you mules! I'll skin yer hides!

Well, we roll the flamin' scrub down,  
And the air is thick with flies;  
Then, as yer go round snaggin',  
Flamin' dust fair blinds yer eyes!  
Yer throat is parched and achin',  
And the sun gets hot as hell,  
But yer plod along till smoke-o,  
While yer bullocks have a spell.

When it's springtime in the Mallee,  
And yer pickin' stumps all day,  
Yer could dance to the sound of them knockin'  
In the bottom of the dray!  
When yer get a load, yer stack 'em  
And yer light 'em as yer go  
Then yer go around and stoke 'em  
Till they burn up into coal.

When the fire's done and the paddocks clear  
Yer got to plough the earth  
With yer bullock team and mouldboard  
They're pulling for all their worth.  
Then yer gets the corn and chucks 'em  
and then yer rakes 'em in  
And yer know that if the rain don't come  
Yer'll have to start again.



# When Jones' Ale Was New

Collected from Simon McDonald of Creswick Victoria by the Folklore Society of Victoria 1960

Verse

There were once three jovial fellows Came o-ver the hills to- geth- er  
 Came o- ver the hills to- geth- er To have a jol- ly good spree.  
 They flung them-selves down up- on the ground And each man swore he'd spend a pound-  
 And they'd have glass- es all a- - round When  
 Jones- 's ale was new my boys When Jones- 's ale was new.

Chorus

And they called for more pots And more  
 pints and more glass- es And did- n't they all get tight as ass- es And  
 oh what fun they had with the lass- es When  
 Jones- 's ale was new my boys When Jones- 's ale was new

Now the first to come in was a tinker  
 Good Lord he was no drinker  
 Good Lord he was no drinker  
 To join the jovial crew.  
 He said "Any pots or kettles to settle  
 My tongs are made of the best of metal"  
 Good Lord how his hammer and tongs did rattle  
 When Jones's ale was new my boys  
 When Jones's ale was new.

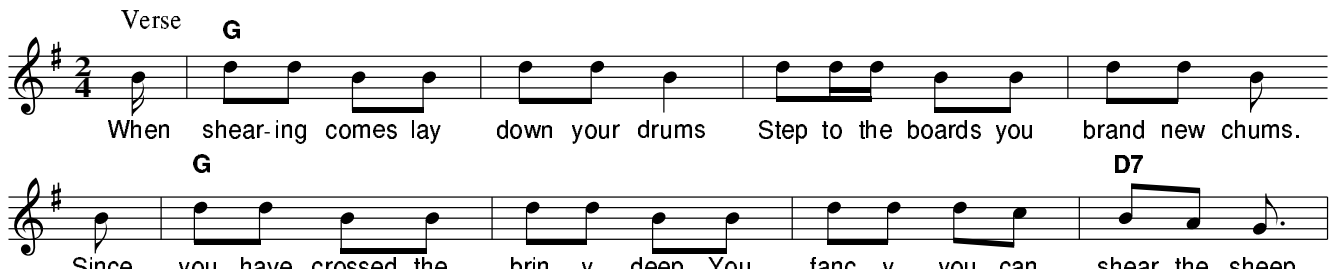
Oh the next to come in was a mason  
 With his hammer and chisel to face them  
 With his hammer and chisel to face them  
 To join this jovial crew.  
 He flung his old hammer against a brick wall  
 And swore that the churches and chapels might fall  
 And that would give work to masons all  
 When Jones's ale was new my boys  
 When Jones's ale was new.

Oh the next to come in was a barber  
He swore he came from Scarborough  
He swore he came from Scarborough  
To join this jovial crew.  
He flung his old razor against the wall  
And he swore that maids would shave and all  
And that would give work to barbers all  
When Jones's ale was new my boys  
When Jones's ale was new.

# When Shearing Comes

Tune and words adapted by David Johnson 2005 from material collected by John Meredith from Cyril Tycehurst and Bill Hughes.  
The recording demonstrated a lilting droning style which is maintained in the verses.

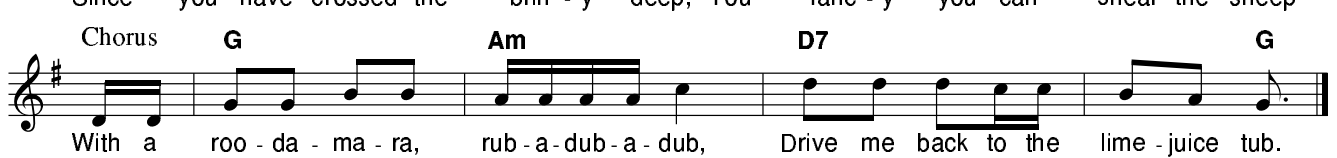
Verse



When shear-ing comes lay down your drums Step to the boards you brand new chums.

