

# A COLLECTION OF SONGS Of AUSTRALASIA TRADITIONAL & MODERN

(Arranged by R. McLaughlin - updated 2025)







# **A Collection of Songs Of Australasia**

**Traditional & Modern**

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# **A Collection Of Australasian Folk Songs**

## **Traditional & Modern**

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GINNY ON THE MOOR  
THE GNOME  
THE GOOD OLD CONCERTINA  
GOORIANAWA  
GUM TREE CANOE  
HARD TACK  
THE HAT NED KELLY WORE  
HAUL AWAY JOE  
HE FADES AWAY  
HEY RAIN  
HOMELESS MAN  
I AM AUSTRALIAN  
I DON'T GO SHEARING NOW  
I LIKE AEROPLANE JELLY  
I STILL CALL AUSTRALIA HOME  
IF WISHES WERE FISHES  
IRISH LORDS  
IT'S ON!  
I'VE BEEN A WILD BOY  
JIM JONES (AT BOTANY BAY)  
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LEAVE HER JOHNNY  
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MARYBOROUGH MINER  
(What Will We Do With) MAUD BUTLER  
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MY BONNY LOVE IS YOUNG  
MY HOME IN THE VALLEY  
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THE NEW CHUM CHINAMAN  
NINE MILES FROM GUNDAGAI  
NO FOE SHALL GATHER OUR HARVEST  
NO HALF MEASURES  
NO MAN'S LAND  
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NORFOLK WHALERS  
NORMAN BROWN  
THE NORTH WIND  
NOW I'M EASY  
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OLD PALMER SONG  
ON THE QUEENSLAND RAILWAY LINE  
ON THE WALLABY  
ONE OF THE HAS BEENS  
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THE OVERLANDER  
PACKING MY THINGS  
PAPER BAG COOKERY  
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PAST CARIN'  
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PUT A LIGHT IN EVERY COUNTRY  
    WINDOW  
THE RABBIT TRAPPER

THE REDBACK ON THE TOILET SEAT  
REEDY LAGOON  
REEDY RIVER  
THE RYEBUCK SHEARER  
SANDY HOLLOW LINE  
SERGEANT SMALL  
SHEARER'S DREAM  
SHEARING IN A BAR  
SHELTER  
SHORES OF BOTANY BAY  
SINCE THEN  
SING FOR AUSTRALIA  
A SINGER OF THE BUSH  
SIXTEEN THOUSAND MILES FROM  
HOME  
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SLEEP AUSTRALIA SLEEP  
SNOWY RIVER ROLL  
SOMEWHERE DOWN THE ROAD  
(Bound For) SOUTH AUSTRALIA  
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THE STREETS OF FORBES  
STRINGYBARK AND GREENHIDE  
STRINGYBARK COCKATOO  
STRINGYBARK CREEK  
SUNSHINE RAILWAY DISASTER  
TAKE ME DOWN THE HARBOUR  
TALK OF THE TOWN  
TEN THOUSAND MILES AWAY  
THE TERRITORY  
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THREE DROVERS  
THREE KIDS ON A HORSE  
TODD RIVER DREAMING  
TOMAHAWKIN' FRED (The Ladies Man)  
TOOK THE CHILDREN AWAY  
THE TRAMP  
TRAVELLING DOWN THE  
CASTLEREAGH  
VAN DIEMEN'S LAND

WALLABY STEW  
(When Dad Comes Out of Gaol)  
WALTZING MATILDA  
WATER LILY  
WEE ONE  
WEE POT STOVE  
(Little Dark Engine Room)  
WEEVILS IN THE FLOUR  
(Where I Grew To Be A Man)  
WHEN THE RAIN TUMBLES DOWN IN  
JULY  
WHERE THE BRUMBIES COME TO  
WATER  
WHERE THE CANE FIRES  
BURN  
THE WILD COLONIAL BOY  
WONDERFUL CROCODILE  
WOOLLOOMOOLOO LAIR  
THE WOY WOY WORKERS TRAIN  
YE SONS OF AUSTRALIA



# ACROSS THE WARREGO

Words: Jim Grahame;  
Music: Martyn Wyndham-Read



Verse 1:                   G                   C       Am       D7                   G  
I dreamt some dreams of dried up streams, streams that seldom flow  
  C       Am.   D                   G  
Of men and things misfortune brings across the Warrego  
  C                   G                   D  
And I could see old faces there, old faces grim and set  
                  G                   C                   Am   D                   G  
Old mates of mine that tramped with me, and some are tramping yet.

Verse 2:   And in my sleep I saw the sheep, heard them bleating low  
The ring flocks, the stringing flocks that crossed the Warrego  
The young and strong were in the lead, the old and weak behind  
With lagging feet and dragging feet, some of them were blind.

Verse 3:   And in my dreams I saw the teams, teams I used to know  
The long, long teams, the strong, strong teams that crossed the Warrego.  
And lurching wool bales strained the ropes that lashed them fore and aft  
And every ounce of horse flesh pulled, from leader to the shaft.

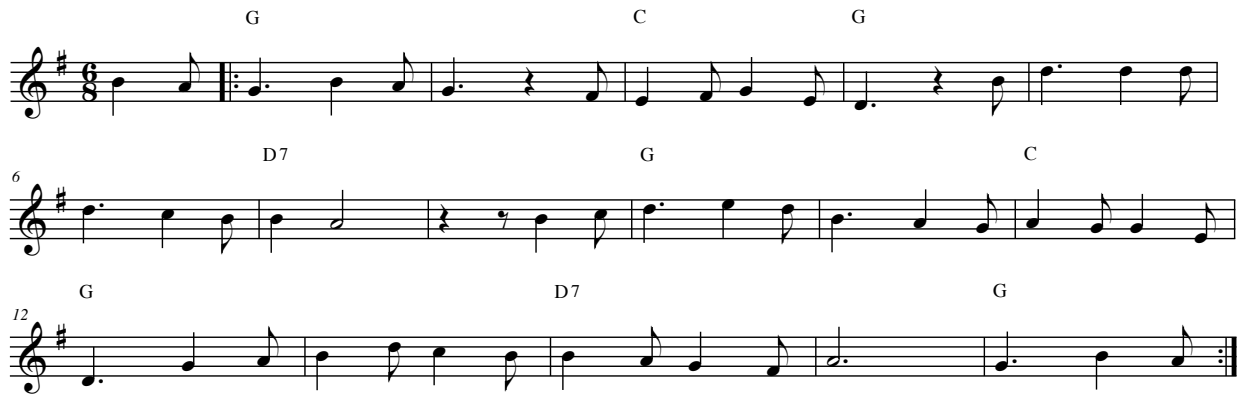
Verse 4:   I dreamt of nights by campfire light, the flicker and the glow  
The big white moon, the black gin's croon beyond the Warrego  
And I could hear the bullock bells ringing o'er the plain  
And thirsty kangaroos loped in and bounded out again.

Verse 5:   And in the scrub I saw a pub - name I do not know  
And it was there to cash the cheques that crossed the Warrego  
A graveyard stood right out in front, two pepper trees were there  
And goats were camping underneath, a scallion at the rear.

Verse 6:   And in the night I woke in fright, my pulse was far from slow  
I dreamt that I was on the tramp beyond the Warrego.  
I dreamt a mirage danced ahead, drought plains at my back  
And I was trudging, trudging on, out across the track

## ACROSS THE WESTERN PLAINS (All For Me Grog)

*from Banjo Paterson's "Old Bush Songs" 1926*



G C G

*Chorus :*      *And its all for me grog, me jolly, jolly grog.*

D7

*All for me beer and tobacco*

G C G

*For I spent all me tin in a shanty drinking gin.*

D7 G

*Now across the western plains I must wander*

Verse 1:      Well I am a rambling lad, and me story it is sad  
                   If ever I get to Lachlan I should wonder  
                   For I spent all me brass in the bottom of a glass  
                   And across the western plains I must wander

Verse 2:      Now I'm stiff stony broke and I've parted from me moke  
                     The sky is looking black as flamin' thunder  
                     And the shanty boss is too, 'cause I haven't got a sou  
                     That's the way they treat you when you're down and under

Verse 3:

I'm crook in the head and I haven't been to bed  
Since first I touched this shanty with me plunder  
I see centipedes and snakes and I've got the aches and shakes  
So I think I'll make a push for way out yonder

Verse 4: I'll take that old man plain, criss-cross him once again  
Until the track me eyes no longer see boys  
And me beer and whisky brain looks for sleep but all in vain  
And I feel as if I've had the Darling Pea, boys

Verse 5:      So it's hang yer jolly grog, yer hocussed shanty grog  
                   The beer that's all loaded with tobacco  
                   Graftin' humour I am in so I'll stick the peg right in  
                   And settle down once more to some hard yakka

Verse 6: Repentance brings reproof, so I sadly “pad the hoof”  
All day I see the mirage of the trees,  
But it all will have an end when I reach the river bend  
And listen to the sighing of the breeze.



## ACROSS THE WESTERN SUBURBS

*Words: Seamus Gill and Denis Kevans (1973)*

*Music: Across the Western Plains*

The guitar solo is written on two staves in 6/8 time, key of D major (two sharps). The first staff contains 12 measures, and the second staff contains 12 measures, for a total of 24 measures. The solo is characterized by a driving eighth-note pattern. The first staff has a repeat sign at the end. The second staff has a repeat sign at the end.

Chord progression for the solo:

- Measures 1-4: D
- Measures 5-8: G
- Measures 9-12: D
- Measures 13-16: A7
- Measures 17-20: D
- Measures 21-24: D

Verse 1: Oh me name it is Fred, in Sydney born and bred  
A7  
And the inner city used to be my home, boys  
D G D  
But it's caused me heart to grieve for I've had to take me leave  
A7 D  
Now across the Western Suburbs I must roam, boys

Chorus: Under concrete and glass, Sydney's disappearing fast  
It's all gone for profit and for plunder  
Though we really want to stay they keep driving us away  
Now across the Western Suburbs we must wander

Verse 2:   Where is me house, me little terrace house  
              It's all gone for profit and for plunder  
              For the wreckers of the town just came up and knocked it down  
              Now across the Western Suburbs we must wander

Verse 3:: Before I even knew it, we were shifted to Mt. Druitt  
And the planners never gave me any say, boys  
Now it really makes me weep I am just at home to sleep  
For it takes me hours to get to work each day, boys

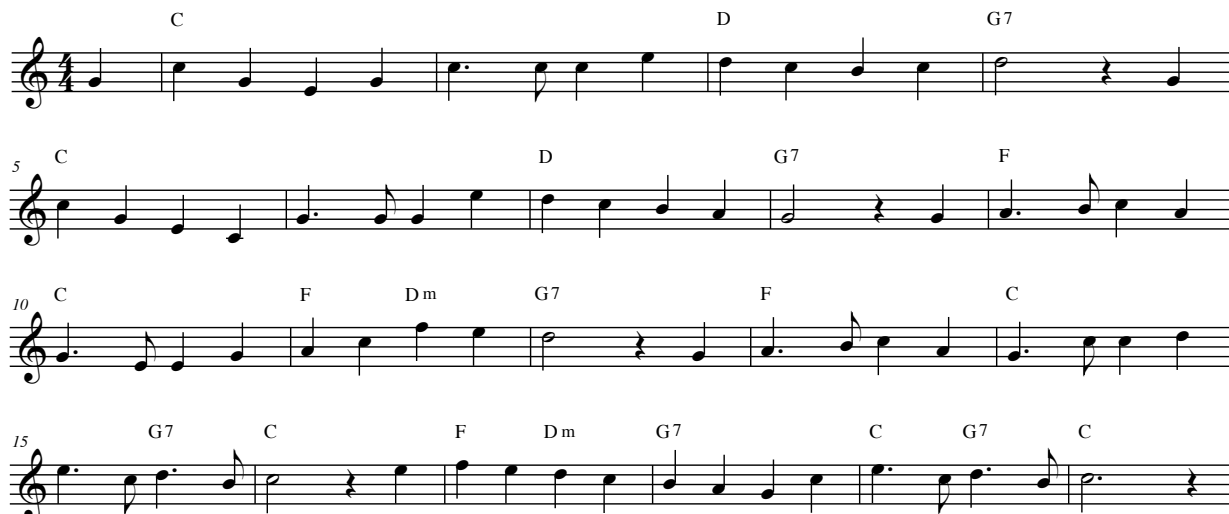
Verse 4: What's happened to the pub, our little local pub  
Where we used to have a drink when we were dry, boys  
Now we can't get in the door for there's carpet on the floor  
And you won't be served a beer without a tie, boys

Verse 5: Now I'm living in a box in the west suburban blocks  
And the place is nearly driving me to tears, boys  
Poorly planned and badly built and it's mortgaged to the hilt  
But they say it will be mine in forty years, boys

Verse 6: Now before the city's wrecked these developers must be checked  
For it's plain to see they do not give a buggar  
And we soon will see the day if these bandits have their way  
We will all be driven out past Wagga Wagga

# ADVANCE AUSTRALIA FAIR

*Peter Dodds McCormick (1878)*



C D G7  
Australians all let us rejoice, For we are young and free;  
C D G7  
We've golden soil and wealth for toil, Our home is girt by sea;  
F C F Dm G7  
Our land abounds in Nature's gifts Of beauty rich and rare;  
F C G7 C  
In history's page, let every stage Advance Australia fair!  
F Dm G7 C G7 C  
In joyful strains then let us sing, "Advance Australia fair!"

When gallant Cook from Albion sail'd, To trace wide oceans o'er,  
True British courage bore him on, Till he landed on our shore.  
Then here he raised Old England's flag, The standard of the brave;  
With all her faults we love her still, Britannia rules the wave!  
In joyful strains then let us sing "Advance Australia fair!"

Beneath our radiant southern Cross, We'll toil with hearts and hands;  
To make this Commonwealth of ours Renowned of all the lands;  
For those who've come across the seas We've boundless plains to share;  
With courage let us all combine To advance Australia fair.  
In joyful strains then let us sing "Advance Australia fair!"

While other nations of the globe Behold us from afar,  
We'll rise to high renown and shine Like our glorious southern star;  
From England, Scotia, Erin's Isle, Who come our lot to share,  
Let all combine with heart and hand To advance Australia fair!  
In joyful strains then let us sing "Advance Australia fair!"

Shou'd foreign foe e'er sight our coast, Or dare a foot to land,  
We'll rouse to arms like sires of yore To guard our native strand;  
Brittannia then shall surely know, Beyond wide ocean's roll,  
Her sons in fair Australia's land Still keep a British soul.  
In joyful strains the let us sing "Advance Australia fair!"

# ALL A-CHEATIN'

*Collected from Joe Yates, Sofala, by John Meredith and Chris Sullivan  
Based on recording by Chloé & Jason Roweth*



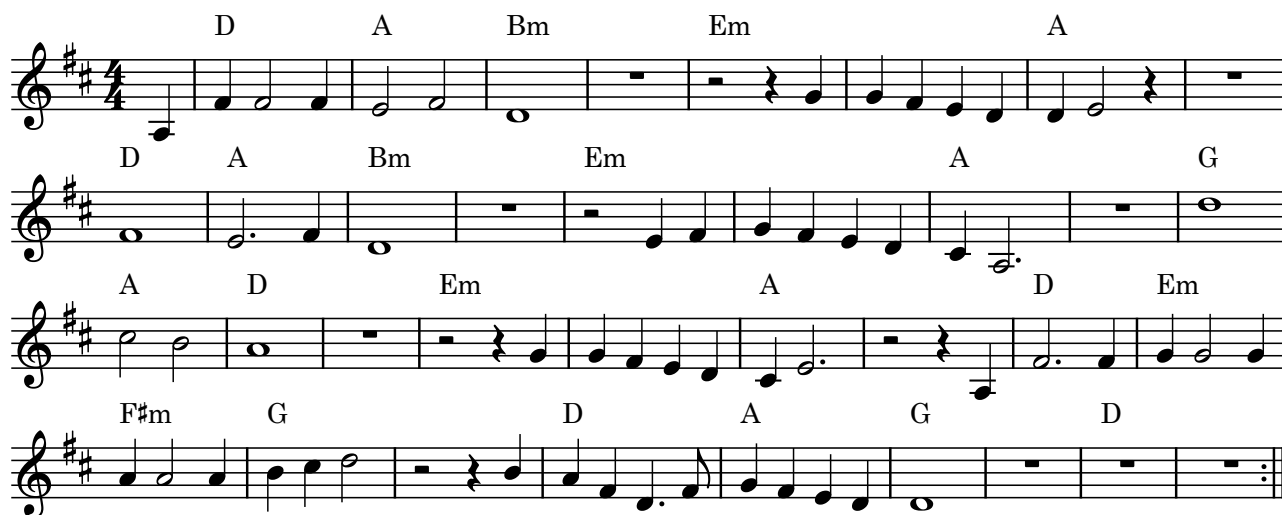
- Chorus: C  
All a-cheatin', a cheat, cheat, cheatin'  
F C  
And they're all a-cheatin' in the country and the town  
C F  
All a-cheatin', a cheat, cheat, cheatin'  
C F C  
And they're all a-cheatin' in the country and the town
- Verse 1: C F C  
first comes the mikman down the street he did walk  
F C Am G7  
He knows well how to cheat you with his water and his chalk
- Verse 2: Next comes the grocer with a basket on his arm  
The change you should have had still sticking' to his palm
- Verse 3: Next comes the baker with his loaves and his buns  
He sure knows how to cheat you with short weight in every one
- Verse 4: Next comes the butcher with his greasy old hat  
And underneath the scales is a greasy lump of fat.

*Extra verses from David Johnson's 'Songs Of Australia 2019'*

- Verse 5: Next comes the politician, by jeez he can talk  
Sure knows how to cheat you with his lies and travel rorts
- Verse 6: Next comes the banker with a bonus that's immense  
He's thieving us of thousands without fear of consequence

# ALL THE FINE YOUNG MEN

*Eric Bogle / John Munro (1986)*



Verse 1:           D           A           Bm           Em                   A  
 They told all the fine young men,       "Ah, when this war is over,  
          D    A    Bm       Em                                   A  
 There will be peace,           And the peace will last forever."  
          G   A   D       Em                                   A  
 In Flanders Fields,           At Lone Pine and Beersheba,  
          D       Em       F#m           G  
 For king and country,   Honour and for duty,  
          D                   A                   G       D  
 The young men fought and cursed and wept and died.

Verse 2:   They told all the fine young men,       "Ah, when this war is over,  
 In your country's grateful heart,   we will cherish you forever."  
 Tobruk and Alamein,   Buna and Kokoda,  
 In a world mad with war,   like their fathers before,  
 The young men fought and cursed and wept and died.

Verse 3:   For many of those fine young men,   all the wars are over,  
 They've found their peace.       It's the peace that lasts forever.  
 When the call comes again,   they will not answer  
 They're just forgotten bones,   lying far from their homes,  
 Forgotten as the cause for which they died.

Ending:           G       D                   A                   G       D  
 Ah, Bluey, can you see now why they lied?

## ALONG THE ROAD TO GUNDAGAI

*Jack O'Hagan 1922*

The image displays a musical score for the song "The Rose Tree" in 2/4 time. The score is written on four staves, each with a treble clef. The chords for each measure are indicated above the notes. The melody is composed of eighth and quarter notes, with some measures containing rests. The key signature is one flat (B-flat), and the time signature is 2/4.

**Staff 1:**

- Measure 1: C (C4, D4)
- Measure 2: E7 (C4, D4)
- Measure 3: F (C4, D4)
- Measure 4: C (C4, D4)
- Measure 5: D7 (C4, D4)
- Measure 6: G7 (C4, D4)
- Measure 7: C (C4, D4)
- Measure 8: C7 (C4, D4)

**Staff 2:**

- Measure 1: F (C4, D4)
- Measure 2: C (C4, D4)
- Measure 3: A7 (C4, D4)
- Measure 4: D7 (C4, D4)
- Measure 5: G7 (C4, D4)

**Staff 3:**

- Measure 1: C (C4, D4)
- Measure 2: C7 (C4, D4)
- Measure 3: F (C4, D4)
- Measure 4: A7 (C4, D4)
- Measure 5: D7 (C4, D4)
- Measure 6: G7 (C4, D4)

**Staff 4:**

- Measure 1: C (C4, D4)
- Measure 2: E7 (C4, D4)
- Measure 3: F (C4, D4)
- Measure 4: C (C4, D4)
- Measure 5: D7 (C4, D4)
- Measure 6: G7 (C4, D4)
- Measure 7: C (C4, D4)

[illegible]

C                  C7                  F

Chorus      There's my mother and daddy a-waitin' for me,

A7    D7                  G7

And the pals of my childhood once more I will see.

C                  E7                  F                  C

And no more will I roam 'cause I'm headin' right for home,

D7                  G7                  C

Along the road to Gundagai.

Instrumental: (verse)

Chorus.        There's my mother and daddy a-waitin' for me,  
                      And the pals of my childhood once more I will see.  
                      And no more will I roam 'cause I'm headin' right for home,  
                      Along the road to Gundagai.

Repeat V1.      Oh, here's a track winding back to an old-fashioned shack,  
                          Along the road to Gundagai,  
                          Where the gums trees are growin' and the Murrumbidgee's flowin',  
                          Beneath the sunny sky.

Chorus.        There's my mother and daddy a-waitin' for me,  
                      And the pals of my childhood once more I will see.  
                      And no more will I roam 'cause I'm headin' right for home,  
                      Along the road to Gundagai.

# AN AUSTRALIAN PRAYER FOR RAIN

words and music © Eric Bogle (2008)

Chord progression for Verse 1:

D A

E A A7

D A

E D A



Verse 1. Send down the rain, Hughie,  
Make the land bloom again, Hughie,  
Set all the rivers and creeks to flowin',  
Set all the grass and wheat to growin'.  
Make all the lambs fat and woolly,  
Make all that cattle big and beefy,  
Make the land bloom again, send down the rain.

Verse 2. Send down some hope, Hughie,  
We're near the end of our rope down here, Hughie,  
Hope that soon this drought will be ended,  
Hope that still the vision splendid  
In rain-soaked glory is risin'  
Somewhere just over the far horizon,  
Beyond this dust and this smoke send down some hope.

## AND THE BAND PLAYED WALTZING MATILDA

*Eric Bogle (1971)*

The image shows a musical score for guitar in D major, 3/4 time. The melody is written on a single staff with guitar-specific notation, including natural harmonics (indicated by 'n' and a natural sign) and bends (indicated by a 'b' and a curved line). Chords are indicated by letters (D, G, Bm, A7) above the staff. The piece consists of six staves of music, ending with a double bar line and repeat dots.

Verse 1: When I was a young man, I carried my pack. And I lived the free life of a rover.  
From the Murray's green basin to the dusty outback, well I waltzed my matilda all over.  
Then in 1915, my country said son. It's time to stop rambling, there's work to be done.  
So they gave me a tin hat, and they gave me a gun, And they marched me away to the war.  
And the band played Waltzing Matilda, as the ship pulled away from the quay.  
And amidst all the cheers, the flag-waving and tears, we sailed off for Gallipoli

Verse 2: And how well I remember that terrible day, how the blood stained the sand and the water.  
And how in that hell that they call Suvla Bay we were butchered like lambs at the slaughter.  
Johnny Turk he was waiting, he'd primed himself well.  
He shower'd us with bullets, and he rained us with shell.  
And in five minutes flat, he'd blown us all to hell.  
Nearly blew us right back to Australia.  
And the band played Waltzing Matilda, As we stopped to bury our slain.  
And we buried ours and the Turks buried theirs, then we started all over again.

Verse 3: Now those who were left well we tried to survive,  
                     In that mad world of death, blood, and fire.  
 And for seven long weeks, I kept myself alive, As the corpses around me piled higher.  
 Then a big Turkish shell knocked me ass over head.  
                     And when I awoke in my hospital bed,  
 And saw what it had done, well I wished I was dead.  
                     Never knew there were worse things than dying.  
 And no more I'll go waltzing matilda, All around the green bush far and near.  
 To hump tent and pegs a man needs both legs. No more Waltzing Matilda for me.

Verse 4: So they collected the crippled, the wounded and maimed,  
                     And they shipped us back home to Australia.  
 The legless, the armless, the blind and insane. Those proud wounded heroes of Suvla  
 And as our ship pulled into Circular Quay,  
                     I looked at the place where me legs used to be.  
 And thank Christ there was nobody waiting for me to grieve and to mourn and to pity.  
 And the band played Waltzing Matilda, as they carried us down the gangway.  
 But nobody cheered, they just stood and stared, then they turned all their faces away.

Verse 5: And now every April, I sit on my porch, and I watch the parades pass before me.  
 I see my old comrades, how proudly they march. Reliving old dreams of past glory.  
 The old men march slowly, their bones stiff and sore.  
                     They're tired old heroes from a forgotten war.  
 And the young people ask me, What are they marching for?  
                     And I ask myself the same question.  
 And the band plays Waltzing Matilda, And the old men still answer the call.  
 But year after year, more old men disappear. Someday no-one will march there at all.

|  |    |   |    |   |    |
|--|----|---|----|---|----|
| D  | G  | D | Bm | G | A7 |
| Waltzing Matilda, Waltzing Matilda Who'll come a-waltzing matilda with me? |    |   |    |   |    |
| D  | A7 | D | G  |   |    |
| And their ghosts maybe heard as they march by that billabong               |    |   |    |   |    |
| D  | A7 | D |    |   |    |
| Who'll come a-waltzing matilda with me                                     |    |   |    |   |    |



# ANDY'S GONE WITH CATTLE

words: Henry Lawson / music: ?

F C7 Dm C7 F

6 C7 Dm C7 F Gm C7

12 F C7 Dm C7 F

Verse 1:                    F                    C7                    Dm                    C7 F  
 Our Andy's gone with cattle now    our hearts are out of order  
                                  F                    C7                    Dm                    C7 F  
 With drought he's gone to battle now    across the Queensland border  
                                  Gm                    C7                    F  
 He's left us in dejection now    our thoughts with him are roving  
                                  C7                    F                    C7 F  
 It's dull on this selection now    since Andy went a-droving

Verse 2:                    Who now shall wear the cheerful face in times when things are blackest  
 And who shall whistle round the place when Fortune frowns her blackest  
 Oh, who shall cheek the squatter now when he comes round us snarling  
 His tongue is growing hotter now since Andy crossed the Darling

Verse 3:                    The gates are out of order now in storms the 'riders' rattle  
 For far across the border now our Andy's gone with cattle  
 Poor Aunty's looking thin and white and uncle's cross with worry  
 And poor old Blucher howls all night since Andy left Macquarie

Verse 4:                    Oh may the showers in torrents fall and all the tanks run over  
 And may the grass grow green and tall in pathways of the drover  
 And may good angels send the rain on desert stretches sandy  
 And when the summer comes again God grant 'twill bring us Andy.

# THE ARMY SONG

*Traditional WWII song*

(swing feel)

Verse

5

Chorus

9

13

Verse 1: Well I got drunk last night, I got drunk the night before,  
 I'm going to get drunk tonight if I never get drunk anymore.  
 Oh, we don't want no more of your army, gee but I would like to go home.

Chorus: Stars of the evening, beautiful evening stars  
 Stars of the evening, shining on the cookhouse door.

Verse 2: Well they gave us a uniform, they said that it was fine,  
 But me and a couple of mates we can all fit into mine,  
 That's why I'm finished with the army, that's why I want to go home.

Verse 3: Well I went to the cookhouse just to get a bite to eat,  
 And there I saw the cooks mashing the 'taters with their feet,  
 So that's why I hate the bloody army, gee I would love to go home.

Verse 4: Now they give us army biscuits, they say they're mighty fine,  
 But one rolled off the table and it killed a mate of mine,  
 That's why I'm fed up with the army, that's why I'd like to go home,

Verse 5: Now they give us chicken, they say it is the best,  
 But we get the neck and the arsehole, and the officers get the rest,  
 That's why I hate the bloomin' army, it's the reason why I'd love to go home.

Verse 6: Well they built us toilets out in the open air,  
 The wind blew up our backsides and tickled us here & there,  
 Oh we are finished with your army, one day we'd like to go home.

Final Chorus: Stars of the evening, beautiful evening stars  
 Stars of the evening shining on the shithouse door.

## ANOTHER FALL OF RAIN

*Traditional*

*From Paterson's "old Bush Songs" the poem is a variant of John Neilson's "Waiting For The Rain"*

The image displays a musical score for the song "The Sound of Silence" by Simon & Garfunkel. It is presented in a four-staff format, with each staff containing a line of music and corresponding guitar chords. The key signature is D major (two sharps: F# and C#), and the time signature is 4/4.

**Staff 1 (Measures 1-4):** Labeled "verse". The chords are D, G, and D. The melody consists of eighth and quarter notes.

**Staff 2 (Measures 5-8):** The chords are A7, D, G, D, and A7. The melody continues with eighth and quarter notes.

**Staff 3 (Measures 9-12):** Labeled "chorus". The chords are D, G, and D. The melody includes eighth and quarter notes.

**Staff 4 (Measures 13-16):** The chords are A7, D, G, D, A7, and D. The melody concludes with eighth and quarter notes, ending on a whole note.

The guitar part is indicated by a treble clef and a key signature of two sharps (F# and C#). The vocal part is indicated by a treble clef and a key signature of two sharps (F# and C#). The chords are written above the staff lines, and the melody is written below the staff lines.

D    G    D

Verse 1: The weather has been sultry for a fortnight now or more  
A7

And the shearers have been driving might and main  
D    G    D

For some have got the century who ne'er got it before  
A7    D

But now we all are waiting for the rain

G D

*Chorus: For the boss is getting rusty and the ringer's caving in*

A7

*His bandaged wrist is aching with the pain*

D G D

*And the second man I fear will make it hot for him*

A7 D

*Unless we have another fall of rain*

Verse 2: Now some had taken quarters and were keeping well in bunk  
When we shored the six-tooth wethers from the plain  
And if the sheep get harder then a few more men will flunk  
Unless we have another fall of rain

Verse 3: Some cockies come here shearing they would fill a little book  
About this sad dry weather for the grain  
But here is lunch a-coming make way for Dick the cook  
Old Dick is nigh as welcome as the rain

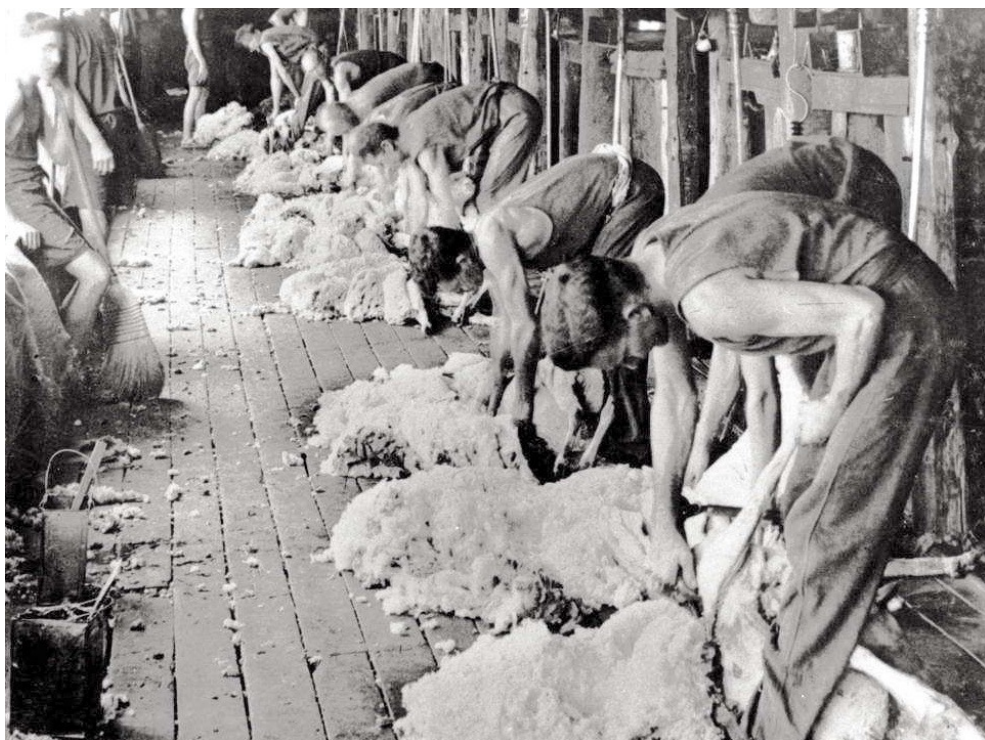
Verse 4: But the sky is clouding over and the thunder's muttering loud  
And the clouds are sweeping westward o'er the plain  
And I see the lightning flashing round the edge of yon black cloud  
And I hear the gentle patter of the rain

Verse 5: So, lads, put up your stoppers and let us to the hut  
Where we'll gather round and have a friendly game  
While some are playing music and some play ante up  
And some are gazing outwards at the rain.

Verse 6: But now the rain is over let the pressers spin the screw  
Let the teamsters back their wagons in again  
We'll block the classer's table by the way we push them through  
For everything goes merry since the rain.

Verse 7: So its "Boss bring out the bottle" and we'll wet the final flock  
For the shearers here may never meet again  
Well some may meet next season and some not even then  
And some they will just vanish like the rain

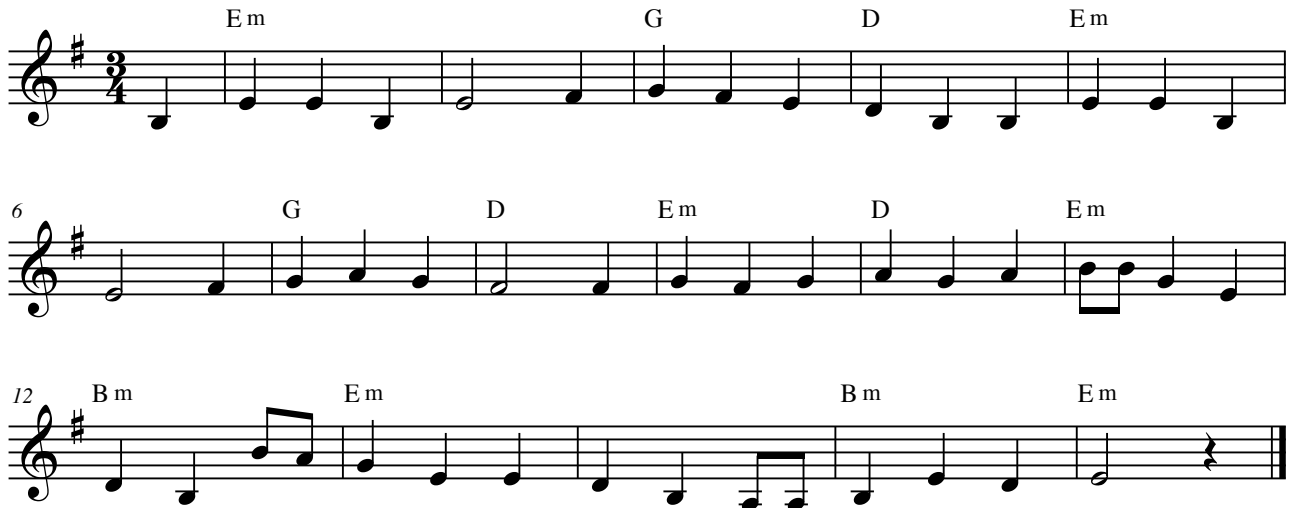
*Final Chorus: And the boss he won't be rusty when his sheep they all are shore  
And the ringer's wrist won't ache much with the pain  
Of pocketing his cheque for a hundred quid or more  
And the second man will press him hard again*



# AUGATHELLA STATION (Brisbane Ladies)

*traditional*

*words by Saul Mendelson (1891) to melody "Ladies Of Spain"*



Chorus:      Em                      G                      D  
*We'll rant and we'll roar like true Queensland drovers*  
                  Em                      G                      D  
*We'll rant and we'll roar as onward we push*  
 Em      D              Em      Bm  
*Until we return to the Augathella station*  
                  Em                                      Bm                      Em  
*Oh, it's flamin' dry goin' through the old Queensland bush.*

Verse 1:              Em                      G                      D  
*Farewell and adieu to you, Brisbane ladies*  
                  Em                      G                      D  
*Farewell and adieu, you maids of Toowong*  
                  Em              D                      Em              Bm  
*We've sold all our cattle and we have to get a movin'*  
                  Em                                      Bm                      Em  
*But we hope we shall see you again before long.*

Verse 2:    The first camp we make, we shall call it the Quart Pot,  
 Caboolture, then Kilcoy, and Collington's Hut,  
 We'll pull up at the stone house, Bob Williamson's paddock,  
 And early next morning we cross the Blackbutt.

Verse 3:    Then on to Taromeo and Yarraman Creek, lads,  
 It's there we shall make our next camp for the day  
 Where the water and grass are both plenty and sweet, lads,  
 And maybe we'll butcher a fat little stray.

Verse 4:    Then on to Nanango, that hard-bitten township  
 Where the out-of-work station-hands sit in the dust,  
 Where the shearers get shorn by old Tim, the contractor  
 Oh, I wouldn't go near there, but I flaming well must.

Verse 5: The girls of Toomancie they look so entrancing  
Like bawling young heifers they're out for their fun  
With the waltz and the polka and all kinds of dancing  
To the old concertina of Hen-er-y Gunn.

Verse 6: Then fill up your glasses, and drink to the lasses,  
We'll drink this town dry, then farewell to them all  
And when we've got back to the Augathella Station,  
We hope you'll come by there and pay us a call.



# ASSISTED PASSAGE

Harry Robertson: [www.harryrobertson.net](http://www.harryrobertson.net)

Based on the singing of Don Brian on the CD:  
*'The Convict Voice - Songs of Transportation to Norfolk Island and NSW'*

*Slow & free*



Verse 1:       A                   D       A           Bm       E  
Don't take a trip like this me boys. Don't sail across the sea,  
              D               A               Bm       E  
For to Botany Bay I'm headed and I'm chained in misery.

              A                               D  
Chorus: Oh the whaling barque is rolling bad, it makes our irons clang,  
              A               D       A       E           A  
As we pitch across the ocean for to join the prison gang.

Verse 2: It was on a cold and moonlit night the frost lay all around,  
His lordship's keepers beat me 'til I fell upon the ground.

Verse 3: They took the rabbit I had caught to feed me child at home,  
For fourteen years the judge he said my sins I must atone.

Verse 4: They took me from the dungeon on to a whaling barque,  
And with rats and roaches now I sail and savage bureaucrats.

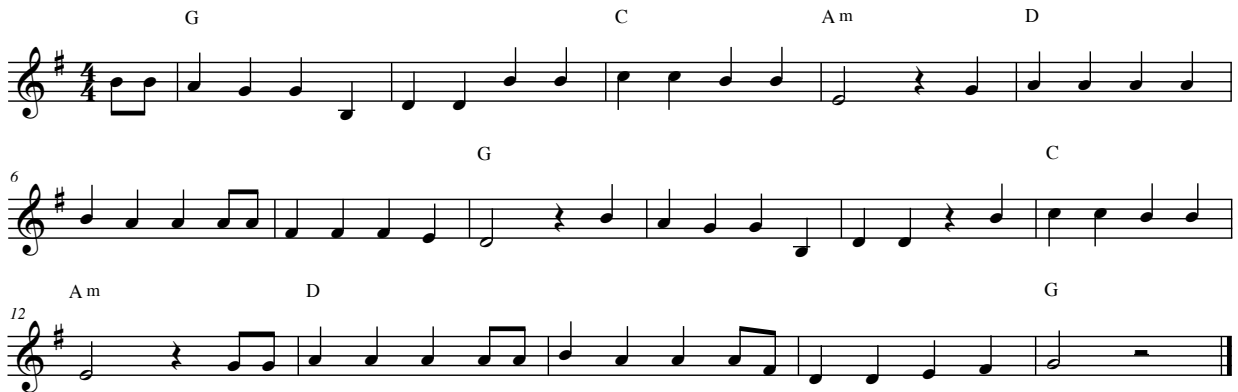
Verse 5: Oh Mother England's clever and her business methods stark,  
For the ships that take the convicts out will bring her whale oil back.

*"Five of the Third Fleet convict ships became whalers, returning to England with whale oil, Australia's first commercial export." 'The Convict Voice' - Don Brian*



## AUSSIE BAR-B-QUE

*words and music © Eric Bogle (1981)*



Verse 1: When the summer sun is shining on Australia's happy land  
Round countless fires in strange attire you'll see many happy bands  
Of glum Australians watching their lunch go up in flames  
By the smoke and the smell you can plainly tell it's barby-time again!

*Chorus: When the steaks are burning fiercely when the smoke gets in your eyes  
When the snags all taste like fried toothpaste and your mouth is full of flies  
It's a national institution; it's Australian through and through  
So come on mate and grab your plate, let's have a bar-b-que!*

Verse 2: The Scots eat lots of haggis; the French eat snails and frogs  
The Greeks go crackers over their mousakkas, the Chinese love hot dogs  
Welshmen love to have a leek, the Irish like their stew  
But you just can't beat that half-cooked meat at an Aussie bar-b-que!

Verse 3: There's flies stuck to the margarine, the bread has gone rock hard  
The kids are fighting, the mossies are biting "Who forgot the Aeroguard?!"  
There's bull ants in the esky and the beer is running out  
And what you saw in mum's coleslaw you just don't think about!

Verse 4: And when the barbie's over and your homeward way you wend  
With a queasy tummy on the family dunny many lonely hours you spend  
You might find yourself reflecting as many often do  
Come rain or shine that's the bloody last time that you'll have a bar-b-que

*mossies* - mosquitos  
*Aeroguard* -insect repellant  
*esky* - portable cooler  
*dunny* - toilet



## AUSTRALIA'S ON THE WALLABY

*Traditional (1966)*

The image displays a musical score for the song "The Girl on the Train" by Rachel Watson. The score is written for piano (p) and voice (V). The key signature is B-flat major (two flats), and the time signature is 4/4. The piano part is written on a grand staff (treble and bass clefs), and the vocal part is written on a single staff with a soprano clef. The score is divided into four measures, each with a measure number (1, 4, 8, 12) and a chord symbol above it. The chords are: F (Measure 1), Bb (Measure 4), Gm (Measure 8), and C7 (Measure 12). The vocal melody is written in a simple, melodic style, with the lyrics "The girl on the train" written below the notes. The piano accompaniment consists of a steady, rhythmic pattern of eighth and sixteenth notes, with some rests. The overall mood is somber and reflective, consistent with the song's theme.

Verse 1: The old man's gone in search for gold. The claim has proved a duffer.

The syndicates and banker's bosses, they all made us suffer.

We're all for freedom for ourselves, ourselves and mates to toil

But Australia's sons are weary and the billy's on the boil

*Chorus: Australia's on the wallaby, just listen to the coo-ee  
For the kangaroo he packs his port and the emu shoulders bluey  
The boomerangs are whizzing round, the dingo scratches gravel.  
The possum, bear and bandicoot are all upon the travel*

Verse 2: The cuckoo calls, the bats and owls, the pigeons and the shag  
The mallee-hen and platypus are rolling up their swags  
For the curlew waves his last goodbye beside the long lagoon  
And the brolga does his last lay waltz to the lyrebird's mocking tune.

Verse 3: There's tiger-snakes and damper, boys, and that's what's on the coals.  
There's droughts and floods and ragged duds and dried-up waterholes  
There's shadeless gums and sun-scorched plains all asking us to toil  
But Australia's sons are weary and the billy's on the boil.

Version collected by John Meridith from Noel Warren of Lithgow in 1966. Sung to a tune also used for Henry Lawson's "Freedom On The Wallaby" and also Jim Bourke's "Muzlim's Mill"

# THE BACKBLOCK SHEARER (Widge-go-weera Joe)

*traditional (1953)*



D A7  
 Chorus: Hurrah, my boys, my shears are set, I feel both fit and well  
 D  
 Tomorrow you'll find me at my pen when the gaffer rings the bell  
 A7  
 With Hayden's patent thumb-guards fixed, and both my blades pulled back  
 D  
 Tomorrow I'll go with my sardine blow for a-century or the sack

Verse 1: I'm only a back-blocks shearer, as easily can be seen  
 I've shorn in almost every shed on the plains of the Riverine  
 I've shorn in most of the famous sheds, I've seen big tallies done  
 But somehow or other, I don't know why, I never became a gun

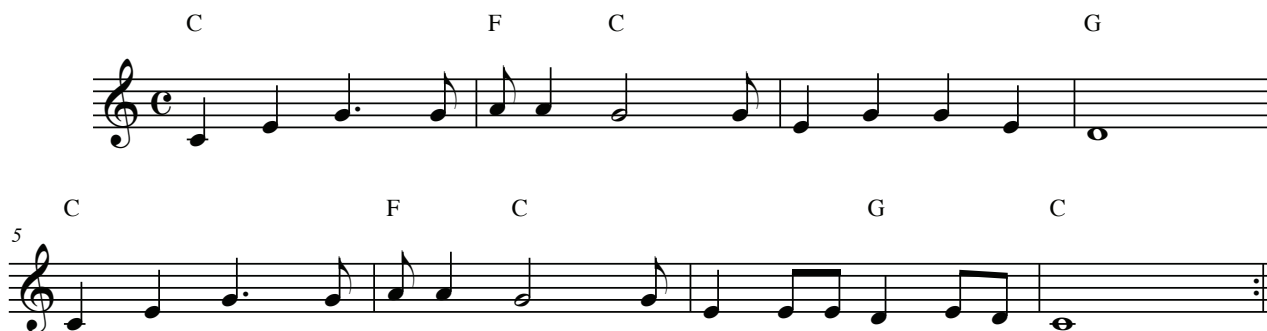
Verse 2: I've opened down the windpipe straight, I've opened behind the ear  
 I've shorn in every possible style in which a man can shear  
 I've studied all the cuts and drives of the famous men I've met  
 But I've never succeeded in plastering up those three little figures yet

Verse 3: When the Boss walked past this morning, he stopped and he stared at me  
 For I'd mastered Moran's Great Shoulder Cut, as he could plainly see  
 But I've another surprise for him, that'll give his nerves a shock  
 Tomorrow I'll show him I have mastered Pierce's Rang-tang Block

Verse 4: And if I succeed, as I hope to do, next year I intend to shear  
 At the Wagga Demonstration, that's held there every year  
 And there I'll lower the colours, the colours of Mitchell and Co  
 Instead of Deeming, you will hear of Widge-go-weera Joe

## BALD HEADED END OF A BROOM

*traditional* ~ 1870



Verse 1: O love is such a funny thing, it affects both young and old  
It's like a plate of boarding house hash and many's the man that is sold  
It makes you feel like a fresh-water eel. Causes your head to swell.  
You'll lose your mind 'cause love is blind and it empties your pockets as well.

C    F                      C

*Chorus : So boys, keep away from the girls, I say*

G

*And give them lots of room*

C    F                      C

*For, when that they are wed, they will bang you on the head*

G                      C

*With the bald-headed end of the broom*

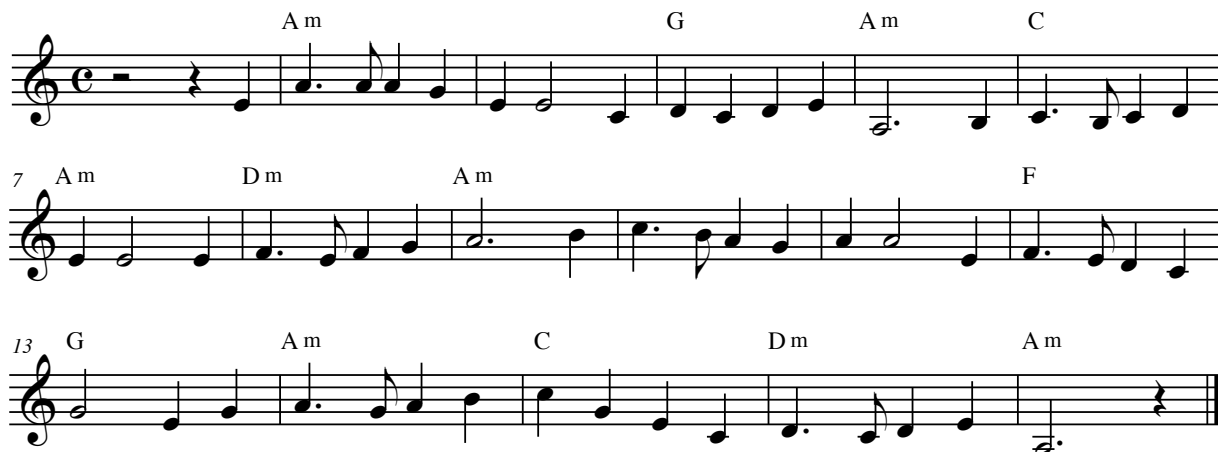
Verse 2: When a man is gone on a pretty little girl he'll talk to her as sweet as a dove  
He'll spend all his money and he'll call her his honey all for fun and love  
When his money's all spent and his clothes all rent he'll find that the old story's true  
That a mole in the arm's worth two on the leg and what is he going to do?

Verse 3: With a wife and sixteen half-starved kids you'll find it is no fun  
When the butcher comes round to collect his bill with a dog and two-barrelled gun  
With a cross-eyed baby on each knee and a you with a plastered nose  
You'll find true-love doesn't run so very smooth  
When all you've got is second-hand clothes.

Verse 4: So now, my boys, take my advice and don't be in a hurry to wed  
You'll think you're in clover till the honeymoon is over  
And then you'll wish you were dead  
When the rents are high and the children cry and you've got nothing but chores  
You'll call on your son to load up his gun and shoot your old mother-in-law.

# THE BALLAD OF 1891

*Words Helen Palmer & music Doreen Jacobs Bridges(1950)*



Verse 1      Am                                  G    Am  
The price of wool was falling in 1891

C                                  Am                  Dm                                  Am  
The men who owned the acres said “Something must be done.

F                                  G  
So we’ll break the shearers’ union and we’ll show we’re masters still

Am                                  C                                  Dm                                  Am  
And they’ll take the terms we give them or we’ll find the men who will”

Verse 2      From Claremont to Barcaldin the shearing camps were full  
Two thousand blades were ready to strip the greasy wool  
When through the west like thunder rang out the union call  
The sheds will be shorn union or they won't be shorn at all

Verse 3    Now Billy Lang was with us his words were like a flame  
               We hoisted up the flag of stars and spoke Eureka's name  
               " Well tomorrow " said the squatters " you'll find it does not pay  
               We're bringing up free labourers to take our clip away."

Verse 4      “Well tomorrow” said the shearers “you may not be so pleased  
We’ll have three thousand horses and we’ll show you what we mean.”  
“Then we’ll pack the west with troopers from Bourke to Charters Towers  
And you can have your fill of speeches but the final say is ours.”

Verse 5      “Well be dammed to your six shooters your soldiers and police  
The sheep are growing heavy and the burrs are in the fleece.”  
“Well if Nordonfeldt and Gatling gun won’t bring you to your knees  
Then we’ll find a law” the squatters said “that’s made for times like these.”

Verse 6    For trial at Rockhampton some 14 men were brought  
The Judge he had his orders the squatters ruled the courts  
But for every man that's sentenced there's thousands won't forget  
When you jail a man for striking it's a rich man's country yet

# BALLAD OF THE EUREKA STOCKADE

*Terry Bennetts, W.A. (2004)*

## Verse

verse

D Bm D

Bm A Bm

A G A

## Chorus

[illegible]

Verse 1:

D Bm  
It was in the year 1854 when the miners made a stand

D Bm  
United under one flag, pikes and rifles in their hands

A Bm  
They never thought it would come to this, what more could they do

A G A  
That mining tax came with no rights and many were overdue

Chorus:

This is the free..dom flag they fly

Then the muskets roared, many would die

Fighting for their rights to work as free men

Those diggers in that stockade made a stand

Verse 2:      They marched along five hundred strong, as one to Bakery Hill  
Men from nations far and wide, not bending to the will  
Of those who would ignore the pleas from the miners to be heard  
'Neath the Southern Cross they swore an oath, the time had passed for words

Verse 3:      When the sun came up on that bloody morn of 1854  
                  Old acquaintances crippled with shot, bodies battered and torn  
                  Although outnumbered three to one, no mercy was shown them  
                  And when the smoke had finally cleared, a score and more lay dead

Verse 4: Our history down through the years has seen many good men fall  
Fighting side by side with mates, their backs against the wall  
'Though these miners lost that day they won out in the end  
And as that Southern Cross unfurls, we will remember them

# THE BALLAD OF NED KELLY (Poor Ned)

Trevor Lucas (1970)

[Chorus] G D C G D

C G [Verse] D C G

D C G D

C G D C G

Chorus: G D  
Poor Ned, you're better off dead  
C G  
You'll get some peace of mind  
D  
You're out on the track They're right on your back  
C G  
Boy, they're gonna hang you high

Verse 1: G D  
Eighteen-hundred and seventy eight  
C G  
was the year I remember so well  
G D C G  
They put my father in an early grave and slung my mother in gaol.  
G D C G  
Now I don't know what's right or wrong but they hung Christ on nails  
G D C G  
Six kids at home and two on the breast. They wouldn't even give her bail.

Verse 2: I wrote a letter 'bout Stringy-Bark Creek  
Hoping they would understand  
That I might be a bushranger but I'm not a murdering man.  
I didn't want to shoot Kennedy or that copper named Lonigan.  
He alone could have saved his life that day by throwing down his gun.

Verse 3: You know they took Ned Kelly  
And they hung him in the Melbourne gaol.  
He fought so very bravely dressed in iron mail  
And no man single handed can hope to break the bars  
It's a thousand like Ned Kelly who'll hoist the flag of stars.

# THE BALLAD OF THE KELLY GANG

**Traditional - tune "Wearing Of The Green"**

D A7 G D  
 A7 D A7 G  
 D A7 D  
 A7 D A7  
 G D A7 D

Verse 1: Sure, Paddy dear, and did you hear the news that's going round?  
On the head of bold Ned Kelly they have placed 5000 pound  
For Dan, Steve Hart and Joey Byrne a thousand each they'll give  
But if the sum were double, sure, the Kelly boys would live.  
It's sad to think such plucky hearts in crime should be employed,  
But by police persecution they have all been much annoyed.  
Revenge is sweet, and in the bush they can defy the law:  
Such sticking-up and plundering you never saw before.

Verse 2: 'Twas in November '78 the Kelly gang came down,  
Just after shooting Kennedy near famous Mansfield town.  
Blood horses they all rode upon, revolvers in their hands;  
They took Euro by surprise, and gold was their demand  
Into the bank Ned Kelly walks, and "Bail up!" did he say.  
"Unlock the safe, hand out your cash, be quick and don't delay!"  
Without a murmur they obeyed the robber's bold command.  
Ten thousand pounds in gold and notes they gave into his hand.

- Verse 3: They rode into Jerilderie town at twelve o'clock at night,  
And roused the troopers from their beds all in a dreadful fright.  
They took them in their nightshirts, ashamed I am to tell;  
They covered them with revolvers and locked them in a cell.  
Next morning being Sunday, of course they must be good;  
They dressed themselves in troopers' clothes and Neddy chopped some wood.  
Nobody there suspected them; for troopers all they passed  
And Dan, the most religious, took the Sergeant's wife to mass.
- Verse 4: They spent the day most pleasantly, had plenty of good cheer -  
Beefsteaks and onions, tomato sauce and beer.  
The ladies in attendance indulged in pleasant talk,  
And just to ease the troopers' wives, they took them for a walk.  
On Monday morning early, still masters of the ground,  
They took the horses to the forge and got them shod all round.  
Then back they brought and mounted them, they planned the raid so well,  
And in company with the troopers, they stuck up the Royal Hotel.
- Verse 5: They shouted freely for all hands and paid for all they drank,  
Then two of them remained in charge and two went to the bank;  
It was when they robbed Euroa bank you said they'd be run down,  
But now they've robbed another one that's in Jerilderie town,  
That's in Jerilderie town, my boys, and we're here to take their part,  
And shout again, "Long may they reign, the Kellys, Byrne and Hart."  
And where they've gone I do not know, if I did I would not tell  
And so, until I hear from them, I'll bid you all farewell!





# THE BANKS OF THE CONDAMINE

*Traditional (based on British folk song Banks Of The Nile)*



D G D  
“Oh hark! The dogs are barking love, I can no longer stay.  
G D G A  
The men have all gone mustering, and it is nearly day.  
G D G A  
I must be off in the morning, love, before the sun does shine,  
D G D  
To meet the Roma shearers on the banks of the Condamine.”

“Oh, I’ll cut off all my auburn hair and go along with you,  
I’ll dress myself in men’s attire and be a shearer too.  
I’ll cook and count your tally, love, while ringer-o you shine,  
And I’ll wash your greasy moleskins on the banks of the Condamine.”

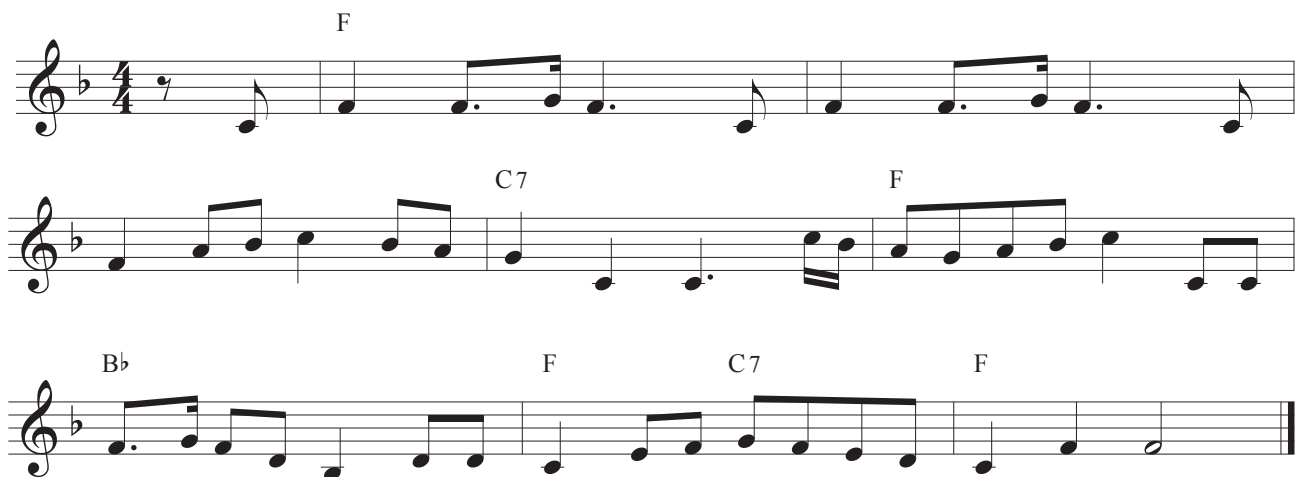
“Oh Nancy, dearest Nancy, you know that can’t be so,  
The boss has given orders, love, no women shall do so.  
And your delicate constitution’s not equal unto mine,  
To eat the ram-stag mutton on the banks of the Condamine.”

