

Songs for Cathy's and David's Birthdays, October 2025

Songs to be chosen from this list but feel free to lead something else appropriate for everyone to join in with.

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Online: <https://folktas.org/oddsocksparty>



Bully in the Alley (Sea shanty)

Help me Bob, I'm bully in the alley
Wey hey, bully in the alley
Help me Bob, I'm bully in the alley
Bully down in Shinbone Al

Sally is a girl that I loved dearly
Wey hey, bully in the alley
Sally is the girl that I spliced nearly
Bully down in Shinbone al

For seven long years I courted little Sally
All she did was dilly and dally

I bought her silks and I bought her laces
I took her out to all the fine places

I left my Sal, I went a-sailing
Signed on a big ship, I went a-whaling

If ever I get back, I'll marry little Sally
Have six kids and live in Shinbone alley

I thought I heard the old man saying
One more pull and we're belaying

A Drop of Nelson's Blood (Sea shanty)

Well a drop of Nelson's blood wouldn't do us any harm
And a drop of Nelson's blood wouldn't do us any harm
And a drop of Nelson's blood wouldn't do us any harm
And we'll all hang on behind

And we'll roll the old chariot along
And we'll roll the old chariot along
And we'll roll the old chariot along
And we'll all hang on behind!

Oh, we'd be alright if the wind was in our sails (3x)
And we'll all hang on behind

And a plate of Irish stew wouldn't do us any harm (3x)

And a night on the town wouldn't do us any harm (3x)

And the big fat bosun wouldn't do us any harm (3x)

Oh, we'd be alright if we made it round the Horn (3x)

And a roll in the clover wouldn't do us any harm (3x)

And a pint from the landlord wouldn't do us any harm
(3x)

The EOI Song (David Wanless)

By David Wanless (for the Buttongrass Ball, Saturday 29th September 2018, updated 2023)

Old Man ~~Hodgman Gutwein~~ Rockliff had a plan
E O E O I
And in that plan he had some tourists
E O E O I
With tourists here and tourists there
Here a tourist, there a tourist, everywhere another tourist
Old Man Rockliff had a plan
E O E O I

Old Man Rockliff had a plan
E O E O I
And for that plan he had a target
E O E O I
Every year, 1 'n' a half million here
Here a crowd, there a crowd, everywhere another crowd
Old Man Rockliff had a plan
E O E O I

Old Man Rockliff saw a park
E O E O I
And in that park he wanted \$ signs
E O E O I
With a cushy hut here and a helipad there
Here a profit, there a profit, everywhere a dirty profit
Old Man Rockliff saw a park
E O E O I

Old Man Rockliff had a process
E O E O I
And in that process he wanted no transparency
E O E O I
With a murky process here and discretion there
Here a secret, there corruption, nowhere here the public interest
Old Man Rockliff had a process
E O E O I

We Tasmanians have a choice
No E O E O I
To stand up for nature and our parks
No E O E O I
With vigilance here and action there
Here submissions, there donations, everywhere community action
We Tasmanians can save our parks
No E O E O I

We Tasmanians can save our parks
No E O E O I

Note: The EOI process is the Tasmanian Government's process for Expressions of Interest in commercial developments in parks and reserves.

Everything Possible (**)

(by Fred Small, from the singing of Roy Bailey)

We have cleared off the table, the leftovers saved
Washed the dishes and put them away
I have told you a story and tucked you in tight
At the end of your knockabout day
As the moon sets its sails to carry you to sleep
Over the midnight sea
I will sing you a song no one sang to me
May it keep you good company

Chorus:

You can be anybody you want to be
You can love whomever you will
You can travel any country where your heart leads
And know that I will love you still
You can live by yourself, you can gather friends around
You can choose one special one
And the only measure of your words and your deeds
Will be the love you leave behind when you're gone

There are girls who grow up strong and bold
There are boys quiet and kind
Some race on ahead, some follow behind
Some go in their own way and time
Some women love women, some men love men
Some raise children, some never do
You can dream all the day, never reaching the end
Of everything possible for you

Don't be rattled by names, by taunts, by games
But seek out spirits true
If you give your friends the best part of yourself
They will give the same back to you

Chorus

Fred the Dog -- Kate Rowe

Have you heard about the brand new Japanese machines
That translate for your dog so you know just what he means
I strapped one to the collar of my faithful kelpie Fred
I asked him if he felt all right and this is what he said

CHORUS:

I'm hungry, I'm hungry, I'm hungry, rub my belly
What's that noise, what's that noise
Schmacko, Schmacko, walkies kick the ball
I'm hungry, I'm hungry, I'm hungry, rub my belly
What's that noise, what's that noise
Schmacko, walkies kick the ball

I took Fred for a walk coz we both had itchy feet
And soon enough we met a lady walking down the street
She said that Fred was lovely so Fred told her she was pretty
And when she screamed and ran away he sang his little ditty

CHORUS

Then Fred asked me questions he'd often thought about
Like why do humans change their skins when they are going out?
What happened to your tails, and how do you open gates?
And without a real good sniff how do you recognise your mates?
And by the way...

