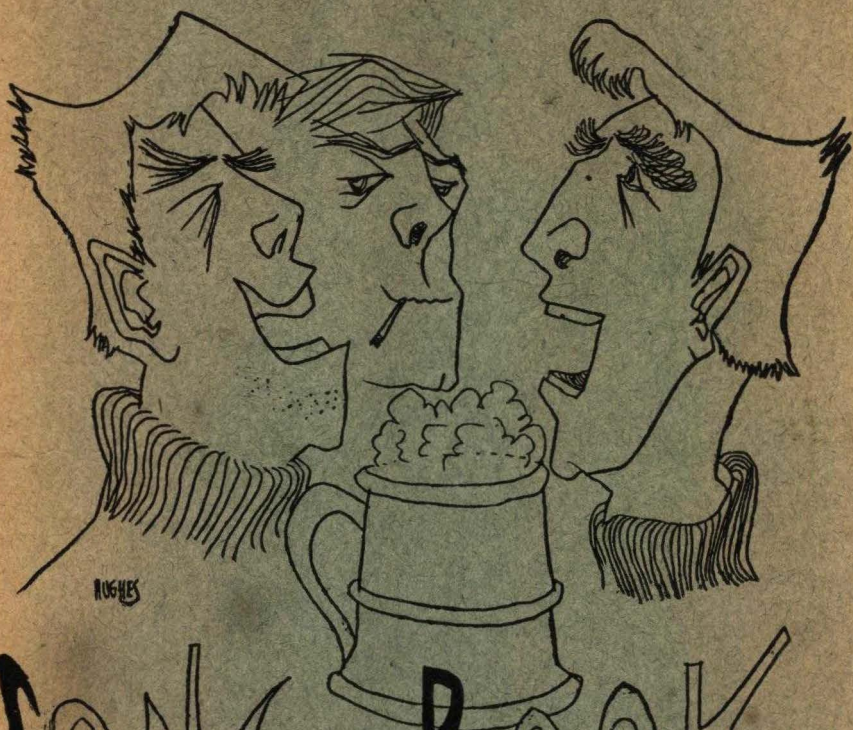


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# THE FINNEGAN'S WAKE



# SONG BOOK

# THE FINNEGAN'S WAKE SONG BOOK

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In the ballroom of a college of Sydney University, there hangs a large picture depicting what to a student or indeed to any right-thinking man, must be the most terrible of all deaths.

It is called "Curse the Gold", and shows two men in the desert dying of thirst.

To all who do not wish to die in such a way, and take adequate steps to prevent it, this book is dedicated.

by

**JOHN CHAPLIN — CHRIS RINGSTAD**  
and the S.R.C.



## PREFACE

When an objective evaluation is made of the forces influencing the culture of the University, it will be found that undergraduate thought and behaviour is largely moulded in the pattern of the Irish writers of the late nineteenth century—Wilde, Shaw, and James Joyce.

It is James Joyce, particularly, who most faithfully portrays and exemplifies the University way of life, not only in his bitter and pitiless "Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man," which has laid bare the University student's soul as has no other book, before or since; but also in his other books, particularly the one on which the songbook is based. "Finnegan's Wake," is, broadly, a romp; an erudite, sprawling, and largely incomprehensible romp throughout thousands of years of history. There could, however, be no better model for a University party; and it is principally for such an occasion that the book is designed.

The Editors make no apology for basing this slim volume on one of the most incomprehensible books of our time—James Joyce's unintelligible "Finnegan's Wake." Some words of explanation may, however, be in order.

Readers of "Finnegan's Wake"—both of them—will recall that it is centred round the Viconian theory of history and the four stages of man's development: the "theocratic" time, when the emphasis was on gods, the "mythical" era, when it shifted to heroes, the "realistic" stage of men as such, and finally, the collapse into complete chaos.

This, then, is the plan of the songbook. It will be found ideal for parties, most of which closely parallel the Viconian development. Thus in Part I will be found hallowed songs; in Part II, political songs; in Part III, realistic songs; and in Part IV, sad songs. All songs, except "It must be jelly, cause jam don't shake like that"—and even that could perhaps be squeezed into Part III—fall into one or other of these categories.

We cannot but hope that this will serve as a model for future publications of this type, and look forward to a flood of books such as "The Hamlet Songbook," "The Biggles Flies West Songbook," "The Nicholas Nickleby Songbook," etc.

One or two other points. We have tried to supply the tune to all songs. Inevitably, in one or two cases, our diseased and tortured imagination has run away with us. Thus, the tune of "Fire Down Below" is probably not the theme from Nielsen's "Inextinguishable" Symphony; it may well be from the serene, morbid "Indistinguishable" or the playful, even inane "Undistinguished." Similarly, it is as well we did not include "Home on the Range," as the tune for this would surely be the scherzo from the "Unfurnished" Symphony.

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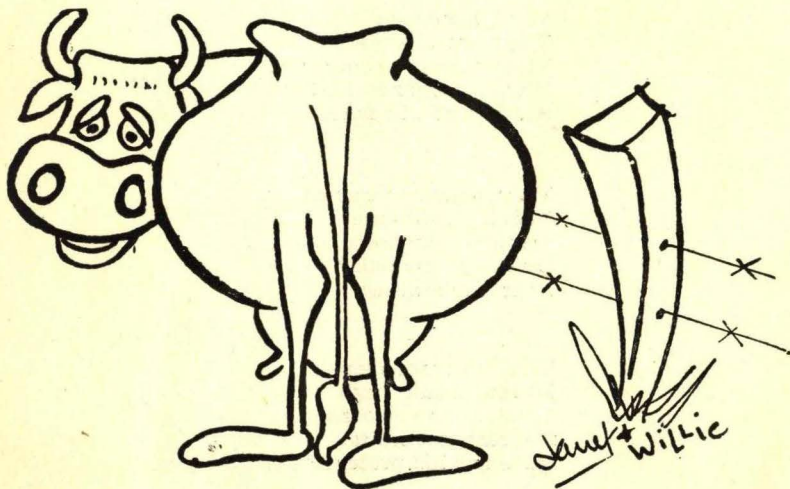
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# PART

## 1

### Hallowed Songs

***"For the man who drinketh  
small beer."***



## GAUDEAMUS

Gaudeamus igitur,  
Iuvenes dum sumus;  
Post iucundum iuventutem,  
Post molestam senectutem,  
Nos habebit humus.

Ubi sunt qui ante nos  
In mundo fuere?  
Vadite ad superos,  
Transite ad inferos  
Ubi iam fuere.

Vita nostra brevis est,  
Brevi finietur;  
Venit mors velociter,  
Rapit nos atrociter,  
Nomini parcetur.

Vivat Academia,  
Vivant professores;  
Vivat membrum quodlibet,  
Vivant membra quaelibet,  
Semper sint in flore.

Vivant omnes virgines,  
Faciles, formosae!  
Vivant et mulieres,  
Dulces et amabiles  
Bonae, laboriosae.

Vivat et respublica  
Et qui illam regit!  
Vivat nostra civitas,  
Maecenatum caritas  
Quae nos hic protegit!



