CONTENTS

R.F.C. RANDWICK

THE OLD WICKS

RANDWICK 'OLD-WICKS'

SONG BOOK

LONDON TOUR 1985

ADVANCE AUSTRALIA FAIR.

Australians all let us rejoice,
For we are young and free;
We've golden soil and wealth for toil,
Our home is girt by sea.
Our land abounds in natures gifts
Of beauty rich and rare,
In history's page, let every stage
Advance Australia fair.
In joyful strains then let us sing,
Advance Australia fair.

Beneath our radiant Southern Cross
We'll toil with hearts and hands,
To make this Commonwealth of ours
Renowned of all the lands.
For those who've come across the seas
We've boundless plans to share,
With courage let us all combine
To advance Australia fair.
In joyful strains then let us sing,
Advance Australia fair.

TOUR SONG

Randwick Randwick long live
that glorious name,
Randwick Randwick that's where
they play the game.

And when the tour is over
And home again we'll be,
There'll live one name on the
scroll of fame,
That's Randwick green, green, green.

WALTZING MATILDA.

Once a jolly swagman camped by a billabong,
Under the shade of a coolibah tree,
And he sang as he watched and waited till his billy boiled
You'll come a Waltzing Matilda with me.

Waltzing Matilda, Waltzing Matilda,
You'll come a Waltzing Matilda with me,
And he sang as he watched and waited till his billy boiled,
You'll come a Waltzing Matilda with me.

Down came a jumbuck to drink at the billabong,
Up jumped the swagman and grabbed him with glee,
And he sang as he shoved that jumbuck in his tuckerbag
You'll come a waltzing Matilda with me.

Waltzing Matilda, waltzing Matilda,
You'll come a waltzing Matilda with me,
And he sang as he shoved that jumbuck in his tuckerbag
You'll come a waltzing Matilda with me.

Up rode the squatter mounted on his thoroughbred,
Down came the troopers, one two, three,
Whose is that jolly lumbuck you've got in your tuckerbag
You'll come a waltzing Matilda with me.

Waltzing Matilda, waltzing Matilda,
You'll come a waltzing Matilda with me,
Whose is that jolly jumbuck you've got in your tuckerbag
You'll come a waltzing Matilda with me.

Up jumped the swagman, sprang into the billabong,
You'll never catch me alive said he,
And his ghost may be heard as you pass by that billabong
You'll come a waltzing Matilda with me.

Waltzing Matilda, waltzing Matilda,
You'll come a waltzing Matilda with me,
And his ghost may be heard as you pass by that billabong
You'll come a waltzing Matilda with me.

I STILL CALL AUSTRALIA HOME.

I've been to cities that never close down,
From New York to Rio and old London town,
But no matter how far or how wide I roam,
I still call Australia home.

I'm always trav'lin',
I love being free,
And so I keep leaving the sun and the sea,
But my heart lies waiting....over the foam,
I still call Australia home.

All the sons and daughters spinning 'round the world,
Away from their fam'ly and friends,
But as the world gets older and colder and colder,
It's good to know where your journey ends.

But someday we'll all be together once more,
When all of the ships come back to the shore,
I realise something I've always known,
I still call Australia home.

But no matter how far or how wide I roam,
I still call Australia, I still call Australia,
I still call Australia home.

.....

DUNCAN.

I love to have a beer with Duncan,
I love to have a beer with Dunc,
We drink in moderation
And we never, ever,ever get rolling drunk.
We drink at the "Town and Country"
Where the atmosphere is great,
I love to have a beer with Duncan
'Cause Duncan's me mate.Yeah!

I love to have a beer with Colin,
I love to have a beer with Col,
We drink in moderation
And it doesn't really matter if he
brings his doll.
We drink at the "Town and Country"
Where the atmosphere is great,
I love to have a beer with Colin
'Cause Colin's me mate.

