

Track Notes *and* Lyrics

for "Our Country"

by The Queensland Tiger

All songs have (lyric) videos on my Youtube channel :
"The Queensland Tiger"

<https://www.youtube.com/channel/UCfB5WnVjXU8uM1kBzwPZZ6w>

<i>Explicit ?</i>	All songs are FCC clean.
<i>GRID :</i>	A10448EGYR00396680
<i>UPC :</i>	9353450394078
<i>Catalogue:</i>	GYR0030896

1. Moreton Bay *written about 1830, or soon after*

length : **4.31**

Words : Francis "Frank the Poet" Macnamara (1810 – 1861)

Tune : Traditional

Violin : Mikhail Bugaev

[Youtube video](#)

Track notes :

ISRC: AUMEV2185286

Using a traditional Irish melody, these words were written by Francis "[Frank the Poet](#)" Macnamara, a rebellious convict. Though an inmate at several penal settlements, [Macnamara](#) had never been an inmate at Moreton Bay, so the story of this song, including the death of [Captain Patrick Logan](#), must have been related to him. As the commandant at the Moreton Bay Penal Settlement, near present day Brisbane, Logan was known as a tyrant and a real flogger, and when killed by the aborigines in 1830, the prisoners were overjoyed, and they celebrated all night.

Macnamara [died](#) a free man in Australia, digging for gold.

He was famous for being able to compose rhyming verse on the spot, and would start his recitations as follows :

Violin by Mikhail Bugaev

" My name is Frank MacNamara

A native of Cashell, County Tipperary

Sworn to be a tyrant's foe

And while I've life I'll crow " .

Lyrics :

One Sunday morning as I went walking, by Brisbane Waters I chanced to stray,
I heard a convict his fate bewailing, as on the sunny river bank he lay ;
"I am a native of Erin's island but banished now from my native shore,
They stole me from my aged parents and from the maiden whom I do adore."

"I've been a prisoner at Port Macquarie, at Norfolk Island and Emu Plains,
At Castle Hill and at cursed Toongabbie, at all these settlements I've been in chains ;
But of all places of condemnation, and penal stations in New South Wales,
To Moreton Bay, I can find no equal : excessive tyranny each day prevails."

"For three long years I was beastly treated, and heavy irons on my legs I wore,
My back with flogging was lacerated, and oftentimes painted with my crimson gore,
And many a man from downright starvation lies mouldering now underneath the clay,
And Captain Logan he had us mangled all at the triangles of Moreton Bay."

"Like the Egyptians and ancient Hebrews, we were oppressed under Logan's yoke,
Till a native black lying there in ambush did deal this tyrant his mortal stroke.
My fellow prisoners, be exhilarated, that all like monsters such a death may find !
And when from bondage we're liberated, our former sufferings shall fade from mind."

2. **The Wild Colonial Boy** *written about 1830, amended later*

length : 9.54

Words : Traditional

Tune : Traditional, arr. The Queensland Tiger

Cello : Lillian Penner

[Youtube video](#)

Track notes :

ISRC: AUMEV2185287

Although given several names, usually with the initials J.D., it seems clear that the real Wild Colonial Boy was [Jack Donahue](#), a rebellious Irishman, transported in 1826. Having arrived in Australia, not only did he escape his captivity, but when recaptured, escaped the hangman's noose, not once, but twice ! Donahue was not tall, but short, strong and extremely agile. He roamed the Parramatta Road for several years, committing robberies, before, refusing to be captured, he was shot dead by the horse police in 1830. He died game, as the song relates.

Cello by Lillian Penner

Lyrics :

[V.1]

There was a wild colonial boy, Jack Donahue by 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 dearly did his parents love the wild colonial boy

[V.2]

At scarcely sixteen years of age he left his native home
A convict to Australia, across the seas to roam
They put him in the iron gang in the government's employ,
But ne'er an iron on earth could hold the wild colonial boy

[CHORUS]

So come away, me hearties,
We'll roam the mountains high,
Together we will plunder,
Together we will die.
We'll wander through the valleys
And we'll gallop o'er the plains,
But we'll scorn to live in slavery,
Bound down by iron chains.

[V.3]

In sixty one this daring youth commenced his wild career
With a heart that knew no danger, no trooper did he fear
He stuck up the Beechworth mail-coach
and he robbed Judge MacEvoy
Who trembling cold, gave up his gold, to the wild colonial boy

[V.4]

He bade the Judge good morning and he told him to beware
That he'd never rob a needy chap or one who acted square
But a judge who'd rob a mother of her one and only joy
Would be a much worse outlaw than the wild colonial boy

[V.5]

And when they sentenced him to hang to end his wild career,
With a loud shout of defiance, bold Donahoe broke clear.
He robbed the wealthy squatters, their stock he did destroy
A terror to Australia was the wild colonial boy

[CHORUS]:

[V.6]

One day as Jack was cruising the mountainside along
A- listening to the kookaburras, their happy laughing song
Three mounted troopers came along, Kelly, Davis and Fitzroy
They thought that they would capture him, the wild colonial boy.

