

Reedy River

Præshow Music

[Broken Hill – June 2023]

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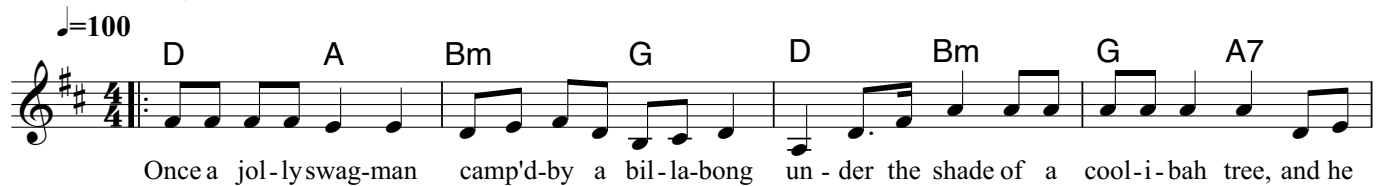


Reedy River Pre-Show Music

[Compiled by Wayne Richmond to be played in the foyer prior to the 2023 Broken Hill performance of Reedy River]


Waltzing Matilda

$\text{♩} = 100$




D A Bm G D Bm G A7

Once a jol-lyswag-man camp'd-by a bil-la-bong un-der the shade of a cool-i-bah tree, and he



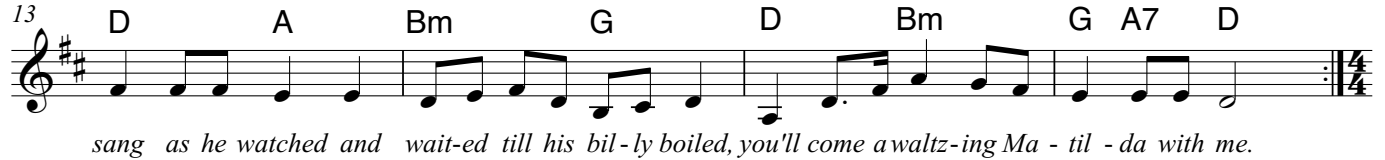
5 D A Bm G D Bm G A7 D

sang as he watch'd and wait-ed till his bil-ly boiled, You'll come a waltz-ing Ma - til - da with me.



9 D G D Bm G A7

Waltz-ing Ma-til - da Waltz-ing Ma-til - da, you'll come a waltz-ing Ma - til - da with me, and he



13 D A Bm G D Bm G A7 D

sang as he watched and wait-ed till his bil-ly boiled, you'll come a waltz-ing Ma - til - da with me.

Banks of the Condamine



1 D G D Bm A



9 Em C D7 G A7 D G D G D



17 D A D Bm A D B Em A



25 Em C D7 G A7 D G D G D

rit.

The Lachlan Tigers

1 $\text{♩} = 260$ Bm A

Now at his gate each shear-er stood as the whistle loud-ly blew, With
A lot of Lach-lan ti-gers it's plain to see we are, Hark

6 Em Bm F#7

eye-brows fixed and lips com-pressed the ti-gers al bent too: You could
to our bur-ly ring-er as he loud-ly calls for tar;

10 Bm G D F#7

hear the click-ing of the shears as through the wool they glide, You
'Tar here,' calls one and quick the tar boy flies

14 Bm F#7 Bm G D F#7 Bm

see a gun al-read-y turned, he's on the whip-ping side.
'Sweep those locks a-way,' a-noth-er loud-ly cries.

The Dying Stockman

1 $\text{♩} = 180$ C G7 C F C G7

A strap-ping young stock-man lay dy-ing, A sad-dle sup-port-ing his head, And his
Wrap me up in my stock-whip & blan-ket, And bu-ry me deep down be-low, Where the

10 C G7 C F G7 C

com-rades a-round him were cry-ing As he leant on his el-bow and said;
din-goes and crows will not find me, In the shade where the coo-li-bahs grow.

Black Velvet Band

1 G C G D7

In a neat lit-tle town they call Bel-fast, A-p-pren-ticed to trade I was bound, And

10 G Em Am D7 G

man-y an hour's_ sweet ha-ppi-ness, That I spent in that neat lit-tle town,

18 G C G D

Till sad mis-for-tune came o'er me, And I had to flee from the land, A-
Her eyes they shone like the dia-monds, You'd think she was Queen of the land, And her

27 G Em Am D7 G

way from my friends and re-la-tions, To fol-low the black vel-vet band.
hair hung o-ver her shoul-der, Tied up in a black vel-vet band.

The Limejuice Tub

1 $\text{♩} = 200$ G D7 G C G

When shear - ing comes lay down your drums, step to the board you brand new chums, with a

6 C G D7 G

ra - dum - doo and a rub - a - dub - dub, We'll send you home in a lime - juice tub.

10 G D7 G C G

Here we are in New South Wales shear - in' sheep as big as whales with

14 C G D7 G G C D7 G

leath - er necks & dag - gy tails & fleece as tough as rust - y nails.

Botany Bay

1 C G7 C

Fare - well to old Eng - land for e - ver, Fare -
There's the Cap - tain as is our Com - man - der, There's the
Now, all my young Doo - kies & Du - ches - ses, Take

6 F C G7

well to my rum culls as well, Fare -
bo' - sun and all the ship's crew, There's the
warn - ing from what I've to say, Mind

10 C F C Am

well to the well known Old Bai - ley, Where I
first & the se - cond class pas - sen - gers, Knows -
all is your own as you touch - ess - es, Or you'll

14 C G7 C

used for to cut such a swell.
what we poor con - victs go through!
find us in Bo - tan - y Bay.

