

The Cockies of Bungaree

..... D A7 D

Now all you blokes take my advice and do your daily toil

..... G Em A7

But don't go out to Bungaree to work in the chocolate soil

..... G A7 D

For the days they are so long me boys, they'd break your heart in two

..... A7..... D

And if ever you work for Cocky Bourke, you very soon will know.

G A7 D

Oh we used to go to bed you know a little bit after dark

G Em A7

The room we used to sleep in it was just like Noah's Ark

G A7 D

There were dogs and cats and mice and rats and pigs and poultry

A7 D

But I'll never forget the time we had while down in Bungaree.

Oh the first thing Monday morning sure to work we had to go

My noble cocky says to me "Get up you're rather slow"

The moon was shining gloriously and the stars were out you see

And I thought before the sun would rise I'd die in Bungaree

Oh he called me to my supper at half-past eight or nine

He called me to my breakfast before the sun did shine

And after tea was over, all with a merry laugh

The old cocky says to me "We'll cut a bit of chaff"

Now when you are chaff-cutting boys isn't it a spell?

Yes by jove it is, says I, and it's me that knows it well

For many of those working spells with me they disagree

For I hate the jolly night work that they do in Bungaree.

Now when my first week's work was up, I reckoned I'd had enough,

I went up to that cocky and I asked him for my stuff.

I came down into Ballarat and it didn't take me long,

I went straight into Sayers' Hotel and blued my one-pound-one.