

The winning entry in the second Dale and John Dengate Parody Cup held at the Illawarra Folk Festival was Mike Martin's *The Peoples Dream*.

The Peoples Dream

I dreamt I was in Parliament. It was a dream of joy
 For every member was honourable, the type you would employ
 There were no collars, suits or ties, just overalls, boots and pies
 There were no broken promises and nobody ever told lies.

I dreamt no votes on Party lines, no money ever changed hands
 They'd legislate the peoples will, for the battler, for the working man
 There were equal rights for both black and white. Men, women and both
 Where money couldn't buy or influence the way you decide to vote.

I dreamt I gave my maiden speech, a tear came to my eye
 I spoke of justice and freedom, the reason the diggers died
 I spoke of poverty and of greed, the demise of democracy
 I spoke of sustainability and biodiversity.

I dreamt every member understood my words,
 I was as proud as proud could be
 The call from the floor was for more and the gallery they all agreed
 But then I awoke in a shearing shed, on a bed of greasy wool
 The clapping the clatter of cutters and combs
 And the cheering was the bleating YOUS



Mike Martin with his concertina

Mike Martin

SINGABOUT

FEBRUARY 2015

SONGS COLLECTED AND NEW

The Lime Juice Tub

Oh here we are in New South Wales shear - ing sheep as big as whales
 With leath- er necks and dag- gy tails, fleece as tough as rust- y nails.

*Oh, here we are in New South Wales,
 Shearing sheep as big as whales,
 Leather necks and daggy tails,
 Fleece as tough as rusty nails.*

When shearing comes lay down your drums.
 Step to the board you brand new chums.
 With a rah-dum, rah-dum, rub-a-dub-dub,
 We'll send you home in a lime juice tub.

There's brand new chums and cockie's sons,
 They fancy that they are great guns,
 They fancy they can shear the wool,
 But the buggers can only tear and pull.

The very first job they undertake,
 The press the wool – they make a mistake,
 The press the wool without any bales,
 Shearing's hell in New South Wales.

There's fourteen shearers in a row,
 The whistle toots and away they go,
 With second pulls and belly cuts,
 Half of the buggers are sowing up guts.

Although you live beyond your means,
 Your daughters wear no crinolines,
 Nor are the bothered by boots and shoes,
 They're wild in the bush with the kangaroos.

It's home, It's home I'd like to be,
 Not humping my drum in the back country.
 Sixteen thousand miles I've come,
 To tag along with a blanket drum.

Oh, here we are in New South Wales...

The Great Northern Line

Duke Tritton

Oh my love he is a teams-ter a hand-some man is he,
 Red shirt, white mole- skin trous-ers, and a hat of cab-bage tree,
 He drives a team of bul-locks and whe-ther it's wet or fine,
 You will hear his whip a- crack-ing on the Great North-ern Line.
 Watch him, pipe him, twig him how he goes,
 With his lit-tle team of bul-locks he cuts no dirt-y shows.
 He's one of the flash young car-riers that on the roads do shine,
 With his lit-tle team of bul-locks on the Great North-ern Line.

Oh my love he is a teamster, a handsome man is he.
 Red shirt, white moleskin trousers and a hat of cabbage tree.
 He drives a team of bullocks, and whether it's wet or fine,
 You will hear his whip a-cracking on the Great Northern Line

*Watch him, pipe him, twig him how he goes,
 With his little team of bullocks, he cuts no dirty shows.
 He's one of the flash young carriers, that on the roads do shine,
 With his little team of bullocks on the Great Northern Line.*

And when he swings the Greenhide, he raises skin and hair,
 His bullocks all have shriveled horns for Lordy he can swear.
 But I will always love him, that splendid man of mine,
 With his little team of bullocks on the Great Northern Line.

When he bogged a † Mundowie and the bullocks took the yoke,
 They srained with bellies on the ground until the bar-chain broke,
 He fixed it up with fencing-wire and brought wood from Bundamine,
 With his little team of bullocks on the Great Northern Line.

When he comes to Tamworth, you'll hear the ladies sigh,
 And parents guard their daughters for he has a roving eye,
 But he signals with his bullock whip as he comes through the pine,
 With his little team of bullocks on the Great Northern Line.

Shoalhaven

Peter Cahill

Chorus
 Shoal- hav - en riv - er run free,
 Shoul - hav - en Riv - er and me.
 In the shade of old Cam - be - war - ra,
 You wind ev - er slow - ly to sea.
Verse
 This beaut - i - ful riv - er has be - en.
 The life and soul of the South.
 And she nev - er com - plained or re - bell - ed,
 When they alt - ered her course at her mouth.

*Chorus: Shoalhaven River run free,
 Shoalhaven River and me,
 In the shade of the old Cambewarra,
 You wind ever slowly to sea.*

- | | |
|---|---|
| 2. She's given up seafood a-plenty,
She always appeals to the eye,
Her wandering ways gently carry,
The fishermen out with the tide. | 3. And the native Australians first knew,
That she loved all who sleep by her shores,
Keeping safe the tired seaman and sailor,
And the travelers who pass evermore. |
| 4. Many changes we have made to her country
Many times she's been sadly misused,
But her spirit and beauty repels,
All the fools who don't love her so well. | 4. When the city smoke, noise and pollution,
Have had me for too long again,
I look South to the river I love so dear,
To rest in her arms once again. |

BMC member Peter Cahill performs as part of the Concert Party and during the year also played at Duke's Place.