

OXYTOCIN CLINIC SONGBOOK

SONGS FOR NOISY MAJORS



Compiled by PHYL LOBL

Cover Artwork Jan d'Silva

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FOUR FOR SOME KINDS OF LOVE

1.FOR ALL THE GOOD PEOPLE

Ken Hicks, the "round mound of sound" from Virginia Beach, VA, is known for his humorous songs delivered amid monologues that leave one's laugh-muscles aching. But, occasionally, one catches a glimpse of the sensitive and caring person that lives within the clown. This song, a simple "thank you" written for his friends and his wife, could be a theme song for all of those who enjoy sharing good songs and good times with good people - in other words: for all the "Golden Rings" that gather to make music in kitchens and living rooms everywhere. Many singers have added verses to this song, including Joan Sprung, Bob Zentz, and Ken himself. In fact, Ken says, "It's not unusual for someone to change verses or add new ones to thank their own 'good people,' so if this is, one day, the longest song ever written, I'll be pleased as punch." (Sandy Paton)

2.LADY FRANKLIN'S LAMENT

"Lady Franklin's Lament" (also known as "Lord Franklin" and "The Sailor's Dream") is a traditional folk ballad indexed by [George Malcolm Laws](#) ([Roud](#) 487) (Laws K9).^[1] The song recounts the story of a sailor who dreams about [Lady Franklin](#) speaking of the loss of her husband, Sir [John Franklin](#), who disappeared in [Baffin Bay](#) during his 1845 expedition through the Arctic Ocean in search of the [Northwest Passage](#) sea route to the Pacific ocean. The song first appeared as a [broadside](#) ballad around 1850 and has since been recorded with the melody of the Irish traditional air "[Cailín Óg a Stór](#)". The song may have been inspired by the traditional Irish ballad "[The Croppy Boy](#)", which is set during the 1798 rising.

Phyl Lobl thought that a mention of the North West Passage would be appropriate so wrote one. Certain words seemed misplaced ie 'sailer' for 'seamen' & 'do live' so were changed.

Facts that Lord John Franklin was considered a 'good' Tasmanian Governor and was ably assisted by an accomplished and adventurous wife in Lady Franklin gave the song credentials for being included here.

3.SWEET THAMES FLOW SOFTLY

Ewan MacColl wrote *Sweet Thames Flow Softly* for an experimental production by the Critics Group, based on *Romeo and Juliet*, which was broadcast to schools in May 1966. It was published in 1967 as title track of the Critics Group's Argo album [Sweet Thames Flow Softly](#), sung by John Faulkner.

4.SOMOS EL BARCO

Lorre Wyatt is an extremely charismatic performer -- a great natural talent. The recording, "Roots and Branches", demonstrates his amazing versatility, from a Hebridean love song to a Yiddish work song, from his humorous parody "Give Me That Old-Time Nutrition", to Pete Seeger, who wrote:

"Lorre Wyatt's songs share a quality with the finest of traditional folk songs: they are at once timely and timeless. They grow on you and with you and become part of your life. I predict that many of Lorre's songs will be sung -- humanity willing! -- by our grandchildren's grandchildren." ~ Pete Seeger

1.ALL THE GOOD PEOPLE Ken Hicks <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=BsuUsTEEJwo>

ALL THE GOOD PEOPLE Ken Hicks

**This is a song for all the good people,
All the good people I've known in my life,
This is a song for all the good people,
The people I'm thanking my stars for tonight.**

This is a song for all my companions
Who knew what I needed was something they had,
Food on the table or a heart that was able,
Able to keep me just this side of sad.

This is a song for all the good travelers
Who passed through my life as they moved along.
The ramblers, the thinkers the just one more drinkers,
Each took the time to sing me a song.

This is a song for all the good singers,
The songs and the music, the jokes good and bad,
We sang in the kitchen with no competition,
Each of us knowing what a good friend we had

Some helped in small ways some helped me always ,
Some picked me up when I ran out of fight,
Many a dear friend or once in a year friend,
I know they would come if I called them tonight.

**This is a song for all the good people
All the good people I've known in my life,
This is a song for all the good people,
The people I'm thanking my stars for tonight.**

A E D A / D A D E / A E D A / D A E A

2.LADY FRANKLIN'S Trad. Adapted Lobl <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=fiXD6kH7sXI>

LADY FRANKLIN'S LAMENT

Traditional adaption of some lines by Phyl Lobl

TUNE: 'Cailin Og a Stor' (Irish Trad) 'Croppy Boy'.

I was homeward bound one night on the deep, D G
Swinging in my hammock I fell asleep, em A7
I dreamed a dream and I thought it true, D G D
Concerning Franklin and his gallant crew. em A7 G D

With a hundred *sailors he went away,*
To the frozen ocean in the month of May
A North -West passage they tried to find,
The thought of failure never crossed their mind.