CHORUS

Fred became quite learned, he really got quite pesky
Always wanting me to read him Freud and Dostoevsky
And when I asked him what he thought of everything I'd read
Fred looked up and winked at me and wagged his tail and said

CHORUS

Fred went into politics the people loved him dearly
Soon there were new flaps in all the doors at Kirribilli
And when he made his maiden speech the people cried for more
They'd never heard such honesty from a PM before

CHORUS (very slow then very fast)

The Gas-man Cometh (Flanders and Swann, 1964)

'Twas on the Monday morning the gas-man came to call
The gas tap wouldn't turn. I wasn't getting gas at all
He tore out all the skirting boards to try to find the main
And I had to call a carpenter to put them back again

Chorus : Oh it all makes work for the working man to do

'Twas on the Tuesday morning the carpenter came round
He hammered and he chiselled and he said "Look what I've found"
Your joists are full of dry rot but I'll put them all to rights
Then he nailed right through a cable and out went all the lights

Chorus.

'Twas on the Wednesday morning the electrician came
He called me Mr Sanderson which isn't quite the name
He couldn't reach the fuse box without standing on the bin
And his foot went through a window so I called the glazier in

Chorus.

'Twas on the Thursday morning the glazier came along
With his blow torch and his putty and his merry glazier song
He put another pane in. It took no time at all
But I had to get the painter in to come and paint the wall

Chorus.

'Twas on the Friday morning the painter made a start
With undercoats and overcoats he painted every part
Every nook and every cranny, but I found when he was gone
That he'd painted over the gas tap and I couldn't turn it on

Chorus.

On Saturday and Sunday they do no work at all
So 'twas on the Monday morning that the gas-man came to call.

Haul Away Joe (Sea shanty)

When I was a little boy, so my mother told me

Away haul away, we'll haul away Joe

That if I didn't kiss the girls, my lips would all grow mouldy

Away haul away, we'll haul away Joe

Away (Ho!) haul away, we'll haul away together

Away haul away, we'll haul away Joe

Away (Ho!) haul away, we'll haul for better weather

Away haul away, we'll haul away Joe

I used to have an Irish girl, but she got fat and lazy

But now I've got a Hobart lass, and she just drives me crazy

Old Louis was the King of France before the revolut-i-on

And then he got his head cut off, it spoiled his constitut-i-on

You call yourself a second mate, you cannae tie a bowline

You cannae even stand up straight, when the packet she's a rollin'

Way haul away, we're bound for better weather

Way haul away, the good ship now is rolling

Well now can't you see the black clouds a-gatherin'

Well now can't you see the storm clouds a-risin'

Here's to you Franklin (Dave de Hugar)

Well come all you people far and near,
And to this story lend an ear,
It's to ask you all to make a stand
On a crucial issue now at hand,
At the Franklin River a fight's being fought -
And bulldozers roar and time is short,
So this is a call for your support
To keep the Franklin flowing.

Chorus :

Here's to you Franklin as you roll along
And your forests and your mountains
Hear the wild river song,
And may you still be there when we're long gone,
So Franklin you keep on flowing.

Now this HEC they're blind of course,
And they're wearing blinkers like an old draught horse -
Oh but puffed with power, too blind to see
The extent of their stupidity -
And if you have your doubts the fact remains
It's up to us to make the change,
So it's back to the wall for the long-term gains
And we'll keep the Franklin flowing.

Chorus.

We must stay the hand of this scheming pack,
They'd carve up this country at the drop of a hat,
Lake Peddar disappeared at the stroke of a pen,
And if they have their way they'll do it again,
They'll take the Franklin River too,
Except for people like me and you -
So I reckon we can see this through
And we'll keep the Franklin flowing.

Chorus.

And I like the echo of the currawong's song
And the bubble of the water as she rolls along,
And the Huon pines have been standing there
two thousand years - and never a care.
Then there's the caves where the earliest man
sheltered while this river ran.
Oh no, there's no place here for a hydro dam -
so keep the Franklin flowing.

Chorus.

