

The Pommy's Lament

Collected from Muriel Whalan, Katoomba NSW by John Meredith. The tune is "King of the Cannibal Isles".

All you on em - i - gra - tion bent, With home and Eng - land dis - con - tent,
 Come list - en to my sad la - ment A - bout the bush of Aus - tral - ia.
 Once I pos - sessed a thous - and pounds, Says I to me - self how grand it sounds,
 For a man to be farm - ing his own grounds In the prom - is - ing land of Aus - tral - ia.

Chorus

Ill - a - war - ra, Mitt - a - gong, Parr - a - mat - ta, Woll - on - gong,
 If you wish to be - come a beg - gar - man Well, go to the bush of Aus - tral - ia.

When coming out the ship got lost,
 In a very sad plight we reached the coast,
 And very nearly made a roast
 For the savages of Australia.
 Escaped from thence I lighted on
 A fierce bushranger with his gun,
 Who borrowed my garments, every one,
 For himself in the bush of Australia.

Sydney town we reached at last,
 Says I to meself, all danger's passed,
 Now I'll make me fortune fast
 In the promising land of Australia.
 So off I went with cash in - hand,
 Upon the map I bought the land,
 But found it nought but barren sand
 When I got to the bush of Australia.

Of sheep I got a famous lot;
 Some died of hunger, some of rot,
 But the devil a lot of rain we got
 In this promising land of Australia.
 My convicts, they were always drunk,
 And kept me in a mighty funk,
 Says I to meself as to bed I sunk,
 I wish I were out of Australia.

Variant Chorus:
Booligal, Gobarralong,
Emu Flat and Jugiong,
If you wish to become a beggarman
Well, go to the bush of Australia.

Of ills I've had enough, you'll own,
But something else my woes to crown,
One night my bark hut tumbled down,
And settled me in Australia.
Of cash and homestead thus bereft,
The ruddy spot I gladly left,
Making it over by deed of gift
To the savages of Australia.

I gladly worked my passage home
And now to England back I've come,
Determined never more to roam,
At least, to the bush of Australia,
And stones upon the road I'll break,
And earn my seven bob a week,
'Tis better surely than the freak
Of settling down in Australia.

Variant Final Chorus:
Currabubula, Bogalong,
Ulladulla, Gerringong,
If you don't wish to become a beggarman
Don't go to the bush of Australia.