“Oh Willie, dearest Willie, don’t leave me here to mourn.  
Don’t make me curse and rue the day that ever I was born.  
For parting with you, Willie, it’s like parting with my life,  
So stay and be a selector, love, and I will be your wife.”

“Oh when the shearin’s over, love, then I’ll make you my wife.  
I’ll take up a selection and I’ll settle down for life.  
And when the day’s work’s over, love, and the evening’s clear and fine,  
I’ll tell of them sandy cobblers on the banks of the Condamine.”

# THE BATTLE OF CASTLE HILL

Words: John Dengate (1966) Tune: Trad -Maid Of Fife



F

Verse 1: I'll sing of Toongabbie, a place of renown  
C7  
And events that occurred in the days of yore.

F Bb

Oh, the convicts working there lived a life of black despair,

F C7 F

It was all in the year of eighteen hundred and four.

Verse 2;      Brave Cunningham said, "I will march at your head  
If you'll throw off your fetters and follow me  
And though Ireland's far away we will think of her today  
As we fight for our lives and for our liberty.

Verse 3:      The magistrate's house they burned to the ground.  
                 'Twas a bold insurrection, a stirring sight  
                 And it cannot be denied that the flogger's wretched hide  
                 Was bruised and abused on that eventful night.

Verse 4: Parramatta here they come: so beat on the drum;  
A rider spurs for Sydney and the loyalists arm  
And without the least delay Samuel Marsden ran away  
In a boat that he stole from John MacArthur's farm.

Verse 5:      There's a priest forced to ride by Colonel Johnstone's side  
While the Rum Corps' red coats march in the rear.  
Soon a bitter cup will spill on that road near Castle Hill  
Where the convicts rest not knowing death is near.

Verse 6:      See the dead on the road, hear the sharp command, "Reload"  
                  See the soldiers present, hear the volleys crash.  
                  There's a dozen croppies more lying lifeless in their gore,  
                  They're safe from the Reverend Samuel Marsden's lash.

# THE BATTLER'S BALLAD

*Jack Wright, Coogee, NSW (~1930)*

Am Em C

F C G Am

C F C <sup>1</sup>G <sup>2</sup>G Am F C

Am C F

G Am C G C

Verse 1:

You are just a lonely battler and you're waiting for a rattler  
C F

You wish to heaven you were never born  
C G Am

For you ran to dodge a copper and you came an awful cropper  
C F C G

The skin on both your hands is cut and torn  
Am Em

You are tired and you are weary, lack of sleep makes your eyes bleary  
C F

The soles of both your shoes are worn right through  
C G Am

Your heart is sore and aching and your back is nearly breaking  
C F C G

Your coat and shirt and pants have had it too

Chorus:      Am   F   C   Am   C                          F  
And it's hey, ho. ho - bo, you are just a rolling stone  
   G                          Am  
Even though you're stony broke, if you still can crack a joke  
   C                          G                          C  
You're as good as any king upon his throne

Verse 2; Your blood is nearly boiling and your muscles need no oiling  
As you duck and dodge the headlight's brilliant glare  
For you've seen the copper's wood heap and you know that it's a good heap  
You know the tucker's not the best in there  
Then the engine gives a whistle, you trip up on a thistle  
Get tangled up in signal wires and points  
Then you blunder in the gutter and angrily you mutter  
' Well, strike me pink, of all the flamin' joints!'

Chorus: And it's hey, ho. ho - bo, you are just a rolling stone  
Though your pants are wearing thin, if you can still raise a grin  
You're as good as any king upon his throne

Verse 3: Then you see the green light flashing and hear the bumpers crashing  
You see the great big engine rushing by  
With your swag all at the ready, your nerves are not so steady  
For you know you'll have to take her on the fly  
Then your swag you try to throw in , but the flamin' thing won't go in  
Bounces off the truck and hits you, and you fall  
Pick the remnants of your swag up, pick your billy-can and bag up  
You say, 'I missed the bastard after all!'

Final Chorus: And it's hey, ho. ho - bo, you are just a rolling stone  
Though the sky is looking grey, there will surely come a day  
When you'll own a bloody railway of your own.



# BIG BEN PIE

Lyrics: John Dengate; Music: Trad - Flash Jack

[illegible]

A E A  
Verse 1: When I was only fifteen I was silly as can be  
F#m D E  
My father called me over and this he says to me.  
A F#m D A  
If you want the light of wisdom to glisten in your eyes  
E A  
You'll have to cheer for Resch's beer and eat meat pies

Chorus: All among the gravy, all among the crust  
Show a little faith, boys, show a little trust  
I can eat a respectable tally myself, whenever I likes to try  
I'm known from here to Blacktown as the Big Ben Pie.

Verse 2: Well I've bathed myself in gravy when the centre starts to sag  
I've washed 'em down with Resch's and with cans of Toohey's Flag  
Oh cast your eyes upon my strides, you still can see the stains  
Pass me the tomato sauce and here we go again.

Verse 3: Well I've had 'em freezing cold and I've had 'em scalding hot  
I've had 'em at the cricket ground, sitting on my blot  
I've waved my pie in triumph when the tigers led to nil  
And I've thrown them at the coppers on the scoreboard hill



# BILL JINKS

Alex Hood

Bill Jinks was written by Alex Hood for his 1971 Australian folk opera "The Wallaby Track", a musical production that children could perform.



Verse 1:                   G                   C  
There's a sailor bold on the Murray-O  
                          G           D7       G  
Who's sailed the world around.  
                          G                   C  
He's the captain of the riverboat Jane  
                          D7                   G  
No better could be found.

Chorus:                   G  
And the motor goes chug, cugga , chugga, chug, chug  
                          C                   D7  
As it sings a riverboat song  
                          D           C           Bm       Am  
The gum trees sigh as the Jane goes by  
                          G                   D7       G  
And the paddle wheels push her along

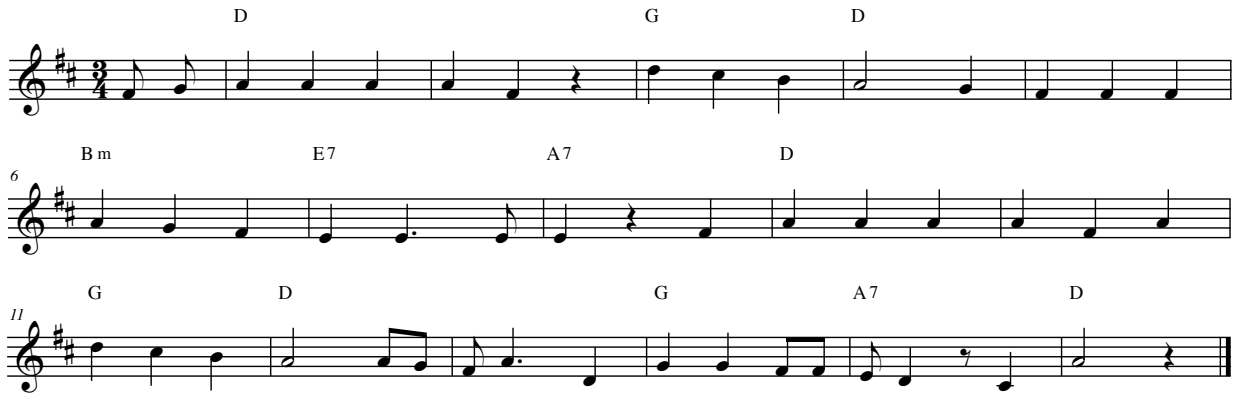
Verse 2: Bill Jinks has a beard as white as snow  
And a captain's hat on his head  
His mate steers the boat while Bill has a rest  
In a hammock for his bed.

Verse 3: As the Jane goes by Bill fishes for eels  
Because they're his favourite dish  
To have eels for breakfast, lunch and dinner  
Is the Captain's dearest wish

Verse 4: If you're going his way Bill will take you aboard  
And give you a marvellous ride  
Past river gums, creeks and billabongs  
You'll see all the countryside.

# BILLY OF TEA

*traditional*



*Chorus:*                   D                   G                   D  
You can talk of your whiskey and talk of your beer,  
  Bm                   E7                   A7  
But there's something much nicer that's waiting me here.  
                  D                   G                   D  
It sits by the fire beneath the gum-tree.  
                                  G                   A7                   D  
There's nothing much nicer than a billy of tea.

Verse 1: At night when I camp, if the day has been warm,  
I give to my horses their tucker of corn.  
From the two in the pole to the one in the lead,  
A billy for each holds a comfortable feed.

Verse 2: Well I rise in the morning before it gets light,  
And I go to the nosebag to see it's alright,  
That the ants on the sugar no mortgage have got,  
And straight away sling my old black billy-pot,

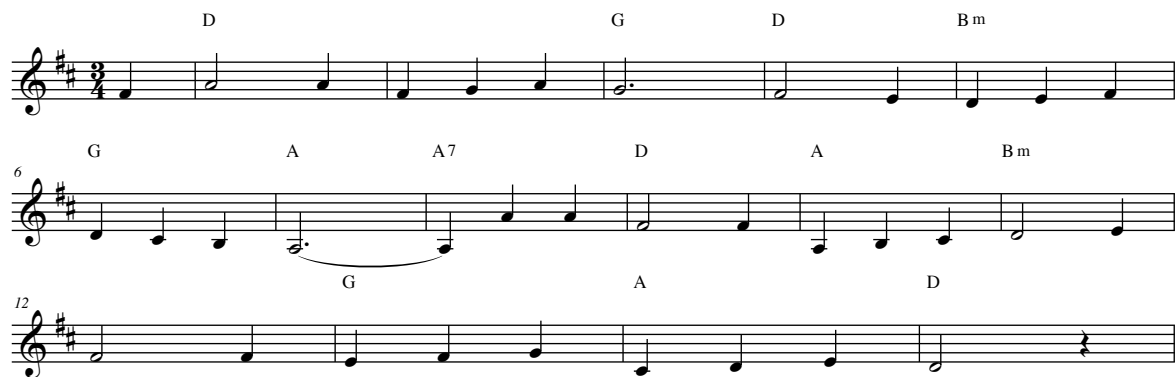
Verse 3: Then the fire I make and the water I get,  
And corned beef and damper in order I set,  
But I don't touch the grub, though so hungry I be -  
I wait till it's ready - my billy of tea!

Verse 4: And while it is boiling the horses I seek,  
And follow them down as far as the creek.  
I take off their hobbles and let them run free,  
Then haste to tuck into my billy of tea.

Verse 5: So fill up your tumblers as high as you can,  
And don't you dare tell me it's not the best plan.  
You can let all your beer and your spirits go free -  
I'll stick to me darling old billy of tea.

# THE BLACK VELVET BAND

*traditional (1880's)*



D                      G    D  
*Chorus : Her eyes they shone like dia - monds*  
 Bm                      G            A  
*I thought her the queen of the land*  
 D            A            Bm  
*And her hair hung over her shoulders*  
 G            A            D  
*tied up with a black velvet band*

Verse 1: In a neat little town they called Bel - fast  
 Apprenticed to trade I was bound  
 And many's the gay old hour  
 I spent in that neat little town.  
 One day as I was out walking  
 Along my usual beat  
 A pretty little young maiden  
 Came tripping along the street

Verse 2: One day as we were out walking, a gentleman passed us by.  
 I could see she was bent on some mischief, by the rolling of her dark blue eyes.  
 His watch she took from his pocket and slyly placed into my hand.  
 I was taken in charge by a copper. Bad luck from the black velvet band

Verse 3: Before the Lord Mayor I was taken. "Your case, sir, I plainly can see.  
 And if I'm not greatly mistaken, you're bound for far over the sea.  
 Far over the dark and blue ocean, far away to Van Diemens Land."  
 Far away from my friends and relations And the girl with the black velvet band.

Verse 4: So come all you jolly young fellows, and a warning please take from me.  
 If ever you're out on the town me lads, beware of the pretty Colleen.  
 For she'll fill you with whiskey and porter until you're unable to stand  
 And the very next thing that you know, me boys, you've landed in Van Diemen's Land



# BILLY SHEEHAN

Traditional

Tune: Wallace Saunders 'The Ballad Of Casey Jones'

VERSE

5 10 15 20

Verse 1: On the forty-pound rails steamed a C-16,  
Commanded by its driver, Mister Billy Sheehan.  
The G.M. gave him orders on the strict Q.T.  
To run a faster schedule than the Spirit of P.  
Keep the regulator open, watch the black smoke roll,  
Pile on all the floorboards if we run out of coal.  
If we don't beat the record, 'Billy said to his mate,  
'Send my memos care of Peter at the golden gate!'

Chorus: Billy Sheehan, ran a faster schedule  
Billy Sheehan, a mighty man was he.  
Billy Sheehan, ran a faster schedule,  
Out to break the record of the Spirit of P.

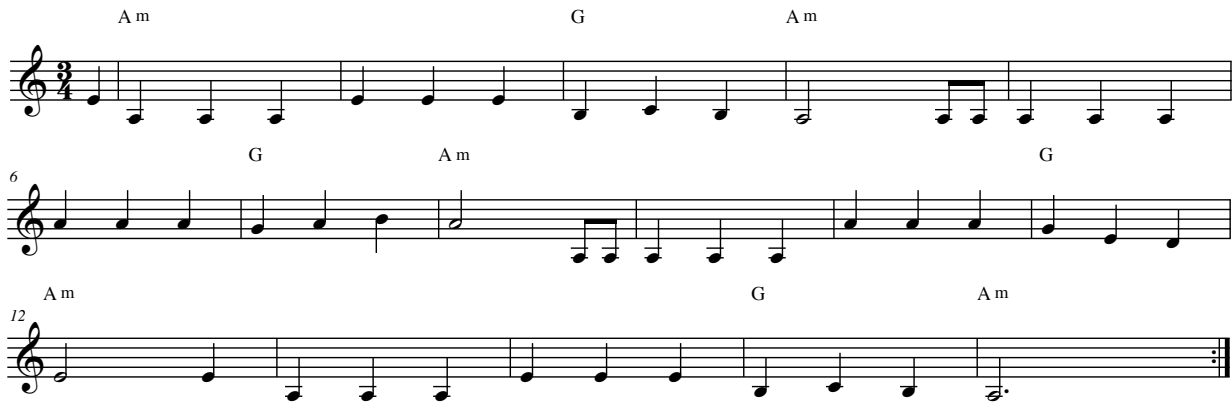
Verse 2: His fireman was a punting boy for Narrabeen,  
He said, 'I'll lay the odds against the C-16.'  
Billy flashed a roll of notes that was a bear;  
The boiler then exploded, blew them both in the air,  
Said Billy to his fireman as they left the wreck,  
'I dunno where we're going but we're neck and neck!'  
The fireman then said, 'Billy I'll tell you what I'll do.  
I'll bet another fifty I go higher than you!'

Verse 3: The wife of Driver Sheehan was at home in bed  
When the Railway wired that old Bill was dead.  
She called her children to her, said, 'Listen, honey lambs,  
The next old man you get'll be a guard in the van!'  
The railway's all in mourning now for Billy Sheehan,  
No more we'll hear the puffing of his C-16.  
There's crepe on all the locos, both the goods and mails,  
From Ingham and Mount Isa down to New South Wales.



# BLUEY BRINK

*traditional*



- Am                      G                      Am
- Verse 1: There once was a shearer by name Bluey Brink
- G                      Am
- A devil for work and a terror for drink
- G                      Am
- He could shear his two hundred each day without fear
- G                      Am
- And drink without winking four gallons of beer
- Verse 2: Now Jimmy, the barman who served out the drink
- He hated the sight of this here Bluey Brink
- Who stayed much too late and who came much too soon
- At morning, at evening, at night and at noon
- Verse 3: One day as Jimmy was cleaning the bar
- With sulphuric acid he kept in a jar
- Along comes this shearer a hollerin' with thirst
- Saying "whatever you've got, Jim just give me the first."
- Verse 4: Now it ain't down in history, and it ain't down in print
- But Bluey drank acid with never a wink
- Saying "that's the stuff, Jimmy why strike me stone dead
- This'll make me the ringer of Stephenson's shed."
- Verse 5: For the rest of the day as he served up the beer
- Poor Jimmy was sick with his trouble and fear
- Too anxious to argue too worried to fight
- He saw that poor shearer a corpse in the night.
- Verse 6: But early next morning when he opened the door
- Along came old Bluey a screamin' for more
- With his eyebrows all singed and his whiskers deranged
- And holes in hide like a dog with the mange.
- Verse 7: Says Jimmy "and how did you find the new stuff?"
- Says Bluey "it's fine but I've not had enough
- It gives me great courage to shear and to fight
- But why does that stuff set me whiskers alight?"

Verse 8: I thought I knew grog, but I must have been wrong  
The stuff that you gave me was proper and strong  
It set me to coughing and you know I'm no liar  
But every damn cough set me whiskers on fire."



## BLAME IT ON THE KELLYS

*Shel Silverstein (1970)*

## Swing Feel



D    A    D

Verse 1. Someone stole old Banyon's pig. Blame it on the Kellys !

A    D

Pinched my cart and horse and rig. Blame it on the Kellys !

G    D    G    D

Someone robbed the Sydney mail, sacked the jailer and put him in jail,

A      D                          G    A    D

And if the potato crop should fail ... they'll blame it on the Kellys.

G                      D                      A                      D  
 Chorus: *Blame it on the Kelly boys, blame it on the Kellys,*  
 G                      D                      A                      D  
*Shame, shame upon the name, blame it on .... the Kellys.*

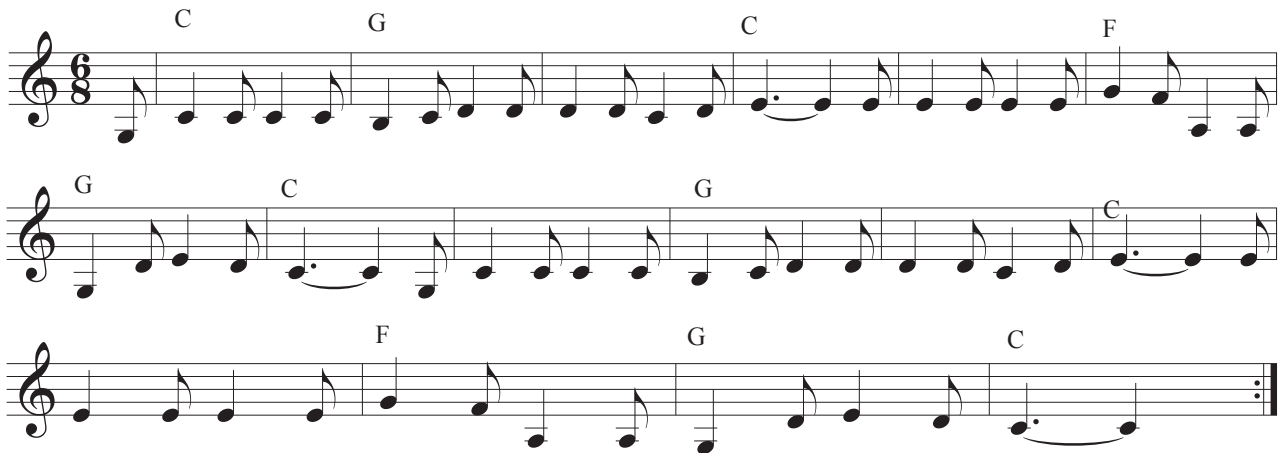
Verse 2. If anybody steals a horse, blame it on the Kellys !  
Anybody breaks the law, blame it on the Kellys !  
If anyone does something new, or does what you would like to do,  
And if the troopers don't know who .... they'll blame it on the Kellys.

Verse 3. They're posted up on every wall. Blame it on the Kellys !  
 There's no crime too great or small, to blame it on the Kellys !  
 They killed a thousand so they tell, You know they're bound to burn in hell,  
 I think I'll steal a horse myself .... and blame it on the Kellys.

Verse 4. Someone killed old Jim Divine. Blame it on the Kellys !  
Was a dark and deadly crime. Blame it on the Kellys !  
Someone killed old Jim Divine; we don't know the place or time,  
But the poor old boy was a hundred and nine .... oh, blame it on the Kellys

# BOLD JACK DONAHUE

From the singing of Anne Cochrane on 'Treasury Of Australian Song' 1973



Verse 1:           C           G                   C  
There was a valiant highwayman of courage and renown  
                                  F           G           C  
Who scorned to live in slavery or humble to the crown  
                          G                           C  
In Dublin city fair and free where first his breath he drew  
                                  F                   G           C  
Twas there they Christened him the brave and bold Jack Donahue

Verse 2: He scarce had been transported unto the Australian shore  
When he took to the highway as he had done before  
And every week in the newspaper was published something new  
Concerning of the valiant deeds of bold Jack Donahue

Verse 3: As Donahue was cruising one summers afternoon  
Little was his notion that his death would be so soon  
When to his surprise the horse police appeared unto his view  
And in quick time they did advance upon Jack Donahue

Verse 4: The sergeant of the horse police discharged his carbine  
And called aloud on Donahue to fight or to resign  
I'd rather roam these hills around like wolf or kangaroo  
Than work one hour for the government cried bold Jack Donahue

Verse 5: Six round he fought the horse police until the fatal ball  
Which pierced his heart with cruel smart caused Donahue to fall  
The sergeant and the corporal and all their cowardly crew  
It took them all their time to fall the bold Jack Donahue

Verse 6: There was Francis, Grant, bold Robin Hood, Brennan and O'Hare  
With Donahue the bush ranger none of them could compare  
And now he's gone to heaven I hope with the saints and angels too  
May the lord have mercy on the soul of bold Jack Donahue

# BOOZIN' (Jolly Well Boozin')

*Traditional*

## Verse

## Chorus

Verse 1:      D          G          A          D                                  A D  
 Now what do ya think I've been doing all day?    Boozin', jolly well boozin'!  
                  D          G          A          D                                  A D  
 And how do you think I've been spending me pay?    Boozin', jolly well boozin'!  
                  A7                                  D  
 Don't say I'm not wrong for you know I'm not right,  
                  A7                                  G          A  
 Don't argue the toss, for you know I can't fight,  
                  D          G          A          D                                  A D  
 And where would you like me to take you tonight?    Boozin', jolly well boozin'!

Chorus:      D          G          A          D          G          D                                  A  
 Boozin', boozin', when you are dry    Boozin', boozin', suits you and I  
                  D          G          A          D                                  D                                  A D  
 And some do it open and more on the sly    But all of us like to go boozin'

Verse 2: Now what are the joys of the hard working man?  
Boozin', jolly well boozin'!  
And what is he doing whenever he can?  
He's Boozin', jolly well boozin'!  
He comes home on payday and gives his wife all,  
At many a pub there's been many a call  
But what makes him prop himself up on the wall?  
Boozin', jolly well boozin'!

Verse 3: Now what do the Salvation Army shoot down?  
Boozin', jolly well boozin'!  
But what are they doing in every town?  
Boozin', jolly well boozin'!  
They stand on street corners, they holler and shout,  
They jump on beer barrels they spruce and they sprout  
But what are they doing when the lights have gone out?  
Boozin', jolly well boozin'!





# BOTANY BAY

words and music by Stephens and Yardley (1885)

C G C

Sin - ing too rall li oo rall li ad - di - ty Sing - ing

5 F G G7 C

too rall li oo rall li ay Sing - ing too rall li

10 F C Am C G C

oo rall li ad - di ty for we're bou - nd for Bot - an - y Bay

*Chorus:*

C G C  
Singing too-rall, li-oo-rall, li-ad-di-ty,  
C F G G7  
Singing too-rall, li-oo-rall, li-ay,  
C F C Am  
Singing too-rall, li-oo-rall, li-ad-di-ty  
C G C G  
Oh we're bound for Botany Bay

*Verse 1:*

C G C  
Farewell to Old England forever  
C F G  
Farewell to my rum culls as well  
C F C Am  
Farewell to the well known Old Bailee  
C G C G  
Where I once used to cut such a swell

*Verse 2:*

There's the captain as is our commandeer,  
There's bo'sun and all the ship's crew  
There's first and the second class passengers,  
Knows what we poor convicts goes through

*Verse 3: 'Taint leaving Old England we cares about,  
'Taint 'cos we mispells wot we knows  
But becos all we light finger'd gentry  
Hop's around with a log on our toes.*

*Verse 4:*

For fourteen long years I haved served here  
for fourteen long years and a day  
for meeting a bloke in an alleyway  
And stealing his ticker away

Verse 5:        Oh had I the wings of a turtle-dove,  
                     I'd soar on my pinions so high,  
                     Slap bang to the arms of my Polly love,  
                     And in her sweet presence I'd die

Verse 6:        Now all my young Dookies and Duchesses,  
                     Take warning from what I've to say,  
                     Mind all is your own as you touch-es-es,  
                     Or you'll find us in Botany Bay,



# BROKEN DOWN SQUATTER

*Traditional (Written by Charles Augustus Fowler ~1894)*

In 1893 the banking crisis occurred in Australia when several of the commercial banks of the colonies within Australia collapsed. Drought and financial hardship forced many squatters off the land.

Verse C F C

8 Am Dm G7 C 1.

17 2. Chorus F C Am G7

26 C G7 C

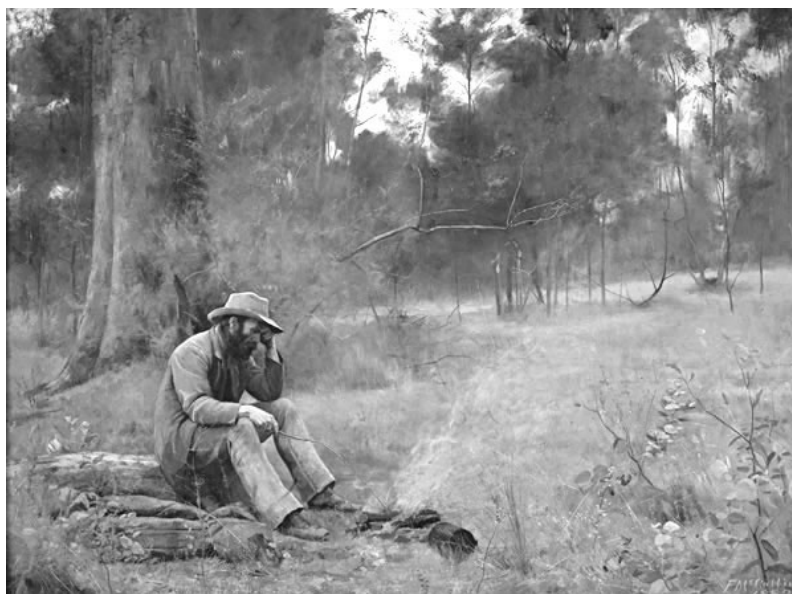
C  
Verse 1: Come, Stumpy old man, we must shift while we can  
F C  
All your mates in the paddock are dead  
Am Dm  
Let us wave our farewells to Glen Eva's sweet dells  
G7 C  
And the hills where your lordship was bred  
C  
Together to roam from our drought-stricken home  
F C  
It's tough that such things have to be  
Am Dm  
And it's hard on a horse to have naught for a boss  
G7 C  
But a broken-down squatter like me

F C  
Chorus: For the banks are all broken they say  
Am G7  
And the merchants are all up a tree  
C  
When the big-wigs are brought to the Bankruptcy Court  
G7 C  
What hope for a squatter like me

Verse 2: No more shall we muster the river for strays  
Or spiel on the Fifteen Mile Plain  
Or rip through the scrub by the light of the moon  
Or see the old stockyard again  
Leave the slip-panels down, it won't matter much now  
There are none but the crows left to see  
Perching gaunt on yon pine, as though longing to dine  
On a broken-down squatter like me

Verse 3: When the country was cursed with the drought at its worst  
And the cattle were dying in scores  
Though down on my luck, I kept up my pluck  
Thinking justice might temper the laws  
But the farce has been played, and the Government aid  
Ain't extended to squatters, old son  
When my money was spent, they doubled the rent  
And resumed the best half of the run

Verse 4: 'Twas done without reason for, leaving the season,  
No squatter could stand such a rub  
For it's useless to squat when the rents are so hot  
That you can't save the price of your grub  
And there's not much to choose 'twixt the banks and the screws  
Once a fellow gets put up a tree  
No odds what I feel, there's no Court of Appeal  
For a broken-down squatter like me



# BRUMBY JACK

*Alex Hood (~1971)*

Verse



Chorus



Verse 1:      G                      C      G  
See the dust cloud on the plain,  
   D  
Hear the sound like falling rain,  
G                      C              G  
Flashing hooves and heads held high  
   D      G  
As the wild bush brumbies gallop by.

Chorus:      G              C              G                              D  
Here comes Brumby Jack, bringing the horses down the track,  
G                              C                      G                              D              G  
Hear him sing as he wheels them around, He keeps them together safe and sound.

Verse 2: Stumpy, Billy, Silver, Dan,  
Pickles, Jim and Pelican,  
He has a name for everyone,  
And when he calls they come at a run.

Verse 3: He loves his wild bush friends so well  
As many a farming man can tell,  
He'll never eat or go to bed  
'Till he's sure they're all been fed.

Verse 4: From the mountain side to the distant plain,  
Here and there and back again,  
They roam the country wild and free,  
Cause that's the way they want to be.

# BULLOCKY-0

*Traditional*

The image displays a musical score for guitar, written in G major (one sharp) and 6/8 time. The score consists of five staves of music. The first staff begins with a treble clef, a key signature of one sharp (F#), and a 6/8 time signature. The music is composed of eighth and quarter notes, with some measures containing beamed eighth notes. Chord symbols are placed above the staff: 'D' above the first measure, 'A7' above the fifth measure, 'D' above the eighth measure, and 'D7' above the ninth measure. The second staff continues the melody, with a 'D' chord symbol above the fifth measure. The third staff starts with a 'G' chord symbol above the first measure and a 'D' chord symbol above the fifth measure. The fourth staff has 'A7' and 'D' chord symbols above the third and fifth measures, respectively. The fifth staff also features 'A7' and 'D' chord symbols above the third and fifth measures. The score concludes with a double bar line at the end of the fifth staff.

Verse 1:

|   |    |   |
|---|----|---|
| D   | A7 |   |
| I draw for Speckle's Mill, bullocky-O, bullocky-O           |    |   |
|   | D  |   |
| There's many a log I drew, bullocky-O                       |    |   |
| G   | D  |   |
| I draw cedar, beech and pine, and I never get on the wine   |    |   |
| D   | A7 | D |
| I'm the king of bullock drivers, don't you know, bullocky-O |    |   |
| D   | A7 | D |
| I'm the king of bullock drivers, don't you know, bullocky-O |    |   |

Verse 2:      There's Guinea and Anderson too, bullocky-O, bullocky-O  
                  And it's many a log they drew, bullocky-O  
                  I can give them a thousand feet, axe 'em square and never cheat  
                  I'm the king of bullock drivers, don't you know, bullocky-O  
                  I'm the king of bullock drivers, don't you know, bullocky-O

Verse 3:      There's Wapples, too: he brags, bullocky-O bullocky-O  
                  Of his forty raw-boned stags, bullocky-O  
                  I can tell you it's no slander when I say I raise their dander  
                  When they hear the crack of me whip, bullocky oh, bullocky-O  
                  I'm the king of bullock drivers, don't you know, bullocky-O

Verse 4: I draw for Speckle's Mill, bullocky-O, bullocky-O  
And it's many a log I drew, bullocky-O  
I draw cedar, beech and pine, and I never get on the wine  
I'm the king of bullock drivers, don't you know, bullocky-O  
I'm the king of bullock drivers, don't you know, bullocky-O

# THE BULLOCKIES BALL

*Australian Traditional, tune: Finigan's Wake*

Verse

Verse 1:      G                      Em                      G                      Em  
 The teams were camped along the gully, soon the news flew round about  
                  G                      Em                      C                      D7                      G  
 Plans were worked out by Pat Skulley, to give the boys a grand blowout  
                  G                      Em                      G                      Em  
 We had an awning of tarpaulin, kegs and casks came quickly rolling  
                  G                      Em                      C                      D7                      G  
 Then the boys and girls came strolling, to have a burst at the Bullockies' Ball.

Chorus      G                      Em                      G                      Em  
 Oh, my hearty, that was a party. Help yourself, free, gratis all  
                  G                      Em                      C                      D7                      G  
 Lots of prog and buckets of grog to swig away at the Bullockies' Ball

Verse 2: First came Flash Joe, but Jimmy was flasher. Hopping Billy the one-eyed boss  
 Brisbane Sal and the Derwent Slasher Billy the Bull and Paddy the Hoss  
 Nanny the Rat, the real macassar Brisbane Bess and Mother McCall  
 All came rolling up together, to have a burst at the Bullockies' Ball

Verse 3: Soon pint pots began to rattle; the cry was "Pass the rum this way!"  
 The boys began to blow their cattle, and the ladies, of course, must have their say  
 Sal said she'd take cheek from no man, down to a dish of hash did stoop  
 She got a smack in the eye with a doughboy, put her sitting in a bucket of soup.

Verse 4: Oh then, boys, there was the ructions, man the tucker and let fly  
 Brisbane Bess with a hunk of damper caught Flash Joe right in the eye  
 Nanny the Rat, the real macassar, with a frying pan a dozen slew  
 He got a clip with a leg of mutton, took a dive in an Irish stew

Verse 5    There was a wallowman Doughy Rolly Foley, said he's put them to the rout  
Seized a junk of roly-poly, but a poultice of pigweed stopped his mouth  
Now, this raised his old woman's dander, into an awful tanter flew  
"Fair play" cried she to a bleedin' overlander, "You pumpkin-peeling, toe rag snob!"

Last Chorus    Oh, my hearty, that was a party. Help yourself, free, gratis all  
Blackened eyes and broken noses. That wound up the Bullockies' Ball





# BUSH LULLABY

Louis Esson &amp; Chris Kempster

Verse

D A7 D G D

5 A7 D G D A7 D

9 Chorus D A7 G D A7

13 D A7 D A7 D

Verse 1: Baby, oh baby, right you are for bed,  
Magpie to Mopoke, busy as a bee.  
The little red calf's in the snug cow-shed,  
And the little brown bird's in the tree.

D                      A7          G                      D  
Chorus: Daddy's gone a-shearing down the Castlereagh,  
A7  
So we're all alone now, only you and me.  
D                      A7          D  
Its all among the wool-o, keep your wide blades full-o,  
A7                      D  
Daddy loves his baby, parted though we be.

Verse 2: Baby, oh baby, rest your weary head,  
The one man who works here, tired you must be.  
The little red calf's in the snug cow-shed,  
And the little brown bird's in the tree.

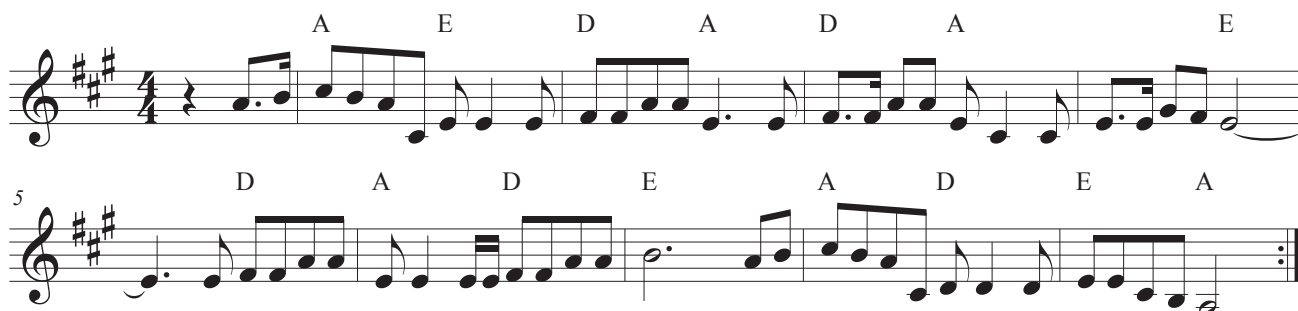
From the singing of:

Priscilla Herdman – “Star Dreamer: Nightsongs & lullabies” 1994 and “Songs of Chris Kempster” 2008

Martyn Wyndham-Read – “Emu Plains” Fellside LP1981 CD2001

# CALL OF THE NORTH

Lyrics: Jack Sorensen (1929); Melody: Bob Rummery



Verse 1:                   A                   E                   D                   A

Now the western wind is blowing so there's rain and storm in store,

                  D                   A                   E

The teams have long been going down the road to Glindawor.

                  D                   A                   D                   E

Where the tropic sun is gleaming, the breeze is blowing free;

                  A                   D                   E                   A

I have wakened from my dreaming, and the North is calling me.

Chorus:                   A                   E                   D                   A

Oh, the steam is in the engine in the expert's room below,

                  D                   A                   E

And upon the board each shearer waits to hear the whistle blow.

                  D                   A                   D                   E

For the shearing is beginning, and my heart is fancy free,

                  A                   D                   E                   A

And the friction wheels are spinning, and the North is calling me.

Verse 2: From the Southward to the Northward, where the long, brown tracks wind down;

Oh, me mates are pushing forward, to the wilderness from town;

Gone by stony hill and hollow, to where I now would be,

Where they lead I needs must follow, for the North, it's calling me.

Verse 3: What's the news I have been hearing, tidings strange to me indeed,

Bidgemia's started shearing, with Sawallish in the lead,

Straining camel teams are swaying, from the Junction to the sea,

Why so long am I delaying, when the North is calling me.

Verse 4 : And so Northward I am going, for I cannot linger here,

Now the starting whistle's blowing, and the 'guns' are into gear:

And to be there I am longing, and I hail the sheds with glee,

For the friction wheels are turning, and the North is calling me.

Verse 5: And so Northward I am going, for I cannot linger here,

For the starting whistle's blowing, and the 'guns' are into gear:

So to be there I am yearning, I will hail the sheds with glee,

For the money wheels are turning, and the North is calling me.

## CARRIER'S SONG

Traditional

(Published in George Chanson's Sydney Songster)

### From Warren Fahey's 'A Panorama Of Bush Songs'

[illegible]

Verse 1:

To sing you all a pleasant song, I now feel in the mind, sir,

For travelling on the road each day, there's something strange you'll find, sir.

It's strange to know the once-good tracks, no longer we can trust, sir,

For every road we travel now, there's nothing there but dust, sir.

Chorus: C G C F C G C  
Dust, dust, dust, Along the roads there's nothing there but dust, dust, dust.

Verse 2: I pity those poor carriers, who on the road oft travel,  
With gibs of horses quite knocked up by ruts and sand and gravel.  
No water on the way they find, though they in vain may seek, sir,  
For dust has filled each waterhole, each gully and dry creek, sir.

Verse 3: If to New England e'er they go, and take much heavy loading,  
I fear they'll find their horses then will need some extra goading,  
As stuck upon the Moonbi Range, in them they cannot trust, sir;  
Do all they can they will not pull the high load through the dust, sir.

Verse 4:    Now, too much rain's a different thing to what we do require  
               In rainy weather well you know, you can't keep in the fire;  
               As stuck upon the creek,    you ask to get a pull out,  
               From some bull-puncher who has just got his own team with wool out.

Chorus: Rain, rain, rain, Along the road there's nothing there but rain, rain, rain.

Verse 5:    So now I've sung in humble rhyme the trails of the road, sir,  
              Of what a driver must endure, who takes a heavy load, sir;  
              How he may be stuck fast enough, for many, many weeks, sir,  
              Though would be naught if government would only bridge the creeks, sir.

Chorus:    Rain, rain, rain,    Along the road there's nothing there but rain, rain, rain.



# THE CATALPA

*traditional (tune: variation on Rosin The Bow)*

Chords: C, F, C, Am, C, F, C, G, C, F, C, Am, C, F, C, G, C

Verse 1:

C F  
A noble whale ship and commander  
C Am  
Called the Catalpa, they say  
C F  
She sailed into Western Australia  
C G C  
And took six poor Fenians away

Chorus:

C F  
So come all you screw warders and jailers  
C Am  
Remember Perth regatta day  
C F  
Take care of the rest of your Fenians  
C G C  
Or the Yankees will steal them away

Verse 2:

For seven long years they had served here  
For seven long more had to stay  
For defending their own country Ireland  
For that they were banished away

Verse 3:

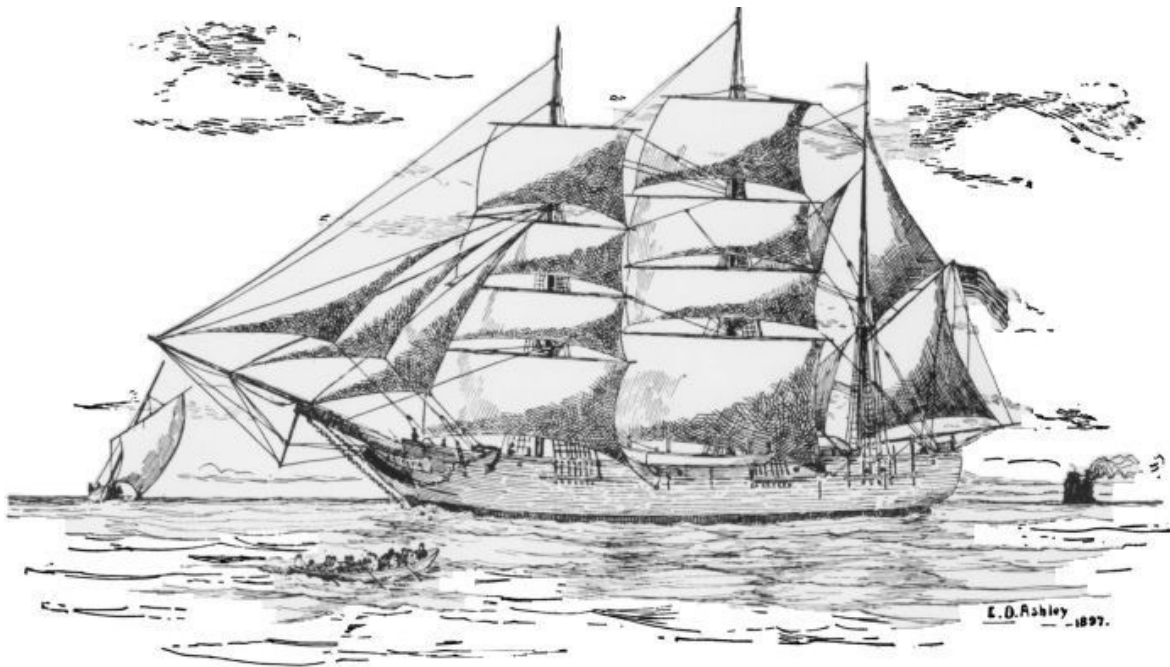
You kept them in Western Australia  
Till their hair it began to turn grey  
When a Yank from the States of America  
Came out here and stole them away

Verse 4:        Now all the Perth boats were a-racing  
                    And making short tacks for the spot  
                    But the Yankee she tacked into Fremantle  
                    And took the best prize of the lot

Verse 5:        The Georgette armed with bold warriors  
                    Went out the poor Yanks to arrest  
                    But she hoisted her star-spangled banner  
                    Saying you'll not board me I guess

Verse 6:        So remember those six Fenians colonial  
                    And sing o'er these few verses with skill  
                    And remember the Yankee that stole them  
                    And the home that they left on the hill

Verse 7:        And now they are safe in America  
                    And there they'll be able to cry  
                    "hoist up the green flag and the shamrock  
                    hurrah for old Ireland we'll die."



# CANINE CATASTROPHE

Anon

From the singing of John Currie on 'Treasury Of Australian Song' 1973



Verse 1: F C F  
Oh, the dogs once held a festival, they came from near and far.  
C  
Oh, some they came by aeroplane. and some by motor car.  
F C  
Before into the concert hall they were allowed to look,  
Bb F C F  
Each dog had to take his 'you know what' and hang it on a hook.  
Bb F C F  
Each dog had to take his 'you know what'. and hang it on a hook.

Verse 2: Oh, hardly were they seated there, each mother, son and sire,  
When a dirty little yeller dog began to holler 'Fire!'  
Out they rushed in panic, They didn't stop to look;  
Each dog just grabbed a 'you know what'. from off the nearest hook.  
Each dog just grabbed a 'you know what'. from off the nearest hook.

Verse 3: Because they got them all mixed up. It makes them very sore  
To have to wear a 'you know what'. That they never wore before  
Sometimes its unbearable and if you look around  
You'll see dogs trying to make it fit by rubbing on the ground  
You'll see dogs trying to make it fit by rubbing on the ground

Verse 4: And that's the reason why you see, on walking down the street,  
Each dog will stop and swap a smell. with every dog he meets.  
And that's the reason why a dog Will bury a good fat bone  
To go and smell a 'you know what'. In hopes to find his own.  
To go and smell a 'you know what'. In hopes to find his own

# CHARLIE MOPPS

*Traditional*

*Scientists have examined ancient pottery using chemical tests that reveal beer dates back as far as 7,000 years.  
This song originated in the British Isles and no doubt was taken by sailors all over the world.  
Australia adopted it as one of their own.*



Verse 1:

A long time ago, way back in history

When all there was to drink was nothing but cups of tea

Along came a man by the name of Charlie Mops

And he invented a wonderful drink and he made it out of hops

Chorus: Oh he must have been an admiral, a sultan, or a king  
And to his praises we shall always sing  
Look what he has done for us, he's filled us up with cheer  
lord bless Charlie Mops, The man who invented beer

Verse 2:     A barrel of malt, A bushel of hops, you stir it around with a stick,  
The kind of lubrication to make your engine tick.  
Forty pints of wallop a day will keep away the quacks.  
It's only eight pence ha'penny and one and six in tax

Verse 3:     The Jury's Bar, the Goulburn Club, the Hole in the Wall as well  
                  One thing you can be sure of, it's Charlie's beer they sell  
                  So come on all me lucky lads at eleven O'clock ye stop  
                  Five short seconds, remember Charlie Mops                    One.. Two.. Three.. Four.. Five

Verse 4: The day that Charlie did, he came to Heaven's gate  
He said to Saint Peter "now, tell me how I rate"  
Saint Peter looked at him and said "now tell me who are you?"  
He said "I'm Charlie Mopps" saint Peter said "Straight through"

Verse 5:      You can talk about inventors of today being up to date  
                  Our animated pictures and photographs are great  
                  But the greatest inventor of them all it's plain and clear  
                  Is the one and only Charlie Mopps, the man who invented beer.



# CLANCY OF THE OVERFLOW

Words: A.B.Paterson(1895)

Music: John Wallis (1980)

As sung by Wallis & Matilda on the album 'Pioneers'



- Verse 1:                   G                                   C                                   G                                   C  
I had written him a letter which I had, for want of better  
                                  C                                   G                                   D  
Knowledge, sent to where I met him down the Lachlan, years ago,  
                                  C                                   G  
He was shearing when I knew him, so I sent the letter to him,  
                                  D7                                   C                                   G  
Just 'on spec', addressed as follows, 'Clancy, of The Overflow'
- Verse 2:   And an answer came directed in a writing unexpected,  
(And I think the same was written with a thumb-nail dipped in tar)  
'Twas his shearing mate who wrote it, and verbatim I will quote it:  
'Clancy's gone to Queensland droving, and we don't know where he are.'
- Verse 3:   In my wild erratic fancy visions come to me of Clancy  
Gone a-droving 'down the Cooper' where the Western drovers go;  
As the stock are slowly stringing, Clancy rides behind them singing,  
For the drover's life has pleasures that the townsfolk never know.
- Verse 4:   And the bush hath friends to meet him, and their kindly voices greet him  
In the murmur of the breezes and the river on its bars,  
And he sees the vision splendid of the sunlit plains extended,  
And at night the wond'rous glory of the everlasting stars.
- Verse 5:   I am sitting in my dingy little office, where a stingy  
Ray of sunlight struggles feebly down between the houses tall,  
And the foetid air and gritty of the dusty, dirty city  
Through the open window floating, spreads its foulness over all

- Verse 6:   And in place of lowing cattle, I can hear the fiendish rattle  
              Of the tramways and the 'buses making hurry down the street,  
              And the language uninviting of the gutter children fighting,  
              Comes fitfully and faintly through the ceaseless tramp of feet.
- Verse 7:   And the hurrying people daunt me, and their pallid faces haunt me  
              As they shoulder one another in their rush and nervous haste,  
              With their eager eyes and greedy, and their stunted forms and weedy,  
              For townsfolk have no time to grow, they have no time to waste.
- Verse 8:   And I somehow rather fancy that I'd like to change with Clancy,  
              Like to take a turn at droving where the seasons come and go,  
              While he faced the round eternal of the cash-book and the journal —  
              But I doubt he'd suit the office, Clancy, of 'The Overflow.'



# CLICK GO THE SHEARS

*traditional (tune: Ring The Bell Watchman)*

Verse 1:

|   |   |   |   |
|---|---|---|---|
| C   | F |   |   |
| Out on the board the old shearer stands           |   |   |   |
| C   | G |   |   |
| Grasping his shears in his thin bony hands        |   |   |   |
| C   | F |   |   |
| Fixed is his gaze on a bare-bellied "joe"         |   |   |   |
| G   | C | F | C |
| Glory if he gets her, won't he make the ringer go |   |   |   |

Chorus :

|  |   |   |   |
|--|---|---|---|
| G  | C | F | C |
| Click go the shears boys, click, click, click          |   |   |   |
| F  | C | G |   |
| Wide is his blow and his hands are moving quick        |   |   |   |
| C  | F |   |   |
| The ringer looks around and is beaten by a blow        |   |   |   |
| G  | C | F | C |
| And curses the old snagger with the blue-bellied "joe" |   |   |   |

Verse 2:

In the middle of the floor in his cane-bottomed chair  
Sits the boss of the board, with his eyes everywhere  
He notes well each fleece as it comes to the screen  
Paying strict attention if it's taken off clean

Verse 3:

The colonial-experience man he's there, of course  
With his shiny leggin's just got off his horse  
Casting round his eye like a real connoisseur  
Brilliantine and scented soap and smelling like a "whore"

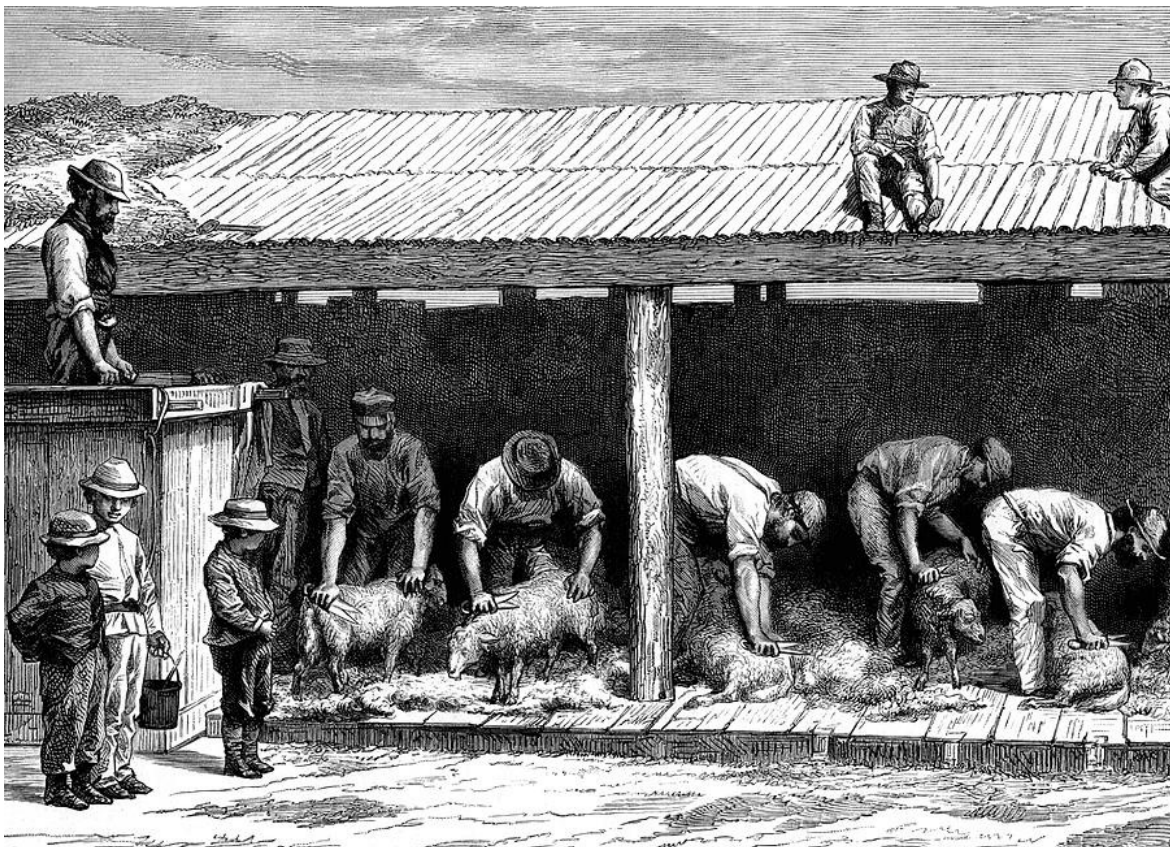
Verse 4:

The tar-boy is there awaiting in demand  
With his blackened tar-pot and his tarry hand  
Sees one old sheep with a cut upon its back  
Here's what he's waiting for "Tar here Jack!"

Verse 5:        Shearing is all over and we've all got our cheques  
                     Roll up your swag for we're off on the tracks  
                     The first pub we come to it's there we'll have a spree  
                     And everyone that comes along it's, "Come and drink with me!"

Verse 6:        Down by the bar the old shearer stands  
                     Grasping his glass in his thin bony hands  
                     Fixed is his gaze on a green-painted keg  
                     Glory he'll get down on it ere he stirs a peg

verse 7:        There we leave him standing, shouting for all hands  
                     Whilst all around him every shouter stands  
                     His eyes are on the cask which is now lowering fast  
                     He works hard he drinks hard and goes to hell at last



# THE COCKIES OF BUNGAREE

*Traditional*(~1930)

D A D G  
 E7 A7 G D  
 A7 D

Musical score for "The Rose Tree" in 6/8 time. The score is written on a single staff with a treble clef and a key signature of two sharps (F# and C#). The melody consists of eighth and quarter notes, with some measures containing beamed eighth notes. Chords are indicated above the staff: D, A, D, G, E7, A7, G, D, A7, and D. The score is divided into measures by vertical bar lines, and the final measure ends with a double bar line.

Verse 1: Come, all you weary travellers who's out of work, just mind  
If you take a trip to Bungaree, it's plenty there you'll find  
Take a trial with the cockies, you can take it straight from me  
You'll very surely rue the day you went to Bungaree

*Chorus*      *Oh we used to go to bed you know a little bit after dark*  
*The room we used to sleep in it was just like Noah's Ark*  
*There were dogs and cats and mice and cats and pigs and poulterree*  
*But I'll never forget the time we had while down in Bungaree*

Verse 2: Well, how I came this weary way I means to let you know  
Being out of employment, I didn't know where to go  
I went to the register office, and there I did agree  
To take a job aclearing for a cocky in Bungaree

Verse 3: His homestead was of surface mud the roof of mouldy thatch  
The doors and windows hung by a nail with never a bolt or catch  
The chickens laid eggs on the table such a sight you never did see  
One laid an egg on the old tin plate of the cocky of Bungaree



- Verse 4: And on the very first morning it was the usual go  
He battled a plate for breakfast before the cocks did crow  
The stars were shining gloriously, the moon was high, you see  
I thought before the sun would rise, I'd die in Bungaree
- Verse 5: And when I got home for supper, it was about half past nine  
And when I had it ate well, I reckoned it was bedtime  
The cocky he came over to me, and he said with a merry laugh  
"I want you now for an hour or two to cut a bit of chaff"
- Verse 6: Well when the work was over I had to nurse the youngest child  
Whenever I cracked a bit of a joke the missus she would smile  
The old feller he got jealous looked like he'd murder me  
And there he sat and whipped the cat the cocky in Bungaree
- Verse 7: Well, when I had my first week done, I reckoned I'd had enough  
I walked up to the cocky, and I asked him for my stuff  
I went down in to Ballarat, and it didn't last me long  
I went straight in to Sayer's Hotel, and blew my one pound one



# COMIN' DOWN THE FLAT

Charles Thatcher (1831-1878)

Tune: Traditional Scottish song "Coming Through The Rye"



Verse 1:      D      A7                  D      G      D  
 If a body meets a body Comin' down the flat  
                  D                  A7                  D      G      D  
 Should a body, "Joe" a body for having on a hat?  
                  D                  A7                  D7      G  
 Some wear caps, some wide-awakes, but I prefer a hat,  
                  D   G   D                  G                  D      A7      D  
 But everybody cries out "Joe".... Comin' down the flat.

Verse 2: The squatter loves his cabbage-tree with streamers hanging down.  
 He wears it always in the bush and even in the town.  
 The cabbage-tree may be his choice but I prefer a hat,  
 But everybody cries out "Joe".... Comin' down the flat.

Verse 3: The digger wears his "wide-awake" wherever he may go,  
 At the wing, when washing-up and also down below.  
 The "wide-awake" may suit him well but I prefer a hat,  
 But everybody cries out "Joe".... Comin' down the flat.

Verse 4: The peeler has his leather cap about two pounds in weight  
 In pelting rain or boiling sun to wear it is his fate  
 The leather cap won't do for me for I prefer a hat ...  
 But everybody cries out "Joe".... Comin' down the flat.