[V.7]

"Surrender now, Jack Donahue, you see it's three to one
Surrender in the king's high name, you daring highwayman!"
Jack drew a pistol from his belt and he waved it like a toy
"I'll fight but not surrender" cried the wild colonial boy

[V.8]

He fired at trooper Kelly, and he brought him to the ground
And in return from Davis, he received a mortal wound
All shattered through the jaw he lay, still firing at Fitzroy
And that's the way they ended him, the wild colonial boy

[CHORUS]:

3. Ballad of Eureka *written in the 1950s about the 1850s*

length : 5.46

Words : Helen Palmer (1917 – 1979)

Tune : Doreen Bridges (1918 -)

Violin : Jessie Morgan, **Cello :** Natasha Jaffe

[Youtube Video](#)

Track notes.

ISRC: AUMEV2185291

This song about the 1850s Goldrush was written by two women writers, [Helen Palmer](#), and [Doreen Bridges](#) in the 1950s. It found its way into the “folk musical” [Reedy River](#), which premiered in 1953. The [Ballad of Eureka](#) tells the story of the 1854 rebellion of the miners on the Victorian goldfields over the license tax ... which was payable whether or not a miner found gold. The miners took a stand against the tax, and the story became famous as a fight for rights. The miners came from many nations, but they were led by Irishman [Peter Lalor](#), who lost an arm in the battle, and later became a member of Parliament. [The Eureka Rebellion](#), often referred to as just “The Eureka Stockade”, brought about many much needed political changes in Australia.

Violin by Jessie Morgan. Cello by Natasha Jaffe

Lyrics :

[V.1]

They're leaving ship and station,
They're leaving bench and fold,
They're pouring out from
Melbourne
To join the search for gold.

The face of town and country
Is changing every day,
But rulers keep on ruling
The old colonial way.

[V.2]

“How can we work the diggings
And learn how fortune feels
If all the traps forever
Are yelping at our heels ? ”

“ If you've enough,” says Lalor,
“ Of all their little games,
Then go and get your license
And throw it on the flames ! ”

[V.3]

“ The law is out to get us
And make us bow in fear.
They call us foreign rebels
Who'd plant the Charter here ! ”

“ They may be right,” says Lalor,
“ But if they show their braid,
We'll stand our ground and hold it
Behind a bush stockade ! ”

[V.4]

It's down with pick and shovel,
A rifle's needed now ;
They come to raise a standard,
They come to make a vow :

“ Here in the name of freedom,
Whatever be our loss,
We swear to stand together
Beneath the Southern Cross.”

[V.5]

It is a Sunday morning.
The miners' camp is still ;
Two hundred flashing redcoats
Come marching to the hill.

Come marching up the gully
With muskets firing low ;
And diggers wake from dreaming
To hear the bugle blow.

[V.6]

The wounded and the dying
Lie silent in the sun,
But change will not be halted
By any redcoat's gun.

There's not a flag in Europe
More rousing to the will
Than the flag of stars that flutters
Above Eureka's Hill.

[V.7]

There's not a flag in Europe
More lovely to the eye,
Than is the blue and silver
Against a southern sky.

There's not a flag in Europe
More lovely to behold,
Than floats above Eureka
Where diggers work the gold.

4. Andy's Gone with Cattle *written in 1888*

length : 3.22

Words : Henry Lawson (1867 – 1922)

Tune : Hugh McDonald (1954 – 2016)

Violin : John-Joe Murray

[Youtube video](#)

Track notes :

ISRC: AUMEV2185292

One of [Henry Lawson's](#) earliest and most popular poems, "[Andy's Gone with Cattle](#)" tells of the hardships and separation caused by life on the land, and of cattle droving. It's often thought that this poem tells the story from the point of view of Andy's mother, who stays behind with the rest of the family on the station homestead, while Andy goes droving. He's away for months at a time. This poem has a sequel, called "Andy's Return", written in the same year.

When this poem was published, an editor made changes to Verse 1, Line 2 so it read, "**Our hearts are out of order**", and Verse 1, Line 6 became "**Our thoughts with him are roving**" and several other changes. However, the original second line is "**'Gainst Drought, the red marauder**" and sixth line : "**Our hearts with him are roving**"

The tune is by the late [Hugh McDonald](#), one of his best.

Violin by John-Joe Murray.

Lyrics :

[V.1]

Our Andy's gone to battle now
'Gainst Drought, the red marauder;
Our Andy's gone with cattle now
Across the Queensland border.
He's left us in dejection now ;
Our hearts with him are roving.
It's dull on this selection now,
Since Andy went a-droving.

[V.2]

Who now shall wear the cheerful face
In times when things are slackest ?
And who shall whistle round the place
When Fortune frowns her blackest ?
Oh, who shall cheek the squatter now
When he comes round us snarling ?
His tongue is growing hotter now
Since Andy cross'd the Darling.

