The Gang-Gangs

Tune & Songbook





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Thanks to The Flock:

Erst Carmichael John Duffy Patrick Harte John Hill Tinker Hungerford **Steve Kells** Ruth Ley Jill Rattray Mike Purtell Madison Shakespear Di & Shaggy Shanks

Brown Jug Polka - T1



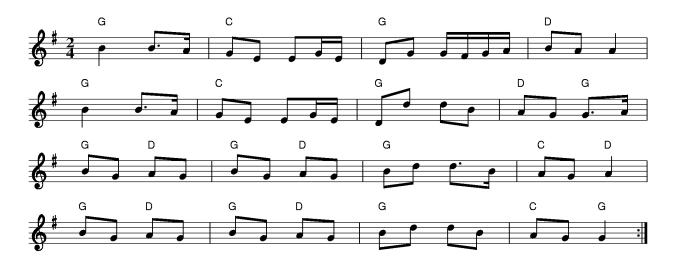
Tell Me Ma



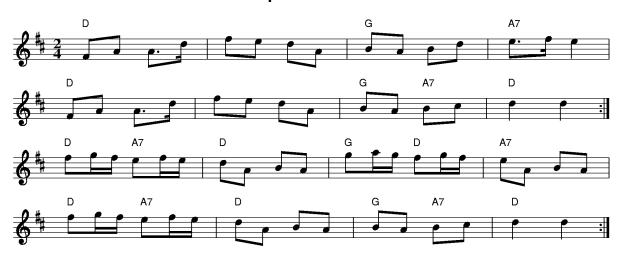
Marie's Wedding



Bog Down in the Valley



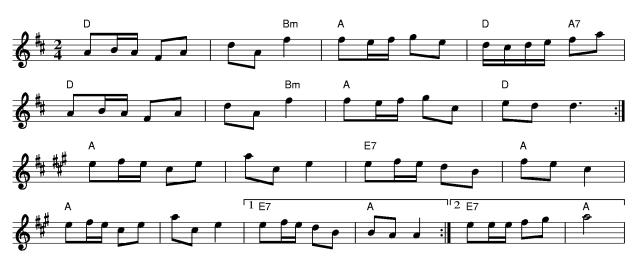
The Galopede - T3



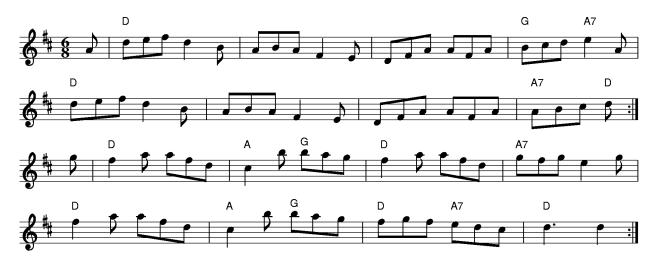
The Winster Galop



The Liberton Pipe Band (Come to the Ceilidh)