## A CONVICT MAID

*Traditional*

The second system of the musical score for 'The Rose Tree' is shown. It begins with a treble clef, a key signature of one flat (B-flat), and a time signature of 3/4. The melody continues with eighth and quarter notes. Chord symbols F, B-flat, C, and F are placed above the staff. The system concludes with a double bar line. A small number '5' is written below the first staff of this system.

|           |  |    |    |   |
|-----------|--|----|----|---|
|           | F  | Bb | C  | F |
| Verse 1:  | Ye London maids attend to me while I relate my tale of misery                |    |    |   |
|           |  | Bb | C7 | F |
|           | Through London streets I oft have strayed and now, alas I am a Convict Maid  |    |    |   |
| Verse 2:  | In innocence I once did live In all the joy that peace could give            |    |    |   |
|           | But sin my youthful heart betrayed and now I am a Convict Maid               |    |    |   |
| Verse 3:  | To wed my lover I did try to take my master's property                       |    |    |   |
|           | So all my guilt was soon displayed and I became a Convict Maid               |    |    |   |
| Verse 4:  | Then I was soon to prison sent to wait in fear my punishment                 |    |    |   |
|           | When at the bar I stood dismayed since doomed to be a Convict Maid           |    |    |   |
| Verse 5:  | At length the Judge did me address which filled with pain my aching breast   |    |    |   |
|           | To Botany Bay you will be conveyed for seven long years to be a Convict Maid |    |    |   |
| Verse 6:  | For seven long years oh how I sighed while my poor mother loudly cried       |    |    |   |
|           | My lover wept and thus he said "may God be with my Convict Maid"             |    |    |   |
| Verse 7:  | To you that here my mournful tale I cannot half my grief reveal              |    |    |   |
|           | No sorrow yet has been portrayed like that of the poor Convict Maid          |    |    |   |
| Verse 8:  | Far from my friends and home so dear my punishment is most severe            |    |    |   |
|           | My woe is great and I'm afraid that I shall die a Convict Maid               |    |    |   |
| Verse 9:  | I toil each day in greaf and pain and sleepless through the night remain     |    |    |   |
|           | My constant toils are unrepaid and wretched is the Convict Maid              |    |    |   |
| Verse 10: | Oh could I but once more be free I'd never again a captive be                |    |    |   |
|           | But I would seek some honest trade and never become a Convict Maid           |    |    |   |



## COOTAMUNDRA WATTLE

*words and music* © John Williamson (1986)

Verse

D Em7/D D Em7/D

5 D Em7/D D Em7/D D

10 Em7/D D Em7/D D Em7/D

15 D Chorus Em7/D D Em7/D

20 D Em7/D D A7 D

The image displays a musical score for the song 'The Sound of Silence' by Simon & Garfunkel. It is written for guitar and voice. The key signature is D major (two sharps: F# and C#), and the time signature is 4/4. The score is divided into a 'Verse' section and a 'Chorus' section. The Verse section spans measures 1 through 14, and the Chorus section spans measures 15 through 20. Above the staff, guitar chords are indicated: D, Em7/D, and A7. The melody is written on a single staff in treble clef. The score includes measure numbers 1, 5, 10, 15, and 20. The music features a mix of eighth and sixteenth notes, with some measures containing rests. The overall style is a simple, acoustic guitar arrangement.

|     |   |     |   |     |   |   |  |  |
|-----|---|-----|---|-----|---|---|--|--|
| Em7 | D | Em7 | D | Em7 | D | A |  |  |
|-----|---|-----|---|-----|---|---|--|--|

Verse 1: Don't go lookin' through that old camphor box woman,  
You know those old things only make you cry.  
When you dream upon that little bunny rug  
It makes you think that life has passed you by  
There are days when you wish the world would stop woman,  
But then you know some wounds would never heal  
But when I browse the early pages of the children  
It's then I know exactly how you feel.

Em7/D D  
*Chorus: Hey it's July and the winter sun is shining*  
 Em7/D D  
*And the Cootamundra wattle is my friend*  
 Em7/D D  
*For all at once my childhood never left me*  
 A7 D  
*'Cause wattle blossoms bring it back again.*

Verse 2: It's Sunday and you should stop the worry woman,  
Come out here and sit down in the sun  
Can't you hear the magpies in the distance?  
Don't you feel the new day has begun?  
Can't you hear the bees making honey woman,  
In the spotted gums where the bellbirds ring?  
You might grow old and bitter cause you missed it,  
You know some people never hear such things

Chorus: Hey it's July and the winter sun is shining ....

Verse 3: Don't buy the daily papers any more woman,  
Read all about what's going on in hell.  
They don't care to tell the world of kindness,  
Good news never made a paper sell.  
There's all the colours of the rainbow in the garden woman,  
And symphonies of music in the sky.  
Heaven's all around us if you're looking,  
But how can you see it if you cry.

Chorus: Hey it's July and the winter sun is shining .....



## COUSIN JACK

*Written by Steve Knightley 1997*

*Cousin jack is a slang term or nickname for a Cornish Man*

*The 'Great Emigration' of the Cornish between around 1815 and the First World War saw a scattering of the Cornish to the new mining frontiers of the world including Australia.*

Verse

Chorus

Verse 1:

|                                     |    |   |                                     |    |
|-------------------------------------|----|---|-------------------------------------|----|
|                                     | Em | C | D                                   | Em |
| This land is barren and broken.     |    |   | Scarred like the face of the moon   |    |
|                                     | Bm | C | D                                   |    |
| Our tongue is no longer spoken.     |    |   | These towns all around us face ruin |    |
| Em                                  | C  | D | Em                                  |    |
| Will there be work in New Brunswick |    |   | or will I find gold in the Cape     |    |
|                                     | Bm | C | D                                   |    |
| If I tunnel way down to Australia   |    |   | will I ever escape?                 |    |

Chorus: G D  
Where there's a mine or a hole in the ground  
Em C  
That's what I'm heading for, that's where I'm bound  
D G D/F# Em D  
So look for me under the lode or inside the vein  
G D  
Where the copper, the clay, the arsenic and tin  
Em C  
Run in your blood and get under your skin  
D G D/F# Em D C Em  
I'm leaving the county behind, I'm not coming back So, follow me down cousin Jack

Verse 2:    The soil is too poor to make Eden.    Granite and sea left no choice  
Though visions of heaven sustained us    when John Wesley gave us a voice  
Did Joseph once come to St Michael's Mount.    Two thousand years pass in a dream  
When you're working your way in the darkness    Deep in the heart of the seam

Verse 3: I dream of a bridge on the Tamar. It opens us up to the east  
And the English live in our houses The Spanish fish in these seas  
Will there be work in New Brunswick Will I find gold in the Cape  
If I tunnel way down to Australia. Oh, will I ever escape?

## CURRENCY LASSES

(Published in Sydney Gazette July 1842)

Tune: variation of 'Irish washerwoman'

A musical score for the song "The Sound of Silence" by Simon &amp; Garfunkel. The score is written for guitar and features four staves of music in A major (three sharps). The first staff begins with a treble clef, a key signature of three sharps, and a 6/8 time signature. It includes a repeat sign followed by a double bar line. Chord symbols are placed above the notes: A, Bm, E, and A. The second staff continues the melody with chord symbols A, E, and A. The third staff has chord symbols A, E7, D, and A. The fourth staff concludes the piece with chord symbols D, A, E7, A, E7, and A. The notation uses eighth and quarter notes, often beamed together, to create a flowing melodic line.

A Bm  
Verse 1: The Currency Lads can fill up their glasses and drink to the health of the Currency Lassies,  
A E A  
The lass I adore, the one for me is the lass in the Female Factory.  
E7  
Molly's her name - her name it is Molly although she was tried by the name of Polly  
D A D A E7 A E A  
Tried and sentenced to death at Newry the Judge was bribed and so were the jury.

Verse 2: She was sentenced to death at Newry Town for stealing her mistresses watch and gown.  
Her little boy, Paddy, will tell you the tale, his Father is turnkey at Newry Jail.  
The first time I saw this comely lass I was at Parramatta, goin' to Mass.  
Says I, "I'll marry you in an hour" says she, "I'll go and get Father Power".

Verse 3: But I got into trouble that very same night. Being drunk on the street I got into a fight.  
A policeman came up and I gave him a box. I was put in the watch-house and then in the stocks  
It's very unpleasant as I remember to sit in the stocks in the month of December  
The wind is so hot with the sun right o'er sure, it's no place for a lover at all.

Verse 4: "It's very unpleasant", says I, "Mr Dunn, for to sit here all day in the heat of the sun",  
"Either that or a dollar", says he, "for your folly". "If I had a dollar I'd drink it with Molly."  
Now I'm out again, early and late. crying outside of the Factory gate  
Sayin', "Mrs O'Reardon and Mrs Muldoon won't you let my Molly out very soon."

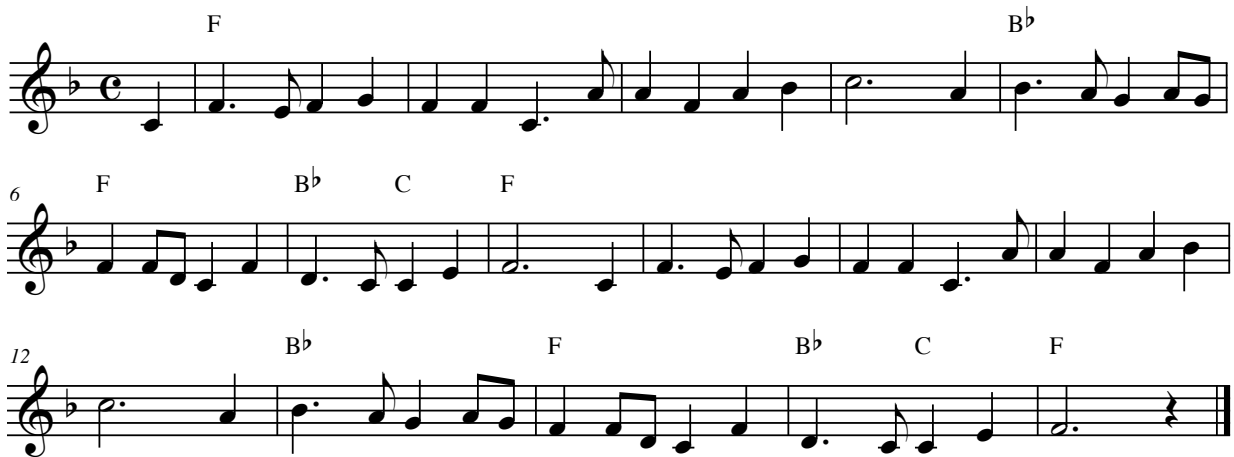
Outro: The Currency Lads can fill up their glasses and drink to the health of the Currency Lasses,  
The lass I adore, the one for me is the lass in the Female Factory.

# THE DEATH OF PETER CLARK

*Lyric author unknown*

*Tune Trad: 'Look Out Below'*

*Found in Singabout, June 1983*



Verse 1: On Walden's range at morning time the sun shone brightly down;  
It shone across the winding Page near Murrurundi town.  
It glittered o'er the burning mount where murky shadows fell,  
Across a path to travelers known, to some, alas, too well.

Verse 2: And if you will but listen a while, to you I will relate  
What happened there to Peter Clark and Jimmy Clarke, his mate.  
They camped one night close by the range; in songs the hours flew past,  
And little did poor Peter think that night would be his last.

Verse 3: At dawn they climbed the steep ascent, they had scarcely reached the top  
When a voice in accents stern and bold commanded them to stop.  
"Hand up your money, watch, and chain," the robber sternly cried.  
"Who takes my money takes my life," the angry Clarke replies.

Verse 4: Then laughed the robber loud in scorn as he his pistol drew.  
Said he, "My hand is firm and strong, my aim is ever true.  
"And he who would my word gainsay, though he be earl or knight,  
I swear by all I sacred hold, he'll ne'er see morning light.

Verse 5: "These are but words, and idle words," The daring Clark replied,  
And with one rapid bound he strode close by the robber's side.  
And now the deadly struggle commenced for life between them both;  
One hand of Clark's the pistol grasped and the other grasped his throat.

Verse 6: Now haste you, haste you, Jimmy Clarke, you were always good in need  
Your comrade's welfare, nay, his life depends on your good speed.  
But hark to that loud pistol shot in a second rends the skies;  
A human being now on the ground in his death struggle lies.

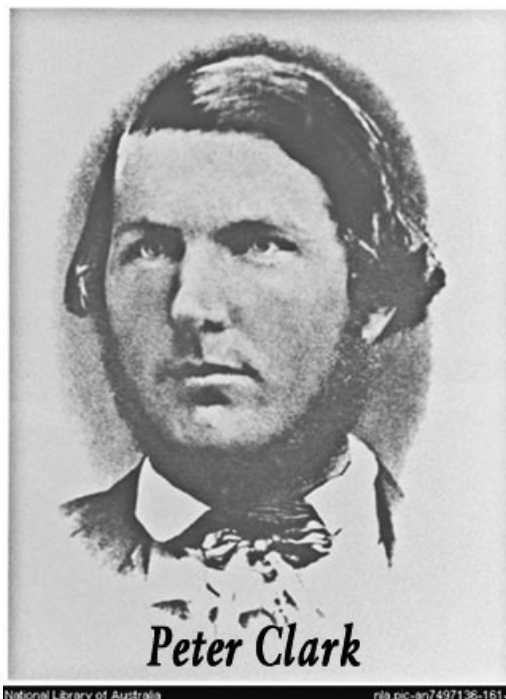
Verse 7: But the robber frightened by his deed in terror now did stand;  
He felt a grasp upon his arm, it was Jimmy's heavy hand  
He turned to battle with his foe when a voice hissed in his ear  
Today you have slain a comrade brave who to me was very dear

Verse 8: "Who takes a life must yield a life, and you I shall see you die  
Not like a man but like a dog upon the gallows high"  
And Jimmy's prophecy came to pass before the moon was old  
The robber like his victim slain lay silent dead and cold.

Peter Clark was murdered by a bushranger on 9th April 1863 at the age of 25 with the bushranger eventually dying at the hands of his friend Jimmy Clarke.

Peter Clarke is buried in Muswellbrook Church Of England Cemetery.

A version of this song was recorded by Marian Henderson on a 1966 LP 'Great Folk Songs Of Australia And The World' (with Don Burrows among the accompanists).



# DENNIS O'REILLY

traditional

Verse

7

14

21

Verse 1:

When first I left Old Ireland's shore such yarns that I was told  
 Of how the folks in Australia could dig up lumps of gold  
 How gold dust lay in all the streets and miner's rights were free  
 Hurrah! Says I my loving friends that's just the place for me

Chorus :

With me swag all on my shoulder, black billy in my hand  
 I'll travel the bushes of Australia like a true born native man

Verse 2:

When we came to Melbourne town we all prepared to slip  
 All bar the captain and the mate all crew abandoned ship  
 And all the girls of Melbourne town threw up their hands with joy  
 Saying one unto the other, here comes my Irish boy

Verse 3:

We made our way to Geelong town then north west to Ballarat  
 Where some of us grew mighty thin and some grew sleek and fat  
 Some tried their luck at Bendigo and some at Fiery Creek  
 I made my fortune in a day then blue it in a week

Verse 4:

For many a long year I travelled around to each new field about  
 I made and spent full many a pound till the alluvial petered out  
 And now for any job of work I am prepared to try  
 But now I've found the tucker track I'll stay here till I die.

# DIAMANTINA DROVER

*Hugh McDonald*

Verse

C G Am C F

8 G Am Em F Am Dm Am F G Am

16 Chorus F C Dm Am C F

24 Am Em F Am Dm Am F G Am

Verse 1: The faces in the photograph have faded  
And I can't believe he looks so much like me  
For it's been ten years today  
Since I left for Old Cork Station  
Sayin' I won't be back till the drovin's done

F C G Am  
*Chorus: For the rain never falls on the dusty Diamantina*  
 C F  
*And a drover finds it hard to change his mind*  
 G Am Em  
*For the years have surely gone*  
 F Am  
*Like the drays from Old Cork Station*  
 Dm Am F G Am  
*And I won't be back till the drovin's done*

Verse 2: Well it seems like the sun comes up each mornin'  
Sets me up and takes it all away  
For the dreaming by the light  
Of the camp fire at night  
Ends with the burning by the day

Verse 3: Sometimes I think I'll settle back in Sydney  
But it's been so long it's hard to change my mind  
For the cattle trail goes on and on  
And the fences roll forever  
And I won't be back till the drovin's done



# THE DIGGINS

Kate Delaney & Gordon McIntyre (from the album 'Caledonia Dreaming')

The musical score is written for a single melodic line in treble clef, key of B-flat major (two flats), and common time (C). It consists of five staves of music. The first staff is the 'Intro', marked with a repeat sign and a first ending bracket. The second staff begins the 'verse' at measure 5, also with a first ending bracket. The third staff continues the verse. The fourth staff begins the 'Chorus' at measure 15, marked with a double bar line and a repeat sign. The fifth staff continues the chorus. Chord symbols are placed above the notes: Dm, C, Dm, C, Dm in the intro; C, Dm, Bb, C, Am, Dm in the verse; and Gm, Dm, Gm, Dm in the chorus.

Intro | :Dm | C | Dm | C Dm :|



Dm

Verse 1: Awa' to the diggings in thousands we go

Bb C Am Dm

The rich, the poor, the high and the low

The lame, the lazy, big ones and small

Bb C Am Dm

With one leg and twa' legs and nae legs at all

Gm

Dm

Chorus: There's Indian steamers and frigates galore

Gm Dm

Clippers sailing from Scotland's shore

Gm Dm

Cobblers and Billy Boys every day

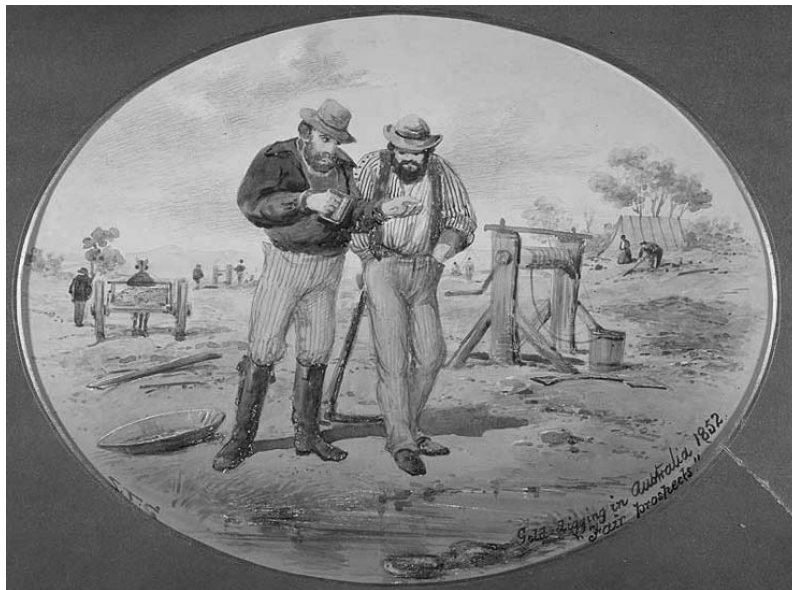
Bb C Am Dm

We're bound for Australia to dig the clay

Verse 2: Awa' to the diggings in thousands to see  
Lumps of gold growin' in the trees  
And there we can purchase lamps, shovels and goats  
A roll for a penny, a sheet for a groat

Verse 3: We're off to the diggings we're sailing today  
There's work for each man and no taxes to pay  
To a land where there's no bad beef or bread  
And every man for his labour is paid

Verse 4: We're off to the diggings so Scotland goodbye  
Tears are falling from every eye  
We're off to the diggings from every street  
We're off to the diggings our fortune to seek.



# DO YOU THINK I DO NOT KNOW

Poem by Henry Lawson 1910 (music by Slim Dusty 1972)



D

They say that I never have written of love, as a writer of songs should do

A

D

They say that I never could touch the strings with a touch that is firm and true

G

They say I know nothing of women and men in the fields where love's roses grow

D

A

D

I must write, they say, with a halting pen. Do you think that I do not know?

My love-burst came, like an English Spring, in days when our hair was brown

And the hem of her skirt was a sacred thing and her hair was an angel's crown

The shock when another man touched her arm, where the dancers sat in a row

The hope, the despair, and the false alarm do you think that I do not know

By the harbour lights on the western farms, you remember the question put

While you held her warm in your quivering arms and you trembled from head to foot

The electric shock from her finger-tips, and the murmuring answer low

The soft, shy yielding of warm red lips do you think that I do not know

She was buried at Brighton, where Gordon sleeps, when I was a world away

And the sad old garden its secret keeps, for nobody knows to-day

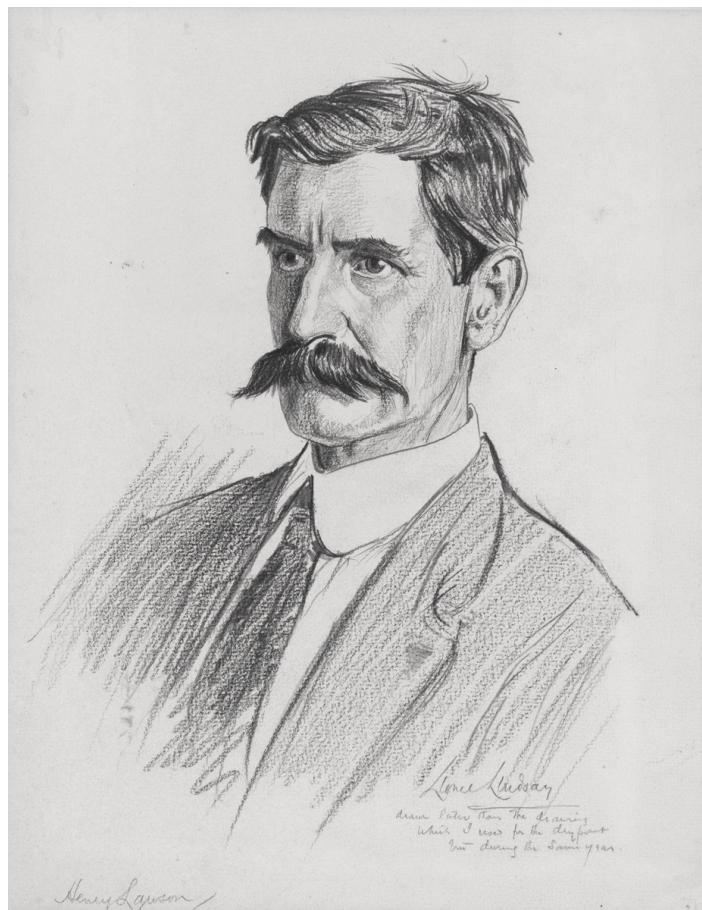
She left a message for me to read, where the wild wide oceans flow

Do you know how the heart of a man can bleed do you think that I do not know

I stood by the grave where the dead girl lies, when the sunlit scenes were fair  
Neath white clouds high in the autumn skies, and I answered the message there  
But the haunting words of the dead to me shall go wherever I go  
She lives in the marriage that might have been do you think that I do not know

They sneer or scoff, and they pray or groan, and the false friend plays his part.  
Do you think that the blackguard who drinks alone knows aught of a pure girl's heart?  
Knows aught of the first pure love of a boy with his warm young blood aglow,  
Knows aught of the thrill of the world-old joy do you think that I do not know?

They say that I never have written of love, they say that my heart is such  
That finer feelings are far above; but a writer may know too much.  
There are darkest depths in the brightest nights, when the clustering stars hang low;  
There are things it would break his strong heart to write do you think that I do not know?



# THE DROVER'S DREAM

*traditional*

G C G A7  
 8 D7 G C G D7 G  
 16 C G A7  
 24 D7 G C G D7 G

Verse 1:

One night when travelling sheep, my companions lay asleep

There was not a star to illuminate the sky

I was dreaming, I suppose, for my eyes were nearly closed

When a very strange procession passed me by

First there came a kangaroo, with his swag of blankets blue

A dingo ran beside him for a mate

They were travelling mighty fast, and they shouted as they passed

“We’ll have to jog along, it’s getting late”

Verse 2:       The pelican and the crane, they came in from off the plain  
To amuse the company with a Highland Fling  
The dear old bandicoot played a tune upon his flute  
And the native bears sat round them in a ring  
The dingo and the crow sang us songs of long ago  
While the frill-necked lizard listened with a smile  
And the emu standing near with his claw up to his ear  
Said, “Funniest thing I’ve heard for quite a while”

Verse 3:       The frogs from out the swamp, where the atmosphere is damp  
                  Came bounding in and sat upon the stones  
                  They each unrolled their swags and produced from out their bags  
                  The violin, the banjo and the bones  
                  The goanna and the snake, and the adder wide awake  
                  With the alligator danced “The Soldier’s Joy”  
                  In the spreading silky oak the jackass cracked a joke  
                  And the magpie sang “The Wild Colonial Boy”

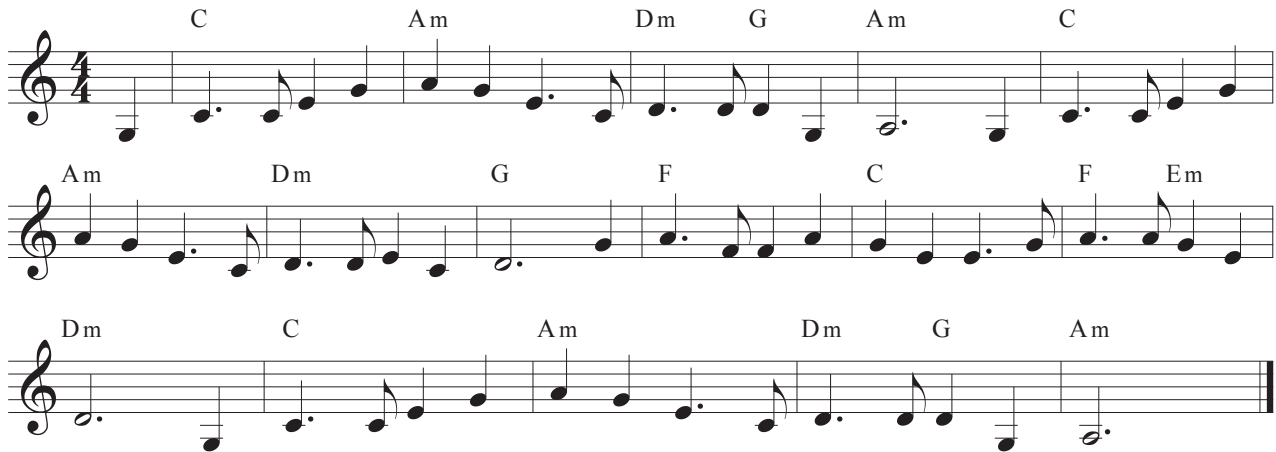
Verse 4:       Some brolgas darted out from the tea-tree all about  
                  And performed a set of Lancers very well  
                  Then the parrot green and blue gave the orchestra its cue  
                  To strike up “The Old Log Cabin in the Dell.”  
                  I was dreaming, I suppose, of these entertaining shows  
                  But it never crossed my mind I was asleep  
                  Till the Boss beneath the cart woke me up with such a start  
                  Yelling, “Dreamy, where the hell are all the sheep?”



## THE DROVER'S SWEETHEART

*Words: Henry Lawson (1891)*

*Music: John Thorn (2014) [from the show: Looking For Lawson]*



Verse 1:      C                      Am                      Dm      G      Am  
An hour before the sun goes down behind the ragged boughs,  
         C                      Am                      Dm                      G  
I go across the little run and bring the dusty cows;  
         F                      C                      F                      Em      Dm  
And once I used to sit and rest beneath the fading dome,  
         C                      Am                      Dm                      G      Am  
For there was one that I loved best who'd bring the cattle home.

Verse 2:     Our yard is fixed with double bails, round one the grass is green,  
The bush is growing through the rails, the spike is rusted in;  
And 'twas from there his freckled face would turn and smile at me  
He'd milk a dozen in the race while I was milking three.

Verse 3:     I milk eleven cows myself where once I milked but four;  
                  I set the dishes on the shelf and close the dairy door;  
                  And when the glaring sunlight fails and the fire shines through the cracks,  
                  I climb the broken stockyard rails and watch the bridle-tracks.

Verse 4:     He kissed me twice and once again and rode across the hill,  
                   The pint-pots and the hobble-chain I hear them jingling still;  
                   He'll come at night or not at all he left in dust and heat,  
                   And when the soft, cool shadows fall is the best time to meet.

Verse 5:      And he is coming back again, he wrote to let me know,  
                  The floods were in the Darling then. It seems so long ago;  
                  He'd come through miles of slush and mud, and it was weary work,  
                  The creeks were bankers, and the flood was forty miles round Bourke.

Verse 6:     He said the floods had formed a block, the plains could not be crossed,  
And there was foot-rot in the flock and hundreds had been lost;  
The sheep were falling thick and fast a hundred miles from town,  
And when he reached the line at last he trucked the remnant down.

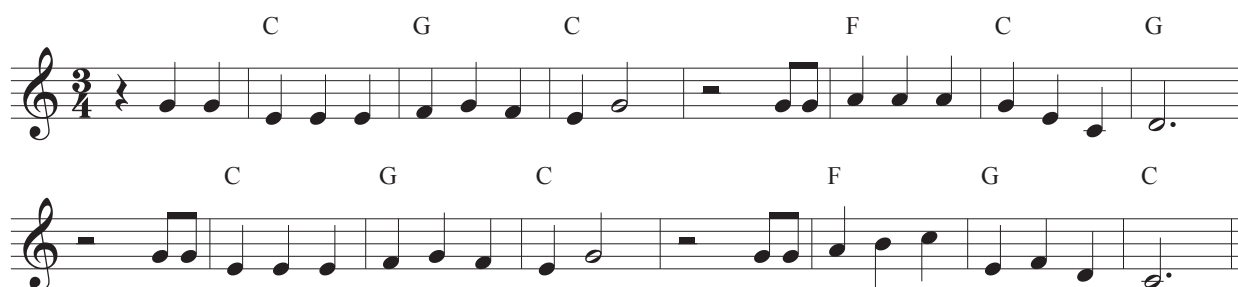
Verse 7:      And so he'll have to stand the cost; his luck was always bad,  
                   Instead of making more, he lost the money that he had;  
                   And how he'll manage, heaven knows (My eyes are getting dim),  
                   He says, he says, he don't suppose I'll want to marry him.

Verse 8: As if I wouldn't take his hand without a golden glove  
Oh! Jack, you men won't understand how much a girl can love.  
I long to see his face once more. Jack's dog! thank God, it's Jack!  
(I never thought I'd faint before) He's coming up the track.



# DYING STOCKMAN

by Horace Flower. (1890s)



Verse 1:           C                   G                   C                   F                   C                   G  
A strapping young stockman lay dying.   His saddle supporting his head  
                  C                   G                   C                   F                   G                   C  
His two mates around him were crying   As he rose on his elbow and said

Chorus:           C                   G                   C                   F                   C                   G  
Wrap me up with my stockwhip and blanket   And bury me deep down below  
                  C                   G                   C                   F                   G                   C  
Where the dingoes and crows can't molest me. In the shade where the coolibahs grow

Verse 2:   Oh had I the flight of the bronzewing  
Far over the plains would I fly  
Straight to the land of my childhood  
And there I would lay down and die

Verse 3:   Then cut down a couple of saplings  
Place one at my head and my toe  
Carve on them cross stockwhip and saddle  
To show there's a stockman below

Verse 4:   Hark there's the wail of a dingo  
Watchful and weird--I must go  
For it tolls the death-knell of the stockman  
From the gloom of the scrub down below

Verse 5:   There's tea in the battered old billy  
Place the pannikins out in a row  
And we'll drink to the next merry meeting  
In the place where all good fellows go

Verse 6:   And oft in the shades of the twilight  
When the soft winds are whispering low  
And the darkening shadows are falling  
Sometimes think of the stockman below



# EUABALONG BALL

*traditional*



Verse 1:                   D                   A7           D  
Oh who hasn't heard of Euabalong Ball  
  Bm           Em           A7  
Where the lads of the Lachlan the great and the small  
                  D           Bm           Em           A7  
Come bent on diversion from far and from near  
  D  
To shake off their troubles for just once a year

Chorus:                   D                   A7           D  
*Oh Euabalong Ball was a wonderful sight*  
  Bm           Em           A7  
*where the lads and the lasses were dancing all night*  
                  D           Bm           Em           A7  
*And there's many a lad who will blush to recall*  
  D  
*The polkas they danced at Euabalong Ball*

Verse 2:           Like stringy old wethers the shearers in force  
All rushed to the bar as a matter of course  
While waltzing his cliner the manager cursed  
For someone had caught him a jab with his spurs

Verse 3:           There were cliners in plenty some two or three score  
Some weaners some two-teeths and it maybe some more  
With their fleeces all dipped and so fluffy and clean  
The finest young shearlings that ever was seen

Verse 4:           The boundary riders was frisking about  
And the well-sinkers seemed to be feeling the drought  
If the water was scarce well the whisky was there  
What they didn't swallow they rubbed in their hair

Verse 5:           There was music and dancing and going the pace  
Some went at a canter some went at a race  
There was bucking and gliding and staggering and sliding  
And to vary the gait some couples colliding

# FACES IN THE STREET

Words: Henry Lawson 1888

Music: Steve Ashley; from Bushwackers' recording 'Faces In The Street'

Verse 1:           Bm           D           A           F#m  
They lie, the men who tell us in a loud decisive tone  
              Bm           D           A           Bm  
That want is here a stranger, and that misery's unknown;  
                              Bm7           E           C#m  
For where the nearest suburb and the city proper meet  
              Bm           D           A           Bm  
My window-sill is level with the faces in the street  
              Bm A C#m   A C#m F#m  
Drifting past, drifting past,  
                  B           E  
To the beat of weary feet  
              Bm           D           A           Bm  
While I sorrow for the owners of those faces in the street.

Verse 2:   And cause I have to sorrow, in a land so young and fair,  
To see upon those faces stamped the marks of want and care;  
I look in vain for traces of the fresh and fair and sweet  
In sallow, sunken faces that are drifting through the street --  
    Drifting on, drifting on,  
    To the scrape of restless feet;  
I can sorrow for the owners of the faces in the street.

Verse 3:   In hours before the dawning dims the starlight in the sky  
The wan and weary faces first begin to trickle by,  
Increasing as the moments hurry on with morning feet,  
Till like a pallid river flow the faces in the street --  
    Flowing in, flowing in,  
    To the beat of hurried feet --  
Ah! I sorrow for the owners of those faces in the street.

- Verse 4: The human river dwindles when 'tis past the hour of eight,  
Its waves go flowing faster in the fear of being late;  
But slowly drag the moments, whilst beneath the dust and heat  
The city grinds the owners of the faces in the street --  
    Grinding body, grinding soul,  
    Yielding scarce enough to eat --  
Oh! I sorrow for the owners of the faces in the street.
- Verse 5: And then the only faces till the sun is sinking down  
Are those of outside toilers and the idlers of the town,  
Save here and there a face that seems a stranger in the street,  
Tells of the city's unemployed upon his weary beat --  
    Drifting round, drifting round,  
    To the tread of listless feet --  
Ah! My heart aches for the owner of that sad face in the street.
- Verse 6: And when the hours on lagging feet have slowly dragged away,  
And sickly yellow gaslights rise to mock the going day,  
Then flowing past my window like a tide in its retreat,  
Again I see the pallid stream of faces in the street --  
    Ebbing out, ebbing out,  
    To the drag of tired feet,  
While my heart is aching dumbly for the faces in the street.
- Verse 7: And now all blurred and smirched with vice the day's sad pages end,  
For while the short 'large hours' toward the longer 'small hours' trend,  
With smiles that mock the wearer, and with words that half entreat,  
Delilah pleads for custom at the corner of the street --  
    Sinking down, sinking down,  
    Battered wreck by tempests beat --  
A dreadful, thankless trade is hers, that Woman of the Street.
- Verse 8: But, ah! to dreder things than these our fair young city comes,  
For in its heart are growing thick the filthy dens and slums,  
Where human forms shall rot away in sties for swine unmeet,  
And ghostly faces shall be seen unfit for any street --  
    Rotting out, rotting out,  
    For the lack of air and meat --  
In dens of vice and horror that are hidden from the street.
- Verse 9: I wonder would the apathy of wealthy men endure  
Were all their windows level with the faces of the Poor?  
Ah! Mammon's slaves, your knees shall knock, your hearts in terror beat,  
When God demands a reason for the sorrows of the street,  
    The wrong things and the bad things  
    And the sad things that we meet  
In the filthy lane and alley, and the cruel, heartless street.

- Verse 10: I left the dreadful corner where the steps are never still,  
And sought another window overlooking gorge and hill;  
But when the night came dreary with the driving rain and sleet,  
They haunted me -- the shadows of those faces in the street,  
    Flitting by, flitting by,  
    Flitting by with noiseless feet,  
And with cheeks but little paler than the real ones in the street.
- Verse 11: Once I cried: 'Oh, God Almighty! if Thy might doth still endure,  
Now show me in a vision for the wrongs of Earth a cure.'  
And, lo! with shops all shuttered I beheld a city's street,  
And in the warning distance heard the tramp of many feet,  
    Coming near, coming near,  
    To a drum's dull distant beat,  
And soon I saw the army that was marching down the street.
- Verse 12: Then, like a swollen river that has broken bank and wall,  
The human flood came pouring with the red flags over all,  
And kindled eyes all blazing bright with revolution's heat,  
And flashing swords reflecting rigid faces in the street.  
    Pouring on, pouring on,  
    To a drum's loud threatening beat,  
And the war-hymns and the cheering of the people in the street.
- Verse 13: And so it must be while the world goes rolling round its course,  
The warning pen shall write in vain, the warning voice grow hoarse,  
But not until a city feels Red Revolution's feet  
Shall its sad people miss awhile the terrors of the street --  
    The dreadful (*strife*) ,   everlasting strife  
    For scarcely clothes and meat  
In that pent track of living death -- the city's cruel street.



# FANNIE BAY

Andy & Doug Tainsh  
Recorded by Bushwackers 1979

Intro: |:Am |G |D |Em :|

Verse 1:  
 Tell her I'm droving down Camooweal way  
 Or signed with pearlers for seas far away  
 You can tell her I've gone, I'll be back some day  
 Please don't tell her they hanged me in old Fannie Bay.

Verse 2:  
 You can say I've gone on the old 'River Queen'  
 It's whistle a-haunting the bullockies' dream,  
 Down the Murray I've gone, I'll be back some day  
 Please don't tell her they hanged me in old Fannie Bay.

Chorus 1:  
 And on Thursday. Island the sun warms the air  
 As the breeze from the sea blows her hair  
 And she sits by her window and call-s me Yes, she call-s me.

Inst: |:Am |G |D |Em :|

Verse 4: You can say the bush has called me away  
And I'm riding the fences for ten bob a day,  
Yes, I needed a job, I needed the pay  
Please don't tell her they hanged me in old Fannie Bay

Chorus 2: And they came to the door and they dragged me away  
From all that I love and I pray  
That it won't reach her ear 'cause I love her and she'd die for sure

Inst: |:Am G |D |Em :|

Verse 5: Just say the gold has taken me down  
To the places where fortunes are easily found  
Yes, I've gone but tell her I'll be back some day  
Just don't tell her they hanged me in old Fannie Bay

Chorus 1: And on Thursday Island the sun warms the air  
As the breeze from the sea blows her hair  
And she sits by her window and call-s me. Yes, she call-s me.



# FAREWELL ANZAC

Words: Cicely Fox Smith, (1918)

Tune: Martyn Wyndham-Read (2010)



Verse 1:           F       C       F       Bb    F       C  
Come hump your swag and leave, me lads, the ships lie in the Bay;  
                  F       C       F       Bb    F       C       F  
We've got our marching orders and it's time we're on our way;  
                  C               Bb    F               Bb               C  
It's a long good-bye to Anzac Beach, where blood has flowed in vain  
                  F       C       F       Bb    F       C       F  
For we're leaving now, leaving now, game to fight again!  
                  F       C       F       Bb    F       C       F  
Yes, we're leaving now, leaving now, game to fight a-gain!

Verse 2:           But there's some there are who'll never leave this bleak and bloody shore,  
And some that's marched and fought with us will fight and march no more;  
Their blood has poured till Judgment Day the slopes they stormed so well,  
And we're leaving them, leaving them, lying where they fell.  
And we're leaving them, leaving them, lying where they fell.

Verse 3:           Leaving them, leaving them – the bravest and the best –  
Leaving them, leaving them, and maybe glad to rest!  
We did our best with yesterday, tomorrow's still our own –  
But we're leaving them, leaving them, lying all alone.  
But we're leaving them, leaving them, lying all alone.

Verse 4:        Yes, they've gone beyond all wondering, the praising and the blame;  
Now many a man may win renown, but none so fair a fame;  
They showed the world Australia's lads knew well the way to die,  
But we're leaving them, leaving them, quiet where they lie.  
But we're leaving them, leaving them, quiet where they lie.

Verse 5:        Yes we will leave these lads behind, lying where they died  
They are in our hearts and in our minds their glory and their pride  
All around them sea and barren hills, over them the sky –  
Oh, we're leaving them, leaving them, so quiet where they lie –  
Yes, we're leaving them, leaving them, so quiet where they lie.





# FAREWELL TO GRETA

## (Ned Kelly's Farewell To Greta)

Traditional (~1880)



Ned: Farewell my home in Greta, to my sister Kate farewell  
It grieves my heart to leave you, but here I cannot dwell.

The brand of Cain is on my brow, the bloodhounds on my trail,  
And for the sake of gold and gain, my freedom will assail.

But should they cross my chequered path, by all I hold on earth,  
I'll give them cause to rue the day their mothers gave them birth.

I'll shoot them down like kangaroos that roam the forest wide,  
And leave their bodies bleaching upon the mountain side.

*Kate: Oh, Edward my dearest brother, you know you should not go,  
And risk to be encountered by such a mighty foe.*

*It's due by North lies Morgan town, and pointing to the sky,  
North-east by east the mighty range of Gippsland mountains lie.*

*You know the country well dear Ned, go take your comrades there,  
And profit by your knowledge of the wombat and the bear.*

*See, yonder ride four troopers. One kiss before we part,  
And go and join your comrades, Ned, Joe Byrne and Steve Hart.*

*Let no petty quarrels part the union of your gang,  
But stick to one another, Ned, and guard my brother Dan.*

# FAREWELL TO THE GOLD

*Paul Metsers (1969)*

Verse

Chorus

Verse 1:

F C Dm Am  
 Shotover River, your gold it is waning  
 Bb C F C  
 It's weeks since the colour I've seen.  
 F C Dm Am  
 But it's no use just sitting and Lady Luck blaming  
 Bb C F  
 I'll pack up and make the break clean.

Chorus:

C F C  
 Farewell to the gold that never I found,  
 C F C  
 Goodbye to the nuggets that somewhere abound;  
 F Bb Dm Am  
 For it's only when dreaming that I see you gleaming  
 Bb C F  
 Down in the dark deep underground.

Verse 2:

It's nearly two years since I left my old mother  
 For adventure and gold by the pound.  
 With Jimmy the prospector, he was another,  
 For the hills of Otago was bound.

Verse 3:

Well we worked the Cardrona's dry valley all over  
 Old Jimmy Williams and me.  
 They were panning good dirt on the winding Shotover  
 So we drifted down there just to see.

Verse 4:

We sluiced and we cradled for day after day  
 Barely making enough to get by;  
 'Til a terrible flood swept poor Jimmy away  
 During six stormy days in July

# FEMALE RAMBLING SAILOR

Collected by Bob Michell and Norm O'Connor in 1959,

Sung by Catherine Peaty on the 1963 Wattle record of field recordings, 'Australian Traditional Singers and Musicians in Victoria'



Verse 1:                      Em                      D              Bm      F#m      Em  
Come all you maidens, near and far and listen to my ditty  
   Em                      D              Bm              F#m              Em  
'Twas near Gravesend there lived a maid She was both neat and pretty.  
   Em                      G              D              Bm              D              Em  
Her true love he was pressed away and drowned in some foreign sea  
   Em                      D              Bm              F#m              Em  
Which caused this fair maid for to say 'I'll be a rambling sailor.'

Verse 2:    With jacket blue and trousers white just like a sailor neat and tight  
              The sea it was the heart's delight of the female rambling sailor.  
              From stem to stern she freely goes, she braves all dangers, fears no foes  
              But soon you shall hear of the overthrow of the female rambling sailor

Verse 3:    Though never did her courage fail 'twas stormy seas and winter gale  
              O'er this fair maiden did prevail this female rambling sailor.  
              From stem to stern she freely went where oft-times she'd been many  
              Her hand did slip and down she fell, she calmly bade this world farewell.

Verse 4:    When her lily-white breast in sight it came it appeared to be a female's frame  
              Rebecca Young it was the name of the female rambling sailor.  
              May the willows wave around her grave and round the laurels planted  
              May the roses sweet grow at her feet of the one who was undaunted

Verse 5:    So, come all you maids, both near and far and listen to my story  
              Her body's anchored in the ground. Let's hope her soul's in glory.  
              On the river Thames she's known real well no sailor there could her excel  
              One tear let fall as a last farewell to the female rambling sailor.

# FIELDS OF ATHENRY

Pete St.John 1979

The image displays a musical score for the song "The Sound of Silence" by Simon & Garfunkel. The score is written for guitar and includes a melody line. The key signature is D major (two sharps: F# and C#), and the time signature is 4/4. The melody is written on a single staff, and the guitar chords are indicated by letters (D, G, A7, Bm) placed below the staff. The score is divided into five measures, each containing a specific chord and a corresponding melody line. The chords are: D, G, A7, D, G, D, A7, D, Bm, D, A7, D, G, D, D. The melody line is written in a simple, accessible style, using eighth and quarter notes, with some rests and ties. The overall layout is clean and easy to read, with a clear distinction between the melody and the chords.

Verse 1:                   D   G   D                   A7  
By a lonely prison wall, I heard a young man calling,  
D   G   A7  
Michael they have taken you away,  
D   G   D   A7  
For you stole trevellyne's corn, so your young might see the morn,  
D  
Now a prison ship lies waiting in the bay.

Chorus:

D G D Bm  
Low lie the fields of athentry,  
D A7  
where once we watched the small free birds fly,  
D G D A7  
Our love was on the wing, we had dreams and songs to sing,  
D  
It's so lonely round the fields of Athenry.

Verse 2:       By a lonely prison wall, I heard a young man calling,  
                   Nothing matters Mary when your free,  
                   Against the famine and the crown, I rebelled they put me down,  
                   Now you must raise our child with dignity.

Verse 3:       By a lonely harbour wall, she watched the last star falling,  
                  As the prison ship sailed out against the sky,  
                  For she waits and hopes and prayers, for her love in Botany bay,  
                  It's so lonely round the fields of Athenry.

# FLASH JACK FROM GUNDAGAI

*traditional*

*from Banjo Patterson's "Old Bush Songs" 1905*

Verse 1: I've shore at Burrabogie, and I've shore at Toganmain,  
I've shore at big Willandra and out on the Coleraine,  
But before the shearin' was over I've longed to get back again  
Shearin' for old Tom Patterson, on the One Tree Plain.

D                                  A                                  D  
Chorus: All among the wool, boys, all among the wool

Bm                                  G                                  A  
Keep your wide blades full, boys, keep your wide blades full

D                                  Bm                                  G                                  D  
I can do a respectable tally myself whenever I like to try,

D    A                                  D  
But they know me round the back blocks as Flash Jack from Gundagai.

Verse 2: I've shore at big Willandra and I've shore at Tilberoo,  
And once I drew my blades, my boys, upon the famed Barcoo,  
At Cowan Downs and Trida, as far as Moulamein,  
But I always was glad to get back again to the One Tree Plain.

Verse 3: I've pinked 'em with the Wolseleys and I've rushed with B-bows, too,  
And shaved 'em in the grease, my boys, with the grass seed showing through.  
But I never slummed my pen, my lads, whate'er it might contain,  
While shearin' for old Tom Patterson, on the One Tree Plain.

Verse 4: I've been whalin' up the Lachlan, and I've dossed on Cooper's Creek,  
And once I rung Cudjingie shed, and blued it in a week.  
But when Gabriel blows his trumpet, lads, I'll catch the morning train,  
And I'll push for old Tom Patterson's, on the One Tree Plain.

*pinked 'em* - refers to shearing the sheep so close to the skin that the pink colour shows through  
*Wolseleys* - shearing machine

*B-Bows* - hand shears

*whaling* - fishing ( a slight exaggeration!)

*rung* - the ringer is the fasted shearer in the shed

# THE FLASH STOCKMAN

*traditional (1st published in the Queenslander 1895)*

The tune is a version of “Killaloe” a marching tune of the Royal Irish Regiment written in 1887 by a 41-year-old Irish composer named Robert “Ballyhooly Bob” Martin of Ross

[illegible]

Verse 1: I'm a stockman to me trade and my name is Ugly Dave,  
 I'm old and grey and I only got one eye.  
 In the yard I'm good, of course, but just put me on a horse  
 And I'll go where lots of young 'uns daren't try.  
 I lead 'em through the gidgee over country rough and ridgy,  
 I loose them in the very worst of scrub.  
 I can ride both rough and easy, with the dewdrop I'm a daisy  
 And a rightdown bobby-dazzler in a pub.

Verse 2: Just watch me use the whip, I can give the dawdlers gyp,  
I can make the bloody echoes roar and ring.  
With a branding-iron, well, I'm a perfect flamin' swell,  
In fact I'm duke of every blasted thing.  
To watch me skin a sheep, it's so lovely you could weep,  
I can act the silvertail as if me blood was blue.  
You could strike me pink or dead, if you stood me on me head,  
I'd be just as good as any other two.

Verse 3: I've a notion in me pate that it's luck, it isn't fate,  
That I'm so far above the common run. So for ev'rything  
I do you can cut me fair in two  
For I'm much two bloody good to be in one.

*Gidgee* - shrublike tree of the acacia family; *Dewdrop* - axe; *Gyp* - pain ;  
*Bobby-dazzler* - a brilliantly impressive person; *Silvertail* - one of the social elite

# FLESH AND BLOOD

Shane Howard (1993)  
Also recorded by Mary Black

Verse

Chorus

Verse 1:                   A                   D                   A                   D  
If we leave here today We could be a thousand miles away  
                  A                   C#m                   D                   E  
Take to that road                   See how far it goes

Chorus:                   A                   E                   A                   D  
Oh, walk with me, talk with me Tell me your stories  
                  A                   E                   F#m                   D  
I'll do my very best to understand you  
                  A                   D                   A                   D  
You're flesh and blood, flesh and blood Don't refuse me your love  
                  A                   C#m                   D                   E  
More than words can express                   More than wealth or success

Verse 2:                   A                   D                   A                   D  
And on that great ocean road                   Oh, the country's in our bones  
                  A                   C#m                   D                   E  
All the trouble that you know                   Empties out as you go

Verse 3                   A                   D                   A                   D  
Oh, there's a thousand things to do                   So let's start here with me and you  
                  A                   C#m                   D                   E  
All the pain that you feel All the hurt that seems so real

Verse 4:                   A                   D                   A                   D  
Oh, there's a thousand things to do                   So let's start here with me and you  
                  A                   C#m                   D                   E  
Gonna take a little time Let's see what we can find

Outro:                   A                   E                   A                   D  
Oh, walk with me, talk with me Tell me your stories  
                  A                   E                   F#m                   D                   A  
I'll do my very best to understand you

# FOUR LITTLE JOHNNY CAKES

*Traditional, Music by Louis Lavater (1867-1953)*

Verse F C7 F

Bb F Bb F C7

Chorus F C7 F

Bb F Bb F

Verse 1: Hurrah for the Lachlan, boys, and join me in a cheer  
 That's the place to go to make an easy cheque every year  
 With a toad-skin in my pocket I borrowed from a friend  
 Oh, isn't it nice and cosy to be camping in the bend?

Chorus: With my little round flour-bag sitting on a stump  
 My little tea-and-sugar bag looking nice and plump  
 I've a nice fat cod-fish just off the hook  
 And four little johnny-cakes, a credit to the cook

Verse 2: I've a loaf or two of bread and some "murphies" that I shook  
 Perhaps a loaf of brownie that I snaffled from a cook  
 A nice leg of mutton ... just a bit cut off the end  
 Oh, isn't it nice and jolly to be whaling in the bend?

verse 3; I have a little book and some papers for to read  
 Plenty of matches and a good supply of weed  
 I wouldn't be a squatter as beside my fire I sit  
 With a paper in my hand and my old clay lit

Verse 4: When shearing-time comes, I'm in all my glory then  
 I saddle up my moke and I soon secure a pen  
 I canter through the valley and gallop o'er the plain  
 I shoot a turkey, stick a pig, and off to camp again

Last Chorus: With my little round flour-bag sitting on a stump  
 My little tea-and-sugar bag looking nice and plump  
 I've a nice fat cod-fish just off the hook  
 And four little johnny-cakes, I'm proud to be the cook!



# FOURTEEN MILLION PEOPLE

*Words written by Don Henderson*

(~1975 when the Aus population was around 14 Mill)

*The population of Australia is now closer to 26 Million people in 2021*



C F  
Verse 1: Have you ever had the feeling, being introduced to someone,  
C G  
You think that you've already met.  
C F  
But you really can't be certain, 'cause the names aren't familiar  
G C  
But there's something about the face you can't forget.  
F C  
And it turns out that really, after quite a bit of talking,  
G  
About where you went to kindergarten and such,  
C F  
That you might have met before, there's only fourteen million people  
C G C  
And fourteen million people isn't much.

Verse 2: Well you walk into a bar and a bloke says, “G’day Charlie.”  
And you tell him that Charlie’s not yer name,  
And he says that he is sorry but he thought yer name was Charlie,  
But he reckons that he knows yer just the same.  
And it turns out that his sister’s married to your uncle’s second cousin,  
Yes, of course now he remembers you,  
You were seated four rows down at the table in a grey suit  
At the wedding back in nineteen fifty-two.

Verse 3: Well, you're at the country-dance and you're dancin' with a stranger  
To tell the truth you wouldn't know from Eve,  
But with faint heart and all that stuff you say, "'aven't we met before?"  
And she says, "Why yes! I do believe."  
And it turned out that once you were on a train to Brisbane  
And it didn't have a dining car, of course,  
And she was the waitress down at South Grafton Station  
And you ordered black coffee and a pie with sauce.

Verse 4: Well, you are in the one horse town and the horse has long since bolted,  
There's nothing but a hotel and a jail,  
And a copper and a publican and a liver-coloured kelpie  
And the dog comes up to you and wags his tail.  
Now it turns out that really the dog's never met yer  
Just thought that he'd come over and say hi!  
But the copper and the publican, they reckoned they both knew yer  
But they didn't want to say so, they were shy.



# FRANK GARDINER (Eugowra Rocks)

*traditional (1907)*

*also known as "Morning Of The Fray"*

*or "Hold Up At Eugowra Rocks"*

[verse]   Dm                      B♭           C           Dm                      Am

5           Dm                      B♭           C           Dm                      Am           Dm

9           [chorus]                      B♭           C           Dm                      Am           Dm

Verse 1:                      Dm    Bb                      C  
 It's all about bold Frank Gardiner with the devil in his eye  
    Dm    Am  
 He said "We've work before us lads we've got to do or die  
    Dm    Bb                      C  
 So blacken up your faces before the dead of night  
    Dm    Am                      Dm  
 And its over by Eugowra Rocks we'll either fall or fight"

Chorus:                      Dm    Bb                      C  
*You can sing of Johnny Gilbert Dan Morgan and Ben Hall*  
    Dm    Am                      Dm  
*But the bold and reckless Gardiner he's the boy to beat them all*

Verse 2:    We'll stop the Orange escort with powder and with ball  
 We'll shoot the coach to pieces and we'll down the peelers all  
 We'll lift the diggers' money we'll collar all their gold  
 So mind your guns are killers now my comrades true and bold

Verse 3:    So now off go the rifles the battle has begun  
 The escort started running boys all in the setting sun  
 The robbers seized their plunder so saucy and so bold  
 And they're riding from Eugowra Rocks encumbered with their gold

Vese 4:    And as with savage laughter they left that fatal place  
 They cried "We've struck bonanza boys we've won the steeplechase!"  
 And Gardiner their leader he shouted a loud "Hooray  
 I think we've made our fortunes at Eugowra Rocks today"

# FREEDOM ON THE WALLABY

*Lyrics: Henry Lawson(1891); Music: Doreen Jacobs(1952)*

Written as a comment on the 1891 Australian shearers' strike and as a result there were calls for Lawson's arrest for sedition. The "Rebel flag" referred to in the poem is the Eureka Flag that was first raised at the Eureka Stockade in 1854 and above the Shearers' strike camp in 1891.



D G

Chorus: Australia's a big country, and freedom's humping bluey

A7 D

And Freedom's on the Wallaby, oh, don't you hear 'er cooey?

G

She's just begun to boomerang, she'll knock the tyrants silly

A7 Bm

She's goin' to light another fire ..... and boil another billy.

DG

Verse 1: Our fathers toiled for bitter bread while loafers thrived beside ‘em,

A7D

But food to eat and clothes to wear, their native land denied them.

G

And so they left their native land in spite of their devotion

A7D

And so they came, or if they stole, ..... were sent across the ocean.

Verse 2:    Then freedom couldn't stand the glare of royalty's regalia  
                  She left the loafers where they were and came out to Australia.  
                  But now across the mighty main the chains have come to bind her  
                  She little thought to see again                    the wrongs she left behind her.

Verse 3:    Our parents toiled to make a home; hard grubbing 'twas and clearing  
               They wasn't troubled with the lords when they were pioneering;  
               But now that we have made this land a garden full of promise  
               Old greed must crook his dirty hand        .....        and come to take her from us.

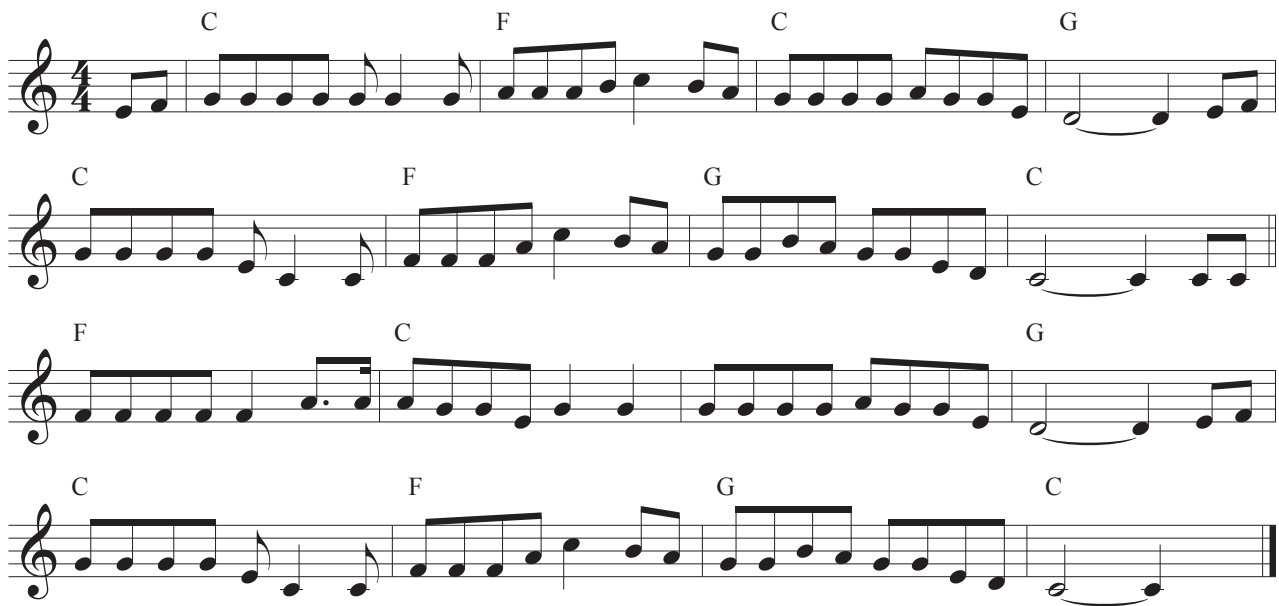
Verse 4:    So we must fly a rebel flag as others did before us  
               And we must sing a rebel song and join in the rebel chorus.  
               We'll make the tyrants feel the sting of those that they would throttle,  
               They needn't say the fault was ours    ....    if blood should stain the wattle.