[V.3]

The gates are out of order now,
In storms the 'riders' rattle ;
For far across the border now
Our Andy's gone with cattle.
Poor Aunty's looking thin and white ;
And Uncle's cross with worry ;
And poor old Blucher howls all night
Since Andy left Macquarie.

[V.4]

Oh may the showers in torrents fall,
And all the tanks run over ;
And may the grass grow green and tall
In pathways of the drover ;
And may good angels send the rain
On desert stretches sandy ;
And when the summer comes again
God grant 'twill bring us Andy.

=====

5. **Clancy of the Overflow** *written in 1888*

length : 5.50

Words : Banjo Paterson (1864 – 1941)

Tune : Albert Arlen (1905 – 1993)

Flute and cello : Lillian Penner

[Youtube video](#)

Track notes :

ISRC: AUMEV2185294

A very popular literary theme in Australia in the late 19th century was “City vs. Bush” . [Banjo Paterson](#) and [Henry Lawson](#) had a long debate about it, in verse, in the pages of [The Bulletin](#). This poem shows where Banjo Paterson stood on the matter. But according to Lawson, Paterson’s view of “the bush” was way too romantic.

The character of [Clancy of the Overflow](#) is said to be based on a man named Thomas Clancy. The story is this : Paterson, a lawyer by profession, was seeking the whereabouts of a shearer named Clancy in a legal matter. So he addressed a letter to him simply as “Clancy of the Overflow”, the Overflow being a station south of Cobar in New South Wales. He got a one line reply “ `Clancy's gone to Queensland droving, and we don't know where he are.’ The simplicity and rhythm of this response set Banjo Paterson to writing his famous poem. With its description of a city’s squalor, oppression, and pollution , the poem has quite a modern feel to it.

Clancy of the Overflow appears in another of Paterson’s poems : “The Man from Snowy River” .

Flute and cello by Lillian Penner.

Lyrics : -----

[V.1] I had written him a letter which I had, for want of better knowledge
Sent to where I met him down the Lachlan, years ago,
He was shearing when I knew him, so I sent the letter to him,
Just `on spec', addressed as follows, **‘Clancy, of The Overflow ‘**

[V.2] And an answer came directed in a writing unexpected,
(And I think the same was written with a thumb-nail dipped in tar)
'Twas his shearing mate who wrote it, and verbatim I will quote it:
‘Clancy's gone to Queensland droving, and we don't know where he are.’

[V.3] In my wild erratic fancy visions come to me of Clancy
Gone a-droving `down the Cooper' where the Western drovers go;
As the stock are slowly stringing, Clancy rides behind them singing,
For the drover's life has pleasures that the townfolk never know

[V.5] I am sitting in my dingy little office, where a stingy
Ray of sunlight struggles feebly down between the houses tall,
And the fetid air and gritty of the dusty, dirty city
Through the open window floating, spreads its foulness over all

[V.6] And in place of lowing cattle, I can hear the fiendish rattle
Of the tramways and the 'buses making hurry down the street,
And the language uninviting of the gutter children fighting,
Comes fitfully and faintly through the ceaseless tramp of feet. ...

[V.7] And the hurrying people daunt me, and their pallid faces haunt me
As they shoulder one another in their rush and nervous haste,
With their eager eyes and greedy, and their stunted forms and weedy,
For townfolk have no time to grow, they have no time to waste. ...

[V.4]

And the bush hath friends to meet him
and their kindly voices greet him
In the murmur of the breezes
and the river on its bars,
And he sees the vision splendid
of the sunlit plains extended,
And at night the wond'rous glory
of the everlasting stars. ...

[V.8]

And I somehow rather fancy
that I'd like to change with Clancy
Like to take a turn at droving
where the seasons come and go,
While he faced the round eternal
of the cash-book and the journal
But I doubt he'd suit the office,
Clancy, of `The Overflow '.

=====

6. Give Me a Hut or The Dear Native Girl

written about 1894

length : 3.58

Words : Traditional

Tune : Traditional

Violin : Jessie Morgan

Cello : Natasha Jaffe

[Youtube video](#)

Track notes :

ISRC: AUMEV2185295

This poem appeared in The [Queenslander](#) on 8 September 1894, apparently written to the tune of the American song “Gum Tree Canoe”, though the melody underwent some change. The song shows how much people had come to love the Australian bush - how they had come to feel at home in it – and their happiness sharing it with “the dear native girl.” Some of the language is interesting : it refers to the dingo as the “the wild native dog” , and the koala as the “native bear”.

Violin by Jessie Morgan. Cello by Natasha Jaffe.

Lyrics :

[V.1]

Australia, dear land of my childhood, and birth,
I think of you still amidst beauty and mirth;
Your forests, your mountains their charms have for me,
And the dear native girl who will share it with me.

