

Artesian Water

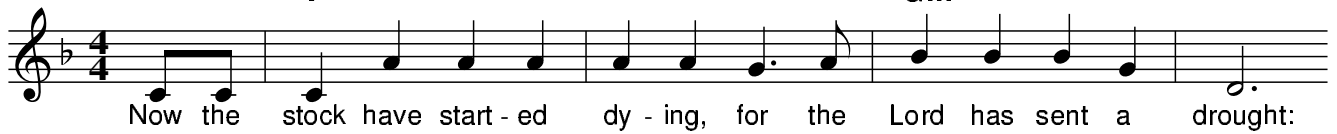
Words derived from an A B Paterson poem, with a setting by Graham Jenkin. Graham founded the Tea and Damper Club which became the major body in South Australia devoted to the preservation and dissemination of Australian folklore, music and verse.

Verse

capo 5

C
F

Dm
Gm



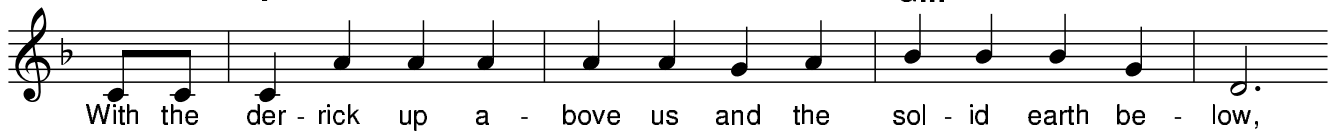
G7
C7

C
F



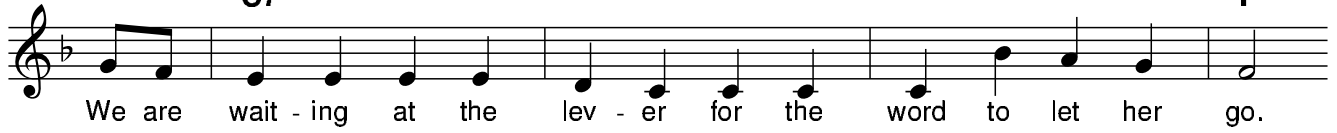
C
F

Dm
Gm



G7
C7

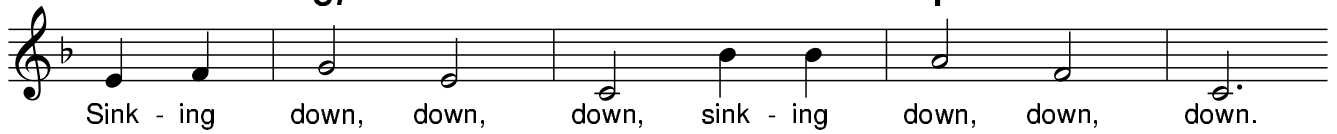
C
F



Chorus

G7
C7

C
F

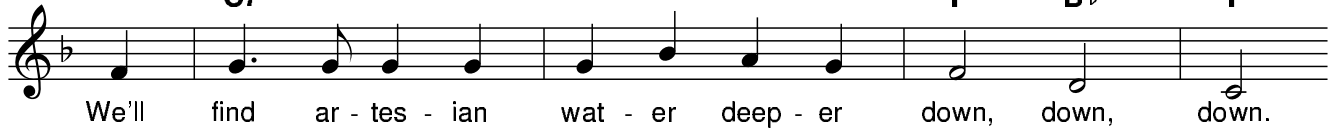


G7
C7

C
F

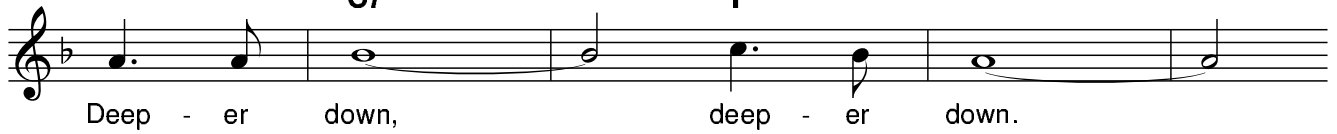
F
Bb

C
F



G7
C7

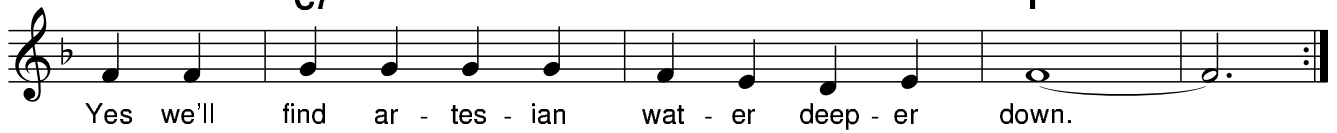
C
F



G7
C7

1-5

C
F



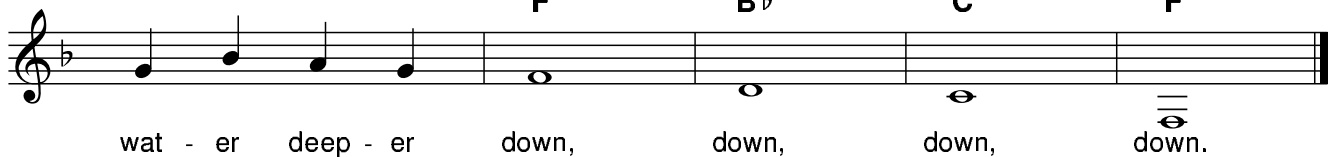
6

C
F

F
Bb

G
C

C
F



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!