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VICTORIAN FABIAN SOCIETY

SOCIALIST SONGS

EDITED BY RACE MATHEWS

"Does a song serve no useful end, fulfil no useful purpose? The Marseillaise and the Carmagnole have overthrown the armies of Kings and Emperors."

Anatole France.

PRICE: TWO SHILLINGS

Muriel Hagney

DEDICATION

The student socialist movements of the thirties and forties had a singing tradition; those who belonged to them may forget the politics, but they do not forget the songs. During the early fifties this tradition was lost, the urge to sing waning with the numbers and the enthusiasm of the singers. Somewhere along the line a generation of young socialists moved on without teaching its songs to its successors, and a chain stretching back to the first formation of the Labor Clubs was broken.

Today burgeoning A.L.P. Clubs are bringing Australia's universities a radicalism which already equals, and may yet surpass, that of the legendary forties. Before he died, the late Bill Thomas taught a new generation of student socialists the pleasures of singing, and it is to his memory that the Fabian Society dedicates this collection.

The songs in this booklet are divided into:

1. Traditional Socialist Songs — Pages 2-8
2. Australian Songs — Pages 9-16
3. Socialist and Revolutionary Songs from other nations Pages 17-42
4. Student Songs — Pages 43-64

TRADITIONAL SOCIALIST SONGS

INDEX

Solidarity Forever	3
The Red Flag	4
The March of the Workers	5
The Internationale	7
Jerusalem	8

SOLIDARITY FOREVER

When the Union's inspiration through the workers'
blood has run,
There can be no power greater anywhere beneath the
sun,
Yet what force on earth is weaker than the feeble
strength of one?
But the Union makes us strong.

**Solidarity for ever,
Solidarity for ever,
Solidarity for ever,
For the Union makes us strong.**

Is there aught we hold in common with the greedy
parasite,
Who would lash us into serfdom and would crush us
with his might?
Is there anything left for us but to organise and fight?
While the Union makes us strong.

All the world that's owned by idle drones is ours and
ours alone,
We have laid the wide foundations, built it skywards
stone by stone.
It is ours, and not to slave in, but to master and to own
While the Union makes us strong.

They have taken untold millions that they never toiled
to earn,
But without our brain and muscle not a single wheel
can turn.
We can break their haughty power, gain our freedom
while we learn
That the Union makes us strong.

It is we who plowed the prairies, built the cities where
they trade,
Dug the mines and built the workshops, endless miles
of railway laid.

Now we stand, outcast and starving mid the owners we
have made,
But the Union makes us strong.

In our hands is placed a power greater than their
hoarded gold,

Greater than the might of armies magnified a
thousand fold;

We can bring to birth the new world from the ashes
of the old,

For the Union makes us strong.

Ralph H. Chaplin.

THE RED FLAG

The People's Flag is deepest red;
It shrouded oft our martyred dead,
And ere their limbs grew stiff and cold
Their heart's blood dyed its ev'ry fold.

Then raise the scarlet standard high!
Within its shade we'll live and die!
Though cowards flinch and traitors sneer
We'll keep the Red Flag flying here.

Look round, the Frenchman loves its blaze;
The sturdy German chants its praise;
In Moscow's halls its hymns are sung;
Chicago swells the surging throng!

It waved above our infant might
When all ahead seemed dark as night;
It witnessed many a deed and vow —
We must not change its colour now!

It well recalls the triumphs past;
It gives the hope of peace at last.
The banner bright, the symbol plain
Of human right and human gain.

It suits today the weak and base,
Whose minds are fixed on pelf and place,
To cringe before the rich man's frown,
And haul the sacred emblem down

With heads uncovered swear we all
To bear it onward till we fall!
Come dungeon dark, or gallows grim,
This song shall be our parting hymn.

Jim Connell.

THE MARCH OF THE WORKERS

Tune: John Brown's Body.

What is this, the sound and rumour? What is this that
all men hear
Like the wind in hollow valleys when the storm is
drawing near,
Like the rolling on of ocean in the eventide of fear?
'Tis the people marching on.

Hark the rolling of the thunder, Lo! the sun! and lo,
thereunder
Riseth wrath and hope, and wonder, And the host
comes marching on.

Whither go they and whence come they? What are
these of whom ye tell?
In what country are they dwelling 'twixt the gates of
heaven and hell?
Are they mine or thine for money? Will they serve a
master well?
Still the rumour's marching on.

Forth they come from grief and torment; on they wend
towards health and mirth.

All the wide world is their dwelling, every corner of
the earth.

Buy them, sell them for thy service. Try the bargain
what 'tis worth,

For the days are marching on.

These are they who built thy houses, weave thy raiment,
win thy wheat,

Smooth the rugged, fill the barren, turn the bitter
into sweet,

All for thee this day — and ever. What reward for
them is meet

Till the host comes marching on.

Many a hundred years passed over have they laboured
deaf and blind;

Never tidings reached their sorrow, never hope their
toil might find,

Now at last they've heard and hear it, and the cry
comes down the wind,

And their feet are marching on.

O ye rich men, hear and tremble, for with words the
sound is rife:

Once for you and death we laboured; changed hence-
forward is the strife,

We are men, and we shall battle for the world of men
and life;

And our host is marching on.

It is war, then? Will ye perish as the dry wood in the
fire?

Is it peace? then be ye of us, let our hope be our
desire.

Come and live! for life awaketh, and the world shall
never tire;

And the hope is marching on.

On we march, then we, the workers, and the rumour
that ye hear

Is the blended sound of battle and deliv'rance drawing
near,

For the hope of every creature is the banner that we
bear,

And the world is marching on.

William Morris.

THE INTERNATIONALE

Arise, ye workers from your slumbers,

Arise, ye prisoners of want.

For reason in revolt now thunders,

And at last ends the age of cant.

Now away with all superstitions,

Servile masses, arise! arise!

We'll change henceforth the old conditions,

And scorn the dust to win the prize.

Then comrades, come rally!

And the last fight let us face.

The International

Unites the human race.

We peasants, artisans and others

Enrolled among the sons of toil,

We'll claim henceforth the earth as brothers,

Drive the indolent from the soil!

On our flesh too long has fed the raven,

We've been too long the vulture's prey,

But now farewell the spirit craven,

The dawn brings in a brighter day.

No saviours from on high deliver,

No trust have we in prince or peer,

Our own right hands the chains must shiver —

Chains of hatred, of greed and fear.

Ere the thieves will out with their booty,
And to each give a happier lot,
Each at his forge must do his duty
And strike the iron while it's hot.

Eugene Pottier.

JERUSALEM

And did those feet in ancient time walk upon England's
mountains green?
And was the Holy Lamb of God on England's pleasant
pastures seen?
And did the Countenance Divine shine forth upon our
clouded hills?
And was Jerusalem builded here among these dark
satanic mills?

Bring me my bow of burning gold! bring me my arrows
of desire!
Bring me my spear! O clouds unfold! bring me my
chariot of fire!
I will not cease from mental fight; nor shall my sword
sleep in my hand
Till we have built Jerusalem in England's green and
pleasant land!

William Blake.

AUSTRALIAN SONGS

INDEX

Waltzing Matilda	10
Bump Me Into Parliament	10
The Wild Colonial Boy	12
Click Go The Shears	13
The Banks Of The Condamine	14
The Ballad Of 1891	15

WALTZING MATILDA

Once a jolly swagman camped by a billabong,
Under the shade of a coolibah tree
And he sang as he sat and waited till his billy boiled,
You'll come a-waltzing Matilda with me.

