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# Advance Australia Fair

**S L O W**

[C] Australians all let us rejoice,  
 For [G7] we are [G] one and [G7] free;  
 [G7] We've [C] golden soil and wealth for toil;  
 Our [G] home is [D] girt by [G] sea;  
 [C] Our [F] land abounds in [C] nature's gifts  
 [C] Of [F] beauty [Dm] rich and [G] rare;  
 [C] In [F] history's page, let [C] every [Am] stage  
 [Am] Ad-[C]vance Aus-[G]tralia [C] Fair.  
 [C] In [F] joyful [Dm] strains then [G7] let us [G] sing,  
 [Am] Ad-[C]vance Aus-[G]tralia [C] Fair.

[C] Beneath our radiant Southern Cross  
 We'll [G7] toil with [G] hearts and [G7] hands;  
 [G7] To [C] make this Commonwealth of ours  
 Re-[G]nowned of [D] all the [G] lands;  
 [C] For [F] those who've come a-[C]cross the seas  
 [C] We've [F] boundless [Dm] plains to [G] share;  
 [C] With [F] courage let us [C] all com-[Am]bine  
 [Am] To ad-[C]vance Aus-[G]tralia [C] Fair.  
 [C] In [F] joyful [Dm] strains then [G7] let us [G] sing,  
 [Am] Ad-[C]vance Aus-[G]tralia [C] Fair.

# Botany Bay

Fare-[C]well to old [G7] England for-[C]ever  
 Fare-[C]well to my [F] rum culls as [G7] well  
 Fare-[C]well to the [F] well-known Old [C] Bailey [Am]  
 Where I [C] used for to [G7] cut such a [C] swell.

There's the [C] captain as [G7] is our com-[C]mander,  
 There's the [C] bosun and [F] all the ship's [G7] crew,  
 There's the [C] first and the [F] second class [C] passengers, [Am]  
 Knows [C] what we poor [G7] convicts go [C] through.

**Chorus:** Singing [C] Too-ra-lie [G7] oo-ra-lie' [C] addity,  
 Singing [C] Too-ra-lie' [F] oo-ra-lie, [G7] ay,  
 Singing [C] Too-ra-lie, [F] oo-ra-lie [C] addity [Am]  
 And we're [C] bound for [G7] Botany [C] Bay.

Taint [C] leaving old [G7] England we [C] cares about  
 'Taint [C] 'cos we mis-[F] spells what we [G7] know,  
 But be-[C]cause all we [F] light fingered [C] gentry, [Am]  
 Hops a-[C]round with a [G7] log on our [C] toes;

*(Sing and play this verse softly)*

Now [C] all you young [G7] Dookies and [C] Duchesses,  
 Take [C] warning from [F] what I've to [G7] say,  
 Mind [C] all is your [F] own that you [C] touchesses [Am]  
 Or you'll [C] find us in [G7] Botany [C] Bay. *Repeat chorus but slow down on last line*

# Click go the Shears

[C] Out on the board the [F] old shearer stands,  
 [C] Grasping his shears in his [D7] thin, boney [G7] hands,  
 [C] Fixed is his gaze on a [F] bare-bellied Joe,  
 [G7] Glory if he gets her, won't he [C] make the [F] ringer [C] go.

**Chorus:** [G7] Click go the shears boys, [C] click, [F] click, [C] click,  
 [F] Wide is his blow and his [C] hands move [G7] quick,  
 The [C] ringer looks around and is [F] beaten by a blow,  
 And [G7] curses the old snagger with the [C] bare-[F]bellied [C] Joe

In the [C] middle of the floor, in his [F] cane-bottomed chair  
 Is the [C] boss of the board, with [D7] eyes every-[G7]where;  
 [C] Notes well each fleece as it [F] comes to the screen  
 [G7] Paying strict attention if it's [C] ta-[F]ken off [C] clean.

