



# Between the Lines

## The Folk Process at work in Australia

By Jason Roweth



**"These songs are meant to be shared."**

- Carrie Milliner

**PLEASE** do not hesitate to send an item to me if you feel you have something to contribute - ditties, parodies, songs, even fragments of songs, stories about the singers & musicians... please contact me via The Millthorpe Post Office, NSW, 2798, phone/fax on 0263 663 260 or email usnothem@speedlink.com.au.

This instalment of Between the Lines contains three songs written by Tom Stonham. Thanks very much to Tom for allowing me to publish his terrific songs and for writing the introductions. Thanks also to Chloe Roweth for her transcriptions. Tom sings the songs in the traditional, unaccompanied fashion. His delivery is deliberate & considered, making good use of irregular pauses that are hard to notate. Please use the transcriptions as a guide only.

### I'll let Tom introduce himself...

Tom is a 7th generation Australian, (1823), who was born in Balmain, NSW in 1925 and is now retired to Nambucca Heads on the Mid North Coast. His given names, Thomas Richard Henry, (Tom, Dick and Harry!) are indicative of his ev'ryday approach to writing.

He led an active outdoor life as a manual worker freeing his mind to search of that "elusive line". He loves to write songs and poetry with rhyme and rhythm and detests the "tennis without a net" non-rhyming style of writing, all too common today. His songs and poems, written over the past 50 years, reflect his interest in Australian pioneering days, ancient history and outer-space etc. His work is well researched and, to the best of his knowledge, historically accurate. He can be contacted by phone 02 6568 5269 or email maureenandtom@tsn.cc

### And now the songs...

## NEW-CHUM'S HILL © Tom Stonham 1980

**Author's Note:** New Chums Hill ... was written about 1980 when Tom was wandering around the Snowy Mountains. He believes it to be an essentially true story.

Three young blokes from Mot - her Eng - land, in Aus - tra - lia on - ly weeks, with the  
 Pom-my-gra-nate pink-ness slow-ly fad-ing from their cheeks. They had come to find their for-tune 'way Down  
 Un - der, dig - gin' gold, Eight-een Fir - ly Six or Se-ven, Bri - tish Bull - dogs, brave and bold.  
 Chorus  
 They were New Chums, brand-new blood-y tools, they were New Chums,  
 Ap - ril blood-y fools. Tho' they've long been called up yon-der you can hear 'em laugh-in' still... First of  
 Ap - ril, near Ki - an - dra, high on New - Chum's Hill.

**Spoken Intro:** Near the little town of Kiandra in the Snowy River region of NSW, Australia, is a spot known locally as 'New Chum's Hill' and here is how it got that name...

Three young blokes from Mother England, in Australia only weeks, with the Pommy-granate pinkness slowly fading from their cheeks. They had come to find their fortune 'way Down Under, diggin' gold, Eighteen Fifty Six or Seven, British Bulldogs, brave and bold.

### Chorus:

They were New Chums, brand-new bloody tools,  
they were New Chums, April bloody fools.

Tho' they've long been called up yonder  
you can hear 'em laughin' still...

First of April, near Kiandra,  
high on New-Chum's Hill.

When they reached the Snowy River,  
where the frost can freeze your nose,  
it was on the First of April when you must be on your toes.  
There they asked some Aussie miners where gold nuggets  
might be found  
and one joker pulled a poker face 'n' looked a bloody round.

"Take yer picks 'n' bloody shovels, 'n' climb up that bloody 'ill.  
Better take a bloody chaff-bag which yer bound ter bloody fill."  
and the April Fools believed him, full of innocence and trust,  
with the funny bloody Aussies laughin' fit ter bloody bust!

Well... they climbed that bloody hillside,  
found that luvverlee bloody stuff,  
and their silly bloody chaff-bag wasn't big e-bloody-nuff.  
When they'd made a bloody million,  
then they spread their bloody wings,  
sailin' back to bloody England where they lived like bloody kings!