Waltzing Matilda, waltzing Matilda,
You'll come a-waltzing Matilda with me.
And he sang as he sat and waited till his billy boiled.
You'll come a-waltzing Matilda with me.

Down came a jumbuck to drink at the billabong,
Up jumped the swagman and grabbed him with glee;
And he sang as he shoved that jumbuck in his tucker
bag,
You'll come a-waltzing Matilda with me.

Up rode the squatter, mounted on his thoroughbred,
Down came the troopers, one, two, three;
Where's that jolly jumbuck you've got in your tucker
bag?
You'll come a-waltzing Matilda with me.

Up jumped the swagman, sprang into the billabong,
You'll never catch me alive, said he,
And his ghost may be heard as you pass by that
billabong,
You'll come a-waltzing Matilda with me.

A. B. ("Banjo") Paterson.

BUMP ME INTO PARLIAMENT

Tune: Yankee Doodle.

Come listen, all kind friends of mine,
I want to move a motion,
To make an eldorado here,
I've got a bonzer notion.

**Bump me into Parliament,
Bounce me any wa——y.
Bang me into Parliament,
On next election day.**

Some very wealthy friends I know
Declare I am most clever,
While some may talk for an hour or so.
Why, I can talk for ever.

I know the Arbitration Act
As a sailor knows his "riggins",
So if you want a small advance
I'll talk to Justice Higgins.

Oh yes I am a Labor man,
And believe in revolution;
The quickest way to bring them on
Is talking constitution.

I've read my library ten times through,
And wisdom justifies me.
The man who does not vote for me,
By Cripes he crucifies me.

**So bump 'em into Parliament,
Bounce 'em any way;
Bang 'em into Parliament,
Don't let the Court decay.**

From "Songs of the Industrial Labor Party", where
it is attributed to "Casey, of the One Big Union League,
Melbourne".

THE WILD COLONIAL BOY

Tune: The Wearing of the Green.

There was a wild colonial boy, Jack Doolan was his name,

Of poor but honest parents, he was born in Castle-maine.

He was his father's only hope, his mother's only joy,
And dearly did his parents love the wild colonial boy.

Come, all my hearties, we'll roam the mountains high,
Together we will plunder, together we will die.

We'll wander over valleys and gallop over plains,
And we'll scorn to live in slavery, bound down with iron chains.

He was scarcely sixteen years of age when he left his father's home,

And through Australia's sunny clime a bushranger did roam.

He robbed those wealthy squatters, their stock he did destroy,

And a terror to Australia was the wild colonial boy.

In '61 this daring youth commenced his wild career,
With a heart that knew no danger, no foeman did he fear.

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

Who trembled and gave up his gold to the wild colonial boy.

He bade the judge good morning, and told him to beware,

That he'd never rob a hearty chap that acted on the square;

And never to rob a mother of her only son and joy,
Or else he might turn outlaw like the wild colonial boy.

One day as he was riding the mountain-side along,
A-listening to the little birds, their pleasant, laughing song,

Three mounted troopers rode along, Kelly, Davis and Fitzroy—

They thought that they would capture him, the wild colonial boy.

Surrender now, Jack Doolan, you see there's three to one,

Surrender now, Jack Doolan, you daring highway-man!

He drew a pistol from his belt and shook the little toy,
I'll fight but never surrender! said the wild colonial boy.

He fired at Trooper Kelly and brought him to the ground

And in return from Davis received a mortal wound.
All shattered through the jaw he lay, still firing at Fitzroy—

And that's the way they captured him, the wild colonial boy.

CLICK GO THE SHEARS

Tune: Ring the Bell, Watchman.

Out on the board the old shearer stands,

Grasping his shears in his thin bony hands;

Fixed is his gaze on a blue bellied Joe,

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 blue bellied Joe.

In the middle of the floor in his cane-bottomed chair,
Is the boss of the board, with eyes ev'rywhere;
Notes well each fleece as it comes to the screen,
Paying strict attention if it's taken off clean.

The tar boy is there and awaiting in demand,
With his blacken'd tar pot and his tarry hand;
Sees one old sheep with a cut upon his back,
Here's what he is waiting for, Tar here, Jack!
Shearing is all over and we've all got our cheques,
Roll up your swag we're off on his tracks;
The first pub we come to it's there we'll have a spree,
And everyone that comes along it's Come and drink
with me!
Down by the bar the old shearer stands,
Grasping his glass in his thin bony hands;
Fixed is his gaze on a green painted keg,
Glory he'll get down on it, ere he stirs a peg.
There we leave him standing "shouting" for the hands,
Whilst all around him, ev'ry shooter stands;
His eyes are on the cask, which now is low'ring fast,
He works hard, he drinks hard and goes to hell at last.

THE BANKS OF THE CONDAMINE

Oh, hark the dogs are barking, love, I can no longer stay,
The men are all gone mustering and it is nearly day,
And I must be off by the morning light before the sun
doth shine,
To meet the Sydney shearers on the banks of the
Condamine.
Oh Willie, dearest Willie, I'll go along with you,
I'll cut off all my auburn fringe and be a shearer, too,
I'll cook and count your tally, love, while ringero you
shine,
And I'll wash your greasy moleskins on the banks of
the Condamine.

Oh, Nancy, dearest Nancy, with me you cannot go,
The squatters have given orders, love, no woman
should do so;
Your delicate constitution is not equal unto mine,
To stand the constant tigering on the banks of the
Condamine.
Oh Willie, dearest Willie, then stay back home with me,
We'll take up a selection and a farmer's wife I'll be:
I'll help you husk the corn, love, and cook your meals
so fine,
You'll forget the ram-stag mutton on the banks of
the Condamine.
Oh, Nancy, dearest Nancy, please do not hold me back,
Down there the boys are waiting, and I must be on
the track;
So here's a goodbye kiss, love, back home here I'll
incline,
When we've shore the last of the jumbucks, on the
banks of the Condamine.

THE BALLAD OF 1891

The price of wool was falling in 1891;
The men who owned the acres saw something must
be done,
We will break the Shearers' Union and show we're
masters still,
And they'll take the terms we give them or we'll find
the men who will!
From Claremont to Barcaldine the shearers' camps were
full,
Ten thousand blades were ready to strip the greasy
wool;
When through the west like thunder rang out the
union's call,
The sheds'll be shore union or they won't be shore
at all!

O, Billy Lane was with them—his words were like a flame—

The flag of blue above them, they spoke Eureka's name.

Tomorrow, said the squatters, You'll find it does not pay,

We're bringing up free laborers to get the clip away.
Tomorrow, said the shearers, they may not be so keen,

We can mount three thousand horsemen to show them what we mean.

Then we'll pack the west with troopers, from Bourke to Charters Towers—

You can have your fill of speeches but the final strength is ours.

Be damned to your six shooters, your troopers and police,

The sheep are growing heavy, the burr is on the fleece!

Then if Nordenfeldt and Gatling won't bring you to your knees,

We'll find a law, the squatters said, that's made for times like these!

To trial at Rockhampton the fourteen men were brought;

The judge has got his orders, the squatters owned the Court.

But for every man was sentenced a thousand won't forget,

Where they gaol a man for striking—it's a rich man's country yet.

Words: Helen G. Palmer; Music: D. M. Jacobs.