## Repeat Chorus

The [C] tar-boy is there, [F] waiting in demand,  
 [C] With his blackened tar-pot, [D7] and his tarry [G7] hand;  
 [C] Sees one old sheep with a [F] cut upon its back,  
 [G7] Hears what he's waiting for, [C] "Tar [F] here, [C] Jack!" (Chorus)

[C] Shearing is all over and we've [F] all got our cheques,  
 [C] Roll up your swag for we're [D7] off on the [G7] tracks;  
 The [C] first pub we come to, it's [F] there we'll have a spree,  
 And [G7] everyone that comes along it's [C] "Come and [F] drink with [C] me!"

## Repeat Chorus

# Does Your Chewing Gum Lose Its Flavour

Oh-[C] me, oh-[G7] my, oh-[C] you  
 What-[C]ever [G7] shall I [C] do  
 [F] Halle-[C]lujah, the [G7] question is pe-[C]culiar  
 I'd [C] give a [G7] lot of [C] dough  
 If [C] only [G7] I could [C] know  
 The [D7] answer to my question - Is it yes or is it [G7] no?

**Chorus:** Does your [C] chewing gum lose its flavour  
 On the [G7] bedpost overnight  
 If your mother says don't chew it  
 Do you [C] swallow it in spite  
 Can you [F] catch it on your [G7] tonsils  
 Can you [C] heave it left and [F] right  
 Does your [C] chewing gum lose its flavour  
 On the [G7] bedpost over-[C]night.

Here [C] comes a [G7] blushing [C] bride  
 The [C] groom is [G7] by her [C] side  
 [G7] Up to the [C] altar  
 Just as [G7] steady as Gibr-[C]altar  
 Why, the [C] groom has [G7] got the [C] ring  
 And it's [C] such a [G7] pretty [C] thing  
 But [D7] as he slips it on her finger  
 The choir begins to [G7] sing. (Repeat Chorus)

Now the [C] nation [G7] rise as [C] one  
 To [C] send their [G7] only [C] son  
 [G7] Up to the [C] White House  
 Yes, the [G7] nation's only [C] White House  
 To [C] voice their [G7] discon-[C]tent  
 Un-[C]to the [G7] Pres-i-[C]dent  
 They [D7] pawn the burning question  
 What has swept this conti-[G7]nent. (Repeat Chorus)

On the [D7] bedpost [G7] over-[C]night

# Home Among The Gum Trees

artist: John Williamson , writer: Wally Johnson & Bob Brown

Thanks to Bruce Horsfall and Chris Hughes

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=iQhn6G7q8Yg>

## Verse 1

I've [G] been around the [Em] world a couple of [Am] times or maybe [D] more  
 I've [Am] seen the sights and [D] had delights on [G] every foreign [D] shore  
 But [G] when my mates all [Em] ask me of the [Am] place that I a-[D]dore  
 I [Am] tell them [D] right a-[G]way.

## Chorus:

[NC] Give me a [Em] home among the [Am] gum trees [D]  
 With lots of [Am] plum trees [D]  
 A [G] sheep or two, a [D] kangaroo, a [G] clothes line out the [Em] back  
 Ver-[Am]andah out the [D] front and an [Am] old [D] rocking [G] chair.

## Verse 2

You can see me in the [Em] kitchen a - [Am] cooking up a [D] roast  
 Or [Am] vegemite on [D]toast just [G] you and me a [D] cup a tea  
 And [G] later on we'll [Em] settle down and [Am]go out on the [D]porch  
 And [Am] watch the [D] possums [G] play. {STOP} (Repeat Chorus)

## (Bridge)

There's a [C] Safeway on the corner and a [G] Woolies down the street  
 And a [D] brand new place they've opened up where they [G] regulate the heat  
 But I'd [C] trade them all tomorrow for a [G] little bush retreat  
 Where the [D] kookaburras sing.

