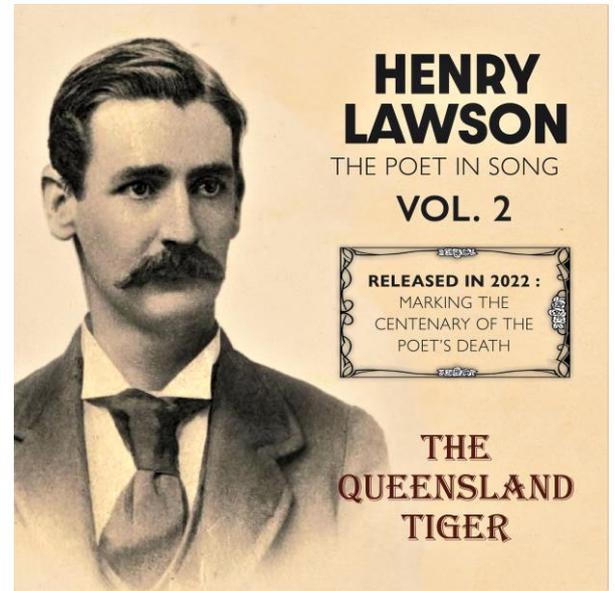




Explicit ?	All songs are FCC clean, except Track 1
GRID :	A10448EGYR0096671M
UPC :	9360098023222
Catalogue	GYR0058470



[LINKTREE](#)

Click Smart-Link for 30 sec. samples :

<https://gyro.to/HenryLawsonthepoetinsongVol2>

Lyrics for

“Henry Lawson (the poet in song) Vol.2”

by *The Queensland Tiger*

Track No.	Name of song	Tune by	Accompanists	Timing
1.	The Captain of the Push (1892)	Richard Williams	cello and flute by Lillian Penner	9.42
2.	A Prouder Man than You (1892)	Mike Jackson	flute by Paul Johnson , cello by Natasha Jaffe	2.56
3.	The Old Rebel Flag in the Rear (1892)	Chris Kempster	violin by Jessie Morgan	9.27
4.	Saint Peter (1893)	Peter Duggan	violin by Jessie Morgan cello by Natasha Jaffe	2.36
5.	Sweeney (1893)	Slim Dusty	violin by Jessie Morgan	13.18
6.	The Emigration to New Zealand (1893)	Phil Garland	cello by Natasha Jaffe	5.21
7.	The Outside Track (1896)	Gerry Hallom	viola by Mikhail Bugaev cello by Natasha Jaffe	7.05
8.	Reedy River (1896)	Chris Kempster	violin by Mikhail Bugaev	5.55
9.	The Lights of Cobb and Co. (1897)	Gerry Hallom	violin & backing vocals by Jessie Morgan, cello by Natasha Jaffe	10.34
10.	“Knocking Around ” (1898)	Garth Porter	violin by Lillian Penner	5.12

1. The Captain of the Push (1892)

length : 9.42

Tune : Richard Williams

Cello and Flute : Lillian Penner

[Youtube video](#)

ISRC: AUGBT2218327

The Captain of the Push

As the night was falling slowly down on city, town and bush,
From a slum in Jones's Alley sloped the Captain of the Push;
And he scowled towards the North, and he scowled towards the South,
As he hooked his little finger in the corners of his mouth.
Then his whistle, loud and shrill, woke the echoes of the 'Rocks',
And a dozen ghouls came sloping round the corners of the blocks.

There was nought to rouse their anger; yet the oath that each one swore
Seemed less fit for publication than the one that went before.
For they spoke the gutter language with the easy flow that comes
Only to the men whose childhood knew the brothels and the slums.
Then they spat in turns, and halted; and the one that came behind,
Spitting fiercely on the pavement, called on Heaven to strike him blind.

