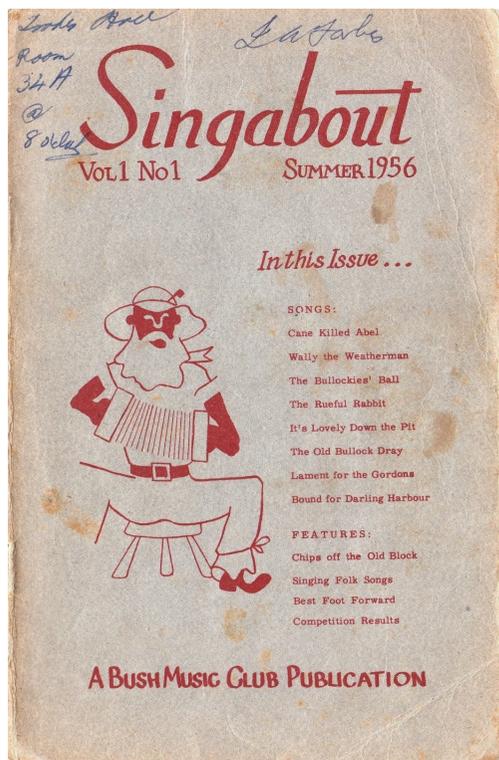


SINGABOUT

FEBRUARY 2016

SINGABOUT TURNS 60



60 years ago, the Bush Music Club published the first issue of Singabout, the cover of which is reproduced here.

It included the words and music to songs sung at the Singabout nights as well as general news about what was happening.

On the next two pages are a sample of that first issue, while our final page this issue is the winning entry from this year's Parody Competition - a fitting modern addition to the singer's repertoire!



OUR FIRST SINGABOUT NIGHT.

Alec Hood (centre), with Brian Loughlin, Jack Barrie and "The Bushwhackers" singing "Ho Give a Fair Go".

This was one of a bracket of four topical songs presented at our first "Singabout Night". Despite the wet night, so many first-class performers turned up that Master of Ceremonies, Alan Scott, had difficulty in fitting everyone into the programme.

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DON'T MISS THE NEXT ONE !

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SATURDAY, 11th FEBRUARY - 8 p.m. - 36 Pitt Street.

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- 5 -

The Rueful Rabbit

Words and music by Stan Wakefield.

Here is another "bush song with a difference" from the composer of the popular "RABBITER'S SONG". "This song", writes Stan, "all relates to first hand experience. It is not about yarns I have heard but about life I have lived ... Injuries to the ears and scalp are common to fodder scrub cutters ... I have served two and a half years apprenticeship to "the knot", but... my mate and I never went short of mutton ... and I have been farming when our mail bore the P.O. imprint "Grow more wheat", "Produce more food", and I have been left with the crop on my hands. It must be sung in a most leisurely manner, even with uneven pauses between the verses. Reminiscing ... "



If you ever climbed a wilga tree to try to earn a zack
In the Western drought when life's a daily battle,
If you tomahawked your ear and paid your wages to the "Quack",
Then you've been out lopping scrub for starving cattle.

If you ever got a sermon to renounce your sinful swag
When you only asked for meat and flour and water,
If you had to leave the station with an empty tuckerbag -
Then you must have struck a bible-bashing squatter.

If you ever oamped outside his fence and watched his peaceful flocks
While you plied your knife with diligent endeavour,
If you squatted by your fire consuming juicy mutton chops,
Then you're qualified to battle in the Never.

Did they tell you that you only had to grow more crops to win -
Did they trap you with their promises so charming?
If you ever grew a bumper crop and had to plough it in,
Then you've had a go at city market farming.

Politicians try to tell us that for floods there ain't no dough,
But their trips to London shine out like a beacon,
And the biggest out-back bull is in the Royal Easter Show -
It's a great old life so long as you don't weaken.

Now the city's full of country folk who gave the bush away,
Though we find the city ain't all milk and honey,
But I'd sooner drive a garbage cart and draw a weekly pay
Than continue as the great Canberra bunny.

Hello Malcolm Turnbull by Steve Wilson
Winner Dengate parody competition 2016

Chorus

Hello Malcolm Turnbull, you've made poor Tony cry,
Hello Malcolm Turnbull you're the apple of your eye.
You're a decently conceited coot, there's no one can deny a
Fella who knows everything, all hail the new messiah.
(so omniscient)

1.

Hello Malcolm Turnbull, revenge is sweet it's true,
And you just did to Tony what Tony did to you.
In the politics of politics where PM's get the sack
Tony and his mates are crook so watch your bloody back

2.

Hello Malcolm Turnbull with your awesome intellect,
Your arrogance is legend, no ego circumspect.
It must be very difficult to follow social rules.
To smile and suffer gladly when the rest of us are fools.

3.

Hello Malcolm Turnbull, you sure have lots of dough.
A model inspiration for all to have a go.
Until that day arrives when all are millionaires,
It surely must be your turn to shout us all some beers.

4.

Hello Malcolm Turnbull with your visionary flair,
Techno innovation will advance Australia fair.
So get those boffins working, every son and daughter.
Perhaps they'll even find a way that you may walk on water.