The Hippopotamus Song -- Flanders and Swann

A bold hippopotamus was standing one day
On the banks of the cool Shalimar
He gazed at the bottom as it peacefully lay
By the light of the evening star
Away on a hilltop sat combing her hair
His fair hippopotami maid
The hippopotamus was no ignoramus
And sang her this sweet serenade

Chorus:

Mud, mud, glorious mud
Nothing quite like it for cooling the blood
So follow me follow, down to the hollow
And there let us wallow in glorious mud

The fair hippopotama he aimed to entice
From her seat on that hilltop above
As she hadn't got a ma to give her advice
Came tip-toeing down to her love
Like thunder the forest re-echoed the sound
Of the song that they sang as they met
His inamorata adjusted her garter
And lifted her voice in duet

Now more hippopotami began to convene
On the banks of that river so wide
I wonder now what am I to say of the scene
That ensued by the Shalimar side
They dived all at once with an ear-splitting splosh
Then rose to the surface again
A regular army of hippopotami
All singing this haunting refrain

Chorus

(Extra verse:)

The amorous hippopotamus whose love song we know
Is now married and father of ten,
He murmurs, "God rot 'em!" as he watches them grow,
And he longs to be single again!
He'll gambol no more on the banks of the Nile,
Which Nasser is flooding next spring,
With hippopotamas in silken pyjamas
No more will he teach them to sing...

Chorus

Lachlan Tigers

At his gate each shearer stood as the whistle loudly blew
With eyebrows fixed and lips compressed the tigers all bent too
You could hear the clicking of the shears as through the wool they glide
You see a gun already turned, he's 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

The scene it is a lively one and ought to be admired
There hasn't been a better board since Jacky Howe expired
Along the board our gaffer walks his face all in a frown
And passing by the ringer says 'You watch my lad, keep down'

For I must have those bellies off and topknots too likewise
My eye is quick so none of your tricks or from me you will fly
Oh, curses on our gaffer, he's never on our side
To shear a decent tally, boys, in vain I've often tried

I have a pair of Ward and Payne's that are both bright and new
I'll rig them up and let you see what I can really do
For I've shore on the Riverine where they shear them by the score
But such a terror as this to clip, I never shore before

Loch Lomond

By yon bonnie banks and by yon bonnie braes,
Where the sun shines bright on Loch Lomond,
Where me and my true love were ever wont to gae,
On the bonnie, bonnie banks o' Loch Lomond.

Chorus:

O ye'll tak' the high road, and I'll tak' the low road,
And I'll be in Scotland afore ye,
But me and my true love will never meet again,
On the bonnie, bonnie banks o' Loch Lomond.

'Twas there that we parted, in yon shady glen,
On the steep, steep side o' Ben Lomond,
Where in soft purple hue, the highland hills we view,
And the moon coming out in the gloaming.

Chorus

The wee birdies sing and the wildflowers spring,
And in sunshine the waters are sleeping.
But the broken heart it kens nae second spring again,
Though the waeful may cease frae their grieving.

Chorus

Lord of the Dam

[Roland Lucas, Franklin Blockade Song Book, modified David Wanless, 15/1/92]

Chorus: Dam, dam whatever you can see
I am the lord of the dam(ned) said he
Just find me a spot with a river running free
And I'll build you a very nice dam said he.

The King of the HEC he said to me
Tasmania needs more electricity
What we want the power for we're not sure
But we're all very certain that we must have more. So,

Chorus.

So we dammed Lake Pedder but we lost a pile
Got told not to do that again for quite a while
But dear Robin Gray he's set us free
We're all very happy at the HEC. So,

Chorus.

I've dammed for the hydro-electric scheme
Prettiest damn sight that I have ever seen
For a leach-ridden ditch in the old south west
Our well-loved ruler says a dam is best. So,

Chorus.

I dammed on the Friday when the world turned black
It's hard to dam with the PM on your back
They offered me money and they thought I was gone
But our budget needs a dam and so the dam goes on.

Chorus.

Chorus.

Mairi's Wedding (The Lewis Bridal Song)

Chorus:

Step we gaily, on we go
Heel for heel and toe for toe
Arm on arm and row on row
All for Mairi's wedding

Over hillways up and down
Myrtle green and bracken brown
Past the shielings, through the town
All for Mairi's wedding.

Chorus.

Plenty herring, plenty meal
Plenty peat to fill her creel
Plenty bonny bairns as weel
That's our toast for Mairi.

Chorus.

Red her cheeks as rowans are
Bright her eyes as any star
Fairest of them all by far
Is our darling Mairi.