The Flying Pieman - T4



The Cock O' the North



O'Keefe's Slide

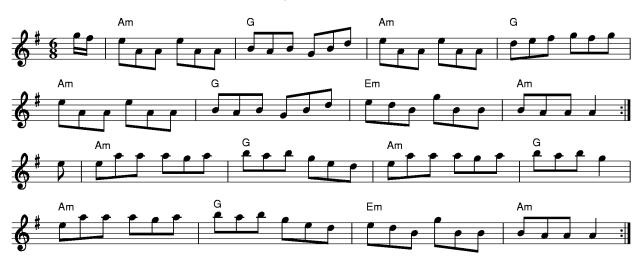


Circassian Circle - T5

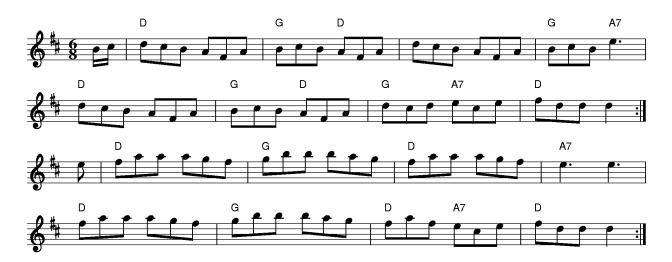
Father O'Flynn



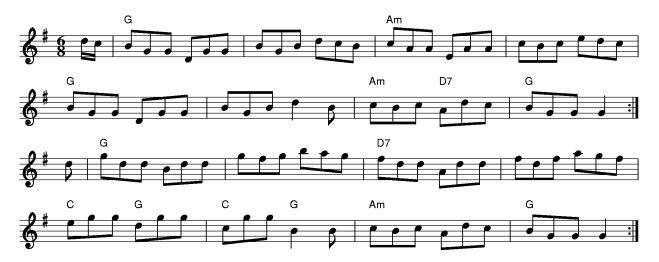
Tenpenny Bit



Moriatey's Jig



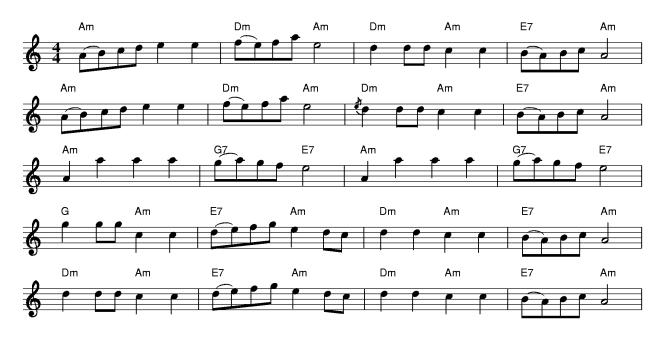
The Irish Washerwoman



Troika - T7



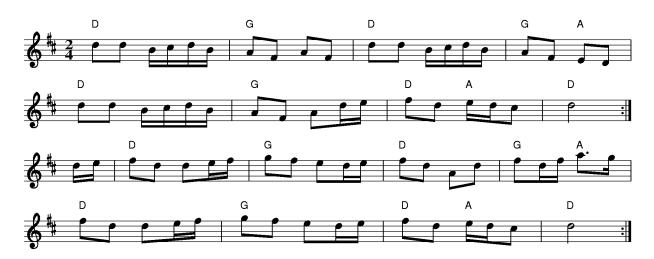
Hatikva



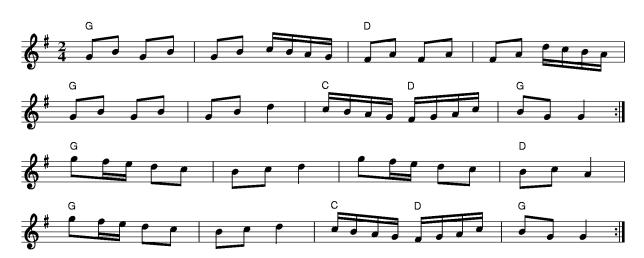
Davy Knick-Knack - T8



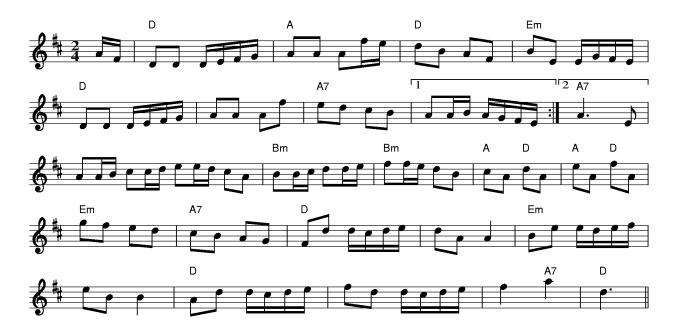
40 Pound Float



Rakes of Mallow



Dashing White Sergeant - T9



Rakes of Mallow



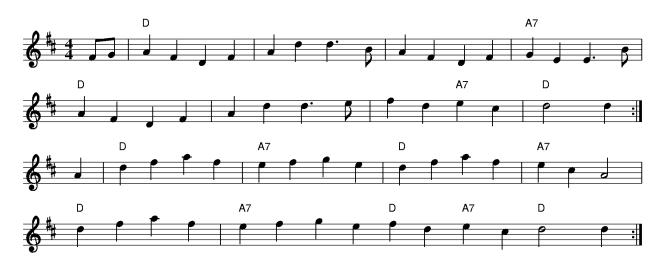
Rose Tree



Ger the Rigger



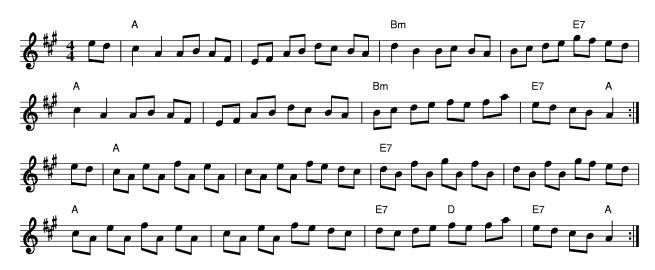
Soldiers' Joy - T11



Davy Davy Knick Knacks



Mason's Apron



Soldiers' Joy



Barn Dance - T13

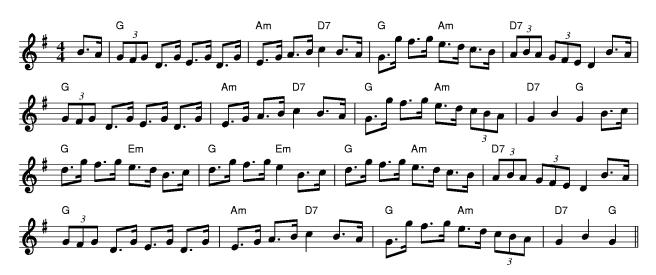
Mudgee Schottische



Harvest Moon Schottische



Australian Jim



Navvy on the Line



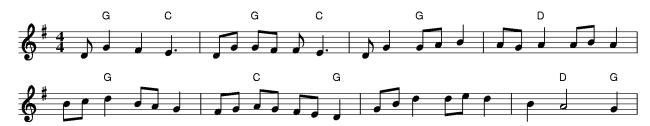
Geese Beyond the Water - T15



Dark Night



Ryebuck Shearer - S1



I come from the south and my name is Field And when my shears are properly steeled It's a hundred and odd I have very often peeled And of course I'm a ryebuck shearer

Chorus

If I dont shear a tally before I go My shears and stone in the river I'll throw And I'll never open Sawbees or take another blow And prove I'm a ryebuck shearer

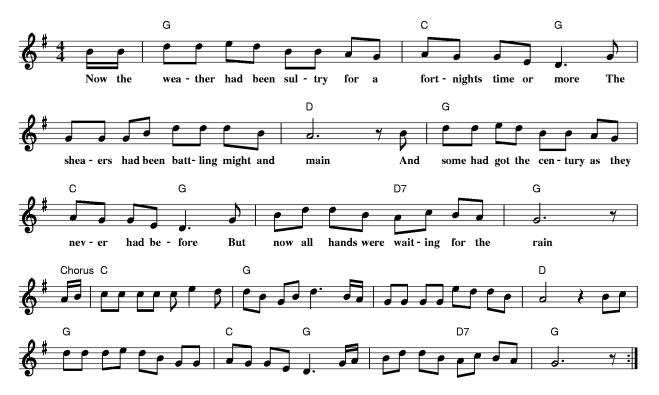
There's a bloke on the board and he's got a leather skin A very long nose and he shaves on the chin And a voice like a billy goat pissing in a tin And of course he's a ryebuck shearer