{[F] call kook kook kook ka ka ka} (Repeat Chorus)

## Verse 3

Some [G] people like their [Em] houses built with [Am] fences all a[D]round  
 [Am] Others live in [D] mansions and [G] some beneath the [D] ground  
 But [G] me I love the [Em] bush you know with [Am] lizards runnin' [D] round  
 And a [Am] pumpkin [D] vine out the [G] back. {STOP} (Repeat Chorus)

# I Am Australian

Bruce Woodley, Dobe Newton

**Intro:** Didgeridoo and hitting sticks for four bars

I [C] came from the Dreamtime, from the [F] dusty red-soil [C] plains  
 I [Am] am the ancient heart, the [F] keeper [G] of the [C] flame  
 I stood upon the [Em] rocky shores, I [F] watched the [G] tall ships [Am] come  
 For forty [C] thousand [Dm] years I've been the [F] first Aust-[G]rali-[C]an

**Chorus:** We are [C] one, but we are [F] ma-[C]ny,  
 And from [Am] all the [G] lands on earth we [C] come  
 We'll share a dream and sing with [F] one [C] voice,  
 [F] I [G] am, [Am] you [G] are, we [Am] are Aust-[G]rali-[C]an.

*I [C] came on the prison ship, bowed [F] down by iron [C] chains  
 I [Am] fought the land, endured the lash and [F] waited [G] for the [C] rains,  
 I'm a settler, I'm a [Em] farmer's wife, on a [F] dry and [G] barren [Am] run,  
 A [C] convict, then a [Dm] free man, I be-[F]came Aust-[G]rali-[C]an*

I'm the [C] daughter of a digger, who [F] sought the mother-[C]lode,  
 The [Am] girl became a woman, on the [F] long and [G] dusty [C] road,  
 I'm a child of the [Em] Depression, I [F] saw the [G] good times [Am] come,  
 I'm a [C] bushie, I'm a [Dm] battler, I [F] am Aust-[G]rali-[C]an. (Repeat Chorus)

*I'm a [C] teller of stories, I'm a [F] singer of [C] songs,  
 I am [Am] Albert Namatjira, and I [F] paint the [G] ghostly [C] gums,  
 I'm Clancy on his [Em] horse, I'm Ned [F] Kelly [G] on the [Am] run,  
 I'm the [C] one who waltzed [Dm] Matilda, I [F] am Aust-[G]rali-[C]an.*

I'm the [C] hot wind from the desert, I'm the [F] black soil of the [C] plains,  
 I'm the [Am] mountains and the valleys, I'm the [F] drought and [G] flooding [C] rains,  
 I am the rock, I [Em] am the sky, the [F] rivers [G] when they [Am] run,  
 The [C] spirit of this [Dm] great land, I [F] am Aust-[G]rali-[C]an. (Repeat Chorus)

Then repeat last line below, slowing down to finish: (didgeridoo and sticks in background)

[F] I [G] am, [Am] you [G] are, we [Am] are Aust-[G]ral-[C]ian.

# I Still Call Australia Home

Peter Allen (1980)

[C] [E7] [Am] [F] [C] [G] [C]

[C] I've been to [E7] cities that [Am] never close [C] down  
 From [F] New York to [C] Rio and [D7] old London [G] town  
 But no [C] matter how [E7] far or [Am] how wide I [F] roam  
 I [C] still call Aus-[G]tralia [C] home.

[C] I'm always [E7] traveling, I [Am] love to feel [C] free  
 And [F] so I keep [C] leaving the [D7] sun and the [G] sea  
 But my [C] heart lies [E7] waiting [Am] over the [F] foam  
 I [C] still call Aus-[G]tralia [C] home.

**Chorus:** All [Em] the sons and [B7] daughters  
 [Em] spinning 'round the [B7] world  
 Away [Em] from their [C] family and [G] friends  
 But [Em] as the world gets [B7] older and [Em] colder  
 It's good to [F] know where your journey [G] ends. [G7]

[C] Someday we'll [E7] all be [Am] together once [C] more  
 When [F] all the [C] ships come [D7] back to the [G] shore  
 I'll [C] realise [E7] something [Am] I've always [F] known  
 I [C] still call Aus-[G]tralia [C] home.

But no [C] matter how [E7] far or [Am] how wide I [F] roam  
 I [C] still call Aus-[G]tralia  
 I [C] still call Aus-[G]tralia  
 I [C] still call Aus-[G]tralia [F] ho-[C↓]me.