Through cruel hardships they *bravely fought,*
Their ships on mountains of ice *were caught,*
The eskimo in his skin canoe,
Was the only *traveller who made it through.*

In Baffin Bay where the whale-fish blow,
The fate of Franklin no man can know.
The fate of Franklin no tongue can tell
Of where he lies with those he knew so well.

Grief is a burden now that gives me pain,
For my *lost* Franklin I would cross the Main,
Five hundred guineas I'd freely give.
To know upon this earth my Franklin lives.

TRADITIONAL & COMMONLY SUNG LYRICS

We were homeward bound one night on the deep
Swinging in my hammock I fell asleep
I dreamed a dream and I thought it true
Concerning Franklin and his gallant crew

With a hundred seamen he sailed away
To the frozen ocean in the month of May
To seek a passage around the pole
Where we poor sailors do sometimes go

Through cruel hardships they vainly strove
Their ships on mountains of ice were drove
Only the Eskimo with his skin canoe
Was the only one that ever came through

In Baffin's Bay where the whale fish blow
The fate of Franklin no man may know
The fate of Franklin no tongue can tell
Lord Franklin alone with his sailors do dwell

And now my burden it gives me pain
For my long-lost Franklin I would cross the main
Ten thousand pounds I would freely give
To know on earth, that my Franklin do live

3.SWEET THAMES Ewan McColl <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=zmn5pOxb2iM>

SWEET THAMES FLOW SOFTLY Ewan McColl

I met my girl at Woolwich Pier
Beneath the big cranes standing
And oh, the love I felt for her
It passed all understanding
Took her sailing on the river

Flow sweet river, flow

London town was mine to give her

Sweet Thames flow softly

Made the Thames into a crown

Flow sweet river, flow

Made a brooch of Silver town

Sweet Thames flow softly

At London Yard I held her hand
At Blackwall Point I faced her
At the Isle of Dogs I kissed her mouth
And tenderly embraced her
Heard the bells of Greenwich ringing, **Flow . . .**
All the time my heart was singing, **Sweet Thames . . .**
Lighthouse Reach I gave her there, **Flow . . .**
As a ribbon for her hair, **Sweet Thames . . .**

From Putney Bridge to Nine Elms Reach
We cheek to cheek were dancing,
A necklace made of London Bridge
Her beauty was enhancing.
Kissed her once again at Wapping, **Flow . . .**
After that there was no stopping, **Sweet Thames . . .**
Gave her Hampton Court to twist, **Flow . . .**
Into a bracelet for her wrist, **Sweet Thames . . .**

But now alas the tide has changed
My love she has gone from me
And winter's frost has touched my heart
And put a blight upon me
Creeping fog is on the river, **Flow . . .**
Sun and moon and stars gone with her, **Sweet Thames . . .**
Swift the Thames runs to the sea, **Flow . . .**
Bearing ships and part of me, **Sweet Thames . . .**

4. **SOMOS EL BARCO** Lori Wyatt

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=TCbp9Va4cPg>

SOMOS EL BARCO Lorri Wyatt

[Chorus:]

**Somos el barco, somos el mar,
Yo navego en ti, tu navegas en mi.
We are the boat, we are the sea,
I sail in you, you sail in me.**

The stream sings it to the river,
The river sings it to the sea.
The sea sings it to the boat
That carries you and me.

[Chorus]

The boat we are sailing in
Was built by many hands,
And the sea we are sailing on,
It touches every land.

[Chorus]

So with our hopes we set the sails
And face the winds once more.
And with our hearts we chart
The waters never sailed before.

FOUR FOR PEACE

1.DONA NOBIS

Traditional: Dona nobis pacem (Latin for "Grant us peace") is a phrase in the [Agnus Dei](#) section of the [mass](#). The phrase, in isolation, has been appropriated for a number of musical works, The song is simple and as a Round singers can gain confidence in singing harmony.

2.WHERE HAVE ALL THE FLOWERS GONE Pete Seeger

Pete Seeger found inspiration for the song in October 1955 while he was on a plane bound for a concert at [Oberlin College](#), one of the few venues which would hire him during the [McCarthy era](#).^[5] Leafing through his notebook he saw the passage, "Where are the flowers, the girls have plucked them. Where are the girls, they've all taken husbands. Where are the men, they're all in the army."^[6] These lines were taken from the traditional [Cossack](#) folk song "Koloda-Duda", referenced in the [Mikhail Sholokhov](#) novel [And Quiet Flows the Don](#) (1934), which Seeger had read "at least a year or two before".^[3]

3.SEASONS OF WAR

Phyl Lobl wrote this song when the Vietnam War was 'on the turn' for even conservative minds in the world and in Australia glimpsed the futility and the circular quality that wars take. They linked in her mind to Seasons.

