

Mazlim's Mill

Now I am a bul-lock dr-iver and I work for Maz-lim's mill, And
pull-ing tim-ber from vineCreek I've near-ly had my fill, and when the rain it comes at last, the
roadsthey are like glue; It's dig her out, or doub-le bank, to find the bal-lancedue.

PLAY MUSIC BETWEEN

The cutters are no better off, at us they cannot grin,
For when they get their timber cut, they cannot get it in;
And my advice to you, my boys-please do not take it ill-
Far better turn your bullocks out than work for Mazlim's Mill.

PLAY MUSIC TO FINISH.

A BUSHMAN'S SONG

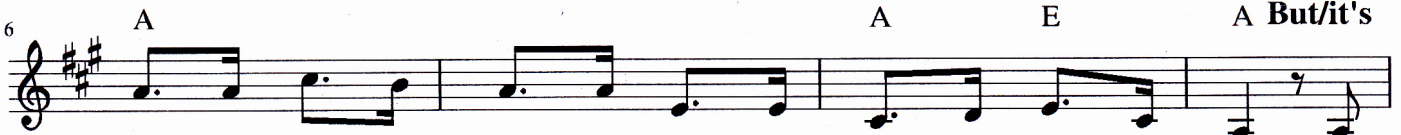
I'm travelling Down The Castlereagh & I'm a Station Hand.

A.B. Paterson

Arranged by Ernest E.P. Trunfun



I'm
This
I
I



trav - ellin' down the Cas - tle-reagh and I'm a sta - tion hand. I'm
old black horse I'm rid - ing if you no - tice what's his brand, He
asked a cove for shearin' once, a - long the Mar - tha - guy: 'We
went to Ill - a - war - ra where my bro - ther's got a farm; he
time that I was mov - in', I've a might - y way to go Till/I



hand - y with the rop - ing pole I'm hand - y with the brand And
wears the Rous - e's "R" you see none bet - ter in the land He
shear non-un - ion, here' says he I'll leave you then, says I I
has to ask the land - lord's leave be - fore he lifts an arm; the
drink art - es - ian wat - er from a thou - sand feet be - low; Till/I



I can ride a row - dy colt or swing an axe all day, But there's
takes a lot of beat - in' and the oth - er day we tried For a
looked a-long the shear - in' floor be - fore I turned to go There were
land - lordowns the coun - try - side... man, wo - man, dog and cat, And they
meet the ov - er - land - ers with the cat - tle come - in' down, And I'll



no de - mand for a sta - tionhand a - long the Cas - tle - reagh. So it's
bit/of a joke with a rac - ing bloke for twen - ty pounds a side. It was
four and twen - ty I chin - a - men a shear - in' in a row It was
have - n't the cheek to dare to speak with - out they touch their hat. It was
work a while till make a pile then have a spree in town So it's

22 A A A E A

shift, boys, shift, for there is-n't the slight - est doubt That we've
 shift, boys, shift, for there was-n't the slight - est doubt That I
shift, boys, shift, for there was-n't the slight - est doubt It was
 shift, boys, shift, for there was-n't the slight - est doubt their -
 shift, boys, shift, for there is-n't the slight - est doubt -We've

26 A E E A

got to make a shift to the sta - tions fur - ther out With the
 had to make him shift, for the money was near - ly out. But he
time to make a shift with the Chin - a - men a - bout So I
 li - ttle land - lord god and/I would soon have fall - en out; was -
 got to make a shift to the sta - tions fur - ther out The

30 A E A E A

pack - horse run - ning aft - er for he fol - lows like a dog. We must
 cant - ered home a win - ner with the oth - er at the flog He's a
sad - dled up my hor - ses, and I whis - tled to my dog, And I
 I to touch my hat/to him? Was-he I his bloom - in' dog? So I
 pack - horse runs be - hind us, for fol - lows like a dog, And we

34 Bm7 E E E A

strike a - cross the coun - try at the old jig jog
 red hot sort to pick up with his old jig jog
struck a - cross the coun - try at the old jig jog
 makes for up the coun - try at the old jig jog.
 cross a lot of coun - try at the old jig jog

THE SPRINGTIME IT BRINGS ON THE SHEARING

A7 D A7 D

The spring-time it brings on the shear-ing, And it's

G Em A7

then you will see them in droves, To the

D A7 Bm G

West coun-try sta-tions all stee-ring, a -

D A7 D A7

seek-ing a job off the coves. (with my)

The springtime it brings on the shearing,
And it's then you will see them in droves,
To the west-country stations all steering,
A-seeking a job off the coves.