# Land Down Under

Men At Work

**Intro:** Flute solo accompanied by playing ukes chord sequence in verse's 1<sup>st</sup> two lines

[Am] Travelling in a [G] fried-out Kombi [Am] [F] [G]  
 [Am] On a hippie [G] trail head full of [Am] zombie [F] [G]  
 [Am] I met a strange [G] lady she [Am] made me [F] nervous [G]  
 [Am] She took me [G] in and gave me [Am] breakfast. [F] And she [G] said:

[C] Do you come from a [G] land down under? [Am] [F] [G]  
 [C] Where women [G] glow and men plunder? [Am] [F] [G]  
 [C] Can't you hear can't you [G] hear the thunder? [Am] [F] [G]  
 You [C] better run you [G] better take cover. [Am] [F] [G]

Flute solo accompanied by playing ukes chord sequence in verse's 1<sup>st</sup> two lines

[Am] Buying bread from a man in [G] Brussels [Am] [F] [G]  
 He was [Am] six foot [G] four and full of [Am] muscles. [F] [G]  
 [Am] I said Do you [G] speak my language? [Am] [F] [G]  
 [Am] He just smiled and [G] gave me a vegemite [Am] sandwich. [F] And he [G] said:

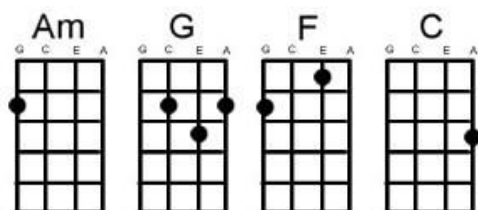
[C] I come from a [G]land down under [Am] [F] [G]  
 [C] Where beer [G] flows and men chunder. [Am] [F] [G]  
 [C] Can't you hear can't you [G] hear the thunder? [Am] [F] [G]  
 You [C] better run you [G] better take cover. [Am] [F] [G]

Flute solo accompanied by playing ukes chord sequence in verse's 1<sup>st</sup> two lines

[Am] Lying in a [G] den in Bombay [Am] [F] [G]  
 [Am] With a slack [G] jaw, and not much [Am]to say. [F] [G]  
 [Am] I said to the [G] man "Are you trying to[Am] tempt me?" [F] [G]  
 [Am] Because I come [G] from the land of [Am] plenty?" [F] And he [G] said:

[C] Do you come from a [G] land down under? [Am] [F] [G]  
 [C] Where women [G] glow and men plunder? [Am] [F] [G]  
 [C] Can't you hear can't you [G] hear the thunder? [Am] [F] [G]  
 You [C] better run you [G] better take cover. [Am] [F] [G]

Flute solo accompanied by playing ukes chord sequence in verse's 1<sup>st</sup> two lines – fading to finish on [C]



# Pub With No Beer

artist: Slim Dusty , writer: Gordon Parsons

[C] Oh it's lonesome a-[C7]way from your [F] kindred and all  
 By the [G7] campfire at night where the wild dingos [C] call  
 But there's nothin' so [C7] lonesome [F] morbid or drear  
 Than to [G7] stand in the bar of a pub with no [C] beer.

[C] Now the publican's [C7] anxious for the [F] quota to come  
 And there's a [G7] faraway look on the face of the [C] bum  
 [C] The maid's gone all [C7] cranky and the [F] cook's acting queer  
 What a [G7] terrible place is a pub with no [C] beer.

[C] Then the stockman rides [C7] up with his [F] dry dusty throat  
 He breasts [G7] up to the bar and pulls a wad from his [C] coat  
 But the smile on his [C7] face quickly [F] turns to a sneer  
 As the [G7] barman says sadly the pub's got no [C] beer.

[C] Then the swaggie comes [C7] in smothered in [F] dust and flies  
 He [G7] throws down his roll and rubs the sweat from his [C] eyes  
 But when he is [C7] told he says [F] what's this I hear  
 I've trudged [G7] fifty flamin' miles to a pub with no [C] beer.

