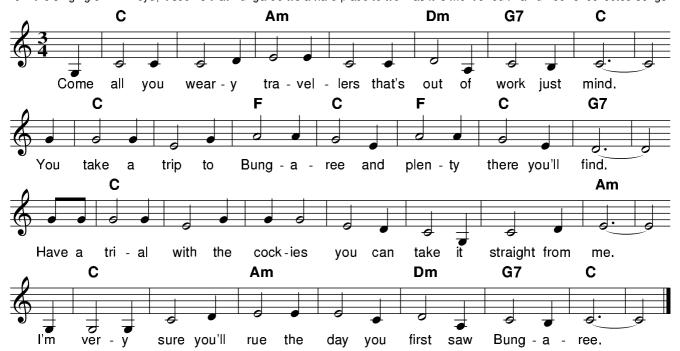
The Cockies of Bungaree II

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.



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