# FREEHOLD ON THE PLAIN

Published in 'The Queenslander' 1894

Words written by Charles A. Flower

Arrangement based on a recording by Warren Fahey on 'A Panorama Of Old Bush Songs'



Verse 1:

|  |                         |   |
|--|-------------------------|---|
|  | C                       | F |
| I'm a broken-down old squatter,                  | my cash it is all gone, |   |
| C  | G                       |   |
| Of troubles and bad seasons I complain;          |                         |   |
| C  | F                       |   |
| My cattle are all mortgaged,                     | of horses I have none,  |   |
| G  | C                       |   |
| And I've lost that little freehold on the plain. |                         |   |

F C

Chorus: The stockyard's broken down, and the wool shed's tumbling in;

G

I've written to the mortgagees in vain;

C F

My wool it is all damaged and it's not worth a pin,

G C

And I've lost that little freehold on the plain.

Verse 2: I commenced life as a squatter some twenty years ago,  
When fortune followed in my train;  
But I speculated heavy and I'd have you all to know  
That I've lost that little freehold on the plain.

Verse 3: I built myself a mansion, and chose myself a wife;  
Of her I have no reason to complain;  
For I thought I had sufficient to last me all my life,  
But I've lost that little freehold on the plain.

Verse 4:    And now I am compelled to take a drover's life,  
              To drive cattle through the sunshine and the rain,  
              And to leave her behind me, my own dear loving wife—  
              We were happy on that freehold on the plain.

# FROM PARADISE

Archie Roach

*This is a song about the childhood of Archie's partner Ruby Hunter who was born on Goat Island on the banks of the Murray River. At 8 years old she was taken from her family home. Ruby and Archie were together for over 40 years after meeting as homeless teenagers.*



Intro: |G |Em |G |Em |

Verse 1:                   G                   C  
She was born in the river land.  
                          G                   D                   C  
Born of her mother into her mothers hands.  
                          G                   C  
She was free as the river was wild.  
                          G                   D                   C  
She was so innocent, such a beautiful child.

Chorus:                   G                   Em  
They took her away from Paradise.  
                          C                   G                   D  
where everything was beautiful and very nice.  
                          G                   Em  
They took her away from her mothers tongue.  
                          C                   G                   D                   G  
Slapped her around a little bit, to teach her another one.

Verse 2: In and out           of institutions.  
What could they do with this child, where was the neat solution?  
There was nothing they could do, so they gave her to the streets.  
And she joined all the rest of the hungry and the tired feet.

Verse 3: She met a boy, who kind of knew.  
Some of the things that she was going through.  
But he was confused, so he ran away.  
She found him again and here she is today,

Ending:                   G                   Em                   G                   Em  
Took her away from Paradise, away from Paradise.  
                          G                   Em                   G                   Em                   G  
Away from Paradise.                   Away from Paradise.

# GEM FIELD GIRLS

*Ron & Christine McLaughlin (2007)*

## Verse

verse

D G D E A7 D

G D A Bm G A7 D A Bm G A7 D

## Chorus

Chorus

The image shows the musical notation for the chorus of the song 'I Wanna Dance with Somebody' by Whitney Houston. It consists of two staves of music in G major (one sharp). The first staff contains the melody for the first line of the chorus, with chords G, D, G, A7, and G indicated above it. The second staff contains the melody for the second line, with chords D, Bm, D, A, Bm, G, A7, D, A, G, Bm, G, A7, and D indicated above it. The melody is written in a treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#).

Verse 1:

D G D  
 She was lost amongst the faces in the crowded city streets  
 E A7  
 She longed for a better time when love and riches meet  
 D G D  
 She dreamed of the lucky life in the gemfields far from here  
 D A Bm G A7 D  
 And when she got her weekly pay it went on rum and beer  
 D A Bm G A7 D  
 it all soon disappeared

Verse 2:

She headed for the gem fields in the hope of making claims  
On a new life full of love and excitement once again  
She dreamed of finding romance with a man she could hold dear  
In the Queensland town of Rubyvale where sapphires shine clear  
But her dreams soon disappeared

Chorus 1:

G D  
No razzle dazzle diamonds on the gem field girls  
G A7  
No rubies and no sapphires, no opals and no pearls  
G D  
They came from the cities full of hope and cheer  
D A Bm G A7 D  
What little luck came their way was spent on rum and beer  
D A Bm G A7 D  
Her dreams all disappeared

### Verse Instrumental

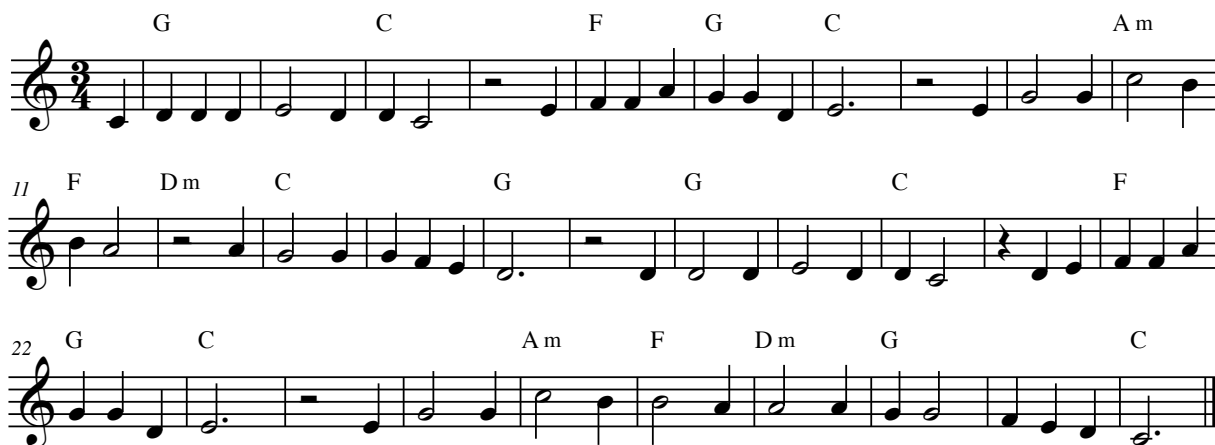
Chorus 2:

The gem field girls wear rhinestones amongst the dust and din  
 Their dreams have long since withered like their tanned and leather skin  
 They came to find their fortune they thought their luck was here  
 What little luck came their way went on rum and beer  
 it all soon disappeared

# GINNY ON THE MOOR

*Traditional (Based on the English song, Jenny Of The Moor)*

*From the singing of Dave De Hugard on CD: Song Links*



Verse 1: One morning in exploration, I wandered down by the seaside  
 The sun was barely rising as in came the morning tide,  
 And that was where I saw her as I wandered down by the sea shore,  
 There she did stand in the swirling sand it was Ginny on the moor.

Verse 2: "Good morning" I said most politely "Why so early do you rise?"  
 "Oh I rise to breath the morning air when the birds sing in the sky,  
 And to breathe the salt spray in the air and to hear the breakers roar,  
 To see them rise, curl and crash and roll up on the shore."

Verse 3: And so we stood together as the sun rose from the sea,  
 I said, "Fair maid with your consent I'll keep you company,  
 For I have plenty of money for I've come from a foreign shore,  
 And if it's yes you say then here I'll stay and go to sea no more"

Verse 4: Said she "I have love of my own, though he is far at sea,  
 I love him and I'll be true to him 'til he comes back to me,  
 He won my heart and sailed away, I love him just the same,  
 Perhaps you might have heard of him, Dennis Ryan is his name."

Verse 5: "If his name is Dennis Ryan then I know him very well.  
 At the battle of Trafalgar to an angry ball he fell"  
 These words were barley spoken as we stood there by the sea shore  
 She fell and fainted in my arms did Ginny on The Moor

Verse 6: "Oh open your eyes, look close at me" he tenderly did cry  
 "It is your Dennis Ryan who is standing by your side;  
 Now that we are united we will live down by the sea shore  
 And the bells will ring so merrily and I'll go to sea no more.  
 And the bells will ring so merrily sweet Ginny on the Moor."



# GENTLE ANNIE

Music: Stephen Foster (1856) / Lyrics: Lane Jack Cousens (1964)

C G C F C D G

9 C G C F C G C

17 F C D G

25 C G C F C G C

Verse 1: C G C F  
The harvest time's come, gentle Annie,  
C D G  
And your wild oats are all scattered round the field.  
C G C F  
You'll be anxious to know, gentle Annie,  
C G C  
How your little crop of oats is going to yield.  
F C  
We'll say farewell, gentle Annie,  
D G  
For you know with you I can no longer stay.  
C G C F  
Yes, I'll bid you adieu, gentle Annie,  
C G C  
Till I meet you on another threshing day.

Verse 2: Your mutton's very sweet, gentle Annie,  
And I'm sure it can't be packed in New South Wales,  
But you'd better put a fence around the cabbage,  
Or they'll all get eaten up by the snails.  
When the springtime comes Gentle Annie  
And the wild flowers scatter o'er the plains,  
Will I never more behold you, dear Annie?  
I'll never hear your witty voice again.

Verse 3:   The bullocks they are yoked, gentle Annie,  
              For you know with you I can no longer stay.  
              So I'll bid you adieu, gentle Annie,  
              Till we meet again on another threshing day.  
              I shall never forget you dear Annie,  
              The little dark eyed girl that I adore.  
              We shall meet again gentle Annie,  
              Next year when we're threshing round your door.



# THE GNOME

Bernard Bolan

(Bernard Bolan was the first President of the Folk Federation of NSW in 1970)

Arr: R. McLaughlin

Verse

Bridge

Am E7 Am  
Both dusk and dawn I sit on the lawn for the whole of the livelong day  
E7 Am  
Though at night I dance, by day my stance will never move nor sway  
G C E7 Am  
My cheeks are red and me cap is too, me ears both flap and me coat is blue  
F F#dim G7 C  
When doggies crap, I've a birdseye view. I'm a gnome, a gnome

I sit on me arse on the green, green grass beneath the cherry tree  
Though made of stone, it is very well known my heart is full of glee  
That is why I always smile I only frown but once in a while  
When doggies piddle, it's rather vile for a gnome, a gnome

So you will see if you're following me it's dogs that I don't like  
And neither would you if they made you the loo and used you for the dyke  
I'll bet their pet will never forget the day they had to call the vet  
The bloody last time he'll try to wet a gnome, a gnome

F C  
I'm not an elf, I'm not a sprite, I'm not a dwarf. Forget Snow White  
D7 G7 C  
I'm not a fairy so get it right I'm a gnome, a gnome

So it's eyes to the floor with your motor mo'er as you bowl across the green  
When bashed in the bum, I can become both mischievous and mean  
I'll trip you up and you'll go down flat and don't forget me pointed hat  
A terrible sight is a man who's sat on a gnome, a gnome

*F* *C*  
*Gremlin, goblin, imp and spook, you find us all in the magic book*  
*D7* *G7* *C*  
*But you can see if you'll take one look I'm a gnome, a gnome*

So maybe when you think of me you will not scowl and scorn  
And maybe you won't knock me down when you try to mow the lawn  
So remember Harry, Dick and Tommy call me gnome and not g-nommy  
You will make me happy if you will call me an ev-er lov-ing gnome



# GOORIANAWA

*Traditional (~1890s)*



Verse 1: I've been many years a shearer and I fancied I could shear,  
 I've shore for Rouse of Guntawang and always missed the spear;  
 I've shore for Nicholas Bayly, and I declare to you  
 That on his pure Merinos, I could always struggle through.

Chorus: But it's Oh! my, I never saw before  
 The way we had to knuckle down at Goorianawa.

Verse 2: I've been shearing down the Bogan as far as Dandaloo,  
 For good old Reid of Tabratong I've often cut a few.  
 Haddon Rig and Quambone, and even Wingadee;  
 I could close my shears at six o'clock with a quiet century.

Verse 3: I've shore for Bob McMaster down on the Rockedgiel Creek  
 And I could always dish him up with thirty score a week.  
 I've shore at Terramungamine, and on the Talbraga  
 And I ran McDermott for the cobbler when we shore at Buckinghambar

Verse 4: I've been shearing on the Goulburn side, and down at Douglas Park,  
Where every day 'twas "Wool Away!" and toby did his work.  
I've shore for General Stewart whose tomb is on The Mount;  
And the sprees I've had with Scrammy Jack are more than I can count.

Verse 5: I've been shearing at Eugowra – I'll never forget the name,  
Where Gardiner robbed the escort, which from the Lachlan came.  
I've shore for Bob Fitzgerald down at the Dabee Rocks,  
McPhillamy of Charlton, and your Mister Henry Cox.

Verse 6: But that was in the good old days – you might have heard them say  
How Skillycorn from Bathurst rode to Sydney in a day.  
Now I'm broken mouthed and my shearing's at an end,  
And although they call me Whalebone, I was never known to bend.

Verse 7: I've shorn in every woolshed from the Barwon to the sea,  
But I got speared at Goorianawa before I'd barbered three.  
For by the living Joseph I never saw before  
Such sheep as made us knuckle down at Goorianawa.

Final Chorus: But it's spare me flamin' days! I never saw before  
the way we had to knuckle down at Goorianawa.





# GUM TREE CANOE

*Traditional (Printed in Gumsuckers' Gazette April 1963)*



Verse 1:       F  
I'll sing you a ditty a sweet little song  
                  C7                   F                   Dm  
It will just take a moment it wont keep you long  
                  F  
I will sing of the days when our love was so new  
  Bb                   C7                   F  
And we sailed down the Murray River boys, .... In a gum tree canoe

Chorus       F                                   C7  
We rowed, we rowed o'er the water so blue  
                  F                   Bb                   C7                   F  
Like a feather we would float along ..... In a gum tree canoe

Verse 2:   By yon bonnie river in a hut I was born  
Made out of thorns and wild yellow corn  
It was there I met Julia, so fair and so true  
And we went for a row   ... In a gum tree canoe

Verse 3:   My hand on my banjo my toe in my oar  
I work all the day and I sing as I go  
At night time I turn to my Julia so true  
And we sail down Murray River boys.   ... In a gum tree canoe

Verse 4: I once left the river and went on the land  
To set myself up as a cocky so grand  
But the life didn't suit me, it made my life sore  
So it's back to the Murray River boys. .... and my Julia once more





## THE GOOD OLD CONCERTINA

(1891) words:Henry Lawson / Music:Traditional 'The Girl I Left Behind'

G C F C  
 G C F G7  
 C  
 F G7 C F G7 C

C                      F                      C                      G

Verse 1 Twas merry when the hut was full of jolly girls and fellows,

C                      F                      G7                      C

We danced and sang until we burst the concertina's bellows.

C    F G7

From distant Darling to the sea; from the Downs to Riverina,

C                      F                      G7                      C

Has e'er a gum in all the west not heard the concertina?

Verse 2   ‘Twas peaceful round the campfire blaze, the long white branches o’er us;  
We’d play the tunes of bygone days, to some good old bush chorus.  
Old Erin’s harp may sweeter be, the Scottish pipes blow keener;  
But sing an old bush song for me to the good old concertina.

Verse 3    'Twas cosy by the hut-fire bright when the pint pot passed between us;  
We drowned the voice of the stormy night with the good old concertina's.  
Though trouble drifts along the years, and the pangs of care grow keener,  
My heart is gladdened when I hear that good old concertina

Collected from Mr. Alex Argus of Gumly Gumly, NSW, by Alan Scott, 1960  
Music: 'Wearing Of The Green'

Verse 4:      And if ever I return again my native home to see,  
I hope you'll, in the old bush way, a welcome give to me  
With songs about the Kelly gang to cheer me o'er and o'er  
And make me want to see again the hat Ned Kelly wore.

# HARD TACK

*Traditional*

*From the 1971 album 'The Great Australian Legend' sung by Martyn Whyndham Read.  
"Published in John Fahey's Favourite Australian Ballads (1965), as "recorded at the home of  
Mr Jack Davies, a pioneer soldier-settler of the Leeton district on the Murrumbidgee, NSW".*

The first system of musical notation for 'Hard Tack' is written on a single staff in treble clef, key of G major (one sharp), and 6/8 time. It consists of 12 measures. Above the staff, the following chords are indicated: G, C, G, D7, G. Below the staff, the following chords are indicated: Em, A7, D7, G, C, G. The melody is written in eighth and quarter notes, with some measures containing beamed eighth notes.

Verse 1: I'm a shearer, yes, I am, and I've shorn both sheep and lamb,  
From the Wimmera to the Darling Downs and back.  
And I've run a shed or two when the fleece was tough as glue,  
But I'll tell you where I struck the 'hardest tack.

Verse 2: I was down round Yenda way, killin' time from day to day,  
Till the big sheds started movin' further out,  
When I met a bloke by chance that I summed up at a glance,  
As a cocky from a vineyard round about.

Verse 3: Now it seems he picked me too - well, it wasn't hard to do,  
'Cause I had me tongs a-hangin' at me hip.  
"Well, I got a mob," he said, "just about two hundred head,  
And I'd give a ten pound note to get the clip."

Verse 4: I says, "Right, I'll take the stand;" it meant gettin' in me hand,  
And by nine o'clock we'd rounded up the mob  
In a shed sunk in the ground with wine-casks all around;  
And that was where I started on me job.

Verse 5: I goes easy for a bit whilst me hand was gettin' fit,  
And by dinner time I'd done about a score,  
With the cockie pickin' up, and handin' me a cup  
Of pinkie after every sheep I shore.

Verse 6: Well, he had to go away about the seventh day,  
After showin' me the kind of casks to use.  
Then I'd do the pickin' up, and manipulate the cup,  
Strollin' round them wine-casks just to pick and choose.

Verse 7: Then I'd stagger to the pen, grab a sheep and start again,  
With a sound between an 'iccup and a sob,  
And sometimes I'd fall asleep with me arms around a sheep,  
Worn and weary from me over-arduous job.

Verse 8: And so six weeks went by, till one day, with a sigh,  
I shoved the dear old cobbler through the door,  
I gathered in the cocky's pay, and staggered on me way  
From the hardest flamin' shed I'd ever shorn.

Glossary:

|            |  |
|------------|--|
| Run        | A two hour shearing period. A typical shearing day involves four runs. |
| Cocky      | Sheep or cattle farmer   |
| Tongs      | Hand shears  |
| pickin' up | Picking up and baling the fleeces as they are shorn                    |
| pinkie     | Red wine   |
| cobbler    | Last sheep to be shorn   |

# HE FADES AWAY

© Alistair Heulett

arranged: R. McLaughlin

Verse

G D Em Em7 C Am D G D

6 Em Em7 C Am C D G Chorus D Em

12 C D Em C Am C D G Bridge D

18 Bm Em D G D Bm Em C D

24 Em Bm Am C D

Verse 1:

There's a man in my bed I used to love him  
 And his kisses used to take my breath away  
 There's a man in my bed I hardly know him  
 As I wipe his face and hold his hand  
 And watch him as he slowly fades away.

Chorus:

And he fades away Not like leaves that fall in Autumn  
 Turning gold against the grey He fades away  
 Like the bloodstains on the pillowcase  
 That I wash everyday He fades away

Verse 2:      There's a man in my bed he's on a pension  
Even though he's only fifty years of age  
The lawyer says we might get compensation  
In the course of due procedure  
But he couldn't say for certain at this stage

Chorus:

*And he fades away Not like leaves that fall in Autumn*

*Turning gold against the grey He fades away*

*Like the bloodstains on the pillowcase*

*That I wash everyday He fades away*

Bridge:

And he's not the only one who made that trip so many years ago

To work the wittenoom mine

So many young men old before their time and dying slow

They fade away wheezing bag of bones

With lungs half clogged and filled with clay. They fade away.

Verse 3:

There's a man in my bed they never told him  
The cost of bringing home his weekly pay  
When the courts decide how much he owes him  
How will he spend his money  
When he lies in bed and coughs his life away

*Chorus:*

*And he fades away Not like leaves that fall in Autumn*

*Turning gold against the grey He fades away*

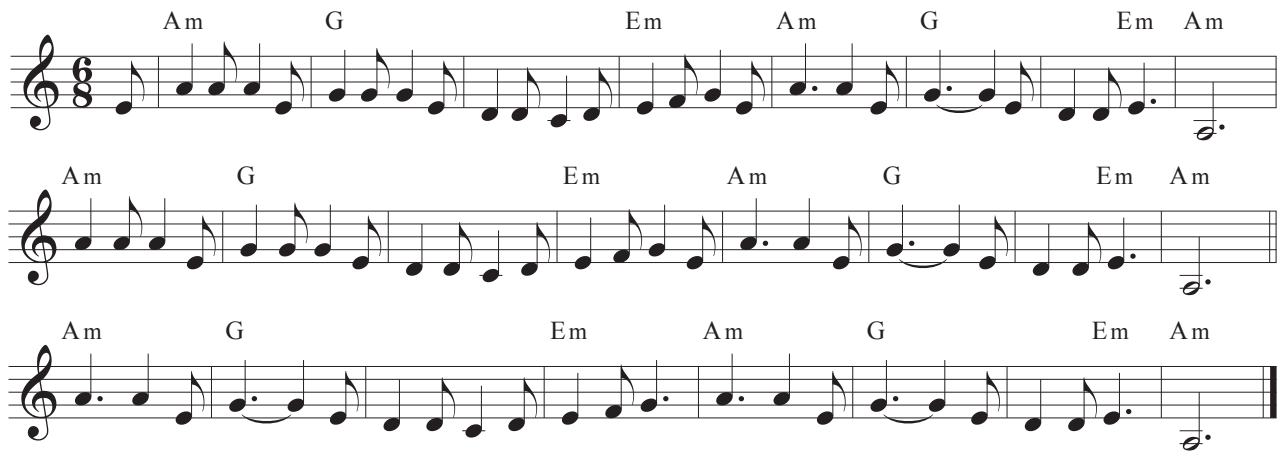
*Like the bloodstains on the pillowcase*

*That I wash everyday He fades away*

# HAUL AWAY JOE

*Traditional Sea Shanty*

The first commercial recording was a performance by Huddie "Leadbelly" Ledbetter in the 1940s, however written references exist dating back to 1859.



Verse 1:           Am           G                           Em  
Now when I was a little lad and so me mother told me,  
          Am           G                           Em Am  
*Way haul away, we'll haul away Joe.*  
          Am           G                           Em  
That if I did not kiss the girls me lips would grow all mouldy.  
          Am           G                           Em Am  
*Way haul away, we'll haul away Joe.*

          Am           G                           Em  
Chorus: *Way haul away, we'll haul for better weather.*  
          Am           G                           Em Am  
*Away haul away, we'll haul away Joe.*

Verse 2: King Louis was the king of France before the revolution.  
And then he got his head chopped off it spoiled his constitution

Verse 3: Saint Patrick was a gentleman. He came from decent people.  
He built a church in Dublin town and on it put a steeple.

Verse 4: Once I was in Ireland a'digging turf and taties.  
But now I'm on a Yankee ship a'hauling on the braces.

Verse 5: Once I had a German girl but she was fat and lazy.  
But now I got a Yankee girl, she damn near drives me crazy.

Verse 6: Way haul away, rock and roll me over  
Way haul away, well roll me in the clover.

Verse 7: Well now can't you see the black clouds a-gatherin'  
Well now can't you see the storm clouds a-risin'

# HEY RAIN

*Bill Scott (1997)*

Chorus

Verse

Chorus:       D     G         D  
 Hey rain, rain coming down,  
                                   G         D  
 On the cane, On the roofs of the town.

Verse 1:     D  
 Rain in my beer and rain in my face  
           A                 D         G  
 Old Innisfail is a bloody wet place,  
                           D  
 Hey rain, hey rain.  
           D  
 Rain in my beer and rain in my grub  
                   A                         D         G  
 And they've just fitted anchors to the Gurradunga pub,  
                           D  
 Hey rain, hey rain.

Verse 2: I've got a Johnson River crocodile livin' in my 'fridge  
 And there's a bloody great tree down on the Jubilee Bridge,  
 Hey rain, hey rain.  
 The monsoon sky's so dark and big,  
 There's an old flying fox in a Moreton Bay Fig,  
 Hey rain, hey rain.

Verse 3: And a bloke from the west nigh died of fright  
 The river rose thirty five feet last night,  
 Hey rain, hey rain.  
 It's the worst wet season we've ever had,  
 I'd swim down to Tully but it's just as bloody bad,  
 Hey rain, hey rain.



# HOMELESS MAN

*Words: Harry Robertson (1923 – 995)*

*Music: Trad Norwegian tune ?*

DA7

Verse 1:   For I've travelled hard these last ten weary years,

D

And my youthful dreams have slowly turned to fears,

D7G

If you think I am complaining, I can tell you that I'm not,

DA7D

For I know that this is just the drifter's lot.

Verse 2:    Many years my home has been the wayside camp,  
                  And I've starved and sweated on the river banks,  
                  And I've fought with fists and feet, roughneck drifters that I meet,  
                  Broken dreams and bottles pave my lonely street.

Verse 3: As a homeless boy I thought when I'm a man,  
I will change this world and right what wrongs I can,  
Since then I have met defeat, it's a bitter bread to eat  
And the homeless boy is now a homeless man.

Verse 4:    Happiness has not been mine upon this earth,  
               Both my parents left me when they met their death,  
               And I'll drink before I eat, with the drifters that I meet,  
               But the sorrow here is mine, and mine alone.

Verse 5:    So my friends I think that I must move along,  
                  And I'm glad that you have listened to my song,  
                  For the road is all I know, and I wander it alone,  
                  As an outcast homeless drifter, and unknown.

# I LIKE AEROPLANE JELLY

Albert Lenertz & Les Wood (1930)



Intro: |D7 |G7 |C |G |

Verse: G7 C  
I've got a song that won't take very long,  
D7 G7  
Quite a good sort of note if I strike it . . .  
F C  
It is something we eat, and I think it's quite sweet,  
D7 G7  
And I know you are going to like it.



Chorus: C F C  
I like Aeroplane Jelly. Aeroplane Jelly for me.  
G7 C D7 G  
I like it for dinner, I like it for tea, A little each day is a good recipe,  
C Am  
The quality's high as the name will imply,  
F C G7  
And it's made from pure fruits, one more good reason why...  
C D7 G7 C  
I like Aeroplane Jelly. Aeroplane Jelly for me.

Repeat the Chorus

# I AM AUSTRALIAN

*Bruce Woodley & Dobe Newton (1987)*



Verse 1:   
 C F C  
 I came from the dream-time, from the dusty red-soil plains  
 Am F G C  
 I am the ancient heart, the keeper of the flame  
 F G Am  
 I stood upon the rocky shores, I watched the tall ships come.  
 C Dm F G C  
 For forty thousand years I've been, the first Australian

Verse 2: I came upon the prison ship, bowed down by iron chains  
 I fought the land, endured the lash, and waited for the rains  
 I'm a settler, I'm a farmer's wife, on a dry and barren run,  
 A convict, then a free man, I became Australian

Verse 3: I'm the daughter of a digger, who sought the mother lode.  
 The girl became a woman, on the long and dusty road.  
 I'm a child of the Depression, I saw the good times come,  
 I'm a bushie, I'm a battler, I am Australian.

Chorus:   
 C F C  
 We are one, but we are many,  
 Am G C  
 And from all the lands on earth we come.  
 F C  
 We'll share a dream and sing with one voice,  
 F C Am G C G C  
 "I am, you are, we are Australian"

Verse 4: I'm a teller of stories, I'm a singer of songs,  
I am Albert Namatjira, and I paint the ghostly gums.  
I'm Clancy on his horse, I'm Ned Kelly on the run,  
I'm the one who waltzed Matilda, I am Australian.

Verse 5: I'm the hot wind from the desert, I'm the black soil of the plains,  
I'm the mountains and the valleys, I'm the drought and flooding rains.  
I am the rock, I am the sky, the rivers when they run,  
The spirit of this great land, I am Australian.

Chorus: *We are one, but we are many,  
And from all the lands on earth we come.  
We'll share a dream and sing with one voice,  
"I am, you are, we are Australian"*



# I DON'T GO SHEARING NOW

Lyrics: John Drayman

(from a poem published in The Capricornian, Rockhampton, Qld, Aug 1895)

Music: Martyn Wyndham-Read (1994)

The musical score is written for a single melodic line in treble clef, 4/4 time, with a key signature of two sharps (F# and C#). The melody consists of six lines of music. Above the notes, the following chords are indicated: G, A, D, G, F#m, A, G, A, D, G, A, D, G, D, A, D, D7, G, A, D, G, A, G, D, G, A, G, F#m, A, G, A, D, G, D, A, D, G, D, A, D.

G A D G F#m A  
So you're off to Riverina where the sun is shining clear  
G A D G A  
And the ewes and lambs are bleating calling shearers far and near  
G D G F#m A  
And the musterers are busy where the grass is always high  
G A D G D A D D7  
And the July fogs are climbing up the sunbeams to the sky

G A D G A  
And the carpenters are busy fixing gates and pens and bins  
G D G A  
While the pressers just to kill time press in bales the winter's skins  
G D G F#m A  
I have been there in the past and I know exactly how  
G A D G D A D  
The shearing sheds'll get you though I don't go shearing now  
G D A D  
No I don't go shearing now

Three clear days if you are lucky you'll be there before the roll  
And the splendour of the springtime will suffice your youthful soul  
And you'll pay an early visit to your working pen I'll bet  
Perhaps upon your own old rig the oil rag's lying yet  
And you'll wander up and down the silent boards with heart quite full  
As you smell old recollections when you sniff the greasy wool  
Ah my lad you needn't smile for I know exactly how  
These little things affect you—though I don't go shearing now  
No I don't go shearing now

Each man his neighbour watching noting well the other's pace  
As you move a little faster feeling fitter for the race  
And the pace begins to quicken and the sweat soon starts to drop  
Each man has found his pacer and is going at his top  
But ere many days are over weak ones fall down one by one  
Hit by chips and flying bullets from the boss's little gun  
I've been there in the past and I know exactly how  
The fight gets fairly started—though I don't go shearing now  
No I don't go shearing now

How I'd love to travel with you where the Murrumbidgee flows  
Where the days are always sunny and the noisy quirking crows  
Are flying round the wash pen and the sweating pens are full  
And to have some tea and damper and be all among the wool  
Every year I get this longing when the shearing time draws nigh  
But to saddle up and slipper and to have another try  
But these days are now behind me for I know exactly how  
The rheumatism gets me so I don't go shearing now  
No I don't go shearing now

# I STILL CALL AUSTRALIA HOME

Peter Allen (1980)

Arr: R. McLaughlin

The musical score is written for guitar in 3/4 time, key of B-flat major. It consists of six staves of music. The first staff begins with a C7 chord and a key signature change to B-flat. The second staff continues the melody with various chords. The third staff includes a 'To Coda' section with first and second endings. The fourth staff features a 'D.S. al Coda' instruction. The fifth staff is a whole rest followed by a melodic line. The sixth staff concludes the piece with a final chord.

Intro: |C7 |F |A7 |Dm |F |

Verse 1: F A7 Dm F  
 Bb Dm7 G7 C  
 From New York to Rio and old London town  
 F A7 Dm G7  
 But no matter how far or how wide I roam  
 F Gm F |Bb |Am |C7 |  
 I still call Australia home

Verse 2: F A7 Dm F  
 Bb Dm7 G7 C  
 And so I keep leaving the sun and the sea  
 F A7 Dm G7  
 But my heart lies waiting over the foam  
 F Gm F E  
 I still call Australia home

Am  
 Bridge: All the sons and daughters spinning 'round the world  
 Dm7 G7 C E  
 Away from their family and friends  
 Am  
 But as the world gets older and colder  
 Gm7 C7  
 It's good to know where your, journey ends

F A7 Dm F  
 Verse 3: But someday we'll all be together once more  
 Bb Dm7 G7 C  
 When all of the ships come back to the shore  
 F A7 Dm G7  
 I realise something I've always known  
 F Gm F |Bb |Am |C7 |  
 I still call Australia. home

F A7 Dm G7  
 Ending: But no matter, how far or how wide I roam  
 F Gm F Gm  
 I still call Australia, I still call Australia  
 F Gm C7 F  
 I still call Australia Home





# IF WISHES WERE FISHES

*Eric Bogle*

Verse

7

13

19

27

Chorus

Verse 1: I wish I was home again, at home in my heart again  
 It's been a long time since my heart talked to me  
 Wastin' my precious days wishin' my life away  
 If wishes were fishes we'd all cast nets in the sea

Chorus: If wishes were fishes I know where I'd be  
 Castin' my net in the dark rollin' sea  
 And if my net's empty when it comes back to shore  
 I'll throw it away and go fishin' no more

Verse 2: I wish I was young again, my song still to be sung again  
 The sweet tunes of my life have gone sour and off-key  
 Writin' my tired old rhymes, tryin' to turn back time  
 If wishes were fishes we'd all cast nets in the sea

Verse 3: I wish I could care again, reach out and share again  
Mend what's been broken and let it run free  
The older I get it seems the more wishin' takes the place of dreams  
If wishes were fishes we'd all cast nets in the sea.

Verse 4: I wish I was home again, at home in my heart again  
It's been a long time since my heart talked to me  
Wastin' my precious days wishin' my life away  
If wishes were fishes we'd all cast nets in the sea

Final G A7 D7 G  
Chorus: If wishes were fishes I know where I'd be  
D A7  
Castin' my net in the dark rollin' sea  
G A7 D G  
And if my net's empty when it comes back to shore  
D A7 D  
I'll throw it away and go fishin' no more



# IRISH LORDS

*Words: CharlesHenry Soutar; Music: Martyn Wyndham-Read*

D    G    A7                          D

Verse 1: The barley grass was two feet high, the billabongs were full,

D    G                          A7                          D

The brolgas danced a minuet, the world seemed made of wool,

G    D    A7

The nights were never wearisome, the days were never slow,

G                          D      Bm                          D                          A7    D

When first I went to Irish Lords, on the road to Ivanhoe.

Verse 2: The frost was on the barley grass as we passed the homestead rails,  
A darling jackass piped us in, with his turns and trills and scales,  
Youth and health and happiness, sat on the saddle bow,  
And Mary lived at Irish Lords, on the road to Ivanhoe.

Verse 3: And everywhere was happiness, the fates were fair and kind,  
We drank the very wine of life, we never looked behind,  
And Mary, Mary everywhere, was flitting to and fro,  
When first we went to Irish Lords, on the road to Ivanhoe.

Verse 4: The window on a leafy byre, where the golden banksia grew,  
Stared like a dead man's glassy eye, for the roof had fallen through,  
No flowers in her garden-bed, and her voice stilled long ago,  
When last I went to Irish Lords, on the road to Ivanhoe.

"Irish Lords" is a well-known sheep station near Ivanhoe in the far west of NSW. It was originally a poem by Charles H. Souter 1864-1944

(Charles Henry Soutar was born a Scot but moved to Australia with his parents in his teens.)from the 1860s set to music by English folk singer Martyn Wyndham Read. The verse was sent to Martyn in England by Mary Ball of Melbourne and he claims to have collaborated by telepathy with the author.

# IT'S ON

*Don Henderson (1963)*

The image displays a musical score for the song "The Sound of Silence" by Simon & Garfunkel. It consists of four staves, each representing a different instrument: piano (P), guitar (G), guitar (G), and guitar (G). The key signature is one flat (B-flat), and the time signature is 4/4. The score includes chord diagrams for each instrument, showing the fret positions for the notes. The piano part is written in a treble clef, while the guitar parts are written in a treble clef. The score is divided into four measures, each containing a different chord progression. The chords are: C, G7, C, F, C, G, G7, C, C, Am, G, G7, C. The piano part features a melodic line with a mix of eighth and sixteenth notes, while the guitar parts provide a harmonic accompaniment with a mix of eighth and sixteenth notes. The score is presented in a clean, professional layout with a white background and black text.

C                                  G7

Verse 1: A sad story you'll hear if you listen to me

C

About two men who could never agree

F                                  C

What one called white, the other called black

G                                  G7

They'd argue a while then step out the back...

Chorus:                   C                   F                   C  
And it's on!   All reason and logic are gone  
F                                   C                   Am           G           G7           C  
Winning the fight won't prove that you're right. It's sad, it's true but it's on.

Verse 2:

When it was over they'd come back and then  
The argument would become heated again  
Who'd won the last round they couldn't decide  
So one asked the other to just step outside

Verse 3:    They'd been fighting so long they could neither recall  
               What in the first place had started it all  
               But they keep on at it day in and day out  
               Now they're fighting to see what they're fighting about

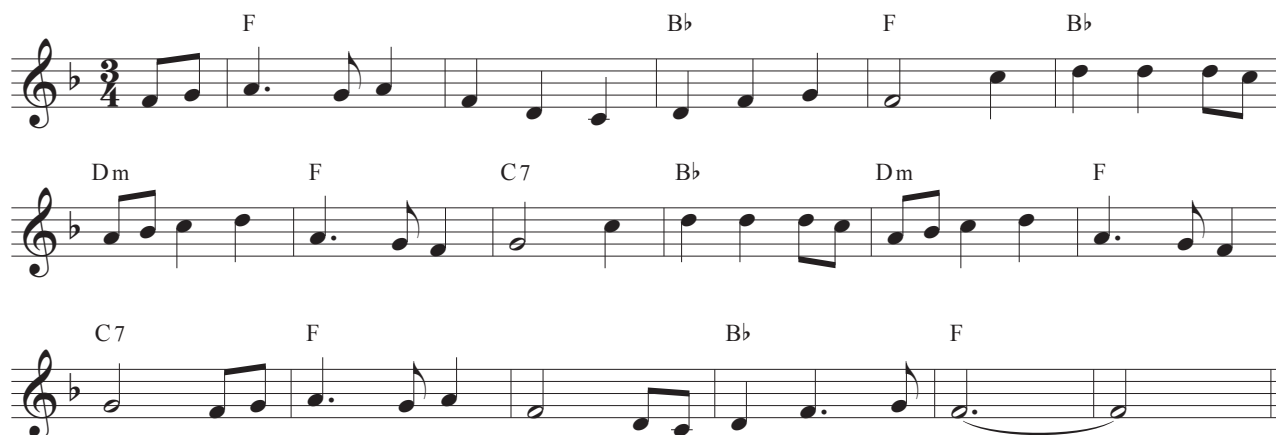
Verse 4: Now just you imagine if teachers in schools  
Taught mathematics by Queensbury's rules  
It could easily be that the square root of 4  
Was 15 less 3 plus a smack in the jaw.

Verse 5:     And when governments think that it makes better sense  
                  To save on education and spend on defence  
                  It could easily be argued along the same grounds  
                  That elections should be the best of ten rounds

# I'VE BEEN A WILD BOY

*Traditional*

This was collected in the 1950s from Sally Sloane, from New South Wales, Australia however it is clearly a London song.



Verse 1:                   F                   Bb                   F  
Oh, my father he died and he left me his estate,  
                  Bb           Dm           F           C7  
I married a lady whose fortune was great,  
                  Bb                   Dm           F           C7  
And through keeping bad company I've spent all my store.  
                  F                   Bb.           F  
I have been a wild boy, but I'll be so no more.

Verse 2: Oh, there was Bill, Tom and Harry and Betsy and Sue  
And two or three others belonged to our crew;  
We sat up till midnight and made the town roar.  
Oh, I've been a wild boy, but I'll be so no more.

Verse 3: I was always too fond of treating ladies to wine,  
Till my pockets grew empty too soon I would find;  
Twenty pounds in one night, oh, I've spent them and more.  
Oh, I've been a wild boy, but I'll be so no more.

Verse 4: Oh, it's first down to Newgate a prisoner I went;  
I had on cold irons, I had to lament,  
And I had to find comfort as I lay on the floor.  
Oh, I've been a wild boy, but I'll be so no more.

Verse 5: Oh, the next down to Newgate a prisoner I stand,  
And what I have longed for is now out of hand,  
And if ever I gain my liberty, as I've had before,  
I will be a good boy and go roaming no more.

Verse 6: Oh, bad luck to all married men who visit strange doors,  
I've done so myself but I'll do so no more;  
I'll go back to my family, I'll go back to my wife,  
And I'll be a good boy all the days of my life

## JIM JONES (AT BOTANY BAY)

*traditional*

*printed in Stewart & Keesing 'Old Bush Songs'*

C Dm Am C Dm Am  
 9 C Dm Am Dm Am Dm Am

Verse 1:

C Dm Am  
Come listen for a moment, lads and hear me tell my tale

C Dm Am  
How across the sea from England's shore I was condemned to sail

C Dm Am  
Now the jury says I'm guilty and says the judge, says he

Dm Am Dm Am  
"For life, Jim Jones, I'm sending you across the stormy sea

Verse 2: But take a tip before you ship to join the iron gang  
Don't get too gay in Botany Bay or else you'll surely hang  
Or else you'll surely hang", says he "And after that Jim Jones  
It's high above on the gallows tree the crows will pick your bones".

Verse 3:      You'll have no chance for mischief there remember what I say  
                  They'll flog the poaching out of you out there at Botany Bay  
                  The waves were high upon the sea the wind blew up in gales  
                  I'd rather have drowned in misery than come to New South Wales

Verse 4: Our ship was high upon the sea when pirates came along  
But the soldiers on our convict ship were full five hundred strong  
For they opened fire and somehow drove that pirate ship away  
But I'd rather have joined the buccaneers than go to Botany Bay

Verse 5:      Now it's day and night and the irons clang and like poor galley slaves  
                  We toil and toil, and when we die must fill dishonored graves  
                  And it's by and by I'll slip my chains, into the bush I'll go  
                  And I'll join the brave bushrangers there, Jack Donohue and co

Verse 6:      And some dark night, when everything is silent in the town  
I'll shoot those tyrants one and all I'll gun the floggers down  
Oh, I'll give the law a little shock Remember what I say  
They'll yet regret they've sent Jim Jones In chains to Botany Bay

# JOG ALONG 'TILL SHEARING

*traditional*

*Collected from Joe Cashmere in New South Wales in 1953.*

The original tune was said to be called "Miss Tickletoby's School". Also called "The Barking Barber" or "Boww, Wow, Wow".

Verse 1: The truth, it's in my song so clear, without a word of gammon.

The swagmen travel all the year, waiting for the lambin'.

Now when this dirty work is done, to the nearest shanty steering,

They meet a friend, their money spend, Then jog along till shearing.

Chorus: Home sweet home, That is what they left it for, their home sweet home.

Verse 2: Now when the shearing season comes, they hear the price that's going;  
New arrivals meet old chums, then they start their blowing.  
They say that they can shear each day their hundred pretty handy,  
But eighty sheep's no child's play when the wool is close and sandy.

Verse 3: When the sheds are all cut out, they get their bit of paper.  
To the nearest pub they run, they cut a dashing caper.  
They call for liquor plenty, they're happy when they're drinking,  
But where to go when the money's done, it's little they are thinking.

Verse 4: Sick and sore next morning, they are when they awaken,  
To have a drink, of course they must, to keep their nerves from shakin',  
They call for one, and then for two, in a way that's rather funny,  
Till the landlord says, "Now this won't do; you blokes have got no money."

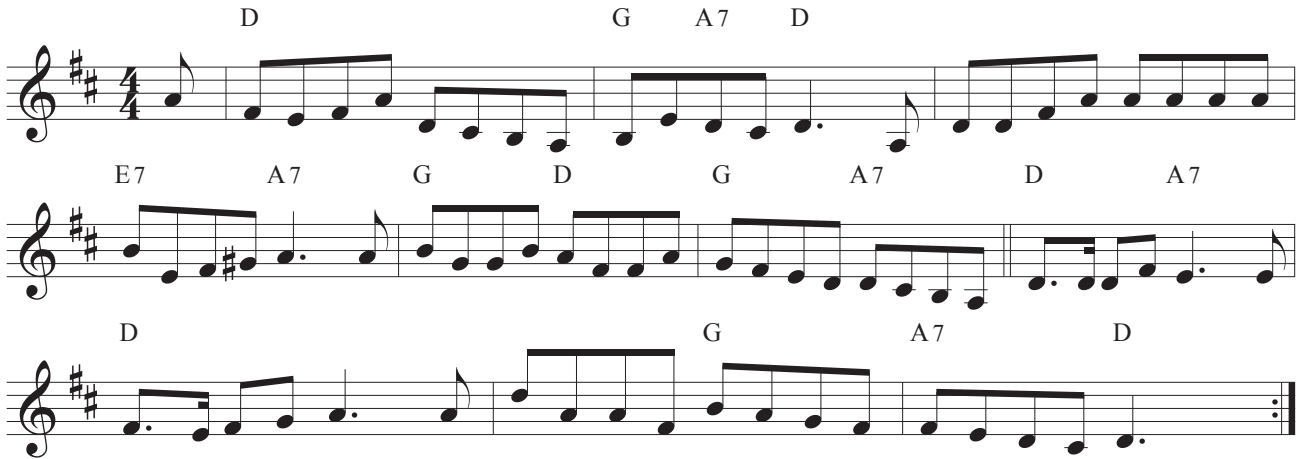
Verse 5: They're leaning on verandah posts, they're lounging on the sofas,  
Then to finish off their spree, they're ordered off as loafers.  
They've got no friends, their money's gone, and at their disappearing  
They give three cheers for the river bend and jog along till shearing.

*without a word of gammon* - without any lie.  
*blowing* - skiting, boasting.

*shanty* - a bush pub.  
*bit of paper* - cheque.

# JOLLY PUDDLERS

*Words: Charles Thatcher (1831 – 1878) Tune: 'The Jolly Waggoners'*



D    G    A7   D

Verse 1: They want to stop our puddling as many of you know

E7         A7

Contractors say that of our slush there is an overflow

G                      D                      G    A7

But if they stop us they'll be sure to injure Bendigo

Chorus:      D                      A7              D  
Drive on my lads, heigho, wash on my lads, heigho  
                                 G                      A7              D  
For who can lead the life that we jolly puddlers do.

Verse 2: These blessed road contractors are trying us to crush  
They say that they're impeded by our muddy dirty slush  
They want to make us knock off but they'll find it is no go

Verse 3:    Why have our escorts fallen off, the questions pray don't shirk  
                 'Tis because it's been so dry and our machines have had no work,  
                 'Tis puddling not quartz reefing now that keeps up Bendigo.

Verse 4: If you crush the puddling interest and stay the puddler's hand,  
What becomes of your fine buildings here that on the township stand?  
The commerce of the this district then would sink down precious low.

Verse 5:    The winter soon is coming and our dams will then be full.  
              We'll run the stuff through the machines and then we'll have a pull  
              And it its pristine glory will shine forth Bendigo.

Verse 6:    The days of tub and cradle, alas, alas are past,  
                  An ounce to every tub of course, was far too good to last,  
                  But still we get a crust for now we wash the stuff below.

Verse 7:    When puddling ceases for all here 'twill be a bitter cup,  
                   Heffernan and Thatcher too may both of them dry up,  
                   And to some other diggings they both will have to go.



# THE KELLY GANG

*Traditional*  
(tune: 'The Cherry Tree')

Am Em

Am Em

Am Am G Am

G Am E7 Am

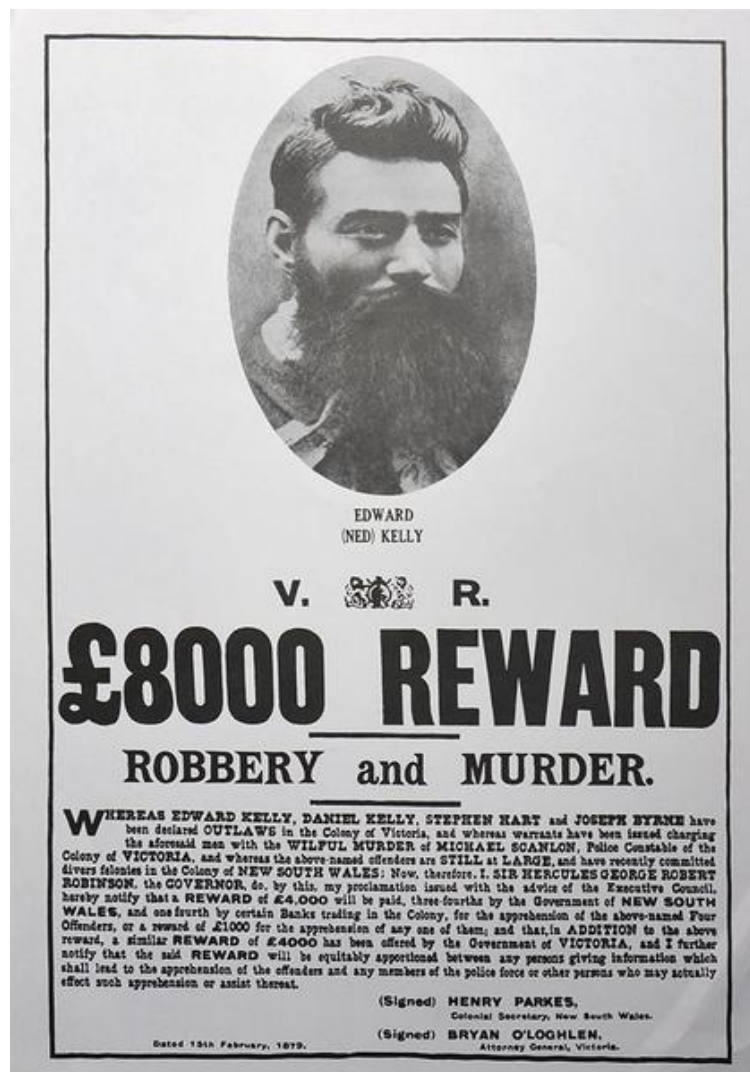
Verse 1: Come all you sons of liberty the news is going round  
That on the bold Ned Kelly's head they've set a thousand pound  
For Steve Hart and Dan Kelly five hundred they will give  
But if the sum was doubled I'm sure the Kelly boys would live

Verse 2: It was in November Seventy Nine the Kelly boys came down  
After shooting sergeant Kennedy they rode into Euroa town  
To rob the bank of all its gold was their idea that day  
Blood horses they was mounted on to make their getaway

Verse 3: Ned Kelly walked into the bank a pistol in his hand  
 “Hand over all the money now ten thousand pound on demand  
 Likewise the ammunition” the bold Ned Kelly said  
 "And get on the go and don't be slow or I'll shoot youse through the head"

Verse 4:   An Afghan hawker they captured next as everybody knows  
              He come in handy to the gang by fitting them out with clothes  
              And of their worn out rags me boys they made a few bonfires  
              And then destroyed the telegraph by cutting down the wires

- Verse 5: They raced into Jerilderie town about twelve o'clock at night  
They caught the troopers in their beds and gave them a hell of a fright  
They held them up at pistol point and I'm ashamed to tell  
They marched them along in their nightshirts and they locked them in a cell
- Verse 6: Next morning dressed in troopers clothes still owners of the ground  
They took their horses to the forge and had them shod free all round  
They led them back and mounted and their plans worked out so well  
They strolled along the main street and stuck up the Royal Hotel
- Verse 7: Their robbing over, they mounted then and made a quick retreat  
They swept away with all their loot along down Morgan's beat  
And where they are now well I don't know if I did I wouldn't tell  
So now until I hear from them I bid youse all farewell



# KHE SANH

Cold Chisel (written by Don Walker) 1978

Chords and musical notation for 'KHE SANH':

- Staff 1: Measures 1-7. Chords: C, G, Am, G, F, Em, Dm, G, Am, F, C, F.
- Staff 2: Measures 8-15. Chords: C, G, Am, F, G, G7, Am, F, C.
- Staff 3: Measures 16-23. Chords: F, Dm, Bb, G, G7, Am, F, C, F.
- Staff 4: Measures 24-31. Chords: C, G, Am, F, G, G7, Am, F, C.
- Staff 5: Measures 32-38. Chords: F, Dm, G, C, F. Includes a triplet of C and G in measures 36-37.
- Staff 6: Measures 39-45. Chords: F, C, F, C, G, Am, F, G, G7.
- Staff 7: Measures 46-52. Chords: Am, F, C, F, Dm, Bb, G.
- Staff 8: Measures 53-59. Chords: G7, Am, F, C, F, C, G, Am, F.
- Staff 9: Measures 60-66. Chords: G, G7, Am, F, C, F, Dm.
- Staff 10: Measures 67-70. Chords: G, C, F, C, G, C, F, C. Includes a ritardando marking and a triplet of C and F in measures 68-69.

Intro:            |C   G   |Am   G   |F   Em   |Dm   G   |

Am                            F                            C   F   C   G

Verse 1:    I left my heart to the sappers round, Khe Sahn.

Am                            F                            G                            G7

And my soul was sold with my cigarettes, to the black market man.

Am                            F                            C                            F

I've had the Vietnam cold turkey, from the ocean to the silver city

Dm            Bb                            G    G7

And it's only other vets could understand.

Am                            F                            C   F   C   G

'Bout the long forgotten dockside guarantees,

Am                            F                            G                            G7

How there were no V-day heroes in nineteen seventy-three;

Am                            F                            C                            F

How we sailed into Sydney Harbour, saw an old friend but I couldn't kiss her.

Dm                            G                            C   F   C   G

She was lined, and I was home to the lucky land

Verse 2:    She was like so many more from that time on

Their lives were all so empty, till they'd found their chosen one,

And their legs were often open, but their minds were always closed,

And their hearts were held in fast suburban chains

And the legal pads were yellow, hours long pay packets lean,

And the telex writers clattered where the gunships once had been;

But the car parks made me jumpy, and I never stopped the dreams,

Or the growing need for speed and novacaine

Verse 3:    So I worked across the country from end to end

Tried to find a place to settle down, where my mixed up life could mend,

Held a job on an oil-rig, flying choppers when I could,

But the nightlife nearly drove me round the bend.

And I've travelled round the world from year to year,

And each one found me aimless, one more year the worse for wear,

And I've been back to South East Asia, and the answer sure ain't there,

But I'm drifting north, to check things out again

Verse 4:    Well the last plane out of Sydney's almost gone.

And only seven flying hours, and I'll be landing in Hong Kong.

And there ain't nothin' like the kisses from a jaded Chinese princess,

I'm gonna hit some Hong Kong mattress all night long

Well the last plane out of Sydney's almost gone.

You know the last plane out of Sydney's almost gone.

And it's really got me worried, I'm going nowhere and I'm in a hurry.

You know the last plane out of Sydney's almost gone.

Ending:            Am                            F                            C   F   C   G

Well the last plane out of Sydney's almost gone.

Am                            F                            G

You know the last plane out of Sydney's almost gone.

Am                            F                            C                            F

And it's really got me worried, I'm going nowhere and I'm in a hurry.

Dm                            G                            C   F   C   F   C

You know the last plane out of Sydney's almost gone.

# KNOCKED UP

Words: Henry Lawson (1893) published in 'The Worker'  
(tune: arranged by Dave Johnson)

Verse

Chorus

Verse 1:       D           A7               Bm               G  
I'm lyin' on the barren ground that's baked and cracked with drought,  
              D           Bm           Em               A7  
And dunno if my legs or back or heart is most wore out;  
              D           A7               Bm               G  
I've got no spirits left to rise and smooth me achin' brow  
              D           Bm               A7               D  
I'm too knocked up to light a fire and boil the billy now.

Chorus:       G               A7               Bm               G  
Oh it's trampin', trampin', everyday through mud and slush 'n sleet;  
              Em               A7               Em               A7  
Or it's trampin' trampin' week by week in flies an' dust an' heat,  
              D               A7               G               Bm  
It's tramp an' tramp the tucker track, one everlastin' strife,  
              G               D               A7               D  
An' wearin' out yer boots an' heart in the wastin' of yer life.

Verse 2:       They whine o' lost an' wasted lives in idleness and crime  
I've wasted mine for twenty years, and grafted all the time  
And never drunk the stuff I earned, nor gambled when I shore  
But somehow when yer on the track yer life seems wasted more.

Verse 3:       A long dry stretch of thirty miles I've tramped this broilin' day,  
All for the off-chance of a job a hundred miles away;  
There's twenty hungry beggars wild for any job this year,  
An' fifty might be at the shed while I am lyin' here

Verse 4:                   D                   A7                   Bm                   G  
The sinews in my legs seem drawn, red-hot 'n that's the truth;  
                  D                   Bm                   Em                   A7  
I seem to weigh a ton, and ache like one tremendous tooth;  
                  D                   A7                   Bm                   G  
I'm stung between my shoulder-blades, my blessed back seems broke;  
                  D                   Bm                   A7                   D  
I'm too knocked out to eat a bite, I'm too knocked up to smoke.

Verse 5:   The blessed rain is comin' too there's oceans in the sky,  
An' I suppose I must get up and rig the blessed fly;  
The heat is bad, the water's bad, the flies a crimson curse,  
The grub is bad, mosquitoes damned but rheumatism's worse.

Chorus:                   G                   A7                   Bm                   G  
Oh it's trampin', trampin', everyday through mud and slush 'n sleet;  
                  Em                   A7                   Em                   A7  
Or it's trampin' trampin' week by week in flies an' dust an' heat,  
                  D                   A7                   G                   Bm  
It's tramp an' tramp the tucker track, one everlastin' strife,  
                  G                   D                   A7                   D  
An' wearin' out yer boots an' heart in the wastin' of yer life..