## THE VARSITY

*(Tune: Men of Harlech)*

Grads and undergrads and fellows,  
Gaudy profs. in reds and yellows,  
Sing with lungs as tough as bellows,  
To our 'Varsity . . .

Some of us are mining,  
Some in Arts reclining,  
More and more  
Attack the law  
And revel in its method of refining;  
Some are fools and some are clever,  
Faculties divide and sever,  
Still we all belong for ever  
To our 'Varsity . . .

Varied are the tastes of students,  
Varied our degrees of prudence,  
Very varied our amusements  
At our 'Varsity.

We shall soon be scattered,  
Friendships may be shattered,  
Some, or all, will grope or crawl  
And get up very knocked about and battered.  
Some will hang and some will marry,  
Some for years in gaol will tarry,  
Still they are all members of the  
Same old 'Varsity.

Many lecturers, professors,  
Bulldogs and the like oppressors,  
Harass, worry and distress us  
At our 'Varsity.

Though they call us asses,  
Turn us out of classes;  
Still we know  
They're men below,  
And all their deadly jawing mainly gas is;  
Theories pass and order fades,  
But Truth and Beauty, saucy jades,  
Are laughing, dancing in the shades  
Of Sydney 'Varsity.

## ARTS SONG

(Tune: "*British Grenadiers*")

Some brag of Engineering  
And some of Medicine;  
And some are always jeering  
With a Scientific grin.  
But when they're all descended  
To deep obscurity,  
There'll be Arts, Arts, Arts, Arts, Arts, Arts, Arts,  
At the Sydney 'Varsity.

None of those long-eared dabblers  
Knows the joys of History.  
Nor could they be unravellers  
Of the Hamlet mystery.  
Leave them to grease and corpses,  
And come and yell with me,  
To Arts, &c., &c.

We throng the old quadrangle,  
And gravely disputate,  
Of Cleopatra's bangle,  
Of Charlie's gory fate.  
Our Profs. are green with envy at  
Our brainy brilliancy,  
In Arts, &c., &c.

We are the dinkum students,  
To-ra-ra-bom-de-ay!  
The rest lack brains and prudence,  
Yah-yah-yah-yah-yah-yay!  
So fill your tums with whisky,  
And beef it out with me.  
For Arts, &c., &c.

## LAW SONG

*(Tune: British Grenadiers)*

Some talk of Engineering,  
And some of Dentistry.  
Of Arts we're always hearing,  
And also Pharmacy.  
And Med. are sure they know the score,  
And boast eternally.  
**But law law law law. . .**  
**Is the greatest faculty.**

Come join in song all lawyers,  
Come barristers verbose.  
Q.C.'s and clerks' employers,  
Come all from far and close.  
Deplore your articles no more,  
Sing boys from S.A.B.  
**It's law law law law . . .**  
**The greatest faculty.**

We all have done divorces,  
And studied busily,  
Done co-respondents' courses,  
And worked incessantly.  
But think no more of Roman law,  
Forget your Property.  
**Yes law law law law, . . .**  
**Is the greatest faculty.**

We must attend the Law School,  
And traverse Phillip Street,  
But to Cahills & Ushers,  
We wend our wayward feet,  
And coffee, gin, and beer galore,  
We guzzle down with glee.  
**Yes law law law law, . . .**  
**Is the greatest faculty.**



# ENGINEERING CONSTRUCTION BLUES

*(Tune: A-round the Corner)*

Today, as the clock begins to chime,  
Today, we will all test cypress pine;  
But, oh why, cannot it be  
That we'll test the blackbutt tree.  
That's been standing there since 1883.

**A'round the corner, yahoo!  
Beneath the blackbutt tree,  
Down in the Warren stand all the boys  
Waiting for Jimmy V.**

We told Jimmy V to go away  
And now we are glad he didn't stay;  
We have tested pseudo-sugar  
For its modulus of rupture  
But we didn't test the famous blackbutt tree.

**Chorus.**

We've tested wood from every tree,  
On the Pohlmeier and the Avery,  
But our results are not so good  
As old Jimmy said they should,  
And it's because we didn't test the blackbutt tree.

All our results are very queer  
For tension, compression and for shear,  
And we showed them to Jimmy V  
And he said "Oh, dearie me!  
Well, I guess you'll have to test the blackbutt tree."

Today all the boys are testing wood  
And the results that they get are very good,  
Cause they're from that blackbutt tree  
Watered by old Jimmy V  
Who's been tending it since 1883.

Now when Eng. Construction had been done  
We went to the Warren with a gun  
And we shot old Jimmy V  
Burnt him there in effigy  
And we hanged him from the famous blackbutt tree.

**A-round the corner, yahoo;  
Beneath the blackbutt tree;  
Down in the Warren stand all the boys  
Cursing Jimmy V.**

## SCIENCE SONG

*(Tune: Men of Harlech)*

All black body radiations  
All the spectrum variations  
All atomic oscillations  
Vary as  $h\nu$ .

Here's the right relation  
Governs radiation  
Here's the new  
The only true  
Electrodynamical equation.  
Never mind your  $d/dt^2$   
 $Ve$  or  $\frac{1}{2} m\nu^2$   
(If you watch the factor  $C^2$   
's equal to  $h\nu$ )

Ultraviolet vibrations  
X and gamma-ray pulsations  
Ordinary light sensations  
All obey  $h\nu$ .

And in matters energetic,  
Whether static, or kinetic,  
Or electric, or magnetic,  
You must use  $h\nu$ .

And in matters calorific  
Such things as the heat specific  
Yield to treatment scientific  
If you use  $h\nu$ .

There would be a mighty clearance,  
We would all be Planck's adherents,  
Were it not that interference  
Still defies  $h\nu$ .

## MEDICAL SONG

(Air: "Marching Through Georgia")

Stimulate your vocal chords and sing a final song,  
Sing it with a vigour that will shift the roof along,  
Sing it as we used to sing it, lustily and strong,  
While we were passing through Medicine.

**Chorus.**

Hurrah, hurrah, they've dubbed us all M.B.!  
Hurrah, we're loose, enlarge the cemet'ry—  
Yet we'll miss the good old times, that never more  
will be,  
While we were passing through Medicine.

How we used to curse and groan at every 'ology,  
How the lectures always would induce somnipathy,  
How we always seemed to be 'twixt devil and deep sea,  
While we were passing through Medicine.

We've known the fell post-mortem, for not seldom we've  
been spun,  
And now we've floored the last of them, we're sorry all is  
done.  
For we had our share of toiling, but we had our share of  
fun  
While we were passing through Medicine.

We'll give a cheer before we go, a hearty cheer and true,  
For all the men who taught us, for the men who've let us  
through,—  
Perhaps they did not teach us much, but they taught us  
all they knew,  
While we were passing through Medicine.

## LA MARSEILLAISE

Allons, enfants de la patrie,  
Le jour de gloire est arrivé!  
Contre nous de la tyrannie  
L'étandard sanglant est levé!  
L'étandard sanglant est levé!  
Entendez vous dans les campagnes  
Mugir ces féroces soldats?  
Ils viennent, jusque dans nos bras  
Egorger nos fils, nos compagnes!

