Tasmanian Tunes from Cape Barren Island

Uncle Affies' Tap





Dance Tunes from the Nariel Folk Festival. Victoria

Uncle Ev's Barn Dance Tune

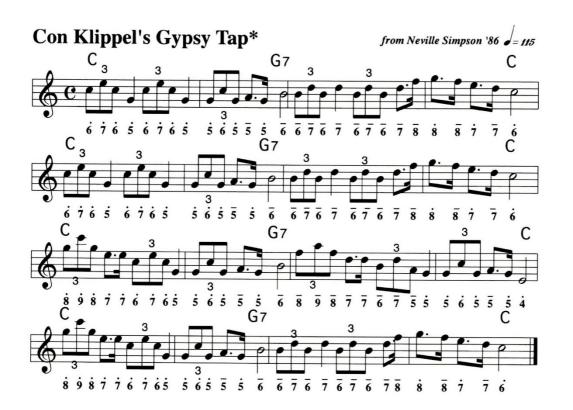




Tickets Please



Gypsy Tap



The Mudgee Schottische



CLANCY OF THE OVERFLOW

- A.B. "Banjo" Paterson

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 in a thumbnail 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 hath 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 stingy
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.

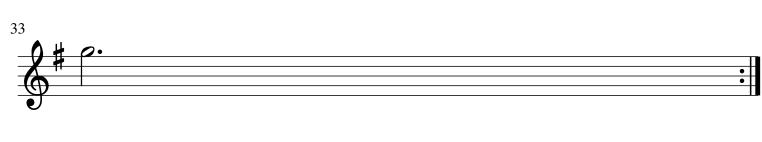
And the hurrying people daunt me, and their pallid faces haunt me
As they shoulder one another in their rush and nervous haste,
With their eager eyes and greedy, and their stunted forms and weedy,
For townsfolk have no time to grow, they have no time to waste.

And I somehow 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 cashbook and the journal But I doubt he'd suit the office, Clancy, of "The Overflow".

The Bulletin, 21 December 1889.

Click go the Shears





Click Go the Shears

(Tune: Ring the Bell, Watchman)

Out on the board the old shearer stands, Grasping his shears in his thin, bony hands, Fixed is his gaze on a bare-bellied "joe" Glory if he gets her, won't he make the ringer go.

(Chorus) 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 he curses the old snagger with the blue-bellied "joe".

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

(Chorus)

The colonial-experience man he is there, of course, With his shiny leggin's, just got off his horse, Casting round his eye like a real connoisseur Whistling the old tune "I'm the Perfect Lure".

(Chorus)

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

(Chorus)

The shearing is all over and we've all got our cheques, Roll up your swag boys we're off on the tracks, The first pub we come to, it's there we'll have a spree, And everyone that comes along it's, "Come and drink with me!"

(Chorus)

Down by the bar the old shearer stands, Grasping his glass in his thin bony hands, Fixed is his gaze on a green-painted keg Glory, he'll get down on it, ere he stirs a peg.

(Chorus)

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

(Chorus)

Lachlan Village near New Norfolk

Alexander Laing



Richmond Lasses

Alexander Laing



Cape Barren Island Set

The Black Cat piddled in the White Cat's Eye.





Waltzing Matilda

Australian



Once a jol-ly swag - man camped be-side a bil-la-bong, Down came a jum-buck to drink at the bil-la-bong, Up came the squat-ter, mount-ed on his thor-ough-bred, Up jumped the swag-man, sprang in-to the bil-la-bong. Un - der the shade of a Up jumped the swag-man and Down came the troop - ers, "You'll ne-ver catch me a -



cool - i - bah tree, And he sang as he sat and wait - ed till his bil - ly boiled, grabbed him with glee, And he sang as he stowed that jum - buck in his tuck-er bag, one, two, three: (saying)"Where's that jol-ly jum-buck you've got in your tucker bag, live," said he. And his ghost may be heard as you pass by that bil-la-bong,



"You'll come a-waltz-ing Ma- til - da with me."

Waltz- ing Ma-til - da, Waltz-ing Ma-til - da,



You'll come a - waltz - ing Ma - til - da with me.

And he sang as he sat and And he sang as he stowed that Say - ing, "Where's that jol-ly jum-buck you've And his ghost may be heard as you



wait-ed till his bil-ly boiled, jum-buck in his tuck-er bag,

got in your tuck-er bag, pass by that bil-la-bong,

"You'll come a-waltz-ing Ma - til - da with me."

Other Australian tunes:

www.bushtraditions.org - has a link to a related wiki that has abc's of soon to be more than 500 collected Aussie tunes. These are the tunes that Greg O'Leary, Dave Johnson and Ray Mulligan present each year at the National Folk Festival.

Other Australian songs:

The Diamantina Drover (Hugh McDonald) - http://redgumlyrics.weebly.com/the-diamantina-drover.html

The Swaggies Have All Waltzed Matilda Away (Alistair Hulett) - http://unionsong.com/u369.html

My Country (Dorothea Mackellar) - http://www.dorotheamackellar.com.au/archive/mycountry.htm

Poor Ned (Redgum and Trevor Lucas) - http://redgumlyrics.weebly.com/poor-ned.html

The Black Velvet Band - http://folkstream.com/007.html

Lachlan Tigers - http://bushwahzee.alphalink.com.au/song.htm (scroll down)

Botany Bay - http://bushwahzee.alphalink.com.au/song.htm (scroll down)

Moreton Bay - http://folkstream.com/061.html