

The Eucy Workers' Song

Brian Venten

Verse

Chords: C, F, C, G7, C, F, G7, C

We're batt - lers of the bush, The rur - al strugg - ling poor. We
bend our backs for Euc - y oil. To keep up our se - lect - ion.

Chorus

Chords: F, C, C, G, C, F, G7, C

So fire the boil - er boys, And get the stew pots cook - ing.
Cool the worm un - til we fill, Our tins with eu - ca - lyp - tus.

Verse 1

We're battlers of the bush,
The rural struggling poor.
We bend our backs for Eucy oil.
To keep up our selection.

Verse 4

We're squeezed by city merchants,
Ignored by bureaucrats.
Twelve pence is all we get a pound
Of eucalyptus oil.

Chorus

So fire the boilers boys,
And get the stewpots cooking.
Cool the worm until we fill,
Our tins with eucalyptus.

Verse 5

The working of a stiller,
Is hardly worth the doing.
We take the hook and pick the bough,
And break our backs for Eucy.

Verse 2

They worked the Dandy Ranges,
The bush at Macedon,
And hooked around the Mallee scrub
Distilling eucalyptus

Verse 6

At night we burn the clippings,
And rest our weary bones.
And sharpen our hooks again,
For eucy in the morning.

Verse 3

Listen all you Pollies.
Give the Eucy man a go.
A lease is little comfort when,
Our Eucy price is low.

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(The "worm" is the long one-inch pipe laid in a pond to condense the steam and eucalyptus.)