----- [CHORUS] -----

Then give me a hut in my own native land.
Or a tent in the bush with the mountains so grand ;
With the scenes of my childhood contented I'll be,
And the dear native girl who will share it with me.

[V.2]

I love far to roam where the emu does stray,
Where the wild native dog cries aloud for his prey,
Where the kangaroo, wallaroo and wombat so rare
Are found with the scrub turkey and native bear.

----- [CHORUS] -----

Then give me a hut in my own native land.
Or a tent in the bush with the mountains so grand ;
With the scenes of my childhood contented I'll be,
And the dear native girl who will share it with me.

[V.3]

How pleasant to rise at the dawn of the day,
And chase the wild horse o'er the hills far away,
Where he'll prance and he'll snort all alone in his glee
Until he's run down by hearts bold and free.

----- [CHORUS] -----

Then give me a hut in my own native land.
Or a tent in the bush with the mountains so grand ;
With the scenes of my childhood contented I'll be,
And the dear native girl who will share it with me.

[V.4]

When winter winds whistle and blast the sweet flowers,
How happy and cheerful we'll then pass the hours
With the friends of our youth in song or in glee,
And the dear native girl who will share it with me.

----- [CHORUS] -----

Then give me a hut in my own native land.
Or a tent in the bush with the mountains so grand ;
With the scenes of my childhood contented I'll be,
And the dear native girl who will share it with me.

7. The Man from Snowy River *published in 1890*

length : 12.20

Words : A. B. "Banjo" Paterson (1864 – 1941)

Tune : The Queensland Tiger

Violin : Jessie Morgan

Cello : Natasha Jaffe

[Youtube video](#)

Track notes :

ISRC: AUMEV2185296

This famous poem by [Banjo Paterson](#) has always been popular. “ [The Man from Snowy River](#) ” is a thrilling tale about bushmen and horses, and courage and skill. It’s also about the victory of the underdog “ [The Man from Snowy River](#) ” has been made into several movies, a TV series, and even has a [museum](#) named after it (in Corryong, Victoria).

Like Clancy of the Overflow, there have been many attempts to identify the man upon whom The Man from Snowy River is based. There are many contenders, all expert horsemen, who had done great feats of daring, and some of whom Banjo Paterson knew personally. Paterson was asked about this, and he said that his hero was not just one man, but a combination of different characters he knew.

This poem, which has 13 verses, has been set to music many times. This is a new melody by The Queensland Tiger.

Violin by Jessie Morgan. Cello by Natasha Jaffe.

Lyrics :

----- [V.1] -----

There was movement at the station, for the word had passed
around
That the colt from Old Regret had got away,
And had joined the wild bush horses - he was worth a thousand
pound,
So all the cracks had gathered to the fray.
All the tried and noted riders from the stations near and far
Had mustered at the homestead overnight,
For the bushmen love hard riding where the wild bush horses are,
And the stock-horse snuffs the battle with delight.

----- [V.2] -----

There was Harrison, who made his pile when Pardon won the cup,
The old man with his hair as white as snow;
But few could ride beside him when his blood was fairly up —
He would go wherever horse and man could go.
And Clancy of the Overflow came down to lend a hand,
No better horseman ever held the reins;
For never horse could throw him while the saddle girths would
stand,
He learnt to ride while droving on the plains.

----- [V.3] -----

And one was there, a stripling on a small and weedy beast;
He was something like a racehorse undersized,
With a touch of Timor pony — three parts thoroughbred at least —
And such as are by mountain horsemen prized.
He was hard and tough and wiry — just the sort that won't say die

—
There was courage in his quick impatient tread;
And he bore the badge of gameness in his bright and fiery eye,
And the proud and lofty carriage of his head.

----- [V.4] -----

But still so slight and weedy, one would doubt his power to stay,
And the old man said, "That horse will never do
For a long and tiring gallop - lad, you'd better stop away,
Those hills are far too rough for such as you."
So he waited sad and wistful — only Clancy stood his friend —
"I think we ought to let him come," he said;
"I warrant he'll be with us when he's wanted at the end,
For both his horse and he are mountain bred."

[V.5]

"He hails from Snowy River, up by Kosciusko's side,
Where the hills are twice as steep and twice as rough,
Where a horse's hoofs strike firelight from the flint stones every
stride,

The man that holds his own is good enough.
And the Snowy River riders on the mountains make their home,
Where the river runs those giant hills between;
I have seen full many horsemen since I first commenced to roam,
But nowhere yet such horsemen have I seen."

[V.6]

So he went; they found the horses by the big mimosa clump,
They raced away towards the mountain's brow,
And the old man gave his orders, "Boys, go at them from the jump,
No use to try for fancy riding now.

And, Clancy, you must wheel them, try and wheel them to the
right.

Ride boldly, lad, and never fear the spills,
For never yet was rider that could keep the mob in sight,
If once they gain the shelter of those hills."

