

# Dole Bread

Words by Australian poet Dorothy Hewett, set to a tune by Mark Leyden. Hewett (1923~2002) was an Australian communist /feminist poet, novelist and playwright. Her third marriage was to seaman/songwriter Merv Lilley.

Verse



On an is - land in a riv - er, how that bit - ter riv - er ran.  
I grew on scraps of char - i - ty in the best way that you can.  
On an is - land in a riv - er \_\_\_\_\_ where I grew to be a man.

Chorus



For dole bread is bit - ter bread, bit - ter bread and sour;  
There's grief \_\_\_\_\_ in the taste of \_\_\_\_\_ it. There's weev - ils in the flour.  
There's weev - ils in the flour.

And just across the river stood the mighty BHP  
Poured pollution on the waters, poured the lead of misery.  
But its smoke was black as Hades, rolling hungry to the sea.

In those humpies by the river where we lived on dole and stew  
While just across the river those greedy smoke stacks grew.  
And the hunger of the many filled the bellies of the few.

On an island in a river, how that bitter river ran.  
It broke the banks of charity and it baked the bread of man  
On an island in a river where I grew to be a man.

## Final Chorus

For dole bread is bitter bread. There's weevils in the flour.  
But men grow strong as iron upon black bread and sour,  
On black bread and sour.