Aux armes, citoyens! Formez vos bataillons,  
Marchons, marchons!  
Qu'un sang impur abreuve nos sillons!



# PART

## 11

### Political Songs

***"For the man who drinketh  
strong beer."***



## THE RED FLAG

The people's flag is deepest red,  
It shrouded oft our martyred dead,  
And ere their limbs grew stiff and cold  
Their life's blood dyed its every fold.

Then raise the scarlet standard high!  
Within its shade we'll live or die!  
Though cowards flinch and traitors sneer,  
We'll keep the red flag flying here.

It waved about our infant might,  
When all ahead seemed dark as night  
It witnessed many a deed and vow,  
We must not change its colour now.

It well recalls the triumphs past,  
It gives the hope of peace at last;  
The banner bright, the symbol plain  
Of human right and human gain.

With heads uncovered, swear we all  
To bear it onward till we fall;  
Come dungeon dark or gallows grim,  
This song shall be our parting hymn.

## HAMMER SONG

If I had a hammer, I'd hammer in the morning,  
I'd hammer in the evening, all over this land;  
I'd hammer out danger, I'd hammer out a warning,  
I'd hammer out love among all my brothers, all over this  
land.

If I had a bell, I'd ring it in the morning, etc.

If I had a song, I'd sing it in the morning, etc.

Now I've got a hammer, and I've got a bell,  
And I've got a song to sing all over this land,  
It's the hammer of Justice, it's the bell of Freedom,  
It's the song about love among all my brothers, all over  
this world.

## OMSK

When Serge and I were boys  
We used to live in Omsk  
Where we spent our time  
Learning to make bombsk.

When Serge and I grew up  
We went away to Tomsk  
Where we spent our time  
Manufacturing bombsk.  
La, la-la-la manufacturing bombsk.

When Serge and I were caught  
They took us to Murmansk  
Where we spent our time  
Fabricating plansk.

When Serge and I escaped  
We hitch-hiked back to Omsk  
And blew up all the bourgeoisie  
With our beautiful bombsk  
La, la-la-la with our beautiful bombsk.

Now Serge is commissar  
Of the soviet of Omsk  
And I am commissar  
Of the soviet of Tomsk.

But we will not give up  
Our counter-revolutionary plotsk  
For we are agents of  
Our exiled comrade Trotsk.  
La, la-la-la our exiled comrade Trotsk.

## BANDIERA ROSSA

Avanti popolo, alla riscossa,  
Bandiera rossa, bandiera rossa;  
Avanti popolo, alla riscossa,  
Bandiera rossa, trionfera'!

Bandiera rossa, trionfera'!  
Bandiera rossa, trionfera'!  
Bandiera rossa, trionfera'!  
Evviva l'anarchismo e liberta'.



## BALLAD OF 1891

The price of wool was falling  
In eighteen ninety one;  
The men who owned the acres  
Saw 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 men who will!

From Clermont 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 shore union  
Or they won't be shore at all!

O Billy Lane was with them,  
His words were like a flame.  
The flag of blue above them,  
They spoke Eureka's name.  
To-morrow, said the squatters,  
You'll find it does not pay.  
We're bringing up free labourers  
To get the clip away.

To-morrow, said the shearers,  
They 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.

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 owned the court.  
But for every one was sentenced  
A thousand won't forget  
**Where they gaol a man for striking**  
**It's a rich man's country yet.**

## THE WEARING OF THE GREEN

Oh, Paddy dear, and did you hear the news that's going round?  
The shamrock is by law forbid to grow on Irish ground;  
Saint Patrick's Day no more we'll keep, his colours can't  
be seen,  
For there's a cruel law against the wearing of the green.

I met with Napper Tandy, and he took me by the hand,  
And he said, "How's poor old Ireland, and how does she  
stand?"  
She's the most distressful country that ever yet was seen;  
They're hanging men and women there for wearing of the  
green.

Then since the colour we must wear is England's cruel red,  
Sure Ireland's sons will ne'er forget the blood that they  
have shed;  
You may take the shamrock from your hat, and cast it on  
the sod,  
But 'twill take root and flourish there, tho' underfoot 'tis  
trod.

When law can stop the blades of grass from growing as they  
grow,  
And when the leaves in summer-time their verdure dare  
not show,  
Then I will change the colour that I wear in my caubeen;  
But till that day, please God, I'll stick to wearing of the  
green.

## LILLIBURLERO

Ho, broder Teague, dost hear de decree?  
**Lillibulero bullen a la,**  
Dat we shall have a new deputie,  
**Lillibulero bullen a la.**

**Lero lero lillibulero**  
**Lillibulero bullen a la,**  
**Lero lero lillibulero**  
**Lillibulero bullen a la.**

Ho! by Shaint Tyburn, it is de Talbote:  
And he will cut de Englishmen's troate.

Dough by my shoul de English do praat,  
De law's on dare side, and Creish knows what.

But if dispence do come from de Pope,  
We'll hang Magna Charta and dem in a rope.

For de good Talbot is made a lord  
And with brave lads is coming abroad.

Who all in France have taken a sware,  
Dat they will have no Protestant heir.

Arrah! but why does he stay behind?  
Ho! by my soul 'tis a Protestant wind.

But see de Tyconnel is now come ashore,  
And we shall have commissions galore.

And he dat will not go to de mass,  
Shall be turn out, and look like an ass.

Now, how de hereticks all go down,  
By Chrish and Shaint Patrick de nation's our own.

Dare was an old prophecy found in a bog  
"Ireland shall be ruled by an ass and a dog."

And now dis prophecy is come to pass,  
For Talbot's de dog, and James is the ass.

## WHEN IRISH EYES ARE BLOODSHOT

*(By courtesy: the Loyal Orange Lodge)*

It's up to your knees in Irish blood,  
And over your head in slaughter.  
And didn't we give the Paddies Hell  
Across the Boyne water.

*(By courtesy: the Irish Republican Army)*

God save Ireland, said the heroes.  
God damn England, say we all.  
Whether on the scaffold high,  
Or on battlefield we lie,  
What's it matter if for Erin we did fall.

## KEVIN BARRY

Early on a Sunday morning,  
High upon a gallows tree,  
Kevin Barry gave his young life,  
For the cause of liberty.  
Only a lad of eighteen summers,  
Yet there's no one can deny,  
That he went to death that morning.  
Nobly held his head up high.

Just before he faced the hangman,  
In his lonely prison cell,  
British soldiers tortured Barry  
Just because he would not tell  
All the names of his companions.  
Other things they wished to know;  
"Turn informer, and we'll free you,  
Proudly Barry answered "No!"

"Shoot me like an Irish soldier,  
Do not hang me like a dog;  
For I fought for Ireland's freedom,  
In that dark September fog.  
All round that little bakery,  
Where we fought the black and tan  
Shoot me like an Irish soldier,  
For I fought to free Ireland."