Rich 'n' rare, gold's where you find it,  
luck had laughed at heavy wit.  
Think of David and Goliath, of the biter bein' bit...  
Cut the cards or spin the pennies, some'll win and some'll lose,  
like them British bloody Bulldogs licked us Kanga-bloody-roos!

### Chorus:

They were New Chums, brand-new bloody tools,  
they were New Chums, April bloody fools.

First of April, near Kiandra,  
if you make like Jack and Jill,  
there's a wisp of Pommy laughter  
in the wind... on New Chums Hill!

**Sound effects:** Laughter at end, fading.....

## My Cobber, 'BULLSHOT'

© 1964 Words and Music by Tom Stonham

Finalist: Lyrics Only Section Tamworth Songwriters Assn. National Country Song Writing Contest 1999 **Author's Note:** My Cobber Bullshot ... Tom swears that this song is based on a real-life character, namely himself! Modesty forbids him saying more!

Uncanny Annie Oakley, she could hit and split a dime.  
From New South Wales, Australia hails the top-gun of all time.  
Five hundred miles from Sydney by a fire blackened stump,  
I know a bloke called Bullshot 'cos at shootin' he's the trump!

### Chorus:

My cobber, Bullshot, bullshot, three bags full,  
My cobber, Bullshot can really shoot the bull!

*Bull swore a flying saucer came to Earth right by his house.  
The crew were big blue spiders but their leader was a louse.  
They planned to land an army that would doom the human race  
but when they saw Bull's •44 they wracked-off back to Space!*

*In deepest, darkest Scotland natives still swear Bull was drunk.  
He nailed the Loch Ness monster but the ugly beastie sunk.  
He couldn't prove he'd done it but ol' Bullshot likes to boast,  
when Scotsmen see their monster it's the  
Loch Ness monster's ghost!*

*Right to the crest of Everest, that's where Bull went to find  
abominable snowmen, meant to shoot 'em, changed his mind.  
He found them friendly fellers, mighty like a human bean,  
and Bull's a mighty snowman, if you know the snow I mean!*

*Bull went to Central China, trackin' dragons to their dens.  
Fierce fire-breathin' dragons who had barbecued his friends...  
"There's no such things as dragons". We all hollered, "Oh, what  
rot!"  
"Not now," old Bullshot cackled, "Cos I snuffed the flamin' lot!"*

#### Chorus repeat:

*Altho' we scoff and laugh it off still Bullshot will insist  
spectacular Count Dracula, the vampire, does exist.  
Bull thought that mugs used silver slugs, he stuck to standard lead.  
Scored seven hits, then Bull admits he dropped his gun and fled!*

*Vets have their say on Anzac Day and Bullshot had the floor.  
Said how he'd swapped his rifle for a Bren gun in the War.  
He'd write his name in smoke and flame on Zeros way up high,  
then grab his great ol' •38 'n' hip-shot dot the I.*

*"Hey! That's a lie. There ain't no 'I' in Bullshot shouted Blue.  
Your glory story won't stand up, the spellin' don't read true!"  
Bull roared, "You're right, 'cos I'm polite, that's why the 'I' don't fit...  
I ain't about to spell it out... but shot' ain't what 'I' writ!"*

*Yair... Bull's a bloke who loves a joke at any time or place.  
Tell any darn ol' shootin' yarn, bet Bull will trump your ace.  
But Bull shoots bullseye targets now and won't cut down a tree...  
Bull's seen the light and joined the fight for world E-col-o-gee!*

#### Chorus repeat:

*My clobber, Bullshot, bullshot, three bags full,  
My clobber, Bullshot can really shoot the bull... bull... bull...  
(fading) ....*

Introduction

Bull - shot, bull - shot,

Verse

Un - can - my An - nie Oak - ley, she could hit and split a  
dime. From New South Wales, Aust - ra - lia hails the top - gun of all  
time. Five hund - red miles from Syd - ney by a fi - re black - ened  
slump, I know a bloke called Bull - shot 'cos at

Chorus

shoot - in' he's the trump! Oh, my cob - ber, bull - shot,  
Bull - shot, three bags full, My cob - ber bull - shot, can  
real - ly shoot the bull!