MOLLYMAWK

Learnt from Chris & Gita, 2015
 von der Borch, Foley
 & White

Well the Southern Ocean's a lonely place
 Where the storms are many and the shelter scarce
 Down upon the Southern Ocean sailing
 Down below Cape Horn
 On the restless sea and the troubling sky
 You'll see those Mollymawks wheel and fly
 Down upon the Southern Ocean sailing
 Down below Cape Horn
 Won't you ride the wind & go, white seabird?
 Won't you ride the wind & go, Mollymawk?
 Down upon the Southern Ocean sailing
 Down below Cape Horn

See the Mollymawk floating on her long ^{white} wings
 And oh what a lovely song she sings
 Down...

And she's got no compass and she's got no gear
 There's none can tell you how the Mollymawk steers
 Down...
 Won't...

She's the ghost of a sailor so I've heard say
 Whose body sank and soul flew away
 Down...

And she's got no haven and she's got no home
 She's bound forever just to wheel & roam
 Down...
 Won't...

When I gets too old for to sail no more
 Just sink my bones far away from shore
 Down...

You can set me loose, I'll be wild and free
 I'll keep them big birds company
 Down...
 Won't...

No Man's Land - Eric Bogle

Well how do you do, Private William McBride?
Do you mind if I sit down here by your graveside?
And rest for awhile in the warm summer sun
I've been walking all day and I'm nearly done.
And I see by your gravestone you were only 19
When you joined the glorious fallen in 1916
Well, I hope you died quick and I hope you died clean
Or, William McBride, was it slow and obscene?

Did they beat the drum slowly?
Did they play the pipes lowly?
Did the rifles fire o'er ye as they lowered you down?
Did the bugles sound 'The Last Post' in chorus?
Did the pipes play 'The Flowers o' the Forest'?

And did you leave a wife or a sweetheart behind?
In some loyal heart is your memory enshrined
And though you died back in 1916
To that loyal heart are you always 19?
Or are you a stranger without even a name
Forever enshrined behind some glass pane
In an old photograph, torn and tattered and stained
And fading to yellow in a brown leather frame?

The sun's shining down on these green fields of France
The warm wind blows gently and the red poppies dance
The trenches have vanished long under the plough
No gas and no barbed wire, no guns firing now
But here in this graveyard that's still No Man's Land
The countless white crosses in mute witness stand
To man's blind indifference to his fellow man
And a whole generation who were butchered and damned

And I can't help but wonder now Willie McBride
Do all those who lie here know why they died?
Did you really believe them when they told you 'The Cause'?
Did you really believe them that this war would end wars?
Well the suffering, the sorrow, the glory, the shame -
The killing, the dying - it was all done in vain
For Willie McBride, it's all happened again
And again, and again, and again, and again

Our world is not for sale – Peter Hicks/Geoff Francis

Not our rivers, not our ocean, not our forests, not our trees
Not the water we depend on, not the very air we breathe
Not our past and not our future, not this planet oh so frail
Just you heed this simple message, our world is not for sale

We are one, a common people, we are proud and we are free
Every one of us is precious, not a cheap commodity
And this earth we hold in common, every hill and every dale
Just you heed this simple message, our world is not for sale

Chorus:

Our world is not for sale, our world is not for sale
Not today and not tomorrow, our world is not for sale

Not to any multinational, not to any company
Not to any corporation, not to any industry
Not to any bank or boardroom, not on any sliding scale
Just you heed this simple message, our world is not for sale

Chorus

Not our customs, not our culture, not our lives and not our land
Not our love and our laughter, not the produce of our hands
And to those who steal our birthright, we declare you're doomed to fail
Just you heed this simple message, our world is not for sale

Chorus

Our world is not for sale, our world is not for sale
Not tomorrow, not forever, our world is not for sale

The Road to the Isles - Scottish Folk Song

Oh a far croonin' is a pullin' me away
As tak' I wi' my cromack to the road.
Oh the far Coolins are a puttin' love on me.
As step I wi' the sunlight for my load.

Chorus:

Sure by Tummel and Loch Rannoch and Lochaber I will go
By heather tracks wi' heaven in their wiles.
If it's thinkin' in your inner heart the braggart's in my step.
You've never smelled the tangle o' the Isles.
Oh the far Coolins are a puttin' love on me.
As step I wi' my cromack to the Isles.

It's by Shiel water that the track is to the west.
By Ailort and by Morar to the sea.
It's the cool cresses I am thinkin' of for pluck.
And bracken for a wink on Mother knee.

Chorus

Oh the blue islands are a pullin' me away.
Their laughter puts the leap upon the lame.
It's the blue islands from the Skerries to the Lew's.
Wi' heather honey taste upon each name.

Chorus

Chorus

Rolling Home (John Tams)

- as sung by Roy Bailey

Round goes the wheel of fortune
Don't be afraid to ride
There's a land of milk and honey
Waits on the other side
There'll be peace and there'll be
plenty
You'll never need to roam
When we go rolling home
When we go rolling home

Chorus:
Rolling home.
When we go rolling home.
When we go rolling, rolling,
When we go rolling home.