4.RURN TURN TURN

Ecclesiasties/Seeger/Lobl. Sometimes known as "Turn! Turn! Turn! (To Everything There Is a Season)", is a song written by [Pete Seeger](#) in the late 1950s. The lyrics, except for the title, which is repeated throughout the song, and the final two lines, are adapted word-for-word from the English version of the first eight verses of the third chapter of the biblical [Book of Ecclesiastes](#) 3:1-8 - [King James Version](#) (1611) , though the sequence of the words was rearranged for the song. Ecclesiastes is traditionally ascribed to [King Solomon](#) who would have written it in the 10th century BC, but believed by a significant group of biblical scholars to date much later, up to the third century BC.^[3]

DONA NOBIS
(GIVE US PEACE)

TRADITIONAL CANON

NO.12

Key F

 = walk

PART 1
Do - o - na No - o - bis Pa - a - a - a - chem

PART 2
Do - na No - o - bis Pach-em

PART 3
Do - na No - o - bi - s Pach-em

PART 1
Do - o - o - na No - o - bis Pa - a - a - a - chem

PART 2
Do - na No - bis Pa - a - a - a - chem

PART 3
Do - na No - bis Pa - a - a - a - chem

WHERE HAVE ALL THE FLOWERS GONE Pete Seeger

Where have all the flowers gone	Long time passing
Where have all the flowers gone	Long time ago
Where have all the flowers gone	Young girls pick them, every one
When will they ever learn	(Oh) when will they ever learn

Where have all the young girls gone	Long time passing
Where have all the young girls gone	Long time ago
Where have all the young girls gone	Gone to young men everyone, every one
When will they ever learn	(Oh) when will they ever learn

Where have all the young men gone	Long time passing
Where have all the young men gone	Long time ago
Where have all the young men gone	Gone for soldiers, every one
When will they ever learn	(Oh)when will they ever learn

Where have all the soldiers gone	Long time passing
Where have all the soldiers gone	Long time ago
Where have all the soldiers gone	Gone to graveyards, every one
When will they ever learn	(Oh)when will they ever learn

Where have all the graveyards gone	Long time passing
Where have all the graveyards gone	Long time ago
Where have all the graveyards gone	Gone to flowers, every one
When will they ever learn	(Oh) when will they ever learn

Where have all the graveyards gone	Long time passing.
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Where have all the graveyards gone	Long time ago.
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Where have all the graveyards gone.	Gone to flowers everyone.
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When will they ever learn	Oh, when will they ever learn
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Sound free download available @ phyllobl.net Track 9 under BROADMEADOW THISTLE

SEASONS OF WAR Words & Music: Phyl Lobl Circa 1965

**Spring, Summer, Autumn, Winter,
War has all the seasons.
One *and two, three and four,
Man will give the reasons.**

Soldier in the Spring of war,
Knows just what he's fighting for,
Told so many times before
Fighting for his freedom.

**Spring, Summer, Autumn, Winter,
War has all the seasons.
One *and two, three and four,
Man will give the reasons.**

Come the Summer all is growing
And the fruit of war is showing
Pain and hate he will be knowing
Fighting for his freedom.

**Spring, Summer, Autumn, Winter,
War has all the seasons.
One *and two, three and four,
Man will give the reasons.**

When his friends begin to fall
And the bombs rain down on all
Then he hears the Autumn call
Fighting for his freedom.

**Spring, Summer, Autumn, Winter,
War has all the seasons.
One *and two, three and four,
Man will give the reasons.**

Winter finds the glory gone.
War is grey to look upon.
Soldier wonders what he's won
Fighting for his freedom.

**Spring, Summer, Autumn, Winter,
War has all the seasons.
One *and two, three and four,
Man will give the reasons.**
*I now include 'and' in this line.

4.TURN TURN TURN Ecclesiastes/Seeger/Lobl <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=qURAnrk30ng>

TURN TURN TURN

From Book of Ecclesiastes
Tune & Chorus & a version by Pete Seeger
Alterations to order of both versions by Phyl Lobl.
* = In the Original

**To everything,turn,turn.turn.
There is a season turn turn turn
And a time for every purpose under heaven.**

1.

*A time to be born a time to die
A time to give up a time to try
*A time to plant a time to reap
*A time to laugh, a time to weep

**To everything,turn,turn.turn.
There is a season turn turn turn
And a time for every purpose under heaven.**

2.

*A time for the hawk a time for the dove (Original: A time of war a time of peace.)
*A time for hate, a time for love
*A time for arms to hold and embrace
*A time to refrain from embracing

**To everything,turn,turn.turn.
There is a season turn turn turn
And a time for every purpose under heaven.**

3.

*A time to mourn a time to dance
A time for caution a time for chance
*A time for silence a time to speak
A time for strong to help the weak

**To everything,turn,turn.turn.
There is a season turn turn turn
And a time for every purpose under heaven.**

4

A time to endure a time to say no, * A time to gain a time to lose
A time to live, a time to let go, A time to endure a time to choose
*A time to kill a time to heal
A time to know that love is real.