## SAILING TO AUSTRALIA

© Words Tom Stonham 1975

Music Traditional - Onward Christian Soldiers **Author's Note:** Sailing to Australia... simply harsh historical fact.

Chorus

Se - ven years hard la - bour, Guilty un - der the law. Sail - ing to Au - stralia...

Verse

Eight - een thir - ty four. Sail - ing to Aus - tra - lia, bat - tened down be - low,  
thir - teen thou - sand miles, far as ships can go. We love Mo - ther Eng - land,  
she hates us... and so... We're sail - ing to Aus - tra - lia, cast out from all we know...

#### Spoken Intro:

*Six farm labourers from Tolpuddle, rural Dorset in England, sentenced to seven years transportation for attempting to form a trade union.*

#### Chorus:

*Seven years hard labour,  
Guilty under the law.  
Sailing to Australia...  
Eighteen thirty four.*

*Sailing to Australia, batted down below,  
thirteen thousand miles, far as ships can go.  
We love Mother England, she hates us... and so...  
We're sailing to Australia, cast out from all we know... oh...*

*Sailing to Australia, hell-hole, New South Wales,  
men and women convicts from the hulks and jails.  
Pris'ners weighed, found wanting. Whose hand held the scales?  
Nobs, landlords, judges, magistrates, beaks, hard and sharp as  
nails... oh...*

*Sailing to Australia, men who asked for bread,  
feed our wives and children as they should be fed.  
"Crafty, scheming scoundrels! Greedy Louts!" they said.  
We asked them for the Staff of Life... they gave us stones instead...  
oh...*

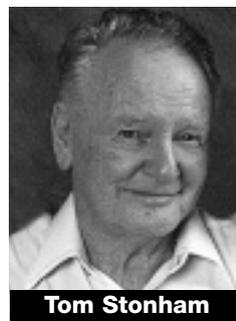
*Sailing to Australia, workmen must not speak.  
Six poor Dorset farm hands might infect the meek.  
All we asked was justice... just ten bob a week...  
But justice is for gentlemen and not for us to seek... oh...*

*Sailing to Australia, Sunday morn we sing,  
soldiers, sailors, convicts... hear massed voices ring.  
Praising Christ our Saviour then God Save the King  
but the muskets, bay'nets,  
leg-irons and Lord Lash  
rules everything... oh...*

#### Chorus:

*Seven years hard labour.  
Guilty under the law.  
Sailing to Australia...  
Eighteen thirty four.*

**Note:** Extra choruses may be inserted as desired.



Tom Stonham

This is the eighth 'Between the Lines' instalment. Previous columns have contained the following songs... please contact 'Trad & Now' for back issues of the magazine. **Issue 1:** - I Don't Work for a Living - The Rambling Bachelors - Cocky's Daughter (Fragment) **Issue 2:** - The Drunkard's Child - The Dark Eyed Gypsy - Parodies of Show Me the Way to Go Home, Mademoiselle and Daisy **Issue 3:** - Molly Baun Lavery - I Landed Here in Melbourne - More parodies **Issue 4:** - The Death of Ben Hall - Moreton Bay (Collected Version) **Issue 5:** - Goorianawa - Shearing in the Bar - Engines / Machine Guns They Rattle **Issue 6:** - The Death of the Shed Rep - Flash Sydney Shearers - Shearing Boots - About a Shearer's Cook **Issue 7:** - The Seizure of the Cyprus Brig **Issue 9:** - Dunn, Gilbert and Ben Hall - My Name is Ben Hall - The Death of Ben Hall