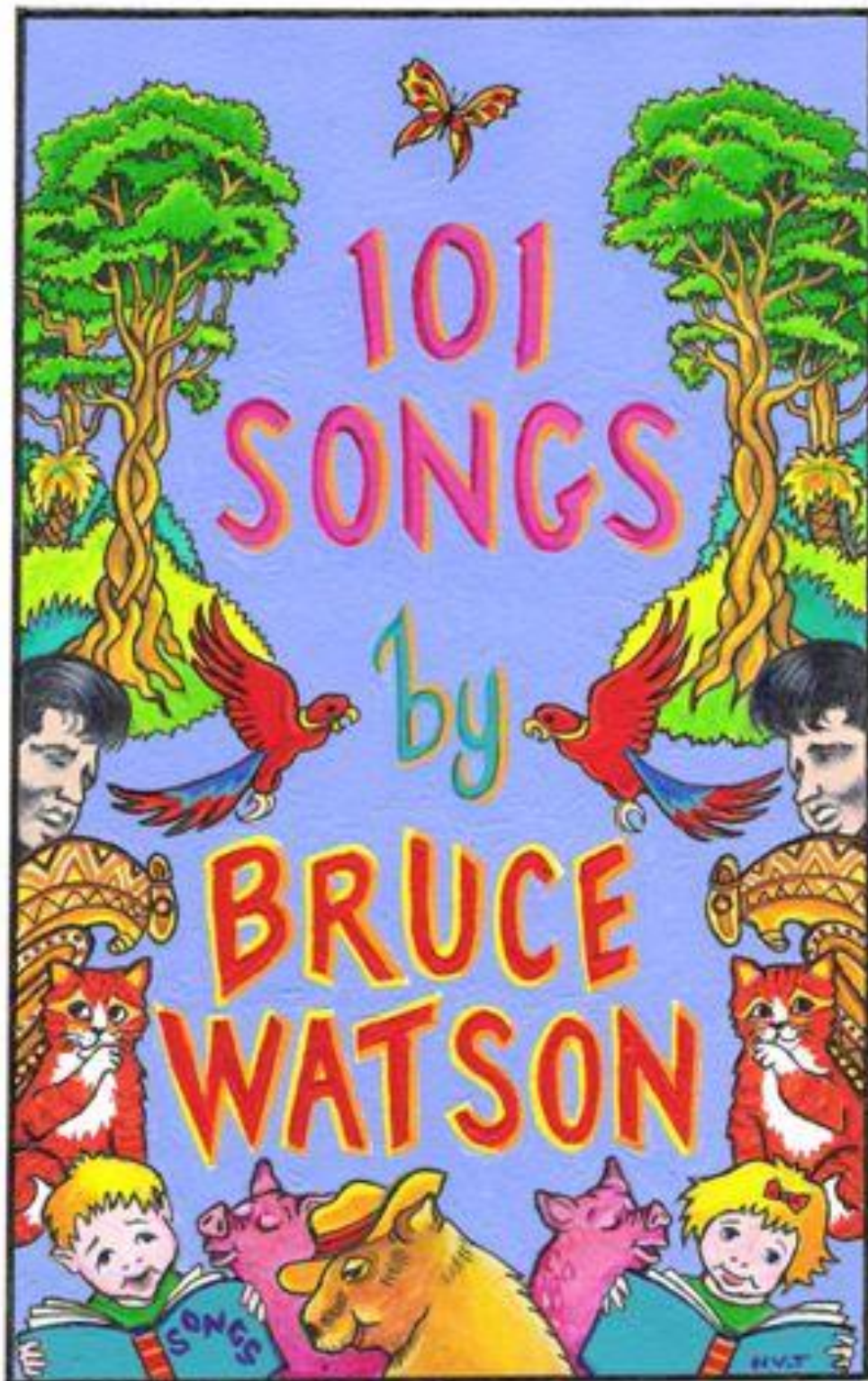


Songbook Supplement

2023



This makes it 170+ songs!

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Murrumbidgee Morning

C F C F

Intro/Fill

Verse: I'm

C F C

camped by the Mur-rum-bid-gee riv-er red-gums sprawled out tall a-bove___ me, An

C F C

hour be-fore the dawn and there's a thou-sand birds in cho-rus and they wake___ me, The

Am G F C

ri-ver's still, it's green and brown, the wa-ter le-vel's so far down, So

C Em F

ma-ny trees have fall-en from the drought, I

Am G F C

sip my morn-ing cof-fee as the buzz-ing in-sects bo-ther me, There's

C F *tacit*

no-thing much I have to think a-bout, *Chorus: On this Mur-rum-bid-gee*

F G Am

morn-ing,___ Mur-rum-bid-gee morn-ing,___

G F G Am

Mur-rum-bid-gee morn-ing,___ Mur-rum-bid-gee morn-ing,___

I'm camped by the Murrumbidgee, river redgums sprawled out tall above me
An hour before the dawn and there's a thousand birds in chorus and they wake me
The river's still, it's green and brown, the water level's so far down
So many trees have fallen from the drought
I sip my morning coffee as the buzzing insects bother me
There's nothing much I have to think about

(On this) Murrumbidgee morning
Murrumbidgee morning
Murrumbidgee morning
Murrumbidgee morning

The irrigation channels run like patchwork to the vast horizon empty
The Riverina's called the ricebowl, water flows through fields as though there's plenty
The export contracts beckon but the experts these days reckon
That our rivers just can't take the strain much more
And meanwhile down the road you see the sheep as thin as scarecrows
Staggering in pastures dry and poor

This land is now in mourning
Murrumbidgee mourning (repeat)

I'm camped by the Murrumbidgee, river redgums sprawled out tall above me
An hour before the dawn and there's a thousand birds in chorus and they wake me
An Elder says that as a child the river then ran clear and wild
He says that he can't bear to see it now
I sip my morning coffee as the buzzing insects bother me
There's so much I have to think about

(On this) Murrumbidgee morning
Murrumbidgee morning (repeat twice)

©Bruce Watson 2006



Wintering Over

(c) Bruce Watson 2007

Em Am

Verse: Last time I saw my wife and son I was leav-ing the Ho - bart docks, I've been

Em Em⁹ B⁷

so long down here in Maw-son Base on these cold Ant - arc - tic rocks.

Em Am

Soon that old ice - break - er's due, to car-ry me back home, We'll

D B⁷

forge a pass - age through those tall white mount - ains, through the foam.

1. Em 2. F Em

Chorus: We're so small,

F Am

We're so small,

F G Am B⁷

We're so small.

Last time I saw my wife and son I was leaving the Hobart docks
I've been so long down here at Mawson Base on these cold Antarctic rocks.
Soon that old ice-breaker's due, to carry me back home
To forge a passage through these tall white mountains, through the foam

Summer's just a memory now, and Winter's been so long
And those four strong winds sure blow cold out here, just like in that song.
It's 3,000 miles from Hobart, we might as well be on Mars
There's weeks we never see the sun – ah, but you should see those stars!

We're so small
We're so small
We're so small

You'll never see such sunsets, you'll never see such skies
If this place wasn't hell on earth, it would surely be paradise!
You'll never see such darkness, you'll never see such light
And it's felt like I'd never see home again, ah, but soon it will be alright

Well I've been fixing tractor-trains, and fixing those skidoos
And I've been keeping the power going, the lights and heating, too.
It's not like in the old days, you got all the comforts of home
Got DVDs and emails, but you still feel so alone.

We're so small
We're so small
We're so small

Now that winter's over, we can finally go outside
One small speck of humanity in a space so high and wide.
I think of those old explorers, no radio, no GPS
But even now you take your life in your hands, we haven't conquered this place yet!

And they say the ice cap's melting, and the oceans soon will rise
That data just keeps rolling in for those boffins to analyse
And I've seen those Emperor Penguins, how they huddle all winter through
To raise their young, well you hope they'll survive – and you hope that we do too.

We're so small
We're so small
We're so small

The Rules of English

C F C

Verse: Now when I was a boy one was taught Eng-lish Gram-mar, These days

F C

stan-dards— have gone down the drain. We

F C F

had it— banged in-to us with an un-sub-tle ham-mer, Now it's

G

firm-ly lodged in-to my brain. There's a

Am E7

mil-lion— mis-takes that you see peop-le make, now and

F C

then there's an ab-so-lute whop-per!— So

F C

here's a few tips to a-void fu-ture slips, To

G7 C rit. G7

help you all speak and write pro-per!— Chorus: Be sure to

C accel.

ne-ver split an— in-fi-ni-tive,

F C

Don't use— no doub-le neg-a-tives, And

ne - ver gen - eral - ise, that's a rule you'll see ev - ery - one
 break, Be
 clear as a bell, prof - read ev - ery - thnig well, Be
 more or less spec - if - ic, Don't be vague, And a -
 void cli - ches like the plague. (It's in)-

Now when I was a boy one was taught English grammar
 These days standards have gone down the drain
 We had it banged into us, with an unsubtle hammer
 And it's firmly lodged into my brain
 There's a million mistakes that you see people make
 Now and then there's an absolute whopper
 So here's a few tips to avoid future slips
 To help you all speak and write proper:

Be sure to never split an infinitive
 Don't use no double negatives
 And never generalise, that's a rule you see everyone break!
 Be clear as a bell, profread everythnig well
 Be more or less specific, don't be vague
 And (last but not least) avoid clichés like the plague!

It's incumbent upon us to eschew obfuscation
 And where feasible to employ the vernacular
 Never use a big word when a diminutive one would suffice
 And understatement is absolutely spectacular
 Use language that's inclusive of all men
 And here's something else you should know
 The use of foreign words is just not de rigeur
 Nor is it apropos

Always avoid awkward annoying
 Unattractive affected alliteration
 Avoidification of George Bushian neologisms
 Will strengthenify your prosification
 If you see a mixed metaphor take the bull by the horns
 And knock it right off of its perch
 And vary your words variously
 So that you use various words

Exaggeration is a trillion zillion times worse
 Than just stating the plain simple facts
 And use words correctly, irregardless of what others do
 To show you've got the language knack
 The passive voice should always be avoided
 Heed should be taken of that suggestion
 And what I now ask of all of you is:
 "Who needs rhetorical questions?"

I'll Love You Till the Cows Come Home

F G C C(maj7)

Well, I'd walk a coun-try mi - le for you, I'd cross the

G Am

Great San - dy Des - ert on my own, There's

F C F

no - thing in this wo - rld that I would-n't do, I'll

F G C

love you till the cows come home. I first

C G C

saw you at the Buck - ra - ban - yule hall, And I

F C

knew I'd just have to take a chance, With a

F E7 F

lump in my throat and a pound in' in my heart, I

C G C

asked you, "Would you llike to have this dance?" (And I'd)

Chorus:

*I'd walk a country mile for you
I'd cross the Great Sandy Desert on my own
There's nothing in this world that I wouldn't do
I'll love you till the cows come home*

I first saw you at the Buckrabanyule Hall
And I knew that I'd just have to take a chance
With a lump in my throat and a pounding in my heart
I asked you, "Would you like to have this dance?"

Chorus

Well we've all heard of love at first sight
Now, that's something that I've never seen
But I fell for you on that very first night
Like the Sentimental Bloke fell for Doreen

Chorus

The day we married my heart burst with pride
All those thoughts running round in my head
When the preacher said to me, "Will you take this bride?"
I looked into your eyes and I said ...

Chorus

Now, I know things won't always be perfect
And I know things won't always run smooth
But I know that I'll always have everything I want
Just as long as I'm together with you

Chorus

© Bruce Watson 2007



Peter Garrett Song

(Tunes: US Forces / The Power and The Passion / Short Memory)

/Tacit 4 bars /A /A2 /Dmaj7/B7 /x8

Labor caucus gives the nod
It's a setback for your principles
Gunns and Labor all in a row
Where's the Peter Garrett that we used to know?

You've faded now from Green to grey
Mr Rudd controls the issues
The machine tells you just what to say
Come back Pete, we miss you!

/D /A /Bm / /x3

/D /A /G / /x3

Oh, oh, now power is your passion
So-oh your views have changed with time
Oh, oh, now power is your passion
And now you always take the party line

Bm

Short memory must have a short memory.

© Bruce Watson 2007

How to Tune the Ukulele

© Bruce Watson (Jan 2007)

The musical score is written in 3/4 time and consists of five staves. The first staff begins with a treble clef and a 3/4 time signature. It contains the first line of the song with lyrics: "(Oh) I've got a lit - tle u - ku - le - le, I". Chords G7 and C are indicated above the staff. The second staff continues with lyrics: "take good care of it, I play it ev' - ry day. I'm kind to my lit - tle u - ku -". Chords G, C, G7, and C are indicated. The third staff has lyrics: "le - le, And it's so good to me! (I)". Chords F, G7, C, and G7 are indicated. The fourth staff is labeled "Bridge" and has lyrics: "My dog has fleas, My mouse eats cheese, My cat does wees.". The fifth staff has lyrics: "G C E A, Strange notes to play, But they made it that way, So...". Chords G, C, E, and A are indicated.

Oh, I've got a little ukulele
 I take good care of it, I play it every day
 I'm kind to my little ukulele
 And it's so good to me

I love to stroke my little ukulele
 I kiss and cuddle it, I take it in my car
 People think that I'm crazy
 But when it grows up it'll be a guitar

It's fun to try and tune a ukulele
 It's not like the bagpipes, it's not like the violin
 When I tune my little ukulele
 This is how I begin:

My dog has fleas
 My mouse eats cheese
 My cat does wees (on the carpet)
 G C E A
 Strange notes to play
 But they made it that way

So . . . when I've tuned my little ukulele
 I take it in my hand and I play and smile and sing
 'Cos there's nothing like a little ukulele
 It's just the best-est thing

© Bruce Watson 2008

If you can Walk you can Dance, If you can Talk you can Sing

(Capo 2)

Chorus: If you can walk you can dance, If you can talk you can sing, If you can walk you can dance, If you can talk you can sing, If you can walk you can dance, if you can talk you can sing.

To ♪ after v.2

Verse: Don't tell me that you can't dance, Don't tell me that you can't sing, 'Cos ev-ery bod - y can move to the music, ev-ery one can feel the beat, You don't have to be Ru-dolph Nu-re - ev, you don't have to be Mar-got Fon - tein, You just gotta let the mu-sic flow through you, Like cas-cad-ing glass-es of cham - paine. (If you can)

Bridge: From Af - ghan - is - tan to Zim - bab - we, From Ha - va - na to Ber - lin, From Guat - ta - ma - la out to Gal - way, Ev - ery - bod - y wants to dance and sing! (to instrumental = chorus)

Chorus:

*If you can walk you can dance
If you can talk you can sing
If you can walk you can dance
If you can talk you can sing
If you can walk you can dance, if you can talk
You can sing*

Don't tell me that you can't dance
Don't tell me you got two left feet
'Cos every body can move to the music
Everyone can feel the beat
You don't have to be Rudolph Nureyev
You don't have to be Margot Fonteyn
You just gotta let the music flow through you
Like cascading glasses of champagne

Chorus

Don't tell me that you can't sing
That at school they didn't want you in the choir
Our voice is an instrument that everyone plays
You've been playing it all your life
You don't have to be Pavarotti
You don't have to be kd lang
You just gotta have a song in your heart
Just let yourself do your thang!

Chorus

Bridge:

*From Afghanistan to Zimbabwe
From Havana to Berlin
From Guatemala out to Galway
Everybody wants to dance and sing!*

Don't tell me that you can't dance
Don't tell me that you can't sing
'Cos music is a part of what we all are
It just a very human thing
It's water in the desert, it's the salt in the sea
It's a blazing fire in the cold
It's our flesh and blood, it's the air we breathe,
It's food for the hungry soul

Chorus

© Bruce Watson 2008

*Use what talents you possess: the woods would be very silent if no birds
sang there except those that sang best.*

Henry Van Dyke, 1852 – 1933 American author, educator & clergyman

Lament for Pluto

A (G) B (A) E (D) A (G) B (A)

It's

E (D) A (G) E (D)

ti - ny and so far a - way, but we love it just the same, It

F#7 (E7) B (A) B7 (A7)

used to be a pla - net, — and Plu - to is its name, It's

E (D) A (G)

small - er than Ur - an - us, but I'm sure it's big - ger than mine Now it's

v1 only B (A) B7 (A7) E (D) B7 (A7)

just a Kui - per Belt ob - ject, in - stead of Pla - net_ Num - ber 9. Be - cause those

v2-7 E (D) B7 (A7) E (D) A (G) B (A)

Plu - to's not a pla - net an - y more, No,

E (D) B7 (A7) E (D)

Plu - to's not a pla - net an - y more,

A (G) B (A) E (D) A (G) B (A)

It's

It's tiny and so far away, but we love it just the same
It used to be a planet, yes and Pluto is its name
It's smaller than Uranus — but I'm sure it's bigger than mine
Now it's just a Kuiper Belt Object, instead of Planet No. 9

Because those evil nasty scientists from the evil IAU (that's the International Astronomical Union)
Said if Pluto was a planet, you'd have to make Eris & Sedna & Orcus & Makemake & Quaoar and
Varuna planets too
Well (you know) I don't see what's wrong with that, Just think — a solar system with planets galore
Ah, but Pluto's not a planet anymore

For years they searched for Planet X, the theories they were so many
They said Uranus was too wobbly — but I did that joke already
It was discovered in 1930 by a man called Clyde Tombaugh
Ah, but Pluto's not a planet anymore

Pluto takes 248 years to go once around the sun
Just think of it! If Earth took that long we'd all be really young!
Its orbit is highly eccentric (which I really like), that's something to do with Newton's formulation of
Kepler's Third Law
Ah, but Pluto's not a planet anymore

Now some say Pluto's boring, that it has no atmosphere
But that's wrong! It's got carbon monoxide, methane and nitrogen — It might kill you, but it's there!
I'll admit it's cold and dark and bleak, but deep down I still deplore
The fact that Pluto's not a planet anymore

It's even got three moons, though it's true they're pretty small
But heck, that's two more than Earth's got. Yeah, we got one, that's all
It's an outrage, it's a scandal, and it sticks right in my craw
The fact that Pluto's not a planet anymore

All certainty is gone, they've overturned all the things we used to know
Even nostalgia isn't what it used to be way back all those years ago
If I had my way I would make things like they were before
But Pluto's not a planet anymore (*repeat last line two more times*)

© Bruce Watson 2008



I'm Not a Toff, Just a Girl from the Bush

Words: Peter Ellis, Bruce Watson

Tune: Bruce Watson 2008



1. In the Great War when I worked for the A B C ca - fe Gee - long, Serv - ing
 2. It was there I met and fell in love and mar - ried a German, He was
 3. Oh the danc - es and the Lanc - ers out at Buck - ra were so fine, When they
 4. From the cem - et - ery at Woo - sang one night Ar - tie said he'd parked, And Wandell
 5. From Wych - e - proof to Wed - der - burn on pink - ie we giggled, And with



off - i - cers in un - i - form with ac - cents posh and strong, Me and
 for - tun - ate back in those days that he a - void - ed in - terment. We moved
 threw a bantam or a pig - let in the set it real - ly went wild, with
 said "I bet she's got 'In Lov - ing mem - ory' im - plant - ed on her arse!" And once
 fan - cy dress sets we'd win a - wards as with trays of fruit we jiggled, Well we



Dais - y when we took a break we'd have a bit of fun, From the
 back to Charl - ton to start a farm but fire and floods were too much, So my
 chort - ling and snort - ling as the danc - ers ran a - mock, The
 home a - gain May had to mask the smell of all that al - co - hol she'd sipped, But she
 sash - ayed and we pol - ka'd - and we one stepped the trot, Home Sweet



names of places where I grew up we'd make a lang - uage of our own. Well the
 darl - ing Claus fixed sewing mach - ines Ah, he had the mag - ic touch. His name
 M C, quite shick - er, danced the don - key trot strut, On
 fell a - sleep with an eau de col - ogne stop - per in her lips, And Mrs
 Home Waltz, Auld Lang Syne, Last dance the lot, Well



off - i - cers were snobs they real - ly spoke plush, But
 Ot - to Carl Const - an - tine Nico - laus von Nolting, But
 floors as slippery as a butch - er's prick the dancers all would swoosh, And
 Flat - man greased her arse with ran - cid butter and down Barra - kee Hill she wooshed, Oh
 me and May and Wan - dell back then, we were the Charlton push, Oh



I'm not a toff, just a girl from the bush. Wych - i -
 me I'm not a toff, just a girl from the bush.
 we were not toffs, just mugs from the bush.
 we were not toffs, just a mob from the bush.
 we were not toffs, just legends from the bush.



tel - la, Ted - dy Wad - dy, Buck - ra - ban - yule, Nul - la - wil, Patch - e - wal - lock, Doo-boo-



bet - ic, Yuen - groon, Woo - roo - nook, Bar - ra - kee, Quam - ba - took.