**To everything,turn,turn.turn.
There is a season turn, turn, turn.
And a time for every purpose under heaven.**

Originals not included????

*A time to rend a time to sew
A time to arrive a time to go ????/
*A time to cast away stones
A time to gather stones together

FOUR FOR POLITICAL POWER

SING JOHN BALL (Who'll Be The Lady who will be the Lord)

Sydney Carter an English poet and writer

Shortly after the Peasants' Revolt began, Ball who was previously imprisoned was released by the Kentish rebels from his prison. He preached to them at [Blackheath](#) in an open-air [sermon](#) that included the following:

'When [Adam](#) delved and Eve span,^[a] Who was then the [gentleman](#)?^[l] From the beginning all men by nature were created alike, and our bondage or servitude came in by the unjust oppression of naughty men. For if God would have had any bondmen from the beginning, he would have appointed who should be bond, and who free. And therefore I exhort you to consider that now the time is come, appointed to us by God, in which ye may (if ye will) cast off the yoke of bondage, and recover liberty.'

When the rebels had dispersed, Ball was taken prisoner at [Coventry](#), given a trial in which, unlike most, he was permitted to speak. He was [hanged, drawn and quartered](#) at [St Albans](#) in the presence of King [Richard II](#) on 15 July 1381. His head was displayed stuck on a pike on [London Bridge](#), and the quarters of his body were displayed at four different towns.^[2] Ball, who was called by [Froissart](#) "the mad priest of Kent," seems to have possessed the gift of rhyme. He voiced the feelings of a section of the discontented lower orders of society at that time,^[3] who chafed at [villeinage](#) and the lords' rights of unpaid labour, or [corvée](#).

BRING OUT THE BANNERS

Tune: 'See Amid The Winter's Snow' by John Goss. 1800-1880)

***John Warner ©1997** 'John is a fine folk historian and songwriter with a solid track record of poignant, accurate, moving songs about Australian life and the history of 'the folk' . He also has a heart for justice and a sensitivity to all sides of a story.' *Fay White*

COAL SEAM GAS

Paul & John Spencer. Paul Spencer is a singer from Wollongong who has taken part in many protests against Coal Seam Gas mining in the New South Wales.

His words fit admirably with the Tune 'When Jones Ale Was New ' the song teaches something of the process of drilling for gas as well as the art and value of parody.

LIES LIKE ILLEGAL

Tune 'When The boat Comes In

Jenny Fitzgibbon I wrote it out of my desire for more compassion in our treatment of refugees, young and old, and thru my need to take action. I wrote this song when I got sick of glaring at the radio every time I heard politicians use that lie, 'illegal' or 'illegals' when talking about people fleeing persecution. It is not illegal to seek asylum. Why do private companies profit from this? The less water, health services or decent accommodation is provided by the company Transfield, the more they profit.

1. JOHN BALL * Sydney Carter <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=960Q0KUASPo>

SING JOHN BALL Sydney Carter

Who'll be the lady, who will be the lord,
When we are ruled by the love of another?
Who'll be the lady, who will be the lord,
In the light that is coming in the morning?

CHORUS:

**Sing, John Ball, and tell it to them all -
Long live the day that is dawning!
For I'll crow like a cock, I'll carol like a lark,
For the light that is coming in the morning.**

Eve was the lady, Adam was the lord,
(But) Now we are ruled by the love of another,
Eve was the lady, Adam was the lord,
Now the light is coming in the morning.

All shall be ruled by fellowship I say,
All shall be ruled by the love of one another,
All shall be ruled by fellowship I say,
In the light that is coming In the morning.

Labor and spin, in fellowship I say,
Labor and spin for the love of one another,
Labor and spin, in fellowship I say,
In the light that is coming in the morning.

* Original lyrics. "Eve was the lady, Adam was the lord"

SING JOHN BALL



Who will be the la- dy, who will be the lord? When we are ruled by the love of one an o- ther?



Who will be the la- dy, who will be the lord In the light that is co- ming in the mor- ning?



Sing John Ball, and tell it to them all, Long live the day that is daw- ning, for I'll



crow like a cock,, I'll ca- rol like a lark In the new day that's co- ming in the mor- ning.

2.BRING OUT THE BANNERS John Warner

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=sf7-5Fejujw>

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=8TjM-lh5LP4>

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=0akXeYaHAc4>

Caswell / Goss

BRING OUT THE BANNERS John Warner /Goss

(Tune: Oxford or See Amid The Winter's Snow by John Goss. 1800-1880) Audio: UNION SONGS

In faded photo, like a dream,
A locomotive under steam
Rolls with the ranks of marching feet
And union banners on the street.

Chorus

**Bring out the banners once again,
You union women, union men,
That all around may plainly see
The power of our unity.**

I've seen those banners richly made
With symbols fair of craft and trade,
The union's names in red and gold,
Their aspirations printed bold.