## EVERY LITTLE MOVEMENT

*(Tune: Waltzing Matilda)*

Once a learned doctor squatted down in Canberra,  
He was the chief of the A.L.P.  
And he sang as he watched and waited till election time,  
Labour must have solidarity.

Santamaria, Santamaria,  
Keon and Mullens are all up a tree,  
And he sang as he watched and waited till election time,  
Labour must have solidarity.

Philp and Owen, Windeyer and Ligertwood,  
They could not see the conspiracy  
And he sang as he screamed at Mrs. Petrov in the witness  
box.  
Labour must have solidarity.

Santamaria, Santamaria,  
Keon and Mullens disloyal to me.  
And he sang, etc.

Up rode the journalists mounted on their hobby horse,  
Up rode the groupers, one, two three.  
And they sang in that crude little propagandist magazine,  
Labour must have solidarity.

Santamaria, Santamaia,  
Keon and Mullens and Bourke make three,  
And they (etc.)

### Epilogue:

Now Keon and Bourke and Mullens are in Canberra,  
In the anti-Communist A.L.P.,  
And they hide behind the skirts of their leader, Mr. Joshua.  
Labour has lost solidarity.

Santamaria, Santamaria,  
Keon and Mullens with Liberals agree,  
And they hide, etc.

## SLASH GO THE BAYONETS !

*(Tune: Click Go The Shears)*

In the middle of the p'rade ground the grim Nasho stands,  
Grasping his gun in his mean bloody hands;  
War-like is his gaze as he charges down the line,  
Ghouling in his frenzy as he shouts : "Commo swine!"

Slash go the bayonets, Slash! Slash! Slash!  
Chortling with glee as the blood goes splash.  
War-mongers rake in their dollars with delight:  
"Champagne and caviar on Wall St. to-night!"

On the floor of the house, Bob Menzies stands—  
Scrap-iron grasped in his pale, shaking hands,  
Gleeful in his gaze, for he knows that he can,  
Make lots and lots of bayonets for Formosa and Japan.

—By William Ginnane.

## BOB'S YOUR UNCLE

*(Tune: There'll Always Be An England)*

There'll always be a Menzies  
While there's a B.H.P.,  
For they have drawn their dividends ,  
Since 1883.

There'll always be a Menzies  
For nothing ever fails  
So long as nothing happens to  
The Bank of N.S.W.

There'll always be a Menzies  
While there's a U.A.P.,  
And all the proper people talk  
Upon the A.B.C.

If we should lose our Menzies  
Wherever should we be?  
If Menzies means the same to you  
As Menzies means to me.

## BOTANY BAY

Farewell to Old England forever,  
Farewell to my rum culls as well,  
Farewell to the well-known Old Bailey,  
Where I used for to cut such a swell.

Singing tooral, lioral, liaditty,  
singing tooral, lioral, liay,  
Singing tooral, lioral, liaditty,  
singing tooral, lioral, liay,

There's the captain as is our commander,  
There's the bosum 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 cos we misspells wot we knows,  
But because all we light fingered gentry,  
Hops round 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 to the arms of my Polly love,  
And in her sweet presence I'd die.

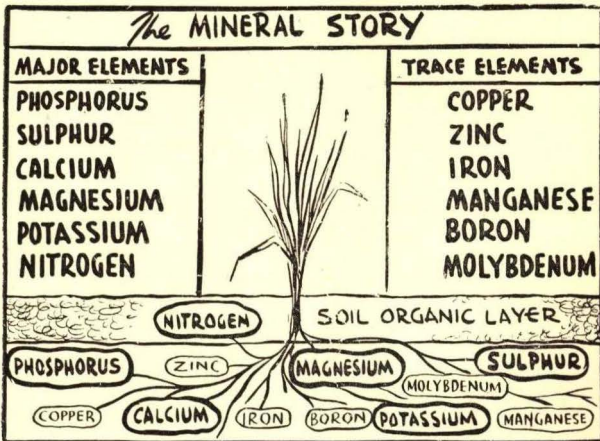
Now all my young Dookies and Duchesses,  
Take warning from what I've to say:  
Mind all is your own as you toucheses,  
Or you'll find us in Botany Bay.

# PART

## 111

### Realistic Songs

*"For to-night we'll  
merry, merry be."*





## THE ROAD TO GUNDAGAI

*(Folk Song)*

Oh, we started down from Roto  
When the sheds had all cut out,  
We'd whips and whips of rhino  
That we meant to push about;  
So we humped our blues serenely  
And made for Sydney town,  
With a three spot cheque between us  
That wanted knocking down.

**But we camped at Lazy Harry's  
On the road to Gundagai,  
The road to Gundagai!  
Five miles from Gundagai!  
But we camped at Lazy Harry's,  
On the road to Gundagai.**

Oh, we chucked our bloomin' swags off  
And we walked into the bar,  
And we called for rum and raspberry  
And a shillin' each cigar;  
But the girl who served the poison,  
She winked at Bill and I,  
And we camped at Lazy Harry's,  
Not five miles from Gundagai.

Oh, I've seen a lot of girls, mates,  
And drunk a lot of beer,  
And I've met with some of both, mates,  
That has left me mighty queer.  
But for beer to knock you sideways,  
And girls to make you sigh,  
You must camp at Lazy Harry's,  
On the road to Gundagai.

In a week the spree was over  
And the cheque was all knocked down,  
So we shouldered our matildas  
And we turned our backs on town;  
And the girls they stood a nobbler  
As we sadly said good-bye,  
And we tramped from Lazy Harry's  
On the road to Gundagai.

## O WHEN THE SAINTS

We are travelling in the footsteps  
Of those who went before,  
And we'll all be re-united  
On that far and distant shore.

O when the saints go marching in,  
O when the saints go marching in,  
O Lord I want to be in that number  
When the saints go marchin' in.

O when the sun begins to shine . . .

O when the trumpet sounds its call . . .

Some day this world of trouble  
Is the only one we need,  
But I'm waiting for that moment  
When the new world is revealed.

O when the new world is revealed . . .

O when the saints go marching in . . .

## VIVE L'AMOUR

Let ev'ry good fellow now fill up his glass,  
Vive la compagnie!  
And drink to the health of our glorious class.  
Vive la compagnie!  
Vive la, vive la, vive l'amour!  
Vive la, vive la, vive l'amour!  
Vive la, reine! Vive le roi!  
Vive la compagnie!

Let every married man drink to his wife,  
The joy of his bosom and plague of his life.

Come, fill up your glasses; I'll give you a toast,  
Here's a health to our friend, our kind, worthy host.

Since all with good humour you've toasted so free,  
I hope it will please you to drink now with me.

## THE FOX

(Folk Song)

The fox went out on a chilly night,  
Prayed to the moon to give him light,  
For he'd many a mile to go that night  
Before he reached the town oh,  
The town oh, the town oh,  
He'd many a mile to go that night  
Before he reached the town oh.

He ran till he came to a great big pen,  
The ducks and the geese were kept therein;  
A couple of you will grease my chin  
Before I leave this town oh,  
Town oh, town oh,  
A couple of you will grease my chin  
Before I leave this town oh.