The gentry in their fine array
Do prosper night and morn
While we unto the fields must go
To plough and sow the corn
The rich may steal the power
But the glory's ours alone
When we go rolling home
When we go rolling home

Chorus.

The frost is on the hedgerow
The icy winds do blow
While we poor weary labourers
Stride through the driving snow
Our dreams fly up to glory
Up where the lark has flown
When we go rolling home
When we go rolling home

Chorus.

The summer of resentment
The winter of despair
The journey to contentment
Is set with trap and snare
Stand true and stand together
Your labour's yours alone
When we go rolling home
When we go rolling home

Chorus.

Chorus.

So pass the cup around
And let the toast go free
Here's a health to every labourer
Wherever they may be
Fair wages now and ever
Let's reap what we have sown
When we go rolling home
When we go rolling home

Chorus.

Chorus.

Sarah

-- traditional Newfoundland, from Prince Edward Island songbook

I came upon a charming girl and Sarah is her name
Her parents want a husband with riches, wealth, and fame
I haven't the wealth, and riches and fame have never come my way
But each night I go up to her door and through the keyhole say

Chorus:

Sarah, Sarah, won't you come out tonight
Sarah, Sarah, the moon is shining bright
Put your cap and jacket on
Tell your mother you won't be long
And I'll be waiting for you 'round the corner

Now Sarah is a girl like this, a girl you seldom see
She only loves me for myself, and not for my money
Every night at eight o'clock, she puts her needle away
And standing just outside the door, I through the keyhole say

Chorus

One night a little after eight, I crept up to her door
I whispered "Sarah, darling", as I'd often done before
"I'll give you Sarah!" said a voice, as down I went in a flop
That's what her mamma said, as she kicked me round the shop

Chorus

The old woman thought she'd finished me, I let her think so, too
I lay there on the floor, I scarce knew what to do
At last she said, "He's alive not dead, my girl I'll let him wed."
Up I jumped, said "Thank you ma'am", and to my girl I said

Chorus x 2

Send Me Back To Georgia (Si Kahn)

I was raised on grits and Jesus, my country wrong or right
Just a poor North Georgia farm boy, scared to death and quick to fight
Mother said, He's born to trouble, Father said, Low down and mean
So I joined up in the army soon as I turned seventeen

Chorus:

Won't you send me back to Georgia
Before I fight another day
Let the water from the mountains
Wash the bloodstains all away

In a place I'd never heard of, that they call El Salvador
Where the mountains look like home and the fields all smell of war
They may say we're just advisors, wash their hands of all the dead
But when you see the things we're doing, Lord it's hard to turn your head

Chorus

I was proud to be a soldier, I was proud to hold a gun
But there's a difference between fighting and just shooting people down
Well I will never be a preacher, but I do know wrong from right
And a war against poor farmers - that ain't no war I want to fight

Chorus

(as sung by Roy Bailey)

Snow on the Mountain Again (David Wanless)

There's snow on the mountain again
Mist rolling o'er the hills
Clouds scud 'cross the sky
Sunshine gleams on the snow
There's snow on the mountain again

As each morning by bike or by bus
I head to work for a day full of rush
Mt Wellington inspires me
It beckons me there
There's snow on the mountain again

Some say the real world's down here
Cars, money and offices drear
But the real world's the forests, the rivers, the sea
And snow on the mountain again

Some shiver and run for their car
And complain if the door's left ajar
They can't stand the real world
They lock themselves in
Against snow on the mountain again

I live and I work in the town
The concrete and rush bring me down
But what gets me through life
Is a wonderful wife
And snow on the mountain again

-- David Wanless, Hobart, 2004

Chords by Ian Kelmartin, San Francisco 2018: ¾

C/F/C/C
C/F/G/G
C/F/C/Am
C/G/C/C

Songline of the Moonbird

- by Dyan Summers, sung by Ronnie Summers

Verse 1)

“When the moon fell away from the face of earth

It left the moonbird behind.

I want to sing the song of the moonbird to you

So your family will sing you back ‘ome.....”

Chorus

We’ll walk the path of the moonbird

The mountains will touch the sky

And take you back to your ‘ome once again

Where the songline of the moonbirds still lies.

Verse 2

Your ancestors they will wait for you.

Your family will be by your side

To take you back to your ‘ome once again

Where the songline of the moonbirds still lies

Chorus

Verse 3

The flight of the moonbird we’ll take you back ‘ome

Back ‘ome to where you belong

Where the moon fell away from the face of the earth

And left the moonbird behind.

