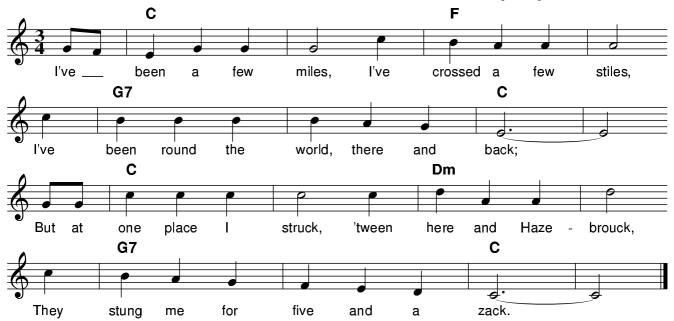
Five and a Zack

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



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.'