Let us first describe the captain, bottle-shouldered, pale and thin,
For he was the beau-ideal of a Sydney larrikin;
E'en his hat was most suggestive of the city where we live,
With a gallows-tilt that no one, save a larrikin, can give;
And the coat, a little shorter than the writer would desire,
Showed a more or less uncertain portion of his strange attire.

That which tailors know as 'trousers' — known by him as 'bloomin' bags' —
Hanging loosely from his person, swept, with tattered ends, the flags;
And he had a pointed sternpost to the boots that peeped below
(Which he laced up from the centre of the nail of his great toe),
And he wore his shirt uncollar'd, and the tie correctly wrong;
But I think his vest was shorter than should be in one so long.

And the captain crooked his finger at a stranger on the kerb,
Whom he qualified politely with an adjective and verb,
And he begged the Gory Bleeders that they wouldn't interrupt
Till he gave an introduction — it was painfully abrupt —
'Here's the bleedin' push, me covey — here's a (something) from the bush !
Strike me dead, he wants to join us ! ' said the captain of the push.

Said the stranger: 'I am nothing but a bushy and a dunce;
'But I read about the Bleeders in the *Weekly Gasbag* once;
'Sitting lonely in the humpy when the wind began to "whoosh,"
'How I longed to share the dangers and the pleasures of the push !
'Gosh ! I hate the swells and good 'uns — I could burn 'em in their beds;
'I am with you, if you'll have me, and I'll break their blazing heads.'

'Now, look here,' exclaimed the captain to the stranger from the bush,
'Now, look here — suppose a feller was to spit upon the push,
'Would you lay for him and fetch him, even if the traps were round ?
'Would you lay him out and kick him to a jelly on the ground ?
'Would you jump upon the nameless — kill, or cripple him, or both ?
'Speak ? or else I'll *speak* ! ' The stranger answered, ' My kerlonial oath ! '

'Now, look here,' exclaimed the captain to the stranger from the bush,
'Now, look here — suppose the Bleeders let you come and join the push,
'Would you smash a bleedin' bobby if you got the blank alone ?
'Would you break a swell or Chinkie — split his garret with a stone ?
'Would you have a "moll" to keep yer — like to swear off work for good ? '
'Yes, my oath ! ' replied the stranger. 'My kerlonial oath ! I would ! '

'Now, look here,' exclaimed the captain to the stranger from the bush,
'Now, look here — before the Bleeders let yer come and join the push,
'You must prove that you're a blazer — you must prove that you have grit
'Worthy of a Gory Bleeder — you must show your form a bit —
'Take a rock and smash that winder ! ' and the stranger, nothing loth,
Took the rock — and smash ! They only muttered, ' My kerlonial oath ! '

So they swore him in, and found him sure of aim and light of heel,
And his only fault, if any, lay in his excessive zeal;
He was good at throwing metal, but we chronicle with pain
That he jumped upon a victim, damaging the watch and chain,
Ere the Bleeders had secured them; yet the captain of the push
Swore a dozen oaths in favour of the stranger from the bush.

Late next morn the captain, rising, hoarse and thirsty from his lair,
Called the newly-feather'd Bleeder, but the stranger wasn't there !
Quickly going through the pockets of his 'bloomin' bags,' he learned
That the stranger had been through him for the stuff his 'moll' had earned;
And the language that he muttered I should scarcely like to tell.
(Stars ! and notes of exclamation !! blank and dash will do as well).

In the night the captain's signal woke the echoes of the 'Rocks,'
Brought the Gory Bleeders sloping thro' the shadows of the blocks;
And they swore the stranger's action was a blood-escaping shame,
While they waited for the nameless, but the nameless never came.
And the Bleeders soon forgot him; but the captain of the push
Still is 'laying' round, in ballast, for the nameless 'from the bush.'