Chorus x 2

The Star of the County Down (Irish, traditional)

Near Banbridge town, in the County Down
One morning last July
Down a bóithrín green came a sweet cailín
And she smiled as she passed me by
She looked so neat from her two bare feet
To the sheen of her nut-brown hair
Such a coaxing elf, had to shake myself
To be sure I was standing there

(Chorus)

From Bantry Bay down to Derry Quay
From Galway to Dublin town
No maid I've seen like the fair cailín
That I met in the County Down

As she onward sped sure I shook me head
And I gazed with a feeling rare
And I said, said I, to a passerby
"Who's the maid with the nut-brown hair?"
He smiled at me, and he said, said he:
"She's the gem in Ireland's crown
Young Rosie McCann from the banks of the Bann
She's the star of the County Down"

(Chorus)

At the harvest fair she'll be surely there
And I'll dress in my Sunday clothes
With my hat cocked right and my shoes shone bright
For a smile from my nut-brown Rose
No horse I'll yoke, nor pipe I'll smoke
'Til my plough is a rust-coloured brown
And a smiling bride by my own fireside
Sits the star of the County Down

(Chorus)

Take me back to Canberra (John Quiggan)

Chorus:

Take me back to Canberra, where the skies are always blue
And often in the winter, my hands and feet are too
We have a lofty tower, and we have three lovely lakes
And now we have self government, to make all our mistakes.

Our town is planned by experts, the best there've ever been
The city's usually empty, but the streets are always clean
Our roads go round in circles, it's a very clever plan
No matter how far you go you wind up back where you began

Chorus.

You can visit the national gallery, you can go to see Blue Polls
You can go to the new Parliament House site, and see a big flag pole
You can visit the mint or the treasury, where they guard the nation's wealth
They're s'posed to be terrific, but I've never been myself.

Chorus.

You can work in the public service, you can work in a grocery store
From Monday through to Friday it's all a crushing bore
But it's really on the weekend that we all love Canberra the most
For half of us are up at the snow, and the rest are down the coast.

Chorus.

This land is your land

– **Tasmanian version by Peter Hicks/Geoff Francis**

Well, I roamed and rambled and I followed my footsteps
Through the patchwork orchards, 'cross the dusty dirt tracks
And somewhere near me, a voice was singing
This land is part of you and me

Chorus

This land is your land, this land is my land
From the sparkling valleys to the snow-capped highlands
From the old growth forests to the crystal wa-a-ters
This land is part of you and me

Well, the sun was rising as I went strolling
By the Huon River where the clouds were rolling
And a voice came singing and the fog kept lifting
This land is part of you and me

The great high fences that tried to stop me
And a great big sign there, "North Ltd property"
But on the other side it didn't say nothing
That sign was made for you and me

Chorus

In the heart of the city by the shadow of a steeple
A rainbow gathering, so many people
As I stood there strumming, I heard them humming
This land is part of you and me

Then I fell asleep there, I took to dreaming
The dozers thundering, the forest screaming
To save this island, who'll keep on fighting
If not for the folk like you and me

Chorus

Chorus

Thou Shalt Not Steal – Kev Carmody, 1989

In 1788 down Sydney Cove, the first boat-people land
They said sorry boys our gain's your loss, we're gonna steal your land
If you break our new British law, for sure you're gonna hang
Or work your life like our convicts, with the chain on your neck and hands

CHORUS

They taught us
Woah Black woman thou shalt not steal
Hey yeah Black man thou shalt not steal
We're gonna civilize, your Black barbaric lives
And teach you how to kneel
But your history couldn't hide the genocide
The hypocrisy to us was real
Your Jesus said, you're supposed to give the oppressed, a better deal
We say to you, yeah whiteman thou shalt not steal
Oh yeah our land you'd better heal

Your science and technology, hey you can make a nuclear bomb
Development has increased the size to 3 million megatonnes
If you think that's progress, I think your reasoning is unsound
You should've found out long ago, you better keep it in the ground

Chorus

Me and Neil and Rednut sittin', underneath the Indooroopilly bridge
Watchin' that blazin' sun go down, behind the tall tree'd mountain ridge
The land's our heritage and spirit, here the rightful culture's Black
We're sittin' here just wonderin', when we're gonna get that land back

Chorus

You talk of conservation, keep the forests pristine green
Yet in 200 years your materialism, has stripped the forests clean
A racist's a contradiction, that's understood by none
Mostly their left hand holds a bible, the right hand holds a gun

Chorus

Tom Tom (Jez Lowe)

A voice came down from a high rise mound
And old and clear and strong
And its words were new but grey with wisdom
Wrapped in an ancient song

Words as old as the northern hills
And as new as the mornin' sun
As clear as a bell with a velvet mouth
And these were the words it rung...