He grabbed the grey goose by the neck,  
Threw a duck across his back;  
He didn't mind their quack, quack, quack,  
Or the legs all dangling down oh,  
Down oh, down oh,  
He didn't mind their quack, quack, quack,  
Or the legs all dangling down oh.

Then old Mother Flipper-Flopper jumped out of bed,  
Out of the window she cocked her head,  
Crying: John, John, the grey goose is gone,  
And the fox is on the town oh,  
The town oh, the town oh,  
Crying: John, John, the grey goose is gone,  
And the fox is on the town oh.

He ran till he came to his cosy den,  
There were the little ones, eight, nine, ten;  
They said: Daddy, better go back again,  
'Cause it must be a mighty fine town oh,  
Town oh, town oh,  
They said: Daddy, better go back again,  
'Cause it must be a mighty fine town oh.

Then the fox and his wife without any strife  
Cut up the goose with a fork and knife.  
They never had such a supper in their life  
And the little ones chewed on the bones oh,  
The bones oh, the bones oh,  
They never had such a supper in their life,  
And the little ones chewed on the bones oh.

## THE BLUE TAIL FLY

When I was young I used to wait  
On master and give him his plate,  
And pass the bottle when he got dry,  
And brush away the blue tail fly.

**Jimmy crack corn and I don't care, (3 times)**  
**My master's gone away.**

And when he'd ride in the afternoon  
I'd follow after with a hickory broom;  
The pony being rather shy  
When bitten by the blue tail fly.

One day he ride around the farm,  
The flies so numerous they did swarm,  
One chanced to bite the pony's thigh;  
The devil take the blue tail fly.

The pony run, he jump, he pitch;  
He threw my master in the ditch.  
My master died, and they wondered why;  
The verdict was—the blue tail fly.

They lay him under a 'simmon tree;  
His epitaph is there to see;  
"Beneath this stone I'm forced to lie,  
Victim of the blue tail fly."

## ON ILKLA MOOR BAHT 'AT

I. Whear 'as tha bin sin' ah saw thee?  
On Ilkla Moor baht 'at  
Whear 'as tha bin sin' ah saw thee?  
Whear 'as tha bin sin' ah saw thee?  
On Ilkla Moor baht 'at, on Ilkla Moor baht 'at,  
On Ilkla Moor baht 'at.

II. Tha's bin a-coortin' Mary Jane.  
III. Tha'll go and get thi deearth o' coold.  
IV. Then we s'all ha' to bury thee.  
V. Then t'worms'll come an' ate thee oop.  
VI. Then t'ducks'll come an' ate oop t'worms.  
VII. Then we shall go an' ate up t'ducks.  
VIII. Then we shall all 'av etten thee.  
IX. That's wheear we gets our oahn back.



## RICKETY TICKETY TIN

About a maid I'll sing a song  
Sing Rickety Tickety Tin.  
About a maid I'll sing a song  
She didn't have her family long  
Not only did she do them wrong  
She did every one of them in  
Them in,  
She did every one of them in.

One morning, in a fit of pique,  
Sing Rickety Tickety Tin,  
One morning, in a fit of pique  
She pushed her father into the creek,  
The water tasted bad for a week,  
And they had to make do with gin,  
With gin,  
They had to make do with gin.

Her mother, too, she never could stand,  
Sing Rickety Tickety Tin,  
Her mother, too, she never could stand,  
And so a cyanide soup she planned,  
Her mother died with the spoon in her hand,  
And her face in a hideous grin,  
A grin,  
Her face in a hideous grin.

She set her sister's hair on fire,  
Sing Rickety Tickety Tin,  
She set her sister's hair on fire,  
And as the flames grew higher and higher,  
She danced around the funeral pyre,  
Playing a violin  
O-lin,  
Playing a violin.

She weighted her brother down with stones.  
Sing Rickety Tickety Tin,  
She weighted her brother down with stones,  
And sent him down to Davey Jones,  
And all they ever found was bones,  
And occasional pieces of skin,  
Of skin,  
And occasional pieces of skin.

One day, when she had nothing to do,  
Sing Rickety Tickety Tin,  
One day, when she had nothing to do,  
She chopped her baby brother in two  
And served him up as Irish stew  
And invited the neighbours in  
'Bours in,  
And invited the neighbours in.

And when, at last, the cops came by,  
Sing Rickety Tickety Tin,  
And when at last the cops came by,  
Her little pranks she did not deny,  
For to do so she would have had to lie,  
And lying, she knew, was a sin.  
A sin,  
And lying, she knew, was a sin.

## **WORRIED MAN BLUES**

The train that I ride is 21 coaches long,  
The train that I ride is 21 coaches long,  
The train that I ride is 21 coaches long,  
The girl I love is on that train and gone.

**It takes a worried man to sing a worried song,  
It takes a worried man to sing a worried song,  
It takes a worried man to sing a worried song,  
I'm worried now but I won't be worried long.**

I went across the river and I lay down to sleep,  
When I woke up there were shackles on my feet.

Shackles round my feet had 21 links of chain,  
Every link engraved with initials of my name.

I asked the judge what's gonna be my fine,  
21 years on the Rocky Mountain line.

## **ALOUETTE**

Alouette, gentille Alouette,  
Alouette, je te plumerai.  
Je te plumerai la tête,  
Je te plumerai la tête,  
A la tête, à la tête. Oh!  
Alouette, gentille Alouette,  
Alouette, je te plumerai.  
Je te plumerai le bec,  
Je te plumerai le bec,  
A la tête, à la tête. Oh!

(le nez, les yeux, les ailes, le dos, les jambes, les pieds).

## **AUPRES DE MA BLONDE**

Au jardin de mon père, les lilas ont fleuri,  
Au jardin de mon père, les lilas ont fleuri,  
Tous les oiseaux du monde vont y faire leurs nids.

**Auprès de ma blonde, qu'il fait bon, fait bon, fait bon,  
Auprès de ma blonde, qu'il fait bon dormir.**

Le caille, la tourelle et la jolie perdrix,  
Le caille, la tourelle et la jolie perdrix,  
Et la douce colombe, qui chante jour et nuit.

Elle chante pour les filles qui n'ont pas de mari,  
Elle chante pour les filles qui n'ont pas de mari,  
C'est pas pour moi qu'elle chante, car j'en ai-t-un joli.

## **POLLY PERKINS**

I'm a broken-hearted milkman, in grief I'm arrayed,  
Through the keeping of the company of a young servant  
maid,  
What lived on board and wages the house to keep clean  
In a gentleman's family near Paddington Green.

**Oh, she was beautiful as a butterfly  
And as proud as a Queen,  
Was pretty little Polly Perkins  
Of Paddington Green.**

When I'd rattle in the morning and shout "Milk below"  
To the sound of my milk cans her face she would show  
With a smile upon her countenance and a laugh in her eye;  
If I'd thought she'd have loved me I'd have laid me down  
to die.