[V.7]

So Clancy rode to wheel them — he was racing on the wing
Where the best and boldest riders take their place,
And he raced his stockhorse past them, and he made the ranges
ring

With the stockwhip, as he met them face to face.
Then they halted for a moment, while he swung the dreaded lash,
But they saw their well-loved mountain full in view,
And they charged beneath the stockwhip with a sharp and sudden
dash,
And off into the mountain scrub they flew.

[V.8]

Then fast the horsemen followed, where the gorges deep and black
Resounded to the thunder of their tread,
And the stockwhips woke the echoes, and they fiercely answered
back

From cliffs and crags that beetled overhead.
And upward, ever upward, the wild horses held their way,
Where Mountain Ash and Kurrajong grew wide;
And the old man muttered fiercely, "We may bid the mob good
day,
No man can hold them down the other side."

[V.9]

When they reached the mountain's summit, even Clancy took a
pull -

It well might make the boldest hold their breath;
The wild hop scrub grew thickly, and the hidden ground was full
Of wombat holes, and any slip was death.
But the man from Snowy River let the pony have his head,
And he swung his stockwhip round and gave a cheer,
And he raced him down the mountain like a torrent down its bed,
While the others stood and watched in very fear.

[V.10]

He sent the flint-stones flying, but the pony kept his feet,
He cleared the fallen timbers in his stride,
And the man from Snowy River never shifted in his seat —
It was grand to see that mountain horseman ride.
Through the stringy barks and saplings, on the rough and broken
ground,
Down the hillside at a racing pace he went;
And he never drew the bridle till he landed safe and sound,
At the bottom of that terrible descent.

[V.11]

He was right among the horses as they climbed the farther hill
And the watchers on the mountain standing mute,
Saw him ply the stockwhip fiercely; he was right among them still,
As he raced across the clearing in pursuit.
Then they lost him for a moment, where two mountain gullies met
In the ranges - but a final glimpse reveals
On a dim and distant hillside the wild horses racing yet,
With the man from Snowy River at their heels.

[V.12]

And he ran them single-handed till their sides were white with
foam.
He followed like a bloodhound on their track,
Till they halted cowed and beaten, then he turned their heads for
home,
And alone and unassisted brought them back.
But his hardy mountain pony he could scarcely raise a trot,
He was blood from hip to shoulder from the spur;
But his pluck was still undaunted, and his courage fiery hot,
For never yet was mountain horse a cur.

[V.13]

And down by Kosciusko, where the pine-clad ridges raise
Their torn and rugged battlements on high,
Where the air is clear as crystal, and the white stars fairly blaze
At midnight in the cold and frosty sky,
And where around the Overflow the reed-beds sweep and sway
To the breezes, and the rolling plains are wide,
The man from Snowy River is a household word today,
And the stockmen tell the story of his ride.

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8. Freedom on the Wallaby *published in 1891*

length : 4.23

Words : Henry Lawson (1867 – 1922)

Tune : Chris Kempster / Traditional

Violin and cello : Lillian Penner

[Youtube video](#)

Track notes :

ISRC: AUMEV2185298

[Henry Lawson](#) wrote this poem in support of the shearers in the [Great Shearers' Strike of 1891](#). At the time, he was working for [The Boomerang](#) in Brisbane, a newspaper founded by [William Lane](#). Parts of this poem, especially the last four lines, were read aloud in the Queensland parliament, and there were calls for the arrest of Henry Lawson on a charge of sedition. Lawson left Brisbane soon after.

The final four lines of the poem are :

**“We'll make the tyrants feel the sting
O' those that they would throttle ;
They needn't say the fault is ours
If blood should stain the wattle ! ”**

Violin and cello by Lillian Penner

Lyrics :

[V.1]

Our fathers toiled for bitter bread
While loafers thrived beside 'em,
But food to eat and clothes to wear,
Their native land denied 'em.
An' so they left their native land
In spite of their devotion,
An' so they came, or if they stole,
Were sent across the ocean.

[CHORUS]

Australia's a big country
An' Freedom's humping bluey,
An' Freedom's on the wallaby
Oh! don't you hear 'er cooey ?
She's just begun to boomerang,
She'll knock the tyrants silly,
She's goin' to light another fire
And boil another billy.

[V.2]

Then Freedom couldn't stand the glare
O' Royalty's regalia,
She left the loafers where they were,
An' came out to Australia.
But now across the mighty main
The chains have come ter bind her —
She little thought to see again
The wrongs she left behind her.

[CHORUS]

[V.3]

Our parents toil'd to make a home —
Hard grubbin 'twas an' clearin' —
They wasn't crowded much with lords
When they was pioneering.
But now that we have made the land
A garden full of promise,
Old Greed must crook 'is dirty hand
And come ter take it from us.

[CHORUS]

[V.4]

So we must fly a rebel flag,
As others did before us,
And we must sing a rebel song
And join in rebel chorus.
We'll make the tyrants feel the sting
O' those that they would throttle ;
They needn't say the fault is ours
If blood should stain the wattle !

