

# The Arbalest

Editors: Phillip Day.  
Matt Dickie.

Price: 20 cents

## EDITORIAL

One of the most frustrating things for many singers is singing chorus songs to audiences that won't join in. This kind of folk music is not meant to be performer/audience type entertainment – the enjoyment should come from singing for yourselves rather than listening to one other person doing it all for you. Yet so many audiences, especially in Melbourne, seem to be either too lazy or too scared to open their mouths.

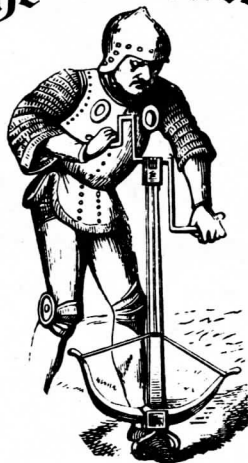
After talking to a large number of people about this, I've found that most of them give the excuses, "I don't know the words", or "I can't sing". A few have even admitted that they're simply too unsure of themselves to sing in front of others.

Let's start with the first one. If you don't know the words when the song starts, just hum along 'til you get them. Most choruses are pretty easy, and it's very rare to get less than three or four chances at them. It's also a safe bet that you'll hear the song fairly often, as there aren't that many chorus songs being sung at the moment.

Everyone can sing. Maybe they're out of tune, but who cares, if they're enjoying themselves. And that's the whole point of this exercise. Singing is enjoyment, and with this kind of music you've got a chance to let yourselves go – but so few of you do.

The best way of learning to let yourselves go at the moment is to go along to Frank Traynor's on a Wednesday night at 8-15 and have a ball for four hours or so with Christy Cooney, Tony Lavin, and guests. The standard of music is incredibly high – hardly surprising, as the guests regularly include Louis McManus senior and junior, Chris Wendt, Matt Dickie, Hugh McEwan, John Fitzgerald, Inger Da Costa, Phillip Day, and anyone else who happens along. The emphasis is strongly Irish, but a good deal of Scottish and Australian music is sung too.

As they run the night on the basis of continuous music, instrumental and vocal, everyone taking turns to do his bit, and with a strong preference for audience participation, the result is that the atmosphere has become very informal and friendly, and it's probably the best session of its kind in Melbourne for many years. If you don't get along to it, you're nuts!



Vol. 1, No. 2.  
25th January 1973.

Official Organ of the  
Port Phillip Folk Federation

Due to printing difficulties last week, we couldn't include the song we wanted to. However, from now on it will be there.

**There is one important change** – we are now the official organ of the Port Phillip Folk Federation. Our new postal address is:

P.O. Box 114,  
CARLTON, 3053.

Advertising rates have now been decided. A display ad will cost \$1-25 per column inch, or approximately \$60-00 for a full page. Other ads will be charged at a minimum of 50 cents for twenty words, and 5 cents every word thereafter. Rates for regular ads can be negotiated.

## INTERSTATE NEWS

These are the last details we'll have on the Port Jackson festival.

The reception is at the Arts Appreciation Centre, 168-174 Day Street, Sydney, on Friday 26th January, 7-00 pm.

All workshops and displays are to be held in the Stephen Roberts Lecture Theatre Block, Sydney University City Road entrance.

There is to be a party at the Arts Appreciation Centre on Saturday night after the concert.

Break-up at the Professional Musicians' Club on Monday.

There is one change of workshop. The subject shown previously as "Shape-Shifting", which had me quite puzzled, now reads, "Witches, Werewolves and Whatnots".

We intend bringing out a complete list of interstate clubs as soon as possible, but at the moment we can only give you two –

S.A. Whyalla Folk Den,  
Monarch Lounge, Eyre Hotel,  
Whyalla.

N.S.W. The Town Crier,  
Britannia Hotel,  
Cleveland Street, Chippendale.

## “POLLY WOODSIDE”

### FOLK CONCERT

The National Trust  
is running  
a folk concert  
to raise funds to renovate  
Australia's last sailing ship,  
which is to revert to its original name  
“Polly Woodside”.  
The cost is a little high, \$4-00,  
but \$2-00 of this goes to the fund  
and the remainder  
is to cover the concert expenses.

The concert is on Saturday  
27th January, 8pm, at the  
Old Melbourne Inn Banquet Hall  
5 Flemington Road, North Melbourne.  
Mulga Bill's Bicycle Band and The Ramblers  
(Tony Lavin and the McManus clan)  
will provide the music.  
Drinks are available  
at bar prices  
and dress is informal.

Since this issue comes out  
only two days before the concert,  
I rang about bookings  
and have been advised  
that there are still  
plenty of seats available.  
You should ring 62 1006  
between 9-00 am and 5-00 pm  
to make sure,  
but tickets will probably  
be on sale at the door.  
If you're not going to Sydney  
for the weekend,  
go to this and strike a blow  
for cultural conservation.  
You'll enjoy yourselves,  
too!

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## IN MELBOURNE THIS WEEK

### Friday 26th January.

Frank Traynor's,  
100 Little Lonsdale Street, City.  
8-00 pm – 12-30 am.  
Russ Shipton, John Crowle, Sam Hall.

Outpost Inn,  
52 Collins Street, City.  
8-00 pm – 1-00 am.  
Andrea McIntyre, Peter Parkhill, Dona Nobis.