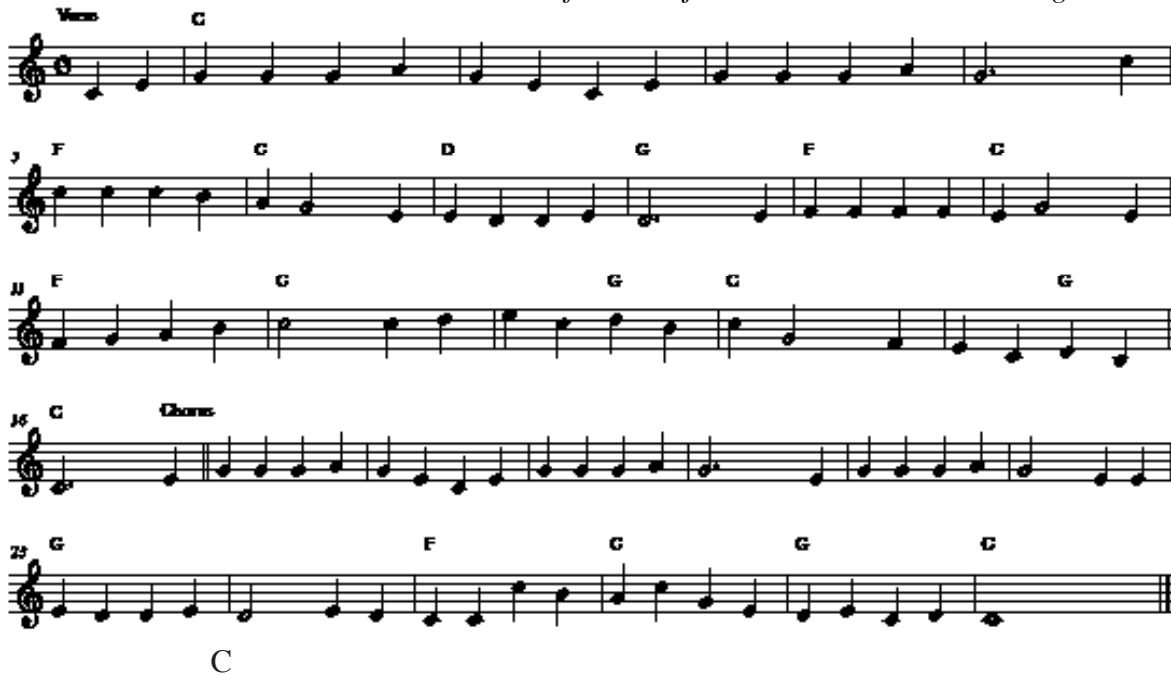


*'Down on His Luck' by Frederick McCubbin 1889*

# LAZY HARRY'S (On The Road To Gundagai)

*traditional*

*from Banjo Paterson's "Old Bush Songs" 1905*



Verse 1: Oh we started out from Roto when the sheds had all cut out.

F                      C                      D                      G

We'd whips and whips of Rhino as we meant to push about.

F                      C                      F                      C

So we humped our blues serenely and made for Sydney town

G                      C                      G                      C

With a three-spot cheque between us as wanted knocking down

G

Chorus *But we camped at Lazy Harry's, on the road to Gundagai*

*The road to Gundagai*

G

*Not five miles from Gundagai*

F                      C                      G                      C

*Yes we camped at Lazy Harry's on the road to Gundagai*

Verse 2: Well we struck the Murrumbidgee near the Yanco in a week  
And passed through old Narrandera and crossed the Burnett Creek  
And we never stopped at Wagga for we'd Sydney in our eye  
But we camped at Lazy Harry's on the road to Gundagai

Verse 3: Oh I've seen a lot of girls my boys and drunk a lot of beer  
And I've met with some of both chaps as has left me mighty queer  
But for beer to knock you sideways and for girls to make you sigh  
You must camp at Lazy Harry's on the road to Gundagai

Verse 4: Well we chucked our blooming swags off and we walked into the bar  
And we called for rum-an'-raspb'ry and a shilling each cigar  
But the girl that served the poison she winked at Bill and I  
And we camped at Lazy Harry's not five miles from Gundagai



Verse 5: In a week the spree was over and the cheque was all knocked down  
So we shouldered our Matildas and we turned our back on town  
And the girls they stood a nobbler as we sadly said good-bye  
And we tramped from Lazy Harry's not five miles from Gundagai

*Last chorus: And we tramped from Lazy Harry's not five miles from Gundagai  
The road to Gundagai Not five miles from Gundagai  
Yes we tramped from Lazy Harry's on the road to Gundagai*

*Gundagai:* lies on what is now the main road from Sydney to Melbourne, the Hume Highway.

*Roto:* is a station in south central NSW.

*humped our blues:* shouldered our blanket-rolls

*Three-spot-check:* a check in the hundreds of pounds

*wanted knocking down:* just had to be spent

*nobbler:* a standard measure of liquor





# LACHLAN TIGERS

*traditional*

*tune: Scottish song 'Musselburgh Fair'*

[illegible]

Verse 1:

Bm A  
Well at each gate each shearer stood as the whistle loudly blew

Em Bm F#  
With eyebrows fixed and lips set tight and the tigers all fed too

Bm G D A  
You can hear the clicking of the shears as through the wool they glide

Bm F# Bm G D F# Bm  
And see a gun already turned and on the whipping side

*Bm A*  
*Chorus: A lot of Lachlan tigers it's plain to see they are*  
*Em Bm F#*  
*And the ringer goes on driving as he loudly calls for tar*  
*Bm G D A*  
*Tar here you dozy loafer and quick the tar boy flies*  
*Bm F# Bm G D F# Bm*  
*Broom here and sweep those locks away another loudly cries*

Verse 2:      The scene it is a lively one and ought to be admired  
                  There's never been a better board since Jacky Howe expired  
                  Along the board the contractor walks his face all in a frown  
                  And passing by the ringer he says my lad keep down

Verse 3: I mean to have those bellies off and topknots too likewise  
My eye is quick so none of your tricks or from me you will fly  
My curse on that contractor by flaming day and night  
To shear a decent tally here in vain I've often tried

Verse 4: I have a pair of Ward and Paine's that are both bright and new  
I'll rig them up and let you see what I can really do  
For I've shore on the Bogan where they shear them by the score  
But such a terror as this to clip I've never shore before

## LEAVE HIM IN THE LONG YARD

*Slim Dusty (1980)*

The image displays a musical score for guitar, written in D major (indicated by two sharps: F# and C#) and 4/4 time. The score consists of six staves of music. The first staff begins with a treble clef and a key signature of two sharps. The time signature is 4/4. The first staff contains a melodic line with a D7 chord indicated below it. The second staff continues the melody with a G chord indicated below it. The third staff features a melodic line with an A7 chord indicated below it. The fourth staff shows a melodic line with a D chord indicated below it. The fifth staff continues the melody with an A7 chord indicated below it. The sixth staff concludes the piece with a D chord indicated below it. The music is written in a style that suggests a folk or acoustic guitar setting, with a focus on melodic movement and harmonic support through chords.

D

Verse 1:    Yes he's lookin' kind of jaded and his sight is not the best  
                                D7                                 G

And the hair around his muzzle's turnin' grey  
                                A7

He has seen a hundred musters and I think it's only fair  
  D

That we leave him in the long yard here today

D

Chorus:     So leave him out there in the long yard do not rush him  
   A7

Leave him out there with his mate the baldy bay

With his mates that he can graze and he can laze with

D

Leave him there and we will turn him out today

Verse 2:    He was broken in the sixties maybe sixty three or four  
               Never faltered always seemed to be on hand  
               Never have I seen him beaten by a bullock in the bush  
               And at a night watch he was pick of all the land

Verse 3:    He's entitled to some comfort for all the deeds he's done  
               Now he's failin' and his step is gettin' slow  
               Let him squander his last summers by the river with his mates  
               In the paddock where the sweetest grasses grow

# LEAVE HER JOHNNY

*Traditional Sea Shanty*

This shanty was traditionally sung when the ship was at port after it had docked and during final pumping of the ship dry because of leakage of water into the holds of the wooden ships during the voyage.

Verse

Chorus

Verse 1:

C  
I thought I heard the Old Man say:  
G7 C  
"Leave her, Johnny, leave her."  
F C G7 C  
It's a long long time til the next pay day,  
G7 C  
And it's time for us to leave her.

Chorus:

G C  
Leave her, Johnny, leave her!  
F C  
Oh, leave her, Johnny, leave her!  
F C G7 C  
For the voyage is long and the winds don't blow  
G7 C  
And it's time for us to leave her.

Verse 2:

Oh, the wind was foul and the sea ran high.  
Leave her, Johnny, leave her!  
She shipped it green and none went by.  
And it's time for us to leave her.

Verse 3:

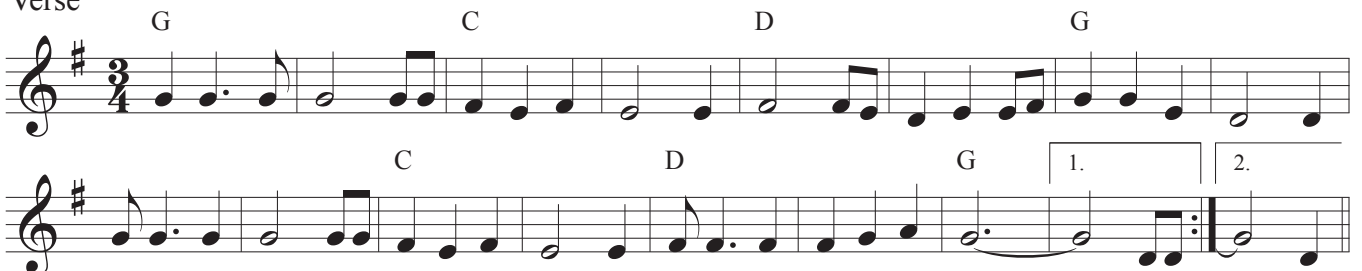
I hate to sail on this rotten tub.  
Leave her, Johnny, leave her!  
No grog allowed and rotten grub.  
And it's time for us to leave her.

- Verse 4: Oh, the skipper was bad, but the mate was worse.  
Leave her, Johnny, leave her,  
He'd blow you down with a spike and a curse,  
And it's time for us to leave her.
- Verse 5: We swear by rote for want of more.  
Leave her, Johnny, leave her!  
But now we're through so we'll go on shore.  
And it's time for us to leave her.
- Verse 6: Oh pull you lubbers or you'll get no pay.  
Oh, leave her, Johnny, leave her,  
Oh pull you lubbers and then belay,  
And it's time for us to leave her!
- Verse 7: We were made to pump all night an' day,  
Leave her, Johnny, Leave her!  
An' we half-dead had beggar-all to say.  
An it's time for us to leave her!
- Verse 8: We'll leave her tight an' we'll leave her trim,  
Leave her, Johnny, Leave her!  
We'll heave the hungry barstard in.  
An it's time for us to leave her!
- Verse 9: Oh, leave her, Johnny, an' we'll work no more,  
Leave her, Johnny, Leave her!  
Of pump or drown we've had full store.  
An it's time for us to leave her!
- Verse 10: Leave her, Johnny, an' we'll leave her with a grin,  
Leave her, Johnny, Leave her!  
There's many a worser we've sailed in.  
An it's time for us to leave her!
- Verse 11: The sails is furled an' our work is done,  
Leave her, Johnny, Leave her!  
And now ashore we'll have our bit o' fun.  
An it's time for us to leave her!

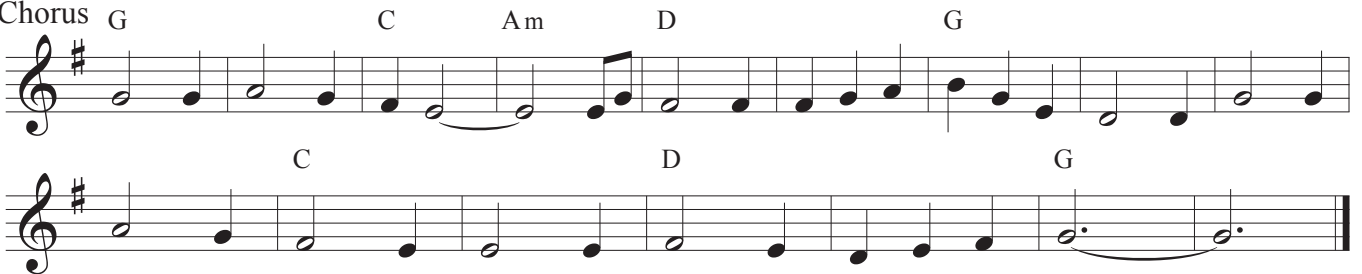
# LEAVING NANCY

*Eric Bogle (1979)*

## Verse



## Chorus



Verse 1:           G                               C  
In comes the train and the whole platform shakes  
                  D                               G  
It stops with a shudder and a screaming of brakes  
                  G                               C  
The parting has come and my weary soul aches  
                  D                               G  
I'm leaving my Nancy, oh

Verse 2:   But you stand there so calmly, determinedly gay  
          You talk of the weather and events of the day  
          And your eyes tell me all that your tongue doesn't say  
          Goodbye my Nancy, oh

                  G               C       Am       D               G  
Chorus:   And come a little closer,   put your head upon my shoulder  
                  G               C               D               G  
And let me hold you one last time before the whistle blows

Verse 3:   My suitcase is lifted and stowed on the train  
          And a thousand regrets whirl around in my brain  
          The ache in my heart is a black sea of pain  
          I'm leaving my Nancy, oh

Verse 4:   But you stand there beside me so lovely to see  
          The grip of your hand is an unspoken plea  
          You're not fooling yourself and you're not fooling me  
          Goodbye my Nancy, oh

Chorus:   And come a little closer   Put your head upon my shoulder  
          And let me hold you one last time before the whistle blows

Verse 5:   But our time has run out and the whistle has blown  
          Here I must leave you standing alone  
          We had so little time and now the time's gone  
          Goodbye my Nancy, oh

Verse 6:   And as the train starts gently to roll  
          And as I lean out to wave and to call  
          I see the first tears trickle and fall  
          Goodbye my Nancy, oh

Chorus:   And come a little closer   Put your head upon my shoulder  
          And let me hold you one last time before the whistle blows



# LES DARCY

Dobe Newton

(from The Bushwackers album 'Faces In The Street' 1981)

Verse 1:

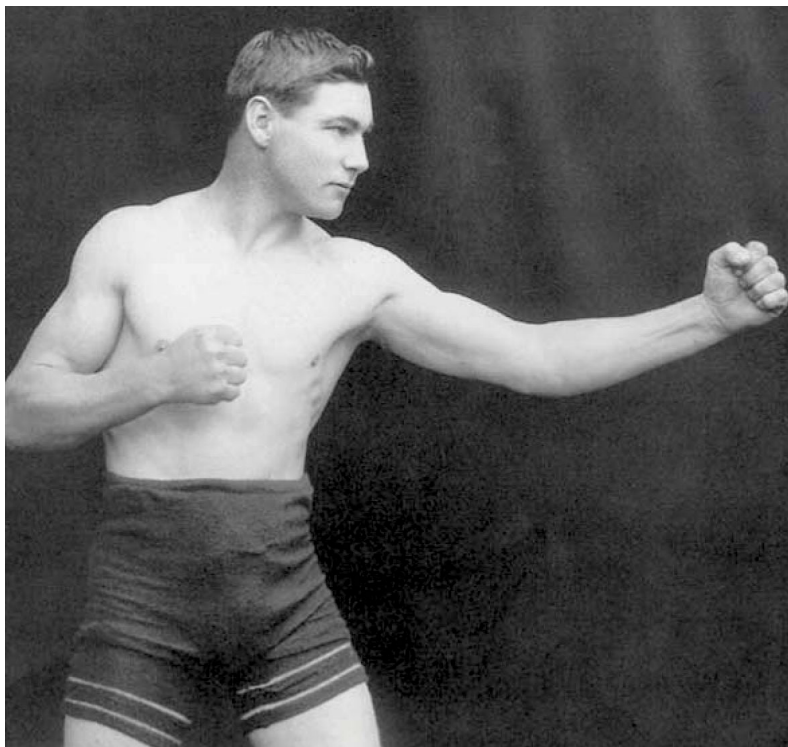
C F  
Roll up ! roll up ! and see the show,  
G  
you local blokes let's see you go  
C F C  
A quid for a goer, two bob a dud,  
F C Dm G  
it's a princely pay for sweat and blood.  
C F  
Young Les was keen to have a go,  
G  
"You watch him Les ! he'll hit you low"  
C F C  
The tent-show boy never saw it coming,  
F G  
Maitland's pride was off and running  
C F C  
Running down to Sydney town, running down to try,  
F C F G  
Running down to make his name and listen to them cry...

Chorus:

C G F C G Am  
All I can wish for tonight is to see Les Darcy fight.  
C G F C  
How they cheered him, they clapped him & they cheered him  
G Am  
Every Saturday night

Verse 2:    So he hung around the stadium door,  
              they let him in to sweep the floor,  
              He saw them spar, the best they'd got,  
              he knew that he could beat the lot  
              Three rounds to start and then a main,  
              he never swept that floor again,  
              For he beat them all inside the bell,  
              soon he heard the people yell.  
              Running down to Sydney town, running down to try,  
              Running down to make his name and listen to them cry...

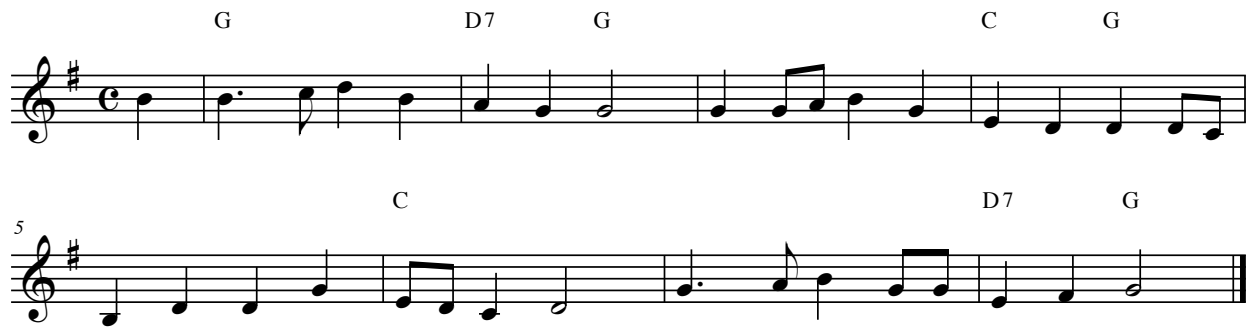
Verse 3:    They rolled up in regiments for every fight,  
              they made Les Darcy King for a night  
              But then he refused to kill in our name,  
              the press they called him a national shame.  
              He stowed away for the land of the free,  
              he died alone across the sea  
              In a flag-drap'd coffin they sent 'im 'ome,  
              he sat on our guilt like a champion's throne  
              He was going down to Tennessee, he was going down to die,  
              If we'd known that we would break your heart,  
              you would have heard Australia cry.





# LIME JUICE TUB

*traditional (first published 1898)*



Verse 1: When shearing comes lay down your drums  
 Step on the board you brand new chums  
 With a ra-dum ra-dum rub-a-dub-dub  
 Send him home in a lime juice tub

Chorus: Here we are in New South Wales  
 Shearing the sheep as big as whales  
 With leather necks and daggy tails  
 And fleece as tough as rusty nails

Verse 2: Now you have crossed the briny deep you fancy you can shear a sheep  
 With a ra-dum ra-dum rub-a-dub-dub we'll send you home in lime juice tub

Verse 3: There's brand new chums and cockies sonst they fancy that they are great guns  
 They fancy they can shear the wool but the buggers can only tear and pull

Verse 4: They tar the sheep till they're nearly black roll up roll up and get the sack  
 Once more we're away on the Wallaby Track Once more to look for the work out back

Verse 5: And when they meet upon the road from off their backs throw down their load  
 And at the sun they'll take a look saying I reckon it's time to breast the cook

Verse 6: We camp in huts without any doors sleep upon the muddy floors  
 With a pannikin of flour and a sheet of bark to wallop up a damper in the dark

Verse 7: Though you live beyond your means your daughters wear no crinolines;  
 Nor are they bothered by boots or shoes they're wild in the bush with the kangaroos.

Verse 8: Its home its home I'd like to be not humping my drum in this country  
 Its sixteen thousand mile I've come to march along with the blanket drum

# LITTLE FISH

*traditional*



Verse 1: There's a song in my heart for the one I love best,  
 And her picture is tattooed all over my chest  
 Yo ho, little fishy, don't cry, don't cry,  
 Yo ho, little fishy, don't cry, don't cry.

Verse 2: There are fish in the sea, there's no doubt about it,  
 Just as big as the ones that have e'er come out.  
 Yo ho, little fishy, don't cry, don't cry,  
 Yo ho, little fishy, don't cry, don't cry.

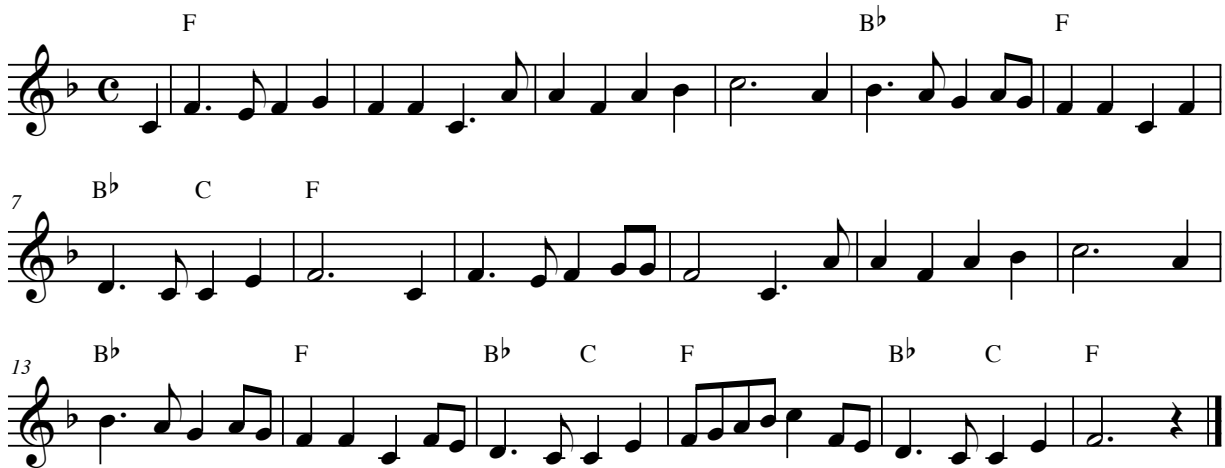
Verse 3: Little fish, when she's caught, she fights like a whale,  
 As she thrashes the water with her long, narrow tail.  
 Yo ho, little fishy, don't cry, don't cry,  
 Yo ho, little fishy, don't cry, don't cry.

Verse 4: The anchor's away, and the weather is fine,  
 And the captain's on deck laying out other lines.  
 Yo ho, little fishy, don't cry, don't cry,  
 Yo ho, little fishy, don't cry, don't cry.

Verse 5: The crew are asleep and the ocean's at rest,  
 And I'm singing this song for the one I love best.  
 Yo ho, little fishy, don't cry, don't cry,  
 Yo ho, little fishy, don't cry, don't cry.

# (and the cry) LOOK OUT BELOW

Charles Thatcher 1856



Verse 1: A young man left his native town through trade being slack at home  
To seek his fortune in this land he crossed the briny foam

And when he came to Ballarat his heart was in a glow  
To hear the sound of the windlasses  
And the cry 'Look out below, below , below'  
And the cry 'Look out below

Verse 2: Where'er he turned his wandering eyes strange sights he did behold  
Of full and plenty in the land and the magic power of gold  
He says now I am young and strong and a digging I will go  
For I like the sound of windlasses  
And the cry 'Look out below, below , below'  
And the cry 'Look out below

Verse 3: Among the rest he took his chance, and his luck at first was vile,  
but still he resolved to persevere, and at length he made his pile.  
Says he, "Now I'm a wealthy man and home again I'll go,  
and say farewell to the windlasses  
And the cry 'Look out below, below , below'  
And the cry 'Look out below

Verse 4: Arrived in London once again, his gold he freely spent.  
And into every gaiety and dissipation went.  
But pleasure, if prolonged too much, oft causes pain you know,  
and he missed the sound of the windlasses  
And the cry 'Look out below, below , below'  
And the cry 'Look out below

Verse 5: And thus he reasoned with himself "Oh why did I return?"  
For a digger's independent life I now begin to yearn.  
Here, purse-proud lords the poor do oppress, but there it is not so.  
Give me the sound of the windlasses  
And the cry 'Look out below, below , below'  
And the cry 'Look out below

Verse 6 So he started for this land again with a charming little wife.  
And he finds there's nothing that comes up to a jolly digger's life.  
Ask him if he'll go back one day, he'll quickly answer, "No",  
for he loves the sound of the windlasses  
And the cry 'Look out below, below , below'  
And the cry 'Look out below

For he loves the sound of the windlasses  
And the cry 'Look out below, below , below'  
And the cry 'Look out below

One of Charles Thatcher's songs from the goldrush days of the 1850's. Charles Thatcher was an English music hall entertainer during the gold rush period in Victoria.

The tune is from the singing of Sally Sloane and is also used for the ballad 'Death Of Peter Clarke'

# MAGGIE MAY

*traditional*



Verse 1: Come gather 'round you sailor boys and listen to my tale  
 And when I'm through I've sure you'll pity me  
 For I was a goddamn fool in the port of Liverpool  
 The first time that I came home from sea.  
 I was paid off at the hove of a ship from Sydney cove  
 Two pound ten a week it was my pay  
 And I started drinking gin and was neatly taken in  
 By a pretty girl they all called Maggie May.

Chorus : Oh Maggie, Maggie May they have taken you away  
 To slave upon that cold Van Diemen's shore  
 You robbed so many sailors and you dosed so many whalers  
 You'll never cruise down Lime St. any more

Verse 2: It was a damned unlucky day when I first met Maggie May  
 She was cruising up and down old Canning Place  
 And she had a figure fine, like the warship of the line  
 And me being a sailor I gave chase.  
 Well next morning I awoke stiff and sore and stony broke  
 No trousers coat or waistcoat could I find.  
 And the landlady said "Sir, I can tell you where the are  
 They're down in Stanley's Hock Shop number nine."

Verse 3: To the bobby on his beat at the corner of the street  
To him I went to him I told my tale  
But he asked as if in doubt “Does your Mother know you’re out?”  
But he agreed the lady ought to be in jail.  
So to that hock shop I applied but no trousers there I spied  
And the coppers came and took the girl away  
And the jury guilty found her for robbing a homeward bounder  
And paid her passage off to Botany Bay.



# MAGPIE MORNING

*Dave De Hugard (from the album 'Magpie Morning' 1993)*

Verse

Chorus

Verse 1:

C      F      C

If you listen I'll tell you about where I live

G                      C

Far away from the noise of the town

C              F      C

The roof's a bit rusty but there's a good view

D7                      G

From the Veranda that runs right around

C              F      C

From the side of a hill looking over a creek

F                      C

It's not very flash understand

F                      C

But for my girl and me it's where we like to be

G                      C

It's a hut in our own native land

Chorus:

C              F      C

We sing with the birds in the morning

F                      C

By the creek where the tall gumtrees stand

C              F      C

Where the Magpies sing in the morning

G                      C

In a hut in our own native land.

Verse 2: We like to rise with the early dawn  
when the birds sing in the new day  
With a match on the stove and in no time at all  
The new day gets underway  
I fill up the kettle and I make some good toast  
I open the kitchen door  
And the songs from the birds sweep up from the creek  
And the tea, its ready to pour

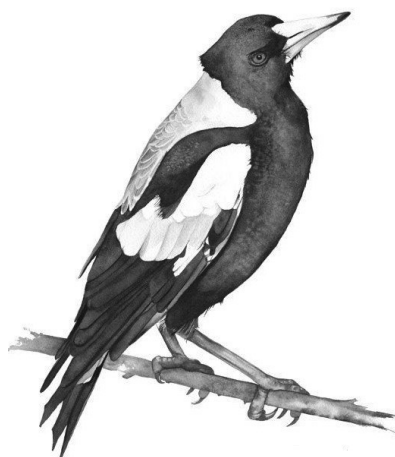
Chorus 2: And we like our tea in the morning  
By the creek where the tall gumtrees stand  
Where the Magpies sing in the morning  
In a hut in our own native land.

Verse 3: And we like the seasons of summer and spring  
And the fire when it's winter again  
We thrill with the flash of the lightening and crash  
Of the thunder and first drops of rain  
Come on sleepy head its a race for the bed  
Last in turns out the light  
Its a wonderful sound with the rain coming down  
On the roof on the hut late at night

Chorus 3: We sleep very sound til the morning  
By the creek where the tall gumtrees stand  
Where the Magpies sing in the morning  
In a hut in our own native land.

Final

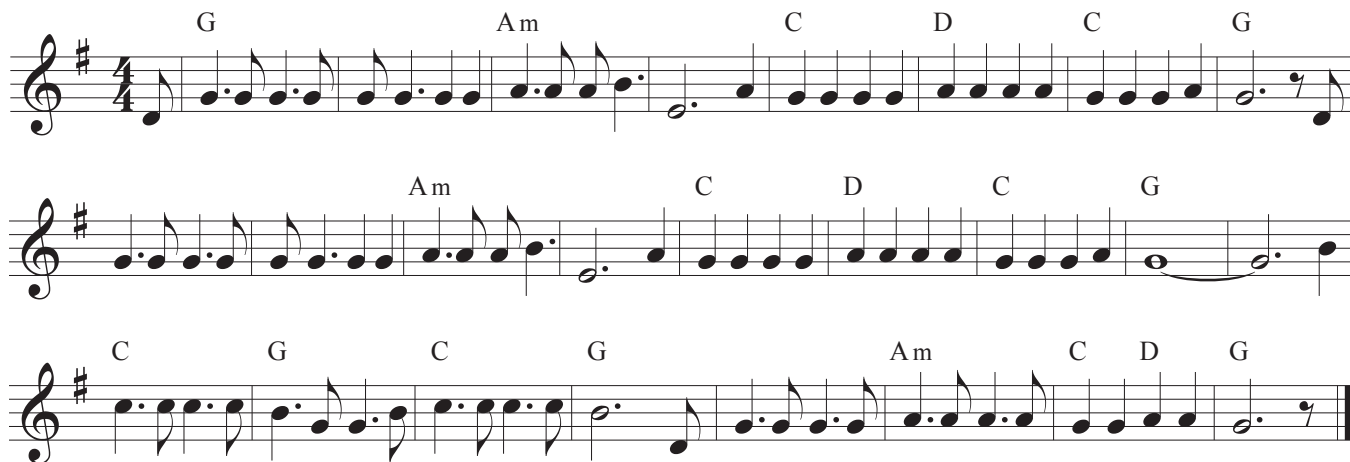
Chorus: We sing with the birds in the morning  
By the creek where the tall gumtrees stand  
Where the Magpies sing in the morning  
In a hut in our own native land.





# THE MAN FROM IRONBARK

Words: Banjo Patterson  
music from the singing of Wallis & Matilda



Verse 1: It was the man from Ironbark who struck the Sydney town,  
He wandered over street and park, he wandered up and down.  
He loitered here he loitered there, till he was like to drop,  
Until at last in sheer despair he sought a barber's shop.  
"Ere! shave my beard and whiskers off, I'll be a man of mark,  
I'll go and do the Sydney toff up home in Ironbark."

Verse 2: The barber man was small and flash, as barbers mostly are,  
He wore a strike-your-fancy sash he smoked a huge cigar;  
He was a humorist of note and keen at repartee,  
He laid the odds and kept a "tote", whatever that may be,  
And when he saw our friend arrive, he whispered, "Here's a lark!  
Just watch me catch him all alive, this man from Ironbark."

Verse 3:    There were some gilded youths that sat along the barber's wall.  
               Their eyes were dull, their heads were flat, they had no brains at all;  
               To them the barber passed a wink his dexter eyelid shut,  
               "I'll make this bloomin' yokel think his bloomin' throat is cut."  
               And as he soaped and rubbed it in he made a rude remark:  
               "I s'pose the flats is pretty green up there in Ironbark."

- Verse 4     A grunt was all reply he got; he shaved the bushman's chin,  
Then made the water boiling hot and dipped the razor in.  
He raised his hand, his brow was black, he paused awhile to gloat,  
Then slashed the red-hot razor-back across his victim's throat;  
Upon the newly-shaven skin it made a livid mark,  
No doubt it fairly took him in, the man from Ironbark.
- Verse 5:     He fetched a wild up-country yell might wake the dead to hear,  
And though his throat, he knew full well, was cut from ear to ear,  
He struggled gamely to his feet, and faced the murd'rous foe:  
"You've done for me! you dog, I'm beat! one hit before I go!  
I only wish I had a knife, you blessed murdering shark!  
But you'll remember all your life the man from Ironbark."
- Verse 6:     He lifted up his hairy paw, with one tremendous clout  
He landed on the barber's jaw, and knocked the barber out.  
He set to work with tooth and nail, he made the place a wreck;  
He grabbed the nearest gilded youth, and tried to break his neck.  
And all the while his throat he held to save his vital spark,  
And "Murder! Bloody murder!" yelled the man from Ironbark.
- Verse 7:     A peeler man who heard the din came in to see the show;  
He tried to run the bushman in, but he refused to go.  
And when at last the barber spoke, and said "'Twas all in fun'  
Twas just a little harmless joke, a trifle overdone."  
"A joke!" he said, "By hell, that's fine; a lively sort of lark;  
I'd like to catch that murdering swine some night in Ironbark."
- Verse 8:     And now while round the shearing floor the list'ning shearers gape,  
He tells the story o'er and o'er, and brags of his escape.  
"Them barber chaps what keeps a tote, by hell, I've had enough,  
One tried to cut my bloomin' throat, but thank the Lord it's tough."  
And whether he's believed or no, there's one thing to remark,  
That flowing beards are all the go back home in Ironbark.

# THE MAN WITH THE CONCERTINA

Robert Stewart, & Dave de Hugard

(performed by de Hugard on Magpie Morning)

Introduction

9 verse part A

18

Verse part B

27

36

Intro: |F |C |F |C |F |C |G7 |C |

Verse1 (A) I've been joggin' down the bridle track through the mountains steerin'  
 With a horse to ride and one to pack, joggin' down to shearin'  
 Way up here in the mountains the air is pretty chilly  
 I've pitched me tent and lit me fire, I've put on me billy

(B) I've found a nice dry sheltered spot and built a good log fire  
 And when a bloke is on the tramp what more could he desire  
 I'll light me pipe and puff a cloud you'd think it was a steamer  
 And an old bush tune I'll finger out upon the concertina

Instrumental verse A & B

Verse2 (A) A few days back some fellas on the track had fiddles and concertinas  
 What a grand old night with the fire alight and the pint pot passed between us  
 Old Erin's harp may sweeter be, Scottish pipes blow keener  
 But give to me an old bush tune on the fiddle and concertina.

- (B) The sky is fairly clear tonight the stars are shining brightly.  
The moon is rising through the trees and the horses resting quietly  
I'll be off with the morning light and head for the Riverina  
They know me there around the place as the man with the concertina

Instrumental verse part A

- Verse 3 (B) I'll light me pipe and puff a cloud you'd think it was a steamer  
And an old bush tune I'll finger out upon the concertina  
I'll be off with the morning light and head for the Riverina  
I hope you like this little song from the man with the concertina

Instrumental verse A & B



*traditional*

verse

D G D A7

9 D G D A7 D

Chorus

17 G D A7

25 D G D A7 D

D G D

Verse 1: Oh, the night is dark and stormy and the sky is clouded o'er,

A7

Our horses we will mount and ride away,

D G D

To watch the squatter's cattle through the darkness of the night

A7 D

And we'll keep them on the camp till break of day.

G D

*Chorus: For we're going, going, going to Gunnedah so far*

A7

*Soon we'll be in sunny New South Wales,*

D G D

*And we'll bid farewell to Queensland with its swampy coolibah*

A7 D

*Happy drovers from the sandy Maranoa*

Verse 2:   With our campfires burning bright through the darkness of the night,  
              And the cattle camping quiet, well, I'm sure  
              That I wish for two o'clock when I call the other watch,  
              This is droving on the sandy Maranoa.

Verse 3    Our beds made on the ground we are sleeping all so sound  
When we're wakened by the distant thunder's roar  
And the lightning's vivid flash followed by an awful crash  
It's rough on drovers from the sandy Maranoa

- Verse 4: We are up at break of day, and we'll soon be on our way,  
We always have to go ten miles or more,  
But it don't do to loaf about or the squatter will come out  
He's rough on drovers from the sandy Maranoa
- Verse 5: We'll soon be on the Moonie and we'll cross the Barwon too,  
Then out upon the rolling plains once more,  
And we'll shout 'Hurrah', for Queensland and its swampy coolibah,  
And the cattle that come off the Maranoa.



# MARYBOROUGH MINER

Traditional



Verse 1:      D            G        D            C            D  
Come all you sons of liberty and listen to my song:  
                         C            G            A  
I'll tell you my observations and it won't take very long.  
                 D                    C                    A  
I've fossicked around this continent, five thousand miles or more,  
                 D            G        D                    C            D  
And many's the time I might have starved but for the cheek I bore.

Verse 2: I've been on all the diggings, boys, from famous Ballarat,  
I've long-tommed on the Lachlan, and I've fossicked Lambing Flat.  
So you can understand, my boys, just from my little rhyme,  
I'm a Maryborough miner, and I'm one of the good old time.

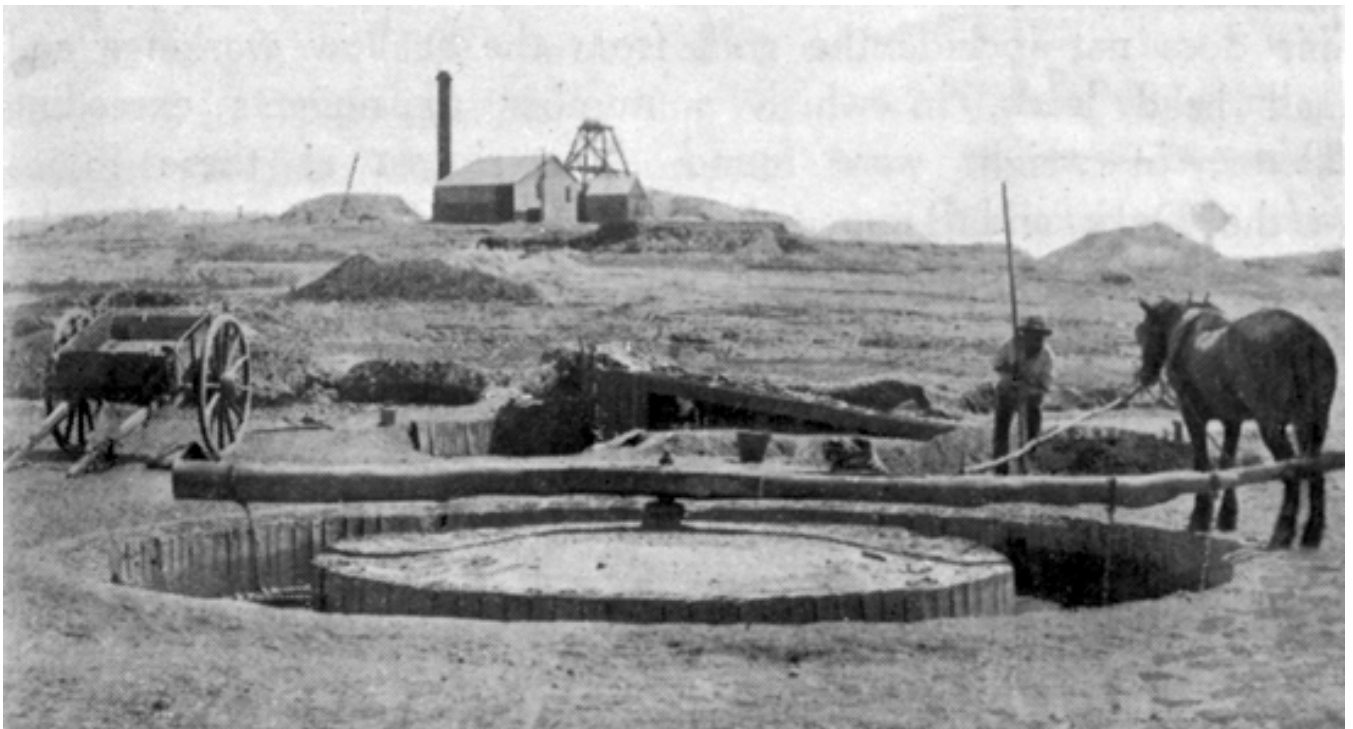
Verse 3: I came to the Fitzroy River, all with my Bendigo rig;  
I had a shovel, a pick, and a pan, and for a licence I begged.  
But the assay man called me a loafer, said for work I'd no desire,  
And so to do him justice, boys, I set his office on fire.

Verse 4: Oh yes, my jolly jokers, I've done it on the cross,  
Although I carry my bluey now, I've sweated many a horse.  
I've helped to rob the escort of many an ounce of gold  
And the traps have trailed upon my tail more times than I've ever told.

Verse 5: Oh yes, the traps have trailed me and been frightened out of their stripes;  
They never could have caught me for, they feared my cure for gripes.  
And well they knew I carried it, for they had often seen it  
Glistening in my flipper, chaps, my 'patent pill machine'.

Verse 6: I'm one of the men who cradled on the reef at Tarrangower,  
Anxiety and misery my grim companions there.  
I puddled the clay at Bendigo, and I chanced my arm at Kew,  
And I wound up my avocation with ten years on Cockatoo.

Verse 7: I've been on all the diggings, boys, from famous Ballarat,  
I've long-tommed on the Lachlan and I've fossicked Lambing Flat.  
So you may understand, my boys, just from this little rhyme,  
I'm a Maryborough miner, and I'm one of the good old time.





# (WHAT WILL WE DO WITH ) MAUD BUTLER


words and music John Thompson

Verse

G D7 G C G A7 D




5 C G A7 D G D7 G




Chorus

9 G C G C G A7 D



13 C G A7 D7 G D7 G



G D7 G  
Verse 1: Maud Butler had a brother in the army  
C G A7 D  
And so she made her way to Sydney town  
C G A7 D  
At 17 she knew her mind, she wouldn't just be left behind  
G D7 G  
And so Maud tried to join the army

G C G  
Chorus: Oh, what will we do with Maud Butler?  
C G A7 D  
She dresses as a soldier and she wants to go to war  
C G  
She jumped a ship to cross the foam  
A7 D7  
Better than any stay-at-home  
G D7 G  
The prettiest little soldier-boy the Army ever saw.

Verse 2: A lovely farmer's daughter from old Kurri Kurri town  
When she tried to sign on as a nurse they turned the poor girl down.  
So she bought herself some soldier's gear  
Cut her hair and wiped her tears  
And she climbed up a rope to board a transport

- Verse 3: Three days in a life-raft with not a bite to eat  
'Til bold as brass she walked the decks, the sailor-boys to meet  
An officer saw her walking about  
Her boots were wrong, they found her out.  
Poor Maud was put ashore in dear old Melbourne
- Verse 4: Only two months later, Maud was back on board again  
Another attempt to see the front, in the company of men  
"I'll do my bit to help the war"  
She told them when she was back on shore  
"I just want to be a soldier"
- Verse 5: This young girl's an example to all of those who shirk  
Where other's would have given up, Maud Butler went to work  
A lesser girl would have had enough  
But Maud was made of sterner stuff  
So raise a cheer and sing of Miss Maud Butler



AUSTRALIAN WAR MEMORIAL

P04683.010

# ME AND CHERYL MCGRAW

*Lee Williams (Apologies to Kris Kristofferson) ~ 1970*

verse

The image displays a musical score for a song, divided into a 'Verse' and a 'Chorus'. The key signature is A major (two sharps: F# and C#), and the time signature is 4/4. The score is written on six staves, each with a treble clef. Chord symbols (A, E, A7, D) are placed above the staves to indicate the harmonic structure. The 'Verse' section spans the first three staves, and the 'Chorus' section spans the remaining three staves. The music features a mix of eighth, quarter, and half notes, with some measures containing rests. The overall tempo is marked as 'Moderato'.

A E

Verse 1: Busted flat in Woollongong, waiting for a bus. Feeling just as daggy as me jeans

A

Cheryl thumbed a Holden down, riddled full of rust. Took us all the way to Narrabeen.

I took my digeridoo out of my Penrith Panthers T-shirt

A7 D

And was blowing hard while Sheryl combed her hair,

A

With the windscreen wipers flapping time, I got stuck on the 14th line

E A A7

Of the nineteenth verse of Advance Australia Fair

Chorus: D Freedom's just another word for bein' unemployed A  
E A A7  
A dollar's not worth nothin any more  
D A  
Feelin' good is easy, mate, with a stubby in yer paw  
E  
Feelin good was good enough for sure A  
As long as I was feelin' Sheryl McGraw

Verse 2: From the steelworks of Port Kembla to the sunny Bondi shores  
Cheryl shared me Chiko rolls and prawns.  
Standing right beside me lord, sometimes on me foot  
Playing merry havoc with me corns.  
But somewhere near Maroubra mate, I let her slip away,  
With a long-haired commie poofteer from Balmain.  
I'd trade all my tomorrows and my Barnsey autograph  
For another night with Sheryl's sister Jane.

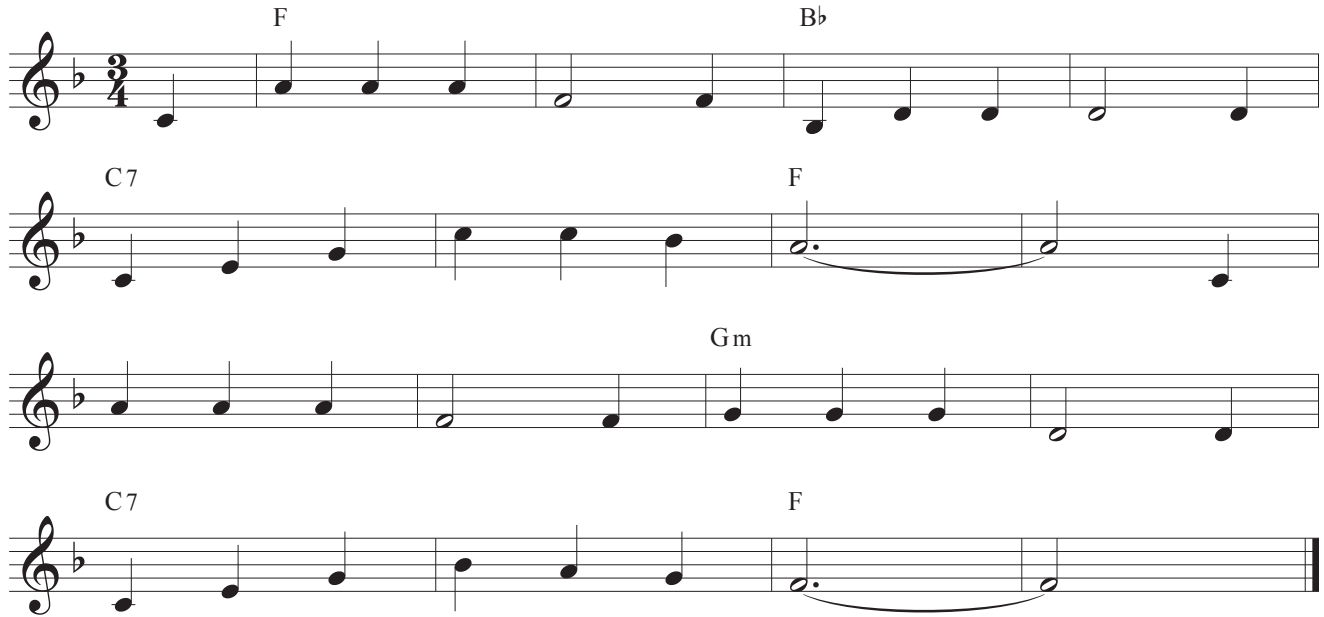
Chorus: Freedom's just another word for bein' unemployed  
A dollar's not worth nothin any more  
Feelin' good is easy, mate, with a stubby in yer paw  
Feelin good was good enough for sure  
As long as I was feelin' Sheryl McGraw

Ending: la la la, da de la de da ..... me and Cheryl McGraw. ....



# THE MINER

*Traditional (~1959)*



Verse 1:      F                      Bb  
The miner he goes and changes his clothes  
            C7                      F  
And then makes his way to the shaft  
            F                      Gm  
For each man well knows he's going below  
            C7                      F  
To put in his eight hours of graft

Chorus :      F                      Bb  
With his calico cap and his old flannel shirt  
            C7                      F  
His pants with the strap round the knee  
            F                      Gm  
His boots watertight and his candle alight  
            C7                      F  
His crib and his billy of tea

Verse 2:    The platman to the driver will knock four and one  
            The ropes to the windlass will strain  
            As one shift comes up, another goes down  
            And working commences again

Verse 3:    He works hard for his pay at six bob a day  
            He toils for his missus and kids  
            He gets what's left over and thinks he's in clover  
            To cut off his 'baccy in quids

Verse 4:   And thus he goes on, week in and week out  
              To toil for his life's daily bread  
              He's off to the mine, hail, rain or shine  
              That his dear ones at home may be fed

Verse 5:   Digging holes in the ground where there's gold to be found  
              And most times where gold it is not  
              A man's like a rabbit with this digging habit  
              And like one, he ought to be shot



# MORTON BAY

## (The Convict's Lament On The Death Of Captain Logan)

*traditional*

C                      A m    F                      C                      F    A m                      C

6

F                      C                      G    C                      A m    F                      C

12

F    A m                      C                      F                      C                      G    C

C                      A m    F                      C                      F                      A m  
One Sunday morning as I went walking, by the Brisbane's waters I chanced to stray,  
C                      F                      C                      G                      C  
I heard a prisoner his fate bewailing, as on the sunny riverbank he lay;  
C                      A m    F                      C                      F    A m  
"I am a native of Erin's island but banished now to the fatal shore,  
C                      F                      C                      G                      C  
They tore me from my aged parents and from the maiden I do adore.

"I've been a prisoner at Port Macquarie, Norfolk Island and Emu Plains,  
At Castle Hill and cursed Toongabbie, at all those settlements I've worked in chains;  
But of all those places of condemnation, in each penal station of New South Wales,  
To Moreton Bay I've found no equal: excessive tyranny there each day prevails.

"For three long years I was beastly treated, heavy irons on my legs I wore,  
My back from flogging it was lacerated, and often painted with crimson gore,  
And many a lad from downright starvation lies mouldering humbly beneath the clay,  
Where Captain Logan he had us mangled on his triangles at Moreton Bay.

"Like the Egyptians and ancient Hebrews, we were oppressed under Logan's yoke,  
Till a native black who lay in ambush did give our tyrant his mortal stroke.  
Fellow prisoners, be exhilarated, that all such monsters such a death may find!  
And when from bondage we are liberated, our former sufferings shall fade from mind."

# MY BONNY LOVE IS YOUNG

From the singing of Sally Sloane -1956  
(Robert Burn's song 'Lady Mary Ann' tells a similar story)  
Found in John Meredith's 'Folk Songs Of Australia'

Verse 1: "Oh mother, Oh mother you've done a thing that's wrong,  
You've married me to a college boy whose age is far too young,  
For my age is twice ten and my love he is sixteen  
And me bonny boy is young, and he's growing."

Verse 2: "Dear daughter, dear daughter, I'll tell you what I'll do,  
I'll send him off to college for another year or two,  
And on his Scotch cap I'll tie a bunch of blue  
For to let the ladies know that he's married  
For to let the ladies know that he's married."



# MY HOME IN THE VALLEY

Clivie Kelly

Clivie Kelly was an Aboriginal singer who grew up around Nulla Nulla Creek about 60kms north west of Kempsey, NSW.

This song is from a recording by Chloe and Jason Roweth who learnt the song from the singing of Maisie Kelly, Clivie's wife and whose rendition was included on the Festival records album 'Buried Country' in 2000.

[A]

[B]

- A: My home is set in the valley. In this valley in New South Wales  
At the foot of Sugarloaf Mountain. By the Nulla Creek's flowing stream
- B: That winds its way through the farmland where it joins up with the Macleay  
Just thirty five miles from Kempsey is this great, green valley I call home
- A: I've travelled a fair bit of New South Wales down the South Coast to Nowra I came  
But my heart was always in that valley, in the valley that I call my home
- B: Where the sun rises over the mountain along the ridge where the sweet wattles grow  
Where the cattle came down from the lowland when the floods came down in July
- A: *instrumental*
- B: With the scent of the bush all around us, out there where the wallabies bound  
At our flat it's all covered in clover by the Nulla Creek's flowing stream
- B: That winds its way through the farmland where it joins up with the Macleay  
Just thirty five miles from Kempsey is this great, green valley I call home

# MY OLD BLACK BILLY

Words: Edward Harrington. ( 1895-1966)

Music by Roy Jeffries (1893-1969)

Verse 1: I have humped my bluey in all the states  
 With my old black billy the best of mates;  
 For years I've camped and toiled and tramped  
 Over roads that are rough and hilly;  
 with my plain and sensible, indispensable,  
 Old Black Billy

Chorus: My old black billy, my old black billy;  
 Whether the wind is warm or chilly,  
 I always find when the shadows fall,  
 My old black billy's the best mate of all!

Verse 2: I've carried my swag on the parched Paroo,  
 Where water is scarce and the houses few:  
 On many a track on the great outback,  
 Where the heat would drive you silly;  
 I've carried my sensible, indispensable,  
 Old Black billy.

Verse 3: When my tramping days are o'er.  
 And I drop my swag at the Golden Door,  
 Saint Peter will stare when he sees me there,  
 Then he'll say, "Poor wandering Willie,  
 Come in with your sensible, indispensable,  
 Old Black Billy."

## THE NEW CHUM CHINAMAN

*Traditional (~1880s)*



Verse 1: Oh What's the use of talking, they won't let the white man live  
For if there's any work to do to a Chinaman they'll give  
Come all you straight haired natives take my advice and plan  
Just turn your skin the right side in and become a chinaman

Chorus: Oh goodbye Mrs Doolin. Oh ta, ta Mrs Doyle  
No more I'll roam around Ireland or plague your emerald isle  
For I am bound for China, it's there I will be found  
I'll go and join the Chinamen for Hong Kong I am bound

Verse 2: As soon as I ever I put my foot upon the flowery shore,  
I'll score the whiskers off my face, They won't grow any more.  
I'll turn my eyebrows upside down My skin I'll yellow tan,  
I'll eat my rice with chopsticks like a new churn Chinaman.

Verse 3: I'll wear a pigtail six feet long and roll the lingo round,  
I'll wear a pair of Chinese pants with bottoms neat and grand,  
And I will call myself Ah Pat, Though my name is Pat McCann,  
And back to Queensland I will come, as a new chum Chinaman.

Verse 4: I'll buy a pair of Chinese shoes and I'll wear them on the land,  
I'll meet some Chinese chaps some day and they'll grasp me by the hand,  
They will say "Good day, good day, are you here to stay?  
You are very welcome, welcome to our land!"

Verse 5: I'll learn to carry baskets, with a bamboo on my back,  
I'll fill them up with yellow gold that I find on the track.  
So if I make my fortune I'll be coming back  
And marry the girl I left behind, Her name is Magpie Black.

# NINE MILES FROM GUNDAGAI

*traditional*

This song probably dates back to the late 1800's when many swaggies and bullockies struggled to make a living. in the bush. Many versions of this song have the dog merely "sitting" on the tuckerbox. I suspect it was more of a problem than that.



Verse 1: I'm used to punching bullock teams across the hills and plains  
 I've teamed outback these forty years in blazing droughts and rains  
 I've lived a heap of troubles down without a blooming lie  
 But I can't forget what happened to me nine miles from Gundagai

Verse 2: Twas getting dark the team got bogged the axel snapped in two  
 I lost my matches and my pipe ah what was I to do  
 The rain came on twas bitter cold and hungry too was I  
 And the dog shat in the tucker box nine miles from Gundagai

Verse 3: Some blokes I know have stacks of luck no matter how they fall  
 But there was I lord luvva duck no blessed luck at all  
 I couldn't make a pot of tea nor get my trousers dry  
 And the dog shat in the tucker box nine miles from Gundagai

Verse 4: I can forgive the blinking team I can forgive the rain  
 I can forgive the dark and cold and go through it again  
 I can forgive my rotten luck but hang me till I die  
 I cant forgive that blooming dog nine miles from Gundagai

Verse 5: But that's all dead and past and gone I've sold the team for meat  
 And where I got the bullocks bogged now there is an asphalt street  
 The dog ah well he took a bait and reckoned he would die  
 I buried him in that tucker box nine miles from Gundagai

# NO HALF MEASURES

*Alistair Hulett*  
*Arr: Ron McLaughlin*



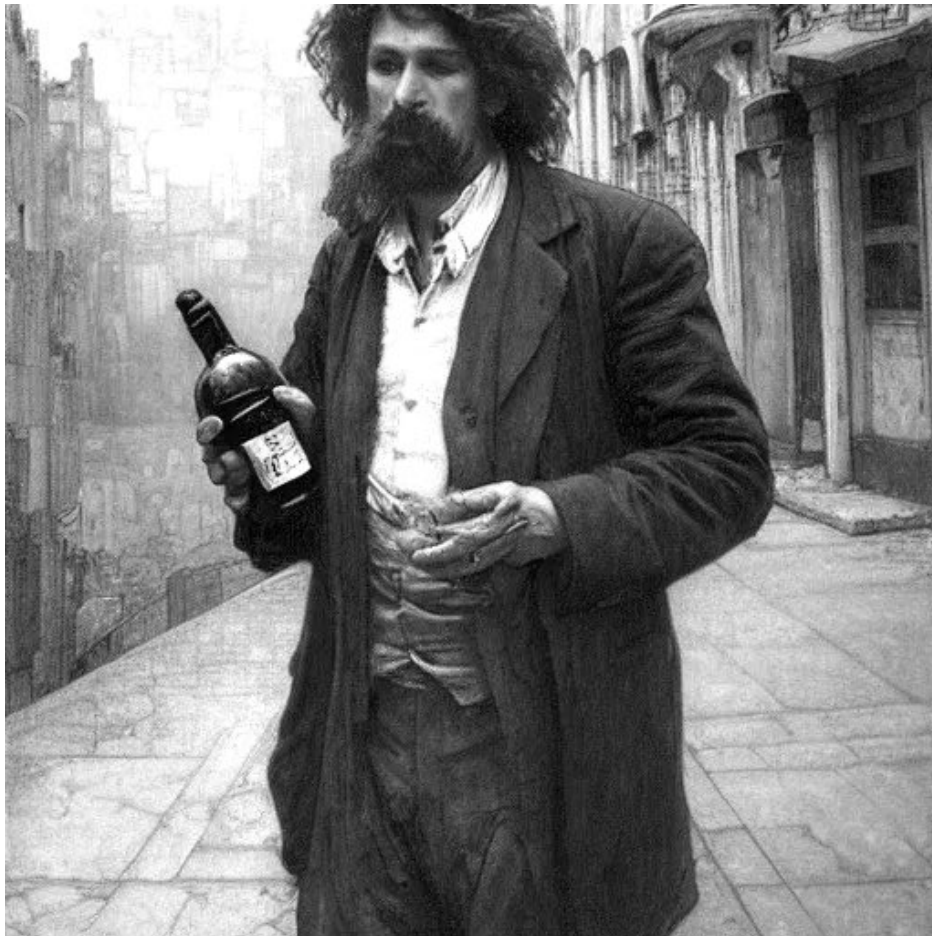
Verse 1:      G      C      G                      C      D      G  
 My old man has a heart that is warm, as a breeze on a summer's afternoon.  
                  C                      G                      C                      D  
 He's clever with his hands, you should see his fingers dance,  
                  G    D  
 When he laughs he's as crazy as a loon.  
                  Am    G  
 Well, we've been together now for nearly sixteen years,  
                  C                      G                      C                      D  
 But how, I just don't know for I've cried so many tears.

