

Gumtree Canoe

I'll sing you a ditty, a sweet little song,
It will just take a moment, it won't keep you long
I will sing of the days when our love was so new,
And we sailed down the Murray River, boys
In a gum tree canoe

Chorus

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

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

Chorus

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 heart sore
So I went to the Murray River boys
And my Julia once more

Chorus

A Gum Tree Canoe

♩. = 50

D

I'll sing you a dit - ty, a sweet lit - tle song, It will
My hand on my ban - jo, my toe on my oar, I
I once left the ri - ver and worked on the land, To

A7 G

just take a mo - ment, it won't keep you long, I will
work all the day and I ing as I go, And at
set my - self up as a coc - ky so grand, But the

D

sing of the days when our love was so new, And we
night - time I urn to my Ju - lia so true, so I went
life did - n't suit me, it made my heart sore,

G A7

sailed down the Mur - ray Ri - ver, boys, In a gum tree ca -
back to the Mur - ray Ri - vers, boys, And my Ju - lia once

D G

noe. We rowed, we rowed, o'er the wa - ter so
more.

A7 D G

blue, Like a fea - ther we would float a - long. In a

A7 D

gum tree ca - noe.

NOW I'M EASY

For nearly six-ty years I've been a cock-y; Of
droughts and fires and floods I've lived through plen-ty. This
count-ry's dust and mud have seen my tears and blood, but it's near-
ly o-ver now, and now I'm eas-y.

For nearly sixty years I've been a cocky;
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.

I married a fine girl when I was twenty;
But she died in giving birth when she was thirty,
No Flying Doctor then,
Just a gentle old black gin;
But it's nearly over now,
And now I'm easy.

She left me with two sons and a daughter;
And a bone-dry farm whose soil cried out for water,
So my care was rough and ready,
But they grew up fine and steady;
But it's nearly over now,
And now I'm easy.

My daughter married young, and went her own way;
My sons lie buried by the Burma Railway;
So on the land I've made my own,
I've carried on alone;
But it's nearly over now,
And now I'm easy.

City folks these days despise the cocky,
Say with subsidies and all, we've had it easy,
But there's no drought or starving stock,
On your sewered suburban block;
But it's nearly over now,
And now I'm easy.

For nearly sixty years I've been a cocky,
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.

Maranoa Drovers

[A7]Oh, the [D]night is dark and stormy and the [G] sky is clouded
[D]o'er,
Our horses we will mount and ride a-[E7]way, [A7]
To [D]watch the squatter's cattle through the [G]darkness of the
[D]night
And we'll keep them on the [A7] camp till break of [D]day. [D7]

Chorus:

*For we're [G] going, going, going
To [D] Gunnedah so far,
Soon we'll be in sunny New South [E7] Wales. [A7]
And we'll [D] bid farewell to Queensland and its [G] swampy
coolli-[D]-bah
Happy drovers from the [A7] sandy Mara-[D]-noa. [A7]*

With our [D]fires burning bright through the [G]darkness of the
[D]night,
And the cattle keeping quiet, well, I'm [E7]sure [A7]
That I [D]wish for two o'clock, when I [G]call the other [D]watch -
This is droving on the [A7]sandy Maran-[D]-oa.

With our beds made on the ground we are [G]sleeping oh so
[D]sound,
We're wakened by the distant thunder's [E7]roar, [A7]
And the [D]lightning's vivid flash followed [G]by an awful [D]crash -
This is droving on the [A7]sandy Maran-[D]-oa. [D7] T

Chorus

We're up at [D]break of day and we' [G]soon be on our [D]way,
We always have to go ten miles or [E7]more. [A7]
But it don't [D] do to loaf about for the [G]squatter will come [D]out -
He's rough on drovers from the [A7]sandy Maran-[D]-oa.

We'll soon be on the Moonie and we'll [G]cross the Barwon [D]too,
Then out upon the rolling plains once [E7]more. [A7]
Then we'll [D]shout, "Hurrah for Queensland" and its [G]swampy
coolli[D]bah,
And the cattle that come [A7]off the Maran-[D]-oa. [D7].

Chorus

CROSS OF THE SOUTH



Handwritten musical score for "CROSS OF THE SOUTH". The score is written on six staves, each beginning with a treble clef and a 4/4 time signature. The music consists of eighth and quarter notes, with some measures containing rests. Chord symbols are written above the staves: C, F, G, and Am. The score ends with a double bar line and repeat dots. Below the six staves, there are four additional empty staves.

Cross of the South

'Twas the month of December, the year '54
When the men of Eureka rebelled.
And they swore that the flag that they made for themselves
Ever proudly aloft would be held.
When the miners took arms in the stockade that day
These proud words poured from their mouths
"We will stand by the flag and the stars that it bears,
White stars of the Cross of the South."

