

AUSTRALIAN BUSH SONGS

Newport Convention Bush Band Songbook

Friday, 11 July 2003

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SONG 1 ALL FOR ME GROG

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

CHORUS

And it's all for me grog, me jolly jolly grog
It's all for me beer and tobacco
For I spent all me tin in a shanty drinking gin
Now across the western plains I must wander

Well I'm stiff and stony broke and I've parted form me moke
And the sky is looking black as flamin' thunder
The shanty boss is blue cause I haven't got a sou
That's the way they treat you when you're down and under

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'm full of aches and shakes
And I think it's time to push for way out yonder

I'll take to the Old Man Plain and criss cross him one again
Until me eyes the track no longer see boys
And be beer and whisky brain search for sleep but all in vain
And I feel as if I've had the Darling Pea boys

So it's hand yer jolly grog, yer hocused shanty grog
The beer that is loaded with tobacco
Graftin' humour I am in, and I'll stick the peg right in
And settle down once more to some hard yakka

SONG 2 BILLY OF TEA

You can talk of your whisky talk of your beer
There's something much nicer that waiting us here
It sits on the fire beneath the gum tree
There's nothing much nicer than a billy of tea

CHORUS

So fill up your tumbler as high as you can
And don't you dare tell me it's not the best plan n
You can let all your beer and your spirits go free
I'll stick to my darling old billy of tea

CHORUS (and Tom Blackman Waltz)

I rise in the morning as soon as it's light
And go to the nosebag to see it's alright
That the ants on the sugar no martgage have got
And straight away sling my old black billy pot

CHORUS

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

CHORUS

And at night when I camp if the day has been warm
I give to my horses their tucker of corn
Form the tow in the pole to the one in the lead
A billy for each holds a comfortable feed

CHORUS (and Tom Blackman Waltz - 2nd Time)

Then the fire I make and the water I get
And corned beef and damper in order I set
But I don't ouch the grub though so hungry I be
I wait till it's ready the billy of tea

CHORUS

Song 3 BLACK VELVET BAND

In a neat little town in Belfast
Apprenticed to trade I was bound
And many an hour's sweet happiness
I spent in that neat little town
Till sad misfortune came o'er me
And I had to flee form the land
Away from my friends and relations
To follow the Black Velvet Band

Her eyes they shone like diamonds
You'd thing she was Queen of the land
And the hair hung over her shoulder
Tied up with a Black Velvet Band

As I was strolling one evening
Not meaning to go very far
I spied the pretty your damsel
Parading her wares in the bar
A watch she took from a customer
And slipped it right into my hand
And the law came and put me in prison
Bad luck to the Black Velvet Band

Next morning before judge and jury
For trial I had to appear
And the judge said "My fine fellow
The case against you is quite clear'
For seven long years is your sentence
You're going to Van Diemans Land
Away from your friends and relations
To follow the Black Velvet Band

Song 4 BOTANTY BAY

Key of A

Farewell to old England forever
Farewell to my rum culls as well
Farewell to the well known old Bailey
Where I once used to cut such a swell

Singing Too ra lai
We're bound for Botany Bay

There's the captain as is out commander
There's the bosun and all the ship's crew
There's the first and the second class passengers
Knows what we poor convicts go through

Taint leaving old England we cares about
Taint 'cause we misspells what we knows
But because all of us light fingered gentlemen
Hops around with a log on our toes

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

Now all you young dookies and duchesses
Take warning from what I've to say
Mind all is your own as you touchesses

Or you'll find us in Botany Bay

SONG 5 CLICK GO THE SHEARS

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

Chorus

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

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

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!"

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!"

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

SONG 6 DENNIS O'REILLY

When first we left old England's shores, such yarns as we were told,
As how folks in Australia could pick up lumps of gold,
How gold dust lay in all the streets and miner's rights were free
'Hurrah" I said my loving friends, that's just the place for me
And get even with the captain, we scuttled from the ship.

Chorus:

With my swag all on my shoulder, black billy in my hand,
I travelled the bush of Australia like a true-born native man.