SOCIALIST AND REVOLUTIONARY SONGS FROM OTHER NATIONS

INDEX

La Marseillaise	18
La Carmagnole	19
Bandiera Rossa	19
The Battle Hymn Of The Republic	20
Jarama Valley	21
Roll On Columbia	21
Frankie And Johnnie	22
Joe Hill	24
Casey Jones	25
Casey Jones The Union Scab	26
The Vicar Of Bray	28
She Was Poor, But She Was Honest	29
The Thaelmann Column	31
Die Thälmann-Kolonne	31
Himno De Riego	32
The Four Generals	33
Hans Beimler	34
The Wearing Of The Green	35
Kevin Barry	36
The Croppy Boy	37
God Save Ireland	38
My Old Howth Gun	39
The Rising Of The Moon	40
The Foggy Dew	41

LA MARSEILLAISE

Allons, enfants de la Patrie,
Le jour de gloire est arrive;
Contre nous de la tyrannie
L'étendard sanglant est leve. (bis).
Entendez-vous dans les campagnes
Mugir ces ferores soldats?
Ils viennent jusque dans nos bras,
Egorger nos fils, nos compagnes!

Aux armes, Citoyens!
Formez vos bataillons,
Marchons, marchons,
Qu'un sang impur
Abreuve nos sillons!

Tremblez, tyrans, et vous, perfides,
L'opprobre de tous les partis!
Tremblez! vos projets parricides
Vont enfin recevoir leur prix. (bis).
Tout est soldat pour vous combattre;
S'ils tombent, nos jeunes Heros,
La terre en produit de nouveaux,
Contre vous tout prêts a se battre.

Amour sacre de la Patrie,
Conduits, soutiens nos bras vengeurs.
Liberte, liberte cherie,
Combats avec tes defenseurs. (bis).
Sous nos drapeaux que la Victoire
Accoure tes males accents;
Que tes ennemis exultants
Voient ton triomphe et notre gloire!

Rouget de Lisle.

LA CARMAGNOLE

Madame Veto avait promis
De faire egorger tout Paris. (bis).
Mais con coup a manque
Grace a nos canoniers,
Dansons la Carmagnole
Vive le son! Vive le son!
Dansons la Carmagnole
Vive le son du canon.
Ah, ca ira, ca ira, ca ira,
Tous les aristocrats a la lanterne.
Ah, ca ira, ca ira, ca ira,
Tous les aristocrats on les pendra.
Vive la commune de Paris
Ses mitrailieuses et son fusils. (bis).

Après s'être battue
La commune a vaincu
Elle a eu sa revanche
Vive le son! Vive le son!
Elle a eu sa revanche
Vive le son du canon.

Ah, ca ira, ca ira, ca ira,
Tous les bourgeois a la lanterne
Ah, ca ira, ca ira, ca ira,
Tous les bourgeois on les pendra.

BANDIERA ROSSA

Avanti popolo, alla riscossa,
Bandiera rossa, bandiera rossa;
Avanti popolo, alla riscossa,
Bandiera rossa,
Trionfera!

Bandiera rossa trionfera!
Bandiera rossa trionfera!
Bandiera rossa trionfera!
Eviva socialisme e liberta!

THE BATTLE HYMN OF THE REPUBLIC

Tune: John Brown's Body.

Mine eyes have seen the glory of the coming of the Lord;

He is trampling out the vintage where the grapes of
wrath are stored;

He hath loosed the fateful lightening of His terrible
swift sword:

His truth is marching on.

Glory, glory hallelujah

Glory, glory hallelujah

Glory, glory hallelujah

His truth is marching on.

I have seen Him in the watch-fires of a hundred circling
camps;

They have builded Him an altar in the evening dews
and damps;

I can read His righteous sentence by the dim and
flaring lamps;

His day is marching on.

I have read a fiery gospel, writ in burnished rows of
steel;

As ye deal with My contemnners, so with you My grace
shall deal;

Let the Hero, born of woman, crush the serpent with
his heel,

Since God is marching on.

He has sounded forth the trumpet that shall never call
retreat;

He is sifting out the hearts of men before His
judgement-seat;

Oh, be swift, my soul to answer Him! be jubilant, my
feet!

Our God is marching on.

In the beauty of the lilies Christ was born across the
sea,

With the glory in His bosom that transfigures you
and me:

As He died to make men holy, let us die to make men
free,

While God is marching on.

Julia Ward Howe.

JARAMA VALLEY

Tune: Red River Valley.

There's a valley in Spain called Jarama,

It's a place that we all know so well.

It was there that we gave of our manhood,
Where so many of our brave comrades fell.

We are proud of the Lincoln Battalion

And the fight for Madrid that it made,

There we fought like true sons of the people

As part of the Fifteenth Brigade.

Now we're far from that valley of sorrow,

But its mem'ry we'll never forget,

In the midst of the struggles around us,

Let's remember our glorious dead.

ROLL ON, COLUMBIA

Green Douglas fir where the waters cut through,

Down her wild mountains and canyons she flew,

Canadian North-west to the ocean so blue,

It's roll on, Columbia, roll on.

Roll on, Columbia, roll on,

Roll on, Columbia, roll on,

Your power is turning our darkness to dawn,

So roll on, Columbia, roll on.

Other great rivers add power to you,
Yakima, Snake, and the Klickitat, too,
Sandy Willamette, and Hood River, too,
Roll on, Columbia, roll on.

Tom Jefferson's vision would not let him rest,
An empire he saw in the Pacific North-west,
Sent Lewis and Clarke and they did the rest,
Roll on, Columbia, roll on.

It's there on your banks that we fought many a fight,
Sheridan's boys in the blockhouse that night,
They saw us in death but never in flight,
Roll on, Columbia, roll on.

At Bonneville now there are ships in the locks,
The waters have risen and cleared all the rocks.
Ship loads of plenty will steam past the docks, so
Roll on, Columbia, roll on.

And on up the river is Grand Coulee Dam,
The mightiest thing ever built by a man, —
To run the great factories and water the land, it's
Roll on, Columbia, roll on.

These mighty men laboured by day and by night,
Matching their strength 'gainst the river's wild flight,
Through rapids and falls they won the hard fight,
Roll on, Columbia, roll on.

Woody Guthrie.

FRANKIE AND JOHNNIE

Frankie and Johnny were lovers
Oh lord how they did love,
They swore to be true to each other,
Just as true as the stars above
He was her man, he wouldn't do her wrong.

Frankie went down to the corner
Just for a bucket of beer,
She said, Mr. Bartender
Has my lover Johnny been here?
He is my man, he wouldn't do me wrong.
I don't want to cause you no trouble
Don't want to tell you no lie
But I saw your lover half an hour ago
With a girl named Nellie Bligh
He is your man, but he's doin' you wrong.
Frankie looked over the transom,
Over the transom so high,
There on the sofa was Johnny
Messing round with Nellie Bligh
He was her man, but he was doing her wrong.
Frankie drew back her kimono,
She drew out her little '44
Rooty toot toot, three times she did shoot
Right thro' that hardwood door
She shot her man, cause he was doing her wrong.
Roll me over easy,
Roll me over slow,
Roll me over on the right side,
Cause the left side hurts me so
I was your man, I was doing you wrong.
Bring out your thousand dollar coffin,
Bring out your rubber-tyred hack
I am taking my man to the graveyard
And I ain't goin' to bring him back
He was my man, but he was doin' me wrong.
Bring round a thousand policemen,
Bring 'em round today
Lock me in that dungeon cell
And throw the key away
I shot my man, cause he done me wrong.

Frankie she said to the warden
What are they going to do?
Warder he said to Frankie
It's the 'lectric chair for you
You shot your man tho' he was doing you wrong.

