

# The School Ukulele Orchestra Accompaniment Book



*2020 Edition, Compiled by Russell Baker*

## Contents

- 4      **Introduction**
- 5      **Advance Australia Fair.** This simplified arrangement was written for a school ukulele group to use in assemblies.
- 6      **All Through The Night.** Presented in the keys of D and F, this is a version of a Welsh folk song.
- 8      **Amazing Grace.** This English hymn is best known with an American tune. A regular and a simplified version are provided.
- 12     **Botany Bay.** First published in Sydney Golden Songster in 1893. This song was written by Stephens and Yardley, from the comedy “Little Jack Shepherd” that played in London in 1885, and in Melbourne in 1886. “Botany Bay” shares two verses with “Farewell to Judges and Juries” c.1820.
- 14     **Bound For South Australia.** This nautical working song, or sea shanty, may have been created in the 1870s.
- 16     **Click Go The Shears.** This song about working in a shearing shed was first published in 1891. The tune is from an American Civil War Song, “Ring The Bell, Watchman”.
- 18     **Cockles And Mussels.** This song is set in Dublin, Ireland, but was first published in Boston, Massachusetts, in 1876.
- 21     **Down By The Riverside.** An American spiritual that has origins going back to before the American Civil War.
- 22     **Drover’s Dream.** This song was first published as a “collected song” in 1889.
- 24     **I Like Trucks.** Written for Logan in 2017, who wanted a song about trucks. By Russell Baker.
- 27     **Inanay.** The Australian group *Tiddas* recorded this song for their 1993 album “Sing About Life”. *Tiddas* were Amy Saunders (a Gunditjmara woman from Portland), Lou Bennett (a Yorta Yorta woman from Echuca) and Sally Dastey (from West Heidelberg). Lou Bennett first heard “Inanay” as a young child when it was sung to her by her aunties. Many years later she discovered that “Inanay” originated in Malaysia, and over the years moved across the seas to Thursday Island and Northern Australia. It was later carried South and ended up in Victoria, where it was sung to Lou. (Source – Lou Bennett’s arrangement of “Inanay” as published by Festival Music and available through Mark O’Leary Publishing)
- 28     **Keep On The Sunny Side.** An American song, written in 1899 by Ada Blenkhorn (1858–1927) with music by J. Howard Entwisle (1866–1903).
- 31     **Michael Row The Boat Ashore.** This African-American spiritual was first noted during the American Civil War.
- 32     **Midnight Special.** An American folk song that tells of life in a prison. The “Midnight Special” is a train that passes by the prison, shining light into the darkness, and representing a sense of hope and freedom for the prisoners.
- 34     **Scarborough Fair.** An English folk song, arranged in Am and Dm. Scarborough is a town in Yorkshire. It hosted an important fair during the late Middle Ages.

- 38 Sing You Brave People.** 2017 Russell Baker. With thanks to Uncle Colin Locke for encouragement and advice, Richard Green for help with Dharug language, ([dharug.dalang.com.au](http://dharug.dalang.com.au)) and Lynette Stanger, who shared stories of the Darug people in her book “Sing You Brave People” (ISBN 0-9579243-2-1).
- 40 Taba Naba** is from Murray Island in the Torres Strait. Dalassa Pau, originally from Darley Island, shared this song with Frank York, who published it in “Children’s Songs of the Torres Strait Islands”. Dalassa Pau was the principal of Coconut Island State School.
- 42 The Water is Wide.** A Scottish folk song. Many versions of this song exist, including lyrics from the 17<sup>th</sup> century. Presented in C and in F.
- 44 Waltzing Matilda.** Written by Banjo Patterson in 1895.
- 46 Warami Ngallowah Mittigar:** Written by Russell Baker. This song is in Dharug-dalang, an Aboriginal Language of Sydney, Australia. The lyrics were written using notes and information gained through attending The Festival of Sydney 2019 three-day course: “Bayala – Let’s Speak Sydney Language”. This course was conducted by Jacinta Tobin with input from Jakelin Troy and other linguists. With thanks to Corina Norman and Uncle Colin Locke for support and encouragement.
- 48 The Wild Colonial Boy** is a folk song of both Australia and Ireland. This version was collected by Therese Radic in “Songs of Australian Working Life”, published 1989 by Greenhouse Publications. Final verse and other minor changes by Russell Baker, 2011.

## **Introduction**

This collection of songs has been selected for class and community singing. They are written as chord charts for ease of use by accompaniment players. Some songs are provided in more than one key to help with finding the best key for student singers.

Each song is arranged with chord diagrams. This allows students to learn or review the chords as they start to play the songs. To help with space, some songs revert to chord names in later verses.

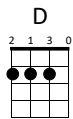
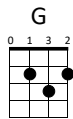
The collection contains new arrangements of many songs that are “Public Domain”. Many of these songs are well-known folk songs made popular during the 20<sup>th</sup> century. Teachers are encouraged to use these songs to support learning in areas of history, society and culture.

The new arrangements are by the Ukulele Teacher, Russell Baker. Permission is granted for these arrangements to be used under a “Creative Commons, By Attribution, Share Alike” licence.

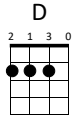
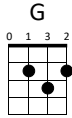
“I Like Trucks”, “Sing You Brave People” and “Warami Ngallowah Mittigar” were written by Russell Baker. Permission is given for these songs to be used under a “Creative Commons, By Attribution, Share Alike” licence.

Audio files and other resources are available for download at [www.school-ukulele-orchestra.net](http://www.school-ukulele-orchestra.net)

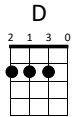
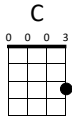
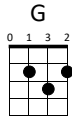
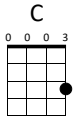
## Advance Australia Fair



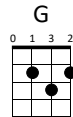
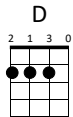
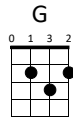
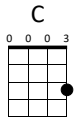
Australians all let us rejoice, for we are one and free;



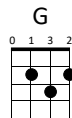
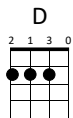
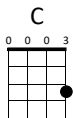
We've golden soil and wealth for toil; our home is girt by sea;



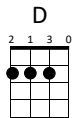
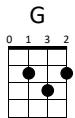
Our land abounds in nature's gifts of beauty rich and rare;



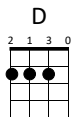
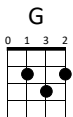
In history's page, let every stage Advance Australia Fair.



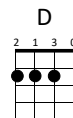
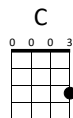
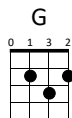
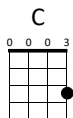
In joyful strains then let us sing, Advance Australia Fair.



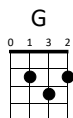
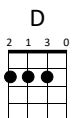
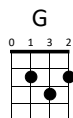
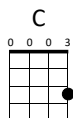
Beneath our radiant Southern Cross we'll toil with hearts and hands;



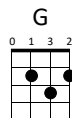
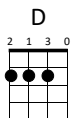
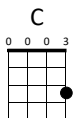
To make this Commonwealth of ours renowned of all the lands;



For those who've come across the seas we've boundless plains to share;



With courage let us all combine to Advance Australia Fair.



In joyful strains then let us sing, Advance Australia Fair.

## All Through The Night - Key of D



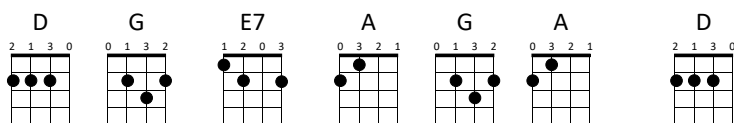
Deep the silence 'round us spreading all through the night.



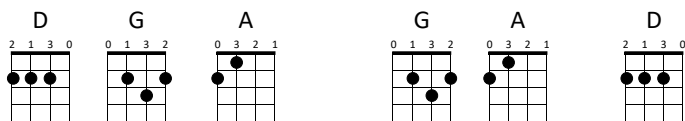
Dark the path that we are treading all through the night.