Though the hot blood of heroes ran strong in their veins,
There was but one man they obeyed.
And that hero of heroes they chose from their ranks,
Peter Lawler that hero they made.
Peter Lawler said "Men, we must stand by our guns
And fear not the cannon's fierce mouth,
For I see that the soldiers are gathering now
To tear down the Cross of the South."

Captain Thomas he charged the Eureka Stockade
With three hundred troops by his side
Fire and steel met them there and they fell back again
But the first of the miners had died.
And the smoke from the battle had scarce cleared away
When the soldiers came charging once more
And the miners, they died as they stood by the flag
Or fell from the wounds that they bore.

Bold Peter Lawler lay shot on the ground
Where the soldiers had left him for dead
And the flag that he loved lay there by his side
The white stars all stained with red.
Peter Lawler, he rose on his knees in the dust
These wild words poured from his mouth
"You can murder us all in black tyranny's name
But you can't kill the Cross of the South".

Five and a Zack

$\text{♩} = 80$ A D E7 A

I've been a few miles, I've crossed a few stiles, I've been round the world, there and back.

8 F#m B7/D#

But at one place I struck 'tween here and Haze - brouke They

13 E7 A

stung me for five and a zack

2. The timekeeper there, with his sanctified air,
Is a Salvation Army lance-jack;
On his cornet he'll bleat when they play in the street,
But he stung me for five and a zack.
3. The job's at an end; I'm camped in the bend,
And I hate the whole duck-shoving pack.
It's not that I'm broke or in need of a smoke,
But they stung me for five and a zack.
4. May that time-keeper stand in an Aunt Sally band,
And blow till his eyeballs turn blak!
May each note of his cornet turn into a hornet,
And sting him for five and a zack
5. When my time comes, I'll go to the hot place below,
And I never intend to come back.
On my tombstone you'll find these words underlined:
'They stung me for five and a zack.

And When They Dance

Roy Abbott

Chorus

And when they dance, their dress - es spin 'round, They

trav el so light - ly they ne'er touch the ground, And the

smiles on their fac - es would win ev - ery crown, The

lass - es who dance 'til the morn - ing

1. I've travelled about, yes I've been all around,
From Perth in the west, to old Sydney town,
And it warms up my heart every time I look down,
At the lasses who dance 'till the morning.
2. I play for the gentry, I've played for them all,
From a small country gig to a debutantes ball,
And it's one thing that joins them, the big and the small,
It's the lasses who dance 'till the morning.
3. At the end of the dance the folk leave the floor,
Their feet must be tired, so tender and sore,
But who are the ones who call out for more,
It's the lasses who dance 'till the morning.
4. So long may I travel, and far may I roam,
From Darwin to Hobart, a long way from home,
And I'll stare at the people who I'll never know,
And the lasses who dance 'till the morning.
5. And as they dance, men turn them around,
Lads all dressed up for a night on the town,
In their waistcoats and moleskins, it's a smile and a bow,
To the lasses who dance 'till the morning.

The Catalpa

1. A noble whale ship and commander
Was called the Catalpa, they say
She came out to Western Australia
And took six poor Fenians away
2. For seven long years they had served there
And seven long more had to stay
For defending their country, Old Ireland
For that they were banished away.

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

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

Chorus

6. You kept them in Western Australia
Till their hair had begun to turn grey
When a Yank from the States of Americay
Came out here and stole them away
7. And now they're safe in Americay
At last they'll be able to cry
"Hoist up the green flag of the Shamrock,
Hurrah! For Old Ireland we'll die!"

Chorus

♩ = 100

Introduction:



1. There's a hap - py lit - tle vall - ey by the
 2. When the moon has climbed the moun - tain and the
 3. If we find a mob of hor - ses when the



Eu - mer - el - la shore, where I've lin - gered ma - ny hap - py hours a - way; on my
 stars are shin - ing bright, then we'll sad - dle up our hor - ses and a - way, and we'll
 pad - dock rails are down, though be - fore they were ne - ver known to stray, when the



lit - tle free se - lect - ion I have a - cres by the score, where I
 yard the squat - ter's cat - tle in the dark - ness of the night, and we'll
 moon is up we'll drive them to some dis - tant in - land town, and we'll



un - yoke the bul - locks from the dray. To my bul - locks then I say, "No
 have the calves all brand - ed by the day. "Oh, my pret - ty lit - tle calf, at the
 sell them in - to slav - ery far a - way. To Jack Ro - bert - son we'll say, "We - re



mat - ter where you stray, you will ne - ver be im - pound - ed a - ny more; for you're
 squat - ter you may laugh, he will ne - ver be your own - er a - ny more; for you're
 on a bet - ter lay, and we'll ne - ver go a - farm - ing a - ny more, for it's



run - ning, run - ning, run - ning on the duf - fer's piece of land, free - se -
 run - ning, run - ning, run - ning on the duf - fer's piece of land, free - se -
 eas - ier duf - fing cat - tle on the lit - tle piece of land, free - se -



lect - ed by the Eu - mer - el - la shore."
 lect - ed by the Eu - mer - el - la shore."
 lect - ed by the Eu - mer - el - la shore."

