

NOW I'M EASY.

ERIC BOGLE

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 has seen my tears and blood  
But it's nearly over now, 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, 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, now I'm easy.

My daughter married young and went her own way  
My sons lie buried by the Burma railway  
So on this land I've made my own I've carried on alone  
But it's nearly over now, 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 a sewerred suburban block  
But it's nearly over now, 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 has seen my tears and blood  
But it's nearly over now, now I'm easy.

THE CALL OF THE NORTH.

J.SORENSEN & M.WYNDHAM-READ.

Now the western wind is blowing so there's rain and storm in store  
The teams have long been going down the road to Glindawor  
Where the tropic sun is gleaming the breezes blowing free  
I have wakened from my dreaming and the North is calling me.

Oh the steam is in the engine in the experts room below  
And upon the board each shearer waits to hear the whistle blow  
For the shearing is beginning and my heart is fancy free  
And the friction wheels are spinning and the North is calling me.

From the Southward to the Northward where the long brown tracks wind  
down  
All me mates are pushing forward to the wilderness from town  
Gone by stony hill and hollow to where I now would be  
Where they lead I needs must follow for the North is calling me.

What's the news I have been hearing tidings strange to me indeed  
Bidgemia started shearing with Sawallish in the lead  
Straining camel teams are swaying from the junction to the sea  
Why so long am I delaying when the North is calling me.

And so Northward I am going for I cannot linger here  
Now the starting whistle's blowing and the guns are into gear  
And to be there I am longing and I hail the sheds with glee  
For the friction wheels are turning and the North is calling me.

GUM TREE CANOE.

TRADITIONAL.

I'll sing you a few lines a short little song  
It won't take a moment I'll not keep you long  
I will sing of the days when our hearts they were young  
And we'd sail down the Murray river boys as the days passed along.

CHORUS        *We'd row we'd row through the water so blue  
Like a feather we would float along in our gum tree canoe.*

My hand on the banjo my toe on the oar  
I'd work all the day and I'd sing as I'd go  
And at night time alone with my Julia so fair  
We would sail down the Murray river boys and our dreams we would share.

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 the way it was then  
So it's back to the Murray river boys and my life there again.

CHORUS.

VAN DIEMEN'S LAND.

TRADITIONAL.

Now come all you wild and wicked youths where ever you may be  
I pray now pay attention listen unto me  
Of the fatal awful transports as you shall understand  
The hardships we do undergo going to Van Diemen's Land.

My parents raised me tenderly good learning they gave to me  
Until me bad companions beguiled my home from me  
I was brought up in Worcestershire near to the town did dwell  
My name is Henry Harper to many knows me well.

Me and three more went out one night to Squire Daniels farm  
For to catch some game t'was our intent as the night came tumbling down  
But to our sad misfortune they took us there with speed  
And led us off to Warwick jail which made our hearts to bleed.

It was at the March assizes at the court we did appear  
Like fools we paid attention to hear our sentence there  
And being some old offenders it made our case go hard  
Our sentence was for fourteen years we were sent abroad.

The ship that bore us from the land the Speedwell was her name  
For four months and a half we ploughed across that raging main  
No land nor harbour could we see believe me it is no lie  
Around us one black ocean above us one blue sky.

I oft times look behind me towards my native shore  
And that cottage of contentment that I shall see no more  
Likewise my aged father who taught me all he knew  
Likewise my tender mother whose arms she once me bore.

It was on the fourth day of July that we did make to land  
At four o'clock we went ashore in chains and hand in hand  
To see our fellow sufferers to feel I can't tell how  
Some chained unto a harrow and some unto a plough.

We were marched off into the town without no more delay  
And there a gentleman took me a keeper for to be

I took me occupation me master likes me well  
My joys are out of measure I'm sure no tongue can tell.

He kept a female servant there Rose-Anna was her name  
For fourteen years a convict from Worcestershire she came  
We oft times tell our love tales of at home where we used to be  
But now we are rattling of our chains in foreign lands to be.

THE GOOD OLD CONCERTINA.

HENRY LAWSON/M.WYNDHAM-READ

'Twas merry when the hut was full of jolly girls and fellows  
We danced and sang until we burst the concertina's bellows  
From distant Darling to the sea from Downs to Riverina  
Has e'er a gum in all the west not heard the concertina.

'Twas peaceful round the camp fire blaze the long white branches o'er us  
We'd play the tunes of bygone days to some good old bush chorus  
Old Erin's harp may sweeter be the Scottish pipes blow keener  
But sing an old Bush song for me to the good old concertina.

'Twas cosy by the hut fire bright when the pint pot passed between us  
We drowned the voice of the stormy night with the good old concertina  
Though trouble drifts along the years the pangs of care grow keener  
My heart is gladdened when it hears the good old concertina.

