

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.

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.

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 Callaghan'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?