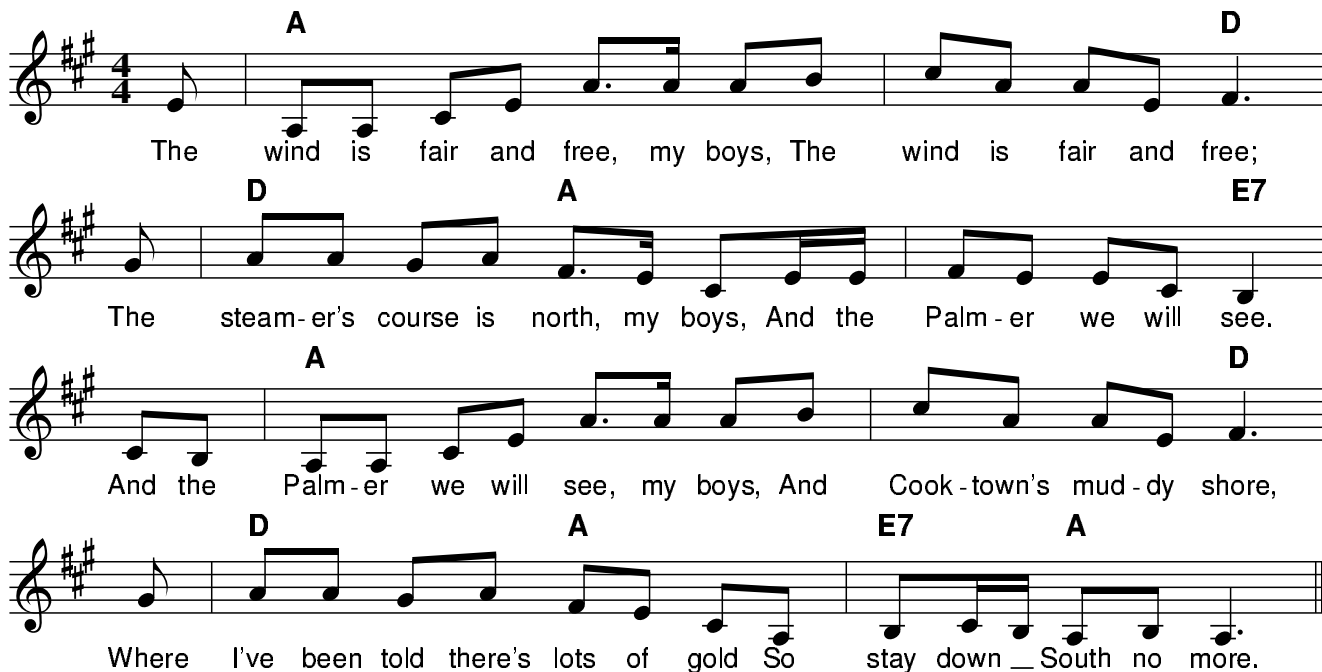


The Old Palmer Song

From The Native Companion Songster of 1889 to the tune of the English broadside "Ten Thousand Miles Away"



The wind is fair and free, my boys, The wind is fair and free;
The steam-er's course is north, my boys, And the Palm-er we will see.
And the Palm-er we will see, my boys, And Cook-town's mud-dy shore,
Where I've been told there's lots of gold So stay down South no more.

Chorus:

So, blow ye winds, heigho!
A digging we will go,
I'll stay no more down South, my boys,
So let the music play.
In spite of what I'm told,
I'm off to search for gold,
And make a push for that new rush
A thousand miles away.

I hear the blacks are troublesome,
And spear both horse and man,
The rivers all are wide and deep,
No bridges them do span.
No bridges them do span, my boys,
And so you'll have to swim,
But never fear the yarns you hear
And gold you're sure to win.

So let us make a move, my boys,
For that new promised land,
And do the best we can, my boys,
To lend a helping hand.
To lend a helping hand, my boys,
Where the soil is rich and new;
In spite of blacks and unknown tracks,
We'll show what we can do.