Since you have crossed the brin - y deep, You fanc - y you can shear the sheep

Chorus



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

Here we are in New South Wales,  
Shearing sheep as big as whales,  
With leather necks and daggy tails,  
And fleece as tough as rusty nails.

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 Jesus!

There's brand-new chums and cockies' sons,  
They fancy that they are great guns,  
They fancy they can shear the wool,  
But the beggars can only tear and pull.

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.

# When Stock Go By

## The Song of a Drover's Wife

Words by Harry 'The Breaker' Morant. Music by Graham Jenkin. Morant was a contemporary of Lawson and Paterson and contributed verse the the 'bushman's bible' as 'The Bulletin' was known. It was very much for the worker and far from today's conservative version.

Musical score for 'When Stock Go By' in 2/4 time. The score consists of four staves of music with lyrics underneath. Chords are indicated above the notes: C, G7, and C. The lyrics are: Ah me! how clear - - ly they come back, Those gold - - en days of long a - - go When down the drought - - y Bo - - gan track Tom came with stock from I - - van - - hoe.

Tom rode a bonny dark bay nag;  
He wore a battered cabbage-tree;  
And as I filled our water-bag  
He came and asked a drink from me.

Tom said that drink was just like wine;  
He said my eyes were soft and brown;  
He said there were no eyes like mine  
From Dandaloo to Sydney town.

I watched him with a trembling lip,  
Yet little thought I then that he  
Who asked a drink from me that trip  
Would next trip ask my Dad for me.

Tom's droving days are long since done;  
The wet tear oft has dimmed my eye;  
But days when I was wooed and won  
Come back to me . . . when stock go by!

# Where The Lazy Murray River Rolls Along

Words by Buddy Williams; an Australian rework of the Carter Family's 'Where the Silvery Colorado Wends Its Way'.

The musical score is written in G major and 4/4 time. It consists of eight staves of music with lyrics underneath. Chord symbols (G, C, D, A7, D7) are placed above the staff lines to indicate the accompaniment. The lyrics are as follows:

1. The twi - light soft - ly gath - ers round my hut out on the plains  
 2. We were mar - ried in the spring - time, I re - mem - ber well and

And the nat - ure's set - tled to down in peace to rest.  
 The bells seem - ed to ring a hap - py song.

As I sit down by the riv - er - side, my heart is filled with pain  
 Now, be - - neath the bed of vio - lets, she is sleep - ing free from pain,

And I dream of the girl that I love best.  
 Where the Laz - y Mur - ray Riv - er rolls a - - long.

Chorus

There's a sigh on ev' - ry breeze, there's a - sob - bing in the trees,  
 The birds seem to sing the sad - dest song;  
 For the sun - shine plays no more, round our lit - tle home - stead door,  
 Where the Laz - y Mur - ray Riv - er rolls a - - long.

The sil'ry moon is shining, down by the riverside  
 Where we often used to wander, she and I.  
 I can almost hear her singing, feel her arms around me clinging  
 As she did in those happy days gone by.

Our lives were full and happy in our world of love and dreams.  
 My love for her grew very deep and strong  
 But I feel her presence near me as I sit alone tonight,  
 Where the Lazy Murray River rolls along.

# Where's Your Licence?

## Licence Hunting

Written by Charles Thatcher in the early 1850s and set to the tune "The Gay Cavalier".

The musical score is written in 3/4 time and consists of four staves. The first staff has a C chord above the first measure and an Am chord above the last measure. The second staff has a G7 chord above the first measure. The third staff has a C chord above the first measure and an Am chord above the last measure. The fourth staff has a G7 chord above the first measure and a C chord above the last measure. The lyrics are: "The morn - ing was fine. The sun bright - ly did shine. All the dig - - gers were work - ing a - - way. When the in - spect - or of traps says "Now my fine chaps, We'll go li - - cence hunt - - ing to - - day."

Some went this way, some that,  
To the Bendigo flat  
And a lot to the White Hills did tramp.  
And a lot more did bear  
Towards Golden Square  
And the rest of them stayed round the camp.

Now each turned his eye  
On the holes he went by,  
Expecting down on them to drop.  
But not one could they nail  
For they'd given leg bail  
Diggers ain't often caught on the hop.

That little word Joe  
That most of you know  
Is a signal that traps are quite near.  
Made them all cut their sticks  
And they hooked it like bricks  
I believe you, my boys, no fear.

