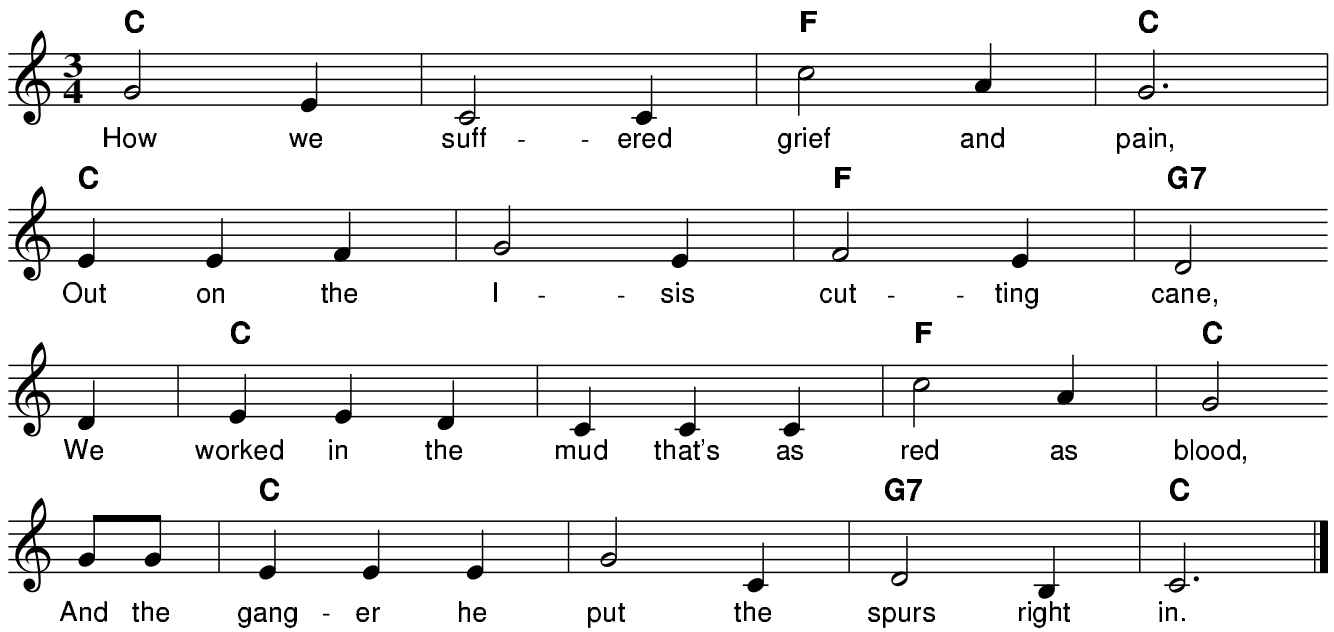


The Canecutter's Lament

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.