Still the coming day discerning by the hope within us burning.



To the dawn our footsteps turning all through the night.



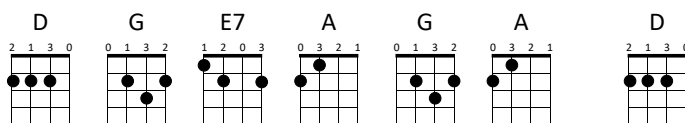
Star of faith, the dark adorning, all through the night.



Leads us fearless towards the morning all through the night.



Though our hearts be wrapped in sorrows from the hope of dawn we borrow



Promise of a glad tomorrow all through the night.

## All Through The Night - Key of F



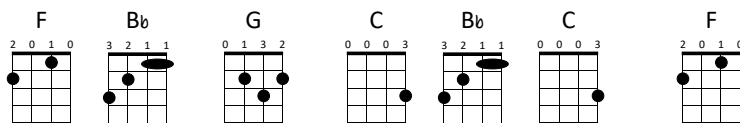
Deep the silence 'round us spreading all through the night.



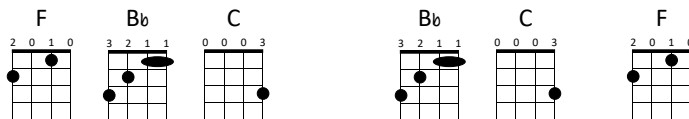
Dark the path that we are treading all through the night.



Still the coming day discerning by the hope within us burning.



To the dawn our footsteps turning all through the night.



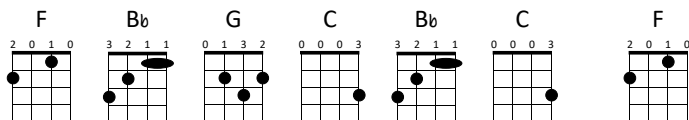
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Leads us fearless towards the morning all through the night.

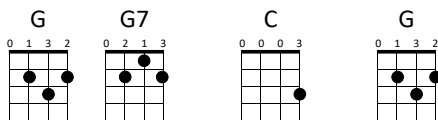


Though our hearts be wrapped in sorrows from the hope of dawn we borrow

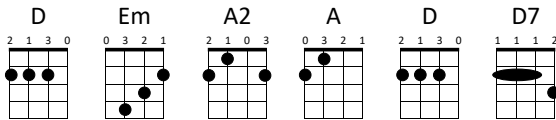


Promise of a glad tomorrow all through the night.

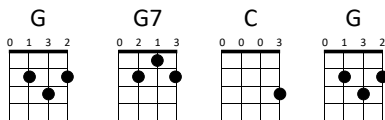
## Amazing Grace - John Newton (1725-1807)



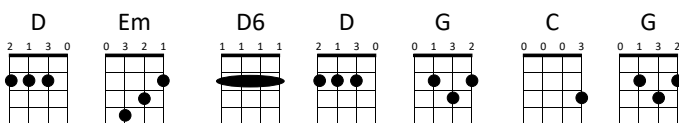
Amazing Grace, how sweet the sound,



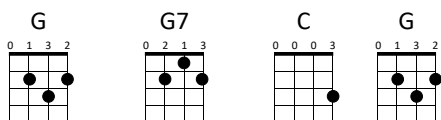
That saved a wretch. like me.



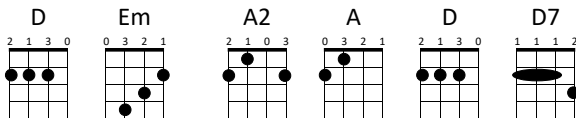
I once was lost but now am found,



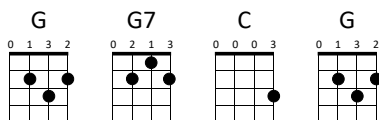
Was blind, but now I see.



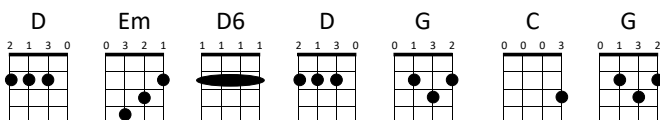
T'was Grace that taught my heart to fear.



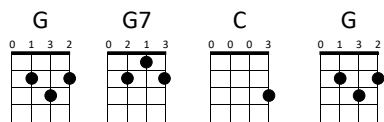
And Grace, my fears re - lieved.



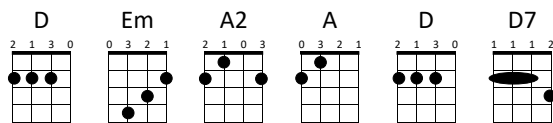
How precious did that Grace appear



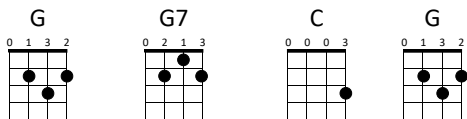
The hour I first be - lieved.



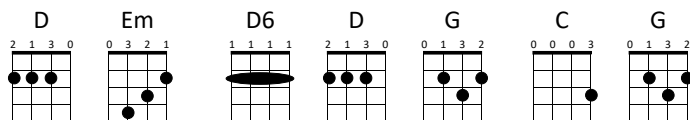
Through many dangers, toils and snares



I have already come;

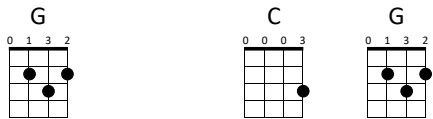


'Tis Grace that brought me safe thus far



and Grace will lead me home.

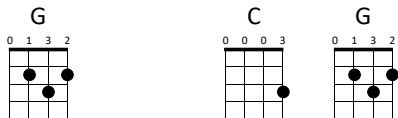
## Amazing Grace - John Newton (1725-1807) - simple chords



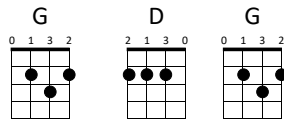
Amazing Grace, how sweet the sound,



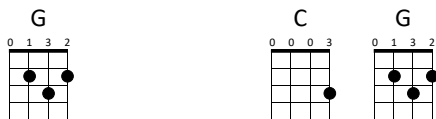
That saved a wretch like me.



I once was lost but now am found,



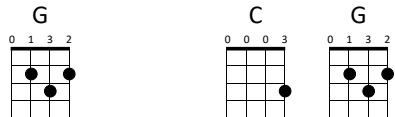
Was blind, but now I see.



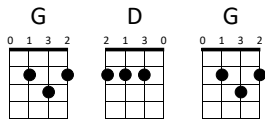
T'was Grace that taught my heart to fear.



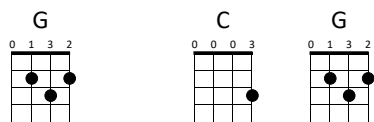
And Grace, my fears relieved.



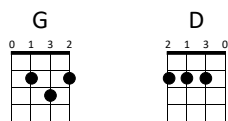
How precious did that Grace appear



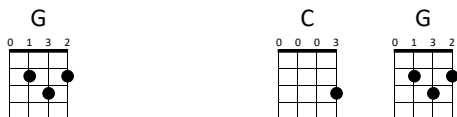
The hour I first believed.



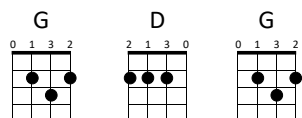
Through many dangers, toils and snares



I have already come;

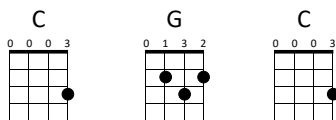


'Tis Grace that brought me safe thus far

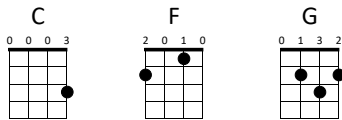


and Grace will lead me home.