Chorus:

Bow down to the idol electric
Cower in terror at the tick box
Now you know what only the gods know
But you'll never do better than the Tom Tom
No you'll never do better than the drum

Well I laughed like a lover
'Cause it made no sense
And I tapped my feet in time
But the more it rang, the more I understood with every line

It sang..... Bow down to the idol electric...

An angry woman cried 'What can it mean?'
And a frightened man hid his head
But some they smiled and danced to the tune
And joined in every word

And they sang.... Bow down to the idol electric....

And the world was wrapped in waves and wires
And the old and the young tuned in
And all the while there were those who sang
To the beat of an ancient skin

They sang.... Bow down to the idol electric...

A voice came down from a high rise mound
And old and clear and strong
And its words were new but grey with wisdom
Wrapped in an ancient song

They sang.... Bow down to the idol electric... x2

.... No you'll never do better than the drum.... x2

Twofold Bay (by Steve Wilson)

Living in the south-east corner of this land
Where a little piece of heaven may be seen
From Kosciusko's snows to our sapphire sands
And the valleys, hills and forests in between
But our heaven's being threatened by the dollar I fear
And the man whose job it is to wield a saw
The forest is falling and it makes me sad to hear
The thunder of the log trucks past the door.

Chorus : Rolling away for Twofold Bay
Where whale men of old made their kill.
Now the whales have gone but the slaughter goes on.
The bush is falling to the Eden chipmill.

There's a simple sort of wisdom to be found in the bush.
I wish it could be seen by everyone.
The intricate array of life is part of all of us
And in our trust from fern to mighty gum
But oh how that trust is abused my friends.
You should see how the bush is being stripped.
For the forest giant it's no worthy end
To be hauled down to Eden to be chipped.

chorus.

You drivers, you haulers, you mill-hands and all
You're just the workers trying to earn your pay.
A buck's a buck, and jobs are scarce, but please let's heed the call
There's a job at hand to find a better way
And is the money really worth it with white-finger creeping on ?
Is the pain eased by the things you can buy ?
When you're old and your back and all your hearing's gone
Will the log trucks rolling past remind you why ?

chorus.

You bosses and bureaucrats and politicians too,
Ten million tonnes of chip you celebrate.
With your champagne and your rhetoric do you fat cats have a clue
Of the scourge upon this land your business makes ?
It's the rape of mother Earth and a pity for the world,
A shame upon us all this country 'round.
The chipping of the bush is a disaster being tolled
By the thunder of the log trucks rolling down.

chorus.

So come all good people. A task it at hand.
Go gently on in Mother Nature's way.
Be caring of each other and be caring of the land.
Our kids will judge the actions of today.
So let's all try as best we can to save our precious trees
Lest this garden of Eden be no more.
Let's work it out together so there no longer be
The thunder of the log trucks past the door.

chorus.

Westering Home (Scottish, traditional)

Chorus:

Westering home, and a song in the air,
Light in the eye and it's goodbye to care.
Laughter o' love, and a welcoming there,
Isle of my heart, my own one.

Tell me o' lands o' the Orient gay,
Speak o' the riches and joys o' [Cathay](#);
Aye, but it's grand to be wakin' ilk day
To find yourself nearer to [Islay](#).

Chorus

Where are the folk like the folk o' the west?
Canty and couthy and kindly, the best.
There I would hie me and there I would rest
At hame wi' my ain folk in Islay.

Chorus

Now I'm at home and at home I do lay
Dreaming of riches that come from Cathay
I'll hop a good ship and be on my way
And bring back my fortune to Islay

"Ilk" means each. "Canty" means neat or trim. "Couthy" means homely, simple, unpretentious. "Islay" is pronounced "Isla".

"Westering Home" is a traditional Scottish folk song that was written by [Hugh S. Robertson](#) in the 1920s. The lyrics of the song talk about the Scottish Island of [Islay](#). It was subsequently adopted as the [slow march](#) of the [Royal Navy](#).

The tune is a modified version of the traditional "The Muckin o Geordie's Byre", with the time signature changed from 6/8 to 3/4, and the rhythm slightly altered. Robertson appropriated this form of the melody from a Gaelic song with lyrics relating to nostalgia for [Skye](#) in the trenches of the [First World War](#), one of several entitled *Eilean mo Chrìdh'*. Its English title *Isle of my Heart* features in Robertson's lyric.^{[\[1\]](#)[\[2\]](#)[\[3\]](#)}

What Shall We Do With A Homeless Beaver?

