

Sixteen Thousand Miles From Home

From the singing of Jack Wright of Coogee, NSW collected by John Meredith, as learnt from Jamie Carlin at the Bush Music Club.

Verse

Oh, I'm six - teen thous - and miles from home And me heart is fair - ly ach - ing,
 To think that I should hum - ble so To come out here stone break - ing.
 The road I took was Bun - gre - oo Where I met with a sub - con - tract - or,
 Who eyed me and stud - ied me As a par - son or a doc - tor.

Chorus

With me hoor - al door - al, Tid - dy fal - oor - al, Tid - dy fal oll dee - i - doh. _____

Now I told him I was out of work,
 And wanted some employment.
 He says 'You do! You stink with scent,
 You've had too much enjoyment.
 Go over on to yonder hill,
 Get from the boss a hammer,
 And nine and six it is your pay,
 And mind you now, that's grammar.'

So I battered and whacked the whole of the day,
 At evening I grew spiteful;
 With the sight I didn't know what to do,
 I hadn't broke me hatful.
 Just then the boss he came along,
 Says he, 'You'll have to alter,
 You'll be getting no run of the store, be Gosh,
 You'll never earn your salt, sir.'

So I chucked me hammer down on the heap,
 With that I did consider,
 I knocked the dust from off me boots,
 And battered me old black beaver,
 Bad luck then to the mam and dad,
 That reared me up so lazy,
 With a silver spoon I'm a regular loon,
 With hunger I'm very near crazy.

(Instrumental for half of verse)
 Now I'll go and list the army,
 I'll go and list the rifle,
 And if I get shot I'll forget the lot,
 All pastime and all trifle.