=====

2. A Prouder Man than You (1892)

length : 2.56

Tune : Mike Jackson

Flute : Paul Johnson

Cello : Natasha Jaffe

[YouTube video](#)

A Prouder Man than You

ISRC: AUGBT2218328

[V.1]:

If you fancy that your people came of better stock than mine,
If you hint of higher breeding by a word or by a sign,
If you're proud because of fortune or the clever things you do –
Then I'll play no second fiddle: I'm a prouder man than you !

[V.2]:

If you think that your profession has the more gentili-ty,
And that you are condescending to be seen along with me;
If you notice that I'm shabby while your clothes are spruce and new –
You have only got to hint it: I'm a prouder man than you !

[V.3]:

If you have a swell companion when you see me on the street,
And you think that I'm too common for your toney friend to meet,
So that I, in passing closely, fail to come within your view –
Then be blind to me for ever: I'm a prouder man than you !

[V.4]:

If your character be blameless, if your outward past be clean,
While 'tis known my antecedents are not what they should have been,
Do not risk contamination, save your name whate'er you do –
'Birds o' feather fly together': I'm a prouder bird than you !

[V.5]:

Keep your patronage for others ! Gold and station cannot hide
Friendship that can laugh at fortune, friendship that can conquer pride !
Offer this as to an equal -- let me see that you are true,
And my wall of pride is shattered: I am not so proud as you !

=====

3. The Old Rebel Flag in the Rear (1892)

length : 9.27

Tune : Chris Kempster (1933 – 2004)

Violin : Jessie Morgan

[Youtube Video](#)

The Old Rebel Flag in the Rear : A May-Day Song

ISRC: AUGBT2218329

[V.1]

Whenever the march of oppression
Reduces a land to despair,
No matter how mighty the victors,
The flag of Rebellion is there.
The might of coercion may triumph,
And Freedom be laid on her bier —
Yet over the graves of the conquered there waves
That Old Rebel Flag in the Rear

[V.2]

A king may be great in a country
That cheers when a monarch is crown'd
But still, in his capital city,
The flag of the rebel is found.
A people may boast a Republic,
Where Liberty dies in a year;
But close on their flag
comes that old stubborn rag,
The Old Rebel Flag in the Rear

[CHORUS] 'Twill never be furl'd
while there's wrong in the world,
It never will fall till there's Justice for all,
That old rebel flag, that old rebel flag,
That Old Rebel Flag in the Rear

[V.3]

We sing of the Queen of England,
Her banner that flaunts in the van,
Yet out from the slums of her capital comes
That vengeful red banner of man !
Lift up the proud Union of England,
And bear it along with a cheer,
But England ! Take care in your triumph, for there
Is the Old Rebel Flag in the Rear.

[V.4]

There's the great cruel Eagle of Russia,
Where thousands are sunk in despair,
And the hand of the tyrant is mighty,
But the flag of rebellion is there !
There's the bloodthirsty flag of the Kaiser,
A monarch whom nations can fear,
But William will pause ere he marches, because
Of the Old Rebel Flag in the Rear.

[V.5]

There's the Red, White & Blue of the Frenchmen
Where soldiers of Freedom are true,
But lo ! From the rear comes a banner,
Whose skirts lack the white and the blue !
There's the flag of a boastful republic,
A country where freedom is dear —
But still, in the States there's an army that waits
'Neath the Old Rebel Flag in the Rear.

[V.6]

There's a new mongrel flag in Australia,
And the " Banner of Britain " is here,
But, to break from the past, we are gathering fast
'Neath the Old Rebel Flag in the Rear.
There are men in the ranks who are traitors,
And men who will falter and fear,
Yet on thro' the arch of the morning we march
'Neath the Old Rebel Flag in the Rear.

[CHORUS] 'Twill never be furl'd
while there's wrong in the world,
It never will fall till there's Justice for all,
That old rebel flag, that old rebel flag,
That Old Rebel Flag in the Rear

[V.7]

Some men, for the sake of their conscience,
Will join and be true in the strife,
And some for the sake of a moment to break
The terrible dullness of life !
They march 'neath the flag of the rebels,
With lives overburden'd and drear,
And fling them away on a terrible day
'Neath the Old Rebel Flag in the Rear.