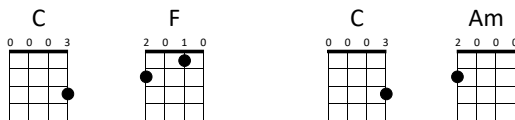
## Botany Bay



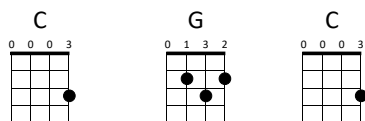
Farewell to Old England forever



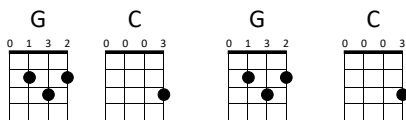
Farewell to my rum culls as well



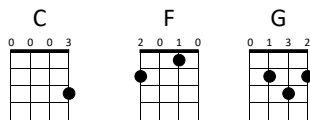
Farewell to the well-known Old Bailey



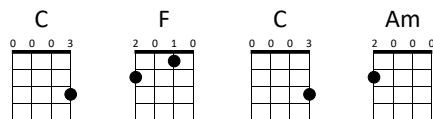
Where I once used to cut such a swell.



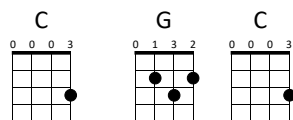
*Singing too-rall-li, oo-rall-li, ad-di-ty,*



*Singing too-rall-li, oo-rall-li-ay,*



*Singing too-rall-li, oo-rall-li, ad-di-ty,*



*We are bound for Botany Bay.*

There's the captain as is our commander,

There's the bosun and all the ship's crew

There's the first and the second class passengers

Knows what we poor convicts goes through.

*Singing too-rall-li...*

C G C  
 'Taint leaving Old England we cares about,  
 C F G  
 'Taint 'cos we misspells wot we knows  
 C F C Am  
 But becos all we light finger'd gentry  
 C G C  
 Hops around with a log on our toes.

*Singing too-rall-li...*

C G C  
 For seven long years I've been serving now,  
 C F G  
 And seven long more have to stay,  
 C F C Am  
 All for meeting a bloke down our alley,  
 C G C  
 And taking his ticker away.

*Singing too-rall-li...*

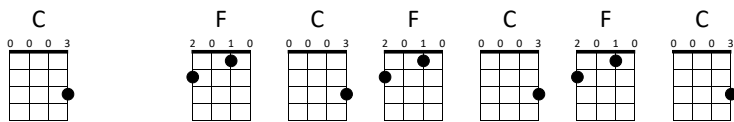
C G C  
 Oh had I the wings of a turtle-dove,  
 C F G  
 I'd soar on my pinions so high,  
 C F C Am  
 Slap bang to the arms of my Polly love,  
 C G C  
 And in her sweet presence I'd die.

*Singing too-rall-li...*

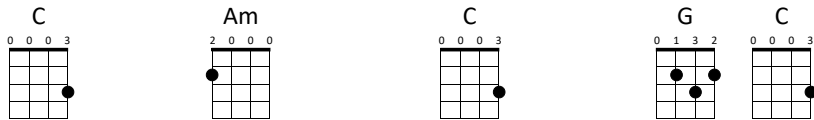
C G C  
 Now all my young Dukies and Duchesses,  
 C F G  
 Take warning from what I've to say,  
 C F C Am  
 Mind all is your own as you touch-es-es,  
 C G C  
 Or you'll find us in Botany Bay.

*Singing too-rall-li...*

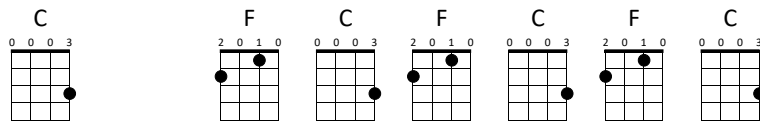
## Bound For South Australia



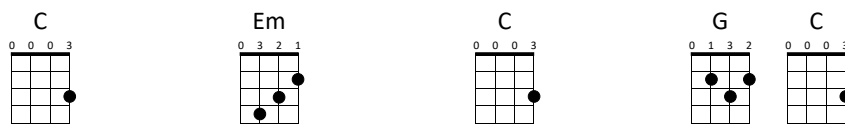
In South Australia I was born, heave away, haul away



In South Australia, 'round Cape Horn, bound for South Australia - lia



Heave away your rolling kings, heave away, haul away



Heave away, you'll hear me sing, we're bound for South Australia - lia

C F C F C F C  
I saw my lady on the quay, heave away, haul away

C Am C G C  
The tears began as she waved to me, bound for South Australia

*Heave away...*

C F C F C F C  
There's just one thing that's on my mind, heave away, haul away

C Am C G C  
That's leaving that sweet girl behind, bound for South Australia

*Heave away...*

C F C F C F C  
My dear old mother she wrote to me, heave away, haul away

C Am C G C  
My darling son, come home from sea, bound for South Australia

*Heave away...*

C                F                C    F    C    F    C  
 And as we wallop round Cape Horn, heave away, haul away  
 C                Am                C                G C  
 You'll wish you never had been born, bound for South Australia

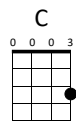
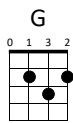
*Heave away...*

C                F    C    F    C    F    C  
 In South Australia I was born, heave away, haul away  
 C                Am                C                G C  
 In South Australia, 'round Cape Horn, bound for South Australia

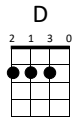
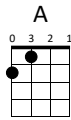
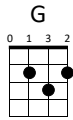
*Heave away...*

This working song has many variations.

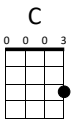
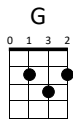
## Click Go The Shears



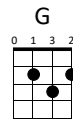
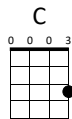
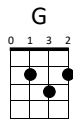
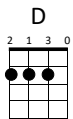
Out on the boards the old shearer stands



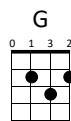
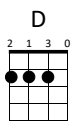
Grasping his shears in his thin bony hands



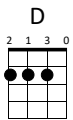
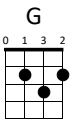
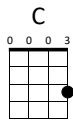
Fixed is his gaze on a bare-bellied yoe



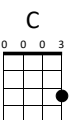
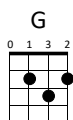
Glory if he gets her, won't he make the ringer go



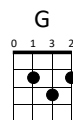
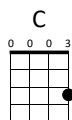
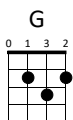
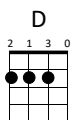
*Click go the shears, boys, click click click*



*Wide is his blow and his hands move quick*



*The ringer looks around and is beaten by a blow*



*And curses the old snagger with the bare - bellied yoe*

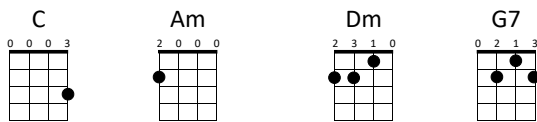
G C  
 In the middle of the floor in his cane bottomed chair  
 G A D  
 Sits the boss of the board with his eyes everywhere  
 G C  
 Notes well each fleece as it comes to the screen  
 D G C G  
 Paying strict attention that it's taken off clean

*Click go the shears...*

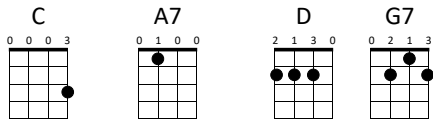
G C  
 The tar boy is there, waiting in demand  
 G A D  
 With his tar blackened tar pot, in his tarry hand  
 G C  
 Spies one old sheep with a cut upon its back  
 D G C G  
 Hears what here's been waiting for, it's "Tar here Jack!"