When I asked her to marry me she said "Oh what stuff!"  
And told me for to hop it, for she'd had quite enough  
Of my nonsense—at the same time I'd been very kind.  
But to marry a milkman she didn't feel inclined.

Now the words she uttered went straight through my heart,  
I sobbed and I sighed and I straight did depart;  
With a tear on my eyelid as big as a bean,  
Bidding good-bye to Polly and Paddington Green.

Now in six months she married, this hard hearted girl  
And it was not a Wi-count and it was not a Hearl,  
And it was not a Baronite, but a shade or two wuss,  
'Twas the bow-legged conductor of a twopenny bus.

## HARRY WAS A PHYSICIST

Harry was a physicist,  
Who never had a shave,  
Till he was fully ionised  
By a radio-active wave.

"That's all right," said Harry,  
"I shan't disintegrate,  
I'll go and give a lunch-time talk,  
And the Government I will slate."

He went up to our Charlie,  
The Uni. Chancellor,  
"I want to speak to the man in charge,  
I'm Harry Messel, sorr."

"Who are you," said Charlie,  
"Are you humble and contrite?"  
"Say, I'm a buddy of Dean Acheson."  
"That's O.K., then, you're all right."

They made him Prof. of Physics,  
Put a mike into his hand,  
And he organised for £. s. d.,  
With a full brass military band.

One day while Charlie was walking  
Beside the hockey field,  
Whom should he see but Harry,  
Chalking on the Physics Shield.

They brought him up for trial  
Before the learned Dons,  
For blowing up the Old Med. School  
With a pile of cyclotrons.

The verdict it was guilty,  
And Charlie gave a laugh,  
We'll fix you, my lad,  
We'll put you on the medical staff."

Seven long years have passed,  
And Harry's making drugs,  
He's just discovered D.D.T.  
For to do away with bugs.

The moral of this story  
We want you to tell your mom,  
Never let your children  
Play around with the cobalt bomb.



## THE ERIE CANAL

### *(American Folk Song)*

We were forty miles from Albany,  
Forget it I never shall,  
What a terrible storm we had that night  
On the Er-i-e Canal.

Oh, the Er-i-e was a rising,  
The gin was a-getting low,  
And I scarcely think  
We'll get a drink,  
Till we get to Buffalo-o-o,  
Till we get to Buffalo.

The captain he came up on deck  
With his spy-glass in his hand,  
And the fog it was so 'tarnal thick  
That he couldn't spy the land.

The cook we had was a grand old girl,  
She wore a ragged dress;  
We hoisted her upon a pole  
As a signal of distress.

The captain he got married  
And the cook she went to gaol,  
And I'm the only son of a gun  
That's left to tell the tale.

## BEER

I won't sing of sherbert and water,  
And cocoa with beer will not rhyme,  
We working men can't afford champagne,  
It's a bit more than sixpence a time,  
But I'll sing you a song of a gargle,  
A gargle that I love so dear,  
I allude to that grand institution,  
That beautiful tonic called beer.

Beer, beer, glorious beer!  
Fill yourselves right up to here!  
Drink a good deal of it,  
Make a big meal of it,  
Stick to your old fashioned beer!  
Don't be afraid of it,  
Drink till you're made of it,  
Let's put another down here!  
Up with the sale of it,  
Down with a pail of it,  
Glorious, glorious beer!

## ORDINARY FRAGMENT

Are you the O'Reilly who keeps this hotel?  
Are you the O'Reilly they speak of so well?  
If you're the O'Reilly they speak of so highly,  
Gorblimey, O'Reilly, you are looking well.

### SHE WAS POOR, BUT SHE WAS HONEST

She was poor, but she was honest,  
Victim of the squire's game;  
First he loved her, then he left her,  
And she lost her honest name.

It's the same the whole world over,  
It's the poor that gets the blame;  
It's the rich that lives in clover,  
Ain't it all a bleedin' shame.

Then she ran away to London,  
For to hide her grief and shame.  
There she met another squire,  
And she lost her name again.

In the rich man's arms she flutters  
Like a bird with broken wing;  
First he loved her, then he left her,  
And she hasn't got a ring.

See him in his splendid mansion,  
Entertaining with the best,  
While the girl that he has ruined  
Entertains a sordid guest.

See him in the House of Commons,  
Making laws to put down crime,  
While the victim of his passions  
Trails her way thro' mud and slime.

Standing on the bridge at midnight,  
She says "Farewell, blighted love,"  
Then a scream, a splash—Good Heavens,  
What is she a-doing of?

Then they dragged her from the river,  
Water from her clothes they wrang,  
For they thought that she was drowned,  
But the corpse got up and sang.

## FRANKIE AND JOHNNY

Frankie and Johnny were lovers,  
Oh lord how they did love,  
They swore to be true to each other,  
Just as true as the stars above,  
He was her man, he wouldn't do her wrong.

Frankie went down to the corner  
Just for a bucket of beer,  
She said, Mr. Bartender,  
Has my lover Johnny been here?  
He is my man, he wouldn't do me wrong.

I don't want to cause you no trouble,  
Don't want to tell you no lie,  
But I saw your lover half an hour ago  
With a girl named Nellie Bligh.  
He is your man, but he's doin' you wrong.

Frankie looked over the transom,  
Over the transom so high,  
There on the sofa was Johnny,  
Making love to Nellie Bligh,  
He was her man, but he was doing her wrong.

Frankie drew back her kimono,  
She drew out her little '44;  
Rooty toot toot, three time she did shoot,  
Right thro' that hardwood door,  
She shot her man, cause he was doing her wrong.

"Roll me over easy,  
Roll me over slow,  
Roll me over on the right side,  
'Cause the left side hurts me so;  
I was your man, I was doing you wrong."

Bring out your thousand dollar coffin,  
Bring out your rubber-tyred hack;  
I am taking my man to the graveyard,  
And I ain't goin' to bring him back;  
He was my man, but he was doing me wrong.

Bring round a thousand policemen,  
Bring 'em round today;  
Lock me in that dungeon cell  
And throw the key away;  
I shot my man, cause he done me wrong.



Frankie, she said to the warder,  
What are they going to do?  
Warder he said to Frankie,  
It's the 'lectric chair for you;  
You shot your man, tho' he was doing you wrong.

The sheriff came round in the morning,  
He said it was all for the best;  
He said her lover Johnny  
Was nothing but a doggone pest;  
He was her man, but he was doing her wrong.

This story has no moral,  
This story has no end;  
This story only goes to show  
That there ain't no good in men.  
He was her man, he wouldn't do her wrong.

### COME, LANDLORD, FILL THE FLOWING BOWL

Come, landlord, fill the flowing bowl,  
Until it doth run over,  
Come, landlord, fill the flowing bowl,  
Until it doth run over.

For to-night we'll merry, merry be,  
For to-night we'll merry, merry be,  
For to-night we'll merry, merry be,  
To-morrow we'll be sober.

The man who drinketh small beer,  
And goes to bed quite sober,  
Fades as the leaves do fade,  
That drop off in October.