I love to have a beer with Kevin, oh
I love to have a beer with Kev,
We drink in moderation
And he drives me home in the big old Chev.
We drink at the "Town and Country"
Where the atmosphere is great,
I love to have a beer with Kevin
'Cause Kevin's me mate.

I love to have a beer with Patrick,
I love to have a beer with Pat,
We drink in moderation
And it really wouldn't matter if the beer was flat.
We drink at the "Town and Country"
Where the atmosphere is great,
I love to have a beer with Patrick
'Cause Patrick's me mate.

I love to have a beer with Robert,
I love to have a beer with Bob,
We drink in moderation
Just one more and back on the job.
We drink at the "Town and Country"
Where the atmosphere is great,
I love to have a beer with Robert
'Cause Robert's me mate.

I love to have a beer with Duncan, oh
I love to have a beer with Dunc,
We drink in moderation
And we never, ever, ever get rolling drunk.
We drink at the "Town and Country"
Where the atmosphere is great,
I love to have a beer with Duncan
'Cause Duncan's me mate.

ALONG THE ROAD TO GUNDAGAI.

There's a track winding back
To an old-fashioned shack
Along the road to Gundagai-----
Where the blue gums are growing
And the Murrumbidgee's flowing
Beneath the sunny sky------
Where my daddy and mother
Are waiting for me
And the pals of my childhood
Once more I will see.
Then no more will I roam,
When I'm heading right for home
Along the road to Gundagai.

AEROPLANE JELLY SONG

I like Aeroplane Jelly...Aeroplane Jelly
for me,
I like it for dinner, I like it for tea,
A little each day is a good recipe.
The quality's high as the name will imply;
And it's made from pure fruits, one more
good reason why
I like Aeroplane Jelly...Aeroplane Jelly
for me.

A PUB WITH NO BEER.

It's so lonesome away fron your kindred and all,
By the campfire at night where the wild dingoes call,
But there's nothing as lonesome, so morbid and drear,
Than to stand in the bar of a pub with no beer.

How the publicans anxious for the quota to come,
There's a far-away look on the face of a "bum",
The maids gone all cranky and the cooks acting queer,
What a terrible place is the pub with no beer!

Then the stockman rides up with his dry dusty throat,
He breasts up to the bar, pulls a wad from his coat,
But the smile on his face quickly turns to a sneer
When the bar-man says sadly, "the pubs got no beer!"

Then the swaggie comes in smother'd in dust and flies,
He throws down his roll, rubs the sweat from his eyes,
But when he is told, he says, "What's this I hear?
I've trudged fifty flamin' miles to a pub with no beer!"

There's a dog on the v'randah, for his master he waits,
But the boss is inside drinking wine with his mates,
He hurries for cover and cringes with fear,
It's no place for a dog round a pub with no beer!

Old Billy the blacksmith, the first time in his life,
Has gone home cold sober, to his darling wife,
He walks in the kitchen, she says, "You're early my dear,"
But he breaks down and tells her, "The pub's got no beer!"

BOTANY BAY.

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

Chorus:
Singing too-ral li-ooral li-ad-dity
Singing too-ral li-ooral li-ay;
Singing too-ral li-ooral li-ad-dity
Singing too-ral li-ooral li-ay.

There's the Captain as is our Commander,
There's the bo'sun and all th ships 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 miss pals what we knows,
But becos all we light-fingered gentry
Hops around with a log on our toes.

For seven long years I'll be staying here,
For seven long years and a day,
For meeting a cove in an area
And taking his ticker away.

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 that you touchesses,
Or you'll find us in Botany Bay.

WE'RE HAPPY LITTLE VEGEMITES

We're happy little vegemites,
as bright as bright can be,
We all enjoy our vegemite for breakfast,
lunch, and tea,
Our Mummy says we're growing stronger
every single week,
Because we love our vegemite, we all
adore our vegemite...
It puts a rose in every cheek.

ROVER NO MORE.