Chorus:              G              C              G  
 For he can't seem to lay off the bottle,  
                  C                      G                      D  
 He just doesn't know when to stop.  
                  C                      G                      C                      D  
 Something snaps in his head, and he won't come to bed  
 G              C                      G      | C      G      | C      D      |  
 Until he's finished every drop.

Verse 2:      My old man has been in and out of work for as long as I can recall.  
 It's all for his grog that he can't hold down a job  
 So there's nothing much to show for it all.  
 It's not the things I need, I'm not that way inclined  
 But it makes my heart bleed for to see him get so blind.

Verse 3: Well, I think I'll send the kids for a spell with me mum,  
And I'll take some time on my own.  
We could talk but I doubt that we'd ever work it out  
And I don't know if I could live alone.  
Well, it's been so many years, Christ, it's nearly half my life  
But he's married to his beer and I don't feel much like a wife.

Verse 4: My old man had a heart that was warm  
As a breeze on a summer's afternoon.  
He's was clever with his hands, you should have seen his fingers dance,  
But now he's living in a rented room.  
Well, we meet from time to time, but there's not a lot to say.  
We once had something fine but there's nothing left today.



# NO FOE SHALL GATHER OUR HARVEST

*Words: Dame Mary Gilmore*

(first published in *The Australian Women's Weekly* on 29 June 1940, and later in the poet's collection *Fourteen Men*. The final two stanzas from the poem appear as microtext on the Australian ten-dollar note.)

*Music: Ron McLaughlin (2022)*

Verse 1:

D G  
Sons of the mountains of Scotland, Welshmen of Coomb and defile,  
D E7 A7  
Breed of the moors of England, children of Erin's green isle,  
G D G A7  
We stand four square to the tempest, whatever the battering hail-

|  |   |    |   |
|--|---|----|---|
| G  | D | A7 | D |
| No foe shall gather our harvest, or sit on our stockyard rail. |   |    |   |
| G  | D | A7 | D |
| No foe shall gather our harvest, or sit on our stockyard rail. |   |    |   |

Verse 2: Our women shall walk in honour, our children shall know no chain,  
This land, that is ours forever, the invader shall strike at in vain.  
Anzac!...Tobruk!...and Kokoda!... could ever the old blood fail?

No foe shall gather our harvest, or sit on our stockyard rail.  
No foe shall gather our harvest, or sit on our stockyard rail.

Verse 3:    So hail-fellow-met we muster, and hail-fellow-met fall in,  
               Wherever the guns may thunder, or the rocketing air-mail spin!  
               Born of the soil and the whirlwind, though death itself be the gale-

No foe shall gather our harvest, or sit on our stockyard rail.  
No foe shall gather our harvest, or sit on our stockyard rail.

Verse 4: We are the sons of Australia, of the men who fashioned the land;  
We are the sons of the women who walked with them hand in hand;  
And we swear by the dead who bore us, by the heroes who blazed the trail,

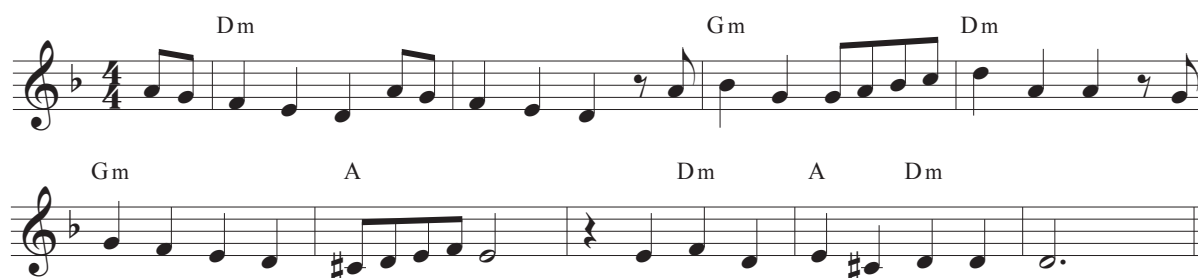
No foe shall gather our harvest, or sit on our stockyard rail.  
No foe shall gather our harvest, or sit on our stockyard rail.

# NORMAN BROWN

Words: Dorothy Hewett

Tune: Traditional (based on 'Bold Nelson's Praise'  
or similar to 'Princess Royal' - Turlough O'Carolan)

In February 1929 the coal owners of the Hunter Valley NSW demanded a 12.5% wage cut. When the workers refused, the bosses, supported by a conservative State Government, locked them out of the mines for 15 months. Towards the end of 1929 the coal owners tried to open some pits with scab labour. Miners decided to take them on. Norman Brown, aged 29 was killed and forty-five others were injured by police during what became known as the Rothbury Riot.



Verse 1:                   Dm                                   Gm                                   Dm  
There was a very simple man, Honest and quiet, yet he became  
                                 Gm                   A                                   Dm   A   Dm  
The mate of every working man, And every miner knows his name.

Chorus:           Oh Norman Brown, oh Norman Brown  
The murderin' coppers they shot him down,  
They shot him down in Rothbury town,  
A working man called Norman Brown.

Verse 2:           "An honest man," the parson said,  
And dropped the clods upon his head,  
But honest man or not, he's dead  
And that's the end of Norman Brown.

Verse 3:           Coal bosses wiped their hands and sighed,  
"It is a pity that he died."  
It will inflame the countryside,  
And all because of Norman Brown.

Verse 4:           At pit-top meetings and on strike  
In every little mining town,  
When miners march for bread and rights  
There marches honest Norman Brown.

Verse 5:           He thunders at the pit-top strike,  
His voice is in the women's tears,  
With banner carried shoulder-high  
He's singing down the struggling years.

Verse 6:           A miner's pick is in his hand,  
His song is shouted through the land,  
A land that's free and broad and brown,  
The land that bred us Norman Brown.

Last Chorus:   Oh Norman Brown, oh Norman Brown,  
The murderin' coppers they shot him down.  
They shot him down in Rothbury town,  
To live forever ... Norman Brown.



# NO MAN'S LAND

## (The Green Fields Of France)

*words and music Eric Bogle (1976)*

Verse

9

18

26

35

44

Chorus

Verse:      G      Em      C      Am  
Well how do you do young Willie McBride,  
                D      D7      C      G  
Do you mind if I sit here down by your graveside,  
                Em      C      Am  
And rest for a while 'neath the warm summer sun,  
                D      D7      C      G  
I've been walking all day and I'm nearly done.  
                Em      C      Am  
I see by your gravestone you were only 19,  
                D      G      D7  
When you joined the great fallen in 1916,  
                G      Em      C      Am  
I hope you died quick and I hope you died clean,  
                D      D7      C      G  
Or young Willie McBride was it slow and obscene.

D
D7
C
G  
 Chorus: Did they beat the drum slowly, did they sound the fife lowly,  
D
D7
C
G  
 Did the rifles fire o'er ye, as they lowered you down,  
C
D  
 Did the bugles sing the last post in chorus,  
G
C
D7
G  
 Did the pipes play the Flowers of the Forest.

Verse 2: Did you leave a wife or a sweetheart behind,  
 In some faithful heart is your memory enshrined,  
 And though you died back in 1916,  
 To that faithful heart are you forever 19.  
 Or are you a stranger without even a name,  
 Forever enshrined behind a glass frame,  
 In an old photograph all torn battered and stained,  
 And fading to yellow in a brown leather frame.

Verse 3: The sun now it shines on the green fields of France,  
 The warm wind blows gently and the red poppies dance,  
 And look how the sun shines from under the trees,  
 There's no gas, no barbed wire, there's no guns firing now.  
 But here in this graveyard it's still "No Man's Land",  
 The countless white crosses in mute witness stand,  
 To man's blind indifference to his fellow man,  
 And a whole generation that were butchered and damned.

Verse 4: And I can't help but wonder now Willie McBride  
 Do all those who lie here know why did they die,  
 Did you really believe them when they told you the cause?  
 Did you really believe that this war would end wars?  
 Well, the suffering, the sorrow, the glory, the pain,  
 The killing and dying were all done in vain,  
 For young Willie McBride it all happened again,

# NORFOLK WHALERS

## (Row My Love Row)

Harry Robertson (Key Am)

Harry Robertson (1923 – 15 May 1995) was a Scottish-born, Australian folk-singer/songwriter

C G Am Em Am Esus4

Em Am C G Am

Em Am Esus4 Em Am

C Am Dm Am G

Em Am Esus4 Am Esus4

Intro: |Am Esus4 |Am Esus4 |Am Esus4 |Em Am |

Verse 1:

|   |       |    |    |
|---|-------|----|----|
| C   | G     | Am | Em |
| High on the cliffs of Norfolk's green isle, |       |    |    |
| Am  | Esus4 | Em | Am |
| Women and children are waiting the while,   |       |    |    |
| C   | G     | Am | Em |
| Far down below the whale boatmen row,       |       |    |    |
| Am  | Esus4 | Em | Am |
| As after the Humpback the Norfolk men go.   |       |    |    |

Verse 2:

Each man in the boat strains hard at his oar,  
 They head for the whale, and away from the shore,  
 Up at the bow the harpoon man stands,  
 A steel-shafted harpoon clutched tight in his hands.

Chorus:

|  |    |       |       |
|--|----|-------|-------|
| C  | Am | Dm    | Am    |
| Row, my love row, and bring back to me,      |    |       |       |
| G  | Em | Am    | Esus4 |
| The king of the ocean, the prize of the sea. | Am | Esus4 |       |

Verse 3: Ship the oars lads, and quiet as we go,  
The harpoon strikes deep, and the blood starts to flow,  
Then hell's violent furies break out on the waves,  
One blow from its tail could mean watery graves.

Verse 4: For hours the whale drags the boat through the sea,  
And tires from its effort to break the rope free,  
Exhausted at last, it floats in the sun,  
Sharp lances complete what the harpoon begun.

*Chorus:* Row, my love row, and bring back to me,  
The king of the ocean, the prize of the sea.

Verse 5: Back to the island, 'twill be a long row,  
If darkness comes down, the lantern will glow,  
For high on the cliffs the Islanders stand,  
And wait for their men to return to the land.

Verse 6: With backs nearly broken, and blistered hands sore,  
The boatmen at last reach the isle's rocky shore,  
The joy on friends' faces, what pleasure to see,  
Their loved ones return with the prize of the sea.

*Chorus:* Row, my love row, and bring back to me,  
The king of the ocean, the prize of the sea.



# THE NORTH WIND

Music: William G. James 1948

Lyrics: John Wheeler (V 1&2 - 1948)

Nerida Cuddy (V 3&4 - 2020)

*An Australian Christmas carol*



Verse 1:       G                   C           G       D  
The North Wind is tossing the leaves  
             Em7           A       D  
The red dust is over the town  
             C           D       G  
The sparrows are under the eaves  
             Em                           Bm  
And the grass in the paddock is brown

Chorus:       G       C       G  
As we lift up our voices and sing  
             C           D       G  
To the Christ-child, the heavenly king

Verse 2:   The tree-ferns in Green Gully sway  
          The cool stream flows silently by  
          The joy-bells are greeting the day  
          And the chimes are adrift in the sky

Verse 3:   Cicada song throbs from the trees,  
          The waves dance their way to the sand,  
          The gulls wildly swoop o'er the sea  
          And the heat shimmers low on the land

Verse 4:   The sunset is painting the sky,  
          The roos venture out from the shade,  
          Cockatoos fill the air with their cry;  
          Join the chorus of thanks for the day!

## NOW I'M EASY

*Eric Bogle*

[illegible]

Verse 1:

D G  
For nearly sixty years I've been a cockie

D A7  
Of droughts and fires and floods I've lived through plenty

D D7 G D  
This country's dust and mud have seen my tears and blood

A7 G D  
But it's nearly over now and now I'm easy

Verse 2: I married a fine girl when I was twenty  
She died in giving birth when she was thirty  
No flying doctor then just a gentle old black gen  
But it's nearly over now and now I'm easy

Verse 3:    She left me with two sons and a daughter  
                 And a bone dry farm whose soil cried out for water  
                 Though me care was rough and ready, they grew up fine and steady  
                 But it's nearly over now and now I'm easy

Verse 4:    Me daughter married young and went her own way  
               Me sons lie buried by the Burma railway  
               So on this land I've made me home, I've carried on alone  
               But it's nearly over now and now I'm easy

Verse 5: Oh, city folks these days despise the cockie  
Saying with subsidies and dole we've had it easy  
But there's no drought or starving stock on the sewered suburban block  
But it's nearly over now and now I'm easy

Verse 6: For nearly sixty years I've been a cockie  
Of droughts and fires and floods I've lived through plenty  
This country's dust and mud have seen my tears and blood  
But it's nearly over now and now I'm easy  
But it's nearly over now and now I'm easy

# THE OLD BARK HUT

traditional  
from Banjo Patterson's "Old Bush Songs" 1924

[verse] D A7 D

5 G A D

10 G D G

15 A7 D [chorus] G D

20 G A7 D

Verse 1:                   D                                   A7                   D  
My name is Bob the Swagman and before you all I stand.  
                          D                                   G                   A7  
I've had many ups and downs while travelling through the land.  
                          D                                   G                   D  
I once was well-to-do me boys but now I'm so hard up  
                          D                   G                   A7           D  
That I'm forced to go on rations in the Old Bark Hut.

Chorus:                   G                                   D  
In the Old Bark Hut, in the old bark hut,  
                          D                   G                   A7           D  
That I'm forced to go on rations in the Old Bark Hut.  
(always echo the last line of the verse)

Verse 2:                   Ten pounds of flour, ten pounds of meat, some sugar and some tea  
Is all they give a hungry man until the seventh day.  
So you must be mighty sparing or you'll go with a hungry gut  
It's one of the great misfortunes in the old bark hut.

Verse 3:                   The bucket I wash me feet in has to cook me tea and stew.  
They'd say "You're being mighty flash" if you should ask for two.  
I've a pint pot and a billy and a broken handled cup  
And they all adorn the table in the old bark hut.

- Verse 4:       Such packs of fleas you never saw they are so plump and fat  
                  And if you make a grab at one he'll spit just like a cat.  
                  Last night they had me pack of cards and were fighting for their cut  
                  And I thought the devil had me in the old bark hut.
- Verse 5:       In summer when the weather's warm, the hut is nice and cool  
                  The gentle breezes blowing in through every hole  
                  You can leave the old door open or you can leave it shut  
                  There's no fear of suffocation in the old bark hut
- Verse 6:       When winter comes preserve us all for living is no treat  
                  Especially when its raining hard and blowing wind and sleet  
                  The wind comes down the chimney and blackens me meat with soot  
                  It's a substitute for pepper in the old bark hut
- Verse 7:       So now me friends I've sung me song and sung it as well as I could.  
                  I hope the ladies present did not find me language rude.  
                  And all you boys and girls in the days when you grow up  
                  Remember Bob the Swagman in the old bark hut.

There are many extra verses that could be sung. Here are just a few:

The table is not made of wood as many you have seen  
For if I had one half as good, I'd think meself serene  
Its just an old dry sheet of bark, God knows when it was cut  
It was blown from off the rafters in the old bark hut

I've seen the rain come in this hut just like a perfect flood  
Especially through that great big hole where once the table stood  
There's not a blessed spot me boys where you could lay your nut  
But the rain is sure to find you in the old bark hut

Of furniture there's no such thing. 'Twas never in the place  
Except the stool I sit upon and that's an old gin case.  
I use it for a safe as well but you must keep it shut  
Or the flies will make it canter round the old bark hut.

If you should leave it open and the flies should get your meat,  
They'd scarcely leave a single bit that's fit for man to eat.  
But you must not curse nor grumble what won't fatten will fill up  
And what's out of sight is out of mind in the old bark hut.

So by me fire I make me bed and there I lay me down  
And think myself as happy as a king that wears a crown  
But just as I go off to sleep a flea will wake me up  
Which makes me curse the vermin in the old bark hut.

Beside the fire I lay me down wrapped up in two old rugs  
You wouldn't call it comfort and it seems to lure the bugs  
And all I've got for company's me faithful collie pup  
So I use her for a pillow in the old bark hut



# THE OLD BULLOCK DRAY

Traditional

First published: *Queensland Figaro and Punch* 1887.

Printed in *Paterson's Old Bush Songs* 1905

Published in 1956 in *Singabout, Journal of Australian Folk Song*

D



6

A7 D



12

G G D A7 D



D  
Verse 1: Now the shearing is all over, and the wool is coming down  
A7  
I mean to get a wife, my boys, when I go into to town  
D G  
Everything has got a mate that presents itself to view  
D A7 D  
From the little paddymelon to the big kangaroo

Chorus: So roll up your blankets and let's make a push  
I'll take you up the country and I'll show you the bush  
I'll be bound you won't get such a chance another day,  
So come and take possession of the old bullock dray

Verse 2: Good beef and damper, of that you'll get enough  
When boiling in the bucket such a whopper of a duff  
And our friends will all dance, upon our wedding day,  
To the music of the bells around the old bullock dray

Verse 3: I've saved up a good cheque. I mean to buy a team,  
And when I get a missus, boys, I will be all serene,  
For, in calling at the depot they say there's no delay,  
To get an off-sider for the old bullock dray.

Verse 4: We'll have no odd notions about the honeymoon,  
We'll join hands together and jump across the broom ;  
For it's the fashion of the country, and we won't be the first,  
What we save in the parson we'll spend "on the burst;"

Verse 5    Oh, we'll live like fighting cocks, for good living I'm your man,  
              We'll have leather-jacks, johnny cakes and fritters in the pan,  
              And if you'd like some fish, I'll catch you some soon,  
              For we'll bob for barramundies round the banks of a lagoon.

Verse 6:    I'll teach you the whip and the bullocks how to flog  
              You'll be my off-sider when we're fast in the bog  
              Hitting out both left and right and every other way  
              Making skin and blood and hair fly round the old bullock dray

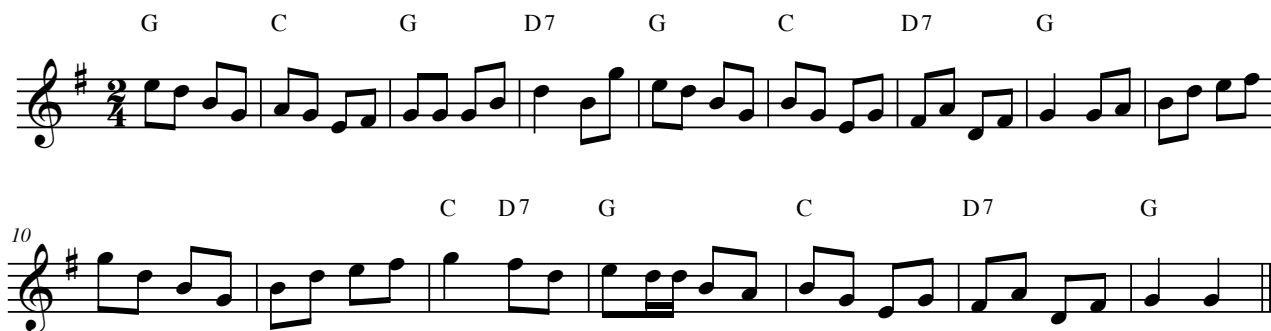
Verse 7:    There'll be lots of piccaninnies, you must remember that  
              There'll be Buck-jumping Maggie and Leather-belly Pat  
              There'll be Stringybark Peggy and Green-eyed Mike  
              Yes, my colonial, as many as you like

Verse 8:    Now that we are married and have children five times three  
              No one lives so happy as my little wife and me  
              She goes out a-hunting to while away the day  
              While I take down the wool upon the old bullock dray



# OLD BLACK ALICE

*traditional*



Verse 1:      G                      C                      G                      D7  
 Old Black Alice are my name, Wellshot are my station;  
                  G                      C                      D7                      G  
 It's no disgrace, the old black face, it's the colour of my nation.  
    C   D7  
 Bindi-eye and mind your eye, and don't kick up a shindy;  
 G                      C                      D7                      G  
 I've got a boy in Camooweal, and one in Goondiwindi.

Verse 2:    I can polka, I can waltz, I can dance the *fast ones*;  
 White man find 'em too much work, teach 'em to the *dark ones*!  
 Dance me up and dance me down, I don't mind your colour,  
 I've got a boy in Kingaroy and one in Cunnamulla.

Verse 3:    God He made the lubra girl that all the white girls run down;  
 He made the whites by light of day, the black ones after sundown.  
 Dance the black girl round and round, don't you dare despise her!  
 I've got a man at Cuddapan, and another one at Mount Isa.

Verse 4:    White man wash in old tin tub, black man wash much cleaner;  
 Black man wash in Condamine and in the Di'mantina.  
 Listen to the beat and mind your feet; don't exhaust my patience!  
 I'm off next week to Combo Creek to meet my fine relations.

# THE OLD DOG'S SONG

*Eric Bogle (2020)*

G C G C G Am D7  
 G C G C G D7 G  
 G7 C G C G C G  
 C D7 G C G G D7 G

Verse 1:

G C G  
Now I've seen some good times and I've seen some bad times

C G Am D7  
Some times in-between that I'd rather forget

G C G  
But I'll keep on moving and I'll keep on singing

C G D7 G G7  
As the years roll on by there's life in this old dog yet.

C G C G

Chorus: So I'll sing while I still have a voice, I'll sing while I still have a choice

C G C D7

I'll sing in the hopes of a bright new day, I'll sing to help keep the shadows away

G C G C G D7 G

I'll make the rafters ring when I sing, sing, sing

Verse 2: Sometimes I felt worthless Sometimes I felt helpless  
Just flotsam adrift on life's turbulent sea  
Sometimes I was waving, sometimes I was drowning  
Treading water and waiting for someone to save me

Verse 3:    When The light it is fading and the darkness is gathering  
              And hope seems as fragile as a butterfly's wing  
              The past is a closed curtain, the present's uncertain  
              The future's for the taking, just stand up and sing

# OLD PALMER SONG

*Traditional (1889)*

*From <http://folkstream.com/068.html> "Tune 'Ten Thousand Miles Away'. The Palmer River gold rush began in 1873. A version appeared in the Native Companion Songster in 1889. The goldfields on the Palmer River were nearly 100 miles from Cooktown, and the gold seekers met with fierce resistance from the Aborigines whose tribal land they were travelling through."*



G C

Verse 1: The wind is fair and free, my boys, the wind is fair and free

G D

The steamer's course is north, my boys, and the Palmer we will see

G C

The Palmer we will see, my boys, and Cooktown's muddy shore

G D G

Where I've been told there's lots of gold, so stay down south no more

Chorus:    So, blow ye winds, heigh-ho    A-digging we will go  
I'll stay no more down south, my boys.    So let the music play  
In spite of what I'm told.    I'm off in search of gold  
I'll make a push for that new rush    A thousand miles away

Verse 2:    They say the blacks are troublesome, and spear both horse and man  
              The rivers are all wide and deep, no bridges them do span  
              No bridges them do span, my boys, and so you'll have to swim  
              But never fear the yarns you hear, and gold you're sure to win

Verse 3:    So let us make a move, my boys, for that new promised land  
              And do the best we can, my boys, to lend a helping hand  
              To lend a helping hand, my boys, where the soil is rich and new  
              In spite of the blacks and unknown tracks, we'll show what we can do

# ON THE QUEENSLAND RAILWAY LINE

*Written by Brisbane Realist Writers' Group (1959)*

*Tune: German Folk Tune*



- Verse 1:           G  
On the Queensland railway lines,  
                  C  
There are stations where one dines,  
                  G  
Private individuals  
D7.           G  
Also run refreshment stalls
- Chorus:           G  
Bogan-Tungan, Rollingstone,  
                  C  
Mungar, Murgon, Marathon(e),  
                  G  
Garthanungra, Pinkenba,  
D7.           G           D7           G  
Wanko, Yaamba; ha, ha, ha!
- Verse 2:           Males and females, high and dry  
Hang around at Durikai;  
Boora-Mugga, Djarawong,  
Giligulgul, Wonglepong.
- Verse 3:           Pies and coffees, baths and showers,  
Are supplied at Charters Towers;  
At Mackay the rule prevails  
Of restricting showers to males.
- Verse 4:           Iron rations come in handy,  
On the way to Dirranbandi,  
Passengers have died of hunger,  
During halts at Garatdunga.
- Verse 5:           Lets us toast before we part,  
Those who travel stout at heart,  
Drunk or sober rain or shine,  
On the Queensland railway lines.

# ON THE WALLABY (The Tent Poles Are Rotten)

Words: Henry Lawson 1891

Music from Dave De Hugard's recording from the album 'Freedom On The Wallaby'

[illegible]

Verse 1: The tent poles are rotten and the campfire's dead  
And the possums may ramble in the trees overhead  
I'm humping my bluey far out in the land  
And the prints of my bluchers sink deep in the sand  
I am out on the wallaby humping my drum  
And I come down the road where the sundowners come  
It is nor'west by west over ridges and far  
To the plains where the cattle and sheep stations are  
With the sky for my roof and the earth for my bunk  
And a calico bag for my damper and my junk

Verse 2:   And scarcely a comrade my memory reveals  
              The spirit still tingles in my toe and my heels  
              When my tent is all torn and my blankets are damp  
              And the fast rising waters flow down by the camp

And the cold water rises in jets from the floor  
I lie in my bunk and listen to it roar  
And I think of tomorrow how my footsteps will lag  
As I tramp 'neath the weight of a rain sodden swag  
But I think of the honest old light in my home  
When the stars hang in clusters like lamps in a dome

Verse 3: And I think of the hearth where the dark shadows fall  
And the campfire I build in the wildest place of all  
But I'm following my fate for I know she knows best  
I follow she leads and it's nor'west by west

Though the way of a swagman is mostly uphill  
There are joys to be found on the wallaby still  
When the day has gone by with its tramp and its toil  
Your campfire you build and the billy you can boil  
There's comfort and peace in the bowl of you clay  
Or the yarn of a mate who is tramping that way

Instrumental (8 bars - 1st 4 lines)

Verse 4: But beware of the city where it's poison for years  
In the pleasure you find in drinking long beers  
Where a bushman gets bushed in the streets of the town  
Where he loses his friends when his cheques are knocked down  
He's right 'til his pocket is empty and then  
He must waltz his old bluey up the country again





# ONE OF THE HAS BEENS

*traditional*

*printed in Stewart & Keesing 'Old Bush Songs'*

Verse 1:                   G                                   C           G  
I'm one of the has beens a shearer I mean  
                  D7                                   C           D7  
I once was a ringer and I used to shear clean  
                  G                                   C           D7  
I could make the wool roll off easy like the soil from the plough  
                  G           C                   D7           G   D7  
But you may not believe me for I can't do it now

Chorus:                   G                                   C           D7  
I'm as awkward as a new chum and I'm used to the frown  
                  G           C                   D7           G  
That the boss often shows me saying keep them blades down

Verse 2:                   I've shore with Pat Hogan, Bill Bright and Jack Gunn  
Tommy Leighton Charlie Fergus and the great roaring Dunn  
They brought from the Lachlan the best they could find  
But not one among them could leave me behind

Verse 3:                   It's no use complaining I'll never say die  
Though the days of fast shearing for me have gone by  
I'll take the world easy shear slowly and clean  
And I merely have told you just what I have been

# ONLY ONE MORE DRINK

*Traditional*

*(From singing of Tony Suttor on LP 'Navy On The Line' 1977)*



Chorus: *'Only one more drink', said the hardy bushman,*  
*As he leaned across the bar;*  
*'Only one more drink of that good old whisky*  
*Then away to the camp so far.'*

Verse 1: *So he called them in and all were welcome*  
*His cheque it went round like grand.*  
*And for weeks and weeks there's been boozers watching*  
*For that man to return again.*

Verse 2: *Now he's back in among the ranges*  
*To the life as a boy he learned,*  
*For to swing an axe and to make a damper*  
*For the lights afar he yearns.*

Verse 3: *Now he works away and he saves all his money*  
*And his cheque it builds up again,*  
*And for weeks and weeks all the boozers are happy*  
*That man had returned again.*

# THE OVERLANDER

## (Queensland Drover)

*Traditional*

Verse

G C G D7

G C G D7 G

Chorus

C G D7

G C G D7 G

Verse 1:                   G                   C                   G                   D7  
 There's a trade you all know well, It's bringing cattle over.  
                                   G                   C                   G                   D7                   G  
 On every track, To the Gulf and back, Men know the Queensland drover.

Chorus:                   C  
 Pass the billy 'round boys!  
                                   G                   D7  
 Don't let the pint-pot stand there!  
                                   G                   C  
 For tonight we drink the health  
                                   G                   D7                   G  
 Of every overlander.

Verse 2:                   I come from the northern plains   Where the girls and grass are scanty;  
 Where the creeks run dry Or ten foot high. And it's either drought or plenty.

Verse 3:                   There are men from every land, From Spain and France and Flanders;  
 They're a well-mixed pack, Both white and black, The Queensland overlanders.:

Verse 4:                   When we've earned a spree in town We live like pigs in clover;  
 And the whole year's cheque Pours down the neck Of many a Queensland drover.

Verse 5:                   As I pass along the roads, The children raise my dander  
 Crying "Mother dear, Take in the clothes, Here comes the overlander!":

Verse 6:                   Now I'm bound for home once more, On a prad that's quite a goer;  
 I can find a job With a crawling mob On the banks of the Maranoa.

# PACKING MY THINGS

Alistair Swan (~1965)

Verse

7

15

22

29

Verse 1: When I first came and took up my claim,  
 Well, Bill Muggins was my name,  
 For though I'm a young man and able,  
 Here I'm stuck, a-rocking the cradle, And that's a Bill Muggins game,

Chorus: But I'm a-wake up! - I will break up!  
 I'm never more going to roam.  
 I've panned in my dugout with never a nugget,  
 I'm packing my things to go home.

Verse 2: I've hunted Otago for gold  
 In the wind and the rain and the cold,  
 Holed up all winter under the snow  
 Along the winding Molyneaux, And that is where you need to have holed

Verse 3: In those Shanties where you spin  
 Away all of your hard-earned tin,  
 Nancy's smiles are so beguiling,  
 That's why Nancy's always smiling. Landlord says he's not taking you in.

# PAPER BAG COOKERY

Written by David Worton & Edgar Percy

*Performed by British music hall singer Harry Fragson (1869 - 1913)*

*Warren Fahey found it in an Australian songster (1910) and recorded it in 2009 on the album 'Lean Times & Mean Times'*

♩ = ̇ ̇ ̇

Verse 1:

D G D G  
 You've heard about the latest kind of cooking. In little paper bags - it's quite the craze  
 Em Am Em Am  
 My wife has got the fever and I swear I'll have to leave her  
 A D7  
 If she doesn't change her 'paper cooking' ways  
 D G C  
 It's not the paper bags that I object to. It's her method that's so very, very crude  
 Gdim G Em  
 For the paper bags she uses are all made up from Daily 'Newses'  
 A D7  
 And the print boils off and comes out on the food  
  
 G D G  
 There's a breach of promise case upon the mutton and a murder right across the pickled pork  
 A D  
 You can read about the Navy on the surface of the gravy  
 E7 A7 D  
 While the spinach gives the latest news from Cork  
 G D G  
 The Motto on the fish is 'Votes for Women' while a scandal on the veal attention begs  
 A G  
 On the bacon we are getting all the latest London betting  
 A D7 G  
 With the names of all the winners on the eggs.

Verse 2: My wife is very fond of reading novels. The good old melodrama kind I mean  
With a cottage ivy laden and a youth and village maiden  
Who struggles with the villain on the green  
She uses all their pages up for cooking which doesn't quite conduce for married bliss  
For although you're fond of reading you don't want it when you're feeding  
Served in chapters on your eatables like this.

First the hero meets the maiden on the codfish and murmurs, 'Just one more kiss before we part'  
Then the villain his 'Ha Ha! snips in the middle of the parsnips  
And he swears his love upon the apple tart  
He murmurs, 'Fly with me!' upon the cabbage. She spurns him - then the villain getting vexed  
Cries, 'Your jewels I will purloin' but she stabs him on the sirloin  
And the wedding is 'continued in our next'.

Verse 3: Upon our food last week instead of 'reading' we'd pictures from the Illustrated News  
We'd photographs of actors and famous benefactors  
And the very latest panoramic views I'd snapshots of the Derby on my breakfast  
For lunch I'd aeroplanes and motor cars  
And no wonder I get thinner for upon my Sunday dinner  
I had photographs of all the leading stars.

There was Phyllis Dare reclining on the cutlets. Upon a rabbit pie was Cyril Mauve  
There was nothing on the mustard, but all mixed up with the custard  
Was a chorus girl just married to a lord.  
We'd Lockhart's Elephants upon the jelly. Upon the cheese an acrobatic group  
But what really took the biscuit was La Milo on the brisket  
With a picture of Salome in the soup.



# PARRAMATTA GAOL 1843

M. Atkinson / V. Truman (1981) from Redgum album : Brown Rice and Kerosine

Verse

Chorus

Verse 1:

|  |                                   |
|--|-----------------------------------|
| Dm   | Bb                                |
| In the mornings they unbolt the doors.                                       | And beat the cold out of our bone |
| Gm   | A7                                |
| But the frozen sun can't warm the stones of the prison yard                  |                                   |
| F  | C                                 |
| Transported here for being poor, from the London street to Australia's shore |                                   |
| Gm   | A7                                |
| Our only choice is servant or, or the factory                                |                                   |

Verse 2:

A hostage of Britannia's rule Marked to be a soldier's wife  
 Condemned to years of convict life in Parramatta Gaol  
 The stones etched deep with words of pain. Streetwise women, homeless girls  
 Convicts live within these walls. Exiled for life

Chorus:

|  |                                   |                    |    |   |
|--|-----------------------------------|--------------------|----|---|
| Dm                                       | C                                 | G                  | Bb | C |
| Imprisoned tongues seen but never heard, | She's always been a songless bird |                    |    |   |
| Bb                                       | A7                                |                    | Dm |   |
| The cold wind tugging at her skirt.      | Unfettered spirit,                | unyielding thought |    |   |

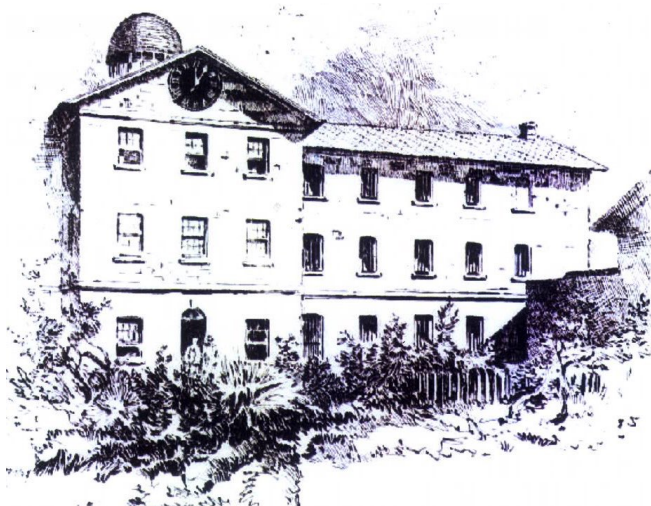
Verse 3:

With iron collars and shaven heads We labour hard at the Woolen Mill  
 If our backs don't hold our spirits will in solitary confines  
 Year after year the deepening scars carved by the turnkey's tireless arm  
 If we are the victims what is our crime, what is the price?

- Verse 4: One sleepless night a whispered plan is carried on the harbour breeze  
A pact of sweet conspiracy and bold escape  
Our rations cut, the children starve, the murmurings and anger grow  
Together we could see it through. The fuse is lit
- Chorus: Imprisoned tongues seen but never heard She's always been a songless bird  
The cold wind tugging at her skirt Unfettered spirit, unyielding thought
- Verse 5: A flash of sound the air explodes as slaves and fists beat down the gate  
Years of bitterness and hate finally released  
The crunch of boots and bayonet's, the guard and king's artillery  
Fight to quell the mutiny with musket fire
- Verse 6: Flying through the township's streets the storm rages fiercely through the night  
Brutally the army's might took control  
One by one recaptured now thrown in cells, clapped in chains  
The unity in our voice remains. A song of hope
- Chorus: Imprisoned tongues seen but never heard She's always been a songless bird  
The cold wind tugging at her skirt Unfettered spirit, unyielding thought

The song alludes to an escape attempt in 1843 at Parramatta Gaol, otherwise known as 'The Female Factory' as the women were put to work weaving yarn and producing cloth. it was soon after this that it was transformed into an Invalid and Lunatic Asylum dedicated to convicts

"Rebellions in the Parramatta Female Factory took place in October 1827, February 1831, November 1831, March 1833, October 1836 and February 1843. When they weren't rioting, many women made escape attempts." [www.discoverparramatta.com](http://www.discoverparramatta.com)





# PAST CARIN'

Lyrics Henry Lawson (1899); Music Phyl Lobl (1967)



V 1:           D                   A       D  
Now up and down the siding brown  
          G           D       A7 D  
The great black crows are flyin',  
          D           A       D  
And down below the spur, I know,  
          G       D       A7 D  
Another 'milker's' dyin';  
          D           A       D  
The crops have withered from the ground,  
          G       D       A7  
The tank's clay bed is glarin',  
          D           A7       D  
But from my heart no tear nor sound,  
          G       D       A7 D  
For I have gone past carin'  
          G       D  
Past worryin' or carin',  
          A7                   Bm  
Past feelin' aught or carin';  
          D                   A7       D  
But from my heart no tear nor sound,  
          G       D       A7 D  
For I have gone past carin'.

V2: Through Death and Trouble, turn about,  
Through hopeless desolation,  
Through flood and fever, fire and drought,  
And slavery and starvation;  
Through childbirth, sickness, hurt, and blight,  
And nervousness an' scarin',  
Through bein' left alone at night,  
I've got to be past carin'.  
Past botherin' or carin',  
Past feelin' and past carin';  
Through city cheats and neighbours' spite,  
I've come to be past carin'.

V 3: Our first child took, in days like these,  
A cruel week in dyin',  
All day upon her father's knees,  
Or on my poor breast lyin';  
The tears we shed — the prayers we said  
Were awful, wild — despairin'!  
I've pulled three through, and buried two  
Since then — and I'm past carin'.  
I've grown to be past carin',  
Past worryin' and wearin';  
I've pulled three through and buried two  
Since then, and I'm past carin'.

V 4: 'Twas ten years first, then came the worst,  
All for a dusty clearin',  
I thought, I thought my heart would burst  
When first my man went shearin';  
He's drovin' in the great North-west,  
I don't know how he's farin';  
For I, the one that loved him best,  
Have grown to be past carin'.  
I've grown to be past carin'  
Past lookin' for or carin';  
The girl that waited long ago,  
Has lived to be past carin'.

V5: My eyes are dry, I cannot cry,  
I've got no heart for breakin',  
But where it was in days gone by,  
A dull and empty achin'.  
My last boy ran away from me,  
I know my temper's wearin',  
But now I only wish to be  
Beyond all signs of carin'.  
Past wearyin' or carin',  
Past feelin' and despairin';  
And now I only wish to be  
Beyond all signs of carin'.

# THE PIG CATCHER'S LOVE SONG

Words: Jack Crossland

Music: Traditional ('On Top Of Old Smoky')



- Verse 1:           C           F           C  
Oh marry me darling, I love you sincere  
                          G7                   C  
I love you the way I love Cairns Bitter Beer  
                          F                   C  
Oh Cairns Bitter Beer love, oh Cairns Bitter Beer  
                          G7                   C  
I love you the way I love Cairns Bitter Beer
- Verse 2:   I have an old humpy, a camp oven or two  
          A rifle and pig dogs. Now I only want you.  
          I only want you, love. I only want you.  
          I've a rifle and pig dogs. Now I only want you.
- Verse 3:   You'll never go hungry as long as you live  
          With sweet bucks and mangoes and slabs of wild pig  
          Slabs of wild pig, love. slabs of wild pig  
          With sweet bucks and mangoes and slabs of wild pig
- Verse 4:   I'll always be faithful and reasonably true  
          I may love other women, but I'll mostly love you  
          I'll mostly love you, dear. I'll mostly love you  
          I may love other women, but I'll mostly love you
- Verse 5:   I'll often get drunken, and sometimes tell lies  
          But I often will tell you how blue are your eyes  
          How blue are your eyes, love how blue are your eyes  
          I often will tell you how blue are your eyes
- Verse 6:   Oh marry me daring, I never will fail  
          There are worse blokes than me love, but they're mostly in gaol  
          They're mostly in gaol, love. they're mostly in gaol  
          There are worse blokes than me love, but they're mostly in gaol

# PLAINS OF MARALINGA

*Alistair Hulett (1991)*

Verse

The Verse section consists of two staves of music in the key of D major (indicated by two sharps) and 4/4 time. The first staff begins with a repeat sign and contains the notes D4, E4, F#4, G4, A4, G4, F#4, E4, D4, with chord markings A, D, A, B, and E above. The second staff continues with notes D4, E4, F#4, G4, A4, G4, F#4, E4, D4, with chord markings A, D, A, E, and A above. The section concludes with a 2/4 time signature change and a repeat sign.

Chorus

The Chorus section consists of two staves of music in the key of D major and 4/4 time. The first staff contains the notes D4, E4, F#4, G4, A4, G4, F#4, E4, D4, with chord markings D, A, B, E, and D above. The second staff continues with notes D4, E4, F#4, G4, A4, G4, F#4, E4, D4, with chord markings A, E, and A above. The section concludes with a 2/4 time signature change and a repeat sign.

Verse 1: Remember in the old days how we sucked up to the Poms.  
We stood and sang their anthem like a pack of Uncle Toms.  
And they bought our beef and wool, so we let them test their bombs  
In the heartland of Australia where the black-skinned nation roams.

Verse 2: There was nothing in the papers about what was being done.  
If Robert Menzies knew, by Christ, he wasn't letting on  
For he loved his flamin' knighthood, that great Australian son,  
Much more than he loved the land where the Pitjantjatjara run.

Chorus: D A  
Out on the plains of Maralinga  
B E  
What happened there was a bloody disgrace.  
D A  
Out on the plains of Maralinga  
E A  
It was total disregard for the black Australian race.

Verse 3: No one asked the local people if they thought it was okay.  
If you haven't got a job, mate, you haven't got a say.  
Oh, and if we lost a few, they were only in the way.  
If they'd been white, then bet your backside there'd be holy shit to pay.

Verse 4: They said fallout was harmless, they knew that was a lie  
But it never slowed them up when there were people down close by  
Who tell a story how they saw a big flash in the sky.  
Then they all got sick and one by one began to slowly die.

Chorus: Out on the plains of Maralinga  
What happened there was a bloody disgrace.  
Out on the plains of Maralinga  
It was total disregard for the black Australian race.

Verse 5: Now the sun set on the Empire though they never thought it would,  
And now your Uncle Sam controls the neighbourhood  
And in the name of peace and justice, he swears he's Robin Hood  
But in Chile and El Salvador, the truth is understood.

Verse 6: He's got bureaucrats and technocrats, diplomats and spies  
Working for the Pentagon, they're its bloody nose and eyes  
But you only feel disheartened until you realise,  
When the workers of the world unite, we're twice their bloody size.

Chorus: Out on the plains of Maralinga  
What happened there was a bloody disgrace.  
Out on the plains of Maralinga  
It was total disregard for the black Australian race.



# PLAYING FOR THE TRAFFIC

Alistair Hulett

The image displays the guitar solo for 'The Sound of Silence' in D major, 4/4 time. It consists of four staves of music. Above the first staff is a triplet of eighth notes (D4, E4, F#4) with a '3' over it, followed by an equals sign and a single eighth note (D4). Chord symbols are placed above the staff: D, G, D, Bm, A, G, D, A, Bm, D, Bm, A, D, G, D, Bm, A, D, Bm, A, D. The solo begins with a triplet of eighth notes (D4, E4, F#4) followed by a single eighth note (D4). The melody is primarily composed of eighth and sixteenth notes, with some quarter notes and a half note. The solo ends with a double bar line.

Verse 1:

D G D  
`You could have seen him any day up the back of Martin Place

Bm A  
In a battered Sunday suit that's seen far better days

G D A Bm  
Blowing on a mouth harp with the kind of wit and grace

D Bm A  
That would bring a smile to the face of a broken clock

D G D  
And there was not a verse or chorus the old bugger didn't know

Bm A  
From Mother Kelly's Doorstep to The Banks of the Ohio

G D A Bm  
The typists and the tellers didn't want to bloody know

D Bm A  
Dealing with their dose of future shock

Chorus:

D G D  
He was playing for the traffic and the nine to fivers

Bm A  
Tooraloo you're bound for Botany Bay

D G D  
And he gave more to this world than all the penny-pinching skivers

Bm A D Bm A D  
That turned around and looked the other way

- Verse 2: Well, I stood a while to listen and he played the thing with ease  
But the crowd that day was tighter than a Pom at a wine and cheese  
Maybe they were hard up or just plain hard to please  
But no one put a single cent his way  
So I reached into my pocket to even up the score  
And dropped a pile of change into the tin plate on the floor  
When you work the streets they treat you like a whore  
And no one ought to ever feel that way
- Verse 3: He was playing when I left him, with a new crowd to convince  
I often look out for him but he's not been back there since  
Did anybody notice, does anybody wince  
At some old digger picking through the trash  
In this land of milk and honey where there's more than enough for all  
Why did he spend his whole life with his back against the wall  
Did he fight in two world wars to wind up with sweet sod all  
Working on the street for a bit of stash



# POOR NED KELLY

*based on the song by “Smilin’” Billy Blinkhorn( 1930s)*

6

12

Verse 1:

G D7  
When Ned was a lad, sixteen years old.  
G  
He received a horse that his best mate stole.  
C  
And the judge just to give him time to think  
G D7 G  
Gave him three months hard in the local clink.

Chorus : G D7  
C G D7 G  
*Poor Ned Kelly, It's easier to do today,*  
*Poor Ned Kelly, They don't even have to run away.*

Verse 2: Ned got out, he went straight for a while,  
He worked very hard but he couldn't make a pile.  
The coppers used to bully his poor old mum,  
So he stole their horses and away he run.

Verse 3:      Now Ned, and his gang they ran fast and free,  
                  They stuck up the town of Jerilderie.  
                  They took all the local troopers and locked ‘em away,  
                  Then they entertained the people for the rest of the day.

Verse 4:       It was at Glenrowan that they took old Ned  
                   He wore a suit of armour and they couldn't shoot him dead.  
                   So they took him down to Melbourne, and wouldn't go him bail  
                   And they hung him from a rafter in the Russell Street gaol.

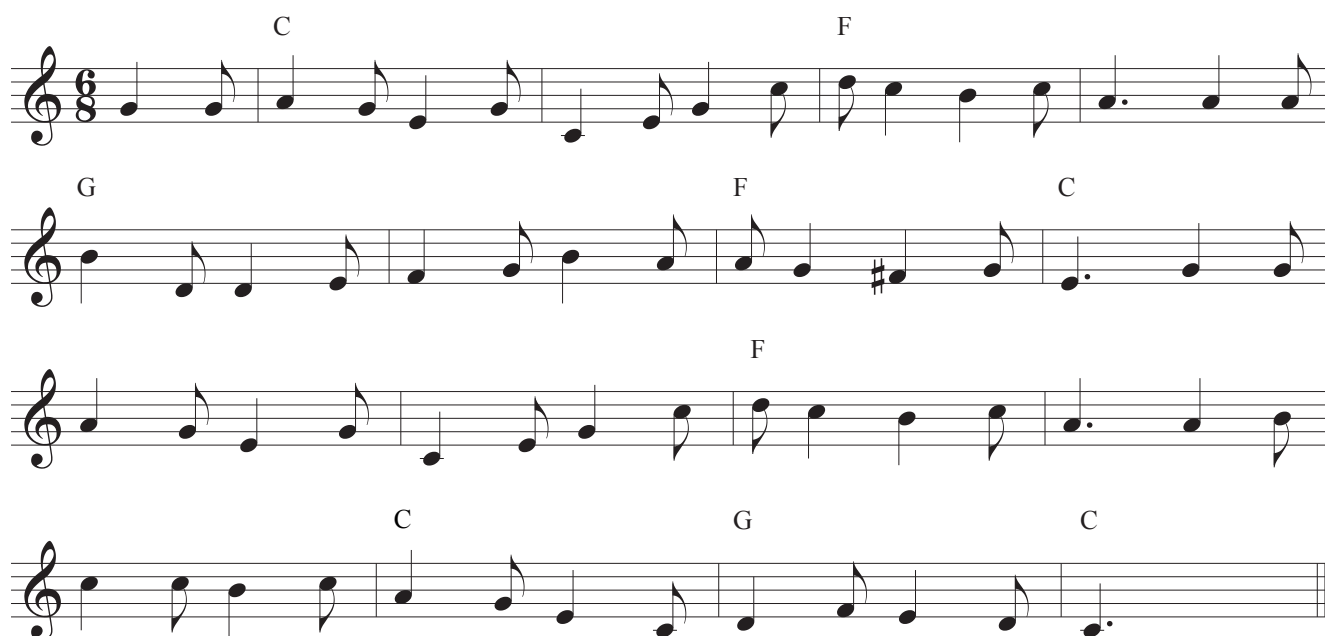
Verse 5:      Some years have gone since Ned passed away  
                  There's lots of his cobbles carrying on today .....

*Spoken:* What with income tax and wages tax and car tax and the price of taxi-cabs and the rest coming due and the beer going up in price and apart from that all the things we gotta buy, well, Poor Ned Kelly wasn't such a bad guy.

# A PROUDER MAN THAN YOU

*Lyrics: Henry Lawson (1892)*

*Music: Trad (?) arr Mike Jackson(1980)*



C F

Verse 1: If you fancy that your people came of better stock than mine,

G F C

If you hint of higher breeding by a word or by a sign,

F

If you're proud because of fortune or the clever things you do —

C G C

Then I'll play no second fiddle: I'm a prouder man than you!

Verse 2:    If you think that your profession has the more gentility,  
                  And that you are condescending to be seen along with me;  
                  If you notice that I'm shabby while your clothes are spruce and new —  
                  You have only got to hint it: I'm a prouder man than you!

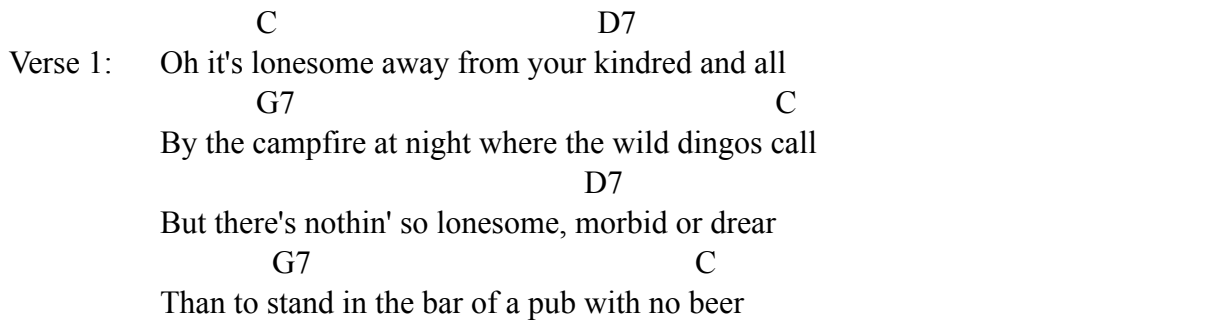
Verse 3:    If you have a swell companion when you see me on the street,  
              And you think that I'm too common for your toney friend to meet,  
              So that I, in passing closely, fail to come within your view —  
              Then be blind to me for ever: I'm a prouder man than you!

Verse 4:    If your character be blameless, if your outward past be clean,  
               While 'tis known my antecedents are not what they should have been,  
               Do not risk contamination, save your name whate'er you do —  
               `Birds o' feather fly together': I'm a prouder bird than you!

Verse 5:    Keep your patronage for others! Gold and station cannot hide  
               Friendship that can laugh at fortune, friendship that can conquer pride!  
               Offer this as to an equal — let me see that you are true,  
               And my wall of pride is shattered: I am not so proud as you!



*From the singing of Slim Dusty, written by Gordon Parsons 1954  
from the original poem "A Pub Without Beer" by Irish poet Dan Sheahan*



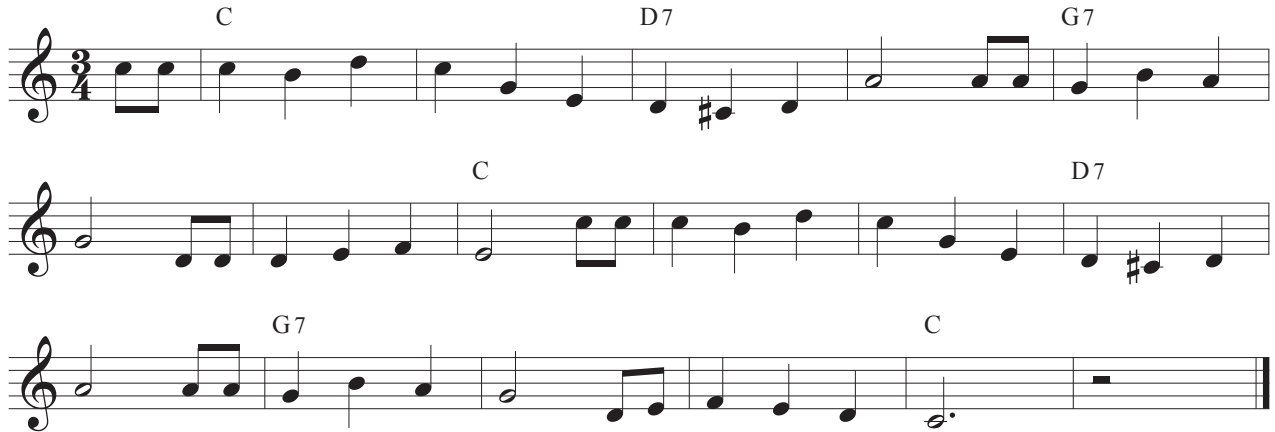
Verse 3:    The stockman rides up with his dry, dusty throat  
              He breasts up to the bar, pulls a wad from his coat  
              But the smile on his face quickly turns to a sneer  
              When the barman says sadly: "The pub's got no beer!"

Verse 5:    There's a dog on the verandah, for his master he waits  
               But the boss is inside drinking wine with his mates  
               He hurries for cover and he cringes in fear  
               It's no place for a dog round a pub with no beer

Repeat Verse 1

# PUB WITH NO DIKE

*Parody on "Pub With No Beer" Published in Singabout Songster:  
From Warren Fahey's recording on "Larrikins, Louts and Layabouts"*



- Verse 1:           C                   D7  
I'll tell you story, it happened to me  
                  G7                                   C  
A new pub just opened and the beer it flowed free  
  D7  
I'd had several drinks and was full of mad talk  
                  G7                                   C  
Mother Nature came calling and I went for a walk
- Verse 2:   There were blokes going out there were blokes coming in  
            And the racket they made was a hell of a din  
            I spoke to a swaggie we all know as Ike  
            And sadly he told me "Oh, the pub's got no dike."
- Verse 3:   So I wandered out back in that chilly night air  
            And saw about twenty more blokes standing there  
            Some yodelling, some cursing but say what you like  
            They wouldn't have been there if the pub had a dike
- Verse 4:   Then I got quite a scare and my heart gave a thump  
            I thought Bill the Blacksmith was only a stump  
            He got up and cursed me and said "dirty dog  
            Why don't you go elsewhere to run off your grog?"
- Verse 5:   Tw'as then the top button broke off of me pants  
            And then I fell into a nest of green ants.  
            I yahooed and Yakkied and boy did I hike  
            I couldn't care less if the pub had no dike.
- Verse 6:   I ran back inside over bottles and kegs  
            My trousers like hobbles still tripping my legs  
            My mate poured some whiskey where my rump was red hot  
            And the old spinster barmaid dropped dead on the spot.
- Verse 7:   Then a big drunken cowboy, eyes bulging like buns  
            Said "I'll fix those ants boy" and drew both his guns  
            The first shot he fired rang out through the night  
            And the sting of the bullets stung worse than the bite.
- Verse 8:   I got such a fright and I ran from the hall  
            And jumped on my pushbike, no trousers at all  
            And vowed I'd make sure as I pedalled that bike  
            That the next pub I go to really does have a dike.

# PUT A LIGHT IN EVERY COUNTRY WINDOW

*Don Henderson (1937-1991)*

The image displays a musical score for the song "The Sound of Silence" by Simon & Garfunkel. It consists of four staves of music, each with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a 4/4 time signature. The first staff is the vocal melody, with chords A, D, A, and D indicated above it. The second staff is the guitar accompaniment, with chords G, D, Bm, A, and D indicated above it. The third staff is the vocal melody, with chords A, D, A, and D indicated above it. The fourth staff is the guitar accompaniment, with chords G, D, Bm, A, and D indicated above it. The score includes various musical notations such as eighth notes, quarter notes, and rests, as well as dynamic markings like 'p' (piano) and 'f' (forte).