*Click go the shears...*

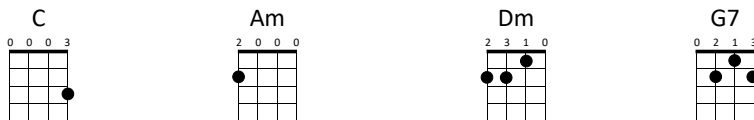
## Cockles and Mussels



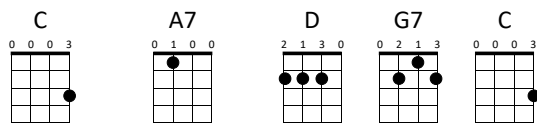
In Dublin's fair city Where the girls are so pretty



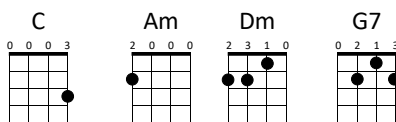
I first set my eyes upon Molly Malone



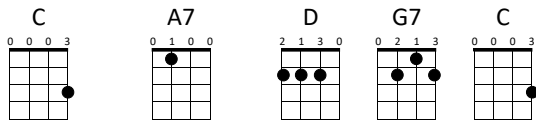
She wheeled her wheelbarrow Through the streets broad and narrow,



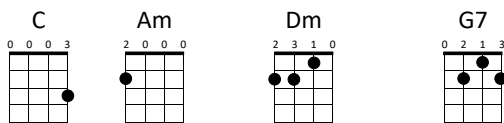
Singing, "cockles and mussels - alive, alive - o".



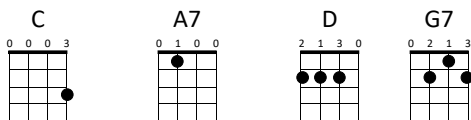
"Alive, alive-o, Alive, alive-o."



Singing, "cockles and mussels, Alive, alive-o."



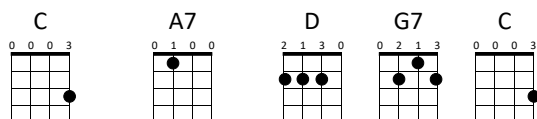
She was a fishmonger and sure 'twas no wonder



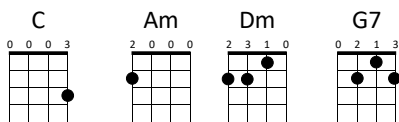
For so were her mother and father before.



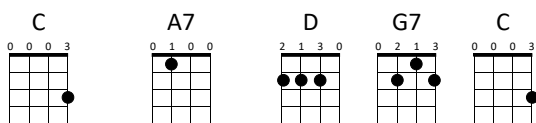
They wheeled their wheelbarrows through the streets broad and narrow,



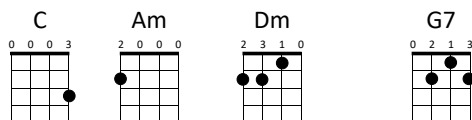
Singing, "cockles and mussels - alive, alive - o".



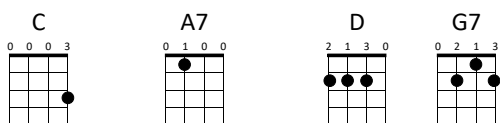
"Alive, alive-o, Alive, alive-o."



Singing, "cockles and mussels, Alive, alive-o."



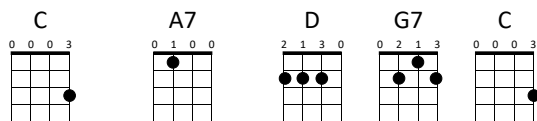
She died of a fever and no-one could save her,



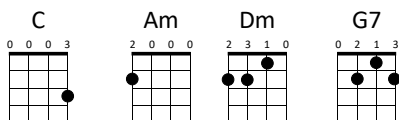
And that was the end of sweet Molly Malone,



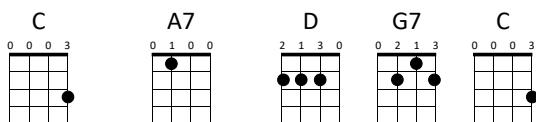
But her ghost wheels her barrow through the streets broad and narrow,



Singing, "cockles and mussels - alive, alive - o".



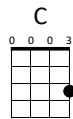
"Alive, alive-o, Alive, alive-o."



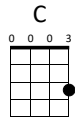
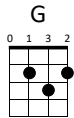
Singing, "cockles and mussels, Alive, alive-o."



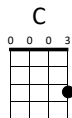
## Down By The Riverside



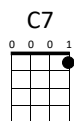
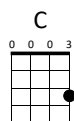
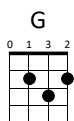
I'm gonna lay down my sleepy head, down by the riverside



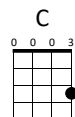
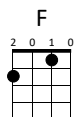
Down by the riverside, down by the riverside



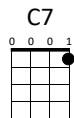
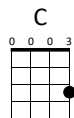
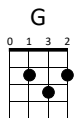
I'm gonna lay down my sleepy head, down by the riverside



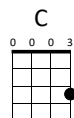
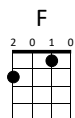
I ain't gonna study war no more



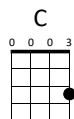
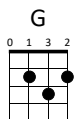
*I ain't gonna study war no more, study war no more.*



*I ain't gonna study war no more, no more!*



*I ain't gonna study war no more, ain't gonna study war no more.*



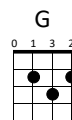
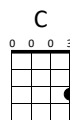
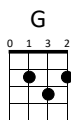
*I ain't gonna study war no more.*

I'm gonna lay all these burdens down...

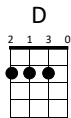
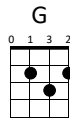
I'm gonna put on my golden shoes...

I'm gonna shake hands around the world...

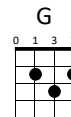
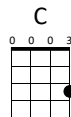
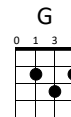
## The Drover's Dream



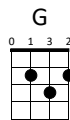
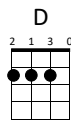
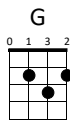
One night when travelling sheep, my companions lay asleep



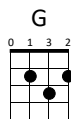
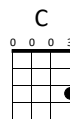
There was not a star to illuminate the sky



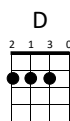
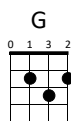
I was dreaming, I suppose, for my eyes were nearly closed



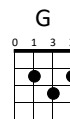
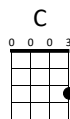
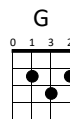
When a very strange procession passed me by



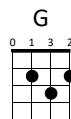
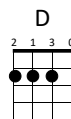
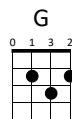
First there came a kangaroo, with his swag of blankets blue



A dingo ran beside him for a mate



They were travelling mighty fast, and they shouted as they passed



"We'll have to jog along, it's getting late"

G

C

G

The pelican and the crane, they came in from off the plain

G

D

To amuse the company with a Highland Fling

G

C

G

The dear old bandicoot played a tune upon his flute

G

D

G

And the native bears sat round them in a ring

C G  
 The drongo and the crow sang us songs of long ago  
 G D  
 While the frill-necked lizard listened with a smile  
 G C G  
 And the emu standing near with his claw up to his ear  
 G D G  
 Said, "Funniest thing I've heard for quite a while"

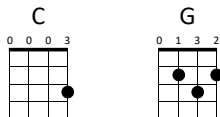
G C G  
 The frogs from out the swamp, where the atmosphere is damp  
 G D  
 Came bounding in and sat upon the stones  
 G C G  
 They each unrolled their swags and produced from out their bags  
 G D G  
 The violin, the banjo and the bones  
 C G  
 The goanna and the snake, and the adder wide awake  
 G D  
 With the crocodile then danced "The Soldier's Joy"  
 G C G  
 In the spreading silky oak the jackass cracked a joke  
 G D G  
 And the magpie sang "The Wild Colonial Boy"

G C G  
 Some brolgas darted out from the tea-tree all about  
 G D  
 And performed a set of Lancers very well  
 G C G  
 Then the parrot green and blue gave the orchestra its cue  
 G D G  
 To strike up "The Old Log Cabin in the Dell."  
 C G  
 I was dreaming, I suppose, of these entertaining shows  
 G D  
 But it never crossed my mind I was asleep  
 G C G  
 Till the Boss beneath the cart woke me up with such a start  
 G D G  
 Yelling, "Wake up, sleepy head, you've lost the sheep!"