## LOVES REQUEST

Your form it is airy and slight love it's graces are free from restraint  
Your hair sheds a halo of light love round features like those of a saint  
Oh to bathe in the light of your eyes love what destiny sweeter could be  
But visions of doubt will arise love could you make me a damper for tea.

Your mouth is a fountain of song love where melody flows like a stream  
To list to you all the day long love would be pleasure far more than a dream  
But my courage to ask for you fails love to accept of my hand would you  
stoop  
And again if I bought you the tails love would you make me some kangaroo  
soup.

Oh to be with you out in the day love with pride I'd take hold of your hand  
And at night with the stars shining brightly we would dance to a shearers  
bush band  
But I wonder at times if your heart love would take me to be your good  
mate  
And again if I asked you right now love would you wash all the dishes and  
plates.

But now I will bid you farewell love my claims to another I yield  
But you will not grieve I can tell love there are others than me in the field  
You can dance you can sing you can play love but your feelings I don't mean  
to hurt  
Your charms you would greatly enhance love would you make me a Crimean  
shirt.

## ANOTHER FALL OF RAIN.

Now the weather had been sultry for a fortnights time or more  
The shearers had been driving might and main  
For some had got the century who'd ne'er got it before  
And now all hands are waiting for the rain.

CHORUS     *For the boss is getting rusty and the ringers cavin' in  
For his bandaged wrist is achin' with the pain  
And the second man I fear will make it hard for him  
Unless we get another fall of rain.*

Now some had taken quarters and were coilin' in their bunks  
When we shored the six tooth wethers from the plain  
And if the sheep get harder then a few more men will funk  
Unless we get another fall of rain.

But the sky is clouding over the thunders mutterin' loud  
The clouds are drivin' eastward o'er the plain  
And I see a flash of lightning from the edge of yon black cloud  
And I hear the gentle patter of the rain.

CHORUS             *So lads put on your stoppers and let us to the hut  
Where we'll gather round and have a friendly game  
While some are playing music and some play ante-up  
And some are gazin' outward at the rain.*

But now the rain is over let the pressers spin the screw  
Let the teamsters back the wagon in again  
And we'll block the classers table by the way we push 'em through  
For everyone is merry since the rain.

CHORUS.     *And the boss he won't be rusty when his sheep they all are shorn  
The ringers wrist won't ache much with the pain  
Of pocketing his cheque for a fifty pound or more  
And the second man will press him hard again.*

Let the boss bring out the bottle let him wet the final flock  
For the shearers here may never meet again  
And some may meet next season some not even then  
For soon we will all vanish like the rain.  
For soon we will all vanish like the rain.



COME WALK WITH ME.

LIZ WESTON

Come walk the woodland ways with me  
And see the graceful birch and bright berried holy tree  
The ancient oak and beechen glade  
Where wren and robin sing in the green and leafy shade  
And underfoot in springtime scented bluebells fill your gaze  
While shy roe deer slip silently along their secret ways  
All this I will show you as we wander hand in hand  
Come walk with me and learn to love the land.

Come walk in meadows by the stream  
And watch the speckled trout and the dancing waters gleam  
The willow branches trail the ground  
And curlew fill the air with their eerie haunting sound  
Tread soft among the meadow flowers where the cattle graze  
And swallows dart and swoop in the dreamy summer's haze  
All this I will show you as we wander hand in hand  
Come walk with me and learn to love the land.

Come walk the moors and lofty fells  
Where soaring skylarks sing and the golden eagle dwells  
The water falls and tumbling ghylls rush sparkling to the sea  
From the high and lonely hills  
In summer smell the honeyed heather in the sunsets glow  
Or try to spot the mountain hare furred white in winter's snow  
All this I will show you as we wander hand in hand  
Come walk with me and learn to love the land.

If on life's path your footsteps roam  
On wandering ways that take you far away from your home  
You'll find the beauty everywhere of seas and mountains lakes and woods  
Which make this earth so fair  
And when with children of your own you tread familiar ways  
To show them all these things you've cherished since your childhood days  
I'll be there beside you as you wander hand in hand  
Saying walk with me and learn to love the land.  
Come walk with me and learn to love the land.

I DREW MY SHIP.

TRADITIONAL.

I drew my ship into the harbour  
I drew it close where my love lay  
I drew it close fine to her window  
To listen to what my love did say.

Who's there who's there close at my window  
Who knocks so loud and would come in  
It is your true love who loves you dearly  
So rise my love and let him in.

Well slowly slowly got she up  
And slowly slowly came she down  
But before she'd got her door unlocked  
Her own true love had come and gone.

He's brisk and braw he's far away  
He's far beyond the raging main  
Where fishes dancing and bright eyes glancing  
Have made him quite forget his own.

YOU AND I.

EWAN MacCOLL & M. WYNDHAM-READ.

You and I have feasted on the golden apples of the sun  
Sailed on wild uncharted seas when day was done.

Between two heart beats we have known the long eternity of joy  
And soared above the fields of space the stars our toys.