[V.8]

A spirit calls out of the future,
And bids us to strike in our youth —
And the voice of to-day is appealing
For Liberty, Justice, and Truth ;
And the blood that was shed by old rebels,
For rights that shall ever be dear,
Drips down from the red of the flag overhead,
Of the Old Rebel Flag in the Rear.

[V.9]

Oh! brothers of mine and of mankind !
The banner I sing of is red
With life-blood of men who were foemen
To wrong, and oppression, and dread.
Then march 'neath the flag of the rebels,
The red days of battle are near,
Let your feet never lag as you march
'neath the flag,
'Neath the Old Rebel Flag in the Rear.

[V.10]

Perhaps there'll be no reformation,
But Oh ! For a moment to rise
And ride on the storm of rebellion,
And strike at the things that I hate and despise !
When Progress is stayed by a red barricade,
And down in the city we hear

The roll of a hymn of defiance that ends
With the Old Rebel Flag from the Rear.

[CHORUS] 'Twill never be furl'd
while there's wrong in the world,
It never will fall till there's Justice for all,
That old rebel flag, that old rebel flag,
That Old Rebel Flag in the Rear

[CODA]

It rose from the birth of the lords of the earth,
The rebels are bred by the tyrants who dread
That old rebel flag, that old rebel flag,
That Old Rebel Flag in the Rear

4. **Saint Peter (1893)**

length : 2.36

Tune : Peter Duggan

Violin : Jessie Morgan

Cello : Natasha Jaffe

[Youtube video](#)

ISRC: AUGBT2218330

Saint Peter

Now, I think there is a likeness
 'Twixt St. Peter's life and mine,
For he did a lot of trampin'
 Long ago in Palestine.
He was 'union' when the workers
 First began to organise,
And — I'm glad that old St. Peter
 Keeps the gate of Paradise.

When the ancient agitator
 And his brothers carried swags,
I've no doubt he very often
 Tramped with empty tucker-bags;
And I'm glad he's Heaven's picket,
 For I hate explainin' things,
And he'll think a union ticket
 Just as good as Whitely King's.

When I reach the great head-station —
 Which is somewhere 'off the track' —
I won't want to talk with angels
 Who have never been out back;
They might bother me with offers
 Of a banjo — meanin' well —
And a pair of wings to fly with,
 When I only want a spell.

I'll just ask for old St. Peter,
 And I think, when he appears,
I will only have to tell him
 That I carried swag for years.
'I've been on the track,' I'll tell him,
 'An' I done the best I could,'
And he'll understand me better
 Than the other angels would.

He won't try to get a chorus
 Out of lungs that's worn to rags,
Or to graft the wings on shoulders
 That is stiff with humpin' swags.
But I'll rest about the station
 Where the work-bell never rings,
Till they blow the final trumpet
 And the Great Judge sees to things.

5. Sweeney (1893)

length : 13.18

Tune : Slim Dusty (1927 – 2003)

Violin : Jessie Morgan

[Youtube video](#)

Sweeney

ISRC: AUGBT2218331

----- V.1 -----

It was somewhere in September, and the sun was going down,
When I came, in search of 'copy', to a Darling-River town;
'Come-and-have-a-drink' we'll call it — 'Tis a fitting name, I think —
And 'twas raining, for a wonder, up at Come-and-have-a-drink.
'Neath the public-house verandah I was resting on a bunk
When a stranger rose before me, and he said that he was drunk ;
He apologised for speaking; there was no offence, he swore ;
But he somehow seemed to fancy that he'd seen my face before.