The man who drinketh strong beer,  
And goes to bed right mellow,  
Lives as he ought to live,  
And dies a jolly good fellow.

But he who drinks just what he likes,  
And getteth half-seas over  
Will live until he die perhaps  
And then lie down in clover.

The man who kisses a pretty girl,  
And goes and tells his mother,  
Ought to have his lips cut off,  
And never kiss another,



## THE WILD COLONIAL BOY

'Tis of a wild colonial boy, Jack Doolan was his name,  
Of poor but honest parents he was born in Castlemaine,  
He was his father's only hope, his mother's only joy,  
And dearly did his parents love the wild colonial boy.

Come, all my hearties, we'll roam the mountains high,  
Together we will plunder, together we will die.  
We'll wander over valleys and gallop over plains,  
For we scorn to live in slavery, bound down with iron chains.

He was scarcely sixteen years of age when he left his  
father's home,  
And through Australia's sunny clime a bushranger did roam.  
He robbed those wealthy squatters, their stocks he did  
destroy,  
And a terror to Australia was the wild colonial boy.

In '61 this daring youth commenced his wild career,  
With a heart that knew no danger, no foeman did he fear.  
He stuck up the Beechworth mail coach, and robbed Judge  
McEvoy,  
Who trembled and gave up his gold to the wild colonial boy.

He bade the judge good morning, and told him to beware,  
That he'd never rob a hearty chap that acted on the square;  
And never to rob a mother of her only son and joy,  
Or else he might turn outlaw like the wild colonial boy.

One day as he was riding the mountain side along,  
A-listening to the little birds, their pleasant laughing song,  
Three mounted troopers rode along, Kelly, Davis and  
Fitzroy,  
They thought that they would capture him, the wild  
colonial boy.

Surrender now, Jack Doolan, you see there's three to one,  
Surrender now, Jack Doolan, you daring highwayman!  
He drew a pistol from his belt and shook the little toy:  
I'll fight but not surrender, said the wild colonial boy.

He fired at Trooper Kelly and brought him to the ground,  
And in return from Davis 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.

## CLICK GO THE SHEARS

Out on the board, the old shearer stands;  
Grasping his shears in his thin bony hands.  
Fixed in his gaze on the blue-bellied Joe;  
Glory, if he gets her, won't he make the ringer go!

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,  
Sits the boss of the board with his eyes everywhere,  
Notes well each fleece as it comes before the screen,  
Paying strict attention that it's taken off clean.  
The tar-boy is there waiting on demand,  
With his blackened tar-pot in his tarry hand,  
Here is what he's waiting for; it's "Tar, here, Jack!"  
Sees one old sheep with a cut upon its back;

Shearing is all over, we've all got our cheques;  
Roll up your swags, boys, 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 bår, 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!

There we leave him standing, shouting for all hands;  
Whilst all around him, every shooter stands,  
His eyes are on the keg, which by now is lowering fast.  
He works hard, he drinks hard, and goes to hell at last!

## LYRICAL FRAGMENT

*(Tune: John Brown's Body)*

She wears a silken nightie in the summer when it's hot,  
She wears her red pyjamas in the winter when it's not,  
But sometimes in the springtime,  
And sometimes in the fall,  
She slips between the sheets with nothing on at all.  
Glory, glory for the summer when it's hot,  
Glory, glory for the winter when it's not,  
Glory for the springtime  
And glory for the fall,  
When she slips between the sheets with nothing on at all.

## THE STREETS OF LAREDO

As I walked out in the streets of Laredo,  
As I walked out in Laredo one day,  
I spied a young cowboy all wrapped in white linen,  
Wrapped in white linen as cold as the clay.

"I see by your outfit that you are a cowboy",  
These words he did say as I boldly stepped by;  
Come sit down beside me and hear my sad story,  
Shot in the breast and I know I must die.

"It was once in the saddle I used to go dashing,  
Once in the saddle I used to go gay,  
First down to Rosie's and then to the cardhouse,  
Shot in the breast and I'm dying today.

"Have six tall cowboys to carry my coffin,  
Six purty maids to sing me a song,  
Take me to the valley and lay a sod o'er me,  
For I'm a young cowboy and know I've done wrong.

"Oh beat the drums slowly and play the fife lowly,  
Play the dead march as they carry me along,  
Put bunches of roses all over my coffin,  
Roses to deaden the clods as they fall."

As I walked out in the streets of Laredo,  
As I walked out in Laredo one day,  
I spied a young cowboy all wrapped in white linen,  
Wrapped in white linen as cold as the clay.

## SHARES IN THE VERY BEST COMPANIES

*(Tune: My Bonny Lies Over The Ocean)*

I've shares in the very best companies,  
In tramways, tobacco and tin,  
In brothels in Rio Janiero  
My God how the money rolls in . . .

With wealth in the big German steel works,  
No wonder I helped Hitler win,  
For when he suppressed the trade unions,  
My God how the money rolls in . . .

My father sent field guns to Franco,  
My brother raised loans for Berlin,  
My uncle sent scrap iron to Tojo,  
To make sure that the money rolled in . . .



My cousin's a starting price bookie,  
My mother sells synthetic gin,  
My sister sells sin to the sailors,  
My God how the money rolls in.

My brother's a curate in Sydney,  
He's saving young girlies from sin,  
He'll save you a blonde for a dollar—  
My God how the money rolls in . . .

We've started an old fashioned gin shop,  
A regular palace of sin,  
The principal girl is my grandma,  
My God how the money rolls in . . .

### LILLIAN

Lil was a girl, she was — a beauty  
She lived in a house of illreput-e,  
She drank deep of the demon rum,  
And she smoked hashish and opium.

**De boom boom, de boom boom, de boom boom boom.**

She was young and she was fair,  
She had masses of golden hair  
Folks they came for miles to see,  
Lilian in her deshabelle.

Day by day that girl grew thinner,  
From insufficient protein in her  
Until at last the day came when  
She had to cover up her abdomen.

She took sunbakes in the sun  
She took Scott's emulsion  
She took liver, she took yeast  
But still her clientele decreased.

She consulted a physician,  
Who prescribed for her condition,  
She had, as the doctors say,  
Pernicious anaem-i-a.

As Lil lay there in her dishonour,  
She felt the hand of the Lord upon her,  
She cried "O Lord, I will repent."  
But that much cost you 50 cents.

And the moral for your sins  
As you can easily see  
Whatever your line of business  
Fitness wins.



## SHOT IN THE BACK

Morphine Bill and Cocaine Sue,  
Walkin' down the Avenue.

Honey have a (sniff) have a (sniff) on me  
Honey have a (sniff) on me.

Up to a drugstore painted green,  
Sign outside said, "No Morphine."

They went from Broadway up to Maine,  
To see if they could get Cocaine.

They went from Maine to Buffalo,  
To see if they could get some snow.

They went downtown to buy some pop,  
And on their way they shot a cop.

Now in their cells they sit and stare,  
Waitin' for the electric chair.

Up in a graveyard, high on a hill,  
Lies the body of Morphine Bill.

Up on a hillside, by his side,  
Lies the body of his Cocaine bride.