When first we reached Port Melbourne we were all prepared to slip
And bare the captain and the mate all hands abandon ship
And all the girls of Melbourne town, threw up their arms with joy
Hurrooing and exclaiming 'Here comes my Irish boy!'

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

Chorus

So round the tucker tracks I tramp, nor leave them out of sight,
My swag's on my left shoulder, and then upon my right,
And then I take it on my back and oft upon it lie,
These are the best of tucker tracks, so I'll stay here till I die.

Chorus then CODA

I travelled the bush of Australia (pause)
Like a true-born native man.

SONG 7 DROVERS DREAM

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"

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 drongo 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"

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"

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?"

SONG 8 DYING STOCKMAN

1 A (**D**)strapping young (**A**)stockman lay (**D**)dying
His (**G**)saddle sup (**D**)porting his (**A7**)head
His (**D**)two mates a (**A**)round him were (**D**)crying
As he (**G**)rose on his (**A7**)pillow and (**D**)said

-Chorus

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

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

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

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

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

SONG 9 HOME AMONG THE GUMTREES

KEY OF D

I've been around the world a couple of times or maybe more
I've seen the sights and had delights on every foreign shore
But when my friends all ask me the place that I adore
I tell them right away

CHORUS

Give me a home among the gum trees D Bm Em A Em A
With lots of plum trees
A sheep or two and a kangaroo
A barbie out the back
And an old washing line

Standing in the kitchen cooking up a roast
or Vegemite on toast just you and me and a cup of tea
Later on we'll settle down and mull upon the porch
And watch the possums play

BRIDGE (G D A D G D E7 A7)

There's a Safeway on the corner A Wolworths down the street
A new place that just opened where they regulate the heat
But I'll trade it all tomorrow for a simple bush retreat
Where the kookaburras call

CHORUS

Some people build their houses with fences all around
Others live in mansions and some beneath the ground
But me I like the bush you know with rabbits running round
And a pumpkin vine out the back

CHORUS

SONG 10 I AM AUSTRALIAN

(C) I came from the Dreamtime
From the (F) dusty red soil plains (C)
I (Am) am the ancient heart
The (F) keeper (G) of the flame (C)
I (C) stood upon the rocky shores
I (F) watched the (G) tall ships (Am) come
For (C) 40 000 years I've been
The (F) 1st (G) Australian (C)

2. I came upon the prison ships
Bowed down by iron chains
I fought the land, endured the lash
And waited for the rains
I am a settler, I'm a farmer's wife
On a dry and barren run
A convict then a freeman
I became Australian

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

3. I'm the daughter of a digger
Who saw the Mother Load
The girl became a woman
Along the 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

I'm the hot winds from the desert
I'm the black soil of the plains
I'm the mountains and the valleys
I'm the drought & flooding plains
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 (C)
But we are (F) many (C)
And from (Am)all the (F) lands
On earth (G) we (C)come
We'll share a dream
And sing with (F) one (C) voice
(F) I (C) am (Am) you (G) are we (F) are (G) Australian (C)**

SONG 11 IRISH ROVER

In the year of our Lord, eighteen hundred and six
We set sail from the fair cove of Cork.
We were bound far away with a cargo of bricks
For the fine city hall of New York.

In a very fine craft, she was rigged fore-and-aft
And oh, how the wild winds drove her.

She had twenty-three masts and withstood several blasts
And we called her the Irish Rover.

There was Barney McGee from the banks of the Lee,
There was Hogan from County Tyrone.

And a chap called McGurk who was scared stiff of work
And a chap from West Meade called Mellone.

There was Slugger O'Toole who was drunk as a rule
And fighting Bill Casey from Dover.

There was Dooley from Claire who was strong as a bear
And was skipper of the Irish Rover.

We had one million bales of old billy goats' tails,
We had two million buckets of stones.

We had three million sides of old blind horses hides,
We had four million packets of bones.

We had five million hogs, we had six million dogs,
And seven million barrels of porter.

We had eight million bags of the best Sligo rags
In the hold of the Irish Rover.

We had sailed seven years when the measles broke out
And the ship lost her way in a fog.

And the whole of the crew was reduced unto two,
'Twas myself and the captain's old dog.

