

Five and a Zack

collected by John Manifold from Keith Walker from North Stradbroke Island, Queensland.
Keith learnt it in the Murrumbidgee Irrigation Area in the 1920s.

I've been a few miles, I've crossed a few stiles,
I've been round the world, there and back;
But at one place I struck, 'tween here and Haze - brouck,
They stung me for five and a zack.

The timekeeper there, with his sanctified air,
Is a Salvation Army lance-jack;
On his cornet he'll bleat when they play in the street,
But he stung me for five and a zack.

The job's at an end; I'm camped in the bend,
And I hate the whole duck-shoving pack.
It's not that I'm broke or in need of a smoke,
But they stung me for five and a zack.

May that time-keeper stand in an Aunt Sally band,
And blow till his eyeballs turn black!
May each note of his cornet turn into a hornet,
And sting him for five and a zack.

When my time comes, I'll go to the hot place below,
And I never intend to come back.
On my tombstone you'll find these words underlined:
'They stung me for five and a zack.'