9. Waltzing Matilda – The Queensland version written in 1895, published in 1903 length : 5.02

Words : A. B. “Banjo” Paterson (1864 – 1941)

Tune : Traditional

Accordion : Slobodan Lekic

[Youtube video](#)

Track notes :

ISRC: AUMEV2185300

This song was written by [Banjo Paterson](#) to a tune he heard played on the autoharp by his friend [Christina Macpherson](#) at Dagworth Station near Winton, Queensland in 1895. This tune was a march, which Christina had heard at the Warrnambool races a year before, but Paterson fashioned it to fit the words of the poem he wrote. At the time, The Great Shearers Strike was still raging, and the words written were based on the true story of a man, an out-of-work shearer, who had been involved in the uprising, and had died at a local waterhole, which was in fact on the Macpherson property.

There are several versions of this song : this is “The Queensland Version”, not the later Marie Cowan version, which is perhaps better known. The words of the Queensland version are closer (but not identical) to what Banjo Paterson wrote at Dagworth Station.

Accordion by Slobodan Lekic.

Lyrics : ----- Words of “The Queensland Version” -----

----- [V.1] -----

Oh there once was a swagman camped in a billabong
Under the shade of a Coolibah tree
And he sang as he looked at his old billy boiling
“Who'll come a waltzing Matilda with me ?”

[CHORUS 1]

“ Waltzing Matilda, Matilda, my darling
Who'll come a'waltzing Matilda with me ? “
And he sang as he looked at his old billy boiling
“ Who'll come a'waltzing Matilda with me ? “

----- [V.2] -----

Down came a jumbuck to drink at the water hole
Up jumped the swagman and grabbed him with glee
And he sang as he stowed him away in his tucker bag
“You'll come a'waltzing Matilda with me”

[CHORUS 2]

“ Waltzing Matilda, Matilda, my darling
You'll come a'waltzing Matilda with me “
And he sang as he stowed him away in his tucker bag,
“ You'll come a'waltzing Matilda with me. “

----- [V.3] -----

Down came the squatter a'riding his thoroughbred
Down came policemen one two three
“ Whose is the jumbuck you've got in your tucker bag ?
“You'll come a'waltzing Matilda with me”

[CHORUS 3]

“ Waltzing Matilda, Matilda, my darling
You'll come a'waltzing Matilda with me
Whose is the jumbuck you've got in your tucker bag ?
You'll come a'waltzing Matilda with me “

----- [V.4] -----

But the swagman he up and he jumped in the water hole
Drowning himself by the Coolibah tree
And his ghost may be heard as it sings in the billabong
“ Who'll come a'waltzing Matilda with me ? ”

[CHORUS 4]

“ Waltzing Matilda, Matilda, my darling
Who'll come a'waltzing Matilda with me ? “
And his ghost may be heard as it sings in the
billabong
“ Who'll come a'waltzing Matilda with me ? “

[FINAL CHORUS]

“ Waltzing Matilda, Matilda, my darling
Who'll come a'waltzing Matilda with me ? “
Waltzing Matilda and leading a water bag
“ Who'll come a'waltzing Matilda with me ? “

=====

10. Lachlan Tigers *approximately end of 1890s, early 1900s*

length : 4.11

Words : Traditional

Tune : Traditional

Violin : Jessie Morgan Cello : Natasha Jaffe Flute and Whistles : Paul Johnson

[Youtube video](#)

Track notes :

ISRC: AUMEV2185303

Australia has produced many shearing songs, and this is one of the best. Shearing was a seasonal job, but the work was hard and intense, and very competitive, shearers being paid on the number of sheep they shored. A tally of 100 sheep (“the century”) in a single day was regarded as a very respectable total. [Jackie Howe](#), (1861 – 1920) mentioned in the second verse, shored [321 sheep](#) in a single day (7 hours, 40 minutes) with blade shears at Alice Downs station outside Blackall in Queensland in 1892. It’s thought that this record will never be broken. On the day in question, legend has it he wore a [blue singlet](#), which has been known ever since as a “Jackie Howe”. Jackie Howe was at his top as a shearer during the 1890s, which was the era of The Great Shearers Strike, and he was a strong trade unionist. The song seems to have been written after he retired.

Violin by Jessie Morgan. Cello by Natasha Jaffe. Flute and Whistles by Paul Johnson

Lyrics :

[VERSE 1]

Now at his gate each shearer stood as the whistle loudly
blew
With eyebrows fixed and lips compressed, the tigers all bent
to
You can hear the clicking of the shears as through the wool
they glide
See the gun al-ready turn , he's on the whipping side

[CHORUS]

A lot of Lachlan tigers it’s plain to see we are
Hark to our burly ringer as he loudly calls for tar
'Tar Here' calls one and quick the tar boy flies
'Sweep those locks a-way' another loudly cries

[VERSE 2]

The scene it is a lively one and ought to be admired
There hasn’t been a better board since Jacky Howe expired
Along the board the gaffer walks, his face all in a frown
And passing by the ringer says, “ You watch, my lad, keep
down