----- V.2 -----

'No offence,' he said. I told him that he needn't mention it,
For I might have met him somewhere ; I had travelled round a bit,
And I knew a lot of fellows in the bush and in the streets —
But a fellow can't remember all the fellows that he meets.
Very old and thin and dirty were the garments that he wore,
Just a shirt and pair of trousers, and a boot, and nothing more ;
He was wringing-wet, and really in a sad and sinful plight,
And his hat was in his left hand, and a bottle in his right.

----- V.3 -----

He agreed: 'Yer can't remember all the chaps yer chance to meet,'
And he said his name was Sweeney ... people lived in Sussex-St.
He was campin' in a stable, but he swore that he was right,
'Only for the blanky horses walkin' over him all night.'
He'd apparently been fighting, for his face was black-and-blue,
And he looked as though the horses had been treading on him, too ;
But an honest, genial twinkle in the eye that wasn't hurt
Seemed to hint of something better, spite of drink rags and dirt

----- V.4 -----

It appeared that he mistook me for a long-lost mate of his —
One of whom I was the image, both in figure and in phiz —
(He'd have had a letter from him if the chap were living still,
For they'd carried swags together from the Gulf to Broken Hill.)
Sweeney yarned awhile and hinted that his folks were doing well,
And he told me that his father kept the Southern Cross Hotel ;
And I wondered if his absence was regarded as a loss
When he left the elder Sweeney — landlord of the Southern Cross.

----- V.5 -----

He was born in Parramatta, and he said, with humour grim,
That he'd like to see the city ere the liquor finished him,
But he couldn't raise the money. He was damned if he could think
What the Government was doing. Here he offered me a drink.
I declined — *'twas* self-denial — and I lectured him on booze,
Using all the hackneyed arguments that preachers mostly use ;
Things I'd heard in temperance lectures (I was young and rather green),
And I ended by referring to the man he might have been.

----- V.6 -----

Then a wise expression struggled with the bruises on his face,
Though his argument had scarcely any bearing on the case:
' What's the good o' keepin' sober ? Fellers rise and fellers fall ;
What I might have been and wasn't doesn't trouble me at all.'
But he couldn't stay to argue, for his beer was nearly gone.
He was glad, he said, to meet me, and he'd see me later on;
He guessed he'd have to go and get his bottle filled again,
And he gave a lurch and vanished in the darkness and the rain.

----- V.7 -----

And of afternoons in cities, when the rain is on the land,
Visions come to me of Sweeney with his bottle in his hand,
With the stormy night behind him, and the pub verandah-post —
And I wonder why he haunts me more than any other ghost.
Still I see the shearers drinking at the township in the scrub,
And the army praying nightly at the door of every pub,
And the girls who flirt and giggle with the bushmen from the west -
But the memory of Sweeney overshadows all the rest.

----- V.8 -----

Well, perhaps, it isn't funny; there were links between us two —
He had memories of cities, he had been a jackeroo ;
And, perhaps, his face forewarned me of a face that I might see
From a bitter cup reflected in the wretched days to be.
I suppose he's tramping somewhere where the bushmen carry swags,
Cadging round the wretched stations with his empty tucker-bags;
And I fancy that of evenings, when the track is growing dim,
What he 'might have been and wasn't' comes along and troubles him



6. The Emigration to New Zealand (1893)

length : **5.21**

Tune : **Phil Garland (1942 – 2017)**

Cello : **Natasha Jaffe**

[Youtube video](#)

ISRC: AUGBT2218332

The Emigration to New Zealand

[V.1]

I've just received a letter from a chum in Maoriland,
He's working down in Auckland where he says he's doing grand,
The climate's cooler there, but hearts are warmer, says my chum,
He sends the passage money, and he says I'd better come.
(I'd like to see his face again, I'd like to grip his hand),
He says he's sure that I'll get on first-rate in Maoriland.