## I Like Trucks



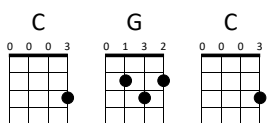
*I like trucks, big and small.*



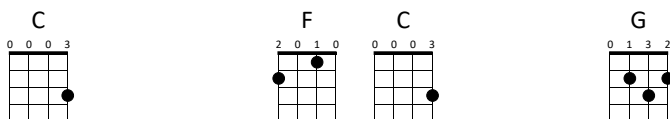
*Slow or fast I like them all.*



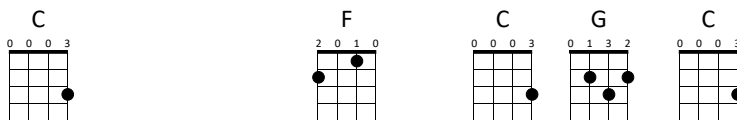
*I like trucks, I always will.*



*I like trucks!*



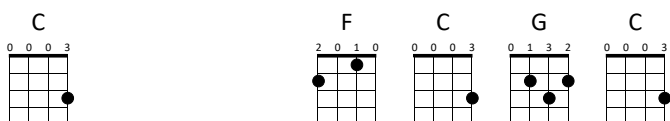
Logan likes a big dump truck. He likes more than one.



Logan says that ten dump trucks would be a lot more fun.



When you have a load to shift of dirt or soil or rocks.



Logan says those dumpers are the very best of trucks.

*I like trucks, big and small...*

C F C G  
I like to drive my little truck. I like to drive my ute.

C F C G C  
It's old and slow and noisy but I think it's really beaut.

F C G  
It carries all my instruments. It carries my canoe,

C F C G C  
And when my friends move furniture it carries for them too!

*I like trucks, big and small...*

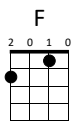
          C                                F                C                G  
I'm glad that there are garbage trucks that drive along my street,  
          C                                F                C                G                C  
And trucks that take the food to shops so we can buy and eat,  
          F                                C                                G  
A fire truck for fighting fire, a tow truck that can tow,  
          C                                F                C                G                C  
So many different trucks I see everywhere I go.

*I like trucks, big and small...*

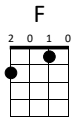
2017 Russell Baker. Written at the request of Logan, who wanted a song about trucks.



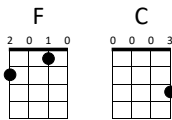
## Inanay



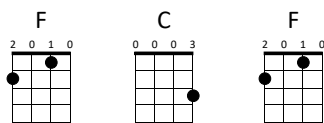
Inanay gupu wana



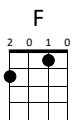
Inanay gupu wana



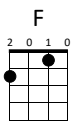
Ay ay ay oola, oola oola



Oola ay yippee yay yippee yay

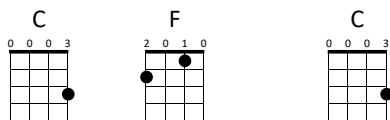


Goo wana goo wana goo wana goo wana goo wah – choo!



Goo wana goo wana goo wana goo wana goo wah – choo!

## Keep On The Sunny Side



There's a dark and a troubled side of life



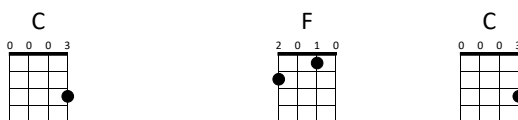
There's a bright and a sunny side, too



Though we meet with the darkness and strife



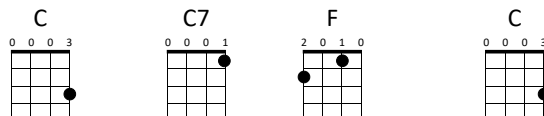
The sunny side we also may view



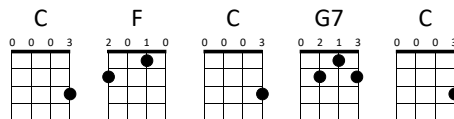
*Keep on the sunny side, always on the sunny side*



*Keep on the sunny side of life*



*It will help us every day, it will brighten all the way*



*If we'll keep on the sunny side of life*

C F C  
 The storm and its fury broke today  
 C G G7  
 Crushing hopes that we cherished so dear  
 G C  
 Clouds and storms will in time pass away  
 G7 C  
 The sun again will shine bright and clear

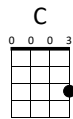
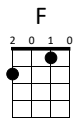
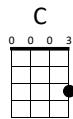
C F C  
 Keep on the sunny side, always on the sunny side  
 C G G7  
 Keep on the sunny side of life  
 C C7 F C  
 It will help us every day, it will brighten all the way  
 C F C G7 C  
 If we'll keep on the sunny side of life

C F C  
 Let us greet with a song of hope each day  
 C G G7  
 Though the moment be cloudy or fair  
 G C  
 Let us trust in our Saviour always  
 G7 C  
 To keep us everyone in His care

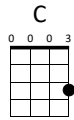
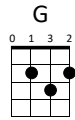
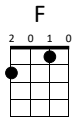
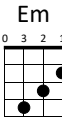
C F C  
 Keep on the sunny side, always on the sunny side  
 C G G7  
 Keep on the sunny side of life  
 C C7 F C  
 It will help us every day, it will brighten all the way  
 C F C G7 C  
 If we'll keep on the sunny side of life



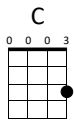
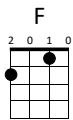
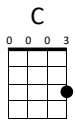
## Michael Row the Boat Ashore



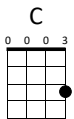
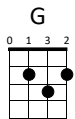
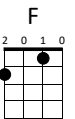
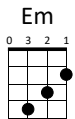
*Michael row the boat ashore, hallelu - jah*



*Michael row the boat ashore, hallelu - jah*

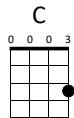
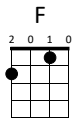
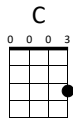


*Sister help to trim the sail, hallelu - jah*

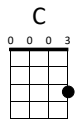
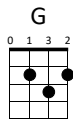
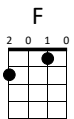
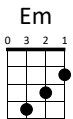


*Sister help to trim the sail, hallelu - jah*

*Michael row...*

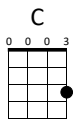
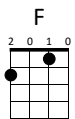
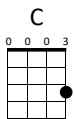


*Jordan's river is deep and is wide, hallelu - jah*

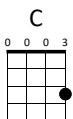
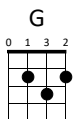
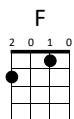
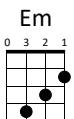


*Meet my mother on the other side, hallelu - jah*

*Michael row...*



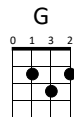
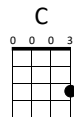
*River Jordan is chilly and cold, hallelu - jah*



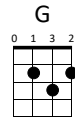
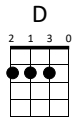
*Chills the body but not the soul, hallelu - jah*

*Michael row...*

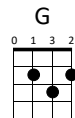
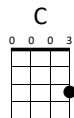
## Midnight Special



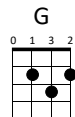
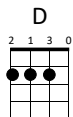
"Yonder come Miss Rosie." "How in the world do you know?"



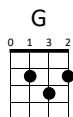
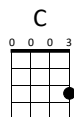
"Well I know her by the apron, and the dress she wore."



