

Sydney As It Used To Was

from The Sydney Songster (~1865) by George Chanson (Loyau) the air given is 'Nora McShane'.

I've left dear old Syd - ney a long way be - hind me.
Still dear to my heart is Syd - ney's fine Cit - y,

My mon - ey is spent and I'm now forced to push
With its beaut - i - ful gar - dens and out - spread Dom - ain;

To a spot where no lodg - ing - house keep - ers can find me,
There its lass - es are nat - ty and scrump - tuous - ly pret - ty,

As shep - herd I've hir'd to go in the bush.
Don't I wish my - self back in old George Street a - gain.

Oh don't I remember the old Pitt-street corner,
Where a lot of young fellows on each night would meet;
There I sported a gal that was know as Sal Horner,
And at the eel pie shop I often stood treat.
The old Prince of Wales we've oft been to view it,
And heard the sweet Christy's sing dear "Ellen Bayne"
Every song that they gave my charmer she knew it,
Don't I wish I was back in Pitt street again.

Oh don't I remember the beautiful market,
With its stalls on each side like a regular street;
Ah, that was the place where a feller could lark it,
And on Saturday night a good titter he'd meet.
And there's the Haymarket near fam'd Brickfield-hill, Sir,
Where you'll buy things as cheap as in Petticoat Lane;
From a yard of white tape up to Holloway's pills, Sir,
Don't I wish I was down in George-street again.

There's where you can purchase something for a penny,
If it's only a tatur all hot from the can;
Get your boots black'd and shined, that's if you have any,
And if you've but sixpence you can shout like a man.
In the bush all is dull, there's no trips by the rail, Sir,
Nor even a ride to far-famed Cremorne;
Where we went in like Britons at the porter and ale, Sir,
Oh dear don't I wish that I'd never been born?

Oh, don't I remember the times when the Shakespeare
Was kept by that fun loving fellow Jem Foans;
When we left the Victoria, or the oyster shop near it.
We'd go up to hear him keep time with the bones.
Or at Toogood's rooms amusement we'd find it,
Ah, all my life long there I'd wish to remain;
But my cash being gone, why I laugh and ne'er mind it
Though I oft wish myself back in Sydney again.

Oh, don't I remember the Domain on Sunday,
For there you were certain, to meet lots of gals;
Yet when the band play'd, though it might be on Monday
You'd see them there sporting their fal de ral lals,
Twas amusing to gaze on their sky flying streamers,
As by shop boys escorted they walked the Domain
After doing ninepen'orth in the busses or steamers.
Don't I wish myself often in Sydney again.

Oh, don't I remember the old Randwick course, Sir;
And the feats of Miss Alice with Zoe and Ben Bolt
Then I stak'd a few bob on a beautiful horse, Sir,
Which my father had rear'd on his farm from a colt.
Ah, who hasn't heard of the feats of Miss Dickson,
Whose horses in Maitland created some sport,
Tho' Zenobia yet may turn out a vixen,
If the matter goes into the Criminal Court.

There's something so dear in the hut I was born in,
Though many may laugh at my father's abode
He was an old settler, and oft brought his corn in
From a spot that's well known on the new Windsor Road.
They may talk of the bush, but Woolloomooloo,
Has more beauty to me, and even Balmain
Is a snug little spot, with an out and out view Sir
Don't I wish I was back in dear Sydney again.