Then a tall, ugly trap  
Espied a young chap  
Up a gully a-cuttin' like fun  
He swiftly gave chase  
But it was a hard race,  
I assure you that digger could run.

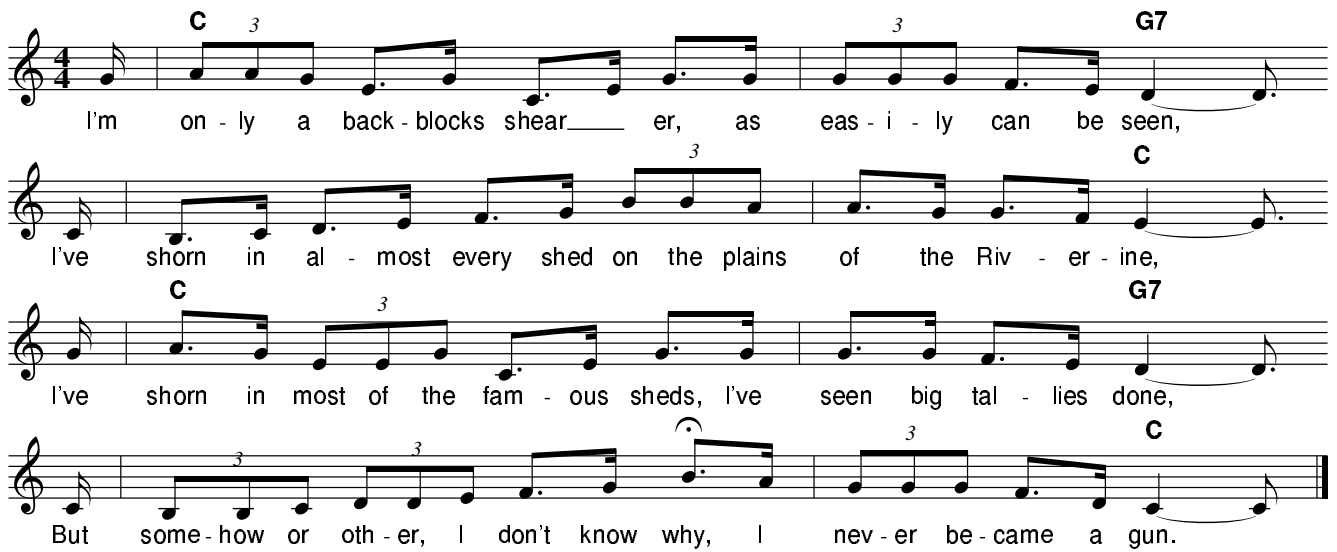
Down a hole he went pop!  
While the bobby up top  
Says "Just come up here" shaking his staff.  
"Young man of the crown  
If you want me come down,  
For I'm not to be caught with such chaff."

Perhaps you'd have thought  
That sly fox he'd have caught  
By lugging him out of the hole,  
But the crusher no fear  
Quite scorned the idea  
Of going underground like a mole.

Then wiser by half  
He put by his staff  
And as onward he went then said he,  
"When a cove's down a drive  
Be he dead or alive  
He can stay there till Christmas for me".

# Widgegoara Joe

Collected from Jack Lee, Auburn NSW by Russell Ward and John Meredith. Duke Tritton had a version called Tooraweenah Joe. The Jack Deeming referred to in the last line was an infamous murderer who was caught, tried and hanged in 1892.



I'm on - ly a back - blocks shear er, as eas - i - ly can be seen,  
I've shorn in al - most every shed on the plains of the Riv - er - ine,  
I've shorn in most of the fam - ous sheds, I've seen big tal - lies done,  
But some - how or oth - er, I don't know why, I nev - er be - came a gun.

## Chorus:

Hurrah, my boys, my shears are set, I feel both fit and well,  
Tomorrow you'll find me at my pen when the gaffer rings the bell,  
With Hayden's patent thumb-guards fixed, and both my blades pulled back,  
Tomorrow I'll go with my sliding blow for a century or the sack.

I've opened down the windpipe straight, I've opened behind the ear,  
I've shorn in every possible style in which a man can shear,  
I've studied all the cuts -and drives of the famous men I've met,  
But I've never succeeded in plastering up those three little figures yet.

When the Boss walked down the board this morning, he stopped and stared at me,  
For I'd mastered Moran's Great Shoulder Cut, as he could plainly see,  
But I've another surprise for him, that'll give his nerves a shock,  
Tomorrow I'll show him I have mastered Pierce's Rang-tang Block.

And if I succeed, as I hope to do, next year I intend to shear  
At the Wagga Demonstration, that's held there every year,  
And there I'll lower the colours, the colours of Mitchell and Co.,  
Instead of Deeming, you will hear of Widgeoweera Joe!