I've been a rover this many a year;
I spent my money on whisky and beer.
But now I'll give over, my money and store,
And I'll play the wild rover, wild rover no more.

CHORUS
Nay, no, never! never no more!
I shall play the wild rover, wild rover no more.

I went to a shanty I used to frequent,
And I told the landlady my money was spent.
I asked her for credit, she answered me "Nay,
Such custom as yours I can get any day."

Then out of my pocket I drew sovereigns so bright;
The landlady opened her eyes at the sight!
She said "I have whisky and wines of the best,
For the things I was saying were only in jest."

I'll go to my parents, tell them what I've done,
And beg them to pardon their prodigal son;
And if they forgive me as they've always done before,
I shall play the wild rover, wild rover no more.

THE WILD COLONIAL BOY.

There was a Wild Colonial Boy,
Jack Doolan was his name,
Of poor and honest parents
He was born in Castlemaine.
He was his fathers' only hope,
His mother's pride and joy
And dearly did his parents love
The Wild Colonial Boy.

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

At the age of sixteen years
He left his native home
And to Australia's sunny shores,
A bushranger did roam.
They put him in the iron gang
In the government employ,
But never an iron on earth could hold
The Wild Colonial Boy.

In '61 this daring youth
Commenced his wild career,
With a heart that knew no danger
And no foeman did he fear.
He stuck up the Beechworth mail coach
And robbed Judge Macoboy
Who, trembling cold, 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 needy man
Or one who acted square,
But a Judge who'd rob a mother
Of her one and only joy
Sure, he must be a worse outlaw than
Than The Wild Colonial Boy

One day as Jack was riding
The mountainside along,
A-listening to the little birds,
There happy laughing song.
Three mounted troopers came along,
Kelly, Davis and Fitzroy
With a warrant for the capture of
The Wild Colonial Boy.

"Surrender now! Jack Doolan,
For you see it's three to one;
Surrender in the Queen's own name.
You are a highwayman."
Jack drew a pistol from his belt
And waved it like a toy,
"I'll fight, but not surrender," cried
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 jaws he lay
Still firing at Fitzroy.
And that's the way they captured him,
The Wild Colonial Boy!

TIPPERARY.

It's a long way to Tipperary,
It's a long way to go,
It's a long way to Tipperary,
To the sweetest girl I know.
Good-bye Piccadilly
Farewell Leicester Square,
It's a long long way to Tipperary
And my hearts right there.

TENTERFIELD SADDLER

The late George Woolnough worked High Street
an' lived on manners.
Fifty-two years he sat on his veranda and
q made his saddles,
And if you had questions 'bout sheep, flowers
or dogs,
You'd just ask the saddler.
He lives without sin, and they're building
a libr'y for him.

Time is a traveller,
Tenterfield Saddler, turn your head.
Ride again, jackaroo;
Think I see kangaroo up ahead.

The son of George Woolnough went of and got
married, and had a war baby,
Thought something was wrong- and It's easier
to drink than go crazy.
And if there were questions about why the end
q was so sad, well
George had no answers about why a son had
ever need of a gun.

The grandson of George has been all around the
world and lives no special place,
Changed his name and married a girl with an
int'resting face.
He'd almost forgotten them both, because in the
life that he leads
There's nowhere for George and his libr'y or
the son with his gun
To belong, except in this song.

Time is a meddler
Tenterfield Saddler,
Make your bed.
Fly away, cockatoo;
Down on the ground, emu
Up ahead.

OUR DON BRADMAN.

RECITATION:

Who is it that all Australia raves about?
Who has won our very highest praise?
Now is it Amy Johnson or little Mickey Mouse?
No! It's just a country lad who's bringing down the house.
And he's.....

VOCAL:

Our Don Bradman, and I ask you is he any good?
Our Don Bradman, as a batsman he can surely lay the wood.
For when he goes in to bat
He knocks every record flat,
For there isn't anything he cannot do.
Our Don Bradman, every Aussie dips his lid to you.