The sheriff came round in the morning,
He said it was all for the best,
He said her lover Johnny
Was nothing but a doggone pest
He was her man, but he was doing her wrong.

This story has no moral,
This story has no end
This story only goes to show
That there ain't no good in men
He was her man, he wouldn't do her no wrong.

JOE HILL

I dreamt I saw Joe Hill last night,
Alive as you or me—
But Joe, said I, You're ten years dead—
I never died, said he. (Repeat).

The cartel bosses killed you Joe,
They shot you, Joe, said I—
Takes more than guns to kill a man,
Said Joe, I didn't die. (Repeat).

And standing there as large as life,
And smiling with his eyes,
The part of me they couldn't kill
Goes on to organise. (Repeat).

Joe Hill ain't dead, he says to me,
Joe Hill ain't never died,
Where workingmen are out on strike,
Joe Hill is at their side. (Repeat).

From San Diego up to Maine,
In every mine and mill,
Where workingmen defend their rights,
That's where you'll find Joe Hill. (Repeat).

I dreamt I saw Joe Hill last night,
Alive as you or me—
But Joe, said I, You're ten years dead—
I never died, said he.
I never died, said he.

Alfred Hayes.

CASEY JONES

Come all you rounders if you want to hear
The story of a brave engineer,
Casey Jones was the hogger's name,
On a big eight-wheeler, boys, he won his fame.
Caller called Casey at half-past four,
He kissed his wife at the station door,
Mounted to the cabin with orders in his hand,
And took his farewell trip to the promised land.
Casey Jones, he mounted to the cabin,
Casey Jones, with orders in his hand!
Casey Jones, he mounted to the cabin,
Took his farewell trip into the promised land.
Put in your water and shovel in your coal,
Put your head out the window, watch the drivers roll,
I'll run her till she leaves the rail,
'Cause we're eight hours late with the Western Mail!
He looked at his watch and his watch was slow,
Looked at the water and the water was low,
Turned to his fireboy and said,
We'll get to 'Frisco, but we'll all be dead!

Casey pulled up Reno Hill,
Tooted for the crossing with an awful shrill,
Snakes all knew by the engine's moans
That the hogger at the throttle was Casey Jones
He pulled up short two miles from the place,
Number four stared him right in the face.
Turned to his fireboy, said You'd better jump,
'Cause there's two locomotives going to bump!

Casey said, just before he died,
There's two more roads I'd like to ride.
Fireboy said, What can they be?
The Rio Grande and the Old S.P.
Mrs. Jones sat on her bed a-sighing,
Got a pink that Casey was dying,
Said, Go to bed, children! hush your crying,
'Cause you'll get another papa on the Salt Lake Line.

**Casey Jones! Got another papa!
Casey Jones, on the Salt Lake Line!
Casey Jones! Got another papa!
Got another papa on the Salt Lake Line!**

CASEY JONES, THE UNION SCAB

The workers on the S.P. line to strike sent out a call,
But Casey Jones the engineer he wouldn't strike at all.
His boiler it was leaking and its drivers on the bum,
And his engine and its bearings they was all out of
plumb.

**Casey Jones kept his junk pile running;
Casey Jones was working double time:
Casey Jones got a wooden medal,
For being good and faithful on the S.P. line.**

The workers said to Casey, Won't you help us win this
strike?
But Casey said, Let me alone, you'd better take a hike.
Then Casey's wheezy engine ran right off that wheezy
track,
And Casey hit the river with an awful whack.

**Casey Jones hit the river bottom;
Casey Jones broke his bleeding spine;
Casey Jones was an Angeleno,
Took a trip to Heaven on the S.P. line.**

When Casey Jones got up to Heaven to the Pearly
Gates,
He said, I'm Casey Jones, the guy who pulled the S.P.
freights,
You're just the man, said Peter, our musicians are on
strike,
You can get a job a-scabbing any time you like.

**Casey Jones got a job in Heaven;
Casey Jones was doing mighty fine;
Casey Jones went scabbing on the angels,
Just like he did to workers on the S.P. line.**

The angels got together and they said it wasn't fair
For Casey Jones to go around a-scabbing everywhere.
The Angel's Union No. 23, they sure were there,
And they promptly fired Casey down the Golden Stair.

**Casey Jones went to Hell a-flying;
Casey Jones, The Devil said, Oh, fine,
Casey Jones, get busy shovelling sulphur,
That's what you get for scabbing on the S.P. line.**
Joe Hill.

THE VICAR OF BRAY

In good King Charles' golden days,
When loyalty no harm meant;
A furious high-church man was I,
And so I gained preferment.
To teach my flock I never missed,
Kings were by God appointed,
And damned are those that dare resist,
Or touch the Lord's anointed.

**And this is law, I will maintain
Until my dying day, Sir,
That whatsoever King shall reign,
I'll still be the Vicar of Bray, Sir.**

When Royal James possessed the crown,
And Popery came in fashion,
The penal laws I hooted down,
And read the Declaration;
The Church of Rome I found would fit,
Full well my constitution,
And I had been a Jesuit,
But for the Revolution.

When William was our King declared,
To ease the nation's grievance,
With this new wind about I steered,
And swore to him allegiance.
Old principles I did revoke,
Set conscience at a distance;
Passive obedience was a joke,
A jest was non-resistance.

When Royal Anne became our Queen,
The Church of England's glory,
Another face of things was seen,
And I became a Tory;
Occasional conformists base,
I blamed their moderation;
And thought the Church in danger was,
By such prevarication.

When George in pudding-time came o'er,
And moderate men looked big, Sir,
My principles I changed once more,
And so became a Whig, Sir,
And thus preferment I procured,
From our new faith's defender;
And almost every day abjured
The Pope and the Pretender.

Th' illustrious house of Hanover,
And Protestant succession,
To them I do alliance swear—
While they can hold possession;
For in my faith and loyalty
I never more will falter,
And George my lawful King shall be—
Until the times do alter.

SHE WAS POOR, BUT SHE WAS HONEST

She was poor, but she was honest,
Victim of the squire's whim:
First he loved her, then he left her,
And she lost her honest name.

Then she ran away to London,
For to hide her grief and shame:
There she met another squire,
And she lost her name again.

See her riding in her carriage,
In the Park and all so gay:
All the nobs and nobby persons
Come to pass the time of day.

See the little old-world village
Where her aged parents live,
Drinking the champagne she sends them;
But they never can forgive.

In the rich man's arms she flutters,
Like a bird with broken wing;
First he loved her, then he left her,
And she hasn't got a ring.

See him in the splendid mansion,
Entertaining with the best,
While the girl that he has ruined,
Entertains a sordid guest.

See him in the House of Commons,
Making laws to put down crime,
While the victim of his passions
Trails her way through mud and slime.

Standing on the bridge at midnight,
She says: Farewell, blighted Love.
There's a scream, a splash—Good Heavens!
What is she a-doing of?

When they drag her from the river,
Water from her clothes they wrang.
For they thought that she was drowned;
But the corpse got up and sang:

It's the same the whole world over;
It's the poor that gets the blame,
It's the rich that gets the pleasure.
Isn't it a blooming shame?

THE THAELMANN COLUMN

Spanish heavens spread their brilliant starlight
High above our trenches in the plain;
From the distance morning comes to greet us,
Calling us to battle once again.

**Far off is our land,
Yet ready we stand.
We're fighting and winning for you
Freiheit!**

We'll not yield a foot to Franco's fascists,
Even though the bullets fall like sleet.
With us stand those peerless men, our comrades,
And for us there can be no retreat.