# The Wild Colonial Boy

A widely sung and collected colonial song. Jack Doolan or Duggan or Doogan were variant names for Jack Donahoe, the bolter bushranger who became an icon of freedom for oppressed convicts. This version as sung by The Reedy River Bushmen.

There was a wild col - on - ial boy, Jack Dool - an was his name; \_\_\_\_\_

Of poor but hon - est par - ents he was born in Cast - le - maine. \_\_\_\_\_

He was his fath - er's on - ly hope, his moth - er's pride and joy; \_\_\_\_\_

And fond - ly did his par - ents love the wild col - on - ial boy.

## Chorus

Come, away my hearties! We'll roam the mountain side;  
Together we will plunder, together we will ride.  
We'll scour along the valleys and scour the Bathurst plains;  
And scorn to live in slavery bowed down with iron chains.

He was barely sixteen years of age when he left his father's home,  
And through Australia's sunny clime as a bushranger did roam.  
He robbed those wealthy squatters, their stocks he did destroy,  
A terror to the rich man was the wild colonial boy.

In sixty-one this daring youth commenced his wild career;  
With a heart that knew no danger, no foeman did he fear.  
He held the Beechworth mail-coach up, and robbed Judge Macoboy,  
Who trembled and gave up his gold to the wild colonial boy.

He bade the Judge good-morning, and told him to beware  
Said he'd never rob a decent man that acted on the square,  
But a judge who'd rob a mother of her son and only joy  
Was worse than any outlaw like the wild colonial boy.

One day as he was riding the mountain-side along,  
A-listening to the kookaburras happy laughing song.  
Three mounted troopers came in sight, Kelly, Davis and Fitzroy,  
With a warrant for the capture of the wild colonial boy.

'Surrender now, Jack Doolan! You see we're three to one.  
Surrender now, Jack Doolan, you daring highwayman!  
Jack drew a pistol from his belt and spun it like a toy:  
'I'll fight but never surrender,' said the wild colonial boy.

He fired at Trooper Kelly and brought him to the ground,  
And in return from Davis he received a mortal wound;  
All shattered through the jaw he lay still firing at Fitzroy.  
And that's the way they captured him, the wild colonial boy.

# Wild Rover No More

This version as learnt at the Bush Music Club, Sydney from the singing of Joe Cashmere, collected by John Meredith.

Verse

i've been a wild ro - ver for man - y a year, And spent all my  
mon - ey on whisk - y and beer; But now I'm re - turn - ing with gold in great  
store, And I nev - er shall play the wild ro - ver no more

Chorus

And it's No, nay, nev - er! Nev - - er no more;  
nev - er ev - er a - gain shall I play the wild ro - ver no more.

I dropt into a shanty I used to frequent,  
And told the landlady my money was spent;  
I asked her for credit; she answered me "Nay,  
Such custom as yours I can get every day."

Then I drew my pocket ten sovereigns bright;  
The landlady's eyes sparkled then with delight  
Said she "I've whisky and wines of the best,  
And the words I just uttered were only in jest."

I'll go home to my parents, tell them what I've done,  
And ask them to pardon their prodigal son;  
And if they will do it, as they've done before,  
Then I never shall play the wild rover no more.

# With My Navy Boots On

A romantic song from folklorist Brad Tate, who collected it from a hedger and ditcher in Essex. This theme occurs in other trade settings as well: pit boots, cattle smock, and in Australia, shearing boots.

I was wear - y and tir - ed, I'd been work - ing all day,  
To a cot - tage by the hill - side I wan - dered my way  
To a cot - tage by the hill - side I wan - dered a - - long,  
And I knocked at the door with my nav - vy boots on.

I knocked at the door and a voice from inside  
Said "Is that you, my darling?" "Oh yes, love." I cried.  
Her door it was open and the bed looked so warm  
I jumped straight in with my navy boots on.

It was early next morning I said, "Goodbye, Miss."  
She said, "Oh my darling, don't leave me like this."  
She said, "Oh my darling, you know you've done wrong,  
You have slept in my bed with your navy boots on."

Now, twelve months went by and I never went back,  
But the fair pretty maiden was well on my track.  
She caught me and said, "Sir, come and look at your son;  
There he lies in his pram with his navy boots on."

It was at the Police Court the Judge said, "My man,  
Are you guilty or not?" I said "Yes sir, I am.  
I done it with pleasure, a-thinking no wrong;  
I done it in bed with my navy boots on."

# With My Swag All On My Shoulder

Collected by Banjo Paterson and published in 'Old Bush Songs' 1924 edition but not in the 1905 edition.

