

Froggie Went A-Courting

Froggie went a-courting and he did ride. Uh-hmm, (repeat)
Froggie went a-courting and he did ride
A sword and pistol by his side. Uh-hmm.

He went down to Missy Mousie's door
Where he had often been before.

He said, "Missy Mouse, are you within?"
"Yes kind sir, I sit and spin."

He took Missy Mouse upon his knee
And said "Missy Mouse, will you marry me?"

"Without my Uncle Rat's consent
I wouldn't marry the president."

Uncle Rat laughed and shook his fat sides,
To think his niece would be a bride.

When Uncle Rat gave his consent
The weasel wrote the publishment.

Where will the wedding supper be?
Way down yonder in a holler tree.

What will the wedding supper be?
Two green beans and a black-eyed pea.

The first to come was the little white moth
She spread out the tablecloth.

The next to come was the bumblebee
Played the fiddle upon his knee.

The next to come was a little flea
Danced a jig with the bumblebee.

The next to come was Missus Cow
Tried to dance but didn't know how.

The owl did hoot, the birds they sang
And through the woods the music rang.

They all went sailing 'cross the lake
And got swallowed up by a big black snake

There's bread and cheese upon the shelf
If you want any more you can sing it yourself.

Streets Of London

Have you seen the old man In the closed-down market
Kicking up the paper with his worn out shoes?
In his eyes you see no pride And held loosely at his side
Yesterday's paper telling yesterday's news
Chorus: So how can you tell me you're lonely, and say for you that the sun don't shine?
Let me take you by the hand and lead you through the streets of London
I'll show you something to make you change your mind

Have you seen the old girl who walks the streets of London
Dirt in her hair and her clothes in rags?
She's no time for talking, she just keeps right on walking,
Carrying her home in two carrier bags.

In the all night café at a quarter past eleven,
Same old man is sitting there on his own
Looking at the world over the rim of his tea-cup,
Each tea last an hour, then he wanders home alone

And have you seen the old man outside the seaman's mission
Memory fading with the medal ribbons that he wears.
In our winter city, the rain cries a little pity
For one more forgotten hero and a world that doesn't care

The Band Played Waltzing Mathilda Eric Bogle

When I was a young man I carried my pack,
And I lived the free life of a rover.
From the Murrays green basin to the dusty outback
I waltzed my Mathilda all over.
The in 1915 the country said "Son,
It's time to stop rambling, there's work to be done."
And they gave me a tin hat and they gave me a gun
And they sent me off to the war.
 And the band played "Waltzing Mathilda"
 As our ship pulled away from the quay.
 And amidst all the cheers, flag-waving and tears,
 we sailed off to Gallipoli.

How well I remember that terrible day
How the blood stained the sand and the water
And how in that town that they called Suvla Bay
We were butchered like lambs to the slaughter.
Johnny Turk he was ready, he'd primed himself well,
He chased us with bullets and he rained us with shells,
and in five minutes flat he'd blown us all to hell,
nearly blew us right back to Australia.
 But the band played Waltzing Mathilda
 As we stopped to bury our slain.
 We buried ours and they buried theirs
 Then we started all over again.

Now those that were left, well we tried to survive
In a mad world of blood, death and fire.
And for ten weary weeks I kept myself alive,
But around me the corpses piled higher.
Then a big Turkish shell knocked me arse over head
And when I awoke in my hospital bed.
I saw what it had done and I wished I was dead,
Never knew there were worse things than dying.
 For I'll go no more waltzing Mathilda
 All around the green bush far and near
 For to hump tents and pegs, a man needs both legs
 no more waltzing Mathilda for me.

So they collected the cripples, the wounded, the maimed
And they shipped us back home to Australia:
The armless, the legless, the blind, the insane,
Those proud wounded heroes of Suvla.
And as our ship pulled into Circular Quay,
I looked at the place where my legs used to be.
And thank Christ there was no one there waiting for me,
To grieve and to mourn and to pity.
 And the band played Waltzing Mathilda
 As they carried us down the gangway.
 But nobody cheered, they just stood and stared
 Then they turned all their faces away.

And now every April I sit on my porch

And I watch the parade pass before me.
And I watch my old comrades, how proudly they march
Renewing their dreams of past glory.
The old men march slowly, all bent stiff and sore,
Those tired old men from a forgotten war,
And the young people ask "What are they marching for?"
And I ask myself the same question.

And the band plays Waltzing Mathilda
As the old men answer the call
But year after year, their numbers grow fewer,
Some day no one will march there at all.

Waltzing Mathilda, waltzing Mathilda
Who'll come a-waltzing Mathilda with me?
And their ghosts may be heard as you pass by the Billabong.
Who'll come a-waltzing Mathilda with me.