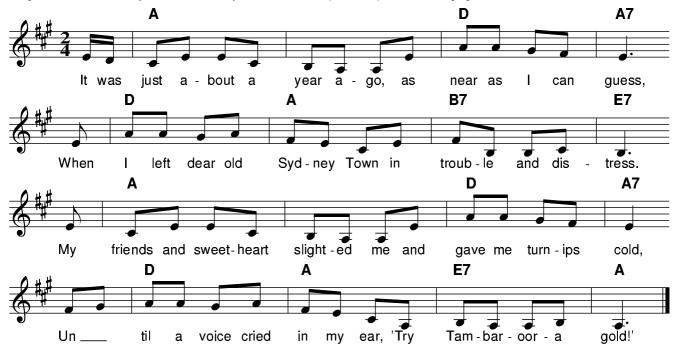
## Tambaroora Gold

Words collected by Dr Russell Ward, edited by John Manifold and his tune slightly adapted by David Johnson. Ward (1914 \*1995) was an Australian historian best known as the author of 'The Australian Legend'. He and Nancy Keesing and John Meredith had an arrangement for sharing folklore material they found in the early 1950s. Manifold (1915–85) was a leading light in Queensland's bush music scene.



The day I left old Sydney Town, a tear fell from my eye; Of all my friends there was not one to say to me goodbye. So I wandered on my journey, and quite soon I did behold The hills that glittered brightly with bright Tambaroora gold.

I'd not been long upon the fields before I got a job And worked six months for wages for a chap named Dusty Bob. With that a claim I purchased, and while turning up the mould. My pile I soon created with bright Tambaroora gold.

Then I came back to Sydney Town, a regular dashing swell, And strange to say my previous friends all seemed to wish me well. They lowly bowed and touched their hats as up the street I strolled; But, thinks I, 'they don't want Johnny but his Tambaroora gold'.

When I walked down the street last night, by someone I was told To stand and to deliver up my Tambaroora gold. I flew into him madly; in the gutter as we rolled He cried, 'Spare my days, and Devil take your Tambaroora gold.'

The other day as I strolled out I met Eileen Arvone, Who once gave me cold turnips when she found my money gone. Said she, 'Come to my bosom, John, we'll be lovers as of old.' But says I, 'You don't love Johnny but his Tambaroora gold.'

So all you bold young diggers, attend to my advice, And don't trust man or woman till you've looked them over twice I have travelled for experience and have many a time been sold, But this time they won't get Johnny or his Tambaroora gold.