

# 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

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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

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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.

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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

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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

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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

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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

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## 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

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