Then the ship struck a rock with a terrible shock
And then she heeled right over, Turned nine times around, and the poor
dog was drowned--I'm the last of the Irish Rover.

SONG 12 JIM JONES AT BOTANY BAY

Oh (G)listen for a moment lads and (D7)hear me tell my tale (C)
How (G)o'er the sea from (D7)England's shore I (G)was compelled to
(D7) sail
The (G)jury says he guilty sir and (D7)the hanging judge says (C)he
For (G)life Jim Jones I'm (D7)sending you a(G)cross the (D7)stormy (G)
sea

CHORUS

And (C)take my tip before you ship to (G)join the iron gang
Don't (C)be too gay at Botany Bay or (G)else you'll surely (D7)hang
Or (G)else you'll surely hang he says and (D7)after that Jim Jones (C)
It's (G)high upon the (D7)gallows tree the (G)crows will (D7)pick your
(G)bones

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

The winds blew high upon the sea and the pirates came along
But the soldiers on our convict ship were full five hundred strong
They opened fire and somehow drove that pirate ship away
I'd rather joined that pirate ship than come to New South Wales

For night and day the irons clang and like poor galley slaves
We toil and moil and when we die must fill dishonoured graves
But bye and bye I'll break my chains into the bush I'll go
And join the bold bushrangers there Jack Donahoo and Co

And some dark night when everything is silent in this town
I'll kill the tyrants one by one and shoot the floggers down
I'll give the law a little shock remember what I say
They'll yet regret they sent Jim Jones in chains to Botany Bay

SONG 13 LACHLAN TIGERS

(Alt Chords for Capo bar 5)

Dm / Am C / G
Now at his gate each shearer stood as the whistle loudly blew
Gm / Dm Dm / Am A7 / E7
With eyebrows fixed and lips compressed the tigers all bent too
Dm / Am Bb / F F / C
A7 / E7
You could Hear the clicking of the shears as thru' the wool they glide
Dm / Am A7 / E7 Dm / Am Bb / F F / C A7 / E7 Dm / Am
You see a gun al-ready turned he's on the whipping side
Dm / Am C / G
A lot of Lachlan tigers it's plain to see we are
Gm / Dm Dm / Am A7 / E7
Hark to our burly ringer as he loudly calls for tar
Dm / Am Bb / F F / G A7 / E7
'Tar Here' calls one and quick the tar boy flies
Dm / Am A7 / E7 Dm / Am Bb / F F / G A7 / E7 Dm / Am
'Sweep those locks a-way' a- nother loudly cries

The scene it is a lively one and ought to be admired
There hasn't been a better board since Jacky Howe expired
Along the board out gaffer walks his face all in a frown
And passing by the ringer says 'You watch my lad keep down'

CHORUS

For I must have their bellies off and topknots too likewise
My eye is quick so none of your tricks or from me you will fly
Oh curses on our gaffer, he's never on our side
To shear a decent tally boys, in vain I've often tried

CHORUS

I have a pair of Ward and Paine's that are both bright and new
I'll ring them up and I'll let you see what I can really do
For I've shorn on the Riverine where they shear 'em by the score

But such a terror as this to clip I never shore before CHORUS

SONG 14 LIME JUICE TUB

Key of G

When (G) shearing comes lay (D) down your (G) drums
Step on the board you (C) brand new (G) chums
With a ra-dum ra-dum (C) rub-a-dub-(G) dub
Send him home in a (D) lime juice (G) tub

Chorus (optional)

(G) Here we are in (D) New South (G) Wales
Shearing the sheep as (C) big as (G) whales
With leather necks and (C) daggy (G) tails
And hides as tough as (D) rusty (G) nails
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

There's brand new chums and cockies sons
They fancy that they are great guns
They fancy they can shear the wool
But the buggers can only tear and pull

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 shearing oh

The very next job they undertake
Is to press the wool but they make a mistake
They press the wool without any bales
Shearing's hell in New South Wales

