

AUSTRALIANA

A garland of Australian folk-songs
for optional soloist(s), two-part chorus and instruments

arr. Colin Brumby

Andante $\bullet = 96$

mp cresc

7 *mf*

(1) Oh, list - ten for a mom - ent, lads, And
take my tip, be - fore you ship To
night and day the ir - ons clang, And

mf

7 *mf* *meno f*

13

hear me tell my tale; How, o'er the sea from Eng - land's shore, I
join the ir - on gang, Don't be too gay in Bot - 'ny Bay Or
like poor gal - ley slaves We toil and toil; and when we die We

13

17

was com - pelled to sail. The ju - ry says, "He's guil - ty, sir!" And
 else you'll sure - ly hang. Or else you'll hang," he says, says he, "And
 fill dis - hon - oured graves. But by and by I'll break my chains... Re -

21

says the judge, says he... "For life, Jim Jones, I'm send - ing you A -
 af - ter that, Jim Jones, High up up - on the gal - lows - tree The
 mem - ber what I say: They'll yet re - gret they sent Jim Jones In

25

cross the storm - y sea. (2)"And
 crows will pick your bones." (3)All
 chains to Bot - 'ny Bay!

1 & 2

1 & 2

25

1 & 2

mf

31 3rd time

mp cresc

37 A little faster $\text{♩} = 104$

(1) When first I left Old Eng - land's shore, such yarns that we were

mf rall *mp*

37

mf rall *mp*

42

told Of how the folk in Aus - tra - lia could pick up lumps of gold; How

cresc *mf*

42

cresc *mf*

47

gold dust lay in ev - 'ry street, and min - ers' rights were free... "Hur - rah!" I told my

47