Chorus:

With my raggedy old swag on my shoulder
And a billy quart-pot in my hand,
I tell you we'll 'stonish the new chums,
When they see how we travel the land.

From Boonabri up to the border,
Then it's over to Bourke; there and back.
On the hills and the plains you will see them,
The men on the Wallaby Track.

And after the shearing is over
And the wool season's all at an end,
It is then you will see the flash shearers
Making johnny-cakes round in the bend.

THE SPRINGTIME IT BRINGS ON THE SHEARING

A7 D A7 D
 The spring-time it brings on the shear-ing, And it's
 G Em A7
 then you will see them in droves, To the
 D A7 Bm G
 West coun-try sta-tions all steer-ing, a -
 D A7 D A7
 seek-ing a job off the coves. (with my)

The springtime it brings on the shearing,
 And it's then you will see them in droves,
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 And the wool season's all at an end,
 It is then you will see the flash shearers
 Making johnny-cakes round in the bend.

Andy's Gone with Cattle

Henry Lawson

Trad.



1. Our An-dy's gone to bat-tle now 'Gainst Drought, the red ma-
2. Who now shall wear the cheer-ful face In times when things are
3. The gates are out of or-der now, In storms the "rid-ers"
4. Oh, may the showers in tor-rents fall, And all the tanks run



rau - der; Our An - dy's gone with cat - tle now A -
 slack - est? And who shall whis - tle round the place When
 rat - tle; For far a - cross the bor - der now Our
 o - ver; And may the grass grow green and tall In



cross the Queens - land bor - der. He's left us in de -
 For - tune frowns her black - est? Oh, who shall cheek the
 An - dy's gone with cat - tle. Poor Aun - ty's look - ing
 path - ways of the dro - ver; And may good an - gels



ject - ion now; Our hearts with him are ro - ving. It's
 squat - ter now When he comes round us snarl - ing? His
 thin and white; And Un - cle's cross with wor - ry; And
 send the rain On des - ert stret - ches san - dy; And



dull on this se - lect - ion now, Since An - dy went a - drov - ing.
 tongue is grow - ing hot - ter now Since An - dy cross'd the Dar - ling.
 poor old Blu - cher howls all night Since An - dy left Mac - qua - rie.
 when the sum - mer comes a - gain God grant 'twill bring us An - dy.

The Inglewood Cocky

♩ = 120
Introduction:

The musical score is written in 3/4 time with a tempo of 120. It consists of five staves of music. The first staff is an introduction. The second staff begins the main melody with the lyrics: 'Twas an In - gle - wood cock - y of whom I've been told, who died, it is said, on ac - count of the cold, as he lay on his death - bed and wres - tled with Fate, he called on his chil - dren to share the e - state. The chords are: C, F, G7, C, C, F, G7, C, G, D, G7, C, G7, Am, E7, G, C, F, G7, C.

1. 'Twas an Inglewood cocky of whom I've been told,
Who died, it is said, on account of the cold,
As he lay on his death-bed and wrestled with Fate,
He called on his children to share the estate.

2. "Let John have the pig and the pet native bear,
The old kangaroo can be Margaret's share,
Let Mike have the possum that comes when he's called,
And Katy the emu although he's gone bald."

3. "To Mary I'm leaving the pink cockatoo,
And that's about all your poor father can do.
There's fish in the creek and there's fowl on the lake,
Let each take as much as they're able to take."

4. "Farewell, my dear children, no more can I leave,
Don't quarrel, or else my poor spirit will grieve.
And if you should marry, and have children to rear,
Remember I nursed you on pumpkin and bear."

composed:
 lyrics:
 arranged:
 source:



1. Big Poll the Grog-seller gets up every day,
And her small rowdy tent sweeps out.
She's turning in plenty of tin, people say,
For she knows what she's about, for she knows what she's about.