-- John Thompson of Cloudstreet

(Slow)

In '48 in Idaho
For houses the animals had to go
They turned for help to a man named
Elmo
Fish and Game employee

Chorus:

What shall we do with a homeless
beaver?
What shall we do with a homeless
beaver?
What shall we do with a homeless
beaver?
Throw him from an airplane

(Speed up slightly)

Beavers they move way too slow
From Pyett? Lake they had to go
Their leader was called Geronimo
He was fine and brave and furry

(Speed up slightly)

Chorus

Elmo Heto? was the man
Elmo had a cunning plan
I will do what no-one else can
Transplant all the beavers

Chorus

The beavers their demise were facin'
They had to get to Chamberlain Basin
Against the clock Elmo was racin'
We must save the beavers

Chorus

(Faster)

He thought of parachutes, we don't know
why
To take the beavers through the sky
A dumb idea but worth a try
A load of airborne beavers

(Slightly faster)

Chorus

(Faster)

Elmo put them into boxes
Boxes with automatic lockses
That opened when they hit the rockses
Freedom for the beavers

(Slightly faster)

Chorus

(Slow)

The beavers live there to this day
They tell their tales, they have their say
It is to Elmo that they pray
The sky god of the beavers

Chorus

(Last line slightly faster)

(Faster)

Chorus

(Slow last two lines)

Tune: What shall we do with a drunken
sailor?

What you do with what you've got
(by Si Kahn, as sung by Roy Bailey)

Well you must know someone like him, he was tall and strong and lean
Body like a greyhound, mind so sharp and clean
His heart just like a laurel, grew twisted on itself
'Til almost everything he did, brought pain to someone else.

Chorus:

Well it's not just what you're born with, it's what you choose to bear
It's not how large your share is, but how much you can share
It's not the fights you dream of, but the ones you really fought
It's not just what you're given, it's what you do with what you've got

What's the use of two strong legs, if you only run away?
And what good is the finest voice, if you've nothing good to say?
What use are strength and muscle, if you only push and shove?
And what's the use of two good ears, if you can't hear those you love?

Chorus.

Between those who use their neighbours, and those who use a cane
Between those in constant power, and those in constant pain
Between those who run to evil, and those who cannot run
Tell me which ones are the cripples, and which ones touch the sun.

Chorus.

The Woodchip Man

(Tas. version) - Denis Kevans, John Dengate, mod David Wanless

My Aunty Lil went to Japan.
She argued with the woodchip man
The woodchip man he said "Ah geez -
You can't see the woodchips for the trees."

Chorus:

Please give your forests to the woodchip man
He's got a factory in old Japan
He turns them into Kleenex, Blinky Bill
He's doing it for Australia, you dill!

Rockliff spends our money on the forest's destruction
Saying "We need these trees for paper production.
There are no animals to be found
'Cause we've bulldozed them right into the ground."

Chorus.

The pademelon and the little tom-tit
Couldn't make head nor tail of it
The woodchip man he said "Ah look
I'll give you a chapter in a nature book."

Chorus.

When the forest has gone to the factory
And the woodchips're higher than the blue gum tree
We'll have the paper from old Japan
All sing the praises of the woodchip man.

Chorus.

When the forest has gone to the factory
To be turned into paper for the lavatory
I won't complain I won't be glum
I'll just rip off my heritage and wipe my bum

Chorus.

Ye Jacobites By Name (version by Robert Burns, 1791)

Robert Burns Version

This version, most commonly performed today, was re-written by Robert Burns circa 1791.

Ye Jacobites by name, lend an ear, lend an ear!
Ye Jacobites by name, lend an ear,
Ye Jacobites by name,
Your fautes I will proclaim,
Your doctrines I maun blame - you shall hear, you shall hear!
Your doctrines I maun blame - you shall hear!

What is right, and what is wrong, by the law, by the law?
What is right, and what is wrong, by the law?
What is right, and what is wrong?
A short sword and a long,
A weak arm and a strong, for to draw, for to draw!
A weak arm and a strong, for to draw!

Chorus...

What makes heroic strife, famed afar, famed afar?
What makes heroic strife famed afar?
What makes heroic strife?
To whet th' assassin's knife,
Or hunt a Parent's life, wi bluidy war, wi bluidy war!
Or hunt a Parent's life, wi bluidy war!

Chorus...

Then let your schemes alone, in the State, in the State!
Then let your schemes alone, in the State!
Then let your schemes alone,
Adore the rising sun,
And leave a man alone, to his fate, to his fate!
And leave a man alone, to his fate!

Chorus...

Ye Jacobites by name, lend an ear, lend an ear!
Ye Jacobites by name, lend an ear...