

# Parramatta

Described as 'A new Negro Melody' composed for and sung by Mr J S Brice, Negro Melodist.  
Written by George Loyau and published in the Sydney Songster (~1865) adapted by David Johnson 2011.

## Verse 1

Capo 5

G C C F D G G C  
I'm gon-na sing you all a song, and the sub-ject it is lat - ter,  
G C C F D G G C  
All on my ad - vent - ures when I went to Parr - a - - mat - ta;  
G C C F  
Went to Parr - a - mat - ta! Went to Parr - a - mat - ta!  
G C C F D G G C  
All on my ad - vent - ures when I went to Parr - a - - mat - ta

## Other verses

G C C F D G G C  
I got a tick - et on the train, and the thing kept on a - roar - ing,  
G C C F D G G C  
It re - mind - ed me of Sal - ly Lane, one time I heard her snor - ing;  
G C C F D G G C  
Then it gave an ug - ly screech, and made an aw - ful clat - ter,  
G C C F D G G C  
And I was fright - ed out of sense, till I reached Parr - a - - mat - ta.  
G C C F  
I reached Parr - a - mat - ta! I reached Parr - a - mat - ta!  
G C C F D G G C  
I was fright - ed out of sense, till I reached Parr - a - - mat - ta.

Now I walked up and down the street, and there I met a lady,  
With coal black eyes, and yellow hair, they call her Jenny Grady;  
I walked 'longside this lovely gal, my nerves they felt a shatter,  
As we walked arm in arm that day, all round Parramatta.  
All round Parramatta. All round Parramatta.  
We walked arm in arm that day, all round Parramatta.

I wore a coat of velvet plush, long with my white silk stocking,  
To see the mud fly in the street, it really was quite shocking;  
Miss Grady gave me such a smile, I can't tell what's the matter,  
She really was a lovely gal, and lived in Parramatta.  
Lived in Parramatta. Lived in Parramatta.  
She really was a lovely gal, and lived in Parramatta.

We went to the hotels about, and I felt awful funny,  
When after several hours out, I found I'd lost my money;  
My watch and chain were also gone, as clean as any hatter,  
And I was totally done brown that day in Parramatta.  
That day in Parramatta. That day in Parramatta.  
I was totally done brown that day in Parramatta.

I parted with my lovely girl, it being late on Sunday,  
And agreed to meet her in the Square, upon the next day Monday;  
I swear I've never seen her since, and if I do I'll catch her,  
And make her wish she'd never stole from me at Parramatta.  
From me at Parramatta. From me at Parramatta.  
Make her wish she'd never stole from me at Parramatta.