[VERSE 3]

..... For I must have their bellies off and topknots too
likewise
My eye is quick so none of your tricks or from me you will
fly”
My curse on that contractor ! He's never on our side
To shear a decent tally, me boys, in vain I've often tried

[CHORUS]

A lot of Lachlan tigers it’s plain to see we are
Hark to our burly ringer as he loudly calls for tar
'Tar Here' calls one and quick the tar boy flies
'Sweep those locks a-way' another loudly cries

[VERSE 4]

I have a pair of Ward and Paine's that are both bright and
new
I'll rig them up and let you see what I can really do
For I've shored on the Riverine where they shear 'em by the
score
But such as tally as this to clip, I've never seen before

[CHORUS]

A lot of Lachlan tigers it’s plain to see we are
Hark to our burly ringer as he loudly calls for tar
'Tar Here' calls one and quick the tar boy flies
'Sweep those locks a-way' another loudly cries

=====

11. My Country *written between 1904 and 1908, published in 1908*

length : 5.17

Words : Dorothea Mackellar (1885 – 1968)

Tune : Jackie Trent and Tony Hatch

Cello : Natasha Jaffe

[Youtube video](#)

Track notes :

ISRC: AUMEV2185304

Dorothea Mackellar was born in Sydney, but when young spent a lot of time around the rural area of Gunnedah in New South Wales. Her father was a doctor, and she had received a private education. As a young woman who spoke several languages, she travelled to Europe. When about 20, she found herself living in London, and feeling homesick, and started work on a poem, called "Core of My Heart", which was eventually published in the The London Spectator magazine in 1908. This poem became famous, but had its name changed to "My Country"

The first verse refers to England, and the way the English feel about their country. Some Australians regarded themselves as English, but Dorothea clearly shows how she felt, especially in the second verse, which has become very well known (quoted)

In nearly all musical settings, this second verse becomes the chorus of the song. The lyrics below, including the order of the verses, are taken from a [website](#) dedicated to Dorothea Mackellar. This tune is by UK duo [Jackie Trent](#) and [Tony Hatch](#), who wrote it while living in Australia in the 1980s.

Cello by Natasha Jaffe

I love a sunburnt country,
A land of sweeping plains,
Of ragged mountain ranges,
Of droughts and flooding rains.
I love her far horizons,
I love her jewel-sea,
Her beauty and her terror –
The wide brown land for me !

Lyrics :

The love of field and coppice,
Of green and shaded lanes.
Of ordered woods and gardens
Is running in your veins,
Strong love of grey-blue distance
Brown streams and soft, dim skies
I know but cannot share it,
My love is otherwise.

[CHORUS]

I love a sunburnt country,
A land of sweeping plains,
Of ragged mountain ranges,
Of droughts and flooding rains.
I love her far horizons,
I love her jewel-sea,
Her beauty and her terror –
The wide brown land for me !

[Australia for me !]

A stark white ring-barked forest
All tragic to the moon,
The sapphire-misted mountains,
The hot gold hush of noon.
Green tangle of the brushes,
Where lithe lianas coil,
And orchids deck the tree-tops
And ferns the warm dark soil.

Core of my heart, my country !
Her pitiless blue sky,
When sick at heart, around us
We see the cattle die –
But then the grey clouds gather,
And we can bless again
The drumming of an army,
The steady, soaking rain

[CHORUS]

Core of my heart, my country !
Land of the Rainbow Gold,
For flood and fire and famine,
She pays us back threefold –
Over the thirsty paddocks,
Watch, after many days,
The filmy veil of greenness
That thickens as we gaze.

An opal-hearted country,
A wilful, lavish land –
All you who have not loved her,
You will not understand –
Though Earth holds many splendours,
Wherever I may die,
I know to what brown country
My homing thoughts will fly.

[CHORUS]

[Australia for me ! x3]

12. The Route March *written in 1915*

length : 3.00

Words : Henry Lawson (1867 – 1922)

Tune : Ade Monsbourgh (1917 – 2006)

Cello, Flute and backing vocals : Lillian Penner

[Youtube video](#)

Track notes :

ISRC: AUMEV2185306

[Henry Lawson](#) wrote this poem about the thousands of troops seen parading through the streets with great fanfare before going off to fight in World War 1 (1914 – 1918) . This is a fairly strong anti-war poem, written quite early in the war. It was written in 1915, the same year as the campaign at [Gallipoli](#), which cost so many lives, but before the huge battles that caused the great losses on the [Western Front](#), where many more Australians died.

The original poem has only the words “[Oh my brothers](#)”, but modern versions add “[Oh my sisters](#)”.

Cello, flute and backing vocals by Lillian Penner.

Lyrics :

[V.1]

Did you hear the children singing, O my brothers ? O my sisters ?
Did you hear the children singing as our troops went marching past ?
In the sunshine and the rain,
As they'll never sing again —
Hear the little school-girls singing as our troops went swinging past ?

