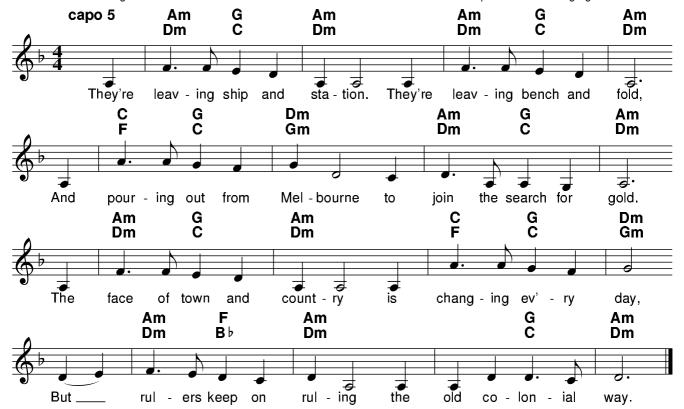
The Ballad of Eureka

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.



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.