Verse 1:

|  |   |    |
|--|---|----|
| A  | D |    |
| Miners tunnel to feed the fires at Wongai                      |   |    |
| A  | D |    |
| Others scrape the brown coal at Yallourn                       |   |    |
| G  | D | Bm |
| The turbine blades are yielding to the tumbling tons at Eildon |   |    |
| A  | D |    |
| The Snowy will be finished before long                         |   |    |

A    D

Chorus: So put a light in every country window

A    D

High speed pumps where now the windmills stand

G    D    Bm

Get in and lay the cable so that one day we'll be able

A    D

To have electricity all over this wide land

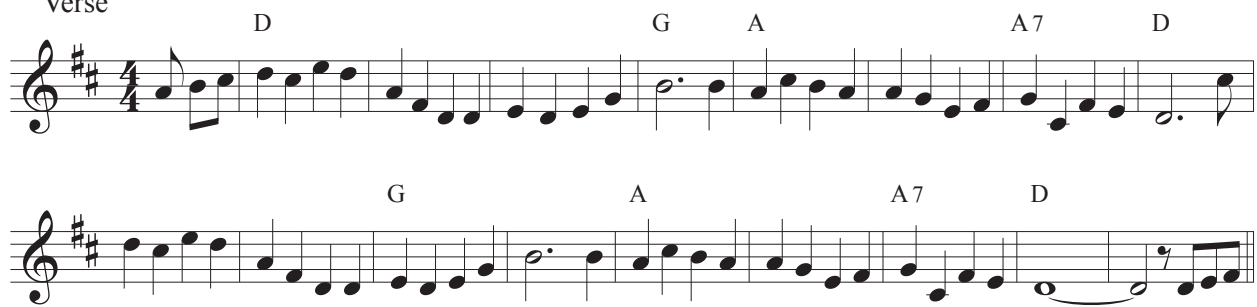
Verse 2: The little farms and giant outback stations  
They all are mechanised today  
For milking cows and shearing sheep, to do it fast and do it cheap  
Electrically is the modern way

Verse 3: The old Coolgardie and the red hot woodstove  
They have all seen their days at last  
For now the ice and fire that's coming down the wire  
Has made them relics of the past

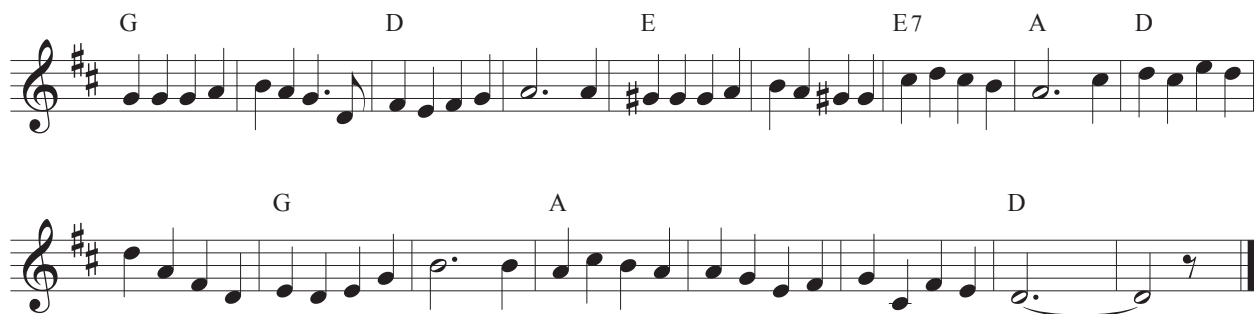
## THE REDBACK ON THE TOILET SEAT

*Slim Newton*

## Verse



## Chorus



Verse 1:

D G

There was a redback on the toilet seat when I was there last night,

A A7 D

I didn't see him in the dark, but boy, I felt his bite.

G

I jumped high up into the air and when I hit the ground,

A A7 D

That crafty redback spider wasn't nowhere to be found.

Chorus: *There was a redback on the toilet seat, when I was there last night,  
I didn't see him in the dark, but boy, I felt his bite.  
And now I'm here in hospital, a sad and sorry plight,  
and I curse that redback spider on the toilet seat last night.*

Verse 2: I rushed in to the missus, told her just where I'd been bit  
she grabbed the cut-throat razor blade, I nearly took a fit.  
I said, "Forget what's on your mind and call the doctor please,  
'cause I've got a feeling that your cure is worse than the disease."

Verse 3: I can't lie down, I can't sit up, I don't know what to do,  
the nurses think it's funny, that's not my point of view.  
I tell you, it's embarrassing, and that's to say the least,  
'cause I'm too sick to eat a bite, while the spider had a feast.

Verse 4:      And when I get back home again I'll tell you what I'll do,  
I'll make that redback suffer for the pain I'm going through.  
I've had so many needles, that I'm looking like a sieve,  
And I promise you that spider hasn't very long to live.

# THE RABBIT TRAPPER

*traditional*

*(from the singing of Dave De Hugard)*

Verse

6

12

18

24

30

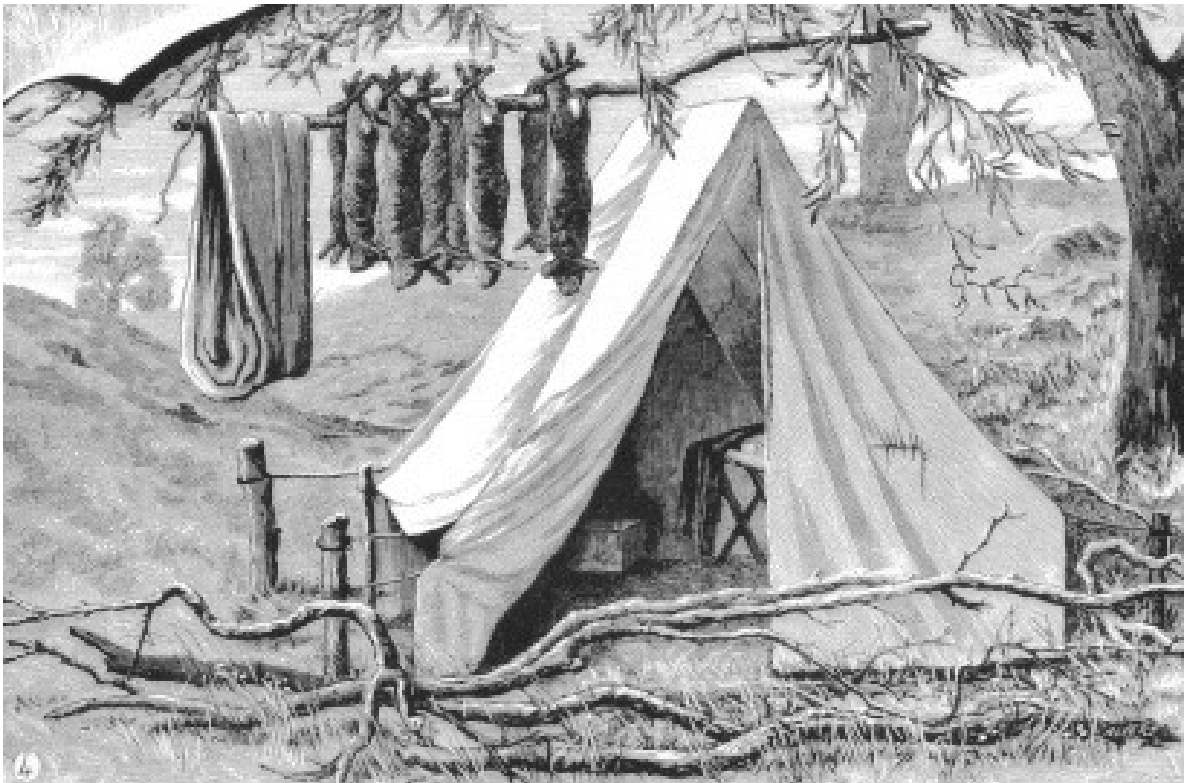
Chorus

Verse1: Well me traps are all a-jangle and in an easy swinging tangle  
And I'm setting in a circle, keeping round a fringe of trees  
And I'm muck and gory splattered, and me clobber's torn and tattered,  
But I'm carefree as those bunnies, 'til they fall for one of these;

Chorus : And I'm under no man's orders and I recognise no borders;  
But there's a welcome everywhere for me and my old dungarees.  
I am a rabbit trapper and a canny bunny snapper,  
And I whistle through the bushland, like the birds up in the trees.

Verse2: It's been a fairly fresh old morning, I can hear the kookas calling  
As I jingle through the bushland, wet grass up to the knees  
And these bunnies that I'm stopping, well they fairly keep me hopping  
And I think I'll have a smoko when I get up to the trees

- Verse3:     While you blokes are courting tabbies, well I'm out among the rabbies;  
                 And I can hear 'em buckin', squealin', well, a dozen traps ahead,  
                 While you blokes at the pub are flirtin', at the last trap I am certain  
                 To be bagging up me bunnies, keeping tally as I tread.
- Verse4:     Well, come on, my old cobber, we'll put on some decent clobber  
                 And we'll leave the bunnies hoppin', and playin' in the trees (Hup, Ginger!)  
                 We'll make the railway early; there's a shy and dinkum girlie  
                 And she juggles with those cream cans, while she writes cheques out for me.



# REEDY RIVER

Lyrics by Henry Lawson (1896). Tune by Chris Kempster (1949)

## Part A

G C D G C G A D

9 G C D G C G D7 G

## Part B

C G C G D7 G

9 D G Em D7 G

Part A Verses 1, 2, 4, 5 & 7

Part B Verses 3, 6 & 8

G C D G  
Verse 1: Ten miles down Reedy River, a pool of water lies  
C G A D  
And all the year it mirrors the changes in the skies  
G C D G  
And in that pool's broad bosom is room for all the stars  
C G D7 G  
Its bed of sand has drifted, o'er countless rocky bars

Verse 2: Around the lower edges, there waves a bed of reeds  
Where water rats are hidden and where the wild duck breeds  
And grassy slopes rise gently to ridges long and low  
Where groves of wattle flourish, and native bluebells grow

C G C G  
Verse 3: Beneath the granite ridges, the eye may just discern  
D7 G  
Where Rocky Creek emerges from deep green banks of fern  
D G  
And standing tall between them, the grassy she oaks cool  
Em D7 G  
The hard, blue-tinted waters, before they reach the pool

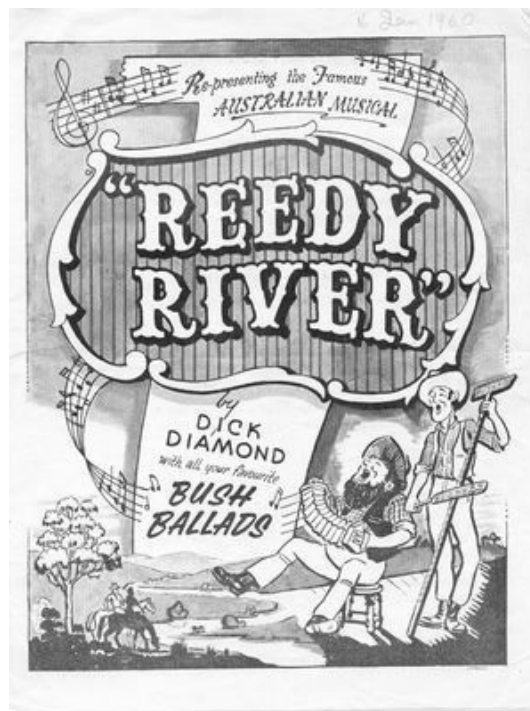
Verse 4: Ten miles down Reedy River one Sunday afternoon  
I rode with Mary Campbell to that broad, bright lagoon  
We left our horses grazing till shadows climbed the peak  
And strolled beneath the she oaks on the banks of Rocky Creek

Verse 5: Then home along the river, that night we rode a race  
And the moonlight lent a glory to Mary Campbell's face  
I pleaded for our future all through that moonlight ride  
Until our weary horses drew closer side by side

Verse 6: Ten miles from Ryan's Crossing and five below the peak  
I built a little homestead on the banks of Rocky Creek  
I cleared the land and fenced it, and ploughed the rich, red loam  
And my first crop was golden when I brought my Mary home

Verse 7: Now still down Reedy River, the grassy she oaks sigh  
The water-holes still mirror the pictures in the sky  
The golden sand is drifting across the rocky bars  
And over all for ever go sun and moon and stars

Verse 8: But of the hut I builded, there are no traces now  
And many rains have leveled the furrows of my plough  
The glad, bright days have vanished, for somber branches wave  
Their wattle blossom golden above my Mary's grave





# (The Banks of) THE REEDY LAGOON

*Traditional (1890s)*

*from the singing of Martyn Wyndham-Read*



Verse 1: The sweet scented wattle sheds perfume around

B7

Enticing the birds and the bees

F#m

B7

F#m

While I lie and take rest in my fern covered nest

B7

E

In the shade of a kurrajong tree

E

And far over head I can hear the sweet strain

B7

Of a butcherbird singing her tune

F#m

B7

F#m

For the spring in her splendor has come back again

B7

E

To the banks of the reedy lagoon

Verse 2: My swag I have carried for many a mile, my boots are worn out at the toes;

And I'm dressing this season in a far different style to my dress of last year, God knows

My cooking utensils, I'm sorry to say consist of a knife fork and spoon

But I've bread beef and tea in a battered Jack Shay by the banks of the reedy lagoon

Verse 3: There was Jackie the breaker and how he could ride and Percy the hard working boy.

And Henry of late who has taken a bride a benedict life to enjoy

And big Jock the stockman, I once heard him say he could wrestle the same as Muldoon

But they're far, far away and it's lonely today by the banks of the reedy lagoon

Verse 4: Oh where is the young girl whose green eyes shone

And often I have kissed and caressed?

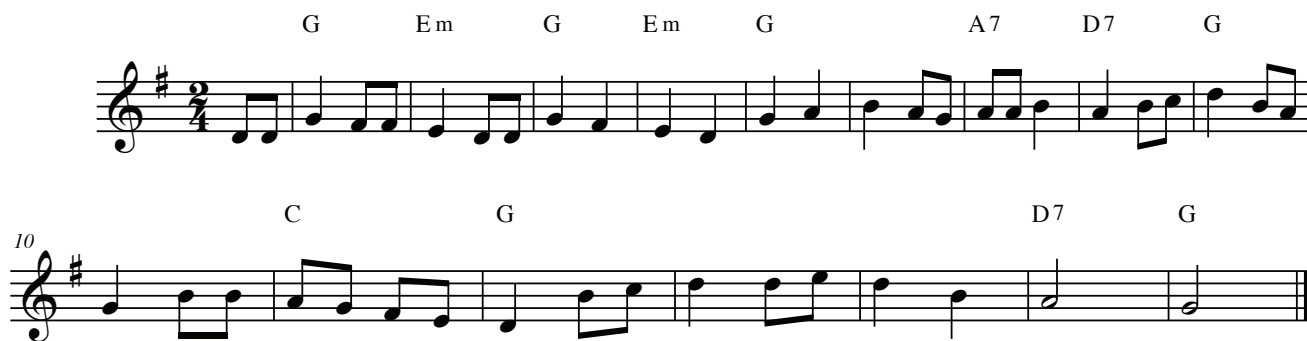
She's sleeping tonight in a far distant home with her head on another man's breast

She said she'd be true and my life she would share it seems she's forgotten so soon

But I try not to care, though its hard to keep square on the banks of the reedy lagoon

# THE RYEBUCK SHEARER

*traditional*



Verse 1:                   G                   Em                   G                   Em  
Well I come from the south and my name is Field  
                                  G                                   A7                   D7  
And when my shears are properly steeled  
                                  G                                   C                   G  
It's a hundred or more I have very often peeled  
  D7    G  
And of course I'm a ryebuck shearer

Chorus :                   G                   Em    G    Em  
If I don't shear a tally before I go  
                                  G                                   A7                   D7  
My shears and stones in the river I will throw  
                                  G                                   C                   G  
And I'll never open Sorbys or take another blow  
  D7    G  
Till I prove I'm a ryebuck shearer

Verse 2:                   There's a bloke on the board, I heard him say  
I couldn't shear a hundred sheep in a day  
But one fine day mate I'll show him the way  
And I'll prove that I'm a ryebuck shearer

Verse 3:                   There's a bloke on the board, he's got a yellor skin  
A long pointed nose and he shaves on the chin  
With a voice like a billy goat pissin' in a tin  
And of course he's a ryebuck shearer

Verse 4:                   There's a bloke on the board, or so I've heard  
With a face like a dried up buffalo turd  
Well if you think that's bad well you ought to see his bird  
And of course she's a ryebuck shearer

Verse 5:                   Well I'm gonna make a splash and I won't say when  
I'll up off my arse and I'll into the pen  
While the ringer's shearing eight, mate, well I'll be shearing ten  
And I'll prove that I'm a ryebuck shearer

## SANDY HOLLOW LINE

*Words: Duke Tritton*

*Music: John Dengate*

Gm Cm Gm  
 Cm Gm Cm  
 Gm Cm Gm

Verse 1:

Gm Cm Gm  
The sun was blazing in the sky and waves of shimmering heat,  
Gm Cm Gm  
Glared down on the railway cutting, we were half dead on our feet,  
Cm  
And the ganger stood on the bank of the cut and he snarled at the men below,  
Gm Cm Gm  
"You'd better keep them shovels full or all you cows'll go."

Verse 2: I never saw such a useless mob, you'd make a feller sick,  
As shovel men you're hopeless, and you're no good with the pick."  
There were men in the gang who could belt him with a hand tied at the back  
But he had power behind him and we dare not risk the sack.

Verse 3:        So we took it all in silence, for this was the period when  
                      We lived in the great depression and nothing was cheaper than men.  
                      And we drove the shovels and swung the picks and cursed the choking dust;  
                      We'd wives and hungry kids to feed so toil in the heat we must.

Verse 4:      And as the sun rose higher the heat grew more intense,  
The flies were in their millions, the air was thick and dense,  
We found it very hard to breathe, our lungs were hot and tight  
With the stink of sweating horses and the fumes of gelignite.

Verse 5: But still the ganger drove us on, we couldn't take much more;  
We prayed for the day we'd get the chance to even up the score.  
A man collapsed in the heat and dust, he was carried away to the side,  
It didn't seem to matter if the poor chap lived or died.

- Verse 6: "He's only a loafer," the ganger said. "A lazy, useless cow.  
I was going to sack him anyway, he's saved me the trouble now."  
He had no thoughts of the hungry kids, no thought of a woman's tears,  
As she struggled and fought to feed her brood all down the weary years.
- Verse 7: But one of the government horses fell and died there in the dray,  
They hitched two horses to him and they dragged the corpse away.  
The ganger was a worried man and he said with a heavy sigh:  
"It is a bloody terrible thing to see a good horse die."
- Verse 8: "You chaps get back now to your work, don't stand loafing there,  
Get in and trim the batter down, I'll get the Engineer."  
The Engineer came and looked around and he said as he scratched his head,  
"No horse could work in this dreadful heat or all of them will be dead."
- Verse 9: "There much too valuable to lose, they cost us quite a lot  
And I think it is a wicked shame to work them while it's hot.  
So we will take them to the creek and spell them in the shade,  
You men must all knock off at once. Of course you won't be paid."
- Verse 10: And so we plodded to our camps and it seemed to our weary brains,  
We were no better than convicts, though we didn't wear the chains,  
And in those drear depression days we were unwanted men  
But we knew that when a war broke out we'd all be heroes then
- We'd be handed a rifle and forced to fight for the swine  
Who tortured and starved us on the Sandy Hollow Line



# SERGEANT SMALL

Words: Terry Boyle & Tex Morton

Music: Brad Tate

Verse

Verse 1:

|        |         |        |         |             |             |
|--------|---------|--------|---------|-------------|-------------|
|        | D       |        | C       |             | G           |
| I      | went    | broke  | in      | western     | Queensland  |
|        | D       |        | C       |             | G           |
| Nobody | would   | employ | me      | and         | my          |
| Em     |         | C      |         | G           | D           |
| I      | started | out    | through | Charleville | and         |
| Em     |         | C      |         | D           |             |
| I      | was     | on     | me      | way         | to          |
|        |         |        |         | Roma        | destination |
|        |         |        |         | Darling     | Downs       |

Verse 2:

Me pants was getting ragged and me boots was a-getting thin  
 And as I came into Mitchell the goods train shunted in  
 I could hear her whistle blowing it was mighty plain to see  
 She was on her way to Roma or so it seemed to me

Chorus:

|     |      |      |         |          |        |       |
|-----|------|------|---------|----------|--------|-------|
| Em  |      | C    |         | G        |        | D     |
| I   | wish | that | I       | was      | twenty | stone |
| Em  |      | C    |         | D        |        |       |
| I'd | take | a    | special | trip     | up     | north |
|     |      |      |         | to       | beat   | up    |
|     |      |      |         | Sergeant | Small  |       |

Verse 3:

Now as I sat and watched her inspiration's seeds were sown  
 I remembered the Government slogan: 'Here's a railway that you own'  
 And as the sun was getting low and the night was coming nigh  
 I shouldered my belongings and I took her on the fly

Verse 4:       And as we came into Roma I kept me head down low  
                  Heard a voice say “Any room mate?” I answered “Plenty ‘Bro”  
                  “Come out of there me little man” ‘twas the voice of Sergeant Small  
                  “I have caught you very nicely – you’ve been riding for a fall”

Chorus:        I wish that I was twenty stone and I was seven feet tall  
                  I’d take a special trip up north to beat up Sergeant Small

Verse 5:        The old judge was very nice to me he gave me thirty days  
                  Saying “Maybe that will help to cure your rattler-jumping ways”  
                  So if you’re down and out in the outback boys I’ll tell you what I think  
                  Steer clear of the Queensland railway it’s a short cut to the clink

Chorus:        I wish that I was twenty stone and I was seven feet tall  
                  I’d take a special trip up north to beat up Sergeant Small



## SHEARING IN A BAR

*Duke Trtton (~1959)*

## Swing rhythm

Verse 1: My shearing days are over; though I never was a gun,  
I could always count my twenty at the end of every run.  
I used the old "Trade Union" shears, and the blades were always full  
As I drove 'em to the knockers, and I chopped away the wool.  
I shore at Goorianawa and didn't get the sack;  
From Breeza out to Compadore I always could go back.  
And though I am a truthful man, I find when in a bar  
My tallies seem to double, but I never call for tar.

Verse 2: Shearing on the western plains where the fleece is full of sand,  
And the clover burr and corkscrew grass, is the place to try your hand.  
For the sheep are tall and wiry where they feed on the Mitchell grass.  
And every second one of them is close to the cobbler class;  
And a pen chock full of cobblers is a shearer's dream of hell,  
So, loud and lurid are their words when they catch one on the bell.  
But when we're pouring down the grog you'll have no call for tar,  
For the shearer never cuts 'em when he's shearing in a bar.

Verse 3: At Louth I caught the bell sheep, a wrinkled, tough-woolled brute,  
Who never stopped his kicking till I tossed him down the chute,  
My wrist was aching badly, but I fought him all the way;  
Couldn't afford to miss a blow; I must earn my pound a day  
So when I'd take a strip of skin I'd hide it with my knee,  
Turn the sheep around a bit where the right bower couldn't see,  
Then try and catch the rousie's eye and softly whisper tar;  
But it never seems to happen when I'm shearing in a bar.

Verse 4: I shore away the belly wool and trimmed the crutch and hocks,  
Opened up along the neck while the rousie swept the locks,  
Then smartly swung the sheep around and dumped him on his rear  
Two blows to clip away the wig--I also took an ear--  
Then down around the shoulders and the blades were opened wide  
As I drove 'em on the long blow and down the whipping side.  
And when the fleece fell on the board he was nearly black with tar,  
But this is never mentioned, when I'm shearing in a bar.

Verse 5: Now when the season's ended and my grandsons all come back,  
In their buggies and their sulkies--I was always on the track--  
They come and take me into town to fill me up with beer,  
And I sit on a corner stool and listen to them shear.  
There's not a bit of difference; it must make the angels weep  
To hear a mob of shearers in a bar-room shearing sheep,  
For the sheep go rattling down the race with never, a call for tar,  
For a shearcr never cuts 'em when he's shearing in a bar.

Verse 6: Then memories come crowding, and they wipe away the years,  
And my hand begins to tighten and I seem to feel the shears.  
I want to tell them of the sheds, of sheds where I have shorn.  
Full fifty years, and sometimes more, before these boys, were born.  
I want to speak of Yarragrín, Dunlop or Wingadee,  
But the beer has started working and I'm wobbling at the knee;  
So I'd better not start shearing I'd be bound to call for tar,  
Then be treated as a blackleg when I'm shearing in a bar.



# SHEARER'S DREAM

*Lyrics: attributed to Henry Lawson. (1902)*

*Tune: based on 'The Girl I Left Behind'*

The image displays a musical score for the piano accompaniment of "The Christmas Song" (also known as "Chestnuts Roasting on an Open Fire"). The score is written in 6/8 time and consists of four staves of music. The key signature is one flat (B-flat), and the time signature is 6/8. The melody is primarily composed of eighth and quarter notes, with some measures featuring beamed eighth notes. Chord labels (Dm, F, Am) are placed above the staff to indicate the harmonic structure. The first staff begins with a Dm chord, followed by F and Am chords. The second staff continues with Dm and Am chords. The third staff features Dm, F, and Am chords. The fourth staff concludes with Dm, F, and Dm chords. The music is presented in a clean, black-and-white format, suitable for educational or performance purposes.

Dm                                  F        Am     Dm

Verse 1: Oh I dreamt I shore in a shearing shed and it was a dream of joy

Am

For every one of the rouseabouts was a girl dressed up as a boy

Dm                                  F              Am

Dressed up like a page in a pantomime the prettiest ever seen

Dm                                  F        Am     Dm

They had flaxen hair they had coal black hair and every shade between

Verse 2:    There was short plump girls there was tall slim girls and the handsomest ever seen  
                  They was four foot five they was six foot high and every shade between  
                  They had kind grey eyes, they had coal-black eyes, and the grandest ever seen  
                  They had plump pink hands, they had slim white hands, and every shape between.

Verse 3:    The shed was cooled by electric fans that was over every shoot  
               The pens was of polished mahogany and everything else to suit  
               The huts had springs to the mattresses and the tucker was simply grand  
               And every night by the billabong we danced to a German band

Verse 4:    Our pay was the wool on the jumbucks' backs so we shored till all was blue  
               The sheep was washed afore they was shore and the rams were scented too  
               And we all of us cried when the shed cut out in spite of the long hot days  
               For every hour them girls waltzed in with whisky and beer on trays

Verse 5:    There was three of them girls to every chap and as jealous as they could be  
               There was three of them girls to every chap and six of them picked on me  
               We was drafting them out for the homeward track and sharing them round like steam  
               When I woke with my head in the blazing sun to find it a shearer's dream

# SHELTER

Eric Bogle

Verse 1:       G       D       G               C               G  
 I'm drowning in the sunshine. As it pours down from the skies  
               G       D/F#   Em               C               D  
 There's something stirring in my heart Bright colours fill my eyes  
               G       D       G               C               Em  
 As from here to the far horizon your beauty does unfold  
               G       D/F#   Em       C       D       G  
 And oh you look so lovely. Dressed in green and gold

Verse 2:   And I can almost touch the ocean Shimmering in the distant haze  
 As I stand here on this mountain On this loveliest day of days  
 Round half the world I've drifted Left no wild oats unsown  
 But now my view has shifted. And I think I've just come home

Verse 3:   To the homeless and the hungry May you always open doors  
 May the restless and the weary Find safe harbour on your shores  
 May you always be our Dreamtime place Our spirit's glad release  
 May you always be our shelter. May we always live in peace

Verse 4:   I'm drowning in the sunshine. As it pours down from the skies  
 There's something stirring in my heart Bright colours fill my eyes  
 As from here to the far horizon Your beauty does unfold  
 And oh you look so lovely. Dressed in green and gold

And oh you look so lovely. Dressed in green and gold

# SHORES OF BOTANY BAY

*traditional*

The image shows a musical score for a guitar exercise titled "The Blues". It consists of two staves of music in G major, 4/4 time. The first staff contains measures 1 through 4, and the second staff contains measures 5 through 8. Chord names are written above the notes: G, Em, C, G, Em, A, D in the first staff, and G, Em, C, D, Em, Em, Bm, Em, D in the second staff. The melody is composed of eighth and quarter notes, with some measures containing beamed eighth notes. The key signature has one sharp (F#), and the time signature is 4/4.



Verse 1: Well I'm on me way down to the quay where the good ship Nell doth lay  
To command a gang of navvies I was ordered engage  
I thought I would stop in for awhile before I sailed away  
To take a trip on an immigrant ship to the shores of Botany Bay

G Em C G  
 Chorus : Farewell to your bricks and your mortar, farewell to your dirty lime  
 Em A D  
 Farewell to your gangway and your gang plank and to hell with your overtime  
 G Em C D  
 For the good ship Ragamuffin she's lying at the quay  
 Em Bm Em D  
 For to take old Pat with a shovel on his back to the shores of Botany Bay

Verse 2: The best years of our lives are spent at working on the docks  
We're building mighty wharves and quays of earth and ballast rocks  
Our pensions keep our lives secure but I'll not rue the day  
When I take a trip on an immigrant ship to the shores of Botany Bay

Verse 3: Well the boss came down this morning and he said “ why Pat, Hello,  
If you do not mix that mortar quick be sure you’ll have to go.”  
Well of course he did insult me and I demanded all my pay  
And I told him straight I was going to immigrate to the shores of Botany Bay

Verse 4: And when I reach Australia I'm going to search for gold  
There's plenty there for digging up or so I have been told  
Perhaps I will go back to me trade eight hundred bricks I'll lay  
For an eight hour shift and an eight bob pay on the shores of Botany Bay

# SING FOR AUSTRALIA

*Isabel Tuck*

*Arr: R. McLaughlin*

Verse 1:      G      C      G      Em      G      D  
Austra - lia, Austra - lia, vast land under southern skies  
                G      C      G      Em      A7      D  
Austra - lia, my fair country, I look to you with pride  
                G                          C                          Am                          D  
From coastal shores to mountain tops, across the endless plains  
                G                  C                  G      Em      A7      D  
I pledge my heart to Austra - lia, dear land where I belong  
                G      C                  G      C      G      D      G                  G      D      G  
May God bless Austra - lia and keep her safe and strong

Verse 2: By billabong, by ocean cove or misty wilderness  
We'll cherish nature's splendour, conserve our heritage  
Our culture steeped in antiquity, rich shades of many lands  
Let Lofty hall and playing field ring out triumphantly  
May God bless Australia and keep her safe and free

Verse 3: United now we raise our flag of peace and prosperity  
We honour those who fought and died to give us liberty  
With sheath of gentleness and grace but sword of blazing fire  
Now flanked in justice and honesty hear futures herald call  
May God bless Australia, Good will for one and all.

# SINCE THEN

Words: Henry Lawson (1895)

Music: Slim Dusty (1966)



Verse 1: D A7 D G D  
I met Jack Ellis in town to-day. Jack Ellis, my old mate, Jack  
G D/F# Em D Bm D/A G D/F#  
Ten years ago, from the Castlereagh, We carried our swags together away  
D G D  
To the never-again, out back, To the never-again, out back.

Verse 2: He saw me first, and he knew 'twas I The holiday swell he met.  
Why have we no faith in each other? Ah, why? He made as though he would pass me by,  
For he thought that I might forget, For he thought that I might forget.

Verse 3: He ought to have known me better than that, By the tracks we tramped far out  
The sweltering scrub and the blazing flat,  
When the heat came down through each old felt hat  
In the hell-born western drought, In the hell-born western drought.

Verse 4: I asked him in for a drink with me Jack Ellis -- my old mate, Jack  
But his manner no longer was careless and free, He followed, but not with the grin that he  
Wore always in days Out Back, Wore always in days Out Back

Verse 5: I tried to live in the past once more Or the present and past combine,  
But the days between I could not ignore I couldn't help notice the clothes he wore,  
And he couldn't but notice mine, And he couldn't but notice mine.

Verse 6: He placed his glass on the polished bar, And he wouldn't fill up again;  
For he is prouder than most men are. Jack Ellis and I have tramped too far  
On different tracks since then, On different tracks since then

Verse 7: He said that he had a mate to meet, And 'I'll see you again,' said he,  
Then he hurried away through the crowded street. And the rattle of buses and scrape of feet  
Seemed suddenly loud to me, Seemed suddenly loud to me

# SINCE THEN

*Henry Lawson (Poem as published in 1895)*

I met Jack Ellis in town to-day —  
Jack Ellis — my old mate, Jack —  
Ten years ago, from the Castlereagh,  
We carried our swags together away  
To the Never-Again, Out Back.

But times have altered since those old days,  
And the times have changed the men.  
Ah, well! there's little to blame or praise —  
Jack Ellis and I have tramped long ways  
On different tracks since then.

His hat was battered, his coat was green,  
The toes of his boots were through,  
But the pride was his! It was I felt mean —  
I wished that my collar was not so clean,  
Nor the clothes I wore so new.

He saw me first, and he knew 'twas I —  
The holiday swell he met.  
Why have we no faith in each other? Ah, why? —  
He made as though he would pass me by,  
For he thought that I might forget.

He ought to have known me better than that,  
By the tracks we tramped far out —  
The sweltering scrub and the blazing flat,  
When the heat came down through each old felt hat  
In the hell-born western drought.

The cheques we made and the shanty spree,  
The camps in the great blind scrub,  
The long wet tramps when the plains were seas,  
And the oracles worked in days like these  
For rum and tobacco and grub.

Could I forget how we struck 'the same  
Old tale' in the nearer West,  
When the first great test of our friendship came —  
But — well, there's little to praise or blame  
If our mateship stood the test.

'Heads!' he laughed (but his face was stern) —  
'Tails!' and a friendly oath;  
We loved her fair, we had much to learn —  
And each was stabbed to the heart in turn  
By the girl who — loved us both.

Or the last day lost on the lignum plain,  
When I staggered, half-blind, half-dead,  
With a burning throat and a tortured brain;  
And the tank when we came to the track again  
Was seventeen miles ahead.

Then life seemed finished — then death began  
As down in the dust I sank,  
But he stuck to his mate as a bushman can,  
Till I heard him saying, 'Bear up, old man!'  
In the shade by the mulga tank.

He took my hand in a distant way  
(I thought how we parted last),  
And we seemed like men who have nought to say  
And who meet — 'Good-day', and who part —  
'Good-day',  
Who never have shared the past.

I asked him in for a drink with me —  
Jack Ellis — my old mate, Jack —  
But his manner no longer was careless and free,  
He followed, but not with the grin that he  
Wore always in days Out Back.

I tried to live in the past once more —  
Or the present and past combine,  
But the days between I could not ignore —  
I couldn't help notice the clothes he wore,  
And he couldn't but notice mine.

He placed his glass on the polished bar,  
And he wouldn't fill up again;  
For he is prouder than most men are —  
Jack Ellis and I have tramped too far  
On different tracks since then.

He said that he had a mate to meet,  
And 'I'll see you again,' said he,  
Then he hurried away through the crowded street  
And the rattle of buses and scrape of feet  
Seemed suddenly loud to me.

And I almost wished that the time were come  
When less will be left to Fate —  
When boys will start on the track from home  
With equal chances, and no old chum  
Have more or less than his mate.

# A SINGER OF THE BUSH

*Words: A.B.Paterson*

*(From the title of 'Complete Works 1885-1900' published by Lansdowne Press.)*

*Music: R. McLaughlin*

[illegible]

C F

Verse 1: There is a waving of grass in the breeze and a song in the air,

C G

And a murmur of myriad bees. that toil everywhere.

C

There is scent in the blossom and bough,

F C G

And the breath of the Spring Is as soft as a kiss on a brow.

C

And Springtime I sing.

Verse 2:    There is drought on the land, and the stock tumble down in their tracks  
              Or follow, a tottering flock, the scrub-cutter's axe.  
              While ever a creature survives  
              The axes shall swing;    We are fighting with fate for their lives  
              And the combat I sing.

# SIXTEEN THOUSAND MILES FROM HOME

*Traditional*



- Verse 1:                   Dm                   F                   Dm                   Bb  
Well I'm sixteen thousand miles from home, my heart is fairly aching  
                                  Dm                   F                   Bb                   C7                   F  
To think that I should humble so; to come out here stone-breaking.  
  C7                   F                   C7  
On the road I took to Castlemaine I met a sub-contractor.  
                  Bb   F           Dm                   C7           Bb  
He eyed me and studied me as a parson or a doctor.  
                  Dm           C                   F           C7   F  
With me hooral looral tiddy falooral, tiddy falooral li do.
- Verse 2:   Now I told him I was out of work, I wanted some employment.  
Said he "You do, you stink with scent, you've had to much enjoyment.  
Go over onto yonder hill, get from that bloke a hammer,  
And nine and six it is your pay - and mind you now, use good grammar!"  
With me hooral looral tiddy falooral, tiddy falooral li do.
- Verse 3:   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 my hatful.  
Just then the boss he came along, said he, "You'll have to alter,  
You'll be getting no run of the store, by God, you haven't earned your salt, Sir!"  
With me hooral looral tiddy falooral, tiddy falooral li do.
- Verse 4:   So I chucked my hammer down on the heap, with that I did consider.  
Well, I knocked the dust from off my boots and I battered my old black beaver.  
Bad luck then to my mum and dad, they reared me up so lazy,  
With a silver spoon I'm a regular loon; with hunger I'm very near crazy!  
With me hooral looral tiddy falooral, tiddy falooral li do.
- Instrumental (1/2 Verse )
- Ending:   Well I'll go and join the army, I'll go and enlist the rifle  
And if I get shot I'll forget the lot, all hunger and all trifle!  
With me hooral looral tiddy falooral, tiddy falooral li do.



# SKIPPY THE BUSH KANGAROO

Eric Jupp (1968)  
Arr: R. McLaughlin

Chorus

C G7 C G7 C G7 C C7

F C F C F C7 F

G F Em F G F Em G

C G7 C G7 C G7 C C7

Chorus

F C G7 C C7

Skip py Skip py Skip py the bush Kang a roo

F C G7 C

Skip py Skip py Skip py a friend ev er true



# SNOWY RIVER ROLL

*Bill Lovelock*

A promotional song for the government Snowy River hydro-electric / irrigation project commencing in 1949

The instrumental introduction consists of four staves of music. The key signature is one flat (Bb) and the time signature is 3/4. The melody is simple and repetitive, with chords F, Bb, Gm, and C indicated above the notes.

Verse 1:      F                      Bb              Gm  
 Give me a man who's a man among men,  
                  C                      F              C  
 Who'll stow his white collar and put down his pen.  
                  F                      Bb              Gm  
 Who'll blow down a mountain and build you a dam,  
                  C                      F  
 Bigger and better than old Uncle Sam!

Chorus:      F              Bb              Gm  
 Roll! Roll! Roll on your way!  
                  C              F              C  
 Snowy River, roll on your way!  
                  F                      Bb              Gm  
 Roll on your way until Judgement Day!  
                  C              F  
 Snowy River, roll.

Verse 2:      Sometimes it's raining and sometimes it's hail,  
 Sometimes it blows up a blizzardly gale.  
 Sometimes there's fire; sometimes there's flood,  
 And sometimes you're up to your eyeballs in mud!

Verse 3:      Give me bulldozers and tractors 'n' hoses,  
 'N' diesels to ease all my troubles away.  
 With the help of the Lord and of good Henry Ford  
 The Snowy will roll on her way.

Verse 4:      Don't bring your sweetheart unless she's your wife,  
 For here you must follow the bachelor life!  
 Where woman is woman, and man is a fool!  
 Y' get much more work from a bow-legged mule.

# SLEEP AUSTRALIA SLEEP

Paul Kelly (2020)

♩ =  $\text{♩}^3$

pre-chorus D G D A A7 D

Chorus G D A D G D

Bm A A7 D G D A

verse D G D Bm Em

To Coda Em G

A A7 D G D A D D.C. al Coda

♩ D Bm D G

F#m G A A7

D G D A D

Pre-Chorus: D Sleep, Australia, sleep, the night is on the creep  
 D A A7 Shut out the noise all around  
 D G D Sleep, Australia, sleep and dream of counting sheep  
 D A D Jumping in fields coloured brown

Chorus: G D Who'll rock the cradle and cry?  
 Bm A A7 Who'll rock the cradle and cry?  
 D G D Sleep, Australia, sleep as off the cliff the kingdoms leap  
 D A D Count them as they say goodbye

Verse 1:

|   |      |
|---|------|
| G   | D    |
| Count down the little things, the insects and birds     |      |
| Bm  | Em   |
| Count down the bigger things the flocks and the herds   |      |
| G   | D    |
| Count down our rivers our pastures and trees            |      |
| Bm  | Em   |
| But there's no need to hurry Oh, sleep now, don't worry |      |
| G   | A A7 |
| 'Coz it's only a matter of degrees                      |      |

Bridge:

|          |               |         |                            |  |   |
|----------|---------------|---------|----------------------------|--|---|
|          | D             |         | G                          |  | D |
| Fog,     | Australia,    | fog     | just like the boiling frog |  |   |
|          | D             | A       | D                          |  |   |
| As we go | we won't feel | a thing |                            |  |   |

|                  |   |  |   |   |  |   |   |    |
|------------------|---|--|---|---|--|---|---|----|
| Pre-chorus (hum) | D |  | G | D |  |   | A | A7 |
|                  | D |  | G | D |  | A | D |    |

Chorus:      Who'll rock the cradle and cry?  
                  Who'll rock the cradle and cry?  
                  Sleep, Australia, sleep as off the cliff the kingdoms leap  
                  Count them as they pass on by

Verse 2:

G D  
Our children might know them but their children will not  
Bm Em  
We won't know 'til it's gone all the glory we've got  
G D  
But there are more wonders coming all new kinds of shows  
Bm D  
With acid seas rising to kiss coastal mountains  
Bm D  
Big cyclones pounding and firestorms devouring  
G F#m  
And we'll lose track of counting as the corpses keep mounting  
G A A7  
But hey, that's just the way this old world goes

D G D  
 Outro: Sleep, my country, sleep as we sow so shall we reap  
 D A D  
 Who'll rock the cradle and cry?



# SOMEWHERE DOWN THE ROAD

R. McLaughlin 2009

Chorus

5

9 Verse

13

Chorus: *It's sure been good to spend this time with you*  
*Sharing jokes and stories that we've told*  
*But now we're moving on, it's time that we were gone*  
*I hope we meet again, somewhere down the road*

Verse 1: *We met you first along the beach at Darwin*  
*Drinking wine while the red sun filled the sky*  
*We talked and joked and knew we'd found new friends*  
*We knew we'd meet again by and by.*  
*Good friends are hard to find at any time*  
*But on the road we share a common goal*  
*We'll go our separate ways across this country*  
*And meet again with stories to be told*

Verse 2: *We sat around the fire out in the bush drinking billy tea out under star lit skies*  
*The red dust soil and spinifex around us the beauty of this land would make you cry*  
*We walked together up that mighty gorge marvelled at the rocks, the sights, the sounds*  
*Water trickling through those hidden valleys majestic sandstone cliffs high off the ground*

Verse 3: *We're fishing from the pier up in Derby while the golden tide rose and slipped away*  
*We didn't catch a fish but didn't care for our fishing stories passed the time of day*  
*Now we're sitting 'round the caravans at twilight with beer and wine and stories of the day*  
*We laugh about the fun that we got up to and all the things that blew us all away*

Recorded on CD: "People, Places & the Past" Ron McLaughlin 2009

# (BOUND FOR) SOUTH AUSTRALIA

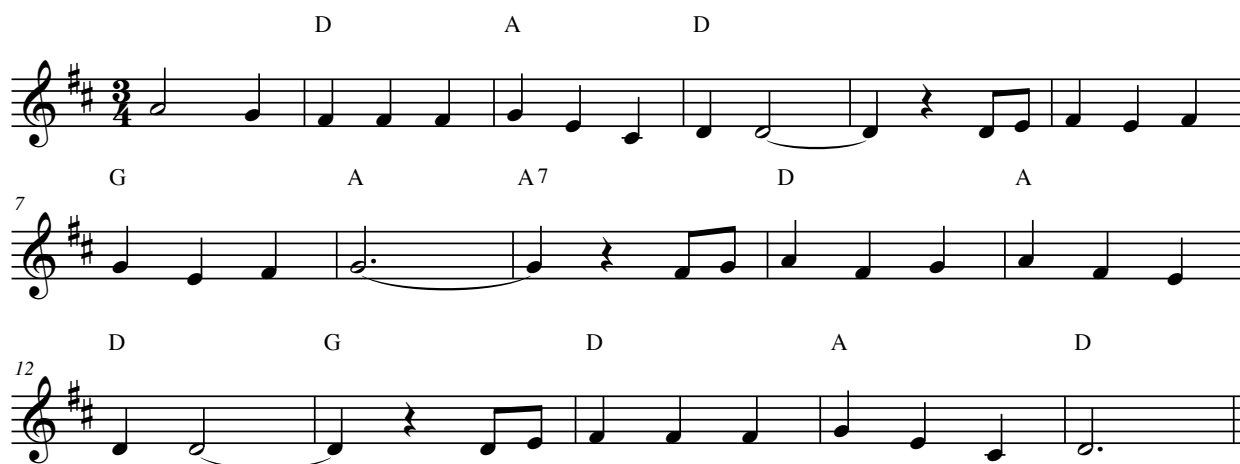
traditional (first published 1888)



|          |  |   |
|----------|--|---|
| Verse 1: | D<br>In South Australia I was born           | G D<br>Heave away, haul away            |
|          | A7 D<br>In South Australia 'round Cape Horn  | A7 D<br>We're bound for South Australia |
| Chorus:  | D G D<br>Heave away you ruler kings          | G D G D<br>heave away, haul away        |
|          | G D<br>Heave away, you'll hear me sing       | A7 D<br>We're bound for South Australia |
| Verse2:  | As I walked out one morning fair             | Heave away, haul away                   |
|          | 'Twas there I met Miss Nancy Blair           | We're bound for South Australia         |
| Verse3:  | I shook her up and I shook her down          | Heave away, haul away                   |
|          | I shook her round and round the town         | We're bound for South Australia         |
| Verse4:  | I run her all night and I run her all day    | Heave away, haul away                   |
|          | And I run her until we sailed away           | We're bound for South Australia         |
| Verse5:  | There ain't but one thing grieves me mind    | Heave away, haul away                   |
|          | To leave Miss Nancy Blair behind             | We're bound for South Australia         |
| Verse 6: | And as we wallop around Cape Horn            | Heave away, haul away                   |
|          | You'll wish to God you'd never been born     | We're bound for South Australia         |
| Verse 7: | In South Australia my native land            | Heave away, haul away                   |
|          | Full of rocks and thieves and fleas and sand | We're bound for South Australia         |

# SPRINGTIME IT BRINGS ON THE SHEARING

*traditional*



Verse 1:                   D           A           D  
Oh the springtime it brings on the shearing  
  G           A   A7  
And it's then you will see them in droves  
                  D           A           D       G  
To the west country stations all steering  
          D           A           D  
A seeking a job off the coves

Chorus                   D           A           D  
With a ragged old swag on my shoulder  
  G           A   A7  
And a billy quart pot in my hand  
          D           A           D           G  
I tell you we'll astonish the new chums  
          D           A           D  
To see how we travel the land

Verse 2:    You may talk of your mighty exploring of Landsborough McKinley and King  
            But I feel I should only be boring on such frivolous subjects to sing

Verse 3:    For discovering mountains and rivers there's one for a gallon I'd back  
            Who'd beat all your Stuart's to shivers it's the men on the Wallaby Track

Verse 4:    From Billabone Murray and Loddon to the far Tartiarra and back  
            The hills and the plains are well trodden by the men on the Wallaby Track

Verse 5:    And after the shearing is over and the wool season's all at an end  
            It is then that you will see those flash shearers making johnny cakes round in the bend

# THE STOCKMAN'S LAST BED

*traditional*

*from Banjo Patterson's "Old Bush Songs" 1905*

*published earlier in 1865*

[illegible]

Verse 1:

C F C  
Be ye stockmen or no, to my story give ear.

F C G  
Alas! for poor Jack, no more shall we hear

C F C  
The crack of his stockwhip, his steed's lively trot,

F C G C  
His clear "Go ahead, boys," his jingling quart pot.

Chorus: C F C  
 For we laid him where wattle's sweet fragrance is shed,  
F C G C  
 And the tall gum-trees shadow the stockman's last bed.

Verse 2:      Whilst drafting one day he was horned by a cow.  
                  “Alas!” cried poor Jack, “it’s all up with me now,  
                  For I never again shall my saddle regain,  
                  Nor bound like a wallaby over the plain.”

Verse 3:       His whip it is silent, his dogs they do mourn,  
                  His steed looks in vain for his master's return;  
                  No friend to bemoan him, unheeded he dies;  
                  Save Australia's dark sons, few know where he lies.

Verse 4:      Now, stockman, if ever on some future day  
                   After the wild mob you happen to stray,  
                   Tread softly where wattles their sweet fragrance spread,  
                   Where alone and neglected poor Jack's bones are laid



# THE STREETS OF FORBES

*traditional*

*(possibly written by John McQuire, Ben Halls's brother in law)*



Am C Dm Am  
 Verse 1: Come all you Lachlan men and a sorrowful tale I'll tell  
 C E7  
 Concerning of a hero bold who through misfortune fell  
 Am Dm E7  
 His name it was Ben Hall, a man of high renown  
 Am C Dm Am F E7 Am  
 He was hunted from a station and like a dog shot down

Verse 2: Three years he roamed the roads and he showed the traps some fun  
 A thousand pounds was on his head with Gilbert and John Dunn  
 Ben parted from his comrades, the outlaws did agree  
 To give away bushranging and to cross the briny sea

Verse 3: Ben went to Goobang Creek and that was his downfall  
 For riddled like a sieve was the valiant Ben Hall  
 T'was early in the morning upon the fifth of May  
 That the seven police surrounded him as in his sleep he lay

Verse 4: Bill Duggan he was chosen to shoot the outlaw dead  
 The troopers then fired madly and filled him full of lead  
 They rolled him in a blanket and strapped him to his prade  
 And they led him through the streets of Forbes to show the prize they had.

# STRINGYBARK AND GREENHIDE

Lyrics from George Chanso, Sydney Songster 1865

Tune collected by Ron Edwards from Jock Dingwall in Cairns, 1965



Verse 1:

I sing of a commodity, it's one that will not fail yer,  
I mean the common oddity, the mainstay of Australia;  
Gold it is a precious thing, for commerce it increases,  
But stringy bark and green hide, can beat it all to pieces.

Chorus:      F                      C                      F                      C  
Stringy bark and green hide, that will never fail yer!  
F                      C                      G7                      C  
Stringy bark and green hide, the mainstay of Australia.

Verse 2:     If you travel on the road, and chance to stick in Bargo,  
                   To avoid a bad capsize, you must unload your cargo;  
                   For to pull a dray about, I do not see the force on,  
                   Take a bit of green hide, and hook another horse on.

Verse 3: If you chance to take a dray, and break your leader's traces,  
Get a bit of green hide, to mend the broken places.  
Green hide is a useful thing all that you require;  
But stringy bark's another thing when you want a fire.

Verse 4: If you want to build a hut, to keep out wind and weather,  
Stringy bark will make it snug, and keep it well together;  
Green hide, if it's used by you, will make it all the stronger,  
For if you tie it with green hide, its sure to last the longer.

Verse 5: New chums to this golden land, never dream of failure,  
Whilst you've got such useful things as these in fair Australia;  
For stringy bark and green hide will never, never fail you,  
Stringy bark and green hide is the mainstay of Australia.

# THE STRINGY-BARK COCKATOO

Published in Banjo Paterson's 'Old Bush Songs' 1905



Verse: C G7  
I'm a broken-hearted miner, who loves his cup to drain,  
C  
Which often-times has caused me to lie in frost and rain.  
G7  
Roaming about the country, looking for work to do,  
C  
I got a job of reaping off a stringy-bark cockatoo.

CG7

Chorus: Oh, the stringy-bark cockatoo, Oh, the stringy-bark cockatoo,

C

*I got a job of reaping off a stringy-bark cockatoo.*  
*( i.e. repeat the last line of the verse)*

Verse 2:    Ten bob an acre was his price — with promise of fairish board.  
               He said his crops were very light, 'twas all he could afford.  
               He drove me out in a bullock dray, and his piggery met my view.  
               Oh, the pigs and geese were in the wheat of the stringy-bark cockatoo.

Verse 3:    The hut was made of the surface mud, the roof of a reedy thatch.  
The doors and windows open flew without a bolt or latch.  
The pigs and geese were in the hut, the hen on the table flew,  
And she laid an egg in the old tin plate for the stringy-bark cockatoo.

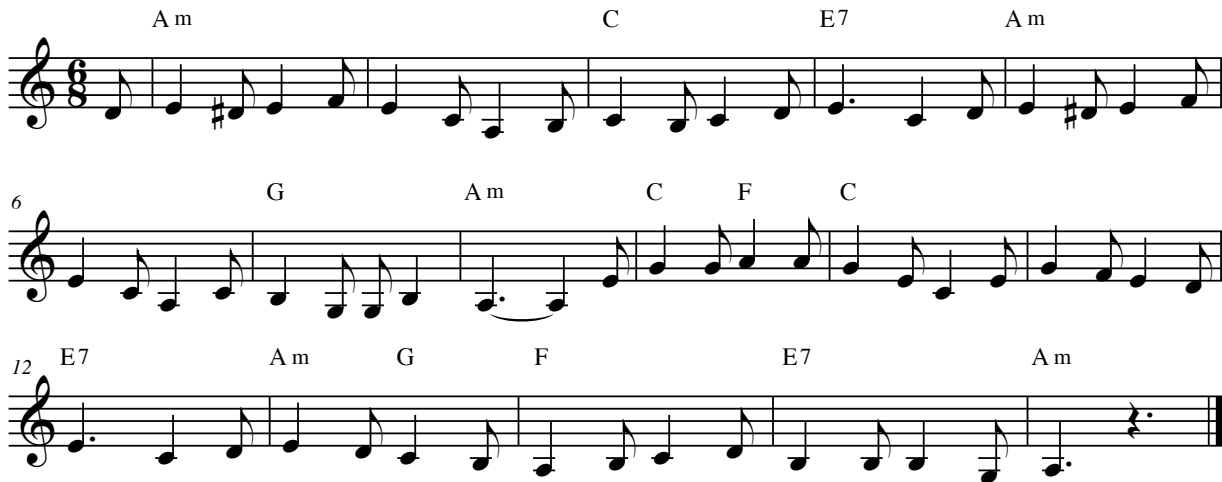
Verse 4: For breakfast we had pollard, boys, it tasted like cobbler's paste.  
To help it down we had to eat brown bread with vinegar taste.  
The tea was made of the native hops, which out on the ranges grew;  
'Twas sweetened with honey bees and wax for the stringy-bark cockatoo.

- Verse 5: For dinner we had goanna hash, we thought it mighty hard;  
They wouldn't give us butter, so we forced down bread and lard,  
Quondong duff, paddy-melon pie, and wallaby Irish stew  
We used to eat while reaping for the stringy-bark cockatoo.
- Verse 6: When we started to cut the rust and smut was just beginning to shed,  
And all we had to sleep on was a dog and sheep-skin bed.  
The bugs and fleas tormented me, they made me scratch and screw;  
I lost my rest while reaping for the stringy-bark cockatoo.
- Verse 7: At night when work was over I'd nurse the youngest child,  
And when I'd say a joking word, the mother would laugh and smile.  
The old cocky, he grew jealous, and he thumped me black and blue,  
And he drove me off without a rap — the stringy-bark cockatoo.



# STRINGYBARK CREEK

*traditional*



Am C E7  
Verse 1: A sergeant and three constables set out from Mansfield town  
Am G Am  
Near the end of last October for to hunt the Kellys down;  
C F C E7  
They started for the Wombat hills and thought it quite a lark  
Am G F E7 Am  
When they camped upon the borders of a creek called Stringybark.

Verse 2: They had grub and ammunition there to last them many a week,  
And next morning two of them rode out, all to explore the creek,  
Leaving McIntyre, behind them at the camp to cook the grub  
And Lonigan to sweep the floor and boss the washing tub.

Verse 3: It was shortly after breakfast Mac thought he heard a noise  
So gun in hand he sallied out to try to find the cause,  
But he never saw the Kellys planted safe behind a log  
So he sauntered back to smoke and yarn and wire into the grog.

Verse 4: But Ned Kelly and his comrades thought they'd like a nearer look  
For being short of grub they wished to interview the cook;  
And of firearms and cartridges they found they had too few,  
So they longed to grab the pistols and the ammunition too.

Verse 5: Both the troopers at a stump alone they were well pleased to see  
Watching as the billies boiled to make their pints of tea;  
There they joked and chatted gaily never thinking of alarms  
Till they heard the fearful cry behind, 'Bail up, throw up your arms

- Verse 6: The traps they started wildly and Mac then firmly stood  
While Lonigan made tracks to try and gain the wood,  
Reaching round for his revolver but, before he touched the stock  
Ned Kelly pulled the trigger and he dropped him like a rock.
- Verse 7: Then after searching McIntyre all through the camp they went  
And cleared the guns and cartridges and pistols from the tent,  
But brave Kelly muttered sadly as he loaded up his guns,  
“Oh, what a bloody pity that the bastard tried to run.”
- Verse 8: ‘Twas later in the afternoon the sergeant and his mate  
Came riding blithely through the bush to meet a cruel fate.  
“The Kellys have the drop on you!” cried McIntyre aloud,  
But the troopers took it as a joke and sat their horses proud.
- Verse 9: Then trooper Scanlan made a move his rifle to unsling,  
But to his heart a bullet sped and death was in the sting;  
Then Kennedy leapt from his mount and ran for cover near,  
And fought, a game man to the last, for all that life held dear.
- Verse 10: The sergeant’s horse raced from the camp alike from friend and foe,  
And McIntyre, his life at stake, sprang to the saddle-bow  
And galloped far into the night, a haunted, harassed soul,  
Then like a hunted bandicoot hid in a wombat hole.
- Verse 11: At dawn of day he hastened forth and made for Mansfield town  
To break the news that made men vow to shoot the bandits down,  
So from that hour the Kelly gang was hunted far and wide,  
Like outlawed dingoes of the wild until the day they died.

**Notes:**

Lyrics from Stewart & Keesing’s *‘Australian Bush Ballads’*

(some believe it to be written by Joe Byrne)

Melody from Bushwackers recording (1979)

The infamous shootout between the Kelly gang and four Victoria Police officers took place at Stringybark Creek on October 26, 1878

Sergeant Michael Kennedy, and Constables Thomas Lonigan, Michael Scanlon and Thomas McIntyre set out from their posts at Mansfield, Benalla, and Violet Town into the Wombat Ranges with instructions to capture the Kelly gang.

Kelly and his brother Dan Kelly at their Stringybark Creek camp surprised McIntyre and Lonigan, and McIntyre, unarmed at the time, surrendered. Lonigan, however, fired his gun and was shot and killed by Ned Kelly. When Scanlon and Kennedy returned to the camp and found the Kelly gang, they too were shot dead while McIntyre escaped safely on Kennedy’s horse.

# SUNSHINE RAILWAY DISASTER

*Traditional*

*Tune: 'If Those Lips Could Speak'*

[illegible]

Verse 1: C G7  
He was driving a Bendigo engine. The train was running all right.  
C  
It was going along as usual till Sunshine came in sight  
G7  
He put on his brakes and he whistled for the signal was against the train  
C  
He applied his brakes for emergency but alas 'twas all in vain.