DIE THÄLMANN-KOLONNE

Spaniens Himmel breitet seine Sterne
Über unsre Schützengräben aus.
Und der Morgen grüsst schon aus der Ferne,
Bald geht es zum neuen Kampf hinaus.

**Die Heimat ist weit,
Doch wir sind bereit.
Wir kämpfen und siegen für dich:
Freiheit!**

Dem Faschisten werden wir nicht weichen,
Schickt er auch die Kugeln hageldicht
Mit uns stehn Kameraden ohnegleichen
Und ein Rückwärts gibt es für uns nicht.

**Die Heimat ist weit,
Doch wir sind bereit.
Wir kämpfen und siegen für dich:
Freiheit!**

Text: Karl Ernst.

HANS BEIMLER*

In Madrid's outlying trenches,
In the hour of danger grim,
With the International shock brigades,
His heart with hatred all ablaze,
Stood Hans, the Commissar,
Stood Hans, the Commissar.

Because he fought for freedom
He was forced to leave his home.
Near the blood-stained Manzanares,
Where he led the fight to save Madrid,
Died Hans, the Commissar,
Died Hans, the Commissar.

A bullet came a-flying
From his fascist Fatherland.
The shot struck home, the aim was true,
The rifle barrel well made, too,
A German Army gun,
A German Army gun.

With heart and hand I pledge you
While I load my gun again,
You never will be forgotten,
Nor the enemy forgiven,
Hans Beimler, our Commissar,
Hans Beimler, our Commissar.

*Hans Beimler, deputy in the Bavarian Diet, was one of the very few prisoners ever to escape from Dachau. He went to Spain as a leader of the first contingent of the International Brigade, became its chief political commissar and was killed in action in December, 1936.

THE WEARING OF THE GREEN

Oh, Paddy dear, and did you hear the news that's going round?

The shamrock is by law forbid to grow on Irish ground;

Saint Patrick's Day no more we'll keep, his colours can't be seen,

For there's a cruel law against the wearing of the green.

I met with Napper Tandy, and he took me by the hand,
And he said, How's poor old Ireland, and how does she stand?

She's the most distressful country that ever yet was seen;

They're hanging men and women there for wearing of the green.

Then since the colour we must wear is England's cruel red,

Sure Ireland's sons will ne'er forget the blood that they have shed;

You may take the shamrock from your hat, and cast it on the sod,

But 'twill take root and flourish there, tho' underfoot 'tis trod.

When law can stop the blades of grass from growing as they grow,

And when the leaves in summer-time their verdure dare not show,

Then I will change the colour that I wear in my caubeen;

But till that day, please God, I'll stick to wearing of the green.

But if at last our colour should be torn from Ireland's heart,

Her sons, with shame and sorrow, from the dear old
isle will part;
I've heard whisper of a country that lies beyond the sea,
Where rich and poor stand equal in the light of
freedom's day.
Oh, Erin! must we leave you, driven by the tyrant's
hand?
Must we ask a mother's blessing from a strange and
distant land?
Where the cruel cross of England shall never more be
seen,
And where, please God, we'll live and die still wearing
of the green.

KEVIN BARRY

Early on a Sunday morning,
High upon a gallows tree,
Kevin Barry give his young life,
For the cause of liberty.
Only a lad of eighteen summers,
Yet there's no one can deny,
That he went to death that morning,
Nobly held his head up high.
Shoot me like an Irish soldier,
Do not hang me like a dog;
For I fought for Ireland's freedom,
In that dark September fog.
All round that little bakery,
Where we fought the black and tan.
Shoot me like an Irish soldier,
For I fought to free Ireland.

Just before he faced the hangman,
In his lonely prison cell,
British soldiers tortured Barry
Just because he would not tell
All the names of his companions
Other things they wished to know;
Turn informer, and we'll free you,
Proudly Barry answered, No!

THE CROPPY BOY

Good men and true in this house who dwell
To a stranger bhuaichail I pray you tell,
Is the priest at home and may he be seen?
I would speak a word with Father Green.
The priest's at home and he may be seen.
'Tis easy speaking with Father Green.
But you must wait while I go and see
If the Holy Father alone may be:
The youth has entered the empty hall,
What a lonely sound makes his light footfall
And in deepest silence seated there
A vested priest in a lowly chair.
The youth has knelt to confess his sins
Confiteor Dei, the youth begins,
At Mea Culpa he beats his breast,
And in broken murmur he speaks the rest.
I cursed three times since last Easter Day;
At Mass-time once I went out to play,
I passed the churchyard one day in haste
And forgot to pray for my mother's rest.
At the siege of Ross did my father fall,
At Goray my loving brothers all,
I am the last of my name and race,
I will go to Wexford and take their place.

I bear no hate against any living thing
But I love my country above the king,
So Father bless me and let me go
To die if God has ordained it so.

The priest said nought but a rustling noise
Made the youth look up in wild surprise.
The robes were off and in scarlet there
Sat a yeoman captain with fiery glare.

With fiery glare and with fury hoarse
Instead of a blessing he breathed a curse.
'Twas a good thought boy to come here and shrive,
For one short hour is your time to live.

On yonder river three tenders float,
The priest's in one if he isn't shot.
I hold this house for our lord the King,
And the men say Aye, may all traitors swing.

At Geneva Barracks the young man died,
At Passage they have his body laid;
Good Christians all, in peace and joy,
Shed a tear, spare a prayer for the croppy boy.

GOD SAVE IRELAND

Tune: Tramp, Tramp, Tramp.

High upon the gallows tree swung the noble-hearted
three,

By the vengeful tyrant stricken in their bloom;
But they met him face to face, with the courage of
their race,

And they went with souls undaunted to their doom

God save Ireland! said the heroes;

God save Ireland! said they all.

Whether on the scaffold high, or the battlefield we die,
Oh, what matter when for Ireland we fall?

Girt around with cruel foes, still their courage proudly
rose,

For the thought of hearts that loved them fair and
near;

Of the millions true and brave o'er the ocean's swelling
wave,

And the friends in holy Ireland ever dear.

Climbed they up the rugged stair, rang their voices out
in prayer,

Then with England's fatal cord around them cast,
Close beside the gallows tree kissed like brothers
lovingly,

True to home and faith and freedom to the last.

Never till the latest day shall the memory pass away

Of the gallant lives thus given for our land;

Oh, but on the cause must go, amid joy or weal or woe,
Till we make this isle a nation free and grand.

T. D. Sullivan.

MY OLD HOWTH GUN

There is sorrow in my heart,

O my old Howth gun!

Since we lately had to part,

O my old Howth gun!

For in Ireland's day of need

Well you proved a friend in deed

When you made the bullets speed,

O my old Howth gun!

How glorious was your feel,

O my old Howth gun!

When you made the Saxon reel,

O my old Howth gun!

When the Lancers, trim and neat,

Charging down O'Connell Street,

Had to beat a quick retreat,

O my old Howth gun!

But a day will come again,
 O my old Howth gun!
 When I'll join the fighting men,
 O my old Howth gun!
 With some brave determined band,
 Proudly there we'll take our stand
 For the freedom of our land,
 O my old Howth gun!

THE RISING OF THE MOON

Tune: The Wearing of the Green.

Oh, then tell me, Sean O'Farrell, tell me why you hurry
 so?

Hush, a bhuachail, hush and listen, and his cheeks
 were all aglow.

I bear orders from the Captain, get you ready quick
 and soon,

For the pikes must be together at the rising of the
 moon.