I give my heart and gain my soul I'm only free when I am bound  
Within the shelter of your arms I'm lost and found.

You and I have drunk the moon and time nor death cannot subdue  
The part of you that lives in me nor me in you.

The part of me in you will see the kestrel quartering the skies  
The endless play of night and day caught in your eyes.

And the part of you in me will serve to ease the breaking of my heart  
And help to guide me through the night when we must part.

THE BIRDS AMONG THE REEDS.

GRAEME MILES

By hawthorn by blackthorn through bramble through briar  
By hedgerow over meadow down to the stream  
Where I am reminded of the one I still yearn for  
I sit down and ponder just what might have been.  
For it's here we did our courting hand in hand walking  
And we'd listen to the warbling of the birds among the reeds  
For it's here we did our courting hand in hand walking  
And we'd listen to the warbling of the birds among the reeds.

Low on the bank side a solitary willow  
Casts a dark shadow on the silvery flow  
But as winter draws nearer the leaves will turn yellow  
Then one by one tumble in the torrent below  
For it's here we did our courting hand in hand walking  
And we'd listen to the warbling of the birds among the reeds  
For it's here we did our courting hand in hand walking  
And we'd listen to the warbling of the birds among the reeds.

Oh sweet is the hour just as the suns rising  
When night turns in flight and the dew fades away  
But sad is the hour just as the suns setting  
When afternoons gold turns to evenings grey  
For it's here we did our courting hand in hand walking  
And we'd listen to the warbling of the birds among the reeds  
For it's here we did our courting hand in hand walking  
And we'd listen to the warbling of the birds among the reeds.

By hawthorn by blackthorn through bramble through briar  
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And we'd listen to the warbling of the birds among the reeds.

THE FAR AND FATAL SHORE

M. WYNDHAM-READ

On that very day we landed chains and irons on our feet  
Four long months out on the ocean bitter grief and bread to eat  
Fourteen years of transportation for a crime that killed no man  
But the keepers caught then tried us sent us to Van Diemens Land.

Those of us who crossed the ocean to this far and fatal shore  
Knew our lives would change forever and we'd see our homes no more  
Some too weak to stand unaided on the deck they lay alone  
The dead were gathered up together to dark waters they were thrown.

Fourteen years stretched out before me in this fair and shining land  
Where our days are spent in toiling breaking rocks and shifting sand  
But there's joy and not despair now as we're told there will be ways  
For us transports to make homes here and it's where we'll end our days.

There's a lady from old England and from Bristol she was sent  
Seven years for taking clothing just for warmth was her intent  
So we'll join our lives together and out in the bush we'll stay  
Clearing land and running cattle from the dawn to end of day.

So you sent us from old England to this land of dust and flies  
But you never saw the beauty of the bush or starlit skies  
Sent us convicts to Australia while in England you did stay  
Seems to me you got it wrong mate should have been the other way.

STARS OF THE SOUTHERN CROSS

STEPHEN GEE.

Oh the hills and the plains all rise upwards to meet us  
The hot dusty track stretches far out of sight  
As we drive all four thousand merinos before us  
'Till the sun fades and leaves us the coolness of night.

CHORUS.        *Oh the slow burning embers fade weary and dying  
The smoke slowly rises to float far and free  
The sheep all lie easy the long days drive over  
The stars of the Southern Cross shine just for me.*

Oh the hot dusty track soon turns into green pasture  
As we follow the Murray for hour without end  
We drive through the ford down at Albury crossing  
And camp for the night round by Henderson's Bend.

CHORUS.

Oh the native bears slumber the gum trees sway slowly  
The scent of the wattle drifts by on the breeze  
The Blackfellas watch from their Coolibah shelter  
As the mob and the drovers lay down at their ease.

CHORUS.

Tomorrow the sun will beat fiercely down on us  
With the dust and the flies and the dingos wild call  
As we face twelve more hours hard drive in the saddle  
Then bring round the mob as the night starts to fall.

CHORUS.

For twenty long years I have worked in the saddle  
And I dream of the day I'll go droving no more  
My sons drive the sheep from the homestead to market  
As the missus and I watch them go from the door.

ONE SMALL STAR

ERIC BOGLE.

When I need to feel you near me I stand in this quiet place  
With the silver light of countless stars falling on my face  
'Though they all shine so brightly somehow it comforts me to know  
Some who burn the brightest died an eternity ago.

CHORUS     *But your light still shines it's one small star to guide me  
To help me hold back the dark  
And your light still shining in my heart.*

I'm learning how to live without you and I never thought I could  
Even how to smile again I never thought I would  
To cherish the hearts memories that can bring you back to life  
'Though some caress me gently and some cut me like a knife.

CHORUS

Can your soul be out there somewhere beyond the infinity of time  
I guess you've found some answers now I'll have to wait for mine  
'Til my light joins with yours one day to shine through time and space  
And one day fall in a distant age upon some strangers face.

CHORUS.