Now this song does go to show,  
Ain't no sense in sniffin' snow.

All you folk look mighty frisky,  
Too much morphine in your beer.

All you folk look mighty glum,  
Too much morphine in your rum.

You're all as mad as a two-bob watch,  
Too much morphine in your Scotch.

Ashes to ashes, dust to dust,  
If the devil don't get you, morphine must.

## NUT BROWN MAIDEN

Ho-ro my nut brown maiden,  
Hi-ri my nut brown maid,  
Ho-ro, ro, maiden,  
For she's the maid for me.

Her eyes so mildly beaming,  
Her look so frank and free,  
There's ne'er a lowland maiden  
Can lure mine eyes from thee.

In Glasgow and Dunedin,  
Are maidens fair to see  
But ne'er a lowland maiden  
Could lure mine eyes from thee.

And when with blossoms laden  
Bright summer comes again  
I'll fetch my nut brown maiden  
Down from the bonnie glen.

## THERE IS A TAVERN IN THE TOWN

There is a tavern in the town, in the town,  
And there my true love sits him down, sits him down,  
And drinks his wine 'mid laughter free,  
And never, never thinks of me.

Fare thee well, for I must leave thee,  
Do not let the parting grieve thee.  
And remember that the best of friends must part,  
must part;

Adieu, adieu, kind friends, adieu, adieu, adieu,  
I can no longer stay with you, stay with you;  
I'll hang my harp on a weeping willow tree,  
And may the world go well with thee.

He left me for a damsel dark, damsel dark,  
Each Friday night they used to spark, used to spark,  
And now my love, once true to me,  
Takes that dark damsel on his knee.

Oh! dig my grave both wide and deep, wide and deep,  
Put tombstones at my head and feet, head and feet,  
And on my breast carve a turtle dove,  
To signify I died of love.

## MY OATH

*(Tune: It's Foolish, But It's Fun)*

Commem. Week comes but once a year,  
And fills the Sydney police with fear;  
The students fill themselves with beer,  
It's foolish, but it's fun.

To make the freshers feel at ease  
We tie their bed-clothes in the trees,  
And then remove their bedroom keys,  
It's foolish, but it's fun.

And then the months go quickly by  
And Christmas comes again,  
Exams are done; results appear  
And we start wondering when

The Profs. will stop their wretched task  
Of failing two for one they pass;  
But they just smirk behind their mask,  
It's foolish, but it's fun.

## FOGGY FOGGY DEW

Once I was a bachelor, I lived all alone,  
I worked at the weaver's trade;  
And the only, only thing that I ever did wrong,  
Was to woo a fair young maid.  
I woo'd her in the winter time and in the summer, too,  
And the only thing that I ever did wrong,  
Was to keep her from the foggy foggy dew.

One night she came to my bedside,  
When I lay fast asleep,  
She put her head upon my bed and she began to weep,  
She wept, she cried, she damn near died,  
Ah me! what could I do,  
So I hauled her into bed and I covered up her head,  
Just to keep her from the foggy foggy dew.

Again I am a bachelor, I live with my son,  
We work at the weaver's trade;  
And every, every time that I look into his eyes,  
He reminds me of the fair young maid.  
He reminds me of the winter time and of the summer too,  
And the many many times that I held her in my arms,  
Just to keep her from the foggy foggy dew.



## SAUSAGE WRAP SERENADE

What shall we put in the Daily Paper,  
What shall we put in the Daily Paper,  
What shall we put in the Daily Paper,  
Early in the morning?

Workers on the dole who guzzle  
Communists who need a muzzle,  
Winners of a crossword puzzle  
Early in the morning.

Suicide of a linen draper,  
Duchess poisoned by noxious vapour,  
Lady of eighty chased by a raper,  
Early in the morning.

Awful international crisis,  
Idiot reader wins three prizes,  
See how the general public rises,  
Early in the morning.

Shove it all down in the Daily Paper;  
Cabinet Minister cuts a caper,  
Architect felled by his own skyscraper,  
Early in the morning.

Some of it's truth and some of it's lying,  
What's the odds if the public's buying,  
Editors never leave off trying,  
Early in the morning.

## SHENANDOAH

O Shenandoah I long to hear you  
Away, you rolling river,  
O Shenandoah I long to hear you,  
Away, I'm bound to go,  
'Cross the wide Missouri.

O Shenandoah, I love your daughter,  
For her I've crossed the rolling water.

Seven long years I courted Sally,  
Seven more I longed to have her.

Farewell, my dear I'm bound to leave you,  
O Shenandoah, I'll not deceive you.

O Shenandoah, I long to hear you.  
O Shenandoah, I long to hear you.



## MARY, MARY !

*(Tune: Marching Through Georgia)*

Mary had a little lamb, and then she had some more,  
Her teacher said "You've had enough; you'd better shut your  
jaw."

And after fifty helpings she was rolling round the floor,  
Shouting out the battle-cry of freedom.

**Hurrah for Mary; hurrah for the lamb;  
Hurrah for the little girl who didn't care a—little bit  
And everywhere that Mary went the lamb was sure  
to go  
Shouting out the battle-cry of freedom.**

Old King Cole was a merry old soul, and a merry old soul  
was he;

He went to call the cattle home across the Sands of Dee;  
"Oh, who will stand on my right hand and hold the fort  
with me"

Shouting out the battle-cry of Freedom!

(From Melbourne N.S.V. Song Book)

## DUCKS

*(Tune: Ducks and Drakes Forever)*

Be kind to your web-footed friends,  
For a duck may be somebody's mother.

She lives all alone in a swamp,

Where the weather is cold and damp.

You may think this the end of my song.

Well it is!

## HULLABALOO BALAY

Me father kept a boarding house,

**Hul-la-ba-loo ba-lay! Hul-la-ba-loo ba-la-balay!**

Me father kept a boarding house,

**Hul-la-ba-loo ba-lay!**

The boarding house was on the quay,  
But the lodgers were nearly all at sea.

A flash young fellow call'd Shallow Brown,  
He ogled my mother all round the town.

My father said "young man me b'y",  
To which he quickly made reply.

Next day while dad was in the "Crown",  
Me mother ran off with Shallow Brown.

Me father slowly pined away,  
'Cause mother came back on the following day.

# PART

## IV

### Sad Songs

**"Tomorrow we'll  
be sober."**





## LUGEAMUS

Lugeamus igitur,  
Luctuosi sumus,  
Contra laetam iuventuem,  
Ob molestam senectutem,  
Pompam non ciemus.

Dixit senex, et ludos  
Nefas est servari;  
Membrum mente velox est;  
Senatus nunc atrox est,  
Non licet iuari.

"Vivat academia,  
Vivant professores";  
Rursus carmina mutantur  
Ea olim canebantur,  
Iam non dantur flores.

Ubi sunt qui ante nos  
Ludebant per urbem?  
Vaserunt ad cyathos\*;  
Committe ad inferos  
Senatum superbum.

\* Equivalent to a pint pot.



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*Ad nauseam . . . .*

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