Commune,  
580 Victoria Street, North Melbourne.  
8-00 pm – 1-00 am.  
Jim Cantwell, Carrl & Janie Myriad.

Union Hotel,  
Fenwick & Amess Streets, North Carlton.  
7-30 pm – 12 midnight.  
Come—all—ye.

### Saturday 27th January.

Dan O'Connell Hotel,  
Princes & Canning Streets, Carlton.  
3-00 pm – 6-00 pm.  
Come—all—ye.

Frank Traynor's,  
8-00 pm – 2-30 am.  
Julie Wong, Dona Nobis, John Graham,  
John and Juanita.

Outpost Inn,  
8-00 pm – 1-00 am.  
John Graham and others.

Commune,  
8-00 pm – 3-00 am.  
Fay Marie, John and Terry.

### Sunday 28th January.

Frank Traynor's,  
8-00 pm – 12 midnight.  
Mike Deany, Meaghan McEwan.

Outpost Inn,  
8-00 pm – 12 midnight.  
Margret Roadknight, Julie Wong.

Commune,  
8-00 pm – 12 midnight.  
Crucible.

### Monday 29th January.

Frank Traynor's,  
8-15 pm – 11-30 pm.  
Mike O'Rourke and guests.

### Tuesday 30th January.

Frank Traynor's,  
8-15 pm – 11-30 pm.  
Peter Parkhill and guests.

Commune,  
9-00 pm – 11-30 pm.  
Dutch Tilders and guests.

Outpost Inn,  
8-00 pm – 11-30 pm.  
New Faces, with David Stephens.

### Wednesday 31st January.

Frank Traynor's,  
8-00 pm – 12 midnight.  
Christy Cooney, Tony Lavin and guests.

### Thursday 1st February.

Dan O'Connell's Hotel,  
7-30 pm – 12 midnight.  
Mike O'Rourke, Danny Spooner,  
Roger and Helen Montgomery.

Frank Traynor's,  
8-15 pm – 11-30 pm.  
John Crowle and Julie Wong.

Commune,  
8-30 pm – 11-30 pm.  
Classical Guitar Night.

### Friday 2nd February.

Union Hotel,  
7-30 pm – 12 midnight.  
Danny Spooner, Phillip Day and others.

Frank Traynor's,  
8-00 pm – 12-30 am.  
Julie Wong, Christy Cooney, Peter Parkhill.

Outpost Inn,  
8-00 pm – 1-00 am.  
Danny Spooner, Phillip Day and others.

Commune,  
8-00 pm – 1-00 am.  
Jum and Dyke Orchestra, Norma Bowles.

### Saturday 3rd February.

Dan O'Connell's Hotel,  
3-00 pm – 6-00 pm.  
Come—all—ye.

Frank Traynor's,  
8-00 pm – 2-30 am.  
Danny Spooner, Mike O'Rourke, Carrl and Janie,  
John Graham, John Crowle.

Outpost Inn,  
8-00 pm – 1-00 am.  
John Graham and others.

Commune,  
8-00 pm – 3-00 am.  
Peter Parkhill, Paul Rogers.

### Sunday 4th February.

Frank Traynor's,  
8-00 pm – 12 midnight.  
Mike Deany and Phillip Day.

Outpost Inn,  
8-00 pm – 12 midnight.  
Margret Roadknight and Sue Emmett.

Commune,  
8-00 pm – 12 midnight.  
Crucible.

## IT'S ALL FOR MY GROG

The image shows two staves of musical notation in G major (one sharp) and 2/4 time. The first staff contains the melody for the first line of the song, and the second staff contains the melody for the second line. The lyrics are written below the notes.

It's all for my grog, my jolly, jolly grog, All for my beer and to-bacco - - For I've  
spent all my tin in a shanty drinking gin, Now a-cross the wes-tern plains I must wan-der

1. It's all for my grog, my jolly, jolly grog,  
All for my beer and tobacco.  
For I've spent all my tin in a shanty drinking gin,  
Now across the western plains I must wander.
2. I'm stiff stony broke, and I've parted from my moke,  
The sky is looking black as flaming thunder.  
And the shanty boss is too, 'cause I haven't got a sou,  
That's the way they treat you when you're down and under.
3. I'm sick in the head, and I haven't been to bed,  
Since first I touched this shanty with my plunder.  
I see centipedes and snakes, and I've got the aches and shakes,  
And I feel it's time to make a push out yonder.
4. You see the old man plain, I'll criss cross him once again,  
Until the track my eyes no longer see, boys.  
For my beer and brandy brain seeks balmy sleep in vain,  
And I feel as though I've got the Darling pea, boys.
5. But repentance brings reproof, so I'll sadly pad the hoof,  
All day I see the mirage of the trees, boys.  
But it all will have an end when I reach the river bend,  
And I'll listen to the sighing of the breeze, boys.
6. So curse the bloody grog, that hocussed shanty grog,  
The beer that's loaded with tobacco.  
Grafting humour I am in, so I'll stick the spurs right in,  
And I'll settle down again to some hard yakka.
7. And it's all for my grog, my jolly, jolly grog,  
All for my beer and tobacco.  
For I've spent all my brass in the bottom of a glass,  
And across the western plains I must wander.