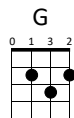
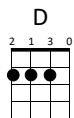
Umbrella on her shoulder, piece of paper in her hand:



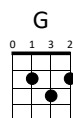
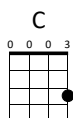
Says "I'm gonna ask the governor, to turn loose my man."



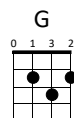
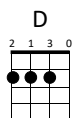
*Let the midnight special, shine a light on me;*



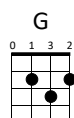
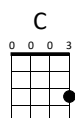
*Let the midnight special, shine the ever-loving light on me.*



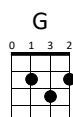
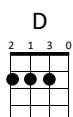
Well, you wake up in the morning You hear the work bell ring



And they march you to the table to see the same old thing.

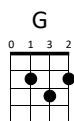
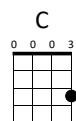


Ain't no food upon the table and no fork up in the pan

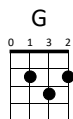
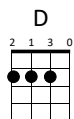


But you better not complain, boy, or you're in trouble with the man.

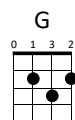
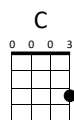
*Let the Midnight Special...*



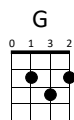
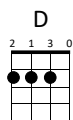
If you ever go to Houston, oh you better walk right,



And you better not argue and you better not fight;



Sheriff Rocko will arrest you, Eddie Boone will take you down.

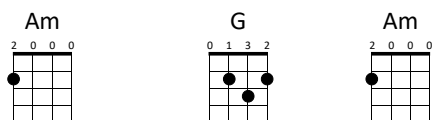


You can bet your bottom dollar, you're penitentiary bound.

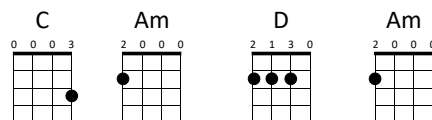
*Let the Midnight Special...*

## Scarborough Fair - Key of Am

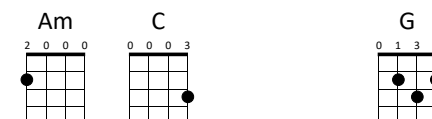
Male part:



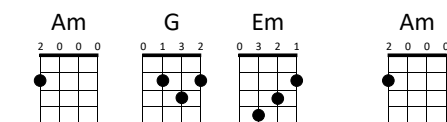
Are you going to Scarborough Fair?



Parsley, sage, rosemary, and thyme;



Remember me to one who lives there,



For she was once a true love of mine.

Am G Am  
Tell her to make me a cambric shirt,  
C Am D Am  
Parsley, sage, rosemary, and thyme;  
Am C G  
Without any seam or needlework,  
Am G Em Am  
Then she shall be a true love of mine.

Am G Am  
Tell her to wash it in yonder well,  
C Am D Am  
Parsley, sage, rosemary, and thyme;  
Am C G  
Where never sprung water or rain ever fell,  
Am G Em Am  
And she shall be a true love of mine.

Am G Am  
Tell her to dry it on yonder thorn,  
C Am D Am  
Parsley, sage, rosemary, and thyme;  
Am C G  
Which never bore blossom since Adam was born,  
Am G Em Am  
Then she shall be a true love of mine.

Female part: Am G Am  
 Now he has asked me questions three,  
 C Am D Am  
 Parsley, sage, rosemary, and thyme;  
 Am C G  
 I hope he'll answer as many for me,  
 Am G Em Am  
 Before he shall be a true love of mine.

Am G Am  
 Tell him to buy me an acre of land,  
 C Am D Am  
 Parsley, sage, rosemary, and thyme;  
 Am C G  
 Between the salt water and the sea sand,  
 Am G Em Am  
 Then he shall be a true love of mine.

Am G Am  
 Tell him to plough it with a ram's horn,  
 C Am D Am  
 Parsley, sage, rosemary, and thyme;  
 Am C G  
 And sow it all over with one peppercorn,  
 Am G Em Am  
 And he shall be a true love of mine.

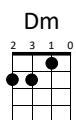
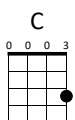
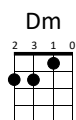
Am G Am  
 Tell him to sheer't with a sickle of leather,  
 C Am D Am  
 Parsley, sage, rosemary, and thyme;  
 Am C G  
 And bind it up with a peacock's feather,  
 Am G Em Am  
 And he shall be a true love of mine.

Am G Am  
 Tell him to thrash it on yonder wall,  
 C Am D Am  
 Parsley, sage, rosemary, and thyme;  
 Am C G  
 And never let one corn of it fall,  
 Am G Em Am  
 Then he shall be a true love of mine.

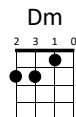
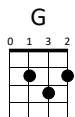
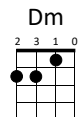
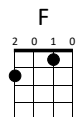
Am G Am  
 When he has done and finished his work.  
 C Am D Am  
 Parsley, sage, rosemary, and thyme;  
 Am C G  
 Oh, tell him to come and he'll have his shirt,  
 Am G Em Am  
 And he shall be a true love of mine.

## Scarborough Fair - key of Dm

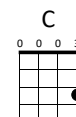
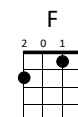
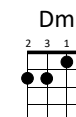
Male part:



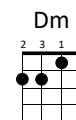
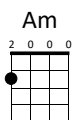
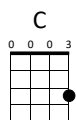
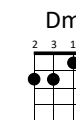
Are you going to Scarborough Fair?



Parsley, sage, rosemary, and thyme;



Remember me to one who lives there,



For she was once a true love of mine.

Dm C Dm  
Tell her to make me a cambric shirt,  
F Dm G Dm  
Parsley, sage, rosemary, and thyme;  
Dm F C  
Without any seam or needlework,  
Dm C Am Dm  
Then she shall be a true love of mine.

Dm C Dm  
Tell her to wash it in yonder well,  
F Dm G Dm  
Parsley, sage, rosemary, and thyme;  
Dm F C  
Where never sprung water or rain ever fell,  
Dm C Am Dm  
And she shall be a true love of mine.

Dm C Dm  
Tell her to dry it on yonder thorn,  
F Dm G Dm  
Parsley, sage, rosemary, and thyme;  
Dm F C  
Which never bore blossom since Adam was born,  
Dm C Am Dm  
Then she shall be a true love of mine.

Female part: Dm C Dm  
 Now he has asked me questions three,  
 F Dm G Dm  
 Parsley, sage, rosemary, and thyme;  
 Dm F C  
 I hope he'll answer as many for me,  
 Dm C Am Dm  
 Before he shall be a true love of mine.

Dm C Dm  
 Tell him to buy me an acre of land,  
 F Dm G Dm  
 Parsley, sage, rosemary, and thyme;  
 Dm F C  
 Between the salt water and the sea sand,  
 Dm C Am Dm  
 Then he shall be a true love of mine.

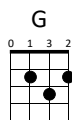
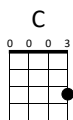
Dm C Dm  
 Tell him to plough it with a ram's horn,  
 F Dm G Dm  
 Parsley, sage, rosemary, and thyme;  
 Dm F C  
 And sow it all over with one peppercorn,  
 Dm C Am Dm  
 And he shall be a true love of mine.

Dm C Dm  
 Tell him to sheer't with a sickle of leather,  
 F Dm G Dm  
 Parsley, sage, rosemary, and thyme;  
 Dm F C  
 And bind it up with a peacock's feather,  
 Dm C Am Dm  
 And he shall be a true love of mine.

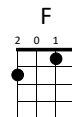
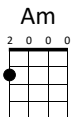
Dm C Dm  
 Tell him to thrash it on yonder wall,  
 F Dm G Dm  
 Parsley, sage, rosemary, and thyme;  
 Dm F C  
 And never let one corn of it fall,  
 Dm C Am Dm  
 Then he shall be a true love of mine.