Boilermakers, smiths and cooks,
Stevedores with cargo hooks,
Declare their union strong and proud,
Rank on rank before the crowd.

They won the eight-hour working day,
They won our right to honest pay,
Victorious their banners shone,
How dare we lose what they have won?

Today, when those who rule divide,
We must be standing side by side,
Our rights were bought with tears and pain,
Bring out the banners once again.

See, Amid The Winter's Snow
John Goss, 1871 (England)

$\text{♩} = 80$

Chord symbols: G, Em, D, G, C, G, D, G, Em, D, G, C, D, G, G, C, D, G, Em, G, D, C, G, D, G.

LIES LIKE ILLEGAL Jenny Fitzgibbon 2015

(Based on Trad. Nth Eng. song 'When The Boat Comes In)

Asylum they come seeking, in a boat that's leaking,
Gets the Pollies freaking when the boat comes in.

No peace for Baba,* no peace for Maman, *
No peace for koodak *, surely it's a sin.

No information, goes out to the nation,
An abomination,when the boat comes in.
To secure our borders, we give (the) Navy orders.
Rascists would applaud us,when the boat comes in.

Chorus

Why say a prayer, teach kids to care,
Then refuse to share, when the boat comes in.
Private corporations profit from our nation's
Freedom deprivations, when the boat comes in.

Chorus

Forked tongues a-lashing, in a right-wing fashion,
Why not show compassion,when the boat comes in.
Even though there's no queue,take the pain you've been through,
To Manus or Nauru, when the boat comes in.

Chorus

Children in detention,human rights suspension,
We must pay attention, when the boat comes in.
If I'd a son or daughter fleeing famine or slaughter,
I'd cross any water, when the boat comes in.

No peace for Baba, no peace for Maman,
No peace for koodak,surely it's a sin.

A label like illegals lies like illegals
Should be illegal when the boat comes in.

* Baba Maman Koodak = father ,mother,baby in Farsi
Farsi is the most common language among refugees.

LIES LIKE ILLEGAL (When The boat Comes in)



4.COAL SEAM GAS Paul & John Spencer <https://paul-spencer.net/tag/traditional-tune/>

WHEN COAL SEAM GAS WAS NEW traditional English tune "When Jones's Ale Was New"
new words by Paul Spencer and John Spencer 2012

1. On grazing land that was priceless, a company sought a gas licence,
A company sought a gas licence, they'd have a jolly good spree,
They quickly came up with a marvellous plan,
To frack for gas all over the land,
And sell it to China and Japan,
When coal seam gas was new, my boys,
When coal seam gas was new.

CHORUS:

**And they called for more wells and more land and more leases,
And oh the expansion it just never ceases,
And nobody mentioned all these increases,
When coal seam gas was new, my boys,
When coal seam gas was new.**

2. Well at first it's just exploration, a simple investigation,
A simple investigation, if only it were true,
For once the company passes the gate,
You're likely to find you've left it too late,
With all their sweet-talking you've taken the bait,
When coal seam gas was new, my boys,
When coal seam gas was new.

CH

3. Well the next to come in is the drilling, no chance of anything spilling,
No chance of anything spilling, if only it were true,
There's sodium hydroxide, ammonium persulfate,
Or muriatic acid or sodium borate,
Disodium octaborate tetrahydrate,
So drink your chemical brew, my boys,
So drink your chemical brew.

CH

4. When drilling down past the water, they seal it just like they oughter,
They seal it just like they oughter, if only it were true,
The water flows out from the basin cracking,
And mixes with chemicals used in the fracking,
And all of it's done with government backing,
The profits will go to a few, my boys,
The profits will go to a few.

CH

5. And when the mining is over, the land will go back to clover,
The land will go back to clover, if only it were true,
We can't use the water, the poison's still there,
The methane's still leaking into the air,
And the company's gone with never a care,
When coal seam gas is through, my boys,
When coal seam gas is through.

