The winning entry in the second Dale and John Dengate Parody Cup held at the Illawarra Folk Festival was Mike Martin's *The Peoples Dream*.

## The Peoples Dream

I dreamt I was in Parliament. It was a dream of joy For every member was honourable, the type you would employ There were no collars, suits or ties, just overalls, boots and pies There were no broken promises and nobody ever told lies.

I dreamt no votes on Party lines, no money ever changed hands They'd legislate the peoples will, for the battler, for the working man There were equal rights for both black and white. Men, women and both Where money couldn't buy or influence the way you decide to vote.

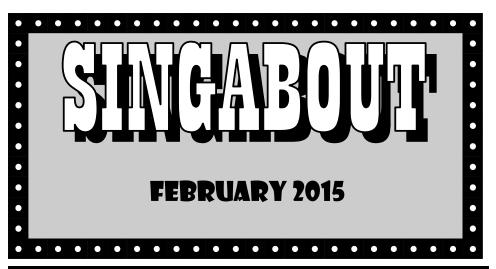
I dreamt I gave my maiden speech, a tear came to my eye I spoke of justice and freedom, the reason the diggers died I spoke of poverty and of greed, the demise of democracy I spoke of sustainability and biodiversity.

I dreamt every member understood my words,

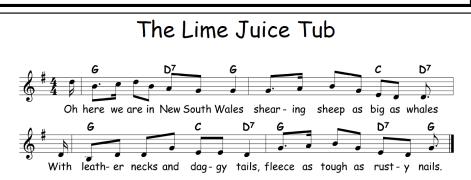
I was as proud as proud could be The call from the floor was for more and the gallery they all agreed But then I awoke in a shearing shed, on a bed of greasy wool The clapping the clatter of cutters and combs And the cheering was the bleating YOUS



Mike Martin with his concertina



## SONGS COLLECTED AND NEW



Oh, here we are in New South Wales, Shearing sheep as big as whales, Leather necks and daggy tails, Fleece as tough as rusty nails.

When shearing comes lay down your drums. Step to the board you brand new chums. With a rah-dum, rah-dum, rub-a-dub-dub, We'll send you home in a lime juice tub.

There's brand new chums and cockie's sons, They fancy that they are great guns, They fancy they can shear the wool, But the buggers can only tear and pull.

The very first job they undertake, The press the wool – they make a mistake, The press the wool without any bales, Shearing's hell in New South Wales. There's fourteen shearers in a row, The whistle toots and away they go, With second pulls and belly cuts, Half of the buggers are sowing up guts.

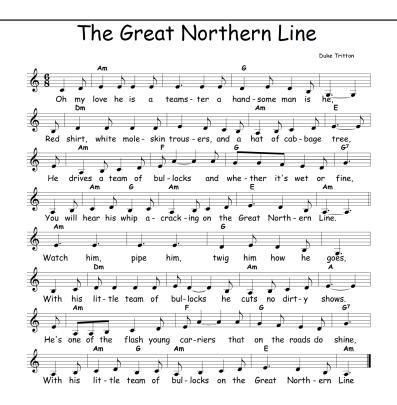
Although you live beyond your means, Your daughters wear no crinolines, Nor are the bothered by boots and shoes, They're wild in the bush with the kangaroos.

It's home, It's home I'd like to be, Not humping my drum in the back country. Sixteen thousand miles I've come, To tag along with a blanket drum.

Oh, here we are in New South Wales ...

February 2015

Mike Martin



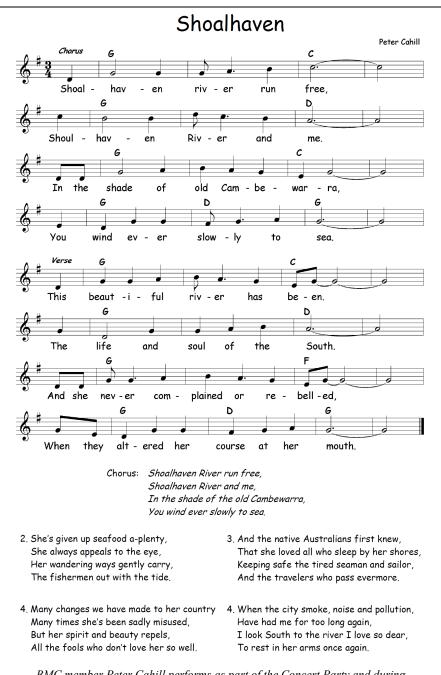
Oh my love he is a teamster, a handsome man is he. Red shirt, white moleskin trousers and a hat of cabbage tree. He drives a team of bullocks, and whether it's wet or fine, You will hear his whip a-cracking on the Great Northern Line

Watch him, pipe him, twig him how he goes, With his little team of bullocks, he cuts no dirty shows. He's one of the flash young carriers, that on the roads do shine, With his little team of bullocks on the Great Northern Line.

And when he swings the Greenhide, he raises skin and hair, His bullocks all have shriveled horns for Lordy he can swear. But I will always love him, that splendid man of mine, With his little team of bullocks on the Great Northern Line.

When he bogged a t Mundowie and the bullocks took the yoke, They srained with bellies on the ground until the bar-chain broke, He fixed it up with fencing-wire and brought wood from Bundamine, With his little team of bullocks on the Great Northern Line.

When he comes to Tamworth, you'll hear the ladies sigh, And parents guard their daughters for he has a roving eye, But he signals with his bullock whip as he comes through the pine, With his little team of bullocks on the Great Northern Line.



BMC member Peter Cahill performs as part of the Concert Party and during the year also played at Duke's Place.

Singabout