17 G7 C G7 C F C G7

Sing - ing Too - ral li - oo - ral - li ad - di - ty, Sing - ing Too - ral li - oo - ral - li - ay, Sing - ing

26 C F C Am * C G7 C

Too - ral li - oo - ral - li ad - di - ty, And we're bound for Bo - tan - y Bay.

The Drover's Dream

1 G C G D
 One night when trav' ling sheep my com-pan-ions lay a-sleep There was not a star to'lu-min-ate the sky. I was

6 G C G D7 G
 dream-ing I sup- pose, for my eyes were part-ly closed, When a ve- ry strange pro-ces-sion passed me by, First there

10 C G D7
 came a kan- ga-roo with his swag of blan kets blue, A din- go ran be-side him as his mate; They were

14 G C G D7 G
 trav' ling migh-ty fast, but they shou- ted as they passed "We'll_ have to jog a- long it's get- ting late."

Ladies of Brisbane

1 Em C G
 Fare - well and a - dieu to you, sweet Bris - bane la - dies, Fare -
 We'll rant and we'll roar like true Queens - land dro - vers, We'll

6 Em C Am D7
 well and a - dieu to you girls of Too - wong, For we've
 rant and well roar as on - wards we push, Un -

10 G D7 Em G
 sold all our cat - tle, and have to be mo - ving, But we
 - til we get back to the Au - ga - thel - la Sta - tion, For it's

14 C Em B7 Em
 hope we shall see you a - gain be - fore long.
 fla - ming dry go - ing through the old Queens - land bush.

The Road to Gundagai

Jack O'Hagan

1 D7 G C G D7 G C G

There's a scene that lin-gers in my mem-o - ry, Of an old bush home and friends I long to see.

10 C Am G Bm Em A7 D7

That's why I am yearn - ing, just to be re - turn - ing A-long the road to Gun - da - gai.

18 G B7 C G A7 D7 G C G

There's a track wind-ing back to an old fash-ion shack a-long the road to Gun-da - gai. Where the

27 C G E7 A7 D7

blue gums are grow-ing and the Mur-rum-bid-gee's flow-ing, be-neath that sun-ny sky; Where my

35 G7 C E7 A7 D7

dad - dy and mum-my are wait-ing for me, And the pals of my child-hood once more I will see. Then no

43 G B7 C G A7 D7 G C G

more will I roam, when I'm head-ing right for home a-long the road to Gun-da - gai.

Waltzing Matilda (Queensland version)

1 C Am F G C Am Dm G7

Oh there once was a swag-man camped by a bil - la-bong, Un - der the shade of a coo - li-bah tree; And he

6 Am Em F G7 C Am F G7 C

sang as he looked at his old bil - ly boil - ing, "Who'll come a-waltz-ing Ma - til - da with me?"

10 C Am F G C Am Dm G7

Who'll come a-waltz-ing Ma - til - da, my dar - ling, Who'll come a-waltz-ing Ma - til - da with me?_

14 Am Em F G7 C Am F G7 C

Waltz-ing Ma-til - da and lea - ding a wa - ter bag, Who'll come a-walt-zing Ma - til - da with me?_

Oh the Springtime it brings on the shearing

18 G D7 G D7

Oh! the spring-time it brings on the shear - ing _____ And then you will see them in droves, ___ To the

27 G D7 G C G D7 G

west coun - try sta - tions all steer - ing, _____ A - seek - ing a job off the coves. _____

Moreton Bay

1 D G D Bm E A7

One Sun - day morn - ing as I was walk - ing, by Bris - bane wa - ters I chanced to stray. I

5 D G D Bm A7 D

heard a con - vict his fate - be - wail - ing as on the sun - ny riv - er bank he lay. "I

9 D G D Bm Em A7

am a na - tive of Er - in's is - land trans - port - ed now from my na - tive shore, They

13 D G D Bb A7 D

tore me from my _____ a - ged pa - rents and from the mai - den that I do a - dore."

Flash Jack from Gundagai

D A7 D

I've shore at Burr - a - bo - gie, and I've shore at To - gan - main, I've

21 D G A7

shore at big Will - an - dra and out on the Col - er - aine, But be -

25 D G A7 Bm

fore the shear-ing was o - ver, I wished my - self back a - gain A

29 D A7 D

shear - ing for old Tom Pat - ter - son on the One Tree Plain.

33 D A7 D

All a - mong the wool boys, all a - mong the wool,

37 D G A7

Keep your wide blades full boys, keep your wide blades full, I can

41 D G A7 Bm

do a res-pect - a - ble tal - ly my - self when - e - ver I likes to try, They

45 D A7

know me round the coun - try as Flash Jack from Gun - da - gai.

Shores of Botany Bay

1 F Dm Bb F

I'm on me way down to the quay where the big ship now doth lay, To com

6 F Dm G C

mand a gang of nav-vies I was or - dered to en - gage. And I

10 F Dm Bb C

thought I would stop in for a - while be - fore I sailed a - way to_____

14 Dm Am Dm

take a trip on an im - mi - grant ship to the shores of Bot - n'y Bay.

18 C F Dm Bb F

Fare - well to your bricks & mor - tar, Fare - well to your dirt - y lime. Fare -

23 F Dm G C

well to your gang - way & your gang plank, & to hell with your o - ver - time. For the

27 F Dm Bb C

good ship Rag - a - muf - fin she's ly - ing at the quay for to

31 Dm Am Dm

take old Pat, with a sho - vel on his back to the shores of Bot - n'y Bay.

36 Am Dm Dm