There's a bloke on the board and I heard him say I couldn't shear a hundred sheep in a day But some fine day I'll show him the way And prove I'm a ryebuck shearer

Oh I'll make a splash but I wont say when I'll hop off my tail and I'll into the pen While the ringer's shearing five I'll be shearing ten And prove I'm a ryebuck shearer

There's a bloke up north or so I've heard With a face like a dried up buffalo turd And if you think that's bad well you ought to see his bird She looks like a ryebuck shearer

Another Fall of Rain - S2



Now the weather had been sultry for a fortnights time or more The shearers had been battling might and main And some had got the century as they never had before But now all hands were waiting for the rain

For the boss is getting rusty and the ringer's caving in His bandaged wrist is aching with the pain And the second man I fear will make it hard for him Unless we have another fall of rain

A few had taken quarters and were coiling in the banks When we shore the six tooth wethers from the plain And if the sheep get harder then a few more men will flunk Unless we get another fall of rain

For the boss is getting rusty and the ringer's caving in His bandaged wrist is aching with the pain And the second man man I fear will make it hard for him Unless we have another fall of rain But the sky is clouded over and the thunder's muttering loud And the clouds are driving Eastward o'er the plain And I see the lightning flashing from the edge of yon black clouds And I hear the gentle patter of the rain

So lads put on your stopper and let us to the hut Where we'll gather round and have a friendly game While some are playing music and some play ante-up And some are gazing outward at the rain

Instrumental Verse and Chorus

But now the rain is over let the pressers spin the screws Let the teamsters back the waggons in again And we'll block the classers table by the way we push them through For everything is merry since the rain

And the boss he won't be rusty when his sheep have all been shorn And the ringers wrist won't ache much with the pain Of pocketing his seasons cheque for fifty pounds or more And the second man will ride him hard again

Instrumental Verse

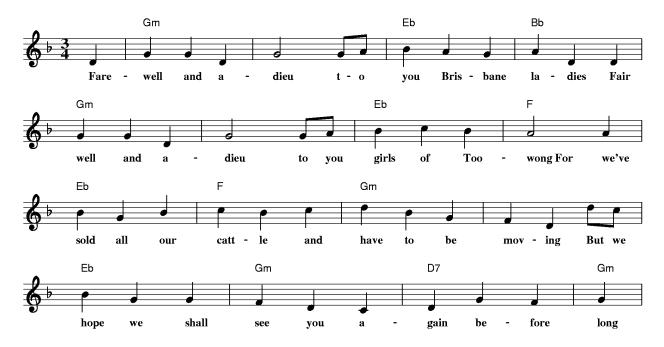
So boss break out the bottle and let us bless the flock For the shearers here may never meet again Well some may meet next season and some not even then (slow)

And others will just vanish with the rain

Ger the Rigger



Brisbane Ladies/Augathella Station - S4



Farewell and adieu to you Brisbane ladies
Farewell and adieu to you girls of Toowong
For we've sold all our cattle and have to be moving
But we hope we shall see you again before long

Chorus

We'll rant and we'll roar like true Queensland drovers We'll rant and we'll roar as onward we push Until we get back to the Augathella station It's flaming dry going through the old Queensland bush

The first camp we make we shall call it the Quart Pot Cabbolture then Kilcoy and Collington's hut We'll pull up at the Stone House, Bob Williamson's paddock And early next morning we cross the Blackbutt Then onto Taromeo and Yarraman Creek lads
It's there we shall make our next camp for the day
Where the water and grass are both plenty and sweet lads
And maybe we'll butcher a fat little stray

Then onto Nanango that hard-bitten township Where the out of work station hands sit in the dust And the shearers get shore by old Tim the contractor I wouldn't go by there but I flaming well must

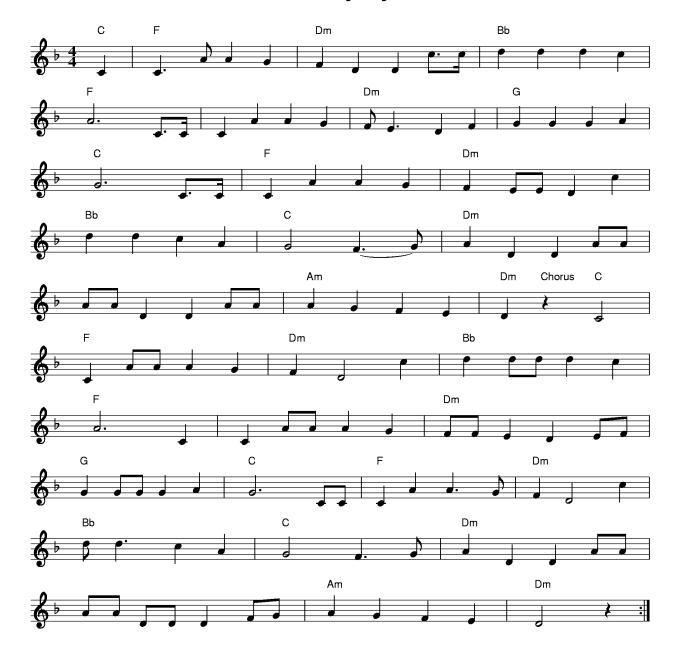
The girls of Toomancy they look so entrancing Those young bawling heifers are out looking for fun With the waltz and the polka and all kinds of dancing To the racketty old banjo of Patrick Harte

Then fill up your glasses and we'll drink to the lasses We'll drink this town dry then farewell to all And when we return once more to Augathella We hope you'll come by there and pay us a call

after last chorus:

We'll rant and we'll roar We'll rant and we'll roar We'll rant and we'll roar

Shores of Botany Bay - S6



Oh I'm on my way down to the quay
Where a big ship now does lie
For to take a gang of navvies
I was told to engage
But I thought I would call in for a while
Before I went away
For to take a trip in an emigrant ship
To the shores of Botany Bay

Chorus

Fairwell to your bricks and mortar
Fairwell to your dirty lime
Fairwell to your gangway and gang planks
And to hell with your overtime
For the good ship Ragamuffin
Is lying at the quay
For to take old Pat with a shovel on his back
To the shores of Botany Bay

The best years of our life we spend At working on the docks Building mighty wharves and quays Of earth and ballast rocks Our pensions keep our lives secure But I'll not rue the day When I take a trip on an emigrant ship To the shores of Botany Bay

For the boss came up this morning
And he said "Well Pat hello
If you do not mix that mortar fast
Be sure you'll have to go"
Of course he did insult me
I demanded of my pay
And I told him straight I was going to emigrate
To the shores of Botany Bay

And when I reach Australia
I'll go and look for gold
Sure there's plenty there for the digging
Or so I have been told
Or I might go back into my trade
Eight hundred bricks I'll lay
In an eight hour day for eight bob pay
On the shores of Botany Bay

My Old Black Billy - S8



I've humped me bluey through all the states,

Me old black billy - the best of mates.

For years I've camped and toiled and tramped.

Oh the road was rough and hilly,

with me plain and sensible, indespensable, old black billy

Chorus:

My old black billy, my old black billy. Whether the wind is warm or chilly I alway find, when the shadows fall, that me old black billy is me best mate of all

I've carried me swag on the parched Barcoo,

Where the water's scarce and the houses few.

On many a track in the great outback

Where the heat would drive you silly

I've carried me sensible, indespensable, old black billy

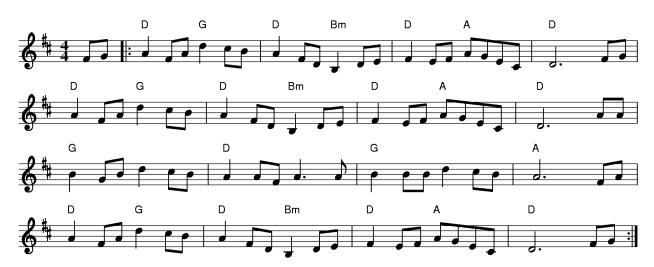
When me tramping days at last are o'er,

and I drop me swag at the Golden Door, St. Peter will stare when he sees me there,

and say 'Poor wandering Willy'

Come in with your sensible, indespensable, old black billy

The Cross of the South - S9



Instrumental intro

T'was the month of December the year fifty-four when the men of Eureka rebelled. And they swore that the flag they had made for themselves, proudly aloft would be held. The miners took arms in the stockade that day. The bold word was passed mouth to mouth. Oh we'll stand by this flag and the stars it does bear, all the stars of the Cross of the South.

The hot blooded heroes went past in their veins was more than one many they obeyed. And the hero of heroes they chose from their ranks: Peter Lalor their hero they named. Peter Lalor said now we must stand by our guns, fear not the cannons mouth. For I see that the soldiers are gathering now to tear down the Cross of the South.

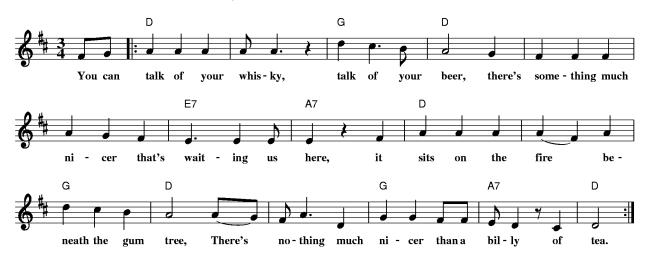
Captain Thomas he charged the Eureka Stockade, three hundred troops by his side. Fire and steel met them where they lay, the first of the miners had died. The smoke from the battle had scarce cleared away when the soldiers came charging once more.

The miners were killed as they stood by their flag, or felled by the wounds that they bore.

Instrumental Verse

Bold Peter Lalor lay shot on the ground where the soldiers had left him for dead. And the flag that he loved lay there by his side, the white stars all stained with red. Peter Lalor he rose on his knees in the dust, fine words they did pour from his mouth. You can murder us all in black tyranny's name, but you can't kill the Cross of the South.

Billy of Tea - S10



So fill up your tumbler as high as you can And don't you dare tell me it's not the best plan, You can let all your beer and your spirits go free -I'll stick to my darling old billy of tea.

Chorus:

You can talk of you whisky, talk of your beer, There's something much nicer that's waiting us here, It sits on the fire beneath the gum tree, There's nothing much nicer than a billy of tea.

I rise in the morning as soon as it's light And go to the nose bag to see it's alright, That the ants on the sugar no mortgage have got And straight away sling my old black billy-pot.

And while it is boiling the horses I seek And follow them down, as far as the creek, I take off their hobbles and let them run free Then haste to tuck into my billy of tea.

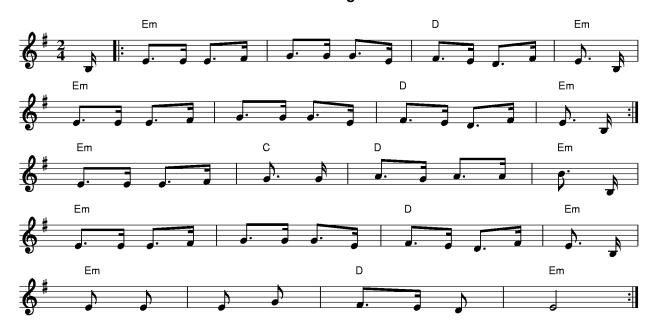
Mudgee Waltz



And at night when I camp if the day has been warm I give to my horses their tucker of corn, From the two in the pole to the one in the lead A billy for each holds a comfortable feed.

Then the fire I make and the water I get And corned beef and damper, in order, I set, But I don't touch the grub though so hungry I be -I wait till it's ready - the billy of tea.

The Whale Song - S12



We sailed from port one morning when the weather it was fair A gentle breeze had pushed them, but no-on gave a care We sang and danced and laughed that night, and opened up a keg

We're out to catch the monster that took the captain's.... Aye, di di di di didi di

The captain said a piece of gold for he who sees my whale So bend you backs and row me lads, I know that you won't fail

Bend your backs and row me lads, and take me to me whale Tonight we sing and dance, and tomorrow night we'll sail We'll sail into the harbour no prouder man there'll be And show them all we captured the monster from the sea Aye, di di di didi di

We saw the whale that morning, the weather it was clear The men where white as ghosts, but the captain had no fear. I'll take this whale myself, the weak can stay behind The strong can share my glory and tonight they'll share my wine.

Aye, di di di di didi di

The whale it came up close, it was bigger than the sky They lowered down the longboat and they heard the captian cry

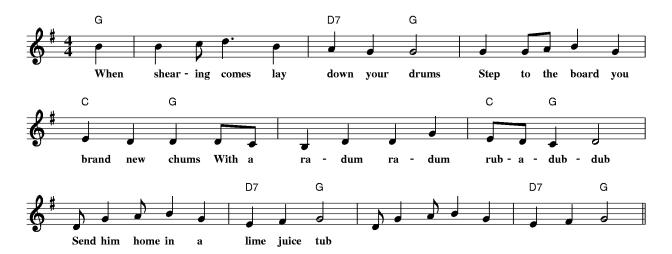
Bend your backs and row me lads, and take me to me whale Tonight we sing and dance, and tomorrow night we sail We'll sail into the harbour no prouder man there'll be And show them all we captured the monster from the sea

The whale it came so close, it almost tipped the boat
The captain raised his spear and he rammed it down his throat
The whale it game a mournfull cry, and lifted it's great tail
And broght it down a smashing every boat was sent a gale

A hundred years have passed since the captain and his men Went below to spend their days in Davey Jones' den The whale it goes on living, but inside it wears a scar If you're ever near that place a voice calls from afar

Bend your backs and row me lads, and take me to me whale Tonight we sing and dance, and tomorrow night we sail We'll sail into the harbour no prouder man there'll be And show them all we captured the monster from the sea Aye, di di di didi di

Lime Juice Tub - S14



When shearing comes lay down your drums
Step to the board you brand new chums
With a ra-dum ra-dum rub-a-dub-dub
Send him home in a lime juice tub
Now you have crossed the briny deep
You fancy you can shear a sheep
With a ra-dum ra-dum rub-a-dub-dub
We'll send you home in lime juice tub

Chorus

Here we are in New South Wales Shearing the sheep as big as whales With leather necks and daggy tails And fleece as tough as rusty nails

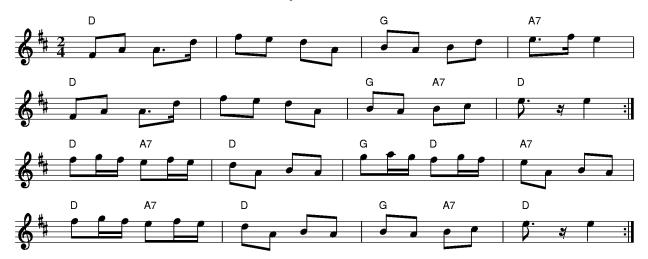
There's cockies sons and brand new chums
They fancy that they are great guns
They fancy they can shear the wool
But the buggers can only tear and pull
They tar the sheep till they're nearly black
Roll up roll up and get the sack
Once more out on the Wallaby Track
More to look for work out back

We camp in huts without any doors
Sleep upon the muddy floors
With a pannikin of flour and a sheet of bark
To wallop up a damper in the dark
Its home its home I'd like to be
Not humping my drum in the sheep country
Its sixteen thousand mile I've come
To march along with a blanket drum

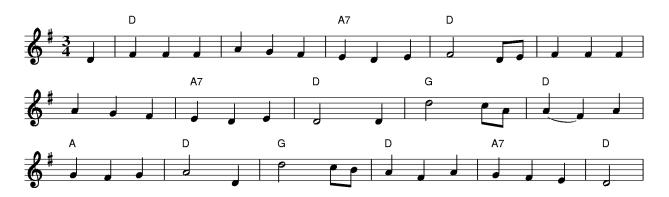
You cockies, too, you never need fret
For I'm the man who's willing to bet
Your're up to your eyes, heels first in debt
You're up to your eyes, and your son's eyes yet
Although you live beyond your means,
Your daughters wear no crinolines
Nor are they shod in boots or shoes
They're running wild with the kangaroos

But shearing's here, boys, give a cheer Step to the board and grab your gear With a ra-dum ra-dum rub-a-dub-dub We'll send you home in lime juice tub

The Galopede



The Little Fish - S16



There's a song in my heart for the one I love best, And her picture is tattooed all over my chest.

Chorus:

Yea-ho little fishy, don't cry, don't cry, Yea-ho little fishy, don't cry, don't cry.

The ship's under way and the weather is fine, The captian's on deck hanging out other lines.

Little fish when he's caught, he fights like a whale, He threshes the water with his long narrow tail.

The crew are asleep, and the ocean's at rest, And I'm singing this song to the one I love best.

Believe Me If All Those Endearing Young Charms



Click Go the Shears - S17



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

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 curses the old snagger with the bare-bellied yoe.

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

The colonial experience man, he is there of course, With his shiny leggin's on, just got off his horse, Gazes all around him like a real connoisseur, Scented soap and brilliantine and smelling like a whore.

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

Now the shearing is all over, we've all got our cheques, So roll up your swags and it's off down the track, The first pub we come to it's there we'll have a spree And everyone that comes along it's 'Have a drink with me'.

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

Fannie Bay - S18



Tell her I'm droving down Camooweal way Or signed with pearlers for seas far away You can tell her I've gone, I'll be back some day Please don't tell her they hanged me in old Fannie Bay.

You can say I've gone on the old 'River Queen' It's whistle a-haunting the bullockies' dream, Down the Murray I've gone, I'll be back some day Please don't tell her they hanged me in old Fannie Bay.

Chorus:

And on Thursday Island the sun wams the air As the breeze from the sea blows her hair And she sits by her window and calls me Yes, she calls me.

You can say the bush has called me away And I'm riding the fences for ten bob a day, Yes, I needed a job, I needed the pay Please don't tell her they hanged me in old Fannie Bay

Chorus:

And they came to the door and they dragged me away From all that I love and I pray That it won't reach her ear 'cause I love her And she'd die for sure

Just say the gold has taken me down To the places where fortunes are easily found
Yes, I've gone but tell her I'll be back some day

Just don't tell her they hanged me in old Fannie Bay

Geese Beyond the Water

Why me? Matulenko

Oberek

Kujawiaczek Ci Ja

Dark Night (Ciemna Noc)

Krakowski Oberek

Take Eyes

Two Guitars

Little Slavonic Rhapsody

Hungarian Dance No:5

Dancing Bear

Tarantella

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Klezmerimlach

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