

Australian Folk Songs

[songs](#) | [books](#) | [records](#) | [articles](#) | [glossary](#) | [links](#) | [search](#) | [responses](#) | [home](#)

Waltzing Matilda



Waltzing Matilda

Oh there once was a swagman camped in a billabong
Under the shade of a coolibah tree
And he sang as he looked at his old billy boiling
Who'll come a waltzing Matilda with me

Chorus

Who'll come a waltzing Matilda my darling
Who'll come a waltzing Matilda with me
Waltzing Matilda and leading a water bag
Who'll come a waltzing Matilda with me

Down came a jumbuck to drink at the water hole
Up jumped the swagman and grabbed him with glee
And he sang as he stowed him away in his tucker bag
You'll come a waltzing Matilda with me

Down came the squatter a riding on his thoroughbred
Down came the troopers one two three
Whose is that jumbuck you've got in the tucker bag
You'll come a waltzing Matilda with me

But the swagman he up and he jumped into the water hole
Drowning himself by the coolibah tree
And his ghost may be heard as it sings in the billabong
Who'll come a waltzing Matilda with me

Notes

Australia's real national anthem. This tune often called 'The Queensland Version' was collected by John Manifold from John O'Neill of Buderim. Manifold notes how much better this tune fits the words that Banjo Paterson wrote. Stewart and Keesing in *Old Bush Songs* note "The swagman is said to have drowned himself in the Combo waterhole in a billabong of the Diamantina River on the boundary of a

station owned by the Macpherson family". The text first appeared in Saltbush Bill J.P. printed in 1917. The song has been compared with 'The Bold Fusilier', which was popular during the nineteenth century:

olk Songs

[songs](#) | [books](#) | [records](#) | [articles](#) | [glossary](#) | [links](#) | [search](#) | [responses](#) | [home](#)

Black Velvet Band



Black Velvet Band

It was in the city of London
In apprenticeship I was bound
And many's the gay old hour
I spent in that dear old town

One day as I was walking
Along my usual beat
A pretty little young maiden
Came tripping along the street

Chorus
And her eyes they shone like diamonds
I thought her the pride of the land
The hair that hung down on her shoulder
Was tied with a black velvet band

One day as we were a walking
A gentleman passed us by
I could see she was bent on some mischief
By the rolling of her dark blue eye

Gold watch she picked from his pocket
And slyly placed into my hand
I was taken in charge by a copper
Bad luck to that black velvet band

Before the Lord Mayor I was taken
Your case, sir, I plainly can see
And if I'm not greatly mistaken

You're bound far over the sea

It's over the dark and blue ocean
Far away to Van Diemen's Land
Away from my friends and relations
And the girl with the black velvet band

Notes

A song well known amongst sailors of Britain, Ireland, North America and Australia. In his Farewell to Old England Hugh Anderson gives a broadside version of the song, printed by Ryle & Co, Seven Dials, dated about 1842. This version collected by Alex Hood from Toby Willis, of Western Australia, who learnt it from his father.

[Top](#)

Australian Folk Songs

Botany Bay

**Farewell to old England the beautiful!
Farewell to my old pals as well!
Farewell to the famous Old Baily
Where I used to cut such a swell.**

***My Too-ral li Roo-lal li Laity
Too-ral li Roo-lal li Lay
Too-ral li Roo-lal li Laity
Too-ral li Roo-lal li Lay!***

**It's seven long years I been serving,
It's seven I got for to stay,
For beatin' a cop down our alley
An' takin' his truncheon away.**

***My Too-ral li Roo-lal li Laity
Too-ral li Roo-lal li Lay
Too-ral li Roo-lal li Laity
Too-ral li Roo-lal li Lay!***

**There's the captain what is our commander,
The bos'n an' all the ship's crew,
The married and also the single ones
Knows what us poor convicts goes through.**

***My Too-ral li Roo-lal li Laity
Too-ral li Roo-lal li Lay
Too-ral li Roo-lal li Laity
Too-ral li Roo-lal li Lay!***

It ain't that they don't give us grub enough,
It ain't that they don't give us clothes;
It's all 'cause we light-fingered gentry
Goes about with a chain on our toes.

My Too-ral li Roo-lal li Laity
Too-ral li Roo-lal li Lay
Too-ral li Roo-lal li Laity
Too-ral li Roo-lal li Lay!

O had I the wings of a turtle dove,
I'd spread out my pinions and fly
Into the arms of my Polly love
And on her soft bosom I'd lie.

My Too-ral li Roo-lal li Laity
Too-ral li Roo-lal li Lay
Too-ral li Roo-lal li Laity
Too-ral li Roo-lal li Lay!

Now all you young viscounts and duchesses
Take warning by what I do say,
And mind it's all yours what you touches-es
Or you'll land down in Botany Bay.