FOUR FOR GEOGRAPHY

MINGELAY BOAT SONG

ARTESIAN WATER

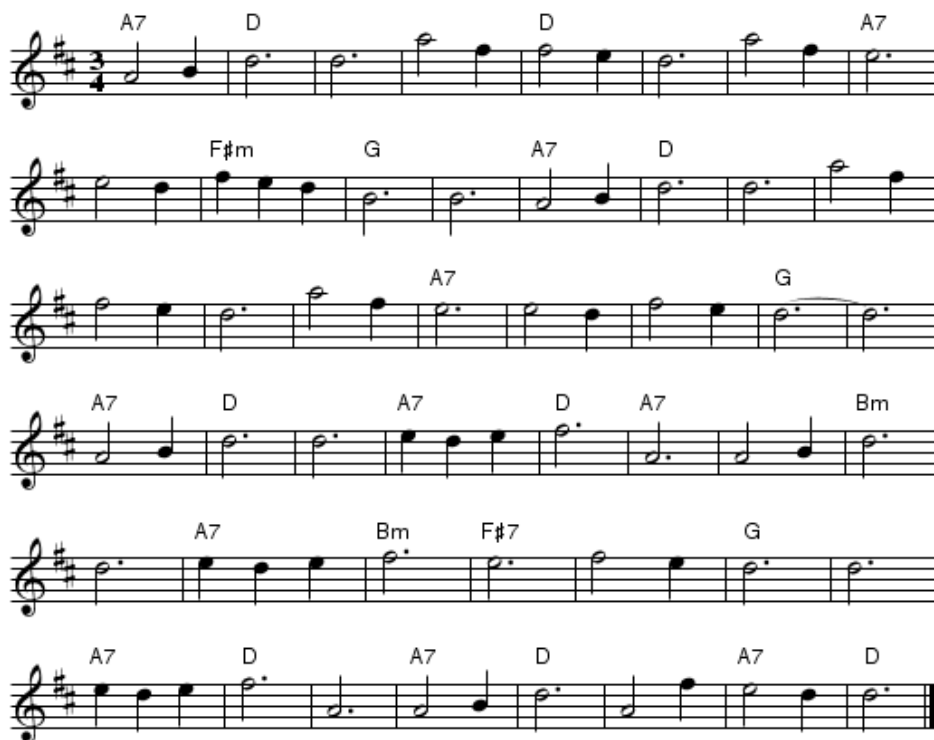
ACROSS THE WARRAEGO

PADYY CUMMIN'S TEA SHOP

13. MINGELAY BOAT SONG Trad Scottish

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=AxPEgzudAa4>

Mingulay Boat Song



The image displays the musical notation for the Mingulay Boat Song. It consists of six staves of music in G major (one sharp) and 3/4 time. The melody is written in treble clef. Chord symbols are placed above the notes: A7, D, D, A7, F#m, G, A7, D, A7, G, A7, D, A7, Bm, A7, Bm, F#7, G, A7, D, A7, D, A7, D. The music ends with a double bar line.

www.abcnotation.com/tunes

Chorus:

Heel y'ho boys, let her go, boys
Bring her head round into the weather
Heel y'ho boys, let her go boys
Sailing homeward to Mingulay!

What care we tho' white the Minch is
What care we for wind and weather?
Let her go boys, every inch is
Wearing homeward to Mingulay!

Chorus

Wives are waiting on the bank, boys, .
Looking seaward from the heather.
Pull her 'round boys, and we'll anchor
'Ere the sun sets at Mingulay!

14.ARTESIAN WATER Banjo Patterson <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=Zq5xdAaUBVg>

ARTESIAN WATER Banjo Paterson TUNE: Graham Jenkin ? Cathie ? Roger ?

Now the stock have started dying for the Lord has sent a drought:
We're sick of prayers and Providence - we're going to do without.
With the derricks up above us and the solid earth below,
We are waiting at the lever for the word to let her go.

CHORUS

**Sinking down, down, down, sinking, down, down, down.
We'll find artesian water deeper down, down, down.
Deeper down, deeper down,
Yes we'll find artesian water deeper down.**

Now our engine's built in Glasgow by a very canny Scot,
And he marked her twenty horsepower but he don't know what is what
When Canadian Bill is firing them with sun-dried gidgee logs,
She can equal thirty horses and a score or so of dogs.

But the shaft has started caving and the sinking's very slow,
And the yellow rods are bending in the water down below,
The tubes are always jamming, and they can't be made to shift
Till we nearly burst the engine with a forty horse-power lift.

But there's no artesian water, though we've passed three thousand feet.
The contract price is growing and the boss is nearly beat.
But it must be down beneath us, so it's down we've got to go.
Though she's bumping on the solid rock four thousand feet below.

But it's hark the whistle's blowing with a wild triumphant blast.
The boys are madly cheering for they've struck the flow at last;
And it's rushing up the tubing from four thousand feet below,
Till it spouts above the casing in a million-gallon flow.

And it's clear away the timber, and it's let the water run,
How it glimmers in the shadow, how it flashes in the sun,
By the silent belts of timber, by the miles of blazing plain
It is bringing hope and comfort to a thirsty land again.