[C] There's a dog on the ve-[C7]randah for his [F] master he waits  
 But the [G7] boss is inside drinking wine with his [C] mates  
 He hurries for [C7] cover and he [F] cringes in fear  
 It's no [G7] place for a dog round a pub with no [C] beer.

[C] Old Billy the [C7] blacksmith the first [F] time in his life  
 Has [G7] gone home cold sober to his darling [C] wife  
 He walks in the [C7] kitchen she says you're [F] early my dear  
 But then he [G7] breaks down and tells her that the pub's got no [C] beer.

So it's [C] lonesome a-[C7]way from your [F] kindred and all  
 By the [G7] campfire at night where the wild dingos [C] call  
 But there's nothin' so [C7] lonesome [F] morbid or drear  
 Than to [G7] stand in the bar of a (slow) pub with no [C] beer.

# Redback On The Toilet Seat

artist: Slim Dusty , writer: Slim Newton / Dusty

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=VR0qyslUeD8> 50 secs in

[D] [A] [D]

There was a [D] redback on the toilet seat when [G] I was there last night  
I [A] didn't see him in the dark but [A7] boy I felt his [D] bite  
I jumped high up into the air and [G] when I hit the ground  
That [A] crafty redback spider wasn't [A7] nowhere to be [D] found.

I [D] rushed in to the missus told her [G] just where I'd been bit  
she [A] grabbed the cutthroat razor blade and I [A7] nearly took a [D] fit  
I said, "Just forget what's on your mind and [G]c all the doctor please  
Cos' I've [A] got a feeling that your cure is [A7] worse than the dis-[D]ease.

There was a [G] redback on the toilet seat when I was there last [D] night  
I [E7] didn't see him in the dark but boy I felt his [A7] bite  
And [D] now I'm here in hospital, a [G] sad and sorry plight  
And I [A] curse the redback spider on the [A7] toilet seat last [D] night [A] [D]

I [D] can't lay down, I can't sit up and I [G] don't know what to do  
And all the [A] nurses think it's funny but that's [A7] not my point of [D] view  
I tell you it's embarrassing and [G] that's to say the least,  
For [A] I'm too sick to eat a bite, while the [A7] spider had a [D] feast.

And [D] when I get back home again, I'll [G] tell you what I'll do.  
I'll [A] make that Redback suffer for the [A7] pain I'm going [D] through.  
I've had so many needles, I'm [G] looking like a sieve.  
And I [A] promise you that spider hasn't [A7] very long to [D] live. [A] [D]

There was a [G] redback on the toilet seat when I was there last [D] night  
I [E7] didn't see him in the dark but boy I felt his [A7] bite  
And [D] now I'm here in hospital, a [G] sad and sorry plight  
*(slowing)*

And I [A] curse the redback spider on the [A7] toilet seat last [D] night. [G] [D]