Dm C Dm  
 When he has done and finished his work.  
 F Dm G Dm  
 Parsley, sage, rosemary, and thyme;  
 Dm F C  
 Oh, tell him to come and he'll have his shirt,  
 Dm C Am Dm  
 And he shall be a true love of mine.

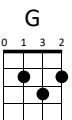
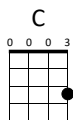
## Sing You Brave People!



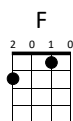
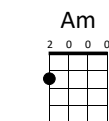
Will you tell your story? It's time for us to hear



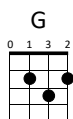
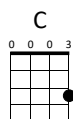
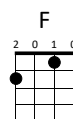
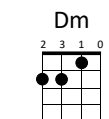
Tell us, if you're willing, we'll gladly gather near



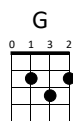
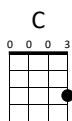
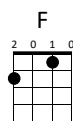
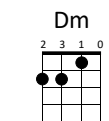
Tell us of your country, the people and their clans



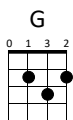
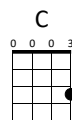
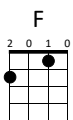
The bushlands and the deserts, salt water and the plains



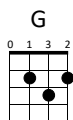
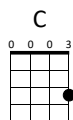
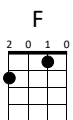
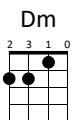
The stories of the dreaming, the song lines and the seasons



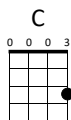
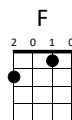
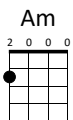
The stories of arrival, of conflict and survival



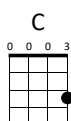
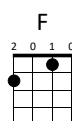
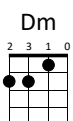
*Sing you brave people! Tell the story of this land*



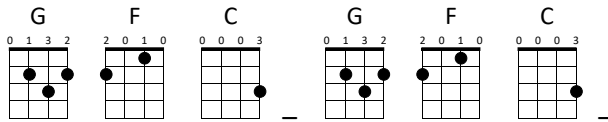
*Maybe we might hear and listen, maybe we might understand*



*Burriya ngyini gurri mudang!*



*Burriya ngyini gurri mudang!*



C G  
Will you tell your story? You came from far away  
Am F  
Across the seas, across the skies, to find a place to stay  
C G  
Tell us of the strangeness and the times you've felt at home  
Am F  
Of finding friends and family of feeling so alone  
Dm F C G  
The sad and happy memories of the life you left behind  
Dm F C G  
The hopes and expectations in the life you came to find

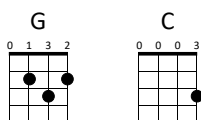
F C G  
*Sing you brave people! Tell your story in this land*  
Dm F C G  
*Maybe we might hear and listen, maybe we might understand*  
Am F C  
*Maybe in this place we can belong*  
Dm F C  
*Maybe in this place we can belong*

G F C — G F C —

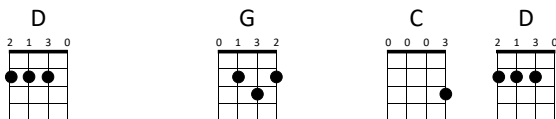
C G  
Will you hear my story? It's simple, but it's true  
Am F  
And though we may seem different...  
C  
I'm still a lot like you

F C G  
*Sing you brave people! Tell the stories of this land*  
Dm F C G  
*Maybe we might hear and listen, maybe we might understand*  
F C G  
*Sing you brave people! Tell the stories of this land*  
Dm F C G  
*Maybe we might hear and listen, maybe we might understand*  
Am F C G  
*Maybe in this place we can belong*  
Am F C G  
*Maybe in this place we can belong*  
Am F C  
*Burriya ngyini gurri mudang!*  
Dm F C  
*Burriya ngyini gurri mudang!*

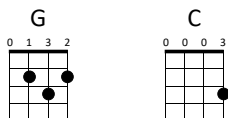
## Taba Naba



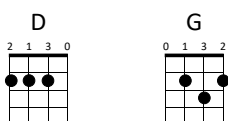
Taba naba naba norem



Tugei penaisir mi dinghy em nabatre



Me ko keimi sirir em narbare

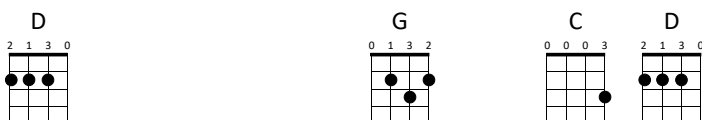


Taba naba norem

Style!



Come, let's go, let's row to the reef



Get into the dinghy when the morning tide is low - ho

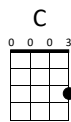
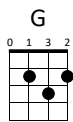


Let's row out to the edge of the reef

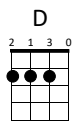
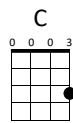
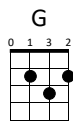
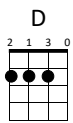


Come, let us go to the reef

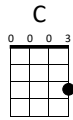
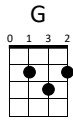
Fishing... surfing...



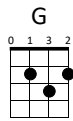
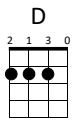
Taba naba naba norem



Tugei penaisir mi dinghy em nabatre



Me ko keimi sirir em narbare



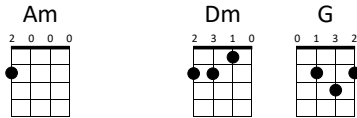
Taba naba norem

Style!

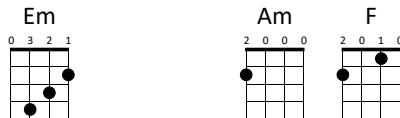
## The Water Is Wide - Key of C



The water is wide and I cannot get o'er;



Nor yet have I the wings to fly;



Bring me a boat that can carry two



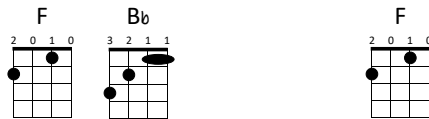
And both shall row - my love and I.

C F C  
 Oh love is gentle, and love is kind,  
 Am Dm G  
 Bright as a jewel when first it's new,  
 Em Am F  
 Shall love grow old, become so cold  
 C G F C  
 And fade away like the morning dew?

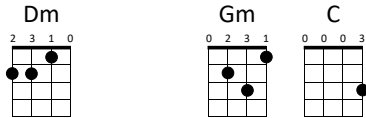
C F C  
 There is a ship and it sails the sea;  
 Am Dm G  
 It's loaded deep as deep can be,  
 Em Am F  
 But not so deep as this love I'm in.  
 C G F C  
 I know not if I sink or swim.

The water is wide...

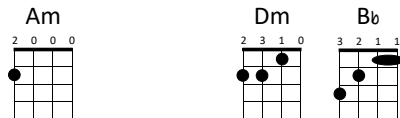
## The Water Is Wide - Key of F



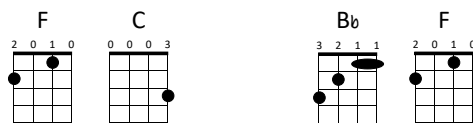
The water is wide and I cannot get o'er;



Nor yet have I the wings to fly;



Bring me a boat that can carry two



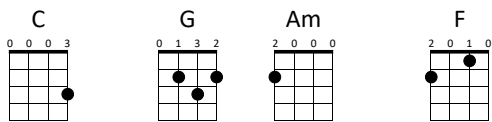
And both shall row - My love and I.

F Bb F  
 Oh love is gentle, and love is kind,  
 Dm Gm C  
 Bright as a jewel when first it's new,  
 Am Dm Bb  
 Shall love grow old, become so cold  
 F C Bb F  
 And fade away like the morning dew?