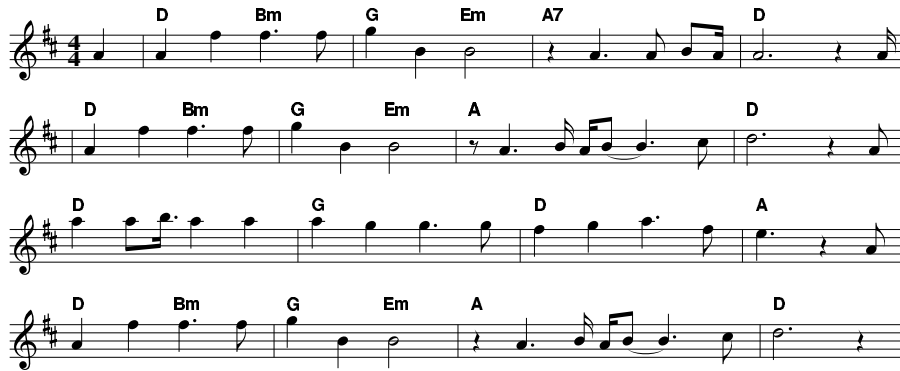
**Sinking down, down, down, sinking down, down, down.
We found artesian water deeper down, down, down.
Deeper down, deeper down,
Yes we found artesian water deeper down.**

ACROSS THE WARREGO

8

Across The Warrego

Original poem by Jim Grahame - music by Martyn Wyndham-Read



I dreamt some dreams of dried up streams – streams that seldom flow
Of men and things, misfortune brings to cross the Warrego
And I could see old faces there, old faces grim and set
Old mates of mine that tramped with me, some are tramping yet

And in my sleep I saw the sheep, heard them bleating low
The ringing flocks, the stringing flocks, that crossed the Warrego
The young and strong were in the lead, the old and weak behind
With lagging feet and dragging feet, some of them were blind

And in my dream I saw the teams, teams I used to know
The long, long teams – the strong, strong teams that crossed the Warrego
And lurching wool bales strained the ropes that lashed them fore and aft
And every ounce of horse flesh pulled – from leader to the shaft

I dreamt of nights by campfire light – the flicker and the glow
The great white moon, the black gin's croon beyond the Warrego
And I could hear the bullock bells ringing o'er the plain
And thirsty kangaroos loped in and bounded out again

And in the scrub, I saw a pub – name I do not know
And it was there to cash the cheques, that crossed the Warrego
A graveyard stood right out in front, two pepper trees were there
And goats were camping underneath, a skillion at the rear

And in the night, I woke in fright – my pulse was far from slow
I dreamt that I was on the tramp, beyond the Warrego
I dreamed a mirage danced ahead – drought plains at my back
And I was trudging, trudging on out across the track
And I was trudging, trudging on alone upon the track

16.PADDY CUMMIN'S TEASHOP Clem Parkinson

??? TUNE STILL TO COME ??

PADDY CUMMIN'S TEASHOP Clem Parkinson

One summer's day in Carringbush I strolled down Jackson Street, C F G7 C
I sought a place to quench my thirst and shelter from the heat. C F G7 C
A sign above a doorway on a rusty sheet of tin said C em G G C
PADDY CUMMIN'S TEASHOP and so I walked right in. C F G7 C

CHORUS

But oh, you know, I made a big mistake C F C G7
In Paddy Cummin's Teashop, when I asked for Tea and cake. C F G7 C

I walked in through the doorway and peered into the gloom.
A lot of chaps were loitering inside the dismal room,
I walked up to the counter and a fellow said 'What's's up ?
Do you want the Daily Double Mate or Carbine in The Cup ?
CHORUS.

I said I'd like a pot of tea and a lamington or two,
And make it Orange Pekoe please, that's my favourite brew.'
He didn't take my order he just landed me a clout,
Then he yelled 'Hey Piggy ,come and take this Geezer out'.
CHORUS

I'm an inoffensive chap, a mld-mannered clerk
But one of them described me as a ruddy copper's nark,
They pummeled me and punched me and kicked me out the door,
And the one addressed as Piggy yelled ' Don't come back no more.
CHORUS

I landed in a gutter in a sorry state I lay,
As rumbling round a corner came a wagon-load of hay,
That hay was filled with Coppers and they rushed toward the shop,
And I found myself arrested by a great big Irish Cop.
CHORUS

They took me to the watch-house, I was feeling sick and sore,
The sergeant kept insisted that I broke some Gaming Law,
The Magistrate believed him and fined me sovereigns three,
Oh that Paddy Cummin's Teashop wasn't quite my cup of tea.
CHORUS

Mark Twain quote from Clem's introduction.

*'Everyone talks about the weather but no-body does anything about it.'
In the current economic situation we could paraphrase his remarks.
as the same can be said for unemployment.'*

FOUR FOR FREEDOM

1.DIE GEDANKEN SIND FREI Traditional German

"Die Gedanken sind frei" (My Thoughts are free) is a German song about the [freedom of thought](#). The original lyricist and the composer are unknown, though the most popular version was rendered by [Hoffmann von Fallersleben](#) in 1842. It was a popular [protest song](#) against [political repression](#) and [censorship](#), especially among the banned [Burschenschaften](#) student fraternities.