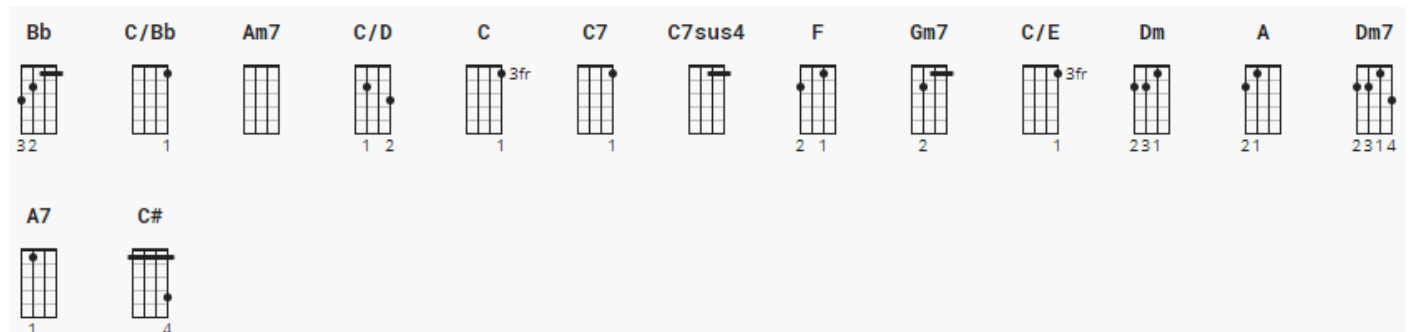
## Road to Gundagai

\$ [G7] There's a [C] track winding [E7] back  
 To and [F] old fashioned [C] shack,  
 Along [D7] the road to [G7] Gunda-[C]gai,  
 Where the [F] blue gums are growing  
 And the [C] Murrumbidgee's [A7] flowin'  
 Be-[D7]neath the sunny [G7] sky.  
 Where my [C] Daddy and mother are [F] waitin' for me  
 And the [A7] pals of my childhood  
 Once [D7] more I will [G7] see  
 And no [C] more will I [E7] roam  
 Once I'm [F] heading right for [C] home  
 Along the [D7] road to [G7] Gunda-[C]gai. \$ *repeat*

*Finish with q slower last line:*

Along the [D7] road to [G7] Gunda-[C]gai

# Tenterfield Saddler



The late George Woolnough worked on high street and lived on manners  
Fifty two years he sat on his verandah and made his saddles

[Bb] And if you had questions about [C/Bb] sheep or flowers [Am7] or dogs [C/D]  
You'd just ask the [Bb/C] saddler  
He lived without [C7] sin... they're [C7sus4] building a library for him

[F] Time is a traveller, Tenterfield saddler [Bb/C] turn your [C7] head  
[C7sus4] Ride again jackaroo [Gm7] think I see [C7sus4] kanga [F] roo up ahead

[F] The son of George Woolnough [C/E] went off and got married [Dm] and had a war baby  
[Bb] Though something was wrong and [F/A] it's easier to drink than [C] go crazy  
[Bb] And if there was questions about [C/Bb] why the end [Am7] was so [Dm7] sad,  
Well George had [C7sus4] no answers about [C7] why a son  
[C7sus4] ever has need [F] of a gun

[F] Time is a traveller, Tenterfield saddler [Gm7] turn [C7sus4] your head [Gm7] [C7]  
[Gm7] Ride again [C7] jackaroo [Gm7] think I [C7] see kanga [F] roo up ahead [Cm7/F]

[F] The grandson of George has [C] been all around  
[A7/C#] the world and lives in no [Dm] special place  
[Bb] Changed his last name and [F/C] he married a girl with an [C/E] interesting face  
[Bb] He'd almost forgotten [C/Bb] them both  
Because in [Am7] the life that he [Dm7] leads  
There's nowhere [C7sus4] for George and [C7] his library or the son with his [Dm7/A] gun  
to belong  
[Gm7] Except in [C7sus4] this song

[F] Time is a traveller, Tenterfield saddler [Gm7] turn [C7] your [Gm7] head [C7]  
[Gm7] Ride again [C7] jackaroo think I see [F] kangaroo up [Gm7] ahead [C7]

The late George Woolnough worked on high street and lived on manners  
Fifty two years he sat on his verandah and made his saddles

# Tie me Kangaroo Down

(Spoken to a tap beat- I just slap the side of my guitar)

. . . There's an old Australian stockman

Lying, dying, And he gets himself up onto one elbow

And he turns to his mates, who are gathered round him . . and he says

[C] Watch me wallaby's [F] feed, mate, [G] watch me wallaby's [C] feed  
They're a dangerous [F] breed, mate, so [G] watch me wallaby's [C] feed.  
(All together now)

**Chorus:** [C] Tie me kangaroo [F] down sport, [G] tie me kangaroo [C] down  
Tie me kangaroo [F] down sport, [G] tie me kangaroo [C] down.

