

Bush Gothic

Song lyrics and notes for the Music Always series with the Melbourne Recital Centre

10,000 Miles Away

Traditional, Arranged by Jenny M. Thomas

My true-love is beautiful, my true love is young
My true-love is beautiful, my true love is young
Her eyes are like the diamonds bright and silvery was her tongue
And silvery was her tongue my boys although she's far away
She's taking a trip on a government ship ten thousand miles away

So blow ye winds heigh-ho, A-roving I will go
I'm off on the morning train, Across the raging main
I'm taking a trip on a government ship, ten thousand miles away

Dark and dismal was the day when last I saw my Meg
She'd a government-band around each hand and another round each leg
And another round her leg, my boys as the good ship left the quay
Adieu said she, remember me ten thousand miles away

So blow ye winds heigh-ho, A-roving I will go
No more I'll stay on England's shore to hear the music play
I'm off on the morning train across the raging main
I'm taking a trip on a government ship ten thousand miles away

I wish I was a bosun bold or even a bombardier
I'd build a boat and away I'd float and straight for me true love steer
And straight for me true love steer, me boys where the dancing dolphins play
Where the whales and sharks are having their larks ten thousand miles away

So blow ye winds heigh-ho, A-roving I will go
No more I'll stay on England's shore to hear the music play
I'm off on the morning train across the raging main
I'm taking a trip on a government ship ten thousand miles away

A classic transportation song from the 19th Century and sung across Ireland, Scotland and England before arriving in Australia.



Wild Colonial Boy

2.

Traditional, Arranged by Jenny M. Thomas

There was a wild colonial boy Jack Doolan was his name, Jack Doolin
There was a wild colonial boy Jack Doolan was his name

He held up the Beechworth Mail and he robbed Judge Mc Avoy
He robbed Judge Mc Avoy

Surrender now Jack Doolin you see it's three to one
Surrender now Jack Doolin you see it's three to one

I'll fight but not surrender cried the wild colonial boy
I'll fight but not surrender cried the wild colonial boy

There was a wild colonial boy Jack Doolin was his name
Of poor but honest parents he was born in Castlemaine
He was his father's only hope his mother's pride and joy
And so dearly did his parents love their wild colonial boy

The original version of this song was dangerous to sing as it was outlawed as seditious.
And so the names were changed and the story altered too, but the heartbeat of Irish rebel
Jack Donahue still breaks through.

Botany Bay

Traditional, Arranged by Jenny M. Thomas

Farewell to old England Forever. Farewell to my rumskulls as well.
Farewell to the well known Old Bailey. Where I used for to have such a swell.

Singing toorali-oorali adiity. Singing toorali oorali-ay. Toorali-oorali adiity.
We're bound for Botany Bay.

'Taint leavin old England we cares about. Taint cause we misspells what we knows.
And just because all you light fingered gentry, 'ops around with a log on your toes.

Singing toorali-oorali adiity. Singing toorali oorali-ay. Toorali-oorali adiity.]
We're bound for Botany Bay.

Singing toorali-oorali adiity. Toorali oorali-ay. Toorali-oorali adiity. We're bound for Botany Bay.

So take warning.

If I had the wings of a turtle dove. I'd soar on my pinions so high.
Slap bang into the arms of my honey love and in her sweet presence I'd die.

Toorali-oorali adiity. Toorali oorali-ay. Toorali-oorali adiity. We're bound for Botany Bay.

Written as part of a music burlesque show that performed in London and Melbourne in
1885/86. The original lyrics end with a classic 'warning verse', aimed at dissuading any
prospective petty criminals from breaking the law as a way to be transported to Australia.

Waltzing Matilda

Lyrics by Banjo Patterson, Music Trad/Christina Macpherson

Arranged by Jenny M. Thomas

Oh once there was a swagman he camped by a tree
Won't you, you come a-waltzing, a-waltzing with me

Down, down came a jumbuck and down came he
And up, up jumped the swagman and grabbed him with glee
And you, you'll come a waltzing
And you, you'll come a waltzing Matilda

And down, down came the squatter on his thoroughbred
And down, down came the troopers, one two and three
And who, whose is that jumbuck
And who, whose is that jumbuck

Waltzing Matilda, my darling
Come a waltzing a waltzing Matilda

And you'll never catch me
And you'll never catch me alive

Born in 1864 Christina McPherson once played her recollection of Scottish tune The Craigielee March when Banjo Patterson was listening. While Christina played, he wrote words. Christina and Banjo worked the score to become "Waltzing Matilda."