[V.2]

Did you hear the children singing, O my brothers ? O my sisters ?
Did you hear the children singing for the first man and the last ?
As they marched away and vanished,
To a tune we thought was banished —
Did you hear the children singing for the future and the past ?

[V.3]

Shall you hear the children singing, O my brothers ? O my sisters ?
Shall you hear the children singing in the sunshine or the rain ?
There'll be sobs beneath the ringing
Of the cheers, and 'neath the singing
There'll be tears of orphan children when Our Boys come back again !

=====

13. Humping the Drum *written between the wars*

length : 4.26

Words : Traditional

Tune : Traditional

Cello : Natasha Jaffe

[Youtube video](#)

Track notes :

ISRC: AUMEV2185307

The expression “Humping the Drum” just means to carry a swag. This song was written between the world wars, and refers to many events from Australian history from the 1890s on. It expresses very well the feeling of despair felt during the Great Depression when thousands of men, many of them soldiers from The Great War, went “on the wallaby track”, with very little prospect of work. The poem has been rewritten to some extent since that time, (e.g. it refers to The Great War as WW1) and some of the references to history and geography are not that clear, but it remains a very evocative song.

Cello by Natasha Jaffe.

Lyrics :

[V.1]

I've humped my drum from Kingdom Come
To the back of the Milky Way
I boiled my quart on the Cape of York
And I starved last Christmas Day.
I crossed the Murray and I drank in Cloncurry
Where they charged a bob a nip
And I worked on the Gulf where the cattle are duffed
And the squatters let them rip.

[V.2]

I courted Flo in Jericho,
And Jane at old Blackall,
I said farewell to the Sydney belle
At the doors of the Eulo hall.
I danced with Kit when the lamps were lit
And with Doll when the dance broke up
And I flung my hat on the Myall track
When Bowman won the Cup

[V.3]

I laughed aloud with the merry crowd
In the City of the Plains
I sweated too on Ondoaroo
While bogged in those big bore drains
I wheeled my bike from the Shearer's Strike
Not wanting a funeral shroud
And I made the weight for the Flying Stakes
But I dodged the lynching crowd

[V.4]

I carried a gun through World War One
Then went on the track again
From Omeo to Bendigo
To Bourke and back again
I shed some tears in the hungry years
When jobs were short and few
Then I packed up a swag and an old tucker bag
There was nothing else to do.

[V.5]

I've worked from dawn in the fields of corn
Till the sun was out of sight
I've cause to know the Great Byno
And the Great Australian Bight
I've cast a line on the Condamine
On the Paroo, and Macleay
Yes, I've humped my drum from Kingdom Come
To the back of the Milky Way.

[ENDING]

Yes, I've humped my drum from Kingdom Come
To the back of the Milky Way.

14. No Foe Shall Gather Our Harvest *written in 1940*

length : 5.22

Words : Mary Gilmore (1865 – 1962)

Tune : Maggie Somerville

Backing vocals and violin : Jessie Morgan

[Youtube video](#)

Track notes :

ISRC: AUMEV2185308

[Mary Gilmore](#) wrote this classic poem early in the second world war, when the threat to Australia was apparent. She was then 75, and said : *“I’m too old to do many of the things I would like to do to win the war, but I can still write. Here is a song for the men and women of Australia.”* Published in [The Australian Women’s Weekly](#) on [29th June, 1940](#), it is interesting to note that Dame Mary, (as she had become in 1937) refers to her poem as “a song”.

Verse 4, line 3 reads : *“We are the sons of the women”*, but I have changed it to *“We are the daughters of women”* in order to modernize it.

The tune is by Maggie Somerville. Backing vocals and violin by Jessie Morgan.

Lyrics :

[V.1]

Sons of the mountains of Scotland,
Clansmen from correi and kyle,
Bred on the moors of England,
Children of Erin’s green isle,
We stand four-square to the tempest,
Whatever the battering hail —
**No foe shall gather our harvest,
Or sit on our stockyard rail. (X2)**

[V.2]

Our women shall walk in honor,
Our children shall know no chain,
This land that is ours forever
The invader shall strike at in vain.
Anzac ! Tobruk ! and Kokoda !
Could ever the old blood fail ?
**No foe shall gather our harvest,
Or sit on our stockyard rail. (X2)**

[V.3]

So hail-fellow-met we muster,
And hail-fellow-met fall in,
Wherever the guns may thunder,
Or the rocketing “air mail” spin !
Born of the soil and the whirlwind,
Though death itself be the gale —
**No foe shall gather our harvest,
Or sit on our stockyard rail. (X2)**

[V.4]

We are the sons of Australia,
Of the men who fashioned the land,
We are the daughters of women
Who walked with them, hand in hand ;
And we swear by the dead who bore us,
By the heroes who blazed the trail,
**No foe shall gather our harvest,
Or sit on our stockyard rail. (X2)**

The End of the Album