Oh, then tell me, Sean O'Farrell, where the gathering
 is to be?

In the old spot by the river, right well known to you
 and me.

One word more — for signal token — whistle up the
 marching tune,

With your pike upon your shoulder, by the rising of
 the moon.

Out from many a mudwall cabin eyes were watching
 through the night,

Many a manly breast was throbbing for the blessed
 warning light,

Murmurs passed along the valley like the banshee's
 lonely croon,

And a thousand blades were flashing at the rising of
 the moon.

There beside the singing river that dark mass of men
 were seen,
 Far above the shining weapons hung their immortal
 green.

Death to every foe and traitor! Forward! Strike the
 marching tune,

And, hurrah, my boys, for freedom! 'tis the rising of
 the moon.

Well they fought for poor old Ireland and full bitter
 was their fate —

Oh! what glorious pride and sorrow fills the name of
 Ninety-Eight —

Yet, thank God, while hearts are beating in manhood's
 burning noon

We will follow in their footsteps at the rising of the
 moon!

John Keegan Casey.

THE FOGGY DEW

As down the glen one Easter morn to a city fair rode I,
 There armed lines of marching men in squadrons
 passed me by.

No pipe did hum, no battle drum did sound its wild
 tattoo,

But the Angelus Bell o'er the Liffey's swell rang out
 in the foggy dew.

Right proudly high in Dublin town they flung out the
 flag of war;

'Twas better to die 'neath an Irish sky than at Suvla
 or Sud El Bar;

And from the plains of royal Meath strong men came
 hurrying through,

While Britannia's sons with their great big guns
 sailed in through the foggy dew.

O the night fell black, and the rifles crack made
 perfidious Albion reel,
 'Mid the leaden rain seven tongues of flame did shine
 o'er the lines of steel;
 By each shining blade a prayer was said that to Ireland
 her sons be true,
 And when morning broke, still a war-flag shook out
 its folds in the foggy dew.

'Twas England bade our Wild Geese go, that small
 nations might be free,
 But their lonely graves are by Suvla's waves or the
 fringe of the great North Sea;
 O had they died by Pearse's side or fought with Cathal
 Brugha,
 Their names we'd keep where the Fenians sleep
 'neath the shroud of the foggy dew.

But the bravest fell, and the requiem bell rang mourn-
 fully and clear
 For those who died at Eastertide in the springtime
 of the year,
 While the world did gaze with deep amaze at those
 fearless men but few
 Who bore the fight, that freedom's light might shine
 through the foggy dew.

STUDENT SONGS

INDEX

What's In A Name?	44
There'll Always Be A Menzies	46
University Council Song	47
Santamaria	48
Harry	49
Vatican Square Dance	50
Slash Go The Bayonets	51
How The Money Rolls In	52
Trickery Dick	53
Swimming Under Water With The Lord Mayor's Daughter	54
The Sentimental Philistine	57
The Rake's Progress	57
Bombing The Bourgeoisie	59
The Shirker's Flag	59
The Saga of Herbert De Vere and S. M. Keon . .	60
The Student Action Song	62
Mean Things Happening In This Land (1961) . . .	63

WHAT'S IN A NAME?

Tune: The Vicar of Bray.

In William Wentworth's golden days
When everyone was Tory
And Laissez-Faire was quite the rage,
Free Trade our pride and glory,
We cursed the workers loud and long
From Sydney to Cape Leuwin
For asking for a twelve hour day
Which would have been our ruin.

**But this is law that we'll maintain
Until our dying day, sir;
We couldn't care about our name
As long as we get our pay, sir.**

When Henry Parkes in '91
Was talking Federation,
Protectionist was then the tag
We wanted before the nation.
For twenty years it thus remained,
Just like a new Gibraltar,
Until the stocks collapsed again,
And so it had to alter.

**But though our name change twice a year,
No principles we've lost, sir;
This is one thing you can be sure,
Big Business pays our cost, sir.**

In 1910 when Labour strength
Had shattered our illusion
Of everlasting Government,
We formed into the Fusion.
But 1910 soon showed us that
We'd have to give the game up,
If some bright spark had not begun
To think another name up.

**But this is law that we'll maintain
Until our dying day, sir.
We couldn't care about our name
As long as we get our pay, sir.**

For Billy Hughes he did a switch
So he could stay Prime Minister,
And changed our name to Nationalist
In fashion really sinister.
Conscription then we loudly pressed
To carry out the war, sir,
But 'twas a mere coincidence
That profits had to soar, sir.

**But though our name changed twice a year
No principles we've lost, sir;
This is one thing you can be sure,
Big Business pays our cost, sir.**

From Nationalist to U.A.P.,
We switched in quick succession,
To hide the sticky fact that we
Had caused the big depression.
This move paid off immediately,
As we concealed from Artie;
For three whole years we did without
Our friend, the Country Party.

**But this is law that we'll maintain
Until our dying day, sir;
We couldn't care about our name
As long as we get our pay, sir.**

When Bob in muddling times came in
To grieve the nation sorely,
The only way which we could win
Was change our title hourly.
But now we had approached the end
Of this historic story
For there were only two names left
Either Liberal or Tory.

But this is law that we'll maintain
Until our dying day, sir;
We couldn't care about our name
As long as we get our pay, sir.

And then 'twas Liberal we became
For 'tis surely best by far, sir,
To hide as far as possible
That which we really are, sir.
And now our garden's lovely
We'll never re-arrange it.
And so as Liberal we'll remain,
Unless of course we change it.

But though our name change twice a year
No principles we've lost, sir;
This is one thing you can be sure,
Big Business pays our cost, sir.

THERE'LL ALWAYS BE A MENZIES

There'll always be a Menzies,
While there's a B.H.P.,
For they have drawn their dividends
Since 1883.

There'll always be a Menzies,
For nothing ever falls,
So long as nothing happens to
The bank of N.S.W.

There'll always be a Menzies
While there's a L.C.P.
And all the proper people talk
Upon the A.B.C.

If we should lose our Menzies
Wherever should we be,
If Menzies means the same to you
As Menzies means to me?

—From N.T.L. Revue, I'd Rather Be Left.

UNIVERSITY COUNCIL SONG

Tune: Admiral's Song from Pinafore.

My family's in money up to its ears,

We couldn't spend it all in a thousand years;

I give it away in stacks and stacks,

But only to reduce my income tax.

I gave it away with a hand so free,

That they put me on the Council of the Varsity.

(Repeat).

I own green acres clean and neat,

But I do my farming in Collins Street;

I get my money from meat and wool,

Though I can't tell a sheep from anyone's bull.

My pastoral Int'rest is plain to see.

So they put me on the Council of the Varsity.

(Repeat).

Mining metals is my Company's game,

We believe in keeping our workers tame;

To save research for the BHP,

I founded the chair of Metallurgy.

For this noble act they rewarded me,

And they put me on the Council of the Varsity.

(Repeat).

At Council meetings, when I'm there,

They wheel me up in an invalid chair,

I can't hear a thing, so it's rather a bore,

But I vote the same way as the Vice-Chancellor.

For I was already ninety-three

When they put me on the Council of the Varsity.

(Repeat).

So citizens all wherever you be,

If you want a degree at the Varsity,

Concentrate on your stocks and shares,

And give us money to found new chairs.

And we'll give you an honorary LL.D.,

And put you on the Council of the Varsity. (Repeat).

—M.U.L.C. 1947 Revue, Left Turns.

—Beth Noye.