(Instrumental optional after chorus)



Fancy dress set: "Yes we have no bananas" (1920s). Far left: 'Artie' Arthur Wiley,
 4th from left: Elsie Nolting (nee Fraser) (the 'narrator' of the song), 6th from left: Elsie Wandell
 Photo courtesy of Peter Ellis (Elsie Nolting's grandson)

Lake Pedder Again

Bruce Watson Feb. 2009

(Capo 2) D
(C)

For years be - yond count - ing, Since time past all mem - ory, Be -

Bm
(Am)

Em
(Dm)

A
(G)

fore hu - man foot - steps, When the earth was still young, In the

D
(C)

G
(F)

$\text{G}^{(6)}$
(F6)

G
(F)

heart of Tas - man - ia, Lake Ped - der spark - led, A

Bm
(Am)

A
(G)

D
(C)

dia - mond of beau - ty Where the clear wat - ers run. (And)

G
(F)

A
(G)

1.2. D
(C)

A^6
(G6)

D
(C)

Oh, to see Lake Ped - der a - gain. (Then) gain.

Bm^7
(Am7)

$\text{F}\#\text{m}$
(Em)

If we cast a stone in the wat - er, The

Bm^7
(Am7)

$\text{F}\#\text{m}^7$
(Em7)

ripp - les spread so far, If we

Bm^7
(Am7)

$\text{F}\#\text{m}^7$
(Em7)

raise our voice in the wild - er - ness the im -

G
(F)

A
(G)

First bridge D
(C)

poss - i - ble may come to pass. (to verse)

Second bridge G
(F)

A
(G)

D
(C)

A^6
(G6)

(And) Oh, to see Lake Ped - der a - gain. (At end, repeat 3 times and slow)

For years beyond counting — Since time past all memory
Before human footsteps — When the earth was still young
In the heart of Tasmania — Lake Pedder sparkled
A diamond of beauty — Where clear waters run
– Oh – to see Lake Pedder again

Then one generation — Blinded by power
Who saw not the wonder — Of nature's pure gifts
Built dam walls and turbines — And pipes for diversion
They drowned all dissent — Cut nature adrift
– But oh – to see Lake Pedder again

So now 'neath the water — Lies the path of the Serpentine
That wandered for eons — Through the buttongrass plain
& that beach like no other — Once revealed every summer
In its heartbreaking grandeur — Sleeps hidden 'neath the waves
– But oh – could we see Lake Pedder again?

*If we cast a stone in the water, the ripples spread so far
If we raise our voice in the wilderness the impossible may come to pass*

The wonder of Pedder — Is drowned but not broken
The beach, dunes & rivers — Are stronger than our greed
The dam walls will grow old — The power plant will weary
It's then we must fight — To make those waters recede
– And oh – we could see Lake Pedder again!

We can move beyond exploitation — as a far wiser nation
The Gross National Product — Is not the sum of life's worth
There's value in beauty — There's wonder in nature
It's time to right wrongs — To make peace with the earth
– And oh – we will see Lake Pedder again!

*If we cast a stone in the water, the ripples spread so far
If we raise our voice in the wilderness the impossible may come to pass
– And oh – we will see Lake Pedder again!*

For years beyond counting — Since time past all memory
Before human footsteps — When the earth was still young
In the heart of Tasmania — Lake Pedder sparkled
A diamond of beauty — Where clear waters run
Oh – to see Lake Pedder again
Oh – to see Lake Pedder again
Oh – to see Lake Pedder again



Down at the Pool

(c) Bruce Watson (June 2008)

F B^b C F B^b C

to after 3rd chorus

F

Verse: When the weath-er's push-ing for-ty de-grees, There's no-thing

B^b F C

bet-ter than just ly-ing in the shade of the trees,

F

I know the place to go where we can stay cool, I'll

C F

meet you Down at the pool! *Chorus:* Down at the pool,-

F

Such beaut-i-ful weath-er, Down at the pool,-

Dm

All my friends to-geth-er, Down at the pool,-

B^b(add⁹) F

Wish it was for-ev-er, Down at the pool.

C D G C

Verse: You can

G G

swim a few laps_____ You can soak up the sun_____

C G D

Splish - in' and a - splash - in' is so much fun_____ So

G

leave that com - put - er, Put a - way those tools,_____ I'll

D G

meet you Down at the pool!_____ *Chorus:* Down at the pool,-

G

_____ Such beaut - i - ful weath - er, Down at the pool,-

Em

_____ All my friends to - geth - er, Down at the pool,-

C(add⁹) G

_____ Wish it was for - ev - er, Down at the pool._____

When the weather's pushing forty degrees
There's nothing better than just lying in the shade of the trees
I know the place to go where we can stay cool
I'll meet you down at the pool

Chorus:

Down at the pool – such beautiful weather
Down at the pool – all my friends together
Down at the pool – wish it could last forever
Down at the pool

There's nothing like that feeling when you first dive in
As that cold clear water wraps around your skin
It's better than work, it's better than school
I'll meet you down at the pool

Down at the pool – such beautiful weather
Down at the pool – all my friends together
Down at the pool – wish it could last forever
Down at the pool

You can swim a few laps, you can soak up the sun
Splishin' and a-splashin' is so much fun
So leave that computer, put away those tools
I'll meet you down at the pool

Down at the pool – splishing and splashing
Down at the pool – never goes out of fashion
Down at the pool – love the pool with a passion
Down at the pool

When the weather's pushing forty degrees
There's nothing better than just lying in the shade of the trees
I know the place to go where we can stay cool
I'll meet you down at the pool

Down at the pool – such beautiful weather
Down at the pool – all my friends together
Down at the pool – wish it could last forever
Down at the pool – with all my best friends
Down at the pool – diving into the deep end
Down at the pool – I'll be there the whole weekend
Down at the pool – splishing and splashing
Down at the pool – never goes out of fashion
Down at the pool – love the pool with a passion
Down at the pool

As Good as New

Words: Henry Lawson
Music: Bruce Watson

F (D) B^b (G) F (D) Gm (Em) C (A) F (D)
 This is a song of the old lights that came to my heart like a hymn,
 B^b (G) F (D) Gm (Em) C^{sus4} (Asus4) C (A)
 And this is a song for the old lights, the lights that we thought grew dim,
 B^b (G) F (D) Gm (Em) C^{sus4} (Asus4) C (A)
 They came to my heart to comfort me, and I pass it along to you,
 F (D) B^b (G) C (A) Gm (Em) C (A) F (D) C (A)
 And here is a hand to the dear old friend who turns up as good as new.
 Gm (Em) C (A) F (D)

This is a song of the old lights that came to my heart like a hymn
 And this is a song of the old lights - the lights that we thought grew dim
 They came to my heart to comfort me, and I pass it along to you
 And here is a hand to the dear old friend who turns up as good as new

This is a song of the campfire out west where the stars shine bright -
 Oh, this is a song of the campfire where the old mates yarn tonight
 Where the old mates yarn of the old days, and their numbers are all too few
 And this is a song for the brave old times that will turn up as good as new.

Oh, this is a song for the old foe - we have both grown wiser now
 And this is a song for the old foe, and we're sorry we had that row
 And this is a song for the old love - the love that we thought untrue
 Oh, this is a song of the old true love that comes back as good as new

Oh, this is a song for the blacksheep, for the blacksheep that fled from town
 And this is a song for the brave heart, for the brave heart that lived it down
 And this is a song for the battler, for the battler who sees it through -
 And this is a song for the broken heart that turns up as good as new

Ah, this is a song for the brave mate, be he bushman, Scot or Russ
 A song for the mates we will stick to - for the mates who have stuck to us
 And this is a song for the old creed, to do as a man should do
 Till the Lord takes us all to a wider world - where we'll turn up as good as new

Australia's Lost Languages

In 1788 Australia had over 250 languages. Fewer than half are still spoken and on current trends almost all will cease to be spoken in a generation if nothing is done to save them now. Each language contains a universe of knowledge, wisdom and culture — the voice of humanity. Some people are doing fabulous work to sustain and revive languages. This song lists just a few of our lost languages.

Note on music: Musical notation has not been provided for this song because the words are spoken against the musical background of alternating chords.

[Am] Ngunawal, Gunditjmara, Burduna, Kuring-gai,
[G] Wathawurrung, Gayiri, Bunurong, Manangkarri,
[Am] Jiwarli, Kuyani, Nuenonne, Dhuduroa,
[G] Peramangk, Birladapa, Wakaya, Taungurong,
[Am] Wadi Wadi, Damala, Yaralde, Ngawun,
[G] Bidjigal, Yorta Yorta, Warungu, Plangermaireener,
[Am] Kurna, Binikura, Nauo, Djabwurung,
[G] Daruk, Gugu Muluriji, Amangu, Eora,
[Am] Ladji Ladji, Awabakal, Garawa, Yangman,
[F#m] Nukunu, Bandjin, Nyawaygi, Darkinjung,
[Em] Parnkalla, Ayabadhu, Paredarerme, Jardwadjai,
[Am] Tyerrernotepanner, Worimi, Duulngari, Gulidjan,
[G] Bidjara, Angkamuthi, Doolboong, Walgalu,
[Am] Mingin, Barrow Point, Djiru, Djadjawurrung,
[F#m] Nganyaywana, Yukgul, Dharawal, Nhuwala,
[Em] Warnarrang, Ngarigo, Kalaamaya, Dhirari,
[Am] Tatungalung, Muruwari, Thiin, Yaburarra,
[G] Lairmairreener, Wanamara, Bidawal, Bangerang,
[Am] Kwat Kwat, Brabralung, Bugurnidja, Jurruru,
[G] Djilamatang, Djirringany, Woiwurrung.[Am]

© Bruce Watson 2009



Campbell Wasn't There

Everyone who has been to a folk festival has seen Campbell reciting with his swag and billy - busking or at a Poets' Breakfast. He seems to magically appear at every festival. But I was at a festival recently and he wasn't there.

Now I've been to festivals across this land – North, South, East and West
They're all different, there's none the same – tho' (Wintermoon)'s the best!
The one common thread is Campbell. But here's news I have to share:
I was at a festival last weekend – and Campbell wasn't there!

Now that might not sound much to you, but since this world began
There hasn't been a festival that hasn't had this man.
I was discombobulated, it was more than I could bear
Being at a festival last weekend – and Campbell wasn't there!

In vain I looked and listened, and I know it sounds quite silly
But I kept on thinking I saw his swag, or imagined there's his billy,
And in my mind's ear I heard his voice, reciting from nowhere
But I was at a festival last weekend – and Campbell wasn't there!

Where was that lilting rhythm? Where were those ragged pants?
Where were the poems of Lawson, the Overflow and Clance ... y?
I tried hard to enjoy myself, but I really couldn't care
'Cos I was at a festival last weekend – and Campbell wasn't there!

Now I used to have a theory that there were many Campbells – two minimum
Either that or he'd mastered the trick to overcome the time-space continuum
I'd never known a festival without him, it didn't matter where
Till I was at a festival last weekend – and Campbell wasn't there!

All you who love your poetry, all you who love your rhyme
Who are early for these breakfasts – at this damned ungodly time
Don't take this man for granted. Just offer up a prayer
That *you're* not at a festival where Campbell isn't there!

© Bruce Watson 2010



The Beanie Song

Bruce Watson 2010

E (C) A (F)

Verse: Way way_ back around the dawn of_ time, When hu-mans stepped out_ of the pri -mor-di-al slime, First they in

E (C) B (G) E7 (C7)

vent - ed_ clothes then they in - vent - ed the hat, then some- one said, "You can do bet -ter than that!" You

A (F) E (C)

got -ta have a bean-ie (You got -ta have a bean- ie) You got -ta have a bean-ie (You got -ta have a bean- ie) You

A (F) B (G) E (C) C#m (Am) E (C) B (G)

Chorus: got -ta have a bean- ie, Put it on your head!

E (C) C#m (Am) E (C) B (G) E (C) C#m (Am) E (C) B (G) E (C) C#m (Am) E (C) B (G)

Interlude: What do you call a beanie that's past its prime?A has-beanie
 What do you call a beanie that isn't as good as it thinks it is?A wanna beanie
 What do you call a beanie that's been cooked and put into a can?A baked beanie.

A (F) E (C) B (G)

Bridge: I don't a -dore a fe-do-ra, A tril-by does-n't thrill me, A be-ret is-n't ve-ray good com

E (C) E7 (C7) A (F) E (C)

pared to a bean- ie, A som- bre - ro I won't wear, oh, A pa -na-ma's a-na-them- a, A

B (G) E (C) E7 (C7)

tur - ban's so su - bur - ban_ com - pared to a bean - ie. (To chorus) (You)

B (G) E7 (C7)

Way way back around the dawn of time
When humans stepped out of the primordial slime
First they invented clothes then they invented the hat
Then someone said, "You can do better than that!"

Chorus:

*You gotta have a beanie (You gotta have a beanie)
You gotta have a beanie (You gotta have a beanie)
You gotta have a beanie
Put it on your head*

You can make 'em out of polar fleece or make 'em out of wool
You can make 'em out of felt, which is really really cool
You can weave 'em, you can knot 'em, they can even be crocheted
If you've got yourself a beanie, you've really got it made

Chorus

Now, every year in June way out in Alice Springs
They have a beanie festival, and oh what joy it brings
But Alice is so far to go for folks like you and me
So now we've got a festival right here in Torquay

Chorus

*What do you call a beanie that's past its prime? A has-beanie
What do you call a beanie designed by Paris Hilton? A wanna beanie
What do you call a beanie that's been cooked and put into a can? A baked beanie*

Bridge:

I don't adore a fedora
A trilby doesn't thrill me
A beret isn't very good - compared to a beanie
A sombrero I won't wear, oh
A panama's anathema
A turban's so suburban - compared to a beanie

Chorus

So if you've listened to my story, to all the things I've said
You'll get yourself a beanie, and put it on your head
They're every shape and size, from a house to a zucchini
And an itsy bitsy teenie weenie yellow polka dot beanie

Chorus



Would Jesus Be an Ocker?

If Je - sus were a - live___ to - day_ in Aus - tra - lia's hap - py land,_ Would he
 be an ock - er, would he be___ true blue? Would he
 say, "G' - day!" to tour - ists? Would he lend his mates a hand?_ Would he
 toss an - oth - er prawn_ on the bar - be - cue?___ And
 if he was a car - pen - ter, would he make the u - nion scene? I
 won - der what would be___ his point of view?_ Would he
 vote for Bar - na - by Joyce___ or would he join the Greens? I
 won - der just___ ex - act - ly what he'd do.

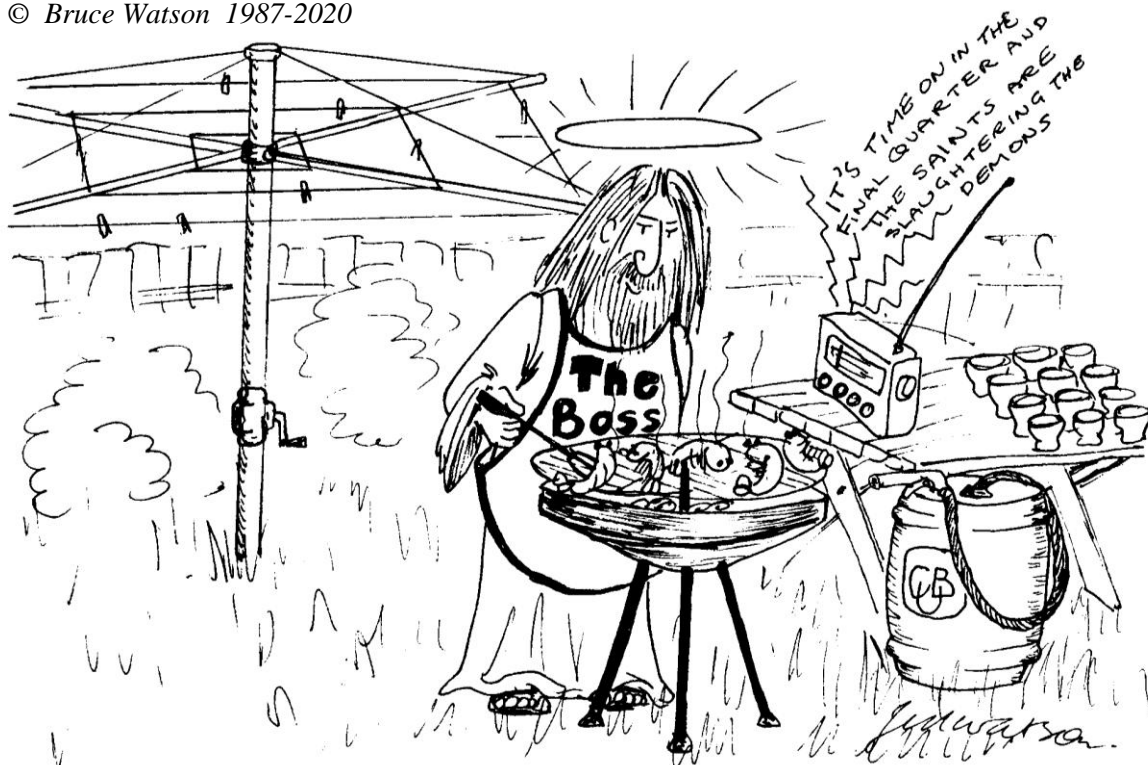
If Jesus were alive today in Australia's happy land,
Would he be an ocker, would he be true blue?
Would he say "G'day" to tourists? Would he lend his mates a hand?
Would he toss another prawn on the barbeque?
And if he was a carpenter, would he make the union scene?
I wonder what would be his point of view?
Would he vote for big Clive Palmer, or would he join the greens?
I wonder just exactly what he'd do.

And if he went to a wedding, and the grog was running out,
Would he change the water into Fosters Beer?
Would he hang around with dero's? Would he be some kind of lout?
And do you reckon he would be too welcome here?
And would he try to stop the boats at any human price?
And send folk to Nauru or Manus Isle?
And would he pay his eighteen bucks to see Mel Gibson's film,
Or would *Almighty Bruce* be more his kind of style?

Would his mother's name be Raelene? Would his father's name be Jack?
Would he grow up in a house of brick veneer?
And do you reckon he would come to town riding on a donkey's back?
Or would he rather drive a Holden Camira?
And when he chose disciples, do you think they'd all be blokes?
Or do you think he's give some women a go?
Would he go for Ashley Barty? Or, maybe Dame Quentin Bryce?
Or maybe he'd prefer Kylie Minogue!

And would he have his last supper at some bar in Brunswick St.?
And would they eat Aussie food prepared in slo-mo?
And would he pay under the counter, to avoid the GST?
Or would he render unto ScoMo what is ScoMo's?
And would he try to help the weak, and those who've lost their pride,
The refugees, the homeless and the poor?
And would we just ignore him, or have him crucified?
Just like they did two thousand years before.

© Bruce Watson 1987-2020



*Yes I like ...
Picking my nose at the traffic lights
Thinking nobody will watch
Silently farting so no-one will hear
And subtly adjusting my crotch (or bra)*

© Bruce Watson, 2012

Now some people go to the ballet, or opera
The ponce around dressed up so smart
But have you ever noticed all the coughing that goes on?
That's to cover the noise of their farts

*'Cos they like ...
Picking their nose at the traffic lights
Thinking nobody will watch
Silently farting so no-one will hear
And subtly adjusting their crotch (or bra ... or both)*

So it's time to come out of the closet (water closet)
Acknowledge what's long been denied
So all round the world, every man, boy, woman and girl
Can pick their nose ...
Adjust their crotch (or bra)
And fart ... with pride!

*'Cos we like ...
Picking our nose at the traffic lights
Thinking nobody will watch
Silently farting so no-one will hear
And subtly adjusting our crotch (or bra ... or both)*



Gundagai Moon

Bruce Watson 2012

(Capo 2)

tacet D Gm D Bm D Gm
 (C) (Fm) (C) (Am) (C) (Fm)

As the Gun-da-gai moon slipped o-ver the ho-ri-zon,
 As the Gun-da-gai moon set those hill-tops a-glow in',

D Bm D D7 G A D G
 (C) (Am) (C) (C7) (F) (G) (C) (F)

I looked in-to your eyes and told you I loved you,
 There was no way of know-in' that by sun-rise you'd be mine,

D *tacet* D Gm D Bm D Gm
 (C) (C) (Fm) (C) (Am) (C) (Fm)

As the Gun-da-gai moon Shone se-rene-ly up-on you
 As the Gun-da-gai moon Lit the flow-in' Murr-um bidg-ee

D Bm D D7 G A D G
 (C) (Am) (C) (C7) (F) (G) (C) (F)

I said, "Dar-lin' I want you!" And you know my love that's true.
 My heart glowed 'cos you were with me And would be for all time.

D *tacet* D7 G Gm D Ddim (or E7)
 (C) (C7) (F) (Fm) (C) (Cdim or D7)

I want to tell the world that you're my girl, I'm so in love with
 I want the world to know that great big glow-in' moon up in the

D D7 G Gm D A(7) *tacet*
 (C) (F) (Fm) (C) (G7)

you, The moon's sweetspell it worked so well that you love me too. (As the Gun-da-gai...)
 sky Cast its mag-ic spell so well that night in Gun-da-gai. (As the Gun-da-gai...)

As the Gundagai moon nudged over the horizon
I looked into your eyes and
Told you I loved you
As the Gundagai moon shone serenely upon you
I said, 'Darlin' I want you'
And you know my love that's true

As the Gundagai moon set those hilltops a-glowin'
There was no way of knowin'
That by sunrise you'd be all mine
As the Gundagai moon lit the flowing Murrumbidgee
My heart glowed 'cos you were with me
And would be for all time

I want to tell the world that you're my girl, I'm so in love with you
The moon's sweet spell it worked so well that you ... love me too

If the Gundagai moon ever knew just what it started
Two lovers never to be parted
It would be over the moon
Dearest Gundagai moon, no satellite could e'er outrank you
The least that I can do to thank you
Is to sing to you this tune

I want the world to know that great big glowing moon up in the sky
Cast its magic spell so well that night in Gundagai

As the Gundagai moon dipped over the horizon
I looked into your eyes and
Told you I loved you

© Bruce Watson, 2012



Kemal Attaturk's Tribute to the ANZACS

These he-roes that shed their blood_ and lost their lives, You are now

ly - ing in the soil_ of a friend - ly land.

There - fore rest in peace. There is no

diff - erence be-tween the John - nies and the Meh - mets to us, Where they lie

side by side in this land_ of ours.

You

mo - thers who sent your sons_ from far - a - way_ lands_

Wipe a - way your tears. Your

sons are now ly - ing in our bo - som,

and are at peace. Af - ter hav - ing

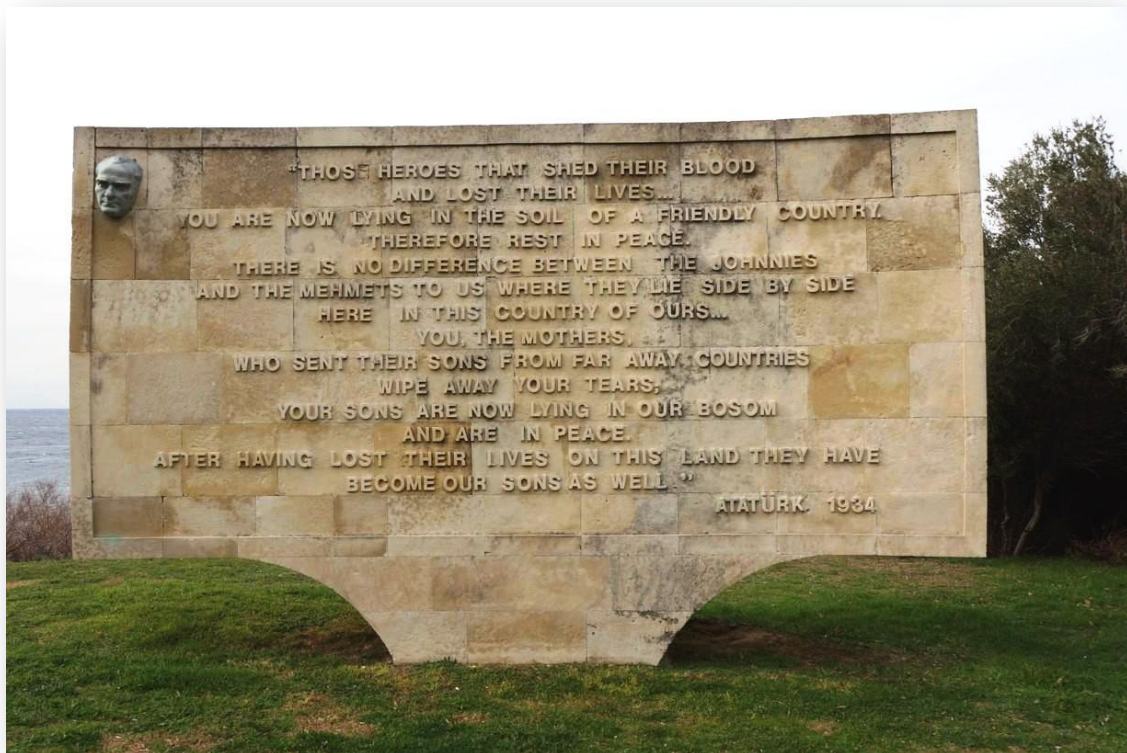
lost their lives_ on our land

They have be - come_ our sons as well.

Those heroes that shed their blood and lost their lives ...
You are now lying in the soil of a friendly land.
Therefore rest in peace.
There is no difference between the Johnnies and the Mehmetts to us
Where they lie side by side here in this country of ours ...
You mothers, who sent their sons from faraway countries
Wipe away your tears.
Your sons are now lying in our bosom
and are in peace
After having lost their lives on this land.
They have become our sons as well.

© Tune: Bruce Watson, 2012

This tribute was spoken by Kemal Atatürk in 1934. It is inscribed on the Atatürk Memorial in Turakena Bay, Gallipoli, at the Kemal Atatürk Memorial, Canberra and near Wellington, NZ.



The Banks are Bastards

Bm (Am) G (F) A (G) Bm (Am) G (F) F#7 (E7)

Well I
So I

Bm (Am)

went down to my lo - cal bank just the o - ther day, Had some
logged on to the web site cos I thought it might be quicker, But those

A (G) D (C)

mon - ey to de - po - sit and some bills I had to pay, Spent
us - er names and pass - words were so stree - ful to my ticker, And

G (F)

ho - urs in the queue 'cos all the tel lers were a way That
just when I was near - ly through the screen be - gan to flicker, The

F#7 (E7)

real - ly craps me off, so here's what I have to say:
ser - ver went down. Arrrgghhh | (*Vereses 2,3,5 & 6, skip these three bars*)

Bm (Am)

Chorus: The banks are bas - tards, —

G (F) A (G) Bm (Am)

They real - ly are bast - ards.

G (F) A (G) Bm (Am) G (F) F#7 (E7)

Well I went down to my local bank just the other day
Had some money to deposit and I had some bills to pay
Spent hours in the queue 'cos all the tellers were away
It really makes me mad, so here's what I have to say:

The banks are bastards!
They really are bastards!

So I logged onto their website 'cos I thought that might be quicker
But those usernames and passwords were so stressful to my ticker
Then when I was nearly done, my God! The screen began to flicker
The server went down. Aaarrggghhh
The banks are bastards!
They really are bastards!

So – I telephoned the helpline, took me hours to get through
They said “We value your call. You are 19th in the queue
But by 40 minutes later I was number 52
“And have a nice day” Aaarrggghhh

The banks are bastards!
They really are bastards!

ANZ and Commonwealth you know they're all the same
NAB and Westpac, Aarrgghh, they never take the blame
They know they've got you by the goolies, and they treat it like a game
They always stuff you round and their excuses are so lame

The banks are bastards!
They really are bastards!

When the Reserve Bank raises interest rates banks raise theirs even more
But when official rates go down they hold back and they cry poor
One law for us one law for them – it's absolute manure
I mean – where do these guys get off?

The banks are bastards!
They really are bastards!

They charge a fee when you put money in and when you take it out
They charge a late fee and an early fee, and if there's any doubt
They charge a fee to charge their fees, then they shake you all about
That's what they're all about

The banks are bastards!
They really are bastards!
They really are bastards!
They really are bastards! (etc.)


The Singing Revolution

Em D G D Bm G Bm Em



Come with me now on a jour-ney back in time To a place where dark tyra-ny ruled the land.
Twenty third of Au-gust in nine-teen eight-y nine Fif-ty years of for - eign o - ver - lords.

9 Em D G D Bm G Bm Em




Taa-linn and Ri - ga and Vil-ni - us were occu - pied by the So viets and their old folk songs were banned.
Two mil-lion peop-le joined hands a-cross three nat- ions, day and night they sang to-gether with one voice.

17 G D Em Bm



Sing-ing for free- dom, sing-ing for so-li - da - ri - ty, Sin - ing for hope and a fu-ture they'd planned,

25 G D G⁹ G Bm Em



Two mil-lion ci - ti - zens hand in hand sing - ing, Sing - ing for their land.

Come with me now on a journey back in time
To a place where dark tyranny ruled the land

Tallinn and Riga and Vilnius were occupied by the
Soviets and their old folk songs were banned

23rd of August back in 1989
Fifty years of foreign overlords

Two million people joined hands across three nations
Day and night they sang together with one voice

*Singing for freedom, singing for solidarity
Singing for hope and a future they planned
Two million citizens hand in hand singing
Singing for their land*

One man alone or a few cannot stand up to the
Power of the oppressor, they'll be cut down

When many stand together and are strong in their convictions
The power of their unity knows no bounds

How could they arrest all of those people just for singing
A Baltic Chain reaction – they were not afraid

'Take us, we dare you!' they seemed to cry defiantly
Theirs was victory – but never once a weapon did they raise

*Singing for freedom, singing for solidarity
Singing for hope and a future they planned
Two million citizens hand in hand singing
Singing for their land
Singing for their land
Singing for their land*

© Words: Bruce Watson 2012

Tune: Verse Traditional Latvian tune Es Gulu Gulu. Chorus: Bruce Watson, 2012

*The **Baltic Chain** occurred on August 23, 1989. Approximately two million people joined their hands to form a human chain spanning over 600 km across the three Baltic states – Estonia, Latvia, and Lithuania. This was a quarter of the entire population of those three nations put together. The date marked the 50th anniversary of the Molotov–Ribbentrop Pact between the Soviet Union and Nazi Germany. The Soviet authorities in Moscow responded to the event with intense rhetoric, but failed to act. Within six months of the protest, Lithuania became the first of the Republics of the Soviet Union to declare independence, the other two followed shortly after.*



Kevin Rudd Medley

This song had two lives. The first in 2007 and 2008 during Rudd's first flush of success, and the second for a very brief period in 2013 during his resurrection. This is the 2013 version.

(Tune: Stairway to Heaven)

Am Am/G# C D Fmaj7 G Am
Am Am/G# C D
Now Australia's been told, that the new is the old
Fmaj7 G Am
We're re-trying a leader called Kevin
Am Am/G# C D
And now Julia knows that the doors are all closed
Fmaj7 G Am
In a word, well actually two, she is done for
C D F G Fmaj7 G Am
Oh___ oh___ we're re-trying a leader called Kevin

(Tune: Dancing Cheek to Cheek)

F C Dm7 C F C Dm7
Kevin, we've got Kevin
C C6 G7 Cdim C Bb7 A7
And my heart beats so that I can hardly speak
D7 G7 F G7 F E7 A7
And I've found the programmatic specificity I seek
Dm F G7 C F G+
But you must admit he's shown a lot of cheek
F C Dm7 C F C Dm7
Kevin, bloody Kevin
C C6 G7 Cdim C Bb7 A7
He's given the sauce bottle a fair shake these last few weeks
D7 G7 F G7 E7 A7
Giving policies of old a fair old tweak
Dm F G7 F C F C
Julia's gone for good – and again we've got The Geek!

(Tune: The Lord's Prayer: Sister Janet Mead)

Am
Our PM, who art called Kevin
C
Kevin be thy name
C D
You're just so hip, but you've gotta zip
Am (F) G Am
Why on earth do you talk like that, Kevin?

(Tune: Knocking on Heaven's Door)

G D Am7G D C D
Oooh ...

G D Am7
Julia Guillard's name was mud
G D C (D)
Caucus didn't want her any more
G D Am7
They were up the creek without a rudd-er
G D CD
So they went knockin' on Kevin's door

G D Am7
Knock, knock, knockin' on Kevin's door
G D CD
Knock, knock, knockin' on Kevin's door
(That's the Lodge, for the moment)
G D Am7
Knock, knock, knockin' on Kevin's door
G D C (D)
Knock, knock, knockin' on Kevin's door

(Tune: The Hippopotamus Song)

G Am7 D
Rudd, Rudd, glorious Rudd
G A7 D D7
He's cooking with gas, but on his hands there is blood
G Am
And he wants us to follow, tho his words may be hollow
C G D D7 G
He wants us to wallow in glorious Rudd

© Bruce Watson 2007 &2013



Amal's Journey

Guitar played in C
(Capo on second fret)

She said they looked like float - ing birds, Those child - ren on the wa - ter. She
 said that they were sleep - ing, But she knew they'd nev - er wake, In this
 cold dark o - cea in the night, So far a - way from land,
 Bob - bing up and down on the waves.
 Life was good once, long a - go in the ci - ty of Bagh - dad She'd
 stroll be - side the Ti - gris in the eve - ning with her fa - ther
 Palm trees sway - ing in the sun - set, flot - sam on the ri - ver, And the
 songs of Umm Khul - tum float - ing on the breeze. She said
 Come with me on this jour - ney She said
 Walk with me a whil, You'll un - der - stand. I may
 cry, and my heart may fill with yearn - ing, But I
 know at last I've reached my prom - ised land.

Interlude

She said they looked like floating birds, those children on the water
She said that they were sleeping, but she knew they'd never wake
In this cold dark ocean in the night, so far away from land
Bobbing up and down on the waves

Life was good once long ago in the city of Baghdad
She'd stroll beside the Tigris in the evenings with her father
Palm trees swaying in the sunset, flotsam on the river
And the songs of Umm Khultum floating on the breeze

Chorus:

She said come with me on this journey
She said walk with me a while – you'll understand
I may cry and my heart may fill with yearning
But I know at last I've reached my promised land

Evil came, Saddam Hussein brought terror fear and war
Amal lost two brothers, and her husband thrown in jail
The night police came to her house and knocked upon her door
She knew that they must flee their precious home

So they silently slipped out of town and struggled through the mountains
By dark of night they crossed the frontier, then on to Tehran
Living day to day they make their way somehow to Sumatra
Running out of money, hope and plans

Chorus

The boat was small, the boat was old, could never hold 400 people
But the smugglers insisted. If you're to go you must go now!
The storm came fast, the storm came hard, and all were at its mercy
The engine failed, the boat went down, and screaming rent the air

Interlude

Every life is sacred, every mother son and daughter
Everyone just wants to make the best life that they can
But to see a mother and her new-born sleeping on the water
Is to see the hand that fate has dealt to those who had no chance

Chorus

She said they looked like floating birds ...

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Amal Basry, from Iraq, was one of the few survivors of the SIEV-X, on which 353 asylum seekers died on 20 October 2001. She was eventually permitted to settle in Melbourne, where she worked tirelessly to raise awareness of the plight of refugees seeking to enter Australia. Amal means hope.

Trim, the Circumnavigating Cat

Am

Born on the high seas in the wild south In - di - an Oc - ean,

5 G Am

Sail - or, as - tro - no - mer, na - vi - gat - or, ob - ject of de - vo - tion, He was

9 Am F

first to cir - cum - na - vi - gate Aus - tral - ia that's a doc - u - ment - ed un - dis - put - ed fact, You may

13 G G7 C G7

think that I am sing - ing a - bout Cap - tain Mat - thew Flin - ders but I'm sing - ing a - bout Trim, his cat! Let's

17 C Em

sing a song to cel - eb - rate his fe - line feats of ex - plo - ra - tion

21 C C

Trim the cir - cum - nav - i - gat - ing cat, Ex -

25 C Em

traord - in - ar - y sail - or round the globe and round Aus - tra - lia

29 G G7 C

Trim the cir - cum - nav - i - gat - ing cat.

Born on the high seas in the wild South Indian Ocean
 Sailor, astronomer, navigator, object of devotion
 He was the first to circumnavigate Australia, that's a documented undisputed fact
 You may think that I am singing about Captain Matthew Flinders, but I'm singing about Trim, his cat

Chorus:

Let's sing a song to celebrate his feline feats of exploration
 Trim the circumnavigating cat
 Extraordinary sailor, round the globe and round Australia
 Trim the circumnavigating cat

With his (silky) fur as black as night, and his paws all snowy white, like his chest
He was exceedingly intelligent and obviously elegantly dressed
When it was time to hoist the sails it was Trim who never failed to be the first one up the mast
And he helped the navigators with their astral observations, traveling the ocean vast

Chorus

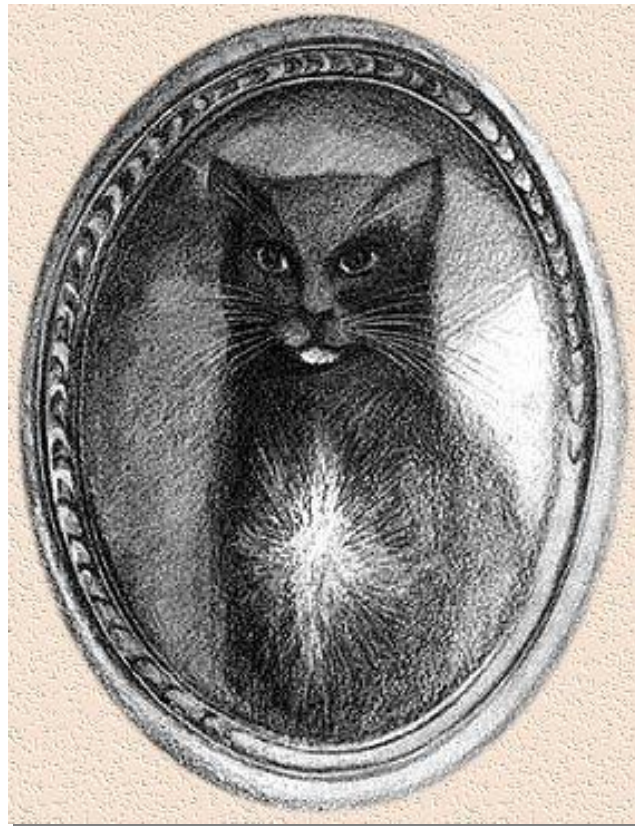
Trim was Flinders' best companion, inseparable on land and sea (*how very nice*)
The two of them both loved to feel the thrill of new discoveries (*and catching mice*)
Till they were caught, accused of spying, which was most unedifying - into prison went the crew
And with sadness I relate ... Trim then met his awful fate ... when he found himself in a stew (*literally*)
Yes, the good folk of Mauritius clearly thought he was delicious ...
Trim the circumnavigating
(*Yes, he had them salivating*)
Trim the circumnavigating cat

Chorus

... Trim the circumnavigating
Despite his end humiliating
Flinders found him fascinating
Trim the circumnavigating
Once more recapitulating
Trim the circumnavigating cat

Note: lines in italics are sung to the tune of bars 29 and 30.

© Bruce Watson 2013



Trim, drawn by Matthew Flinders

The Reedy River Still Flows

G D Bm

CHORUS: (And) Time goes by, and the years they fly, And _

6 G D

fash - ions may come and may go, But as

10 G D Bm

long as there's mu - sic, as long as there's dance, The _

14 A G

Reed - y Ri - ver still flows, The _

18 Em G D G D A

Reed - y Ri - ver still flows. **VERSE:** In the

24 D A D

far dis - tant times of the Dream - ing, When

28 G Em A

peop - le first walked this land, There was

32 D G 1.2.3.
D

mu - sic and danc - ing to sing up the spir - its, To

36 G Em G A

bring us to - geth - er, ever - y wo - man and man. (And) _

40 v.4
G Em G A

chor - us, So the Riv - er of mu - sic still flows (And)

Chorus:

Time goes by, how the years they fly
And fashions may come and may go
But as long as there's music, as long as there's dance
The ReedyRiver still flows
The ReedyRiver still flows

In the far distant times of the Dreaming
When people first walked this land
There was music and dancing to sing up the spirits
To bring us together, every woman and man

Chorus

And from far distant lands others came
And still come to our bounteous shores
They bring stories and songs that tell who we are
And we dance round the room as did others before

Chorus

In far distant places through the bush of Australia
The song catchers tirelessly roamed
Collecting the stories and tunes of our country
Collecting the dances, the songs and the poems

Chorus

So let's sing songs of those come before us
And let's strike up the fiddle and bow
And let's dance till we drop, and then sing one more chorus
So the river of music still flows

Chorus

© Bruce Watson 2013



The Bushwackers (1957) Photo from bushmusicclub.blogspot.com

This song was written to celebrate the 60th anniversary of Sydney's Bush Music Club in 2014, which emerged out of the Sydney performance of ReedyRiver in 1953.

Barnaby Joyce

(Tune: Chattanooga Choo Choo)

C F C C6
Barnaby Joyce, the man is absolutely cuckoo
C G7 C (G)
Completely and utter-ly an absolute nutter
C F C C6
We can't afford to have him do the things he would do
C G7 C
I've got my fears that it'll all end in tears

C7 F C7 F C7
His disproportionate abortion stance just has to be fought
F C7 F F7
And he's a homophobic so and so whose views count for nought
Bb E7 F D7
His list of faults is so big. Did I say he's xenophobic?
G7 C7 F G7
Oooh oooh Barnaby, there you are

C F C C6
He's gonna lead a certain party in this nation
C G7 C (G)
But let's cut to the chase, he's got a weird funny face
C C7 F Ab
He's gonna try, but please don't ask me why, I'll never know
C D7 G7 C Ab
Oh, Barnaby Joyce, won't you choo choo off home
C D7 G7 C
Oh, Barnaby Joyce, won't you choo choo off home

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Bad Abbott

(Tune: *Bad Habits*)

(Capo 5 = C)

G Bm7
Can't help himself – Bad Abbott
Dm7 E7 F°7
He's running wild, lost control
Am7 Am G B7 Em Em7
It's a shame to see that our poor country
A9 Em7 A9 Am7 D9 Daug
Is governed by Bad Abbott

G Bm7
Says he'll stop the boats, just to get the votes
Dm7 E7 F°7
Says those people smugglers must be stopped
Am7 Am G B7 Em Em7
But what's far, far uglier – is his own budgie smugglers
Am7 Eb9 D9 G6
Can't help himself – Bad Abbott

B7 Em7 A7
Well it's clear he isn't ... a suppository of all wisdom
Dm7 G7 C E7
But he's a bottom feeder much in need of class
Am7 D7 Gmaj7 E7
Well that ill-considered quote really hit a bum note
Am7 D9 Daug
And it shows Bad Abbott talks out of his arse

G Bm7
Well he promised us that there'd be no cuts
Dm7 E7 F07
To health, education, pensions or the ABC
Am7 Am G B7 Em Em7
Well if I may be so blunt, the man's an utter conundrum
A9 Em7 A9 D9 Daug
Can't help himself – Bad Abbott

G Bm7
He ignored the facts with the carbon tax
Dm7 E7 F°7
And he's an un-reconstructed misogynist
Am7 Am G B7 Em Em7
I'd be happier at least if he'd ended up a priest
Am7 Eb9 D9 G6 E7
But instead we got a Bad Abbott
Am7 Am G B7 Em Em7
Yes my mind would be at peace if he'd ended up a priest
Am7 Eb9 D9 G G6
But instead we got a Bad Abbott

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Chorus:

Love, oh love, oh love
Love, oh love, on love

Verse 1

If I speak in tongues of men or angels
But have not love
I am only clanging brass
I am nothing.

If I have the gift of prophecy
Can fathom every mystery
But have not love
I am nothing.

If I give the poor all I own
Work my fingers to the bone
But have not love
I am nothing. I am nothing.

Chorus

Love, oh love, oh love
Love, oh love, on love

Verse 2

Love is patient, love is kind.
It does not envy, does not boast
And love –
It is not proud

Love does not dishonour others
Not self-seeking, hard to anger
It keeps no tally
Of rights and wrongs

Love rejoices in the truth
Trusts, protects, hopes, endures
And love –
Love never fails. Love never fails

Bridge

And as we pass through the ages
These three truths remain:
Faith, hope and charity
But the greatest of all is ...

Chorus

Love, oh love, oh love
Love, oh love, on love

Love, oh love, oh love
Love, oh love, on love

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This Golden Bracelet

(Capo 2) (Am) (Dm7)

Verse: Her hair was blonde, her eyes were blue, you might not take her for a Jew, But

F#m (Em) | 1, 2 (& 3) Bm (Am) | (Going into Bridge) Bm (Am)

this was Nine-teen fort - y two in War - saw. War - saw. **Bridge:** "You have a

G (F) A (G) D (C) G (F)

choice," they told her, "Yes you are free to

D (C) Bm (Am)

choose. You can work for us now, Or we can put you on a train,

G (F) A (G) | (First bridge only) Bm (Am) | (Going into Chorus) Bm (Am)

Like all those o - ther Jews." And so they Jews." **Chorus:** And now I

Em7 (Dm7) G (F) D (C) Bm (Am)

wear this gold - en brace - let, en - graved with her name, It makes it

Em7 (Dm7) G (F) D (C) Bm (Am) G (F) 3

like she's al - ways near me, close at hand, I wear it, and I re -

D (C) Bm (Am) Em7 (Dm7) A (G) Bm (Am)

mem - ber her, Long a - go in a far a - way land.

Her hair was blonde, her eyes were blue, you might not take her for a Jew
But this is 1942, in Warsaw
The fetid stench of Nazi power was growing stronger hour by hour
The ghetto was a prison now in Warsaw

Wanda's sisters and her cousins and her father and her mother
Took the train like all the others out of Warsaw
Not one of them was seen again, she had no family now, just her man
To survive any way they can in Warsaw

Bridge:

"You have a choice," they told her
"Yes, you are free to choose
"You can work for us now. Or we can put you on a train
Like all those other Jews"

So they worked in Shultz's factory
For no pay, and barely fed
Making uniforms, German army uniforms
It was that or they'd be dead

Chorus:

*And now I wear this golden bracelet, engraved with her name
It makes it like she's always near me, close at hand
I wear it, and I remember her
Long ago, in a faraway land*

In '43 the ghetto was ablaze. They bribed a guard and with fake papers
By some miracle, they escaped from Warsaw
For 18 months they hid away, lying in a narrow roof space
Just one false move would give the game away
Then finally the Russian forces rolled on in and won that war
They both ended up, long story short, in Melbourne

From the ashes of the Old World
War saw the end of all they knew
Across the oceans – but all that water couldn't wash away the nightmares
Of all that they'd been through

Chorus

A lifetime passes, seven decades. The German Government agrees to pay
For all those years of forced labour in Warsaw
The letter came through seven days after Wanda peacefully passed away
At the tender age of 98 in Melbourne

Seven decades to say sorry
A few Euros and a letter's all we get
It's not much, but enough for us each to buy something of gold
– So we won't forget

Chorus

Then repeat second last line

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This is the true story of Wanda Lindner. Thanks to Benjamin Lindner for bringing it to my attention.

Coming Home



We all ce-le-bra-ted hard when the war was won, Peace had come at last,___



af-ter four long years of slaught-er and sorrow, Now that's all in___ the past,___



There were fire-works and par-ties, there was danc-ing in the streets, Our boys were com-ing home,



And our hearts___were full of joy, and so___ much re-lief,___ And a tear for those now gone.



Com-ing home, (Coming home) Our boys are com-ing home,___



And life can start a -gain,___ It' -ll all be grand,___



From now on.

We all celebrated hard when the war was won
Peace had come at last
After four long years of slaughter and sorrow
Now that's all in the past
There were fireworks and parties, there was dancing in the streets
Our boys were coming home
Our hearts were full of joy, but mostly relief
And a tear for those now gone

Coming home
Our boys are coming home
And life can start again, it'll all be grand
– From now on

Now our lad Ted was a soldier boy
Served in Egypt then in France
He took a few hits but he soldiered on
Like all the rest he took his chances
And that poison gas took his breath away
But through it all our Ted survived
To see his Mum and Dad and his family again
He's coming home alive!

Coming home
Our boy is coming home
And life can start again, it'll all be grand
– From now on

But who'd have believed that the end of the war
Would bring us suffering once more
As we greeted the ships that brought our boys back home
There was a deadly cargo on board
In a few short months the flu had taken
So many young women and men
Civilian, soldier, young and old
– And then ... it took our Ted

Coming home
Our boy came back home
We thought life would start again, it would all be grand
- Now he's gone (*repeat chorus*)

Based on the story of Sergeant Edward William Sharpe, 29th Infantry Battalion, 18 James Street, Northcote. Died 28/04/1919, Carlton (Exhibition emergency hospital)



The Ballad of Tunnerminnerwait & Mauboyheener

(Capo 5) C
[G] F
[C] C
[G]

When you walk these streets of Mel - bourne with its towers of steel and glass, Do you
Street was a ri - ver, Queen Street bridge was a water - fall, And

ev - er stop to think a - bout the ghosts of cen - turies past? As you
Dock-lands was a swamp where you could hunt for wat - er fowl. I'll

F
[C] C
[G] F
[C] C
[G]

sip that cup of cof - fee, as you drink that glass of beer, you're
tell a tale of Franklin Street a sad one but it's true, about the

do - ing it on count - ry that's been lived on here for
kill - ing of two proud black men in Eight - een for - ty

1. (v3 & 5 go to coda) 2.

Am
[Em] G
[D] C
[G] Am
[Em] G
[D] C
[G]

years. Elizabeth two, back in Eight - een for - ty two. Re -

Am
[Em] F
[C]

mem - ber Maul - boy - hee - ner, re - mem - ber Tun - ner - min - ner - wait

E7
[B7] Am
[Em] G
[D] Am
[Em]

Don't for - get their names don't for - get their fate. don't for - get their strug - gle

F
[C] G
[D]

don't for - get the lies. When we re - mem - ber we can start to see this

Am
[Em] G
[D] Am
[Em] G
[D] C
[G]

land through differ - ent eyes.

Verse 1

When you walk these streets of Melbourne with its towers of steel and glass
Do you ever stop to think about the ghosts of centuries past?
As you sip that cup of coffee as you drink that glass of beer
You 're doing it on country that's been lived on here for years

Elizabeth St was a river, Queen St Bridge was a waterfall
Docklands was a swamp where you could hunt for waterfowl
I'll tell a tale of Franklin St, a sad one but it's true
About the killing of two proud black men in 1842 – Back in 1842

*Remember Maulboyheener, remember Tunnerminnerwait
Don't forget their names, don't forget their fate
Don't forget their struggle, don't forget the lies
And maybe one day we will see this land through different eyes*

Verse 2

These young men from Van Diemen's Land were raised up by their clans
They saw their loved ones murdered as the settlers stole their lands
And with the others they were taken to that hell in Wybalenna
By George Augustus Robinson, the Aborigines' Protector

But they got no protection from death and from despair
So Robinson he took fifteen survivors out of there
He brought them to Port Phillip to try to buy some time
But it was a wild frontier, a land grab back in 1839 – back in 1839

Verse 3

They lived down by Birrarung on Robinson's estate
It was clear to them from all they saw that it soon would be too late
They'd seen it in Van Diemen's Land, now here it was again
So into the bush they broke away, three women and two men
Pyteruna, Planobeena, and Truganini too
Tunnerminnerwait and Maulboyheener bid the town adieu – They bid the town adieu

CHORUS

Verse 4

They struck out for the hills, into the countryside
It was resistance, it was freedom, it was strength and it was pride
They stole some food, they stole some guns, caused panic far and wide
The orders came to shoot on sight these natives who'd gone wild
For six long weeks they led the chase; into the bush they'd blend
Till one day near Cape Paterson they shot two whaling men
Well the law finally cornered them, "Surrender or you'll die!"
"Come peacefully, you won't be harmed." Well that was just a lie – Just one more bloody lie

Verse 5

White man's law then took its course, the outcome you can guess
Though the women were found innocent, the men were sent to death
So while settlers murdered thousands in that war to rule this land
The first to face the gallows in Port Phillip were two black men
They hanged them there in Franklin St when the colony was new
Just outside Old Melbourne Gaol in 1842 – in 1842

CHORUS

When you walk these streets of Melbourne with its towers of steel and glass
Do you ever stop to think about the ghosts of centuries past?

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Well you may see him riding on his retro fixed wheel bike, yeah, he's a hipster (*He's a hipster*)
His vintage Spanish leather shoulder satchel at his side, yeah, he's a hipster (*He's a hipster*)
With those heavy thick rimmed spectacles and skinny jeans he wears
You thought you were cool, but this dude makes you feel like so last year
And when he turns around he'll knock you down with his long Ned Kelly beard
Yeah, he's a hipster (*He's a hipster*)

You may see him in a bar with his curled up waxed moustache, yeah, he's a hipster (*He's a hipster*)
Sipping Danish brewed dark ale with a subtle hint of kale, yeah, he's a hipster (*He's a hipster*)
Or he may be a barista in that pop up coffee truck
That you'll catch in North Fitzroy or in Preston with some luck
Selling fair trade Timor L'Este cold pressed low fat half strength soy decaf mocha frappacinos
– or some other kind of muck
Yeah, he's a hipster (*He's a hipster*)

Chorus:

He's a hipster, he's a hipster he's a hip hip hipster
He's a hipster, he's a hipster he's a hip hip hipster
He's a hipster (*He's a hipster*)

How many hipsters does it take to change a light bulb? *One. But he has to make sure it's cool first.*
How many hipsters does it take to change a light bulb? *Two. One to change it in an ironic fashion and one to get it.*
How many hipsters does it take to change a light bulb? *You mean you don't know!*
How many hipsters does it take to change a light bulb? *I have this joke on vinyl.*

Chorus

You may see him with his MacBook Air on Instagram or Tumblr, he's a hipster (*He's a hipster*)
Eating deconstructed salad smoothies and single source quinoa, he's a hipster (*He's a hipster*)
His man-bun is post-modern and his clothes are metrosexual
The script he's writing for that indy film is still conceptual
Anyway, you wouldn't understand it 'cos it's totes like decontextual
He's a hipster (*He's a hipster*)

Chorus (twice)

Awesome!



Captain Moonlite - A Love Story

D A D
 To - mor-row I will step up to the gal- lows _____ I
 D G A
 on - ly ask_ you grant me one last wish for when I'm gone I'm a
 D G A Bm
 man who's done wrong I will face the fier - y flames All I
 D G A Bm
 ask is to be laid be- side_ my true love dear young James. May we
 D A G D A G
 lay to - geth-er Side by side_ my friend May we
 D A G D A G
 rest in peace.

Tomorrow I will step up to the gallows
 I only ask you grant me one last wish for when I'm gone
 I'm a man who's done wrong, I will face the fiery flames
 All I ask is to be laid beside my true love, dear young James
May we lay together, side by side, my friend
May we rest in peace

I did the crime, I served my time in Pentridge
 Seven years for robbery and other deeds besides
 But I treasure that time yet, for it's there that we two met
 To never part again till he lay in my arms and died
May we lay together, side by side, my friend
May we rest in peace

Well the traps they gave us no peace back in Melbourne
So me and James and a few young men, we headed for the bush
Captain Moonlite and his gang raising hell across the land
Till we met our match at Wantabadgery, up past Gundagai
When that squatter said move on, well my patience it was gone *
So we drew our guns and bailed them up, we would fight or we would die *
May we lay together, side by side, my friend
May we rest in peace

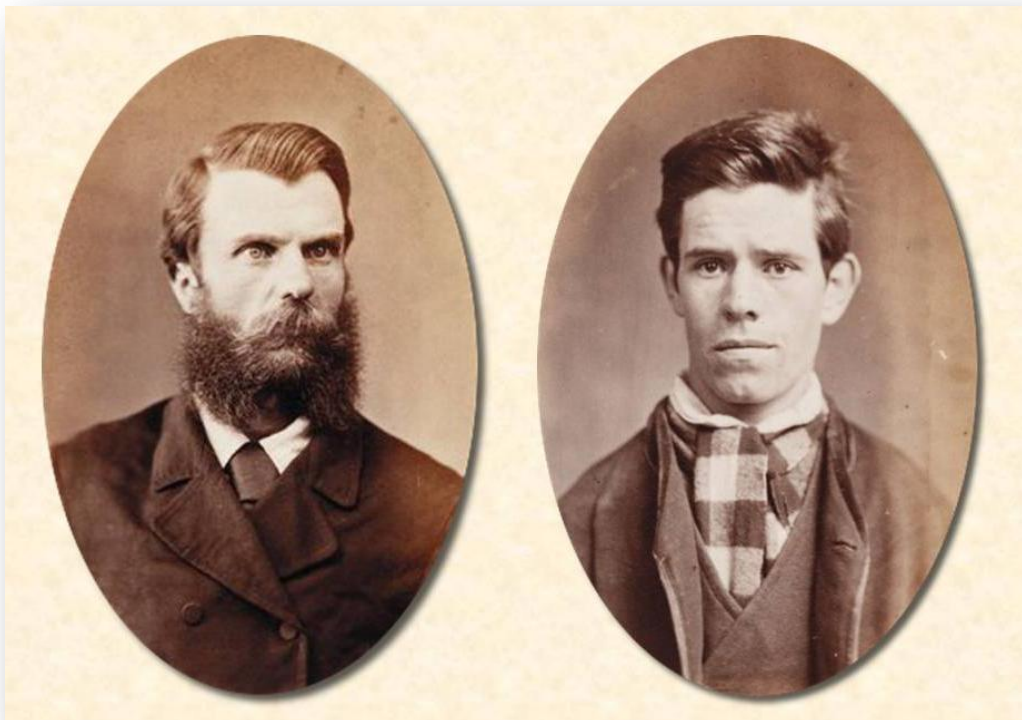
Instrumental (chorus)

When the troopers came my young boys fought so bravely
Poor Gus was only 15, and they shot him in the side
But when I saw my James lying there where he was slain
I lay my head upon his breast, I kissed him, and I cried
May we lay together, side by side, my friend
May we rest in peace

Instrumental (chorus)

Tomorrow I will step up to the gallows
I will pray for God's forgiveness and whisper my love's name
On my finger is a ring that I will wear unto my grave
It is woven from a lock of the hair of my dear James
May we lay together, side by side, my friend
May we rest in peace
May we lay together, side by side, my friend
May we rest in peace
May we lay together

* Tune for these two lines is same as for previous two lines.

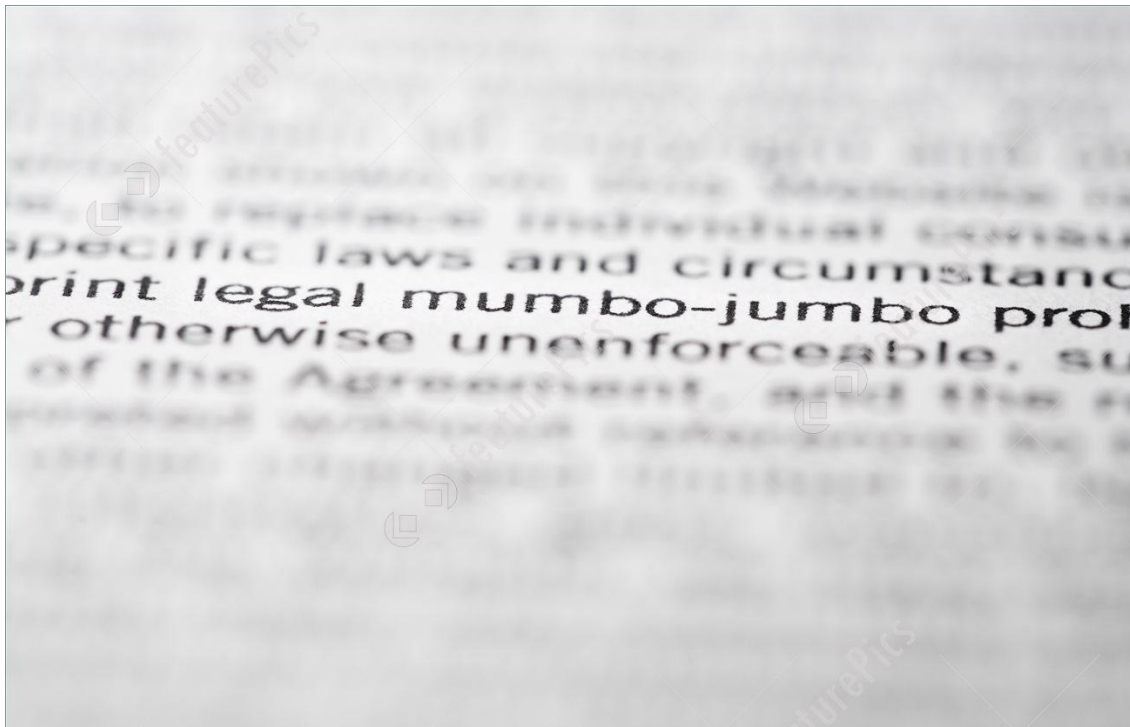


Andrew George Scott (Captain Moonlite) and James Nesbitt

Disclaimer

(Spoken over elevator music)

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Po-lene

(Tune: Jolene, Dolly Parton)

Capo around 4 frets (C#m)

Chorus: /Am /C /G /Am / /G /Em /Am / /
/Am /C /G /Am / /G /Em /Am / /

Verses: /Am /C /G /Am /G /Em /Am / /x2

Chorus:

Pauline, Pauline, Pauline, Pauline
You're bigoted, you're racist and inane
Pauline, Pauline, Pauline, Pauline
I'm begging of you Pauline, please explain.

You're ignorant beyond compare, your flaming locks of bright red hair
Don't hide the fact that you're so cruel and mean.
Your smile is like a breath of hate, your voice is like a thumbnail grating
On a blackboard – but you'd prefer a whiteboard, eh, Pauline!

You think that it's really no big deal that you're so xenophobic
Homophobic and halalophobic too.
I'm sick and tired and fed up with you being sick and tired and fed up
With everyone who's different from you.

Chorus

You don't fool me, I'm no chump, One Nation's just a racist rump
You're Australia's own Donald Trump, Pauline.
You say on the loo we should sit, that squatting's not appropriate
You're really such a shining wit, Pauline. (SPOKEN: – *that was a spoonerism*)

You say that we'll be swamped by Asians but don't acknowledge white invasion
Stole this land from those who were here first.
You're fine with kosher, but not halal, you're uninformed and so banal
If I get any angrier I'll burst.

Chorus

Feels Like The Libs Are Fixin' to Die Rag

(Tune: Feel Like I'm Fixin' to Die Rag, Country Joe and the Fish)

Verse: /D7 / /G / /D7 / /G /
/E7 /A7 /D7 /G /

Chorus: /D(e) D(f) /D(f#) /G / /
/D7 / /G / /
/D(e) D(f) /D(f#) /G / /
/E7 /A7 /D7 /G /

Come on all of you women and men
The Liberal Party needs your help again
They got themselves in a hell of a mess
'Cos they can't decide which leader is best.
Now, when you go to the polls, please don't be appalled
'Cos it really doesn't matter at all!

CHORUS:

And it's one, two, three, who are we votin' for?
Don't ask me I don't give a toss,
'Cos every month we get a different boss!
And it's five, six, seven, help our coalition mates!
Ain't no time to wonder why
Let's all just vote for ... some guy.

Come on Liberal Party hacks
Don't be swayed by stupid facts
If you're down in the polls you gotta over-react
'Cos the only good PM is one that's just been sacked
It's time that the Libs did things a new way
And chose a new PM every day!

CHORUS

Well, there was Brendon Nelson. Remember him?
Then Turnbull then Abbott then Turnbull again
And now we've got ScoMo, well just for the mo,
'Cos they really didn't want to give Potato Head a go
PM Mathias or Michaela or Mitch would be fine
And Heck! Why not even Christopher Pine!

CHORUS

Now come on all of you Liberal girlies
Just pick yourselves up by the short and curlies
It's obvious the Liberals choose purely on merit
That's why women make up a whole 24 per cent
You know a little rough and tumble's never hurt anyone
And Hey! Misogyny and bullying are fun!

CHORUS (twice)

The Importance of Being Bruce

Bruce Watson 2019

(Capo 2) A (G) E (D) A (G)

(Yeah) G' day, I'm Aus - tra - lian and my name is Bruce. Yeah, I

know that it's a clich - e, but fair din - kum it's the truth. Well you can

make your jokes, dis - play your wit, lam - poon my name, make fun of it, But it may

hurt my feel - ings, just a bit, 'Cos my name is Bruce.

F#7 (E7) A⁹ (G9) E (D) A (G)

F#7 (E7) A⁹ (G9) E (D) A (G)

G'day, I'm Australian and my name is Bruce
 Yeah, I know that it's a cliché, but fair dinkum, it's the truth
 Well you can make your jokes, display your wit
 Lampoon my name, make fun of it
 But it may hurt my feelings just a tiny little bit
 'Cos my name is Bruce

Yeah, G'day, I'm Australian and my name is Bruce
 Now that's actually a Scottish name, if you want to know the truth
 Bruce was a mighty warrior king
 Defeating the English was his thing
 Me, I love the English, and I love to sing
 And my name is Bruce

Yeah, G'day, I'm Australian and my name is Bruce
 I read philosophy at Princetun, not the University of Woolloomooloo
 I don't like that Monty Python skit
 It's portrayal of my name is inaccurate
 It makes us Aussie Bruces feel like *ssshhhaking our heads in despair*
 'Cos our name is Bruce

Yeah, G'day, I'm Australian and Bruce is my name
 I could be a DICK and change it, but to be FRANK, it wouldn't be the same
 It would ROB me of my dignity
 I'd be SEAN of all that makes me me
 I'm ERNEST when I make this plea
 I just JUAN to be Bruce

G'day, I'm Australian and my name is Bruce

After the Fire

B \flat (Capo 3) G E \flat C B \flat G E \flat B \flat C G

Riff

B \flat G E \flat ⁹ C⁹ B \flat G E \flat C

See those ti - ny leaves shoot-ing out of the side_ of that charred gum tree,

B \flat G C \flat Am E \flat C B \flat G E \flat C

You thought it was dead,_ so fierce was the fire._

B \flat G E \flat ⁹ C⁹ B \flat G E \flat C

And that fid-dle-head of fern push-ing back the soil of this scarred coun- try,

B \flat G C \flat Am E \flat C B \flat G E \flat C

Those fing-ers of green_ reach-ing high-er and high - er.

B \flat G

CHORUS: Af - ter the fire_ New growth,_

E \flat ⁹ C⁹

Af - ter the fire_ New life,_

F D

Af - ter the fire_ New hope,_

B \flat G E \flat C B \flat G

Af - ter the fire._

See those tiny leaves shooting out of the side of that charred gum tree
You thought it was dead, so fierce was the fire
And that fiddlehead of fern, pushing back the soil of this scarred country
Those fingers of green reaching higher and higher

CHORUS:

After the fire — New growth (*Bold words sung by all*)

After the fire — New life

After the fire — New hope

After the fire

Hear the whip of the whipbird and the chatter of the lorikeets across the hills
You thought that the silence would never end
Breathe in the aroma as the raindrops kiss the soil and awaken life
You dance in the rain like your heart's been unchained

CHORUS

Take a rest 'cos there's a hundred yards of wire to stretch before that fence is done
Thank God for the neighbours and the gift of their labour
Take your partner and dance away your cares tonight, it's time to have some fun
Share a drink with your friends. Feel the broken bits mend

CHORUS x2

See those tiny leaves growing out of the side of that charred gum tree
You thought it was dead

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I'm a Raving Inner City Lunatic

(Capo 5 = C) F C7 G7 F C

I'm a rav-ing inn-er ci-ty__ lun-a-tic, 'cos I'm concerned a-bout cli- mate__ change. Like

C G F C Bb F F C

nine-ty seven per cent of all cli-mate sci en-tists, I'm ob-vi-ous-ly bonk-ers and deranged. I ac-

C G F C Bb F F C

cept the ev-i-dence of the ex- pert__ con-sen-sus. As our dep-ut-y P M right-ly claims, I'm a

F C C7 G7 F C

rav-ing inn-er ci-ty__ lun - a- tic, 'cos I'm concerned a-bout cli mate change.. *Audience: (You're a*

F C C7 G7 F C

rav ing inn- er ci - ty__ lun - a- tic, 'cos you're con cerned a- bout cli mate__ change.____)

I'm a raving inner city lunatic
 'Cos I'm concerned about climate change.
 Like ninety-seven per cent of all climate scientists
 I'm obviously bonkers and deranged.
 I accept the evidence of the expert consensus,
 So, as our Deputy PM rightly claims:
 I'm a raving inner city lunatic ...

Oh I'm a latte sipping chardonnay quaffing
 Smashed avo(cado) eating lefty, so it seems
 Because I listen to the warnings that continued global warming
 Is causing catastrophic extremes.
 & I think that there's no doubt the increased chance of fire & drought
 Is something climate change deniers can't explain.
 But then, I'm a raving inner city lunatic ...

Oh, I'm a woke, enlightened leftist greeny
 'Cos I believe we need to find some common ground
 So we can take preventive measures to preserve our planet's treasures
 So our island neighbours' nations won't be drowned
 If the choice is between coal, or geothermal, wind and solar,
 It's clear that now's the time to make a change
 So I'm a raving inner city lunatic
 'Cos I'm concerned about climate change

The Year of Wonders

(Capo 4) **G** (C) **C** (F) **F** (Bb)

Chorus: This is the year of wonders, The year of__ des- pair,

Am (Dm) **Am(sus4)** (Dm[sus4]) **Am** (Dm) **G** (C) **C** (F)

Chinks of light in__ the o - ver whelm-ing dark ness, _ Acts of love ev-ry where.

G (C) **C** (F) **F** (Bb) **C** (F)

Verse: We're stand- ing__ to- geth er, Though we're stand- ing__ a - part, _

F (Bb) **Am** (Dm) **Am(sus4)** (Dm[sus4]) **Am** (Dm) **G** (C) **C** (F)

We're find- ing__ new ways to bridge the cha sm, _ We're find- ing__ our heart.

Chorus:

*This is the year of wonders
The year of despair
Chinks of light in the overwhelming darkness
Acts of love everywhere*

We're standing together
Though we're standing apart
We're finding new ways to bridge the chasm
We're finding our heart

And we're singing together
We're filling the void
From our phones in our homes to the cities of Italy
We're finding our voice

Chorus

In this year of wonders, this year of despair ...

As we count our blessings
Name them one by one
Leave aside (those) unnecessary things
We're finding our home

Generosity is infectious
And kindness can spread
So wash your hands, but share the love
There'll be bright days ahead

Chorus

In this year of wonders, this year of despair ...

Blobfish

Dm (Am)
 I live at the bot-tom of the o-cean near Aus-tra-lia 4,0 0 0 feet be - low, I've
 A7 (E7) Dm (Am)
 got the sort of face on-ly a mo-ther could love, Like a slim-y pink bul-bous big toe.
 Gm (Dm) Dm (Am) Gm (Dm) A7 (E7)
 Ev en when I'm hap-py__ I al-ways look sad, My mouth in a perm-an-ent frown, With these
 Dm (Am) A7 (E7) Dm (Am)
 big droop-y eyes it might be ea-sy to des-pise me,__ But please don't put me down. I'm a
 Gm (Dm) Dm (Am) A7 (E7) Dm (Am)
 blob- fish,__ a blob- fish, I live at the bot-tom of the sea, I'm a
 Gm (Dm) Dm (Am) A7 (E7) Dm (Am) A7 (E7) Dm (Am)
 blob fish,__ a blob-fish,__ The ug-li-est creat-ure in the world, that's me. (v2)

I live at the bottom of the ocean near Australia
 Four thousand feet below
 I've got the sort of face only a mother could love
 Like a slimy pink bulbous big toe
 Even when I'm happy I always look sad
 My mouth in a permanent frown
 With these big droopy eyes it might be easy to despise me
 But please don't put me down

Chorus:

I'm a blobfish, a blobfish — I live at the bottom of the sea
I'm a blobfish, a blobfish — The ugliest creature in the world, that's me.

My scientific name is *Psychrolutes marcidus*
But it's just plain Blobfish to my friends
Now you man think your life is hard, but you shouldn't make a fuss
Cos way down here, the pressure is intense
Well they held a vote to find the ugliest creature in the world
And guess what — I won!
But what about the axolotl? What about the scrotum frog?
And ... what about Peter Dutton!

Chorus

We blobfish are endangered, we get caught in deep sea nets
And it seems people just don't understand
That every creature is important in our precious web of life
Not just the cute cuddly ones like the Panda
So you can laugh at my appearance, make jokes about my face
'Cos let's face it, my face would make you cringe
But remember not to judge someone's worth by how they look
Because true beauty lies within.

Chorus



Birrarung

(Capo 5) $\overset{C}{(G)}$ $\overset{F}{(C)}$ $\overset{C}{(G)}$

Chorus: Bir - ra - rung, — Ri - ver of mists_ and_ sha - dows, —

$\overset{F}{(C)}$ $\overset{Am}{(Em)}$ $\overset{F}{(C)}$ $\overset{Am}{(Em)}$ $\overset{F}{(C)}$

Gi - ver of life_ for_ long - er than we_ can_ know, —

$\overset{C}{(G)}$ $\overset{F}{(C)}$ $\overset{Am}{(Em)}$ $\overset{F}{(C)}$ $\overset{C}{(G)}$

Heart of my coun - try, — heart of my_ home. *Verse:* From

$\overset{Dm}{(Am)}$ $\overset{C}{(G)}$ $\overset{Dm}{(Am)}$

Baw Baw way up_ in the high_ Yar - ra Ran - ges, — Bir - ra - rung winds its way

$\overset{Am}{(Em)}$ $\overset{Dm}{(Am)}$ $\overset{C}{(G)}$

_ through our land, From the Dreaming_ to the com - ing of strang ers, —

$\overset{C}{(G)}$ $\overset{Dm}{(Am)}$ $\overset{F}{(C)}$

Giv - ing life to Wu - run - dje - ri clans, With wa - ter for drink - ing, —

$\overset{C}{(G)}$ $\overset{F}{(C)}$ $\overset{C}{(G)}$

wa - ter for li - ving, — Food from the fish_ and_ food_ from the eel, — A

$\overset{F}{(C)}$ $\overset{C}{(G)}$

place for hunt - ing, — a place for Tan - der - um, A place for the bo - dy —

$\overset{Dm}{(Am)}$ $\overset{C}{(G)}$ $\overset{Dm}{(Am)}$

and spi - rit to heal. —

Chorus:

Birrarung
River of mists and shadows
Giver of life for longer than we can know
Heart of my country, heart of my home.

From Baw Baw way up in the high Yarra Ranges
Birrarung winds its way through our land
From the Dreaming, to the coming of strangers
Giving life to Wurundjeri clans
With water for drinking, water for living
Food from the fish and food from the eel
A place for hunting, a place for Tanderrum
A place for the body and spirit to heal

Chorus

So many changes since those early days
Since one man said "This is the place for a town"
Dispossession and deforestation
The clear flowing water is now flowing brown
We've built tunnels and channels and freeways and dams
We've drained the wetlands for factories and roads
Industrial waste means no fishing for eels now
But slowly we're starting to turn it around

Chorus



My Charango

Am E7 Am F C

To - day I put new strings on my cha - ran - go,

E7 Am F

So I'm pleased that now I can go, And play it all the time. I bet you did-n't know

C E7

that I could play char - an - go, So I'm pleased that now I can show

1. Am E7 Am 2. Am E7 Am

You this cha-ran-go of mine! (v2) good! It's

C Am C

got ten strings, it's kind of like a u-ku - le - le, And the mid dle ones, they play the

Am (no chord) C

oct - ave, that's real-ly cool! It's got new strings, so I will pract-ice on it

Am C

dai - ly, 'Cos when I play it I don't want to be ex -

E7 Am E7 Am D.C. al 0

pos - ed to rid - ic - ule! To(day...)

Today I put new strings on my charango
So I'm pleased that now I can go
And play it all the time
I bet you didn't know that I could play charango
So I'm pleased that now I can show
You this charango of mine

Charangos come from Bolivia's altiplano
Once they were made from armadillo
But now they're made of wood
I'd like to claim that the charango is far superior to the banjo
That's very controversial, I know
But I just think they're really good!

It's got 10 strings, it's kind of like a ukulele (but with lots more strings)
And the middle ones, they play the octave! That's really cool
It's got new strings, so I will practise on it daily
Cos when I play it - I don't - want - to - be - exposed to ridicule

Today - I put new strings on my charango
So I'm pleased that now I can go
And play it all the time
I know that you're amazed at my charango
'Cos you can see how fast my hands go
It's absolutely sublime!



The Sunshine Factory

(The Ballad of Australia's Court of Conciliation and Arbitration)

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F (Capo 5) (C) Dm (Am) C (G) F (C) C (G)

This is a stor-y of workers and wages, Of strikes and disputes, of struggles and pain, Of the

F (C) Dm (Am) C (G) F (C)

fight to gain just-ice in fits and in sta-ges, So that workers would not have to starve a- gain.

C (G) F (F)

Instrumental break (every second verse)

This is a story of workers and wages
Of strikes and disputes, of struggles and pain
Of the fight to gain justice in fits and in stages
So that workers would not have to starve again

At the turn of last century, in old Melbourne's west
Stood the Sunshine Harvester Factory Works
It was Australia's biggest, Australia's best
But the workers weren't paid what they justly deserved

Now some years before, Australia was reeling
The Depression of the '90s tore this country apart
There were strikes on the docks, and sheep stations of Qld
The banks were collapsing and poor people starved

The troops were called out, armed and ready for battle
Peace was precarious and life it was hard
But for pure luck, there'd be blood on the wattle
Civil war was so close; it would take just one spark

But Australia's people in all of their wisdom
They found a way to bring peace to our nation
Where workers and bosses couldn't come to agreement
They must go to the Court of Arbitration

So in 1907 Justice Henry Bourne Higgins
Heard the case of the Sunshine Harvesters' pay
He declared that all workers must be paid 7 shillings
As a fair and a reasonable minimum wage

And thus every worker from that day forward
Is guaranteed minimum pay and conditions
Our basic wage, it was the first in the world
It's not perfect, but it was a bloody big win

So the legacy of the workers of the Sunshine factory
Lives on in the fight that continues today
Sick leave, parental leave — these things really matter

And maybe one day we'll get true equal pay

Repeat first 4 lines

And maybe one day we'll get true equal pay



Old Songwriters Never Die

F C G C
 Old
 C
 teach - ers ne - ver die, they just lose their class, Old mu -
 G F C
 sic ians ne - ver die, they just go from bar to bar, Old
 C E7 Am
 farm - ers ne - ver die, they just go to seed, And
 F C G C
 old jokes ne - ver die, they ge re - cyc - led by blokes like me.
 F C G C
 Old
 C
 law - yers ne - ver die, they just lose their ap - peal, I guess that's something you al - ways knew, Old
 G F C
 sol - diers ne - ver die, ah, but young ones do, Old
 C E7 Am
 fish - er - men ne - ver die, they just smell that way, And
 F C G C
 old song - wri - ters ne - ver die, they just re - peat and fade.
 F C G C *Repeat and fade*
 Old song - wri - ters ne - ver die, they just re - peat and fade.

Talking Underpants

F
(Capo 3) (D)

Talk - ing un - der- pants, They're my favour - ite un - der- wear,

C
(A)

Talk - ing un - der- pants, That's why I wear them ev - ery- where,

F
(D)

Talk - ing un - der- pants, Don't you won - der what they say?

C
(A)

Talk - ing un - der- pants, They say 'Wear me ev - ery day!'

F
(D)

Talk - ing un - der- pants, Sing - ing to me when I dance,

C
(A)

Talk - ing un - der- pants, It's like a par - ty in my pants!

F7 (D7) C (A)

Bridge: If your un - der- pants don't talk, you're

Dm (Bm)

miss - ing out on so much fun,

Bb (G)

I wish that I could buy a pair of talk - ing

C (A) C7 (A7)

un - der- pants for ev - ery - one

Talking underpants — They're my favourite underwear
Talking underpants — That's why I wear them everywhere

Talking underpants — Don't you wonder what they say
Talking underpants — They say 'Wear me every day'

Talking underpants — Singing to me when I dance
Talking underpants — It's like a party in my pants

If your underpants don't talk, you're missing out on so much fun
I wish that I could buy a pair of talking underpants for everyone

Talking underpants — Riding on a bicycle
Talking underpants — Being very nice at school

Talking underpants — See them in the sky up there
Talking underpants — The clouds are wearing thunderwear

Talking underpants — Mine have got some holes in them
Talking underpants — That's how I get my legs in them

I think I can hear them now going chirpy chirpy cheep cheep chirp
Oh no. I was wrong. That was just a bottom burp!

Talking underpants — Some are big and some are small
Talking underpants — Some don't like to talk at all

Talking underpants — Please don't leave them on the floor
Talking underpants — It's best to put them in the drawer

Talking underpants — Just in case you're unaware
Talking underpants — Are the bestest underwear

YEAH!

John Snow & the Map that Changed the World

(Capo 5) Am (Em) Dm (Am) Am (Em)

Am (Em)

The year was 1 8 5 4 and all through Lon-don town, The

Dm (Am) Am (Em)

ev - il scourge of chol- er- a was spread- ing all a- round.

Am (Em) F (C)

So - ho was the centre, And with the out break at its peak, In that

Am (Em) Dm (Am) Am (Em)

neigh-bour-hood a - lone 5 0 0 died with - in a week.

F (C) C (G)

No - one knew the cause, no reas - on could be found, They

Am (Em) Dm (Am) Am (Em)

thought it was mi - as - ma that was ris - ing from the ground.

Am (Em) Dm (Am) Am (Em)

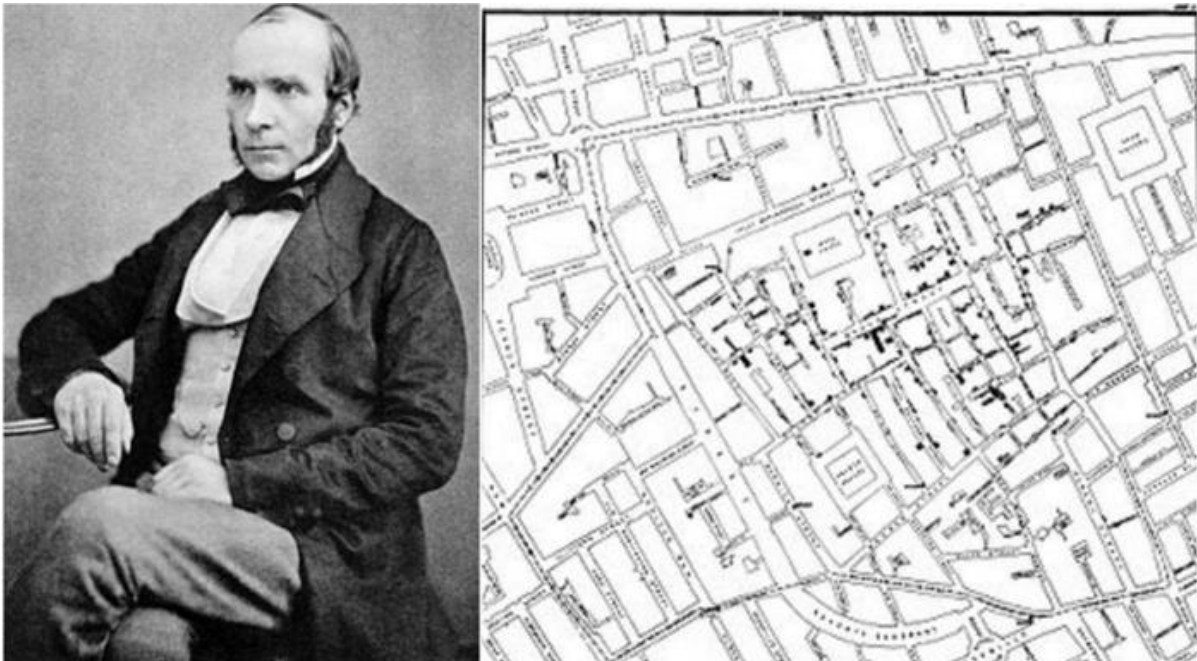
The year was 1854, and all through London town
The evil scourge of cholera was spreading all around
Soho was the centre, and with the outbreak at its peak
In that neighbourhood alone 500 died within a week
No-one knew the cause, no reason could be found
They thought it was miasma that was rising from the ground.

Now John Snow was a doctor with a passion for the truth
For years he'd had a theory, but he couldn't find the proof
So he went down to Soho determined to discover
The facts behind this outbreak that caused so many there to suffer
He examined every case, where people lived and what they did
And then he drew a map, and the answer was revealed.

There was a cluster round the Broad Street pump, you could see it on his map
Everyone who'd died had taken water from this tap
He left no stone unturned, he knocked on every door
Confirming that contaminated water was the cause
Immediately he knew - just what should be done
So he got the local council to take the handle off the pump.

Just like turning off a tap, the sickness stopped right in its tracks
But ignorance persisted, and the handle was put back
It took many years till what he'd found was truly understood
And clean water could be guaranteed to London's neighbourhoods
And cholera's now gone from the whole developed world
But elsewhere we must wait – until poverty's destroyed

There's so much to thank John Snow for, and his map that changed the world
The father of epidemiology, his story must be told
We must remember how he fought ... for the truth to be heard
'Cos for many, old beliefs, not the facts, were preferred
And when you think about life's problems, be it health or climate change
If you think you know more than the experts — Think again!



Two Feet and a Heartbeat

F (C) Dm (Am) Bb (F) F (C) C (G) F (C)
 Two feet and a heart - beet, No deadline, no plan, - One man and his two

 Bb (F) Dm (Am) C (G) F (C) C (G) F (C)
 - feet, I'm walk-ing this land. - I'm walk-ing this land. -

 Bb (F) F (C) Bb (F) Dm (Am)
 Ci-ty liv-ing_ can drain the life out_ of you, traf-fic and ten-sion, rac-ing here rac-ing there,

 Bb (F) F (C) C (G)
 So when I get the chance to get out_ of here, I go and breathe the clean o - pen air.

Chorus:

*Two feet and a heartbeat
 No deadline, no plan
 One man and his two feet
 I'm walking this land
 I'm walking this land*

City living can drain the life out of you
 Traffic and tension, racing here racing there
 So when I get the chance to get out of here
 I go and breathe the clean open air

Chorus

From Wilsons Prom to the Walls of Jerusalem
 Karijini to Jervis Bay
 Walking alone or maybe a friend or two
 From the mighty forest to the ocean's spray

Chorus

Instrumental (chorus tune)

Sit by the river in the cool of the morning
 Watch the clouds float across the sky
 Find the shade as the day's slowly warming
 Tread the path one step at a time

Chorus (twice)

Trump Goes Viral (It's Like a Miracle)

C (G) F (C) C (G)

(22 Jan 2020) We have it to-tal-ly un- der con- trol,___ It's one per-son com-ing in from

G (D) C (G) G (D) C (G)

China and we have it under control. It's gon-na be just_ fine._ (22 Jan 2020) It'-ll all workout well.

Dm (Am) F (C)

(31 Jan 2020) Well we pretty much shut it down coming in from China. We have a tremendous re-

G (D) F (C)

lat-ion-ship_ with Chi- na, which is a very positive thing, Getting along with China, getting along with

C (G)

Rus- sia, get-ting a-long with these countries._ (26 Feb 2020) Be- cause of all we've done the

F (C) C (G)

risk to the A-mer-i-can peop-le re-mains ve-ry low. You have fif teen peop- le,___

G (D) C (G)

and with-in a coup-le of days_ it's gon-na be down close to ze- ro._

G (D) C (G) G (D) C (G)

That's a pret-ty good job we've done. We're go-ing down not up.

Em (Bm) F (C) C (G)

(27 Feb 2020) It's gonna dis-ap-pear_ one_ day,___ it's like a mi-rac-le, It will dis-ap-pear.

G (D) C (G) F (C)

(3 Mar 2020) I don't think it's gon-na spread. I think it prob-ab-ly will. It pos-sib-ly will.

C (G) G (D)

We'll have to see.___ It might spread a lit-tle.___ I real-ly think it won't.___

F (C) G (D)

E - bo-la makes you dis - olve,___ But this is like the flu. Did you know that thou - sands of

C (G) G (D)

peop-le die eve-ry year from the flu?___ I bet you did -n't know that.

C (G) Dm (Am) F (C)

(4 Mar 2020) We have thou-sands of peop-le that get bet-ter just by, you know, sit-ting a round

C (G) G (D)

and e ven go ing to work.___ Some of them go to work___ but they get

C (G) G (D) C (G)

bet-ter. (4 Mar 2020) I ne ver said that peop-le that are feel-ing sick___ should go to work.

F (C)

(9 Mar 2020) I like this stuff. I real-ly get it. Peop-le are sur-prise-d that

C (G) G (D)

I un-der-stand it.___ Every one of these doc-tors said, "How do you know so much a -bout this?"

F (C) G (D) C (G)

Maybe I have a natur al a - bili ty. Maybe I should've done this instead of running for President.

Em (Bm) F (C) C (G)

(13 Mar 2020) Yeah, I don't take a - ny re - spons - i - bil - i - ty at all.

G (D) C (G)

(18 Mar 2020) I al - ways treat - ed the Chin - ese vi - rus ve - ry ser - i - ous - ly and have done a

F (C) C (G)

ve - ry good job from the be - gin - ning. No I've al - ways viewed it as ser - i - ous. There was no differenc

G (D) C (G) Dm (Am) F (C)

yes - ter - day from the days be - fore. (6 Mar 2020) An - y - bo - dy that wants a test can get a test

C (G)

and the tests are beaut - i - ful. (15 Mar 2020) This is a ve - ry con - tag - ious vi - rus, It's in - cred - ib - le, but it's

F (C) C (G)

some - thing that we have tre - mend - ous cont - rol o - ver. (16 Mar 2020) If you're talk - ing a - bout the vi - rus,

G (D) F (C)

No that's not un - der con - trol... an - y place in the world. (17 Mar 2020) I've al ways

G (D) C (G) Em (Bm)

known that this is a real, this is a pan - dem - ic. (27 Feb 2020) It's gon na dis - ap - pear one day,

F (C) C (G) G (D) C (G)

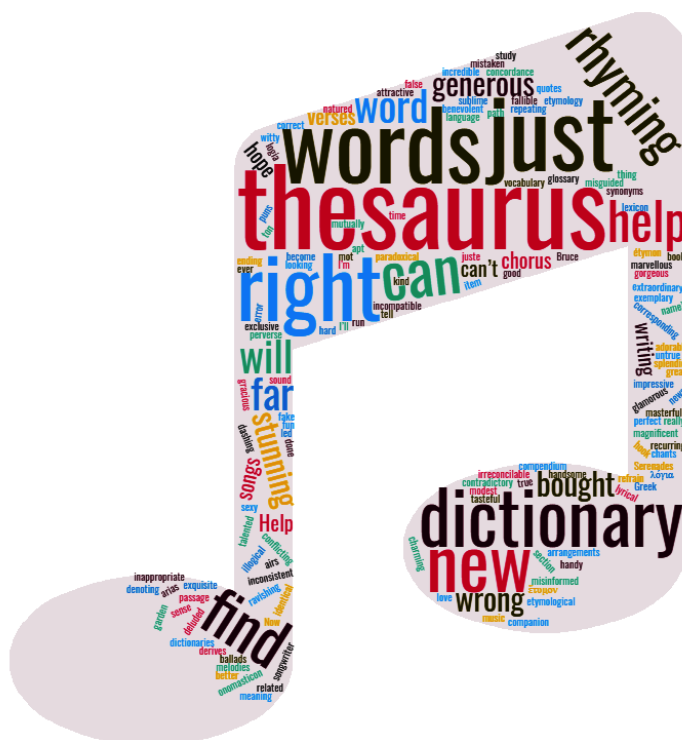
it's like a mi - rac - le, It will dis - ap - pear.

I just bought myself a new thesaurus
 I hope that it can help me writing songs
 Help me find the right words for the verses and the chorus
 With my new thesaurus I just can't go wrong

- I just bought myself a new thesaurus
- dictionary of synonyms, lexicon, onomasticon, concordance of related words
- I hope that it can help me writing songs
- airs, Serenades, arias, ballads, melodies, chants, lyrical arrangements of music
- Help me find the right words for the verses and the chorus
- refrain, recurring section, repeating passage, hook
- With my new thesaurus I just can't go wrong
- Be in error, false, inappropriate, untrue, deluded, fallible, mistaken, fake news, misguided, misinformed, led up the garden path

Now rhyming dictionaries are fun, they help you run with a ton of stunning puns
 And a dictionary of quotes can be a far far better thing that I do than I have ever done
 And an etymological dictionary will tell you that the word etymology derives from the Greek words ἔτυμον (étymon), meaning "true sense", and λόγια (logia), denoting "the study of"
 But a thesaurus, is, the book I really love!

- My thesaurus is a handy companion to my rhyming dictionary
- glossary, compendium of words ending with an identical or corresponding sound,
- When I'm looking hard to find that mot juste
- apt vocabulary item, right word at the right time
- So my language will be correct, not contradictory
- conflicting, inconsistent, incompatible, mutually exclusive, illogical, irreconcilable, paradoxical, perverse
- I'll become a great songwriter, or my name's not Bruce
- handsome, talented, witty, kind, generous, splendid, marvellous, magnificent, sublime, masterful, exquisite, perfect, incredible, gorgeous, extraordinary, modest, stunning, impressive, charming, dashing, sexy, ravishing, attractive, glamorous, tasteful, adorable, benevolent, gracious, generous, good natured, exemplary.



The Ballad of Normie Rowe

(What Will Be Will Be)

Verse: He was born on the first of Feb-ru - ar - y, 1 9 4__ 7,___ A
 North-cote boy, back in differ - ent times. The
 old pi - an - o - la was the fam - ily's prized pos - ses - sion,___
 Dad drove trucks and Mum sang Pat - sy Cline.___ He sang
 ten-or in the church choir, till he dis - cov ered_ rock and roll, By
 1 3___ he hit the stage_ at the Pres-ton Town Hall, When this
 mop top kid belt-ed out his___ songs his voice was pure___ gold, And those
 tee - ny - bop- per___ girls would scream for more.___ **Chorus:** And he sang
 Sha-kin' All O - ver, and Que Se-ra, and It Ain't Ne-ces sar - i-ly So,___ The
 King of___ Pop, The top of the charts, He was a he-ro,___ Nor - mie Rowe.

He was born on the first of February, 1947
A Northcote boy, back in different times
The old pianola was the family's prized possession
Dad drove trucks and mum sang Patsy Cline
He sang tenor in the church choir, till he discovered rock and roll
By 13 he hit the stage at the Preston Town Hall
And when this mop-top kid belted out his songs, his voice was pure gold
And those teeny-bopper girls would scream for more

He sang Shakin' All Over, and Que Sera
And It Ain't Necessarily So
The King of Pop, the top of the charts
He was a hero — Normie Rowe

Now over in the USA, Elvis was the King
He'd been drafted as a soldier years before
And a struggling Harold Holt was looking for a win
To support his commitment to the Vietnam War
And when they drew the marbles out with each young man's date of birth
Normie's number came up, and he served his country well
From Pukapunyal to Vietnam the King of Pop was sent
He saw things you shouldn't see, and mates who fell

He was shakin' all over, que sera
It ain't necessarily so
He was the King of Pop, top of the charts
He was a hero — Normie Rowe

Back home he faced protesters and post-traumatic stress
The King of Pop no more, never had a hit again
And to this day the question hangs: Was that ballot rigged?
Was he sacrificed for politicians' gain?
But Normie Rowe was valiant, he soldiered on and made the best
Playing Leagues Clubs and acting on TV
He's advocated hard for the cause of Vietnam vets
And he's accepted: What will be will be

He sang Shakin' All Over, and Que Sera
And It Ain't Necessarily So
He was the King of Pop, the top of the charts
He was a hero — Normie Rowe
He is a hero — Normie Rowe



Half Full

F Dm C

Chorus: Some see the glass half emp-ty, Some see the glass half full,

Dm F Dm F C Dm

Some see a prob-lem and ov-er think it, But if I see the glass, I drink it!

F C Dm

Interlude

F Dm Bb Dm

Verse: Life's jour-ney is long and per-plex-ing, With de-tours and slid-ing doors, We

Gm F Dm

all want hap-pi-ness, no-one wants pain, But you

C Am F

can't have the rain-bow if you don't have the rain.

Chorus

Some see the glass half empty
Some see the glass half full
Some see a problem and over-think it
But if I see the glass, I drink it

I've seen earthquakes, pandemic and war
That's when you see kindness, compassion and love
And quiet heroes doing what needs to be done

Chorus

Life's journey is long and perplexing
With detours and sliding doors
We all want happiness, no-one wants pain
But you can't have the rainbow if you don't have the rain

And when you're travelling through a long tunnel
Some see darkness, some see light at the end
As that light approaches, some rejoice, some complain
Is it hope for the future, or an oncoming train?

Chorus

In my life I've seen floods, I've seen bushfires

Chorus

Chorus

When You are Old and Grey

Words: W.B. Yeats
Music: B. Watson

Capo 2 (A) B

When you are old and grey_ and full of sleep, And

B (A) C#m (Bm) F# (E)

nod - ding_ by the fire, take down this book, And

G#m (F#m) F# (E) E (D) B (A)

slow - ly read, and dream of the soft look Your

G#m (F#m) C#m (Bm) B (A)

eyes had once, and of their shad - ows deep.

When you are old and grey and full of sleep,
And nodding by the fire, take down this book,
And slowly read, and dream of the soft look
Your eyes had once, and of their shadows deep;

How many loved your moments of glad grace,
And loved your beauty with love false or true,
But one man loved the pilgrim soul in you,
And loved the sorrows of your changing face;

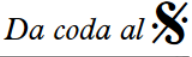
And bending down beside the glowing bars,
Murmur, a little sadly, how Love fled
And paced upon the mountains overhead
And hid his face amid a crowd of stars.

Cats on the Internet

Verse: The best minds of our time have toiled long and hard To
 make our lives much bet - ter in ev - er - y re - gard, Com -
 put - ers and de - vi - ces mean that all our needs are met, And the
 great-est crown-ing glo-ry is of course the in - ter - net.

Chorus: Cats on the in-ter-net, twen-ty bill-ion views a day, Cats on the in-ter-net,
 fun-ny, cute in ev'-ry way, Cats on the in-ter-net, Some are awe-some some are aw-ful,
 Cats on the in - ter - net, O M G LOL, RO-FL.

Bridge: They do - mi - nate the web, that's an a - PAW - ling re - al - i - ty, But
 cats are PURR-fect pets with PURR - suas - ive PURR-son - al - it - ies, It's
 PAWS for thought that cats are the web's most searched to - pic, And the
 CAT - a - logue of co - py - CATS is tru - ly CAT - a - stroph - ic.

Da coda al 

The best minds of our time - have toiled long and hard
To make our lives much better, in every regard
Computers and devices mean that all our needs are met
And the greatest crowning glory is, of course, the internet

The technology's astounding, there's so much that it can do
It's brought the world together, and it gave us Netflix too
And Facebook, TicToc (YouTube), Twitter, but we all know for a fact
The true purpose of the Web is to share videos of cats.

Chorus:

Cats on the internet — 20 billion views a day
Cats on the internet — funny, cute in every way
Cats on the internet — some are AWESOME, some are awful
Cats on the internet — OMG, LOL, ROFL.

You've got Fluffy Cat and Grumpy Cat and Hamilton the Hipster Cat
Scarface, Snoopy, Venus, and Nala the Crosseyed Cat
And Keyboard Cat and Streetcat Bob and even Colonel Meow
I want to watch them day and night, I want to watch them now!

There's happy cats and angry cats, there's every temperament
There's falling cats & cats in clothes & cats in strange predicaments
There's floating cats and fighting cats and cats being inscrutable
Now some folks like their dogs, cats are far more cutable

Chorus

Bridge:

They dominate the web, that's an aPAWling reality
But cats are PERFect pets with PERSuasive PERSonalities
It's PAWS for thought that cats are the web's most searched topic
And the CATalogue of copyCATS is truly CATastrophic

Chorus



Endgame

Am F Am
He died a-lone_ in Rey-kja- vik, at the age of six - ty four, —

Dm Am
That's a year for ev' - ry square on a chess-board. He was

Am F Am
bur-ied in a lone - ly grave - yard on a bit - ter_ win-ter's night, — Just

Dm Am
swirl - ing snow and a grave left un - a - dorned. But

F G Am
years be- fore_ he was the top of the world, the dar-ling of the press, — The

G Am
gold - en boy_ of chess, a gift - ed_ gen - ius, — Grand

Am F Am
mast-er at just fif- teen, — the young-est ev - er_ seen, — His

Dm Am
game was mag - ic and it seemed he had_ no weak-ness.

F G Am
Oh Bob-by_ Fis - cher, Oh gold - en boy, — His

Dm Am
game was mag- ic and it seemed he had_ no weak-ness.

Dm Am
game was mag- ic and it seemed he had_ no weak-ness.

He died alone in Reykjavik, at the age of 64
That's a year for every square on a chessboard
He was buried in a lonely graveyard on a bitter winter's night
Just swirling snow and a grave left unadorned

But years before he was the top of the world, the darling of the press
The golden boy of chess, a gifted genius
Grandmaster at just 15, the youngest ever seen
His game was magic and it seemed he had no weakness

Oh Bobby Fischer, Oh golden boy
His game was magic and it seemed he had no weakness

In '72 the world was split, the Cold War at its height
And the Soviet Union's chess players were unrivalled
And here's this All American kid, so difficult, so bright
Out to prove the Free World's better than the Evil Empire

Fischer versus Spassky in Reykjavik, the whole world was enthralled
As chess became the battlefield of nations
A tense, demanding diva, he won no friends at all
But he won the chess to cheers and adulation

Oh Bobby Fischer, Oh golden boy
He won the championship, and the adulation

He was not your textbook hero, he refused to play the game
He stopped competing, and gave up his title
He spoke of dark conspiracies, in paranoid tirades
Full of hateful racist rantings, full of spite

He renounced his US citizenship, left his land of birth
Sought refuge in Hungary, Philippines and Japan
Till Iceland let him stay, and he spent his final days
A gifted, sad, reclusive broken man

Oh Bobby Fischer, Oh golden boy
A gifted, sad, reclusive broken man

He died alone in Reykjavik, at the age of 64
That's a year for every square on a chessboard



Chorus:

Questions, I've got questions
So many things I want to know the answer to
Questions, so many questions
I can't answer these ones, so tell me please, can you?

Who let the dogs out? How fast do hotcakes sell?
And what was the best thing before sliced bread?
Does my bum look big in this? And if quitters never win
Why do they tell us to quit while we're ahead?

Is there a synonym for 'synonym', another word for 'thesaurus'?
And why isn't 'phonetic' spelled the way it sounds, anyway?
And why does the word ambiguous have only one meaning
And rhetorical questions: — How good are they?

Chorus

Do time machines have a future? What IS Victoria's Secret?
How long does it take to tune a banjo?
And why is something transported by car called a shipment
When something transported by ship is called cargo?

Where IS Wally, anyway? Does size really matter?
Why is the third hand on a watch called a second hand?
And how many roads must a man walk down
Before you can call him a man?

Chorus

If it goes without saying, why do people always say it?
If all the world's a stage, where does (do?) the audience sit?
Does that screwdriver really belong to Phillip? & why did Cinderella's
Shoe fall off if it really was a perfect fit?

If vampires can't see themselves in the mirror ...
How come their hair is always so neat?
Can you imagine a world with no hypotheticals?
And how DO you get to Sesame Street?

Chorus

(Last line:) I can't answer these ones, and I'm sure neither can you!



What Do You Know about the Pangolin?

Chorus: What do you know a - bout the pan - golin?_ In

fact, do you know a - ny - thing at all? There are so

ma - ny myths tha need some dis - en - tangl - in',_ Are they

rep - tile, mam - mal, fish or fowl, and are they big or small?

Verse: Well, for a start, they are mam - mals, of the or - der Phol - i -

dot, The on - ly mam - mals in the world that are co - vered in scales,

— When they're threat - ened they re - lease an aw - ful stink just like a

skunk. And their scales are made of Ker - a - tin just like our fin - ger - nails.

Chorus:

What do you know about the pangolin?
In fact, do you know anything at all?
There are many myths that need some disentangling
Are they reptile, mammal, fish or fowl, and are they big or small?

Well, for a start, they are mammals, of the Order Pholidota
The only mammals in the world that are covered in scales
When they're threatened they release an awful stink just like a skunk
And their scales are made of keratin, just like our fingernails

And they can curl up in a ball just like an armadillo
With those scales sticking out their self-protection is enhanced
They grow up to one metre, weigh as much as 30 kilo
With their long sticky tongue they eat termites and ants

Chorus

There are 8 separate species, from Africa and Asia
And they've been here on this earth almost 100 million years
But the bad news that I have is that they're critically endangered
The illegal wildlife trade could make them disappear

'Cos they are hunted for their meat, and they're hunted for their scales
To treat circulation, asthma, help new mothers with their milk
There's no evidence it works, but that won't stop illegal sales
So they reckon round 10,000 pangolins a year are killed

Chorus

There's lots of speculation that pangolins were the vector
That carried Covid-19 to humans from bats
But even if that's true it's not their fault, they need protection
We shouldn't trade them in the markets, we should preserve their habitats

Some say that this pandemic is the Pangolin's Revenge
But they're really cute and harmless, if we don't get in their way
Each year on the third | Saturday of February
Let's celebrate together, 'cos that's World Pangolin Day! (*It really is!*)

Final Chorus:

So now I hope you know about the pangolin
If you listened to this song of mine at all
I took the myths and did some disentangling
They're endangered scaly ant-eating mammals from Africa & Asia
that are inappropriately used for traditional medicines — & they're pretty small



Déjà Vu (a round)

(Capo 4) E (C) G#m (Em)

Have you e - ver had dé - jà vu? It's such a

strange re - curr - ing feel - ing,

You know, the feel - ing that what's hap - pen - ing now

has hap - pened be - fore.

It's like time is not a line but a circ - le that goes

round and round and round and round and round. That's

dé - jà vu, that's

dé - jà vu. Have you

To sing as a round, begin when the initial singer(s) get to the START of Line, 2, 3 or 4.

The Oscitation Song (Yawning)

(Capo 2)

(Start with a big yawn) **Verse:** There's an ep - i - dem - ic spread-ing round the world,
 All the ex - perts don't know waht to do, It's not
 SARS or MERS or cho-le - ra, and it's clear - ly not e - bo - la, And it's
 not co - ro - na - vi - rus or the flu.
Chorus: Yawn - ing, (Yawn) Yawn - ing, (Yawn) The phe -
 no - me - non I'm speak-ing of is yawn-ing. (Yawn)

(Start with a big yawn)

There's an epidemic spreading round the world
 All the experts don't know what to do
 It's not SARS, MERS or cholera, & it's clearly not Ebola
 And it's not Coronavirus or the 'flu

No, this epidemic is even more outrageous
 We all succumb to it with little prior warning
 No one is immune, it's totally contagious
 The phenomenon I'm speaking of is ... yawning

Chorus:

Yawning (yawn)
 Yawning (yawn)
 The phenomenon I'm speaking of is yawning (yawn)

I wouldn't be surprised if half you listening now
 You're either struggling to hold back, or you're a corner
 Well, there's no need to feel embarrassed or be holier than thou
 Just let go, and embrace your inner yawner

Chorus

(Spoken: Are you all yawning now?)

(I guess) that's the end of me as a successful folk musician
 (I've sent) my audience to sleep, my mojo's gorn
 I guess my only hope now is to become a politician
 'Cos they're the experts in making people yawn

Chorus

(keep yawning)

The Land is a Map

(Capo 2) D (C) G (F) D (C) A (G)

Verse: This place was once called Lang-i yan, That was its name since time be- gan, And

G (F) Gm (Fm) D (C)

Lang-i - yan means 'Rest-ing place_ of the moon',

G (F) A (G) D (C) G (F)

Stran-gers came_ and changed the name, Now it's called Mt Mis-er- y, 'Cos some

D (C) A (G) G (F) D (C)

dis-or - i-ent-ed ex- plor ers_ were in a bad mood.

Chorus: The

D (C) F#m (Em)

land is a map,_ if we can on - ly see it, The land is a map,_ if we can on - ly read it, We've

G (F) A (G) D (C)

blot-ted it out,_ We've hid-den its sto - ries.

G (F) Gm (Fm) D (C) A (G)

This place was once called Langi-yan, that was its name since time began
Langi-yan means 'resting place of the moon'
Strangers came and changed the name, now it's called Mt Misery
'Cos some disoriented explorers were in a bad mood.

Where volcanoes once raged but sleep now for many thousand years
This hill was called Gerinyelam, that means 'hill of fire'
Dreaming songs of its creation were told, far and near
Now it's called Mt Elephant, 'cos that's kind of what it looks like.

The Land is a Map — if we can only see it
The Land is a Map — if we can only read it
We've blotted it out, we've hidden its stories.

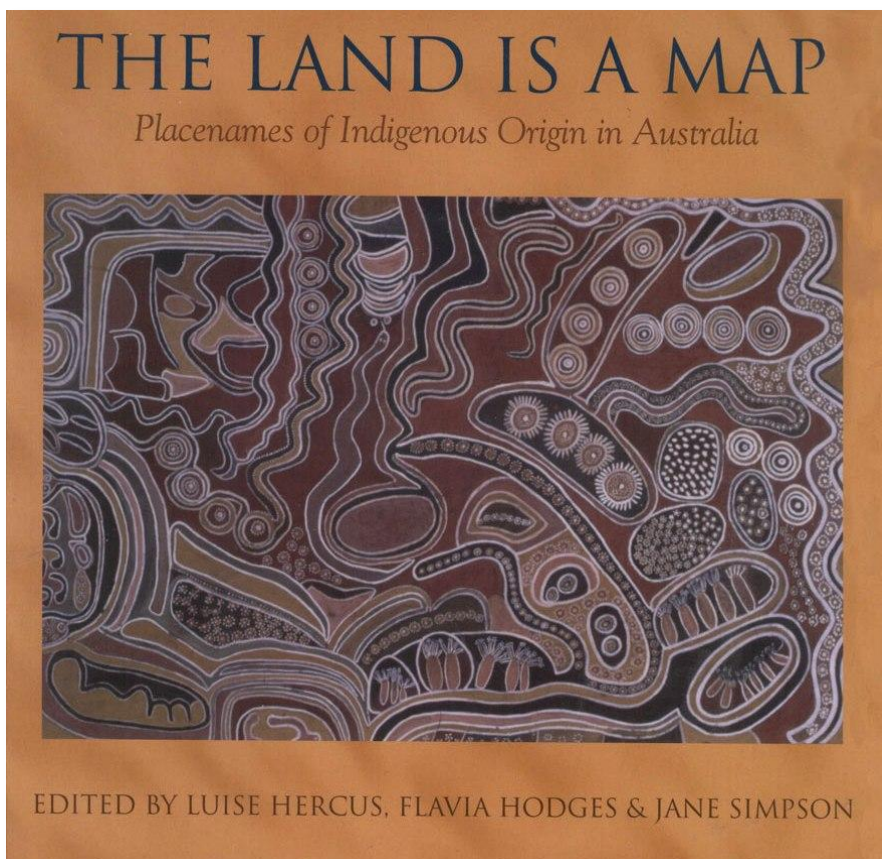
Yallabirang, this place by the river, is where spears were made from reeds
Where ancestors fashioned spearheads from the local wood
Now it's named for a British man who sailed distant seas
Vice Admiral Lord Cuthbert Collingwood.

CHORUS

Worrownen means 'place of sorrow', where a carved tree stood as a shrine
For the many Boonworrung who died on this battle ground
Their memory is gone now, lost in the mists of time
Now we call the place Brighton, after an English seaside town

CHORUS x 2

Replace last line with: We're finding it out, uncovering its stories



The song's title is taken from this wonderful book. (ANU Press 2009)

VERY URGENT BUSINESS PROPOSAL FROM NIGERIA

The musical score is written in 4/4 time and consists of ten staves of music. The lyrics are written below the notes. Chord symbols are placed above the notes. The score includes a triplet of eighth notes on the third staff and a key signature change to one sharp (F#) on the eighth staff.

Dear Mis - ter Sir Ma - dam, I most hum - bl - y send you My
greet - ings, Dear - est Bless - ed One. I un - der -
stand that this mess-age will come to you as a sur - pris - ing, But I
have some pri - vate high - ly ur - gent busi-ness to be done. With due hu -
mil - i - ty and re - spect I write to you of this pro - po - sal, Though this
note is un - ex - pect - ed - ly be-cause you not know - ing me. My
name is Jo - seph Bar - ach - an and I seek you co - op - er - a - tion, I
found your con - tact de - tails in your coun - try's direct - or - y.

Dear Mister Sir Madam,

I most humbly send you my greetings, Dearest Blessed One
I understand that this message will come to you as a surprising
But I have some private highly urgent business to be done
With due humility and respect, I write to you of this proposal
Though this note is unexpected because you not knowing me
My name is Joseph Baraghan and I seek your cooperation
I found your contact details in your country's directory.

I am a close confidant of the former chief of staff
Of the daughter of the late Prince Motu of Blessed Memory
You may have heard that the Prince and his closest aide-de-camp
Were killed in Benin's civil war by the rebel military.
Following his assassination, his daughter miraculously escaped
Till she finally arrival in Nigeria
She smuggled out two trunks which held a large amount of cash
Which she has deposited anonymously for a strictly limited period.

In strictest confidence I can advice you that this cash amounts to
Is substantially more than 18 million pounds, U.S.
She is now desirous to emigrate to your country with these funds
Due to the stable situation with which country's blessed.
So I seek a foreign partner who will assist with the transfer
And be a respected guardian of these funds
Which will in the future be invested. I believe you are the trustworthy
And a fit and proper person to investment of this sum.

If you are willing to assist, please reply to this email
As soon as you can possible, as time is of excess
Moreover you are requested to kindly send the following details:
Your full name, nominated bank account details, and address.
Needless to say, the trust reposed in you at this juncture is substantial
In return, you shall receiving recompense
I please advise, you will receive 15 per cent of the total
And you need only send 200 pounds to cover the expense.

When I received your reply I will send you the document
That will legal you to have complete access to these funds
Your earliest response will be highly appreciable
To assist my client in the problem she confronts
My identity must not be revealed to any other party
And strict confidentiality is required
I remain sincerely yours, humbly in Christ

Mr Joseph Baraghan, Esquire.

The Three Lives of Shirley Andrews

Chorus: She danced with all her hearth and she showed us how, She
 fought for peop - les rights, speak - ing strong and loud, She
 showed us what a wo - man of science can do, We
 thank you so much Shir - ley And - rews.

Verse: As a
 young girl she saw Pav - lo - va on the stage, Lit a
 fire in her heart from an ear - ly age,
 She wrote the bi - ble of Aust - ral - ian folk dance, She'd be
 up on that dance floor when she had half a chance. (She)

The musical score is written in 3/4 time and consists of ten staves of music. The melody is primarily composed of quarter and eighth notes, with some rests. Chord symbols are placed above the staff lines, often with an alternative chord in parentheses below them. The key signature is one flat (F major/D minor). The piece begins with a repeat sign and ends with a double bar line and repeat dots.

Chorus:

She danced with all her heart and she showed us how
She fought for people's rights, speaking strong and loud
And she showed us what a woman in science can do
We thank you so much, Shirley Andrews

As a young girl she saw Pavlova on the stage
Lit a fire in her heart from an early age
She wrote the bible of Australian folk dance
She'd be up on that dance floor when she had half a chance

Chorus

When she saw injustice she stood up to fight it
Racism was rife — she vowed to right it
She led the campaign in '67 when all Australians were asked
To recognise our First Peoples as equals at last

Chorus

In the face of male bias she showed her defiance
She shone as a woman in the men's world of science
Her research into lithium was so thorough and so clever
That it changed mental health care forever



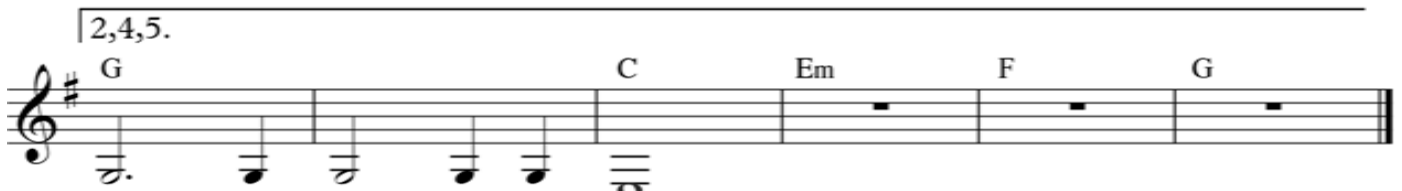
The Sloth Song



Verse 1: Sloths are ve - ry slow, In case you did - n't know, Their me -
Verse 2: brains are ra - ther small, They don't do much at all, _____



ta - bo - lis - m's low, 'Cos they've got no-where to go. (v2: Their)
 They just hang, that's all,



Hang, and try not to fall.