F Bb F  
 There is a ship and it sails the sea;  
 Dm Gm C  
 It's loaded deep as deep can be,  
 Am Dm Bb  
 But not so deep as this love I'm in.  
 F C Bb F  
 I know not if I sink or swim.

The water is wide...

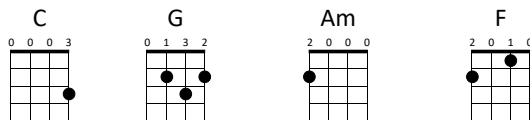
## Waltzing Matilda



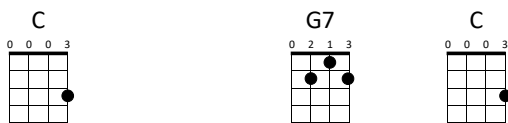
Once a jolly swagman camped by a billabong



Under the shade of coolibah tree



And he sang as he watched and waited 'til his billy boiled



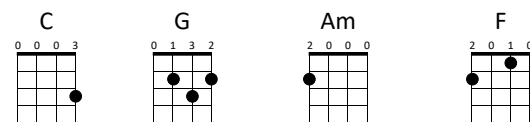
Who'll come a-waltzing matilda with me?



*Waltzing matilda, waltzing matilda*



*Who'll come a waltzing matilda with me?*



*And he sang as he watched and waited 'til his billy boiled*



*Who'll come a waltzing matilda with me?*

C                      G                      Am                      F  
Down came a jumbuck to dri-ink at that billabong

C    G7  
Up jumped the swagman and grabbed him with glee

C                      G                      Am                      F  
And he sang as he stuffed that jumbuck in his tucker-bag

C    G7                      C  
You'll come a-waltzing matilda with me

*Waltzing matilda...*

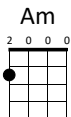
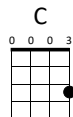
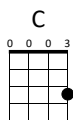
C            G            Am            F  
 Up rode the squatter, mounted on his thoroughbred  
 C                    G7  
 Up rode the troopers, one, two, three  
 C                    G            Am            F  
 "Where's that jolly jumbuck you've got in your tucker-bag?"  
 C                    G7            C  
 You'll come a-waltzing matilda with me

*Waltzing matilda...*

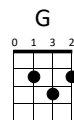
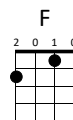
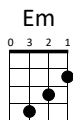
C            G            Am            F  
 Up jumped the swagman and sprang into that billabong  
 C                    G7  
 "You'll never take me alive!", said he  
           C            G            Am            F  
 And his ghost may be heard as you pass by that billabong  
 C                    G7            C  
 Who'll come a waltzing matilda with me?

*Waltzing matilda...*

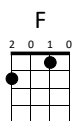
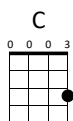
## Warami Ngallowah Mittigar



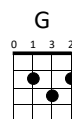
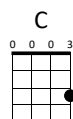
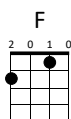
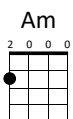
Warami ngallowah mittigar.



Warami ngallowah mittigar.

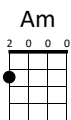
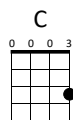


Bayala. Ngarala. Tiatila.

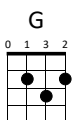
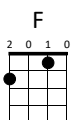
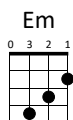


Burriyala!

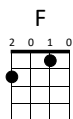
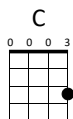
Burriyala!



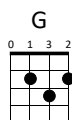
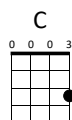
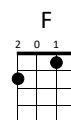
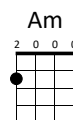
Warami ngallowah mittigar.



Warami ngallowah mittigar.



Bayala. Ngarala. Tiatila.

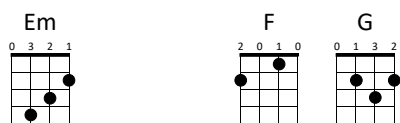


Burriyala!

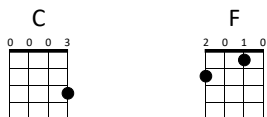
Burriyala!



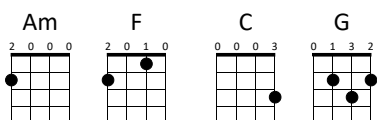
Warami ngallowah mittigar.



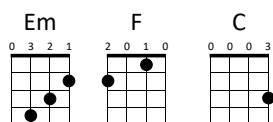
Warami ngallowah mittigar.



Bayala. Ngarala. Tiatila.



Burriyala! Burriyala!



Burriyala! Burriyala!

*Translation:*

*Hello, come sit down, friend.*

*Hello, come sit down, friend.*

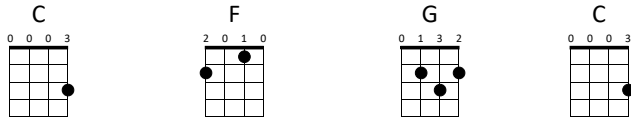
*Let's talk, Let's listen. Let's learn.*

*Let' sing. Let's sing.*

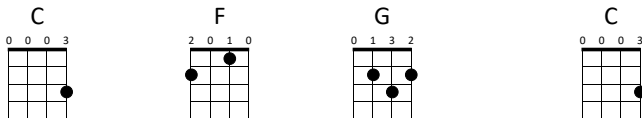
## The Wild Colonial Boy



There was a Wild Colonial Boy, Jack Doolan was his name,



Of poor but honest parents, he was born in Castlemaine.



He was his father's only son, his mother's pride and joy,



And dearly did his parents love the Wild Colonial Boy.

When scarcely sixteen years of age he left his native home,

And to Australia's sunny shores a bushranger did roam.

They put him in the iron gang, in the Government's employ,

But ne'er an iron on earth could hold the Wild Colonial Boy.

*So come away, me hearties, we'll roam the mountains high,*

*Together we will plunder, and together we will die.*

*We'll scour along the valleys, and gallop o'er the plains,*

*And scorn to live in slavery, bound down by iron chains.*

In sixty-one this daring youth commenced his wild career,

His heart, it knew no danger and no foeman did he fear.

He robbed the Beechworth mail-coach, and bailed up Judge MacEvoy,

Who, trembling cold, gave up his gold to the Wild Colonial Boy

C F G C  
 He bade the judge "Good morning", and told him to beware,  
 C F G C  
 That he'd never rob a needy man, or one who acted square,  
 C F G C  
 But a judge who'd rob a mother of her one and only joy,  
 C F G C  
 Sure, he must be a worse outlaw than the Wild Colonial Boy. *So come away, me hearties...*

C F G C  
 One day as Jack was riding the mountainside along,  
 C F G C  
 And listening to the kookaburra's happy laughing song,  
 C F G C  
 Three mounted troopers came along: Kelly, Davis and Fitzroy,  
 C F G C  
 With a warrant for the capture of the Wild Colonial Boy.

C F G C  
 "Surrender now, Jack Doolan, you see it's three to one.  
 C F G C  
 Surrender in the Queen's own name, you are a highwayman."  
 C F G C  
 Jack drew a pistol from his belt and waved it like a toy.  
 C F G C  
 "I'll fight, but not surrender," cried the Wild Colonial Boy. *So come away, me hearties...*

C F G C  
 He fired at Trooper Kelly and brought him to the ground,  
 C F G C  
 And in return from Davis he received a mortal wound.  
 C F G C  
 All shattered through the jaws he lay, still firing at Fitzroy,  
 C F G C  
 And that's the way they captured him - the Wild Colonial Boy.

C F G C  
 If e'er his mother heard his fate: to die alone in pain,  
 C F G C  
 It surely would have broke her heart in far-off Castlemaine.  
 C F G C  
 But Jack lives on in legend now, his tale, they'll ne'er destroy.  
 C F G C  
 We'll sing and we'll remember him, the Wild Colonial Boy. *So come away, me hearties...*