Our Don Bradman, now I ask you is he any good?
Our Don Bradman, as a batsman he is certainly "plum pud."
Tate and Larwood met their fate,
For it's always "shut the gate"
When the boy from Bowral hits four after four.
Our Don Bradman, always manages to top the score.

Woodfull, Grimmett, Ponsford, Kippax and the rest,
Proved that they were equal to the best,
How gallantly and nobly, we know they've done their share,
But there's one who tops them all, a real devil-may-care.
And he's.....

Our Don Bradman, now I ask you is he any good?
Our Don Bradman, as a batsman he can sure lay on the wood.
How that Mister Lyon, poor fish,
Must just sit and wish and wish,
That our "Don" had never come across the foam.
Our Don Bradman, What a welcome waits for you back home!

Our Don Bradman, Now I ask you is he any good?
Our Don Bradman, as a batsman he is certainly "plum pud".
Tho' those cricketers now gone,
Trumper, Spofforth and so on,
Wrote their names forever in the Hall of Fame,
Our Don Bradman, is the greatest ever played the game.

HAVE YOU EVER BEEN TO SEE KINGS CROSS

If you think you've done some travelling,
like to say you've been around,
That you've seen the sights of Paris or
the heart of London Town,
You mightsay a night in Soho would be mighty
hard to toss,
But let me tell you folks that youjust ain;t lived
Until you;vese

Until you;ve seen King's Cross.

CHORUS
Have you ever been to see King's Cross
where Sydneysiders meet?
There's a million faces going places walkin'
up 'n down the street.
Why tourists everywhere in their travels
do declare
I've seen the world you can hear them cry,
And they'll bet you a tenner to a con man's swy
You won't have seen the lot until the day you die
If you haven't been to see King's Cross.

Let's take the eating houses that you find
along the way,
You might like to dine with a glass of wine or a
serve of Shrimp Mornay,
Or you can try the spots down under, you get a three
course for a zack,
Where you can write your will as you pay the bill
Just in case you don't come back.

You've got a list of spots to see and you'd like to
spend some dough
So you tell the taxi driver just where you'd like to go,
You might do a tour of Sydney when in fact it's on the cards
That the place you sought when you climbed adoad
Was up the road a hundred yards.

So if you're a weary traveller and you think
you've seen the lot
Well take my tip and make the trip while the
money you've still got,
And in later conversation you'll never be at a loss
'Cos you can tell 'em all that you had a ball
When you went to see King's Cross.

MADEMOISELLE FROM ARMENTIERES.

Mademoiselle from Armentieres,
Parley-voo.
Sang the Diggers between their beers,
Parley-voo!
And the ballad roared by the soldiers gay,
Rang through the old estaminet
Inky-pinky Parley-voo!
Mademoiselle enjoyed the din,
Parley-voo!
As she tripped around with the bock and vin,
Parley-voo!
And Mademoiselle, in a manner gay,
Trolled a stave of the ribald lay
Inky-pinky, parley-voo!
There were men from Wagga and Gundagai,
Parley,voo!
From Perth, The Towers and Boggabri,
Parley-voo!
From Sydney City and Dandenong,
Sinking their troublesin wine and song
Inky-pinky Parley-voo!
There was one young Digger, tanned and lean,
Parley-voo!
From Darling Downs, or the Riverine,
Parley-voo!

Who st her heart in a rapturous whirl
When he vowed that she was his Dinkum Girl
Inkey-pinky Parley-voo!
They laughed and loved in the old French town,
Parley-voo!
And her heart spake out of her eyes of brown,
Parley-voo!
But the time fled by, and there came a day
When he and his cobbers all marched away
Inky-pinky, Parley-voo!
Maybe in the field of France he fell,
Parley-voo!
No word came back to Mademoiselle,
Parley-voo!
But a pretty French girl, with eyes of brown,
Prays for him still in a war-swept town,
Inky-pinky, Parley-voo!
Quiet the old estaminet,
Parley-voo!
No more Diggers will come that way,
Parley-voo!
May your heart grow light with the
passing years,
Oh, Mademoiselle from Armentieres!
Inky-pinky, Parley-voo!!