SANTAMARIA

Tune: Waltzing Matilda.

Once a learned doctor squatted down in Canberra,
He was chief of the A.L.P.
And he sang as he sat and waited till election year,
Labour must have solidarity.

Santamaria! Santamaria!

Keon and Mullins are all up a tree.
And he sang as he sat and waited till election year,
Labour must have solidarity.

Phillip and Owen, Windeyer and Ligertwood,
They couldn't see the conspiracy.

But he sang as he put Mrs. Petrov in the witness box,
Labour must have solidarity.

Santamaria! Santamaria!

Keon and Mullins disloyal to me.
And he sang as he put Mrs. Petrov in the witness box,
Labour must have solidarity.

Up rode the journalist mounted on his hobby horse,
Up rode the groupers, one, two, three.
And they printed in their filthy Melbourne propaganda
magazine,
Labour must have solidarity.

Santamaria! Santamaria!

Keon and Mullins and Bourke make three.
And they printed in their filthy Melbourne propaganda
magazine,
Labour must have solidarity.

Up stood Keon, his eyes upon the leadership,
Evatt must go, on that we agree.

And they sang as they stuffed their votes into the
ballot box,
Labour must have solidarity.

Santamaria! Santamaria!

Keon and Mullins chuckled with glee.
And they sang as they stuffed their votes into the
ballot box,
Labour must have solidarity.

Up jumped the doctor and sprang across the Tasman
Sea,

Bound for Hobart and unity.
And he sighed as he spoke to that very nearly empty
hall,
Labour has lost solidarity.

Santamaria! Santamaria!

Keon and Mullins and Bourke make three.
And he sighed as he spoke to that very nearly empty hall
Labour has lost solidarity.

Now Keon and Mullins and Bourke in Canberra,
Members of the Anti-Communist A.L.P.

And they hide behind the skirts of their leader, Mr.
Joshua,
Labour has lost solidarity.

Santamaria! Santamaria!

Keon and Mullins with Liberals agree,
As they hide behind the skirts of their leader, Mr.
Joshua,
Labour has lost solidarity.

HARRY

Harry was a Bolshie, one of Lenin's lads,
Till he was foully done to death by counter-revolu-
tionary cads.

That's all right, said Harry, my spirit shall not die.
I'll go and do some Party work in the land beyond
the sky.

He went up to the pearly gates, to the keeper of the keys,

I want to speak to Comrade God, it's Harry Pollitt, please.

Then who are you? said Peter, are you humble and contrite?

I'm a friend of Lady Astor's— That's O.K. then you're all right.

They put him in a nightie, put a harp into his hand,
And he played the International in the Hallelujah Band.

They put him in the choir, the hymns he did not like,
So he organised the angels and he brought them out on strike.

One day when God was walking in Heaven to meditate,
Whom should he see but Harry chalking slogans on the Gate.

They brought him up for trial, before the Holy Ghost,
For spreading disaffection among the Heavenly Host.

The verdict it was Guilty—O.K., said Harry, Swell,
And he tucked his nightie round his knees and floated down to Hell.

Seven long years have passed, now Harry's doing swell—

He's just been made first People's Commissar of Soviet Hell!

VATICAN SQUARE DANCE

Tune: Hollywood Square Dance.

Now, if you want the Papal ear,

It's simpler than it may appear.

Get off your chair, get up and prance,

Start up the Vatican Square Dance.

Spy a Monsignore

Standing in the doorway.

Join hands, present demands, and off we go.

Now the Trappists go left, The Capuchins right,

Pallottines swing that Carmelite!

Dominicans have to take their chance

Doing the Vatican Square Dance.

If you want to get a job, mate;

Careful of your oblate,

Bow, swing, kiss that ring, and do-si-do!

Now if at first you don't succeed,

An Italian Cardinal's all you need.

And you will get that longed-for chance,

Doing the Vatican Square Dance.

—John Worrall.

SLASH GO THE BAYONETS

Tune: Click Go the Shears.

In the middle of the parade-ground the grim Nasho stands,

Clasping his gun in his mean, bloody hands.

War-like is his gaze as he charges down the line,

Ghoulish is his frenzy as he shouts, Commo Swine!

Slash go the bayonets, slash, slash, slash.

Chortling with glee as the blood goes splash,

The warmongers rake in their dollars with delight,

Champagne and caviare on Wall Street tonight.

In the middle of the House, Bob Menzies stands,

Scrap iron clasped in his plump, trembling hands.

Gleeful is his gaze for he knows that he can

Make lots and lots of bayonets for Formosa and

Japan.

Slash go the bayonets, slash, slash, slash.
Chortling with glee as the blood goes splash,
The warmongers rake in their dollars with delight,
Champagne and caviare on Wall Street tonight.

In the middle of Formosa, Chiang Kai Chek sits,
Mouthing at Mao some fierce epithets;
OOOee lung klung charlie mungalee,
Which means in Australian, You can't catch me.

Slash go the bayonets, slash, slash, slash.
Chortling with glee as the blood goes splash,
The warmongers rake in their dollars with delight,
Champagne and caviare on Wall Street tonight.

—William Ginnane and Peter Wertheim.

HOW THE MONEY ROLLS IN

Tune: My Bonnie.

I've shares in the very best companies,
In mining, tobacco and tin,
In brothels in Rio Janeiro,
My God, how the money rolls in.

Chorus:

Rolls in, rolls in,
My God, how the money rolls in, rolls in,
Rolls in, rolls in,
My God, how the money rolls in.

With shares in the big German steelworks,
No wonder I helped Hitler win,
For when he suppressed the trade unions,
My God, how the money rolled in.

My father sent field guns to Franco,
My brother raised loans for Berlin,
My uncle sent scrap iron to Tojo,
To make sure the money rolled in.

TRICKERY DICK

Fresh from all my triumphs on the plains of Indiah
Home I came to join the party fray.
I thought I'd get the party leadership to keep me heah,
But Bob offered me much more to go away.

Chorus:

I'm trickery Dick, Galah! Galah!
Liberal automaton, what a phenomenon!
Dick of the rickety U.A.P.
Trickery Dick, that's me.

After my third famine, my unpopularity
Had me mystified as I could be.
Then my punkah wallah told me confidentially
There'd never been a wallah as punk as me.

Chorus:

Once I hunted tigers, then I hunted votes for Bob,
Trying hard to get that blighter in.
But if you can fool the working man to vote for
Menzies mob,
You're a better man that I am, Gungah Din.

—Ian Hanna.

**SWIMMING UNDER WATER WITH THE
LORD MAYOR'S DAUGHTER**

He:

Recit: (grandioso).

Who wades in shallow water and would keep

Away from places where the tide runs deep,
He will be safe, but he will never know

The fierce delights of those who dare to go
Far out where waves are taller than the ships,

Where wild green water rises like a wall — then slips
In a half arc to crash some rock with thunder,

Where there are pools to suck a strong man under.
He will be safe, his mouth will not be wry

With bitter salt, he will not have to try
His strength with death, his strength with death . . .

I hear the north wind shout,
And bruised and numb, yet I am glad that I

Am not afraid to live, afraid to die.
I leap the waves and swim still further out.

Though swimming to live is good, I own,
Man cannot live by bread alone,

For even the most perfect wrecks
Possess some small degree of sex.

I've certain taste in women, and to put it to the test,
Of all the women in the world, the social shellah's best.

But don't think that you'll find me
On a bench beneath the moon,

For if you want to see me woo on a Sunday afternoon
You'll find me . . .