[V.2]

An' tho' he makes the best of things (it always was his style),
You mostly get on better in a new land for a while,
An' when I see the fading line of my own native shore,
I'll let it fade, and never want to see it anymore.
I'm tired of Sydney pavements, and the Western scrub and sand,
I'd rather fight my troubles for a change in Maoriland

[V.3]

..... I'm off to make inquiries as to when the next boat sails,
I'm sick of all these colonies, but most of New South Wales,
An' if you meet a friend of mine who wants to find my track,
Say you, "He's gone to Maoriland, and isn't coming back".
An' should it be the landlord or the rates, you understand,
Just say you'll find him somewhere knocking round in Maoriland

[repeated from V.2]

I'm tired of Sydney pavements, and the Western scrub and sand,
I'd rather fight my troubles for a change in Maoriland

[repeated from V.1]

(I'd like to see his face again, I'd like to grip his hand),
He says he's sure that I'll get on first-rate in Maoriland.

7. **The Outside Track** (1896)

length : 7.05

Tune : Gerry Hallom

Viola : Mikhail Bugaev

Cello : Natasha Jaffe

ISRC: AUGBT2218334

The Outside Track

[V.1]

There were ten of us there on the moonlit quay,
And one on the for'ard hatch ;
No straighter mate to his mates than he
Had ever said: ' Len's a match ! '
'Twill be long, old man, 'ere our glasses clink,
'Twill be long 'ere we grip your hand ! —
And we dragged him ashore for a final drink
Till the whole wide world seemed grand.

[CHORUS 1]

For they marry and go ...as the world rolls back,
They marry and vanish and die ;
But their spirit shall live on the Outside Track
As long as the years go by.

[V.2]

The port-lights glowed in the morning mist
That rolled from the waters green ;
And over the railing we grasped his fist
As the dark tide came between.
We cheered the captain and cheered the crew,
And our mate, times out of mind ;
We cheered the land he was going to
And the land he had left behind.

[CHORUS 1]

For they marry and go ...as the world rolls back,
They marry and vanish and die ;
But their spirit shall live on the Outside Track
As long as the years go by.

[V.3]

We roared Lang Syne as a last farewell,
But my heart seemed out of joint ;
I well remember the hush that fell
When the steamer had passed the point
We drifted home through the public bars,
We were ten times less by one
Who sailed out under the morning stars,
And under the rising sun.

[CHORUS 1]

For they marry and go ...as the world rolls back,
They marry and vanish and die ;
But their spirit shall live on the Outside Track
As long as the years go by.

[V.4]

And one by one, and two by two,
They have sailed from the wharf since then ;
I have said good-bye to the last I knew,
The last of the careless men.
And I can't but think that the times we had
Were the best times after all,
As I turn aside with a lonely glass
And drink to the bar-room wall.

[CHORUS 2]

But I'll try my luck for a cheque Out Back,
Then a last good-bye to the bush ;
For my heart's away on the Outside Track,
On the track of the steerage push.

[CHORUS 1]

For they marry and go ...as the world rolls back,
They marry and vanish and die ;
But their spirit shall live on the Outside Track
As long as the years go by.

As long as the years go by.

=====

8. Reedy River (1896)

length : 5.55

Tune : Chris Kempster (1933 – 2004)

Viola : Mikhail Bugaev

[Youtube video](#)

ISRC: AUGBT2218335

Reedy River

[V1]

Ten miles down Reedy River
A pool of water lies,
And all the year it mirrors
The changes in the skies,
And in that pool's broad bosom
Is room for all the stars;
Its bed of sand has drifted
O'er countless rocky bars

[V2]

Around the lower edges
There waves a bed of reeds,
Where water rats are hidden
And where the wild duck breeds ;
And grassy slopes rise gently
To ridges long and low,
Where groves of wattle flourish
And native bluebells grow.

[V3]

Beneath the granite ridges
The eye may just discern
Where Rocky Creek emerges
From deep green banks of fern ;
And standing tall between them,
The grassy she-oaks cool
The hard, blue-tinted waters
Before they reach the pool.