## Verse 2

[C] Keep me cockatoo [F] cool, Curl, [G] keep me cockatoo [C] cool  
Don't go acting the [F] fool, Curl, just [G] keep me cockatoo [C] cool.  
Take me koala [F] back, Jack, [G] take me Koala [C] back  
He [C] lives somewhere on the [F] track, Mac, so [G] take me koala [C] back.  
(Repeat Chorus)

## Verse 3

[C] Let me Mongoose go [F] loose, Lew, [G] let me Mongoose go [C] loose  
They're of no further [F] use, Lew, so [G] let me Mongoose go [C] loose.  
Mind me platypus [F] duck, Bill, [G] mind me platypus [C] duck  
Don't [C] let him go running [F] amuck, Bill, [G] mind me platypus [C] duck.  
(Repeat Chorus)

## Verse 4

[C] Play your didgeri-[F]doo, Blue, [G] play your didgeri-[C]doo  
Keep [C] playing 'til I shoot [F] through, Blue, [G] play your didgeri-[C]doo.  
Tan me hide when I'm [F] dead, Fred, [G] Tan me hide when I'm [C] dead  
(SPOKEN)

So we [C] tanned his hide when he [F] died, Clyde,  
And [G] that's it hanging on the [C] shed!

# True Blue

artist:John Williamson , writer:John Williamson

Thanks to Bruce Horsfall and Chris Hughes

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=ceWKrsJX9N4> Capo on 3 for video

True [Bb] Blue, [Dm] [Bb] I'm [Dm] asking [Bb] you? [Dm] [C]

Hey True [F] Blue [C], don't [Bb] say you've [F] gone [C] [Bb]

Say you've [F] knocked off for [Bb] a smoko and you'll [F] be back later [C] on

Hey True [Gm7] Blue, [C] Hey True [Gm7] Blue, [C] - give it to me [F] straight [C]

[Bb] Face to [F] face, [C] [Bb] - are you [F] really dis-[Bb]appearing?

Just a-[F]nother dying [C] race

Hey True [Gm7] Blue [C] [Gm7] [C]

True [F] Blue [Bb], is it me and [F] you [Bb], is it Mum and [F] Dad? [Bb]

Is it a [Gm7] cocka-[F]too, [Bb] is it standing [F] by your mate [Bb]

When he's in a [F] fight [Bb] or will she be [F] right? [C]

True [Bb] Blue, [Dm] [Bb] I'm [Dm] asking [Bb] you? [Dm] [C]

Hey True [F] Blue, [C] can you [Bb] bear the [F] load? [C] [Bb]

Will you [F] tie it up with [Bb] wire just to [F] keep the show on [C] the road?

Hey True [Gm7] Blue,[C] [Gm7] hey True Blue [C] - now be fair dinkum [F] [C]

Is your [Bb] heart still [F] there [C] [Bb] if they [F] sell us out [Bb] like  
sponge cake?

[F] Do you really [C] care, hey True [Gm7] Blue? [C] [Gm7] [Bb] [C]

True [F] Blue, [Bb] is it me and [F] you [Bb], is it Mum and [F] Dad? [Bb]

Is it a cocka-[F]too,[Bb] is it standing [F] by your mate? [Bb]

When she's in a [F] fight [Bb], or will she be [F] right? [C]

True [Bb] Blue,[Dm] [Bb] I'm [Dm] asking [F] you-[Dm]oo-[C]oo?

True [F] Blue [Bb], is it me and [F] you [Bb], is it Mum and [F] Dad? [Bb]

Is it a cocka-[F]too, [Bb] is it standing [F] by your mate? [Bb]

When he's in a [F] fight [Bb], or will she [F] be right? [C]

(Slow ) True [Bb] Blue, True [F] Blue

# Waltzing Matilda

**Intro:** *Harmonica or whistle play through chords of verse*

[C] Once a jolly [E7] swagman [Am] camped by a [F] billabong  
 [C] Under the shade of a [G] coolibah tree  
 And he [C] sang as he [E7] watched and [Am] waited till his [F] billy boiled,  
 [C] You'll come a-[Am]waltzing Mat-[G]ilda with [C] me.

**Chorus:** [C] Waltzing Matilda, [F] waltzing Matilda,  
 [C] You'll come a-[Am]waltzing Mat-[Dm]ilda with [G] me.  
 And he [C] sang as he [E7] watched and [Am]waited 'til his [F] billy boiled.  
 [C] You'll come a-waltzing Mat-[G]ilda with [C] me.