Polly's good-looking, and Polly is young,
And Polly's possessed of a smooth oily tongue,
She's an innocent face and a good head of hair,
And a lot of young fellows will often go there,
And they keep dropping in handsome Polly to court,
And she smiles and supplies them with brandy and port,
And the neighbours all say that the whole blessed day
She is grog-selling late and early, she is grog-selling late and early.

2. Two sly-grog detectives have come up from town,
And they both roam about in disguise,
And several retailers of grog are done brown,
And have reason to open their eyes, and have reason to open their eyes.

Of her small rowdy crib they are soon on the scent,
But Polly's prepared when they enter her tent;
They call for some brandy ... "We don't sell it here,
But," says Poll, "I can give you some nice ginger beer,"
And she adds, "Do you see any green in my eye?
To your fine artful dodge and disguise I am fly,
For if Polly you'd nail, you'd have, without fail,
To get up in the morning early, to get up in the morning early."



composed: Charles Thatcher
lyrics: Charles Thatcher
arranged:
source:

Clancy of the Overflow
Poem by A B "Banjo" Paterson
Music: Wallis and Matilda
Pioneers (1981)
<https://youtu.be/qghnx1o5gJ4>

[Verse 1]

G **C** **G**
I had written him a letter which I had, for want of better
C **G** **D**
Knowledge, sent to where I met him down the Lachlan, years ago,
C **G**
He was shearing when I knew him, so I sent the letter to him,
D **C** **G**
Just 'on spec', addressed as follows, 'Clancy, of The Overflow'.

[Verse 2]

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

[Verse 3]

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

[Verse 4]

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

[Verse 5]

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

[Verse 6]

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

[Verse 7]

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

[Verse 8]

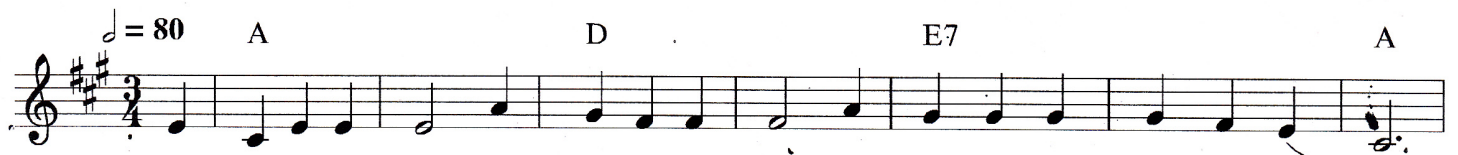
G C G
And I somehow rather fancy that I'd like to change with Clancy,
C G D
Like to take a turn at droving where the seasons come and go,
C G
While he faced the round eternal of the cash-book and the journal...
D C G
But I doubt he'd suit the office, Clancy, of 'The Overflow'

slowly.....

D C G
But I doubt he'd suit the office, Clancy, of 'The Overflow'


Five and a Zack

$\text{♩} = 80$ A D E7 A




I've been a few miles, I've crossed a few stiles, I've been round the world, there and back.

8 F#m B7/D#



But at one place I struck 'tween here and Haze - brouke They

13 E7 A



stung me for five and a zack

2. The timekeeper there, with his sanctified air,
Is a Salvation Army lance-jack;
On his cornet he'll bleat when they play in the street,
But he stung me for five and a zack.
3. The job's at an end; I'm camped in the bend,
And I hate the whole duck-shoving pack.
It's not that I'm broke or in need of a smoke,
But they stung me for five and a zack.
4. May that time-keeper stand in an Aunt Sally band,
And blow till his eyeballs turn blak!
May each note of his cornet turn into a hornet,
And sting him for five and a zack
5. When my time comes, I'll go to the hot place below,
And I never intend to come back.
On my tombstone you'll find these words underlined:
'They stung me for five and a zack.