composed:
 lyrics:
 arranged:
 source:

BILLY OF TEA



Chorus:

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

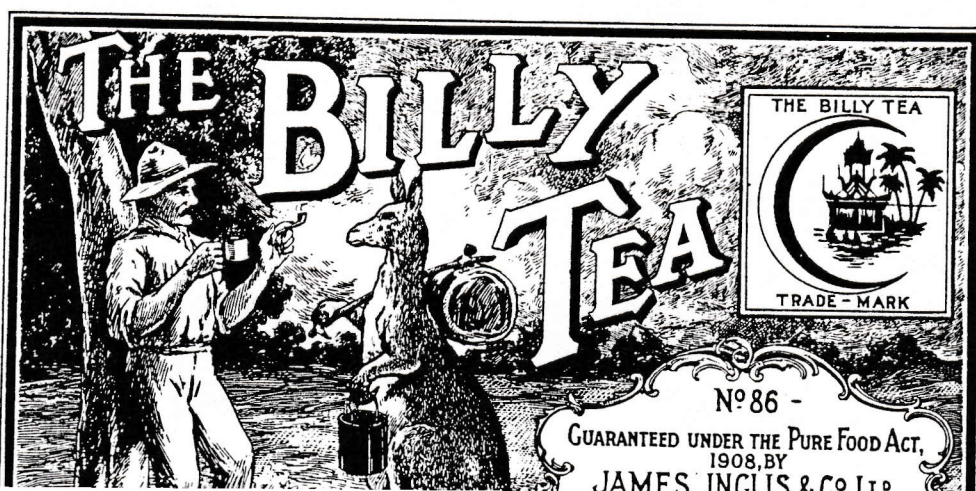
So fill up your tumbler as high as you can
And don't you dare tell me it's not the best plan,
You can let all your beer and your spirits go free -
I'll stick to my darling old billy of tea.

I rise in the morning as soon as it's light
And go to the nose bag to see it's alright,
That the ants on the sugar no mortgage have got
And straight away sling my old black billy-pot.

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.

And 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.

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 - the billy of tea.



A Thousand Miles Away

No: 075

♩ = 100

Introduction:

The musical score is written for a single melodic line in treble clef, key of A major (indicated by three sharps: F#, C#, G#), and 2/4 time. The tempo is marked as ♩ = 100. The introduction consists of five measures. The first measure is a half note A. The second measure is a half note F#m7. The third measure is a half note E7. The fourth measure is a half note A. The fifth measure is a half note A. The first line of the song has four measures: Hur - rah for the Ro - ma rail - way, — hur - rah for Cobb and Co.! And. The second line has four measures: oh! for a good fat horse or two to car - ry me west - ward - ho! To. The third line has four measures: car-ry me west-ward - ho, my boys, that's where the cat-tle stray, on the far Bar-coo where they eat nar-doo, a. The fourth line has four measures: thou - sand miles a - way. Chords are indicated above the notes: A, F#m7, E7, A, D, E, E7, A, F#m7, A, D, A, F#m7, E7, A.

1. Hurrah for the Roma railway, hurrah for Cobb & Co.!

And oh! for a good fat horse or two to carry me westward-ho!

To carry me westward-ho, my boys, that's where the cattle stray,

On the far Barcoo, where they eat nardoo, a thousand miles away.

Chorus: Then give your horses rein across the open plain,
 We'll ship our meat both sound and sweet, nor care what some folks say;
 And frozen we'll send home the cattle that now roam
 On the far Barcoo and the Flinders too, a thousand miles away.

2. Knee-deep in grass we've got to pass, and the truth I'm bound to tell,
 That in three weeks those cattle get as fat as they can swell;
 As fat as they can swell, my boys, and a thousand pounds they weigh,
 On the far Barcoo, where they eat nardoo, a thousand miles away.

3. No Yankee hide e'er grew outside such beef as we can freeze,
 No Yankee pastures grow such beef as we send overseas,
 As we send overseas, my boys, in shipments every day,
 On the far Barcoo, where they eat nardoo, a thousand miles away.

4. So put me up with a snaffle, and a four or five-inch spur,
 And fourteen foot of greenhide whip to chop the flamin' fur;
 We'll yard those snuffy cattle in a way that I will swear
 Will knock those New South Welshmen back and make them tear their hair!

composed:
 lyrics:
 arranged:
 source: