Struggle In The West

The words were published in the Brisbane Worker in April 1891. The setting is 'Rosin the Beau'.



They are bringing their guns to the West, boys, The G-atling and Nordenfeldt too. It would seem that we must be suppressed, boys, Says Price, "Lay them out and fire low." The soldier and trooper are here, boys, To shoot down the men of their class; Grim heroes with rifle and spear, boys, To charge on a weaponless mass.

There are wool sheds and grass in the West, boys, There's fences and sheep on the plain.
Would a stranger to see them have guessed, boys, They've sprung from our labour and pain.
Can they garrison plains with police, boys?
Can they watch the back–tracks with their troops?
Can they watch the slow growth of the fleece, boys?
They are mad, they are fools, they are dupes'.

They are bringing the scabs to the West, boys, At the sheds they are dumping them down. For the man that the squatter likes best, boys, Is the loafer and bludger from town. Surrounded by troops and police, boys, Let them watch till the squatters go lame. If they wait till we sue them for peace, boys, They never shall win at their game.

So be true to yourselves in the West, boys, Be true to the whole working class. The brag of the squatter we'll test, boys, By the power of the union Hold Fast! Let them hunt up the scum of the South, boys, Bring outcasts too wretched to name. We'll smack 'em straight in the mouth, boys, And they never will win at their game.