[C] Down came the [E7] jumbuck to [Am] drink at the [F] billabong,  
 [C] Up jumped the swagman and [G] grabbed him with glee.  
 And he [C] sang as he [E7] shoved that [Am] jumbuck in his [F] tucker bag,  
 [C] You'll come a-[Am]waltzing Mat-[G]ilda with [C] me.

*Optional repeat chorus:*

[C] Up rode the [E7] squatter, [Am] mounted on his [F] thoroughbred,  
 [C] Down came the troopers, [G] **one** [G] **two** [G] **three**.  
 [C] Where's that jolly [E7] jumbuck, [Am] you've got in your [F] tuckerbag?  
 [C] You'll come a-[Am]waltzing Mat-[G]ilda with [C] me.

**Chorus:** [C] Waltzing Matilda, [F] waltzing Matilda,  
 [C] You'll come a-[Am]waltzing Mat-[Dm]ilda with [G] me.  
 [C] Where's that jolly [E7] jumbuck, [Am] you've got in your [F] tuckerbag?  
 [C] You'll come a-[Am]waltzing Mat-[G]ilda with [C] me.

[C] Up jumped the [E7] swagman and [Am] sprang into the [F] billabong  
 [C] You'll never catch me a-[G]live said he ...  
*Slow tremolo for next line only*  
 And his [C] ghost may be [E7] heard as you [Am] pass by that [F] billabong...  
 [C] You'll come a-[Am]waltzing Mat-[G]ilda with [C] me.

**Chorus:** [C] Waltzing Matilda, [F] waltzing Matilda,  
 [C] You'll come a-[Am]waltzing Mat-[Dm]ilda with [G] me.  
 And his [C] ghost may be [E7] heard as you [Am] pass by that [F] billabong...  
*Slower* [C] You'll come a-[Am]waltzing Mat-[G]ilda with [C] me.

*Finish with tremolo on C, some sing an octave higher for the final held C note*



# Wild Colonial Boy

There [D] was a wild col-[G]onial [Em] boy, Jack [A7] Doolan was his [D] name  
Of poor but honest [G] parents [Em] he was [A7] born in [D] Castlemaine [A7]  
He [D] was his father's [G] only [Em] hope, his [A7] mother's pride and [D] joy [A7]  
And [D] dearly did his [G] parents [Em] love the [A7] wild colonial [D] boy

At barely sixteen [G] years of [Em] age, he [A7] left his native [D] home,  
And to Australia's [G] sunny [Em] shore he [A7] was inclined to [D] roam [A7]  
He [D] robbed the rich, he [G] helped the [Em] poor, he [A7] shot James Mc-[D]Avoy [A7]  
A [D] terror to [G] Australia [Em] was the [A7] wild colonial [D] boy.

One morning on the [G] prairie [Em] as [A7] Jack he rode a-[D]long  
A-listening to the [G] mocking [Em] bird [A7] singing a cheerful [D] song [A7]  
Out [D] stepped a band of [G] troopers, [Em] Kelly, [A7] Davis and Fitz-[D]roy [A7]  
They [D] all set out to [G] capture [Em] him, the [A7] wild colonial [D] boy

"Surrender now Jack [G] Doolan [Em] for you [A7] see we're three to [D] one  
Surrender in the [G] Queen's high [Em] name for [A7] you're a plundering [D] son" [A7]  
Jack [D] drew a pistol [G] from his [Em] belt and [A7] waved it like a [D] toy [A7]  
"I'll [D] fight, but not [G] surrender," [Em] said the [A7] wild colonial [D] boy

He [D] fired a shot at [G] Kelly, [Em] which [A7] brought him to the [D] ground  
And turning round to [G] Davis, [Em] he re-[A7]ceived a fatal [D] wound. [A7]  
A [D] bullet pierced his [G] proud young [Em] heart  
from the [A7] pistol of Fitz-[D]roy, [A7]  
And [D] that was how they [G] captured [Em] him, the [A7] wild colonial [D] boy