[V4]

Ten miles down Reedy River
One Sunday afternoon,
I rode with Mary Campbell
To that broad bright lagoon ;
We left our horses grazing
Till shadows climbed the peak,
And strolled beneath the she-oaks
On the banks of Rocky Creek.

[V5]

Then home along the river
That night we rode a race,
And the moonlight lent a glory
To Mary Campbell's face ;
And I pleaded for my future
All thro' that moonlight ride,
Until our weary horses
Drew closer side by side.

[V6]

Ten miles from Ryan's crossing
And five below the peak,
I built a little homestead
On the banks of Rocky Creek :
I cleared the land and fenced it
And ploughed the rich red loam,
And my first crop was golden
When I brought Mary home.

[V7]

Now still down Reedy River
The grassy she-oaks sigh,
And the waterholes still mirror
The pictures in the sky ;
And over all for ever
Go sun and moon and stars,
While the golden sand is drifting
Across the rocky bars;

[V8]

But of the hut I builded
There are no traces now.
And many rains have levelled
The furrows of the plough ;
And my bright days are olden,
For the twisted branches wave
And the wattle blossoms golden
On the hill by Mary's grave.

9. **The Lights of Cobb and Co. (1897)**

length : 10.34

Tune and arrangement : **Gerry Hallom**

Violin and Backing Vocals : **Jessie Morgan**

Cello : **Natasha Jaffe**

ISRC: AUGBT2218336

The Lights of Cobb and Co.

[V1]

Fire lighted, on the table a meal for sleepy men,
A lantern in the stable, a jingle now and then ;
The mail coach looming darkly by light of moon and star,
The growl of sleepy voices — a candle in the bar.
A stumble in the passage of folk with wits abroad ;
A swear-word from a bedroom — the shout of ' All aboard ! '
' Get-up ! Get-up ! ' ' Hold fast, there ! ' and down the range we go ;
Five hundred miles of scattered camps will watch for Cobb and Co.

[CHORUS] Past the haunted half-way houses — where the convicts laid the stones —
The scrub-yards and the bark huts, where the shearers made their homes
Through stringy-bark and blue-gum, and box and pine we go ;
One hundred miles will see tonight the lights of Cobb and Co.

[V2]

Old coaching towns already 'decaying for their sins,'
Uncounted ' Half -Way Houses ' , and scores of ' Ten Mile Inns '
The riders from the stations by lonely granite peaks ;
The local boys as shepherds on sheep and cattle creeks ;
The roaring camps of Gulgong, and many a ' Digger's Rest '
The diggers on the Lachlan; the huts of Farthest West ;
Some twenty thousand exiles who sailed for weal or woe ;
The bravest hearts of twenty lands will wait for Cobb and Co.

[CHORUS] Past the haunted half-way houses — where the convicts laid the stones —
The scrub-yards and the bark huts, where the shearers made their homes
Through stringy-bark and blue-gum, and box and pine we go ;
One hundred miles will see tonight the lights of Cobb and Co.

[V3]

The morning star has vanished, the frost and fog are gone,
In one of those grand mornings which but on mountains dawn ;
A flask of friendly whisky — each other's hopes we share —
And throw our top-coats open to drink the mountain air.
The roads are rare to travel, and life seems all complete ;
The grind of wheels on gravel, the trot of horses' feet,
The trot, trot, trot and canter, as down the spur we go —
The green sweeps to horizons blue that call for Cobb and Co.

[CHORUS] Past the haunted half-way houses — where the convicts laid the stones —
The scrub-yards and the bark huts, where the shearers made their homes
Through stringy-bark and blue-gum, and box and pine we go ;
One hundred miles will see tonight the lights of Cobb and Co.