The Ballad of 1891

Lyrics by Helen Palmer. Music by Doreen Bridges arranged by Dan Witton

The price of wool was falling in 1891
The men who owned the acres said something must be done
"We will break the Shearers' Union, and show we're masters still
And they'll take the terms we give them, or we'll find the ones who will"

From Claremont to Barcaldine, the shearers' camps were full
Ten thousand blades were ready to strip the greasy wool
When through the west like thunder, rang out the Union's call
"The sheds'll be shorn Union or they won't be shorn at all"

Oh Billy Lane was with them, his words were like a flame
The flag of blue above them, they spoke Eureka's name
"Tomorrow" said the squatters, "you'll find it does not pay
We're sending up free labourers to get the clip away"

"Tomorrow" said the shearers, "you may not be so keen
We can mount three thousand horsemen, to show them what we mean"
"Then we'll pack the west with troopers from Bourke to Charters Towers
You can have your fill of speeches but the final strength is ours"

The final strength is ours

Be damned to your six-shooters, your troopers and police
 The sheep are growing heavy, the burr is in the fleece
 Then if Nordenfeldt and Gatling won't bring you to your knees
 "We'll find a law," the squatters said, "that's made for times like these"

To trial at Rockhampton the fourteen men were brought
 The judge had got his orders, the squatters on the court
 But for every one that's sentenced, ten thousand won't forget
 When they jail a man for striking, it's a rich man's country yet

Curious fact: The composer of the tune, Doreen Bridges, is Dan Witton's grandmother.

Road To Gundagai

Music & lyrics by Jack O'Hagan arranged by Jenny M. Thomas

There's a track winding back
 To an old-fashioned shack
 On the road to Gundagai

Where my mummy and daddy
 Are waiting for me
 The pals of my childhood
 Once more I'll see.
 And no more will I roam
 As I'm heading out for home
 On the road to Gundagai

O'Hagan had decided early in his career that Australians weren't very interested in songs about Australia, so he wrote a song called 'Down Carolina Way'. On showing it to an entrepreneur he was rebuked and told to write a song about Australia. He reportedly wrote 'Along the Road to Gundagai' in response. 'Along the Road to Gundagai' reportedly sold 50,000 copies of the 78 rpm shellac discs in just three months.



Great Southern Land

Iva Davies, arranged by Jenny M. Thomas

Standing at the limit of an endless ocean
 Stranded like a runaway, lost at sea
 City on a rainy day down in the harbour
 Watching as the grey clouds shadow the bay
 Looking everywhere 'cause I had to find you
 This is not the way that I remember it here
 Anyone will tell you its a prisoner island
 Hidden in the summer for a million years

Great Southern Land, burned you black

So you look into the land and it will tell you a story
 Story 'bout a journey ended long ago
 Listen to the motion of the wind in the mountains
 Maybe you can hear them talking like I do
 They're gonna betray you, they're gonna forget you
 Are you gonna let them take you over that way

Great Southern Land, Great Southern Land

I hear the sound of the stranger's voices
 I see their hungry eyes, their hungry eyes
 Great Southern Land

Standing at the limit of an endless ocean
 Stranded like a runaway, lost at sea
 City on a rainy day down in the harbour
 Watching as the grey clouds shadow the bay
 Looking everywhere 'cause I had to find you
 This is not the way that I remember it here
 Anyone will tell you its a prisoner island
 Hidden in the summer for a million years



Past Caring

Lyrics by Henry Lawson Music by Steve Ashley, arranged by Jenny M. Thomas

My eyes are dry, I've got no heart for breakin'
 My eyes are dry, I cannot cry
 And I've got no heart for breakin', for breakin'

Now up and down the siding brown
 The great black crows are flyin'
 And down below the spur I know
 Another milker's dyin'
 The crops have withered from the ground
 And the earth's clay bed is glarin'
 But from my heart no tear nor sound
 For I have gone past carin'

Through death and trouble, round about
 Through hopeless desolation
 Through flood and fever, fire and drought,
 slavery and starvation
 Through childbirth, sickness, hurt, and blight,
 And nervousness an' scarin'
 Through being left alone at night
 I've gone to be past carin'

My 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
 They were awful, wild despairin'
 Now I've pulled three through and buried two
 Since then I've grown past carin'
 Past worryin' and wearin'
 Past trouble and desparin'
 I've pulled three through and buried two
 Since then, I've grown past carin'

'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' on the great North-west
 And I don't know how he's farin'
 But I the one who loves him best
 Have grown to be past carin'

My eyes are dry I cannot cry
 And I got no heart for breakin'
 But where it was in days gone by
 Is empty dull and achin'
 My last boy ran away from me
 And I know my temper's wearin'
 And now I only wish to be
 Beyond all signs of carin'
 Past worryin' and wearin'
 Past feelin' and despairin'
 And now I only wish to be
 Beyond all signs, all signs of carin'

True Blue

Written by John Williamson, arranged by Jenny M. Thomas

Hey True Blue, don't say you've gone
Say you've goin' for a smoko
And you'll be back later on
Hey True Blue, Hey True Blue

Hey True Blue,
is it me and you
Is it Mum and Dad,
is it a cockatoo
Hey True Blue

Is it standin' by your mate
when he's in a fight
Oh she'll be right