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

We camp in huts without any doors
With a pannikin of flour and a sheet of bark

Sleep upon the muddy floors
To wallop up a damper in the dark

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

SONG 15 MAGGIE MAY

Key of C

Oh **(C)** come along all you sailor boys and **(F)** listen to my plea
And **(C)** when I am finished you'll a **(G)** gree
I **(C)** was a goddamned fool in the **(F)** port of Liverpool
The **(G)** first time that I came home from sea **(C)**
We was **(C)** paid off at The Hove from a **(F)** port called Sydney Cove
And **(C)** two pound ten a month was all my **(G)** pay
Oh I **(C)** started drinking gin and was **(F)** neatly taken in
By a **(G)** little girl they all called Maggie **(C)**May

Chorus

Oh **(F)** Maggie, Maggie May they have **(C)** taken you away
To slave upon that cold Van Diemen **(G)** shore
Oh you **(C)** robbed so many sailors and **(F)** dosed so many whalers
You'll **(G)** never cruise down Lime Street any **(C)** more

Twas a damned unlucky day when I first met Maggie May
She was cruising up and down old Canning Place
Oh she had a figure fine as a warship of the line
And me being a sailor I gave chase
In the morning when I woke stiff and sore and stoney broke
No , trousers, coat, or waistcoat could I find
The landlady said 'Sir I can tell you where they are
They'll be down in Stanley's hock-shop number nine'

To the bobby on his beat at the corner of the street
To him I went to him I told my tale
He asked me as if in doubt 'Does your mother know you're out?'
But agreed the lady ought to be in jail
To the hock-shop I did go but no trousers there I spied
So the bobbies came and took the girl away
The jury guilty found her for robbing a homeward bounder

And paid her passage out to Botany Bay

SONG 16 MARANOA DROVERS

Oh the (D)night is dark and stomy Key D (3 chords +E7)

And the (G) sky is clouded o'er (D)

Our horses we will mount and ride away (E7 - A7)

To (D) watch the squatter's cattle

Throught the (G) darkness of the night (D)

And we'll keep them on the (A7) camp till break of day

For we're (G) going going going to (D) Gun ne dah so far

Soon we'll be in sunny New South Wales (E7 - A7)And

We'll (D) bid fair well to Queensland with its (G) swampy coolibah (D)

Happy drovers from the (A7) sandy Maranoa (D)

With our campfires burning bright

Through the darkness of the night

And the cattle camping quiet well I'm sure Verse 5

That I wish for two o'clock

We'll soon by on the Moonie

When I call the other watch

And we'll cross the Barwon too

This is droving on the sandy Maranoa

Then out upon the rolling plains once more

With out beds made on the ground

We are sleeping oh so sound

And we'll shout 'Hurrah for

Queensland

We're wakened by the thunder's distant roar

And the lightning's vivid flash

And its swampy coolibah

Followed by an awful crash

And the cattle that come off the Maranoa

Rough on drover's from the sandy Maranoa

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

SONG 17 MORNINGTOWN RIDE

G C G
Train whistle blowing, makes a sleepy noise,
A7 D7
Underneath their blankets go all the girls and boys.

Chorus:

G C G
Rocking, rolling, riding, out along the bay,
C G Em D7 G
All bound for Morningtown, many miles away.

2.
Driver at the engine, fireman rings the bell,
Sand man swings the lantern, to show that all is well.

Chorus Then Change Key - To A

A D A
Maybe it is raining where our train will ride;
B7 E7
All the little travellers are warm and snug inside.

A D A
Rocking, rolling, riding, out along the bay,
D A F#m E7 G
All bound for Morningtown, many miles away.

Chorus

4.
Somewhere there is sunshine, somewhere there is day,
Somewhere there is Morningtown, many miles away.

SONG 18 RAIN TUMBLES DOWN IN JULY

Let me (C) wander up (G7) north to the (C) homestead
Way (F) out further on there to (C) roam
By a (F) gully in flood let me linger (C Am)
When the (C) summery (D sunshine has (G7) flown
Where the (C) logs tangle (G7 up on the (C) creek bed
And the (F) clouds veil the old northern (C) sky
And the (F) cattle move back from the lowlands (C Am)
When the (C) rain tumbles (G7) down in (C) July

The settlers with sad hearts are watching
The rise of the stream from the dawn
Their best crops are always in floodreach
If it rises much more they'll be gone
The cattle string out along the fences
As the breeze from the south races by
And the limbs from the old gums are falling
When the rain tumbles down in July

INSTRUMENTAL

The old sleeping gums by the river
Awaken to herds straying by
From the flats where the fences have vanished
As the storm clouds gather on high
The wheels of the wagons stop turning **(STOP!)**
And the stock horse is turned out to stray
And the old station dogs are a-dozing (C - Am - D7 - G7to last
On the husks in the barn through the day

And the drover draws rein by the river
It's been years since he's seen it so hight
And that's just a story of homewards
When the rain tumbles down in July C - Am

Repeat Last Line

SONG 19 SIX RIBBONS

If (Em) I were a (D) minstrel I'd (Cmaj7) sing you six (Bm) love songs
To (Em) tell the whole (D) world of the (Em) love that (D) we (Em) share
If (Em) I were a (D) merchant I'd (Cmaj7) bring you six (Bm) diamonds
With (Em) blood red (D) roses for (Em) my love (D) to (Em) wear

CHORUS

But (G) I am a (D) simple man a (Em) poor common (Bm) farmer
So (Em) take my six (D) ribbons to (Em) tie back (D) your (Em) hair

Flute solo

If I were a nobleman I'd bring you six carriages
With six snow white horses to take you anywhere
If I were the emperor I'd build you six palaces
With six hundred servants for comforting care

CHORUS

(G) Too ra li too ra li (Em) All I can (C) share
I (Em) gave you (D) six ribbons to (Em) tie back (D) your (Em) hair
(REPEAT)

If I were a minstrel I'd sing you six love songs
To tell the whole world of the love that we share
So be not afraid my love you're never along my love
While you wear my ribbons tie'n back you hair

CHORUS

Too ra li (Twice)

SONG 20 SOUTH AUSTRALIA

C F C F C F G
In South Australia I was born Heave Away Haul Away
C F Am C G7 C
In South Australia Round Cape Horn Bound for South Australia

CHORUS

C F C F C F G
Heave away you ruler kings Heave away all the way
C F Am C G7 C
Heave away you'll hear me sing Bound for South Australia

2 There's one thing there that grieves my mind - Heave ...
It's leaving Nancy Blair behind - Bound
Chorus

3 I'll tell you the truth and tell you no lie
I'll love that girl till the day I die

4 As I was walloping around Cape Horn
I'd wished to God I'd never been born

5 And now I'm on a foreign strand
With a bottle of whisky in my hand

6 I'll drink one glass to the foreign shore
And another to the girl that I adore

7 Fare thee well and fare thee well
And sweet news to my girl I'll tell

SONG 21 THE OVERLANDER

(C) There's a trade you all know (F) well
It's (C) bringing cattle over (G)
On (C) every track from the (F) Gulf and back
Men (G) know the Queensland (C) drover
So pass the billy round boys
don't let the pint pot (G) stand there
For to (C) night we'll drink the (F) health
Of (FG) every Over (G) lander

I come from Northern Plains
Where the girls and grass are scanty
Where the creeks run dry or ten feet high
And it's either drought or plenty

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

When we've earned a spree in town
We live like pigs in clover
And the whole damn cheque pouts down the neck
Of many Overlander

As I pass along the road
The children raise my dander
Shouting 'Mother dear take in the clothes
Here comes the overlander

SONG 22 WALTZING MATILDA

Oh there once was a swagman camped in a billabong
Under the shade of a coolibah tree
And he sang as he looked at his old billy boiling
Who'll come a waltzing Matilda with me

Chorus

Who'll come a waltzing Matilda my darling
Who'll come a waltzing Matilda with me
Waltzing Matilda and leading a water bag
Who'll come a waltzing Matilda with me

Down came a jumbuck to drink at the water hole
Up jumped the swagman and grabbed him with glee
And he sang as he stowed him away in his tucker bag
You'll come a waltzing Matilda with me

Down came the squatter a riding on his thoroughbred
Down came the troopers one two three
Whose is that jumbuck you've got in the tucker bag
You'll come a waltzing Matilda with me

