

# The Jolly Puddlers

Written by the golfields' bard, Charles Thatcher in the 1850s and set to the popular tune of the period "The Jolly Waggoners".

Verse

They want to stop our pud - dl - ing, as man - y of you know.  
 Con - tract - ors say that of our slush there is an o - ver - flow,  
 But if they stop us they'll be sure to in - jure Ben - di - go

Chorus

Drive on my lads, heigh - ho, wash on my lads, heigh - ho,  
 For who can lead the life that we jol - ly pudd - lers do.

These blessed road contractors are trying us to crush,  
 They say that they're impeded by our messy dirty slush,  
 They want to make us knock off but they'll find it is no go.

Why have our escorts fallen off, the question pray don't shirk,  
 'Tis because it's been so dry and our machines have had no work,  
 'Tis puddling not quartz reefing now keeps up Bendigo.

If you crush the puddling interest and stay the puddler's hand.  
 What becomes of your fine buildings here that on the township stand?  
 The commerce of this district then would sink down precious low.

The winter soon is coming and our dams will then be full.  
 We'll run the stuff through the machines and then we'll have a pull,  
 And in its pristine glory will shine forth Bendigo.

The days of tub and cradle, alas, alas, are past.  
 An ounce to every tub of course was far too good to last,  
 But still we get a crust for now we wash the stuff below.

When puddling ceases for all here 'twill be a bitter cup.  
 Heffernan and Thatcher too may both of them dry up.  
 And to some other diggings they both will have to go.