

# Old Sydney Town

A retrospective historical song written by singer/songwriter Phyl Lobl.

Verse

The Tank Steam ran si - lent through shad - ed green banks  
When first I saw Syd - ney I off - ered no thanks  
And the pleas - ant bush scen - er - y gave me no cheer  
For the eyes of a con - vict are blinde - d by fear.

Chorus

Oh Old Syd - ney Town I'm a used to be rov - er  
But now I can see that you fair won me ov - er  
From the Her - o of Wat - er - loo up at the Rocks  
To Black - watt - le Bay with its dirt - y old docks  
I'll sing of your pleas - ures that sat - is - fy me  
Of your har - bour, your pubs, and your Circ - u - lar Quay

Well Phillip he formed you for he chose the place  
Macquarie came after and quite changed your face  
But for the prisoners of old Mother England enslaved  
To build up your city no names are engraved

Well the stone that was cleaved that they used for the Quay  
Was carved from the earth by poor convicts like me  
How I hated the stone from that Argyle Cut  
And I wished it were my bones that hung at Pinchgut

Well they gave me a pardon and set me quite free  
But the white cliffs of Dover no more will see me  
I'm taking a ferry run—I'm doing fine—  
From Blues Point to Dawes Point and straight down the line.