

The Hut That's Upside Down

Collected and arranged by John Meredith from Mary and Tom Byrnes of Concord. The original transcription has unnecessary repetition, probably the result of a forgotten phrases. This has been modified by Dave Johnson.

My name is Bob - by Am - bel - et, to Glas - gow I be - long,
I've just stepped in a - mong you all to sing to you a song,
I've trav - elled a - bout the "count - er - ee" to places of re - nown,
But now I'm an - chor - ed hard and fast in the hut that's up - side

Chorus

The cook he danced the highland fling, and laddie played the lute.
The little boy from Burraway he played upon the flute.
Scotty he sang "The Mulberry Tree" and "All Dull Care is Flown",
We're happy as larks out in the park in the hut that's upside down.

The shearing it has now begun the machines are doing well,
The little shears they go "click click", and the wool rolls off pell-mell,
The tramway runs around the board, the boys are flying around,
And after work they all return to the hut that's upsidedown.

The other night I went to read and went to sleep quite sound,
I thought the hut was all "a-jee" and I was on the ground.
When I awoke to my surprise the boys were dancing round,
With a fiddle and concertina in the hut that's upside down.

At night we pass the hours away at euchre, nap and bluff,
Others rhyme to kill their time while others blow their stuff.
Some will read and some will fight and some will act the clown.
And some will yarn till past midnight in the hut that's upside down.

There was prime roast beef for dinner and the duff was nicely browned;
We're getting as fat as poisoned pups on the grub that's served around.
And now me boys I must away I hope no one will frown,
But give three cheers for Willie the cook in the hut that's upside down.