Nine Miles from Gundagai

No: 041



1. I'm used to punch - ing bull - ock teams a - cross the hills and plains, I've
 2. 'Twas get - ting dark, the team got hogged, the ax - le snapped in two, I
 3. Some blokes I know have stacks of luck no mat - ter how they fall, but
 4. I can for - give the blink - ing team, I can for - give the rain, I
 5. But that's all dead and past and gone, and I've sold the team for meat, and



teamed out - back these for - ty years in blaz - ing droughts and rains; I've
 lost my match - es and my pipe ... ah, what was I to do? The
 there was I, lor luv - va duck, no bless - ed luck at all; I
 can for - give the dark and cold and go through it a - gain, I
 where I got the bull - ocks bogged, now there's an as - phalt street. The



lived a heap of trou - ble - down with - out a bloo - min' lie, but I
 rain came on, 'twas bit - ter cold, and hung - ry too was I ... and the
 could - n't make a pot of tea nor get my trou - sers dry, and the
 can for - give my rot - ten luck, but hang me till I die ... I
 dog, ah well, he took a bait, and reck - oned that he'd die; so I



can't for - get what happ - ened me nine miles from Gun - da - gai.
 dog sat in the tuck - er - box nine miles from Gun - da - gai.
 dog sat in the tuck - er - box nine miles from Gun - da - gai.
 can't for - give that bloo - min' dog, nine miles from Gun - da - gai!
 buried him in the tuck - er - box, nine miles from Gun - da - gai.

composed:
 lyrics:
 arranged:
 source:



Chords: C, F, C, G7, C, G7, C, Am, F, C, G7, C.

1. There's a trade you all know well; it's bringing cattle over ...
On every track, to the Gulf and back, men know the Queensland drover.

Chorus: So it's pass the billy round, boys, don't you let the pint pot stand there,
For tonight we'll drink the health of every overlander.

2. I come from northern plains where the girls and grass are scanty,
Where the creeks run dry or ten feet high and it's either drought or plenty.
3. There are men from every land, from Spain and France and Flanders,
They're a well-mixed pack, both white and black, the Queensland overlanders.
4. When we've earned a spree in town, we live like pigs in clover;
And the whole damn cheque pours down the neck of many a Queensland drover.
5. As I pass along the road, the children raise my dander,
Shouting "Mother dear, take in the clothes, here comes an overlander."
6. But I'm bound for home once more, on a prad that's quite a goer,
I can find a job with a crawling mob on the banks of the Maranoa.

Moreton Bay

Francis MacNamara (1811-1861)

trad. Yougal Harbour



One Sun - day morn - ing as I was walk - ing by
I've been a pris - oner at Port Mc - quar - ie, at
For three long years I was beast - ly treat - ed And
Like the Egypt - ians and an - cient He - brews We



Bris - bane wa - ters I chanced to stray I heard a con - vict his
Nor - folk Is - land and E - mu Plains At Cas - tle Hill and at
hea - vy irons on my legs I wore. My back from flog - ging was
were op - pres - sed un - der Lo - gan's yoke 'Till a native black lying



fate be - wail - ing as on the sun - ny riv - er
cur - sed Toongabbie at all these settle - ments I've
lace - rat - ed and of times painted with my
there in am - bush did give this ty - rant his



bank I lay I am a na - tive of Er - in's Is - land But
been in chains But of all the pla - ces of - con - dem - na - tion and
crim - son gore And many a man from down - right star - va - tion lies
mor - tal stroke My fel - low pris - oners be ex - hil - ara - ted That



ban - ished now from my na - tive shore They stole me from my
pe - nal - sta - tions in New South Wales of More - ton Bay I have
mould'ring now un - der - neath the clay And Cap - tain Lo - gan, he
all such monsters such a death my find. And when from bondage we're



ag - ed par - ents and from the maid - en whom I do a - dore
found no e - qual - ex - cess - ive - tyr - any — each day pre - vails
had us man - gled all on the tri - an - gles of More - ton Bay
lib - er - ated Our for - mer suf - fer - ings shall fade from mind

G A G A

♩ = 70

Introduction:

You lads and lasses all attend to me while I relate my tale of misery; by hopeless love was I
once betrayed, and now I am, alas, a convict maid.