[V4] We take a bright girl across through western dust and damps,
To bear the home-world message, and sing for sinful camps,
To wake the hearts and break them, wild hearts that hope and ache —
(Ah ! When she thinks of *those* days her own must nearly break !)
Five miles this side the gold-field, a loud, triumphant shout :
Five hundred cheering diggers have snatched the horses out :
With 'Auld Lang Syne' in chorus through roaring camps they go —
That cheer for her, and cheer for Home and cheer for Cobb and Co.

[CHORUS] Past the haunted half-way houses — where the convicts laid the stones —
The scrub-yards and the bark huts, where the shearers made their homes
Through stringy-bark and blue-gum, and box and pine we go ;
One hundred miles will see tonight the lights of Cobb and Co.

[V5]
Swift scramble up the siding where teams climb inch by inch ;
Pause, bird-like, on the summit — then breakneck down the pinch
A flash on shrouded wagons, on water ghastly white ;
Weird bush and scattered remnants of rushes in the night
Across the swollen river a flash beyond the ford :
' Ride hard to warn the driver ! He's drunk or mad, good Lord ! '
But on the bank to westward a broad, triumphant glow —
New camps are stretching 'cross the plains the routes of Cobb and Co.

[CHORUS] Past the haunted half-way houses — where the convicts laid the stones —
The scrub-yards and the bark huts, where the shearers made their homes
Through stringy-bark and blue-gum, and box and pine we go ;
One hundred miles will see tonight the lights of Cobb and Co.

[V6]
Throw down the reins, old driver — there's no one left to shout ;
The ruined inn's survivor must take the horses out.
A poor old coach hereafter ! — we're lost to all such things —
No bursts of songs or laughter shall shake your leathern springs
When creeping in unnoticed by railway sidings drear,
Or left in yards for lumber, decaying with the year —
Oh, who'll think how in those days when distant fields were broad
You raced across the Lachlan side with twenty-five on board.

[V7]
Not all the ships that sail away since Roaring Days are done —
Not all the boats that steam from port, nor all the trains that run,
Shall take such hopes and loyal hearts — for men shall never know
Such days as when the Royal Mail was run by Cobb and Co.
The 'greyhounds' race across the sea, the 'special' cleaves the haze,
But these seem dull and slow to me compared with Roaring Days !
The eyes that watched are dim with age, and souls are weak and slow,
The hearts are dust or hardened now that broke for Cobb and Co.

[CHORUS] Past the haunted half-way houses — where the convicts laid the stones —
The scrub-yards and the bark huts, where the shearers made their homes
Through stringy-bark and blue-gum, and box and pine we go ;
One hundred miles will see tonight the lights of Cobb and Co.

[REPEAT CHORUS]

[ENDING] The lights of Cobb and Co.

10. “Knocking Around” (1898)

length : 5.12

Tune : Garth Porter

Violin : Lillian Penner

[Youtube video](#)

“Knocking Around”

ISRC: AUGBT2218337

[V.1]

Weary old wife, with the bucket and cow,
' How's your son Jack ? and where is he now ? '
Haggard old eyes that turn to the west —
' Boys will be boys, and he's gone with the rest ! '
Grief without tears and grief without sound ;
' Somewhere up-country he's knocking around.'

[V.2]

Knocking around with a vagabond crew,
Does for himself what a mother would do ;
Maybe in trouble and maybe hard-up,
Maybe in want of a bite or a sup ;
Dead of the fever, or lost in the drought,
Lonely old mother ! he's knocking about.

[V.3]

Wiry old man at the tail of the plough,
' Heard of Jack lately ? and where is he now ? '
Pauses a moment his forehead to wipe,
Drops the rope reins while he feels for his pipe,
Scratches his grey head in sorrow or doubt :
' Somewheers or others he's knocking about. '

[V.4]

Knocking about on the runs of the West,
Holding his own with the worst and the best
Breaking in horses and risking his neck,
Droving or shearing and making a cheque ;
Straight as a sapling — six-foot and sound,
Jack is all right when he's knocking around

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The end of the album :

Henry Lawson (the poet in song) Vol. 2