Sloths are very slow
 In case you didn't know
 Their metabolism is low
 'Cos they've got nowhere to go

Their brains are rather small
 They don't do much at all
 They just hang — that's all
 Hang, and try not to fall

Interesting facts to note:
 You've got your two toed sloth
 And you've got your three toed sloth
 Together, that makes both

High in the trees they're found
 Their fur is a greyish brown
 They spend their whole lives upside down
 Just hanging around

There in the forest deep
 They look at things, they eat
 Mostly they just sleep
 So their lives are pretty complete



I'm on the Train

Yelled C F C

I'M ON THE TRAIN. YEAH. NO... I'M ON THE TRAIN.

G7 C C7

HEL - LO! I'M ON THE TRAIN. *Verse:* I

RECKON I'LL BE HOME IN ABOUT HALF AN HOUR

YEAH. WE'RE GOING THROUGH RICHMOND JUST NOW YOU

KNOW ... I WAS THINKING SORRY WHAT? NO I

DIDN'T GET THAT. MUST'VE BEEN A BLIND SPOT *Chorus:* I'M ON THE

CHORUS: I'M ON THE TRAIN ... YEAH ... NO
I'M ON THE TRAIN ... HELLO?
I'M ON THE TRAIN

I RECKON I'LL BE HOME IN ABOUT HALF AN HOUR
YEAH, WE'RE GOING THROUGH RICHMOND JUST NOW
YOU KNOW ... I WAS THINKING ... SORRY ... WHAT?
NO, I DIDN'T GET THAT. MUST HAVE BEEN A DEAD SPOT

CHORUS

YEAH ... NOT TOO BAD ... YEAH ... A BIT HARD TO SAY
EXCEPT FOR THAT PRICK JASON. OTHERWISE IT WAS OK
NO, THAT'S BEEN GOING PRETTY WELL SO FAR
BUT I STILL NEED TO SORT OUT THAT THING WITH HR

CHORUS

SO, I WAS THINKING. WE COULD HAVE STIR FRY
TONIGHT
YEAH ... MMMM ... I GUESS SO ... RIGHT
WHAT WAS THAT? ... OK, GOOD ... THAT'D BE NICE
AND I CAN STOP BY AT WOOLIES AND GET SOME MORE
RICE

CHORUS

YEAH ... I GUESS SO ... BUT WHAT ABOUT ... I KNOW
DIDN'T THEY OH! YEAH ... YEAH ... YEAH NO

CHORUS

DID I TELL THAT JACK'S FRIEND NEVILLE'S EX-WIFE'S
NEW PARTNER'S DOG WALKER'S BABY'S HAD SOME TUMMY
GRIPE?
YEAH. HE SAID THAT SHE'S BEEN VOMITING JUST
EVERYWHERE
I THINK THEY'RE IRRESPONSIBLE PARENTS. BUT I WON'T GO
THERE.

CHORUS

I SAW BRENDA TODAY. MY GOD! WHAT A BITCH
OH, HAVE YOU SPOKEN TO THE DOCTOR YET ABOUT THAT
ITCH?
I'M A BIT CONCERNED THAT IT'S SORE TO THE TOUCH
IT MIGHT BE GONORRHEA — OR IT COULD BE THRUSH

CHORUS

IT'S HARD TO HER YOU. MAN THIS TRAIN IS JUST SO
CROWDED
THAT'S WHY I'VE BEEN HAVING TO TALK SO LOUD
BETTER GO NOW. I'LL CALL AGAIN BEFORE I'M THERE
FOR SOME REASON I'M GETTING THESE ANGRY STARES.

The Wreck of the Schomberg

(Capo 2)

Introduction/Interlude

She was

built of the fin - est Scot tish_ larch, and stur - dy Brit - ish_ oak, In

Ab - er - deen. She was the pride of the Black Ball Line. Eight - een

thous - and yards of can - vas sails, she was built for speed, In the

gold - en age of sail, in Eight - een fiftyfive.

Clip - pers ruled the seas, de - spite the ris - ing threat of steam - ers, And

gold had been dis - cov - ered in Aust - rail - ia, The

Schom - berg was the fin - est, fast - est clip per_ ev - er seen, They said

Mel - bourne could be reached in six - ty days.

Interlude

Use this interlude after verse 2 (This is a phrase from the Schomberg Galop)

She was built of the finest Scottish Larch and sturdy British Oak
In Aberdeen. She was the pride of the Black Ball Line
18,000 yards of canvas sails, she was built for speed
In the golden age of sail, in 1855.

Clippers ruled the seas, despite the rising threat of steamers
And gold had been discovered in Australia
The Schomberg was the finest, fastest clipper ever seen
They said Melbourne could be reached in 60 days.

'Bully' Forbes was the captain, the hero of the time
As a seaman and commander he had no peer
In just 68 days he'd made the trip sailing for the Black Ball Line
He was arrogant and proud. He knew no fear.

When she sailed out of Liverpool on a fine October day
500 crew and passengers upon her
A cheering crowd lined the docks and wished them on their way
And the band played The Schomberg Galop, written in her honour.

Play extract of Schomberg Galop

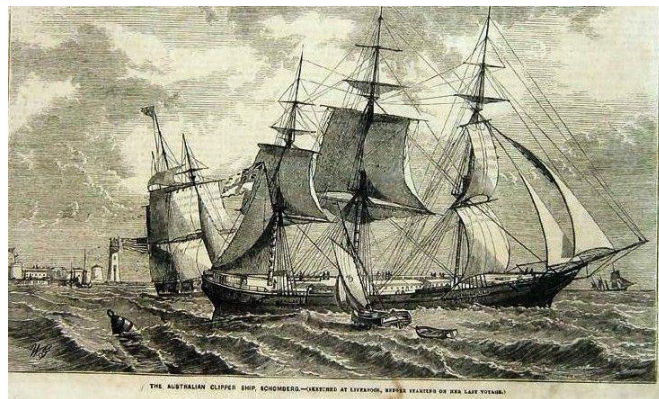
But her heavy cargo weighed her down and progress was too slow
For ten days no breeze filled those ample sails
Bully Forbes paced the deck, tried to whistle up the wind
But neither skill nor superstition could avail
Then storms and tempests lashed them as they ventured further south
On the Great Circle Route, through blinding gales
When Cape Bridgewater came in sight they were 80 long days out
It was Christmas Day. Bully Forbes had failed.

The next night Forbes was drinking, and he was playing cards
With a young female companion below decks
When the Third Mate comes down and warns of land close on the starboard
Suggesting that the Captain go and check.

But 'Bully' Forbes kept playing whist, he said "Let her go to Hell!"
"Come back and tell me when she's run aground!"
The bo's'n took command, but the hand of fate was dealt
And on the reef the Schomberg soon went down.

The lifeboats all were lowered and the passengers were saved
The crew remained to salvage what they could
In pounding seas the ship broke up and sank beneath the waves
Just a pile of rope and rubble and broken wood.

The trial was a farce and 'Bully' Forbes got off scot free
But from that day on he was a broken man
He no longer was the celebrated master of the seas
How fleeting are life's glories and great plans.
(repeat last line)



These Old Bones

D (C) A (G) G (F) D (C) A (G) G (F)

Chorus: These old bones are tir-ed now and wear y,— This old back is wracked with aches and

D (C) F#m (Em) G (F) Em (Dm)

pains, These old hands may hurt, and aren't so stead-y a - ny more, But this old

D (C) A (G) G (F) D (C) A (G) D (C)

Third time to Coda

heart still loves you just the same. *Verse:* When

A (G) G (F) Bm (Am) G (F)

first I looked in-to your eyes I felt a ti-ny spark, Lit a fire_ that kept grow-ing more and

Bm (Am) D (C) A (G) G (F) D (C)

more, We tend-ed to the em-bers as the years and seas-ons passed, Now this old

D (C) A (G) G (F) D (C)

flame still burns bright - ly as be - fore. These old...

Bm (Am) F#m (Em)

same. *Bridge:* The years roll_ on, Love's first pas-sion may be gone, But in its

G (F) A (G)

To Chorus

place the warm em-brace of last-ing love goes on and on and on... These old...

Chorus:

These old bones are tired now and weary
This old back is wracked with aches and pains
These old hands may hurt and aren't so steady any more
But this old heart still loves you just the same

When I first looked into your eyes I felt a tiny spark
Lit a fire that kept growing more and more
We tended to the embers as the years and seasons passed
Now this old flame still burns brightly as before

Chorus

A journey of a thousand miles starts with a single step
Sometimes we dawdle, sometimes boldly stride
And though these feet are blistered long before the journey's end
These old legs are still walking by your side

Chorus

Bridge:

The years roll on, love's first passion may be gone
But in its place the warm embrace of lasting love goes on & on & on

Chorus



The Palindrome Song

D (C) D (C)

Some folks sing the blues a - bout their lost lo - ver, Or how they

A (G)

woke up in the morn - ing or some - thing of o - ther, But

D (C)

I'm here to tell you more un - us - u - al news, 'Cos

A (G) D (C)

Back to verse

I got them old Pal - in - drome Talk - ing Blues.

Bridge

D (C) Bm (Am) A (G)

Rise to vote sir! War sir_ is raw! Was it a bar_ or a

Bm (Am)

bat I saw? Was it a car or a cat I saw?

A (G) ↓ Da capo D (C)

Was it El - i - ot's toi - let I saw?

Some folks sing the blues about their lost lover
Or how they woke up in the morning, or something or other
But I'm here to tell you more unusual news
'Cos I got them old Palindrome Talking Blues

A man, a plan, a canal: Panama!
A car, a man, a maraca.
A Toyota! Race fast, safe car. A Toyota.
A nut for a jar of tuna.

Senile felines. | Taco cat.
Tarzan raised a Desi Arnaz rat.
Step on no pets. | I did, did I?
O tarts! A castrato! | If I had a hi-fi.

Live not on evil, madam, live not on evil.
Lager, Sir, is regal.
Too hot to hoot. | Name no one man.
'Naomi, sex at noon taxes!' I moan.

Rise to vote, sir. | War, sir, is raw.
Was it a bar or a bat I saw?
Was it a car or a cat I saw?
Was it Eliot's toilet I saw?

Evil I did dwell, lewd did I live
Eve damned Eden, mad Eve.
God damn! Mad dog
Go hang a salami, I'm a lasagna hog.

Desserts, I stressed! | May a banana nab a yam?
No sir! Away! A papaya war is on.
I saw desserts; I'd no lemon, no melon.
Distressed was I.
Dammit, I'm mad! | I prefer pi.

Satan, oscillate my metallic sonatas!
Drat Saddam, a mad dastard!
'Red?' 'No' 'Who is it?' 'Tis I' 'Oh, wonder!'
Kayak. | Party trap. | Radar

Are poets a waste? Opera?
Are we not drawn onward, to new era?
Yawn--Madonna fan? No damn way!
And DNA | and DNA | and DNA ...

Some folks sing the blues about their lost lover
Or how they woke up in the morning, or something or other
But I'm here to tell you more unusual news
'Cos I got them old Palindrome Talking Blues

A man, a plan, a canal: Panama!
A car, a man, a maraca.
A Toyota! Race fast, safe car. A Toyota.
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Kayak. | Party trap. | Radar

Are poets a waste? Opera?
Are we not drawn onward, to new era?
Yawn--Madonna fan? No damn way!
And DNA | and DNA | and DNA ...

Wow! !woW

Looking at the Stars

D
(C)
Bm
(Am)
A
(G)
D
(C)
G
(F)
D
(C)

Verse: As we tra-vel our road, some-times the jour-ney seems too far, We get

D
(C)
F#m
(Em)
G
(F)
D
(C)

knocked a - bout, some-times we won-der where we are, But we

G
(F)
A
(G)
G
(F)
D
(C)
G
(F)
A
(G)

dream on, sing songs, We are all in the gut - ter, but

Bm
(Am)
A
(G)
D
(C)
1. Bm
(Am)
A
(G)
2.

some of us are look-ing at the stars. (Some times we...) *Bridge:* When we're

-G
(F)
F#m
(Em)

down on our luck we may on - ly see the dust and the mud, Or we may

G
(F)
F#m
(Em)

lift our_ eyes, see the star - stud-ded skies up a - bove. (As we...)

As we travel our road, sometimes the journey seems too far
We get knocked about, sometimes we wonder where we are

Chorus: But we dream on, sing songs
We are all in the gutter but some of us are looking at the stars

Sometimes we don't know left from right, Sometimes that inner voice keeps yelling
And when roses bloom so bright, sometimes we don't stop and smell them

But we can dream on ...

Bridge: When we're down on our luck, We may only see the dust and the mud
Or we may lift our eyes, see the star studded skies up above

As we dream on ...

You may hear doves cry, maybe there's something that they know
You may see bluebirds fly, somewhere way up high over the rainbow

As we dream on ...
(Repeat last line)



*Oscar Wilde memorial, London
(The song title is an Oscar Wilde quote)*

I Did It!

(Capo 2) D (C) A (G) Bm (Am) G (F)

Verse: The his-tory of hu - ma-ni-ty has seen ma ny_ great a- chieve ments, Our in-
ven - tve - ness and cour- age_ know no bounds, From the
con-quer- ing_ of Ev-er-est to_ en gines_ powered by steam, From the
Hub-ble_ Te-le - scope to the stump jump plough. There was the
land-ing on_ the moon, the dis - co-ver-y of pen-i_ cill- in,_ Our a-
chieve- ments nev-er_ cease to a - maze, And I can
say with all_ hu - mi-li - ty,_ one more a-chieve-ment ra-ther thrill-ing_ Is
I wrote thir - ty songs in thir - ty days._ *Chorus:* I
did it!_ I did it!_ I
did it!_ Thir-ty_ songs in thir - ty days!_

The history of humanity has seen many great achievements
Our inventiveness and courage know no bounds
From the conquering of Everest to engines powered by steam
From the Hubble telescope to the stump jump plough

There was the landing on the moon, the discovery of penicillin
Our achievements never cease to amaze
And I can say with all humility, one more achievement rather thrilling
Is I've just written 30 songs in 30 days

I did it!
I did it!
I did it! 30 songs in 30 days.

The Great Wall of China, the Pyramids of Giza
The invention of the wheel, the electric light
The Sistine Chapel ceiling, Leonardo's Mona Lisa
The Hills Hoist, sliced bread ... Vegemite

We've split the atom, invented Netflix and don't forget the printing press
We've enriched our lives in oh so many ways
There's been Darwin, Einstein, Beethoven, Mozart and Kanye West
Oh, and I wrote 30 songs in 30 days

I did it! (It nearly sent me crazy)
I did it! (Not that I'm looking for praise)
I did it! 30 songs in 30 days.

I did it (No pain, no gain)
I did it! (Bring out the champagne)
I did it! 30 songs in 30 days.



Your Letter

(Capo 4)

A (F) B (G) C#m (Am) B (G) E (C)

When I read your let-ter_

A (F) B (G) C#m (Am)

An un ex-pect-ed_ tear_ trick-led down_ my_ face. To

B (G) E (C) B (G) C#m (Am) B (G)

see a-gain that fam-il-iar hand, that per-fect cop-per-plate, Af-ter all these years,

E (C) 1.2. 3. A (F)

When I read your let-ter_ I don't know why_ I

Am (Fm) Ab7 (E7) C#m (Am) A (F)

kept those things from when I_ was_ so_ young, And I don't know why_ you_ said

E (C) B (G)

those things, But I'll al-ways be_ your son,_ And I don't know how long for-

E9 (C9) Ab7 (E7) C#m (Am)

give ness_ takes,_ Or if it_ ev-er_ comes_

B (G) E (C)

So when I read your let-ter_ An

A (F) B (G) C#m (Am)

un-ex-pect-ed_ tear_ trick-led down_ my_ face..

B (G) rit. E (C)

When I read your let-ter_

\

When I read your letter
An unexpected tear trickled down my face
To see again that familiar hand, that perfect copperplate
After all these years
When I read your letter

Feels like forever
Since that hand held on to my hand with strength and love
And though the deeds of long ago can never be undone
I still hold you dear
Feels like forever

And I won't be bitter
I will hold the memories of my childhood in my heart
As I read your words once more I swear that I won't fall apart
I'll pretend you're here
I won't be bitter

I don't know why I've kept these things from when I was so young
And I don't know why you said those things, but I'll always be your son
And I don't know how long forgiveness takes, or if it ever comes . . .

So when I read your letter
An unexpected tear trickled down my face
When I read your letter



The Wando Vale Annual Sheep Dog Trials

Capo 2 (play guitar in C)

The musical score is written in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a 4/4 time signature. The melody is supported by guitar chords indicated above the staff. The lyrics are written below the staff, with some words split across lines. The score consists of ten staves of music.

Em F#m7 D D
You turn right off the

high - way twen - ty k past Co - le - raine, If you

A D
come to Cas - ter-ton you've gone too far. As you

D
come o - ver the hill you'll see the cars parked by the hall, Just

A D
cross Mc - Pher-son's Creek and there you are. The

G D
field is all set up, the ob - sta - cles and gates, and the

E G
dogs are sit - ting pret - ty as they wait. The

D
first dog out's a bor - der cross, Ban - jo is his name, He's

G D
crouched down rea - dy, eyes fixed, tail out straight. Its

Bm A A7

"Come by! Get back! Steady! Come behind! Stand! Wait! Away to me! Come behind! Stay! It's a

D Bm

bloo-dy great way to spend a day, peop-le come for miles to the

Em F#m7 D

Wand - o Vale An - nu - al Sheep-dog Trials, To the

Em F#m7 D

Wand - o Vale An - nu - al Sheep - dog Trials.

Em F#m7 D

Wand - o Vale An - nu - al Sheep - dog Trials.

You turn right off the highway 20k past Coleraine
 If you come to Casterton you've gone too far
 As you come over the hill you'll see the cars parked by the hall
 Just cross McPhersons Creek, and there you are.
 (You can't miss it!)
 The field is all set up, the obstacles and gates
 And the dogs are sitting pretty as they wait
 The first dog out's a border cross, Banjo is his name
 He's crouching down ready, eyes fixed, tail out straight

Chorus 1:

It's Come by! Get back! Steady! Come behind! Stand!
 Wait! ... Away to me! Come behind! Stay!
 It's a bloody great way to spend a day, people come for miles
 To the Wando Vale Annual Sheep Dog Trials
 To the Wando Vale Annual Sheep Dog Trials

There's Bozza, Blue Boy, Butch, Blaze, & even one called Bruce
 There's Molly, Mindy, Chance, and Tootles, too
 They all go through their paces, as each set of sheep's set loose
 You'd be amazed at what those dogs can do.
 First they have to herd the sheep past where their handler stands
 Then back down through a gap there in the fence
 Chase that sheep that's bolted, lead them up a ramp and then
 With luck they're in the pen — It's sheer suspense!

Chorus 2:

It's Come by! Get back! Steady! Come behind! Stand!
 Wait! ... Away to me! Come behind! Stay!
 You marvel at the discipline, the patience and the guile
 At the Wando Vale Annual Sheep Dog Trials
 At the Wando Vale Annual Sheep Dog Trials

And in good time the word goes round, it's time to have a break
 The ladies have been busy in the hall
 We all sit down for lunch. Mmm — rissoles drowned in gravy
 Then the highlight: flummery — cream and all
 And the winner gets their name in gold up on the honour board
 And you should see the prizes. Ahh, they're beaut
 There's a handmade quilt for starters, and a canine grooming kit
 And enough dog food to fill your HiLux ute!

Chorus 1

Repeat last line