1. You lads and lasses all attend to me
While I relate my tale of misery;
By hopeless love was I once betrayed,
And now I am, alas, a convict maid.
2. To please my lover did I try so sore,
That I spent upon him all my master's store,
Who in his wrath did so loud upbraid
And brought before the judge this convict maid.
3. The judge his sentence then to me addressed,
Which filled with agony my aching breast:
"To Botany Bay you must be conveyed,
For seven long years to be a convict maid."
4. For seven long years I toil in pain and grief,
And curse the day that I became a thief,
O, had I stuck by some honest trade,
I ne'er had been, alas, a convict maid.



composed:
lyrics:
arranged:
source:

♩ = 100

Introduction:

At his gate each shear-er stood as the whis-tle loud-ly blew, with eye-brows fixed and lips com-pressed the

ti-gers all fell to. Hark to the click-ing of the shears as through the wool they glide, you see our gun al -

read - y turned and on the whip - ping side.

1. At his gate each shearer stood as the whistle loudly blew,
With eyebrows fixed and lips compressed the tigers all fell to.
Hark to the clicking of the shears as through the wool they glide,
You see our gun already turned and on the whipping side.

Chorus: A lot of Lachlan tigers, it's plain to see we are,
Hark to our burley ringer as he loudly calls for tar;
"Tar here", calls one, and quick the tar-boy flies;
"Sweep those locks away!" another loudly cries.

2. The scene it is a lively one and ought to be admired,
There's never been a better board since Jacky Howe expired.
Along the board the gaffer walks with his face all in a frown,
And passing by the ringer, says, "You watch, my lad, keep down."
3. "I must have those bellies off and topknots too, likewise,
My eye is quick, so none of your tricks, or off you'll go like flies."
Oh, curses on our gaffer, he's never on our side,
To shear a decent tally in vain I've often tried.
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 them by the score,
But such a mob as this to clip I never saw before.

composed:

lyrics:

arranged:

source: Popularized in Melbourne by Joy Durst, from A.L.Lloyd's version.

♩ = 180

Introduction:

The musical score is written in G minor (one flat) and 4/4 time. It consists of five staves of music. The first staff is an introduction. The second staff begins the main melody with the lyrics 'I've sailed the North Atlantic, where ice blows in the breeze, and'. The third staff continues with 'roamed the Dutch West Indies in (the) calm blue sunny seas; when I'. The fourth staff continues with 'think of this and seamen, my thoughts return again to a'. The fifth staff concludes with 'sea-son spent in More-ton Bay with Queens-land whal-ing men.' Chords are indicated above the notes: Bb, Eb, F7, Bb, Bb, F7, Bb, Eb, F7, Bb, Bb, Eb, F7, Bb.

1. I've sailed the North Atlantic, where ice blows in the breeze,
And roamed the Dutch West Indies in (the) calm blue sunny seas;
When I think of this and seamen, my thoughts return again
To a season spent in Moreton Bay with Queensland whaling men.

Chorus: Sing ho, you Queensland whalers, who've cut the sugar cane,
And drove the herds of cattle o'er the dry and dusty plain;
You've dug the ore at Isa, laid countless miles of rail,
And now you've come to Moreton Bay to catch the humpback whale.

2. For men who've chased the brumbies, caught bullocks by the tail,
It really is no problem to catch a humpback whale;
Just spur your iron sea-horse, put the gun through rigging struts,
And when he runs from the coral scrub, you belt him in the guts.
3. The man up in the crow's nest, so whaling legend goes,
Looks out across the water and then cries, "Thar she blows",
But here in sunny Queensland you'll sometimes hear them shout,
"There goes a bloody beauty, mate, so get your finger out !"
4. From Moreton to Caloundra bronze whaler sharks abound,
They wait like dingoes in the scrub for a wounded beast that's down,
But their taste for blood and savagery, it never could compare
With the bite that Inland Revenue took from our bonus share.
5. When fuel tanks were running low, we'd sail to Brisbane town,
And at the nearest boozier our sorrows we would drown,
With beer and fiery whisky and plonk of vintage rare,
We'd steer a steady zigzag course without a blasted care.
6. Hooray, the season's over and we can all return
To treat our wives and sweethearts and have a little fun;
We'll rant like cattle drovers, we'll roar like whaling men,
And when the season starts next year you'll find us back again.

composed: Harry Robertson
lyrics: Harry Robertson
arranged:
source: