

Where's Your Licence? Licence Hunting

Written by Charles Thatcher in the early 1850s and set to the tune "The Gay Cavalier".

The morn - ing was fine. The sun bright - ly did shine.
All the dig - gers were work - ing a - - way.
When the in - spect - or of traps says "Now my fine chaps,
We'll go li - cence hunt - ing to - - day."

Some went this way, some that,
To the Bendigo flat
And a lot to the White Hills did tramp.
And a lot more did bear
Towards Golden Square
And the rest of them stayed round the camp.

Now each turned his eye
On the holes he went by,
Expecting down on them to drop.
But not one could they nail
For they'd given leg bail
Diggers ain't often caught on the hop.

That little word Joe
That most of you know
Is a signal that traps are quite near.
Made them all cut their sticks
And they hooked it like bricks
I believe you, my boys, no fear.

Then a tall, ugly trap
Espied a young chap
Up a gully a-cuttin' like fun
He swiftly gave chase
But it was a hard race,
I assure you that digger could run.

Down a hole he went pop!
While the bobby up top
Says "Just come up here" shaking his staff.
"Young man of the crown
If you want me come down,
For I'm not to be caught with such chaff."

Perhaps you'd have thought
That sly fox he'd have caught
By lugging him out of the hole,
But the crusher no fear
Quite scorned the idea
Of going underground like a mole.

Then wiser by half
He put by his staff
And as onward he went then said he,
"When a cove's down a drive
Be he dead or alive
He can stay there till Christmas for me".