Verse

capo 2

When first I left Old Eng - land's shore such yarns as we were told

Of how the folks in far Aust - ral - ia could pick up lumps of gold.

How gold dust lay in all the streets and min - er's right was free.

Hur - rah I told my lov - ing friends that's just the place for me.

Chorus

With my swag all on my shoul - der, black bil - ly in my hand

I'll trav - el the bush of Aust - ral - i - a like a true born Ir - ish man.

When first we reached Port Melbourne we were all prepared to slip,  
 And bar the captain and the mate all hands abandoned ship.  
 And all the girls of Melbourne town threw up their arms with joy,  
 Hurrooing and exclaiming, 'Here comes my Irish boy!'

We made our way to Geelong then north to Ballarat  
 Where some of us grew mighty thin and some grew sleek and fat.  
 Some tried their luck at Bendigo and some at Fiery Creek.  
 I made a fortune in a day and blued it in a week.

For many years I wandered round to each new field about,  
 And made and spent full many a pound till alluvial petered out.  
 And then for any job of work I was prepared to try,  
 But now I've found the tucker track, I'll stay there till I die.

# Wood Turner's Love Song

Original Words and Music by singer/songwriter Phyl Lobl. Phyl began her musical career in Melbourne and later moved to Sydney where she has been an important influence in the Folk Revival. Music slightly adapted by David Johnson.

If I had a piece of maple red or white or pink  
I'd turn you a set of chair legs so you could sit and think.  
And when you sit and think love, I hope you'll think of me  
For I'd like to be there in your thoughts if not in your company.

If I had a piece of coachwood white and fine and pure  
I'd turn you a handle smooth and round, a handle for your door.  
And when I come to see you, you can make that handle spin  
And open up the door, my dear, and let your true love in.

If I had a piece of silky oak with even textured grain  
I'd turn you a lampstand for your light, tapered tall and plain.  
And when you turn your light on I hope it'll be for me  
For your the light of my life, the only girl for me.

If I had a piece of cedar the grain well-shot with red.  
I'd turn you a set of corner posts for a fine double bed.  
A bed for you to lie on with the one that you love best  
And I hope you'll lie with me love and farewell all the rest.

Yes I'm a turner that's my trade as you can plainly see  
But the thing I'd really like to do, is to turn your heart to me,  
Alas in that I have no skill, I've never learnt the art,  
For cedar, maple and silky oak don't make a woman's heart.

# The Woolloomooloo Lair

A Music Hall style song based on 'Killaloe' (1888) by BW Hitchcock with music by A Spencer with its opening line  
Well I happened to be born at the time they cut the corn, quite contagious to the town of Killaloe.

Verse

On the day that I was born it was a cold and frost - y morn  
in that fam - ous sub - urb known as Wool - loo - moo - - loo  
It was down in Reil - ly Street that folks first heard me bleat  
For \_\_\_\_\_ at the time I'd no - thing else to do.  
Well, me moth - er died of fright when she saw me in the light.  
Me fath - - er said he'd send me to the zoo,  
But I owe a lot to him for he taught me how to swim  
When he pitched me off the pier at Wool - loo - moo - loo

Chorus

Oh, me name it is Mc - Cart - - y and I'm a rort - y part - - y.  
I'm rough and tough as an old man kang - a - - roo.  
Some peop - le say I'm craz - y I won't work be - cause I'm laz - y  
And I hang a - round with the booz - ing throng in the pubs round Wool - loo - moo - loo.

When I was just a lad I went straightway to the bad  
A larrikin so hearty strike me blue  
But the government was kind they didn't seem to mind  
In Darlinghurst I spent a night or two  
Well the judge gave me a stare and he said I was a lair  
Then he threw me into Darlinghurst Gaol you understand  
They gave me clothes. They cut me hair. I didn't have a care.  
And every week you'd find me in their hands.

After spending years in gaol I began to pale  
I resolved to live upon a different lay.  
I enlisted in the ranks of the salvation cranks.  
You can bet I made the flaming business pay.  
Halelujah I yells out for I knows me way about.  
I kids the mugs that I'm converted too.  
All the lassies I do mash and I'm never short of cash  
For I spansk me drum all over Woolloomooloo.

# The Woolshed Hop

An unashamedly silly song from an unidentifiable copy of sheet music from the Pram Street Theatre musical "Back to Burke Street" with a second verse by Dave Johnson 2021.

1. From the Mur - ray to Clon - curr - y way out west of Bourke  
 2. Mar - an - o - a, Cun - na - mul - 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.

1. Now the shear - in's ov - - er let the fun be - - gin.  
 2. Now the mus - ters 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!