Song:

Swimming under water with the Lord Mayor's daughter
On a sunny summer Sunday afternoon,

Other blokes have said,
That they much prefer their wooing on the ocean bed.

Although the water cramps your action
On account of its refraction

And you get no satisfaction

When you spoon,
You must admit they all look snorter
When they're swimming under water
On a sunny summer Sunday afternoon.

Some girls get nerrrrrrrvous
When you drag 'em beneath the surrrrrrrface,
But when you're gottem

In the seaweed on the bottom,
Huh!

If you've any close relations
Who have social aspirations,
Here's the reason you can pleasem

Mighty soon—
Just take 'em swimming under water
With the Lord Mayor's daughter
On a sunny summer Sunday afternoon.

Recit:

It's forty fathoms where I woo,
I feel more at my leisure,

'Cos when I start to muck about
I'm aided by the pressure.

Full many a flower is born to blush unseen
And waste its sweetness on the desert air,
But she'll look like a gem of purest ray serene

On the dark unfathomed depths of ocean
In her bathing suit.

So whether it's my birthday, or my wedding, or my
death,

Or whether it's the coldest day in June,
If there's any women living or there's any water left,

You'll never find me on a Sunday afternoon,
'Cos I'll be . . .

Song:

Swimming under water with the Lord Mayor's daughter,
On a sunny summer Sunday afternoon.

She:

Mother says I oughter
Keep my distance from the water
On a sunny summer Sunday afternoon,
Other girls have said
That some of the things you see'd make your face
turn red,
And I've always had a notion
I would register emotion
At the bottom of the ocean
Mighty soon;
And really I'd feel much safer walking
In the park, or even talking
On a sunny summer Sunday afternoon.

He:

Kidnappers go stalking
Where pretty little girls are walking,
And once they getcher
You won't talk, 'cos they won't letcher!
Come on!
Prolonged procrastination
Never saved a situation,
So you'd better make your mind up mighty soon . . .

She:

All right, I'll go,

Both:

Swimming under water with the Lord Mayor's daughter
On a sunny summer Sunday afternoon.

—Fred McNaughton.

THE SENTIMENTAL PHILISTINE

Tune: The Red Flag.
The sentimental philistine
He did not know the party line
And so he swayed from left to right,
Became a bleeding Trotskyite.

But after months of hesitation
And constant left-wing deviation,
He took it all so much to heart he
Went and joined the Labor Party.

The moral of this tale is: when in
Doubt consult the works of Lenin.

THE RAKE'S PROGRESS

Tune: Come Landlord Fill the Flowing Bowl.
In the summer nineteen forty-five, from John O'Groats
to Dover,
The people voted socialist, and Attlee was in clover.

See how the T.U.C.
Joins the aristocracy,
Three cheers for bureaucracy
And one for Ernie Bevin.

Come, Attlee, fill the House of Lords and put the
programme over,
Trade Unionists must have rewards and end their
lives in clover.

See how the T.U.C.
Joins the aristocracy.
Three cheers for bureaucracy!
And one for Ernie Bevin.

Citrine is in Upper House and Shepherd's dressed in
ermine,
They're tossing up in Transport House the peerage
to determine.

See how the T.U.C.
Joins the aristocracy.
Three cheers for bureaucracy!
And one for Ernie Bevin.

The C. of E. can scarcely cheer democracy in heaven,
The six and twenty bishops fear they'll soon be
twenty-seven.

See how the T.U.C.
Joins the aristocracy.
Three cheers for theocracy!
And one for Bishop Bevin.

The miners own the coalpits now, the railways are the
nation's,
There's gelignite in the fireplace, and tickets are
inflation.

See how the T.U.C.
Joins the aristocracy.
Three cheers for bureaucracy!
And one for Ernie Bevin.

The steelmills we shall nation'lize, but Winnie sheds
grave doubts
On handing capitalist paradise to lousy Labor louts.

See how the T.U.C.
Joins the aristocracy.
Three cheers for bureaucracy!
And one for Ernie Bevin.

The Tories won in fifty-one, but Labor is unbending.
Next time we'll be more Socialist and have a happy
ending.

Three cheers for the T.U.C.,
To hell with aristocracy,
We'll have no more bureaucracy,
We've got no Ernie Bevin.

BOMBING THE BOURGEOISIE

Tune: The Lincolnshire Poacher.

We'd bags of gold from Moscow, boys, and tons of
T.N.T.,
And when the night was dark, my boys, we'd have a
jamboree—
And if we killed some workers it was accidentally:
Oh, 'tis my delight on a dirty night to bomb the
bourgeoisie.

When I took up with politics to set the workers free,
I left the Labor Party, boys, and joined the red C.P.
I soon made friends with Pollitt—we was great friends,
him and me:
Oh, 'tis my delight on a dirty night to bomb the
bourgeoisie.

THE SHIRKERS' FLAG

Tune: The Red Flag.

The shirkers' flag is emerald green,
It's waved aloft by friend Cremean.
But it's with sorrow I report it,
The workers just do not support it.

So raise our emerald standard high,
Into its shade all jackals fly.
Though sane men laugh and voters sneer,
We get the Word from Santamaria.

**THE SAGA OF HERBERT DE VERE AND
S. M. KEON**

Tune: Abdul A-Bulbul Emir.

The leaders of Labour are brave men and bold
And quite unaccustomed to fear,
And the cream of the cream of the A.L.P. team
Was Doctor Herbert de Vere.

If they wanted a man for a Communist ban,
Or boost to a tarnished career,
On a judgement of law, they would always send for
One Doctor Herbert de Vere.

Now the plotters are plenty in Labour affairs
Addicted to wearing of green.
In fact at the top of this villainous plot
Was Standish Michael Keon.

He could imitate Franco, hold witch hunts for Coms,
His equal had never been seen.
And, in fact, quite the gent of the C.A. Movement
Was Standish Michael Keon.

One election when Stanley had plotted so hard
That his face was transformed with a leer.
But to get this condition he spiked the ambition
Of Doctor Herbert de Vere.

Young man, quoth Herbert, has life grown so full
That you tire of a political career?
And dare you frustrate one known as the great
Doctor Herbert de Vere?

Go take your last sight of Caucus and light
And say your last words of good cheer,
For I'm going for you, and your accomplices too,
Mullins and Santamaria.

Then Herbert drew breath and spat sudden death,
On the Movement he vented his spleen.
And Executive action soon threatened the faction
Led by Michael Keon.

They fought months on end, called in foe and friend,
Victoria trembled in fear
As the men of the Right went out like a light
To the blows of Herbert de Vere.

As the comrades of Keon were being wiped clean
And Herbert he felt in the clear,
In the wilds of Hobart a rebellious dart
Wiped out the friends of de Vere.

Then Santamaria drove up with a bier,
Expecting good news for Raheen,
But arrived just in time to exchange a last line
With Standish Michael Keon.

Kennelly rode by, wiping mud from his eye,
Expecting the victor to cheer,
But he only got there to hear the last prayer
Of Doctor Herbert de Vere.

Up there in Trades Hall, on the wailing wall,
Engraved there in characters clear,
Is an epic to see of the smashed A.L.P.
And the memory of Herbert de Vere.

In haunts where frequent the C.A. Movement
Such sorrow has never been seen,
And they often lament the now past "Movement"
And the fate of the friends of Stan Keon.

Let us walk beneath the Sun,
Knowing that all men are one,
And we will see a strong and peaceful land.

—Anti-White Australia Campaign, 1961.

Mrs. Stagnoy