But the swagman he up and he jumped into the water hole
Drowning himself by the coolibah tree
And his ghost may be heard as it sings in the billabong
Who'll come a waltzing Matilda with me

SONG 23 WILD ROVER

1 I've (F)been a wild rover this many a year (Bb)
I've (F)spent all my money on (C)whisky and (F)beer
But now I'm returning with gold in great store (Bb)
And I (F)never shall play the wild (C)rover no (F)more
And it's (C)no nay never
(F)No nay never no (Bb)more
Will I (F)play the wild (Bb)rover
Wild (C) Rover no more

I dropped in to a shanty I used to frequent
And I told the landlady my money was spent
I asked her for credit she answered me nay
Such custom as yours I can get any day

CHORUS

Then I drew from my pockets ten sovereigns bright
And the landlady's eyes opened wide with delight
Said she 'I have whisky and wines of the best
And the words that I told you were only in jest

CHORUS

Then I threw down the sovereigns, she reached for the shelf
But I walked to the door and I laughed to myself
Said she in surprise 'But your whisky is poured
I said Keep your bad whisky you bloody old fraud

CHORUS

I'll go home to my parents, confess what I've done
And ask them to pardon their prodigal son
And if they should do so as often before
Then I never shall play the wild rover no more

Song 24 Lazy Harry's Key of C

Oh we started down from Roto when the sheds had all cut out
We'd whips and whips of Rhino as we meant to push about
So we humped our blues serenely and made for Sydney town
With a three-spot cheque between us as wanted knocking down

CHORUS

But we camped at Lazy Harry's, on the road to Gundagai
The road to Gundagai
Not five miles from Gundagai
Yes we camped at Lazy Harry's on the road to Gundagai

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

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

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

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

Song 25- OLD BULLOCK DRAY

Key of G

Now the shearing is all over, and the wool is coming down
I mean to get a wife, my boys, when I go down to town
For everything has got a mate that brings itself to view
From the little paddy-melon to the big kangaroo

Chorus

So roll up your blankets and let us make a push
I'll take you up the country and show you the bush
I'll be bound such a chance you won't get another day
So roll up and take possession of the old bullock dray

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

Good beef and damper, of that you'll get enough
When boiling in the bucket such a walloper of duff
Our mates, they'll all dance and sing upon our wedding day
To the music of the bells around the old bullock dray

There'll be lots of piccaninnies, you must remember that
There'll be Buckjumping Maggie and Leather-belly Pat
There'll be Stringybark Peggy and Green-eyed Mike
Yes, my colonial, as many as you like

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

Song 26 RYEBUCK SHEARER

Key of G

I (G)come from the (Em)south (D)and my (G)name is (Em)Field (D)
(G)And when my (A7)shears are properly (D)steeled
It's a (G)hundred or (G7) more I have (C)very often (G7)peeled
And of (G)course I'm a ryebuck (D)shearer (G)

CHORUS

If I (G)don't shear a (Em)tally be(G)fore I (Em)go
My (G)shears and stone in the (A7)river I'll (D7)throw
And I'll (G)never open Sawbees or (C)take another (D7)blow
Till I (G)prove I'm a ryebuck (D7)shearer (G)

There's a bloke on the board & he's got a leather skin
A very long nose and he shaves on the chin
And a voice like a billy goat pissing in a tin
And of course he's a ryebuck shearer

CHORUS

There's a bloke on the board and I heard him say
I couldn't shear a hundred sheep in a day
But some fine day I'll show him the way
And prove I'm a ryebuck shearer

CHORUS

Oh I'll make a splash but I wont say when
I'll hop off my tail and I'll into the pen
While the ringer's shearing five I'll be shearing ten
And prove I'm a ryebuck shearer

CHORUS

There's a bloke up north or so I've heard
With a face like a dried up buffalo turd
And if you think that's bad well you ought to see his bird
She looks like a ryebuck shearer

CHORUS

Song 27 SPRINGTIME BRINGS ON THE SHEARING

Key of C

Oh the 1 springtime it 3 brings on the 1 shearing
And it's then you will 2 see them in 3 droves
To the 1 west country 3 stations all 6 steering
A 1 seeking a 3 job off the 1 coves