2.LOOKING FOR WORK

Clem Parkinson quotes Mark Twain in his notes to the song
'Everyone talks about the weather but no-body does anything about it.'
In the current economic situation we could paraphrase his remarks.
as the same can be said for unemployment.'

3.WALK TALL

Phyl Lobl wrote this as an extra song for MAGDA'S production of Dames & Dare Devils For Democracy in Queensland 2017. It could be used for any issue that requires a group participation.

4.POOR FELLA MY COUNTRY

Written by Ted Egan, an Australian folk musician and a former public servant who served as Administrator of the Northern Territory from 2003 to 2007 and who has long championed the Rights of Indigenous Australians.

1.DIE GEDANKEN SING FREI Trad German <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=dbwQXVcbkU0>

DIE GEDANKEN SIND FREI Trad: German

1. Die Ge-dan-ken sind frei, wer kann sie er-ra-then? Sie flie-gen vor-
6 bei wie nächt-li-che Schat-ten. Kein Mensch kann sie wis-sen, kein
11 Jä-ger sie schie-ßen. Es blei-bet da-bei: Die Ge-dan-ken sind frei.

Die Gedanken sind frei, my thoughts freely flower,
Die Gedanken sind Frei, my thoughts give me power,
No scholar can map them, no hunter can trap them,
No man can deny, Die Gedanken sind frei.
No man can deny, Die Gedanken sind frei.

I think as I please, and this gives me pleasure,
My conscience decrees this right I must treasure,
My thoughts will not cater to duke or dictator,
No man can deny Die Gedanken sind frei.
No man can deny Die Gedanken sind frei.

If tyrants take me and throw me in prison,
My thoughts will burst free like blossom in season.
Foundations will crumble, the structure will tumble,
And free men will cry Die Gedanken sind frei.
And free men will cry Die Gedanken sind frei.

Neither trouble nor pain can stop me from thinking,
I will not escape through pleasure or drinking,
Within myself still I think as I will,
And shout to the sky die Gedanken sind frei.
And shout to the sky die Gedanken sind frei.

*Die Gedanken sind frei wer kann sie erraten,
Sie fliegen vorbei wie nachtilche Schatten.
Kein Mensch kann sie wissen kein Jager erschiessen
Mit Pulver und Blei: Die Gedanken sind frei.*

UTube <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=gmwTa9qRq0o>

2..LOOKING FOR WORK Clem Parkinson *Tune still to come ?????*

From 'AUSTRALIAN SONGS FOR RADIO' CLEM PARKINSON
LOOKING FOR WORK Clem Parkinson

CHORUS

**Tramping around with the rest of me mates,
Standing in line at the factory gates,
Money is scarce and the jobs they are few,
Looking for work but there's no work to do.**

I've got to provide for my wife and the kids,
It sure gets depressing to be on the skids,
Another good worker reduced to the role
Of holding his hand out each week for the dole.

CHORUS

The Singleton mob say I'm really to blame,
They say I was greedy they blacken my name,
High wages they say are the cause of it all,
Well if we shared the profits we'd all have a ball.

CHORUS

But others are toiling and paying the toll,
At jobs that are slowly destroying their soul,
But no-one need slave while the rest of us shirk.
We could all share the leisure by sharing the work.

CHORUS

Dreaming won't change what we have to endure,
By fighting together we'll change things for sure.
We've nothing to lose and a whole lot to gain'
So once more together let's song the refrain.

CHORUS

Tune Still to Come

WALK TALL (Suffragists Song - Dames & Dare Devils For Democracy)

Walk,walk walk
Through the streets of the town
Talk,talk, talk,
Talk the opposition down.
Chalk, chalk, chalk,
Chalk it up on the wall.
We are ' and we walk tall.

Insert appropriate words for the Protest Topic; We are environmentalists.
We don't want Adani's mine
We want equality.
We don't want NAPLAN
To save Auntie Abby Cee we all walk tall.

**Walk tall (walk tall),
One and all (one and all),
We will never,never ever,
Let the protest banner fall.
Raise your voice (raise your voice)
Let it roar (let it roar)
We are and we walk tall.**

ALTERNATIVE LAST LINES

Let your voice (let your voice)
Hit the air (hit the air)
We will fight the rabid right and Advance Australia fair.

4.POOR FELLA MY COUNTRY Ted Egan <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=7ygO8eveK6w>

POOR FELLA MY COUNTRY Ted Egan

Once when I'm young boy, old man tell me
Always look after this you country,
You are the river, you are the sea,
You are the rocks boy this you country.

Once in a dreamtime, happy and free.
People of nature in our country.
I was an emu, red kangaroo.
Dance in the firelight, didjeridu.

Civilisation, worn for the boss.
Put on some clothes boy, cover your loss.
I was a moonbeam, star in the sky.
I was the lightning, flashing on high.

Talk to the tourists, stop at the store.
Mining uranium, money galore.
I am a bottle, I am a can.
Wrapped up in plastic, civilised man.