TIE ME KANGAROO DOWN, SPORT.

Recitation:
There's an old Australian stockman
Lying dying, and he gets himself up on
one elbow,
And he turns to his mates who are
gathered around him,
And he says....

Watch me wallaby's feed, mate,
Watch me wallaby's feed.
They're a dangerous breed, mate,
So watch me wallaby's feed.
Altogether now....

Tie me kangaroo down, sport,
Tie me kangaroo down.
Tie me kangaroo down, sport,
Tie me kangaroo down.

Keep me cockatoo cool, Curl,
Keep me cockatoo cool.
Don't go acting the fool, Curl,
Just keep me cockatoo cool.
Altogether now.....(Repeat chorus.)

Take me koala back Jack,
Take me koala back.

He lives somewhere out on the track, Mac,
So take me koala back.
All together now.....(Repeat Chorus.)

Let me abos go loose, Lew,
Let me abos go loose.
They're of no further use, Lew,
So let me abos go loose.
Altogether now.....etc:

Mind me platypus duck, Bill,
Mind me platypus duck.
Don't let him go running amok, Bill,
Mind me platypus duck.
Altogether now.....etc:

Play your didgeridoo, Blue,
Play your didgeridoo.
Keep playing 'til I shoot through, Blue,
Play your didgeridoo.
Altogether now.....etc:

Tan me hide when I'm dead, Fred,
Tan me hide when I'm dead.
So we tanned his hide when he died, Clyde,
And that's it hanging on the shed.
Altogether now.....
Tie me kangaroo down, sport,
Tie me kangaroo down.
Tie me kangaroo down, sport,
Tie me kangaroo down.

RED=BACK ON THE TOILET SEAT.

There was a red-back on the toilet seat
When I was there last night,
I didn't see him in the dark,
But boy! I felt his bite!
I jumped high up into the air,
And when I hit the ground,
That crafty red-back spider
Wasn't nowhere to be found.

CHORUS.

There was a red-back on the toilet seat
When I was there last night,
I didn't see him in the dark,
But boy! Ifelt his bite!
And now I'm here in hospital,
A sore and sorry sight,
And I curse the red-back spider
On the toilet seat last night.

Rushed in to the missus,
Told her just where I'd been bit,
She grabbed the cut-throat razor blade,
And I nearly took a fit.
I said "Just forget what's on your mind,
And call the doctor please,
'Cause I've got a feeling that your cure
Is worse than the disease."

I can't lay down, I can't sit up,
And I don't know what to do,
And all the nurses think it's funny,
But that's not my point of view.
I tell you it's embarrassing,
(And thats to say the least)
That I'm too sick to eat a bite,
While that spiders had a feast!

And when I get back home again,
I tell you what I'll do,
I'll make that red-back suffer
For the pain I'm going through.
I've had so many needles
That I'm looking like a sieve,
And I promise you that spider
Hasn' very long to live!!

ROLL OUT THE BARREL.

Roll out the barrel,
We'll have a barrel of fun.
Roll out the barrel,
We've got the blues on the run.
Boom-too-to-rallel,
Sing out a song of good cheer
Now's the time to roll the barrel,
For the "Wicks" are here.

THE MAN FROM SNOWY RIVER.

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.

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 could 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.

And one was there, a stripling on a small and weedy beast;
  He was something like a racehorse undersised,
With a touch of Timor pony, three parts thorouhgbred at least...
  And such as are by mountain horseman 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.

But still so slight and weedy, one would doubt his power to stay,
  And the old man said, "This horse will naver 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 in the end,
  For both his horse and he are mountain bred."

"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 gaint hills between;
I have seen full many horsemen since I first commenced to roam,
  But nowhere yet such horsemen have I seen."