Chorus

With a 1 ragged old 3 swag on my 1 shoulder
And a billy quart pot in my hand
I tell you we'll astonish the 6 new chums
To 1 see how we 3 travel the 1 land

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

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

From Billabone Murray and Loddon
To the far Tartiara and back
The hills and the plains are well trodden
By the men on the Wallaby Track

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

SONG 28 TRAVELLING DOWN TO CASTLEREAGH

KEY: C, Chords C - F - G

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

CHORUS - 1st and Last

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

V2

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 20 pounds a side

CHORUS

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

V3

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

CHORUS

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

V4

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 CHORUS

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

V5

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 FIRST CHORUS

First published -Bulletin in 1892 This is a poem of Banjo
Paterson's

Song 29 Tie Me Kangaroo Down, Sport

Rolf Harris

There's an old Australian stockman, lying, dying. He gets himself up on one elbow, turns to his mates, who are gathered round, and he says:

Watch me wallaby's feed, mate Watch me wallaby's feed.
They're a dangerous breed, mate So watch me wallaby's feed.
All together now!

 Tie me kangaroo down, sport, Tie me kangaroo down.
 Tie me kangaroo down, sport, Tie me kangaroo down.
Keep me cockatoo cool, Curl, Keep me cockatoo cool.
Don't go acting the fool, Curl, Keep me cockatoo cool.
All together now!

CHORUS

Take me koala back, Jack, Take me koala back.
He lives somewhere out on the track, Mac, So take me koala back.
All together now! CHORUS

Let me aboes go loose, Lou Let me aboes go loose.
They're of no further use, Lou So let me aboes go loose.

CHORUS

Mind me platypus duck, Bill, Mind me platypus duck.
Don't let him go running amuck, Bill, Mind me platypus duck.
All together now!

CHORUS

Play your didgeridoo, Blue, Play your didgeridoo.
Keep playing 'til I shoot through, Blue, Play your didgeridoo.
All together now!

CHORUS

Tan me hide when I'm dead, Fred, Tan me hide when I'm dead.
So we tanned his hide when he died, Clyde,
(spoken) And that's it hanging on the shed. All together now!

CHORUS

SONG 30 WHISKY IN THE JAR

As I was a-goin' over Gilgarra Mountain	G	-	Em
I spied Colonel Farrell, and his money he was countin'.	C		G / Em
First I drew my pistols and then I drew my rapier,	G		Em
Sayin' "Stand and deliver, for I am your bold receiver."	C		G / Em

Musha ringum duram da,	Whack fol the daddy-o,	D	G
Whack fol the daddy-o,	There's whiskey in the jar.	C	GDG

He counted out his money and it made a pretty penny;
 I put it in my pocket to take home to darlin' Jenny.
 She sighed and swore she loved me and never would deceive me,
 Bu the devil take the women, for they always lie so easy! Musha

I went into me chamber all for to take a slumber,
 To dream of gold and girls, and of course it was no wonder:
 Me Jenny took me charges and she filled them up with water,
 Called on Colonel Farrell to get ready for the slaughter. Musha

Next mornin' early, before I rose for travel,
 A-came a band of footmen and likewise Colonel Farrell.
 I goes to draw my pistol, for she'd stole away my rapier,
 But a prisoner I was taken, I couldn't shoot the water. Musha

They put me into jail with a judge all a-writin':
 For robbin' Colonel Farrell on Gilgarra Mountain.
 But they didn't take me fists and I knocked the jailer down
 And bid a farewell to this tight-fisted town. Musha

I'd like to find me brother, the one who's in the army;
 I don't know where he's stationed, be it Cork or in Killarney.
 Together we'd go roamin' o'er the mountains of Kilkenny,
 And I swear he'd treat me fairer than my darlin' sportin' Jenny! Musha

There's some takes delight in the carriages and rollin',
 Some takes delight in the hurley or the bollin',
 But I takes delight in the juice of the barley,
 Courtin' pretty maids in the mornin', o so early! Musha ringum duram
 da