Chorus: C If those trains had only run as they should, their proper time G7  
C There wouldn't have been a disaster at a place they call Sunshine  
G7 If those brakes had only held as they did a few hours before  
C There wouldn't have been a disaster and a death toll of forty-four

Verse 2:      The doctors and nurses arrived there and the sight it caused them pain  
To see all the wounded and dying in the wreck of that fateful train,  
The people of Sunshine ne'er faltered but assisted with all their power  
To help the doctors and nurses in that awful and painful hour.

Verse 3: If those brakes had only gripped, as they did a while before,  
There would be no Sunshine disaster or deaths numbering forty-four.  
If that guard had only seen, that danger lay ahead,  
There would be no widows or orphans but happier homes instead.

# TAKE ME DOWN THE HARBOUR

Words by Gray and Bennett and music by Joe Slater.

(Published in Silver Songster 1908)

The musical score is written on four staves in 6/8 time, with a key signature of one flat (Bb). The notes are as follows:

- Staff 1: F (quarter), Bb (quarter), F (quarter), C7 (quarter), F (quarter), D (quarter), G (quarter), C7 (quarter).
- Staff 2: F (quarter), Bb (quarter), F (quarter), C7 (quarter), F (quarter), D (quarter), G (quarter), C7 (quarter), F (quarter).
- Staff 3: C (quarter), F (quarter), Bb (quarter), F (quarter), Bb (quarter), F (quarter), G (quarter), C7 (quarter).
- Staff 4: F (quarter), C (quarter), F (quarter), Bb (quarter), F (quarter), Bb (quarter), F (quarter), Dm (quarter), F (quarter), C (quarter), F (quarter).

Verse 1:      F                      Bb                      F                      C7  
 Now Gertie's a girl, a sweet little pearl, She works down in the city;  
                                  F                      D                      G                      C7  
 And she has a beau, his name is Joe, So handsome and so witty.  
                                  F                      Bb                      F                      C7  
 On each Saturday, when he gets his pay, A message soon he's reading  
                                  F                      D                      G                      C7      F  
 "I feel quite alone, ring me up on the phone, You're just the one I'm needing."

Chorus:      F                      C                      F                      Bb                      F  
 Take me down the harbour on a Sunday afternoon  
                                  Bb                      F                      G                      C7  
 To Manly Beach or Watson's Bay, or round to Coogee for the day;  
                                  F                      C                      F                      Bb                      F  
 Call around to Clifton, or Mosman's, it will do,  
                                  Bb                      F                      Dm                      F                      C                      F  
 Dear old harbour, Sydney Town, they can't beat you.

Verse 2:      Way over the tide, how softly they glide,  
 Out on the harbour ferry,  
 Whilst music so sweet makes life feel complete,  
 Their hearts are light and merry,  
 Then homeward once more, they part on the shore,  
 And Joe says to his girlie,  
 "If you feel alone, ring me up on the phone,  
 And call me quick and early."



# TALK OF THE TOWN

Shane Howard (1994)

Verse



Chorus



Verse 1      D                      G              D  
The sun goes down on a cloudless sky  
   A              D  
The tide is in the waters high  
   G              D  
The fisherman are back in town  
   A              D        D7  
Tonight they'll either drink or drown

Chorus:                      G              D                      G              D  
Wait for rain to come down. Wait for rain all year round  
   A              Em    G              D                      G              D  
It's the talk of the town, goin' 'round

Verse 2:    If you're ever in that Gulf country  
Strangest land you've seen  
Sun's so hot the ground's on fire  
Thermometer won't go no higher

Verse 3:    If you want to lose those lonely blues  
You best put on your dancing shoes  
The ringers make for the water hole  
Tonight the town will rock 'n roll

Verse 4:    Now, Murray knows this ancient land  
Like the back of his own hand  
See the brolga on the plain  
Thousands dancing, bring the rain

Final Chorus: And that rain coming down .    Hear that rain what a mighty sound  
It's the talk of the town, coming down

# TEN THOUSAND MILES AWAY

*Traditional*

Verse 1:

G C  
Sing ho! for a brave an' a gallant ship, and a fast and favouring breeze,  
G D  
With a bully crew and a captain too to carry me over the seas;  
G C  
To carry me over the seas, me boys, to me true love far away,  
G D G  
For I'm takin' a trip on a Government ship Ten thousand miles away.

Chorus: Then blow, ye winds hi-ho! An' a-rovin' I will go.  
I'll stay no more on England's shore To hear the music play  
For I'm off on the morning train, to cross the raging main  
For I'm taking a trip on a Government ship Ten thousand miles away.

Verse 2: Oh, my true love she was beautiful, My true love she was young;  
Her eyes were like the diamonds bright And silvery was her tongue.  
And silvery was her tongue, my lads, As the big ship left the bay  
She said, will you remember me Ten thousand miles away?

Verse 3: Oh, it wuz a summer's mornin', When last I saw my Meg  
She'd a Government band around each hand An' another one round her leg  
Oh, another one round her leg, m'boys As the big ship left the bay,  
"Adieu," she sez, "remember me, Ten thousand miles away!"

Verse 4: Oh dark and dismal was the day When last I saw my Meg,  
She'd a Government band around each hand And another one around the leg.  
And another one around the leg, my lads, As the big ship left the bay,  
I said that I'd be true to her Ten thousand miles away.

Verse 5: Oh, the sun may shine through the London fog Or the river run quite clear,  
Or the ocean brine turn into wine Or I forget my beer  
Or I forget my beer, m'boys Or the landlord's quarter-pay  
But I'll never forget me own true love Ten thousand miles away.

# THE TERRITORY

Ron McLaughlin (2009)

Chorus

Verse

Verse 1: I see the brilliant colours that illuminate the land  
 The red rock shines like embers glow at dawn  
 The rolling plains of spinifex among the red dust sands  
 The Territory is on my mind  
 I see the dreamtime art from when the land was born  
 When gorges cut through the ancient rock  
 With rivers home to Jabiru and ruled by ancient crocs  
 The Territory is on my mind

Chorus: The territory is on my mind, with memories all around  
 It brings back the feelings of the bush the sights the sounds  
 The Territory is on my mind

Verse 2: I hear the howl of dingoes and the song of the butcher bird  
 The curlew cuts the silence of the night  
 And the sound of bounding kangaroos throughout the native scrub  
 The Territory is on my mind  
 The wind cries through the she oaks and stunted mallee bush  
 Like the sounds of the many lost in war  
 We're reminded of the battles and those who lost their lives  
 The Territory is on my mind

Verse 3: The smell of salty air blows in from Darwin's shore  
 And mingles with the tang of Asian spice  
 The sickly scent of wattle floats in the smoky air  
 The Territory is on my mind  
 From the prickle of the spinifex to the peeling paperbark  
 The contrasts of this land are all around  
 From the red, dry inland sands to shining, green wetlands  
 The Territory is on my mind

# A THOUSAND FEET

*John Williamson (1999)*

Verse



Chorus



Verse 1:                   D                   G                   D  
It's not a hard place it's a soft and gentle land  
  G                   D  
Gonna lay my bed on the soft and gentle sand  
  G                   D  
Hear old man time whisper in my ear  
  A7                  D  
A thousand feet have been through here

Chorus 1:                   G                   D  
Hear the desert wind play a lonely tune  
  G                   A7  
Through the desert oak on a rusty dune  
  G                   D  
Stay a while and it's all so clear  
  A7                  D  
A thousand feet have been through here  
D                  A7    D  
Inka ninka pitjikala

Verse 2: It's not a hard place it's a soft and gentle land  
Gonna lay my bed on the soft and gentle sand  
Hear old man time whisper in my ear  
A thousand feet have been through here

Chorus 2: Take it slow take a look around  
All the signs are on the ground  
Bird and snake, lizard, kangaroo  
An ancient man has been here too  
Inka ninka pitjikala

# A THOUSAND MILES AWAY

*traditional*

*from Banjo Patterson's "Old Bush Songs" 1905*

Verse 1:

G C  
Hurrah for the Roma Railway, hurrah for the Cobb and Co.

G D  
And give me a horse, a good fat horse, to carry me westward ho

G C  
To carry me westward ho my boys that's where the cattle stray

G D G  
On the far Barcoo where they eat Nardoo a thousand mile away

*Chorus: Then give your horses rein across the open plain  
We'll crack our whips like a thunderbolt nor care what some folks say  
And a running we'll bring home them cattle that now roam  
On the far Barcoo where they eat Nardoo a thousand mile away*

Verse 2:      Knee deep in grass we've got to pass the truth I'm bound to tell  
Where in three weeks them cattle get as fat as they can swell  
As fat as they can swell my lads a thousand pound they weigh  
On the far Barcoo and the Flinders too a thousand mile away

Verse 3:        So fit me up with a snaffle and a four or a five inch spur  
                      And fourteen foot of greenhide whip to chop the flaming fur  
                      I'll yard them flaming cattle in away that's safe to swear  
                      I'll make them Queensland cattlemen sit back in the saddle and stare

Verse 4: No Yankee hide ever grew outside, Such beef as we can freeze  
Nor Yankee pastures feed such steers as we send overseas  
As we send overseas me lads in shipments everyday  
From the far Barcoo where they eat Nardoo a thousand mile away

The *Flinders* is the longest river in Queensland flowing west from the Burra Range near Hughenden to the Gulf of Carpentaria.

The *Barcoo* river in Western Queensland starts in the Warrego Range and flows South-west to Lake Eyre in central Australia.

*Nardoo* (also known as the desert fern) survives long, hot, dry summers and grows in wet situations in habitats from lake sides, to shallow, muddy roadside depressions.

## THREE DROVERS

*Lyrics: John Wheeler; Music: Willian G James*

One of 15 Australian Christmas carols written around 1950 by Wheeler & James

C Am G Em C  
 G C Am C F Dm  
 F Am G F C F C  
 G C Am Dm C

Verse 1: Across the plains one Christmas night  
Three drovers riding blithe and gay,  
Looked up and saw a starry light  
More radiant than the Milky Way;  
And on their hearts such wonder fell,  
They sang with joy. 'Noel! Noel! Noel! Noel! Noel!'

Verse 2: The air was dry with summer heat,  
And smoke was on the yellow moon;  
But from the heavens, faint and sweet,  
Came floating down a wond'rous turn;  
And as they heard, they sang full well  
Those drovers three. 'Noel! Noel! Noel! Noel! Noel!'

Verse 3: The black swans flew across the sky,  
The wild dog called across the plain,  
The starry lustre blazed on high,  
Still echoed on the heavenly strain;  
And still they sang, 'Noel! Noel!'  
Those drovers three. 'Noel! Noel! Noel! Noel! Noel!'

# THREE KIDS ON A HORSE

*Lyrics from C. J. Dennis poem 'Going To School' (~1921)  
As sung by Dave De Hugard (Magpie In The Wattle 1985)*

Verse

D G D A D G D A D

9 A D G D G D A D

Chorus

17 D A D A D

Verse 1: D G D A  
Did you see them pass today Billy, Kate & Robin  
D G D A D  
All astride upon the back of old grey Dobbin  
A D G D  
Jig & Jog & off to school down the dusty track  
G D A D  
Oh what must Dobbin think of it with three upon his back

D A  
Chorus: And Robin's at the bridle reins and in the middle Kate  
D A D  
Little Billy hanging on behind, his legs out straight

Verse 2: And see them coming back from school, Jig Jog Jig  
And see them an the corner where the gums grow big  
And Dobbin flicking off the flies and blinking at the sun  
He thinks three kids upon his back is real good fun

Chorus: And Robin's at the bridle reins and in the middle Kate  
Little Billy hanging on behind, his legs out straight

# TOMAHAWKIN' FRED (THE LADIES MAN)

*Traditional (based on the London music hall song 'Fashionable Fred')*

Verse C F G7 C

5 F G7 C Chorus

9 C Dm G7 C

13 F G7 C

Verse 1: C F  
Now some shearing I have done, and some prizes I have won  
G7 C  
Through my knuckling down so close on the skin  
F  
But I'd rather tomahawk every day and shear a flock  
G7 C  
For that's the only way I make some tin

Chorus: C Dm  
I am just about to cut for the Darling  
G7 C  
To turn a hundred out I know the plan  
F  
Give me sufficient cash, and you'll see me make a splash  
G7 C  
For I'm Tomahawking Fred, the ladies man

Verse 2: Put me on a shearing floor, and it's there I'm game to bet  
That I'd give to any ringer ten sheep start  
When on the whipping side far away from them I slide  
Just like a bullet or a dart.

Verse 3: Of me you might have read for I'm Tomahawking Fred  
My shearing laurels are known both near and far  
I'm the don of Riverine, midst the shearers cut a shine  
And our tar-boys say I never call for tar

Verse 4: Wire in and go ahead, for I'm Tomahawking Fred  
In a shearing shed, my lads, I cut a shine  
There is Roberts and Jack Gunn, shearing laurels they have won  
But my tally's never under ninety-nine



# TODD RIVER DREAMING

*Ron Mclaughlin*

Chorus D G D E

8 A D G D

15 B m A D Verse G D

22 A G D G

29 D B m A G D

*Chorus:*

|   |           |             |
|---|-----------|-------------|
| <i>D</i>  | <i>G</i>  | <i>D</i>    |
| <i>Todd River dreaming, the can and carton trail</i>    |           |             |
|   | <i>E7</i> | <i>A A7</i> |
| <i>Liquorland leaning - young, old and the frail</i>    |           |             |
| <i>D</i>  | <i>G</i>  | <i>D</i>    |
| <i>Pitjandjara prattle in the parks and the streets</i> |           |             |
| <i>Bm</i>   | <i>A</i>  | <i>D</i>    |
| <i>Alice shines bright white lights and concrete</i>    |           |             |

Verse 1:

G D  
I see the men, anger in their eyes.

A G D  
Dignity lost in the bottle where it lies

G D Bm  
Mobs in the river where the dreaming's no more

A G D  
Culture long left by the white city's door

G D  
I see the women, eyes full of sorrow.

A G D  
Sitting in the park with no thought for tomorrow

G D Bm  
The curlew wails through the dust and the rain

A G D  
The art of the dreamtime is all that remains

*Chorus: Todd River dreaming, the can and carton trail....*

Verse 2

G D  
While the miners' greed blasts black tradition.  
A G D  
And lust for power is their only mission  
G D Bm  
While poverty and loss tear at respect.  
A G D  
Across this lucky country black deaths still collect  
G D  
There's been a need to change for over 200 years  
A G D  
To open our eyes and wipe away the tears  
G D Bm  
The lessons we learn can't be buried and lost  
A G D  
If we don't change we continue the cost

*Chorus: Todd River dreaming, the can and carton trail....*

Verse 3:

G D  
There's still hope for the children, bright eyes and broad smiles  
A G D  
Playing in the street, laughing all the while  
G D Bm  
Caught between cultures where neither belongs  
A G D  
The dreamtime is past and the future's beyond  
G D  
Change has to come to bring them respect  
A G D  
To give them pride and make us accept  
G D Bm  
That every man and woman of every race  
A G D  
Has a right to feel safe and not feel out of place

*Chorus: Todd River dreaming, the can and carton trail....*

Ending

D Bm A D  
Alice shines bright white lights and concrete



## TOOK THE CHILDREN AWAY

### Archie Roach (1990)

Verse 1:

G  
This story's right, this story's true. I would not tell lies to you.

C G  
Like the promises they did not keep, and how they fenced us in like sheep.

Said to us come take our hand, set us up on mission land.

C D  
Taught us to read, to write and pray. Then they took the children away.

G C  
Took the children away, the children away.

D C G  
Snatched from their Mothers breast, said this is for the best. Took them away.

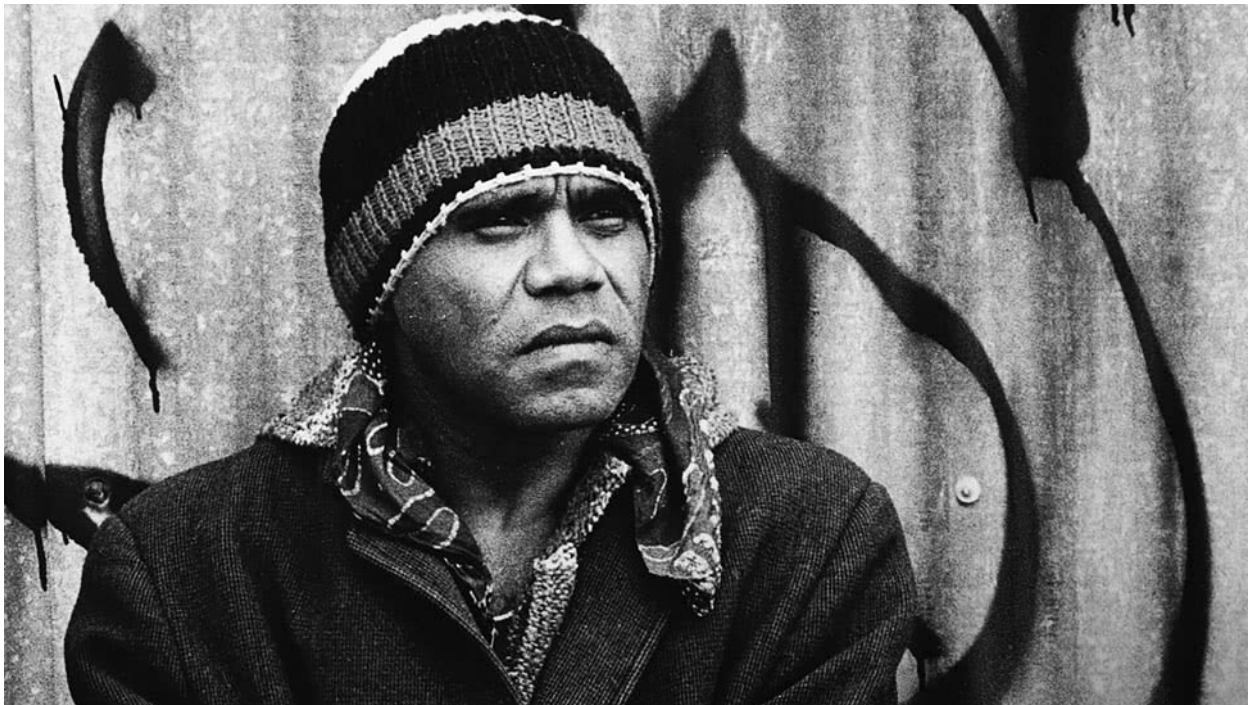
Verse 2:    The welfare man, the police man, said you've got to understand.  
We'll give to them what you can't give, teach them how to really live.  
Teach them how to live they said, humiliated them instead.  
Taught them that and taught them this        and others taught them prejudice.  
Oh took the children away,                    the children away.  
Breaking their Mothers heart,                tearing us all apart, took them away.

Verse 3:    One dark day on Framlingham, came and didn't give a damn.  
My Mother cried go get their Dad,            he came running, fighting mad.  
Mothers tears were falling down, my Dad shaped up and stood his ground.  
He said "You touch my kids and you fight me". Then they took us from our family.  
Took us away,    they took us away.  
Snatched from our Mothers breast,    said this was for the best, took us away.

Verse 4: Told us what to do and say, taught us all the white mans ways.  
 Then they split us up again, and gave us gifts to ease the pain.  
 Sent us off to foster homes, as we grew up we felt alone.  
 Cause we were acting white, yet feeling black. One sweet day all the children came back.  
 The children came back, the children came back.  
 Back where their hearts grow strong, back where they all belong. The children came back,

Ending: *(Last 4 bars repeated)*

| D                           | C                           | G                           |
|-----------------------------|-----------------------------|-----------------------------|
| Back where they understand. | back to their Mothers land, | the children came back.     |
| Back to their Mother,       | back to their Father.       | the children came back.     |
| Back to their Sister,       | back to their Brother.      | the children came back      |
| Back to their People,       | back to their land          | all the children came back, |



# THE TRAMP

*Traditional (based on the London music hall song 'Fashionable Fred')*

*Source: SilverSongster 1905*

Verse

The musical notation for the Verse consists of two staves. The first staff begins with a treble clef, a key signature of one flat (B-flat), and a common time signature (C). It contains a repeat sign followed by a sequence of eighth and quarter notes. Chord symbols C, F, G7, and C are placed above the staff at specific intervals. The second staff continues the melody with similar note values and a final C chord symbol.

Chorus

The musical notation for the Chorus consists of two staves. The first staff begins with a treble clef, a key signature of one flat (B-flat), and a common time signature (C). It contains a sequence of eighth and quarter notes. Chord symbols C, Dm, G7, and C are placed above the staff. The second staff continues the melody and ends with a double bar line. Chord symbols F, G7, and C are placed above the staff.

Verse 1:

C F  
How many men there are who ride in fortune's car,  
G7 C  
Who bar and bolt the door against the poor,  
F  
It's because they've lots of gold, and their hearts are very cold;  
G7 C  
If you study it I'm sure you'll find it true,  
C F  
Then speaking of the race, where they tramped from place to place,  
G7 C  
There's many of these men from top to toe,  
F  
So if they be in needy circumstances, then they need assurances  
G7 C  
And remember that a tramp has to live.

Chorus :

C Dm  
If ever you meet a tramp, who bears misfortune  
G7 C  
If he's worthy of your help then freely give;  
F  
Render him a hearty grip, wish him luck upon his trip,  
G7 C  
And remember that the poor tramp has to live

Verse 2: I once did know a tramp, whom people called a scamp,  
And set the dogs on him lest he might steal.  
Ah, but as he turned away, I saw him kneel and pray.  
I know that God above heard his appeal.  
Now little do they know, how he tramped through ice and snow,  
That once he was happy as could be,  
Till misfortunes cruel dart came and pierced his heart,  
And stole from him his hope and everything.

Verse 3: I heard a tramp relate, the sad story of his fate,  
And now he was an outcast shunned by all,  
He'd led a happy life – had a living child and wife;  
But, alas, like him, the woman had to fall,  
For she proved young and frail, there's no need to tell the tale.  
Which drove his manly heart to sad despair,  
He left his wife and child, and never since has smiled,  
And now sadly tramps from town to town.

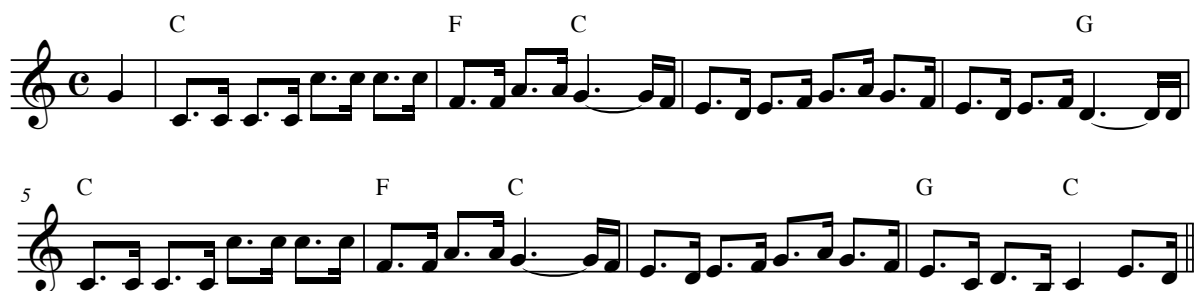


# TRAVELLING DOWN THE CASTLEREAGH

Words Banjo Patterson,

Music collected by Geoff Wills and John Manifold

Verse



Chorus



Verse 1: I'm travellin' down the Castlereagh, and I'm a station-hand  
I'm handy with the ropin' pole, I'm handy with the brand  
And I can ride a rowdy colt, or swing an axe all day  
But there's no demand for a station-hand along the Castlereagh  
So it's shift, boys, shift, for there isn't the slightest doubt  
That we've got to make a shift for the stations further out  
With the pack-horse runnin' after, for he follows me like a dog  
We must strike across the country at the old jig-jog

Verse 2: This old black horse I'm riding, if you notice what's his brand  
He wears the crooked R, you see, none better in the land  
He takes a lot of beatin', and the other day we tried  
For a bit of a joke, with a racing bloke, for twenty pounds a side  
It was shift, boys, shift, for there wasn't the slightest doubt  
That I had to make him shift, for the money was nearly out  
But he cantered home a winner, with the other one at the flog  
He's a red-hot sort to pick up with his old jig-jog

Verse 3: I asked a cove for shearin' once along the Marthaguy  
"We shear non-union here," says he. "I call it scab," says I  
I looked along the shearin' floor before I turned to go  
There were eight or ten non-union men a-shearin' in a row  
It was shift, boys, shift, for there wasn't the slightest doubt  
It was time to make a shift with the leprosy about  
So I saddled up my horses, and I whistled to my dog  
And I left his scabby station at the old jig-jog

Verse 4: I went to Illawarra, where my brother's got a farm  
He has to ask the landlord's leave before he lifts an arm  
The landlord owns the countryside - man, woman, dog and cat  
They haven't the cheek to dare to speak without they touch their hat  
It was shift, boys, shift, for there wasn't the slightest doubt  
Their little landlord god and I would soon have fallen out  
Was I to touch my hat to him? was I his bloomin' dog?  
So I makes for up the country at the old jig-jog

Verse 5: But it's time that I was movin', I've a mighty way to go  
Till I drink artesian water from a thousand feet below  
Till I meet the overlanders with the cattle comin' down  
And I'll work a while till I make a pile, then have a spree in town  
So it's shift, boys, shift, for there isn't the slightest doubt  
We've got to make a shift for the stations further out  
The pack-horse runs behind us, for he follows like a dog  
And we cross a lot of country at the old jig-jog

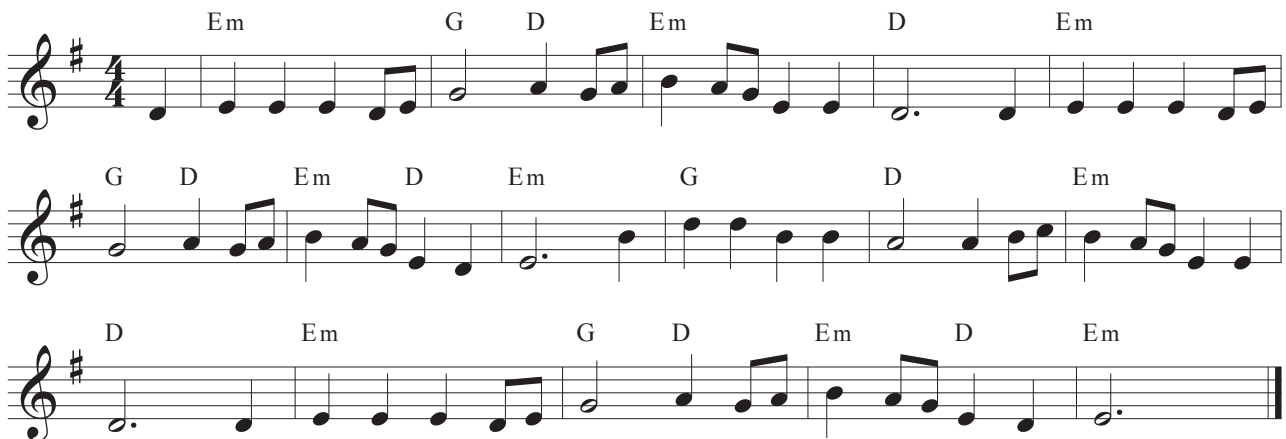




# VAN DIEMEN'S LAND

Traditional English transportation ballad ~ 1830

(Tune: Star of the County Down)



Verse 1:                      Em                      G   D                      Em                      D  
Come all you gallant poachers that ramble free from care  
   Em                      G                      D                      Em                      D                      Em  
That walk out of a moonlight night with your dog your gun and snare  
   G                      D                      Em                      D  
Where the lofty hare and pheasant you have at your command  
   Em                      G                      D                      Em                      D                      Em  
Not thinking that your last career is on Van Diemen's Land

Verse 2:                      There was poor Tom Brown from Nottingham Jack Williams and poor Joe  
   They were three daring poachers as the country well does know  
   At night they were captured by the keeper's hideous hand  
   And for fourteen years transported unto Van Diemen's Land

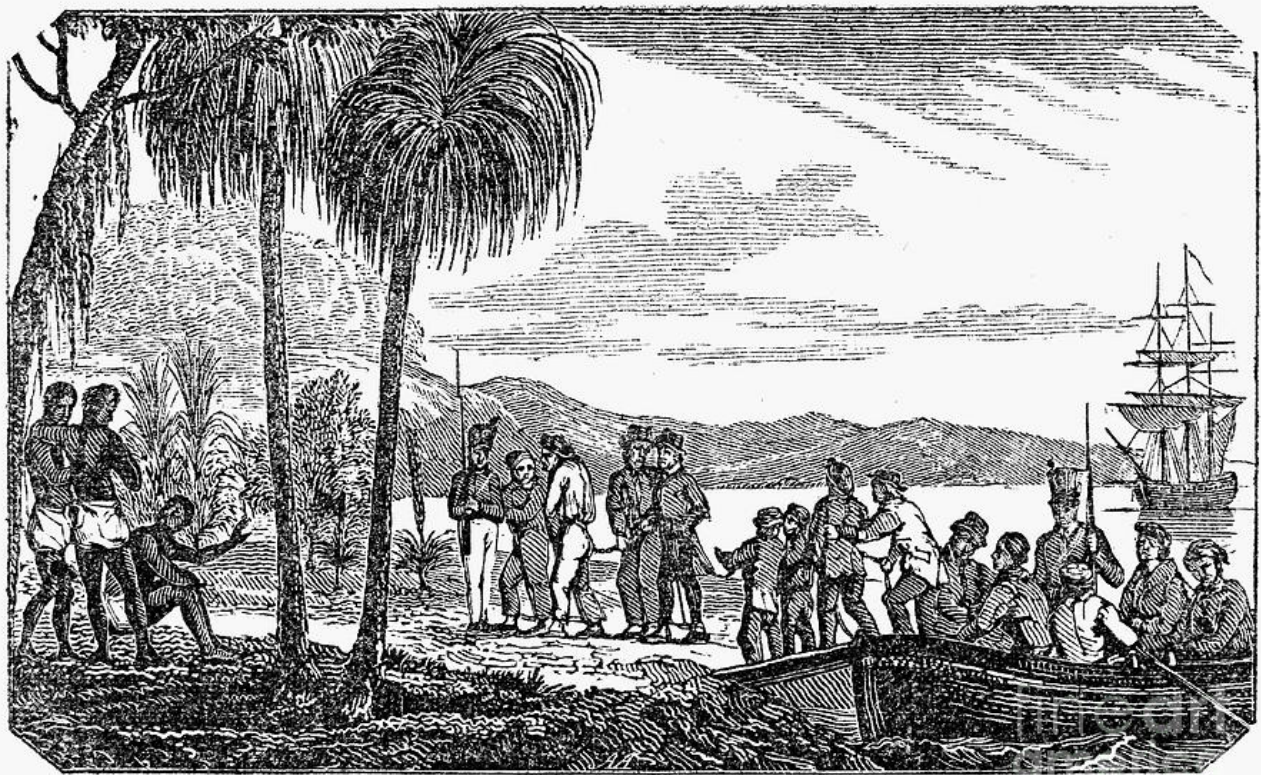
Verse 4:                      Oh when that we were landed upon that fatal shore  
   The planters they came flocking round full twenty score or more  
   They ranked us up like horses and sold us out of hand  
   They yoked us to the plough my boys to plough Van Diemen's Land

Verse 5:                      Often when I am slumbering I have a pleasant dream  
   With my sweet girl I am sitting down by some purling stream  
   Through England I am roaming with her at my command  
   But I wake up broken hearted upon Van Diemen's Land

Verse 6:                      There was one girl from England Susan Summers was her name  
   For fourteen years transported for playing of the game  
   Our planter bought her freedom and he married her out of hand  
   Good usage then she gave to us upon Van Diemen's Land

Verse 7: For fourteen years is a long long time. It is our fateful doom  
For nothing else but poaching for that is all we done  
You would leave those guns and dogs me boys and poaching every man  
If you but knew the hardship that's in Van Diemen's land

Verse 8: Oh if I had a thousand pounds all laid out in my hand  
I'd give it all for liberty if that I could command  
And again to England I'd return and I'd be a happy man  
And bid adieu to poaching and to Van Diemen's Land



Convicts landing at Van Diemen's Land.

## WALLABY STEW

*Cecil Poole (1897)*

Verse

D A7 D G

6 D G A7 G D G

12 A7 D A7 D Chorus G

18 D G A7 D A7 D

Verse 1: Poor Dad he got five years or more as everybody knows  
And now he lives in Maitland Jail with broad arrows on his clothes  
He branded all Brown's clean skins and never left a tail  
So I'll relate the family's woes since Dad got put in jail

Chorus:      G                      D                      G                      A7  
So stir the wallaby stew, make soup of the kangaroo tail  
                 D    A7                      D  
I tell you things is pretty tough since Dad got put in jail

Verse 2    Our sheep were dead a month ago not rot but blooming fluke  
Our cow was boozed last Christmas Day by my big brother Luke  
And Mother has a shearer cove forever within hail  
The family will have grown a bit since Dad got put in jail

Verse 3: Our Bess got shook upon a bloke he's gone we don't know where  
He used to act around the shed but he ain't acted square  
I've sold the buggy on my own the place is up for sale  
That wont be all that isn't junked when Dad comes out of jail

Verse 4: They let Dad out before his time to give us a surprise  
He came and slowly looked around and gently blessed our eyes  
He shook hands with the shearer cove and said he thought things stale  
So he left him here to shepherd us and battled back to jail

# WALTZING MATILDA

words A.B."Banjo" Patterson

[verse] C Am F G C Am F G

# WATER LILY

Lyrics: Henry Lawson / Tune: Priscilla Herdman

Verse

G D C Am G Em C D



G D C Am G Em C D



Chorus

C D G Em C D C G



C D G Em C D C G



Verse 1:           G           D           C           Am  
A lonely young wife in her dreaming discerns  
                  G           Em           C           D  
A lily decked pool with a border of ferns  
G           D           C           Am  
And a beautiful child with butterfly wings  
                  G           Em           C           D  
Drifts down to the edge of the water and sings

Chorus:           C           D   G           Em  
Come mama, come, quick follow me  
                  C           D           C   G  
Step out on the leaves of the water lily  
C           D   G           Em  
Come mama, come, quick follow me  
                  C           D           C   G  
Step out on the leaves of the water lily

Verse 2:   And the lonely young wife, her heart beating wild  
          Cries wait till I come, till I reach you my child  
          But the beautiful child with butterfly wings  
          Steps out on the leaves of the lily and sings

Verse 3:   And the wife in her dreaming steps out on the stream  
          But the lily leaves sink and she wakes from her dream  
          Oh the waking is sad, for the tears that it brings  
          And she knows it's her dead baby's spirit that sings

# THE WEE ONE (Rockin' The Cradle)

*Traditional*

The "Wee One" was collected by John Meredith from Australian singer Sally Sloane, late 1950s or early 1960s. The song was also published in "Singabout Magazine, the journal of Australian folksong", Vol. 5, No. 2, p5, Bush Music Club, October 1964.



Verse 1:       C                   Bb       C  
I am a young man cut down in my blossom,  
                  F               Bb       C  
I married a young girl to cheer up me home.  
              Bb               C                   Bb  
But she goes out and she leaves me and falsely deceives me  
              C               F               Bb       C  
And leaves me with a wee one that's none of me own.

Chorus:       C                   Bb    C  
Oh dear rue the day ever I married  
                  F       G  
I wish I was single again.  
              Bb               C                   Bb  
For this weepin' and wailin' and rockin' the cradle  
              C               F               Bb       C  
And rockin' a wee one that's none of me own.

Verse 2:   Now while I'm at work and me wife's on the rantin'.  
          She's rantin' and dancin' with some other young man.  
          Well, she's drinkin' and swearin' while I'm at home carin'  
          And rockin' a wee one that's none of me own.

Verse 3:   Now all you young men with the mind for to marry,  
          Beware of them flash women, leave them alone.  
          For by the Lord Harry, if one you should marry  
          She'll leave you with a wee one that's none of your own.



## WEE POT STOVE (LITTLE DARK ENGINE ROOM)

*words and music* © Harry Robertson (1971)

Verse D A G A D A G A D

9 A G A G D G A D

Chorus D A G A D A G A D

17

Verse 1:

How the winter blizzards blow and the whaling fleet's at rest,  
Tucked in Leigh harbor's sheltered bay Safely anchored ten abreast.  
The whalers at their stations, As from ship to ship they go,  
Carry little bags of coal with them and a little iron stove.

Chorus :

In that little dark engine room, Where the chill seeps through your soul,  
How we huddled round that little pot stove That burned oily rags and coal.

Verse 2:

The fireman Paddy worked with me on the engine stiff and cold.  
A stranger to the truth was he - there's not a lie he hasn't told.  
And he boasted of his gold mine, and of all the hearts he'd won,  
And his bawdy sense of humor shone just like a ray of sun.

Verse 3:

We labored seven days a week, with cold hands and frozen feet.  
Bitter days and lonely nights making grog and having fights  
Salt fish and whalemeat sausage, fresh penguin eggs a treat  
And we trudged along to work each day through icy winds and sleet.

Verse 4:

Then one day we saw the sun and factory ships' return.  
Meet your old friends, sing a song; hope the season won't be long,  
Then homeward bound when it's over; we'll leave this icy cove,  
But I always will remember that little iron stove.

# WEEVILS IN THE FLOUR

## (WHERE I GREW TO BE A MAN)

*Dorothy Hewlett (tune by Michael Leydon ~1965)*

C G C G C G C Am C G

9 C F G C Am C G C F Am Dm F G

17 C Am F G C Am Dm G Am Dm G C

Verse 1: On an island in a river how that bitter river ran  
I grew on scraps of charity in the best way that you can  
On an island in a river where I grew to be a man.

Chorus: For dole bread is bitter bread, bitter bread and sour.  
There's grief in the taste of it There's wee-vils in the flour  
There's wee-vils in the flour.

Verse 2: And just across the river stood the mighty BHP.  
Poured pollution on the water all the lead of misery  
And its smoke was black as hades, rolling hungry to the sea.

Verse 3: In those humpies by the river we lived on dole and stew  
While just across the water those greedy smokestacks grew  
And the hunger of the many filled the bellies of the few.

Verse 4: On an island in a river how that bitter river ran  
It broke the banks of charity and baked the bread of man  
On that island in a river where I grew to be a man.

Ending Chorus: For dole bread is bitter bread There's weevils in the flour  
But men grow strong as iron upon That black bread and sour.  
That black bread and sour.



# WHEN THE RAIN TUMBLES DOWN IN JULY

*Slim Dusty*

Chords for the musical score:

- Staff 1: C, G, C, C7, F
- Staff 2: C, F, C
- Staff 3: A m, C, D7, G, C, G
- Staff 4: C, C7, F, C, F
- Staff 5: C (3rd time To Coda), A m, C, G, C
- Staff 6: Coda, C, D7, G, C, G
- Staff 7: C, C7, F, C, F
- Staff 8: C, A m, C, G, C

C G C C7 F C  
 Let me wander north to the homestead, way out further on there to roam  
 F C A m C D7 G  
 By a gully in flood let me linger when the summery sunshine has flown  
 C G C C7 F C  
 Where the logs tangle up on the creek bed and the clouds veil the old northern sky  
 F C A m C G C  
 And the cattle move back from the lowlands when the rain tumbles down in July  
  
 C G C C7 F C  
 The settlers with sad hearts are watching the rise of the stream from the dawn  
 F C A m C D7 G  
 Their best crops are always in floodreach if it rises much more they'll be gone  
 C G C C7 F C  
 The cattle string out along the fences as the breeze from the south races by  
 F C A m C G C  
 And the limbs from the old gums are falling when the rain tumbles down in July

C G C C7 F C  
 The old sleeping gums by the river awaken to herds straying by  
 F C Am C D7 G  
 From the flats where the fences have vanished as the storm clouds gather on high  
 C G C C7 F C  
 The wheels of the wagons stop turning and the stock horse is turned out to stray  
 F C Am C D7 G  
 And the old station dogs are a-dozing on the husks in the barn through the day  
 C G C C7 F C  
 The drover draws rein by the river. It's been years since he's seen it so high  
 F C Am C G C  
 And that's just a story of homeward, when the rain tumbles down in July  
 C G C  
 When the rain tumbles down in July



*traditional*

8

16

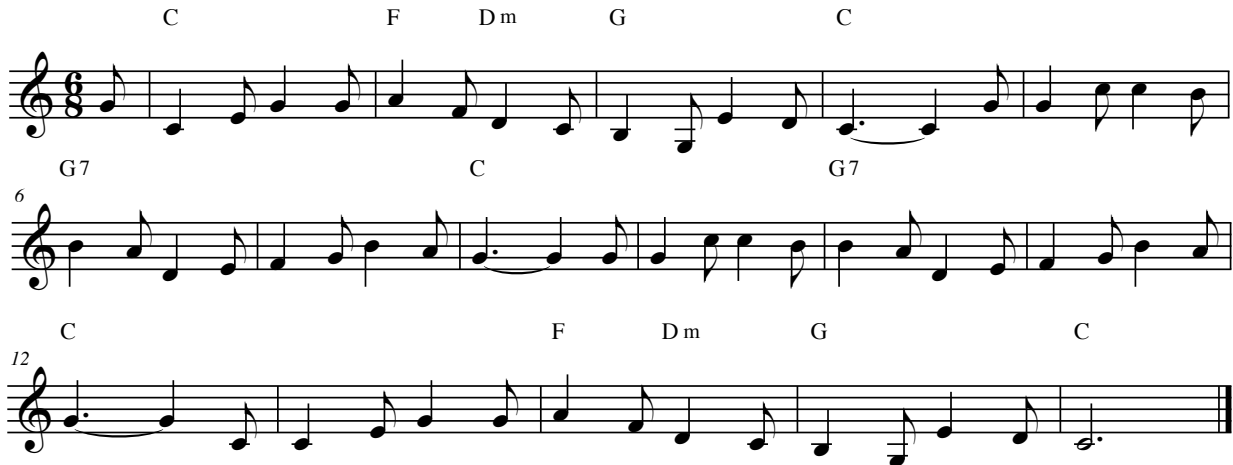
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Verse 3: We will miss him in the cattle camps a trusted man and true  
The daddy of all stockmen was young Rory Donahue  
We will miss the tunes he used to play on his banjo long and low  
We will miss the songs he used to sing of the days of long ago  
Where the shadow-line lies broken neath the moonbeams' silver bars  
Where the brumbies come to water at the twinkling of the stars  
Where the brumbies come to water at the twinkling of the stars



# THE WILD COLONIAL BOY

*traditional*



Verse 1:                   C               F       Dm       G7               C  
 There was a wild colonial boy Jack Doolan was his name  
   G7                               C  
 Of poor but honest parents he was born in Castlemaine  
   G7                               C  
 He was his father's only hope his mother's pride and joy  
   F       Dm       G7               C  
 And dearly did his parents love the wild colonial boy

Chorus :                   C               F       Dm       G7               C  
 So come away me hearties and we'll roam the mountains high  
   G7                               C  
 Together we will plunder and together we will die  
   G7                               C  
 We'll scour along the valleys and we'll gallop o'er the plains  
   F       Dm       G7               C  
 And scorn to live in slavery bound down by iron chains

Verse 2:                   In sixty one this daring youth commenced his wild career  
 With a heart that knew no danger and a heart that knew no fear  
 He stuck the Beechworth mail coach up and robbed judge McEvoy  
 Who, trembling cold gave up his gold to the wild colonial boy

Verse 3:                   He bade the judge "good morning" and told him to beware  
 That he'd never rob a needy man or one who acted square  
 But a judge who'd rob a mother of her one and only son  
 Sure, he must be a worse outlaw than the Wild Colonial Boy

Chorus :                   *So come away me hearties and we'll roam the mountains high ...*

Verse 4:                   One day as Jack was riding the mountainside along  
 A-listening to the kookaburra's happy laughing song  
 Three mounted troopers came along Kelly, Davis and Fitzroy  
 With a warrant for the capture of the Wild Colonial Boy

Verse 5:       Surrender now Jack Doolan, for you see we're three to one  
Surrender in the King's high name for you're a plundering son  
Jack drew a pistol from his belt and he waved it like a toy  
"I'll fight but never surrender" cried the Wild Colonial Boy

*Chorus :*       *So come away me hearties and we'll roam the mountains high ...*

Verse 6:       He fired at trooper Kelly and brought him to the ground  
And in return from Davis he received a mortal wound  
All shattered through the jaw he lay still firing at Fitzroy  
And That's the way they captured him, the Wild Colonial Boy

*Chorus :*       *So come away me hearties and we'll roam the mountains high ...*



## WHERE THE CANE FIRES BURN

*Bill Scott (1923-2005)*

The image displays a musical score for the song "The Rose Tree" in G major. The score is organized into four horizontal staves, each representing a different vocal or instrumental part. The key signature is one sharp (F#), indicating G major. The time signature varies throughout the piece, including 4/4, 2/4, and 3/4. Above the musical notation, the chords G, D, C, and Em are written, indicating the harmonic structure of the song. The melody is written on a treble clef staff. The lyrics "The Rose Tree" are written below the first staff, and the lyrics "The Rose Tree" are written below the second staff. The lyrics "The Rose Tree" are written below the third staff, and the lyrics "The Rose Tree" are written below the fourth staff.

Verse 1: I've wandered East, I've wandered West  
From the Hamersley Range to the Snowy Crest  
From the Lachlan Plains to the Broken Hill  
But my heart's at the Johnstone River still  
Now the time has come when I must return  
Where the vine scrub grows and the cane fires burn  
Where the vine scrub grows and the cane fires burn

Verse 2: By the Yarra now the cold rain falls  
And the wind is bleak in the Bass Strait squalls  
I stand and wonder in the chill  
Has the season started at Mulgrave Hill?  
For Autumn comes and I must return  
Where the harvesters chug and the cane-fires burn  
Where the harvesters chug and the cane-fires burn

Verse 3:      The smog is thick and it stings the eye  
                 And the Harbour Bridge fills half the sky  
                 And the sirens wail through Sydney town  
                 But I dream of Tully when the sun goes down  
                 Where the rainforest covers the hills with green  
                 Where the cane grows tall and the air is clean  
                 Where the cane grows tall and the air is clean



Verse 4: I've been travelling South and West  
By land and sea, but the North is best  
Now Autumn comes with its hint of snows  
And I must follow where the egret goes  
To watch the evening's first faint star  
From Flying Fish Point or Yarrabah  
From Flying Fish Point or Yarrabah

Verse 5: I've been travelling East and West  
From the Hamersley Range to the Snowy Crest  
From the Lachlan Plains to the Broken Hill  
But my heart's at the Johnstone River still  
And the time has come when I must return  
Where the vine scrub grows and the cane-fires burn  
Where the vine scrub grows and the cane-fires burn





# WONDERFUL CROCODILE

*Traditional (~1840s)*



Verse 1:                   G       D       C       G       C       D       G  
Come all you blokes and listen to me to tell the truth I'm bound  
                                  G       D       C       G                   C       D       G  
What happened to me by going to sea and the wonders that I found.  
   D                   G       D       G  
Shipwrecked I was off La Perouse and cast all on the shore,  
                 D       C       G       C       D       G  
So I resolved to take a trip The country to explore.

                  G  
Chorus: And I Fol de-rol the riddle of the ray-day  
                  D               G  
Fol the riddle of the ray-day  
                  D       C               G  
I Fol de-rol the riddle of the ray-day  
C       D               G  
Fol the riddle of the ray-day

Verse 2: Oh, not far I had not ventured out alongside the ocean,  
'Twas there that I saw something move, like all the earth in motion.  
While steering up alongside. I saw it was a crocodile;  
From the end of his nose to the tip of his tail it measured five hundred mile.

Verse 3: This crocodile I could plainly see was none of the common race,  
For I had to climb a very high tree before I could see his face.  
And when he lifted up his jaw, perhaps you may think it a lie,  
But his back was three miles through the clouds and his nose near touched the sky.

- Verse 4: Oh, up aloft the wind was high, it blew a gale from the south;  
I lost my hold and away I flew right into the crocodile's mouth.  
He quickly closed his jaws on me, he thought to nab a victim;  
But I slipped down his throat, d'ye see, and that's the way I tricked 'im.
- Verse 5: I traveled on for a year or two till I got into his maw,  
And there were rum kegs not a few and a thousand bullocks in store.  
Through life I banished all my care for on grub I was not stinted;  
And in this crocodile lived ten years, very well contented.
- Verse 6: This crocodile was getting old, one day at last he died;  
He was three years in getting cold, He was so thick and wide.  
His skin was three miles thick, I'm sure, or very near about;  
For I was full six months or more in hacking my way out.
- Verse 7: So now I'm safe on shore once more, resolved no more to roam.  
I hitched a berth on a passing ship, so now I'm safe at home.  
But, if my story you should doubt, did you ever cross the Nile  
'Twas there he fell---you'll find the shell of this wonderful crocodile.



# WOOLLOOMOOLOO LAIR

Traditional

## Verse

verse

G C G A7 D

G C G D G

C G D7

G C G D7 G

## Chorus

Chorus

The musical notation for the chorus of 'The Sound of Silence' is presented in two staves. The key signature is one sharp (F#), and the time signature is 4/4. The first staff begins with a C major chord, followed by a G major chord, and ends with a D7 chord. The second staff continues the melody with G, C, G, D7, G, D, and G chords. The melody consists of eighth and quarter notes, with some rests and a final half note.

Verse 1:

G C G  
On the day that I was born, it was a cold & a frosty morn,  
A7 D  
In the famous suburb known as Woolloomooloo.  
G C G  
It was down in Riley Street my folks first heard me bleat  
D G  
'Cause at the time I'd nothing else to do.  
C G  
Oh me mother died of fright when she saw me in the light  
D7  
And my father thought he'd send me to the zoo,  
G C G  
But I owe a lot to him, 'cause he taught me how to swim,  
D G  
When he heaved me off the pier at Woolloomooloo

Chorus:

C    G

Oh my name it is McCarty & I'm a rorty party

D7

I'm rough & tough as an old man kangaroo

G    C    G

Some people say I'm crazy, I don't work because I'm lazy

D7    G    D    G

And I tag along in the boozing throng, the Push from Woolloomooloo.

Verse 2: And when I was just a lad I went straight'way to the bad  
A larrikin so hard, you'd strike me blue  
But the government was kind and they didn't seem to mind  
And in Darlinghurst I spent a night or two.  
Now the judge gave me a stare and he said, "You're a lair"  
They heaved me into Darlinghurst gaol - you understand  
They gave me clothes, they cut my hair, I didn't seem to care  
And every night you'd find me in the van.

Verse 3: And I spent some years in gaol till I began to quail  
I resolved to live upon a different lay  
And enlisted in the ranks of the Salvation Army 'cranks'  
You can bet I made the bloody business pay!  
Well hallelujah! I'm a lout I knows me way about  
I kids the mugs that I'm converted too  
All the lassies there I mash and I'm never short of cash  
'Cause I beats me drum all over Woolloomooloo.



# THE WOY WOY WORKERS TRAIN

*Based on the poem by Joe Fernside(1952)*

*From the singing of Tony Suttor (L.P. Navvy On The Line)*



Verse 1: Have you ever travelled to Sydney on the Woy Woy Workers Train?

It rolls along the railway and It rattles through your brain  
 Fills your clothes with smoke and soot Filthy dirt and grime  
 You never travel in comfort and you never get there on time.

Verse 2: Have you ever travelled to Sydney On the Woy Woy Workers Train?  
 I've travelled many times before but never will again  
 You race to catch the dirty thing quite early in the morn  
 Then you gaze out of the window at the breaking of the dawn.

Verse 3: Same old dreary carriages and same old dreary seats  
 I've never travelled in one yet that's comfortable and neat.  
 You climb aboard and find a seat and try to settle down  
 The whistle blows the engine chugs and you head for Sydney town

Verse 4: You pull into the station the porter gives a yell  
 He tells you where you're going; you find it hard to tell  
 The place is always dreary, nothing looking bright  
 And half the flamin' carriages don't even have a light.

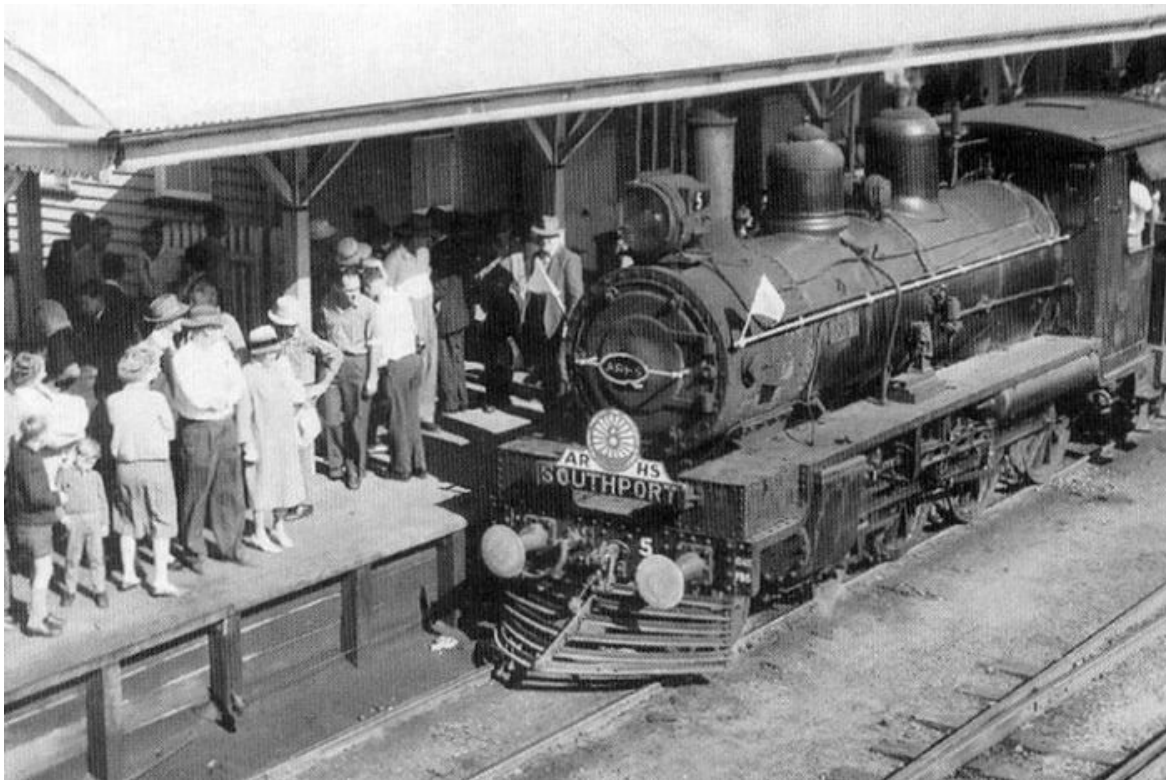
Verse 5: As the train pulls into Woy Woy the crowd all gives a roar,  
 They climb in through the windows, and dive in through the doors,  
 There's plenty of pushing and shoving as they come in through the door  
 They got no seats to sit on so they sit upon the floor,

Verse 6: You dive into a tunnel, the biggest in the state  
 It makes you curse the railway because they're out of date  
 They say we own the railway but they don't belong to me  
 We only pay the interest to the hob-knobs overseas

Verse 7: You come to the Hawkesbury River Put an engine in the lead,  
There's twice the smoke soot and grime and half the bloody speed.  
The train pulls out from Brooklyn and climbs up the Hawkesbury Hill  
The darn thing travels such a speed you'd swear your standing still!

Verse 8: As you're coming in to Hawkesbury you're often running late,  
The signals are against you the whole things out of date  
When at last you get to work the boss is in a rage  
And when it comes to payday he docks your blooming wage.

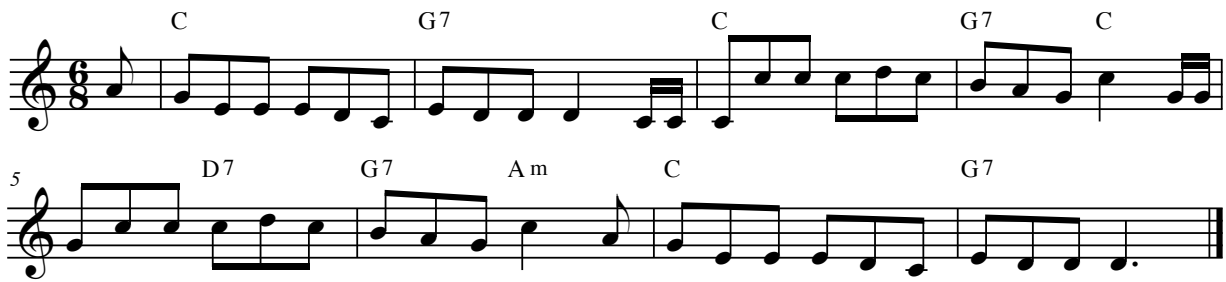
Verse 9: They say we own the railways there's breakdowns here and there  
If the people own the railways I'll give away my share  
You never travel in comfort you always get there late,  
We want to change the system Cause the whole things out of date



# YE SONS OF AUSTRALIA

*Traditional*  
(from the singing of Martyn Wyndham-Read)

Slow: 70 bpm



C G7  
Verse 1: Ye sons of Australia forget not your braves  
C G7 C  
Bring the wild forest flowers to strew o'er their graves  
C D7 G Am  
Of the four daring outlaws whose race it is run  
C G7  
And place on their tombs the wild laurels they've won

Verse 2: On the banks of Euroa they made their first rush  
They cleared out at Coppies then steered through the bush  
Black trappers and troopers soon them did pursue  
But cast out their anchor when near them they drew

Verse 3: The great God of Mercy who scans all her ways  
Commanded grim death for to shorten their days  
Straightway to Glenrowan their course he did steer  
To slay those bold outlaws and end their career

Verse 4: The daring Ned Kelly came forth from the inn  
To wreak his last vengeance he then did begin  
To slaughter the troopers straightway he did go  
And tore up the railway their train to o'erthrow

Verse 5: Next day at Glenrowan how dreadful the doom  
Of Hart and Dan Kelly shut up in a room  
A trooper named Johnson set the house all aflame  
To burn those bold outlaws it was a great shame

Verse 6: Next morning our hero came forth from the bush  
Encased in strong armour his way he did push  
To gain his bold comrades it was his desire  
The troopers espied him and soon opened fire



Verse 7: The bullets bounced off him just like a stone wall  
His fiendish appearance soon did them appal  
His legs unprotected a trooper soon found  
And a shot well directed brought him to the ground

Verse 8: Now all you young fellows take warning from me  
Beware of bushranging and bad company  
For like many others you may feel the dart  
Which pierced the two Kellys, Joe Byrne and Steve Hart.