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 fancing 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."

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

Then fast the horsemen followed, where the gorges deep and black
  Resounded to the thunder of their treads,
And the stockwhips woke the echoes and they fiercely answered back
  From cliffs and crags that beetled overhead.
And upwards, ever upwards, the wild horses held their way,
  Where mountain ash and kurrajong grew wild;
And the old man muttered fiercely, "We may bid the mob good day,
  No man can hold them down the other side."

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.

He sent the flint-stones flying, but the pony kept his feet,
  He cleared the fallen timber 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.

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.

And he ran them single-handed till their sides were white with foam;
He followed like a bloodhound on their track.
Till he 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 bloody from hip to shoulder from the spur;
But his pluck was still undaunted, and his courage fiery hot,
For never was a mountain horse a cur.

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.

A BROWN SLOUCH HAT

It's a brown slouch hat with
the side turned up,
And it means the world to me.
It's the symbol of our nation,
The land of liberty.

And our soldiers they wore it,
How proudly they bore it
For all the world to see.
It's a brown slouch hat with
the side turned up,
Heading straight to victory.

THE GOONDIWINDI GREY.

Chorus.
We've cheered him from the grandstand and
We've cheered him from the flat,
We've cheered a little beauty,
A real aris-to-cat;
He's never thrown the towel in,
Been a trier all the way,
A horse we're really proud of...
The "Goondiwindi Grey".

From Eagle Farm to Randwick and
From there to Flemington,
He chased the Tulloch record,
Winning hearts with every run;
He made it in October
On the Moonee Valley track,
When past the post to glory,
With Higgins on his back.

A Tuesday in November
Didn't alter how we feel!
We might have torn up tickets
But we got an honest deal.
If there were cups for courage
We could trot him up for one,
For if it could be measured
I'd say he had a ton.

We'll miss him, that's for certain,
Now his saddle's put aside,
But 'round our track of mem'ries
"Gunsynd will always stride.
A-swinging 'round the corner
And then laying back his ears...
The champ from Goondiwindi
With the champs of other years.

MY COUNTRY.

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.

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!

The stark white ring-barked forests,
All tragic to the moon,
The saphire-misted mountains,
The hot gold hush of noon.
Green tangles 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 when the grey clouds gather,
And we can bless again
The drumming of an army,
The steady soaking rain.

Core of my heart, my country!
Land of the Rainbow Gold,
For flood and fire and famine,
She pays us back three-fold.
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!

CLICK GO THE SHEARS.

Out on the boards the old shearer stands,
Grasping the shears in his thin bony hands.
Fixed in his gaze on a bare-bellied yoe
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 and the bare-bellied yoe.

In the middle of the floor in his cane-bottommed chair,
Sits the boss of the board with his eyes everywhere,
Notes well each fleece as it come to the screen,
Paying strict attention that it's taken off clean.

The colonial experience man, he is there of-course,
With his shiny leggin's on, just got off his horse,
Gazes all around like a real connoisseur,
Scented soap and brilliantine, and smelling like a whore.

The tar-boy is there waiting in demand,
With his blackened tar-pot, in his tarry hand,
Spies one old sheep with a cut upon his back,
Hears what he's been waiting for, it's "Tar here, Jack!"

Now the shearing is all over, we've all got our cheques,
So roll up your swags and it's off down the track,
The first pub we come to it's there we'll have a spree,
And everyone that comes along it's "Have a drink on me.

There we leave him standing shouting for all hands,
Whilst all around him every "shouter" stands,
His eye on the keg which is now lowering fast,
He works hard, he drinks hard, and goes to hell at last.

CLANCY OF THE OVERFLOW.

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."

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."

. . . . . .

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 townsfolk never know.

And the bush has 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 wondrous glory of the everlasting stars.

. . . . . .

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

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.

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 townsfolk have no time to grow, they have no time to waste.

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.

.....

BANJO PATERSON.