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From Williamsford to Rosebery Town

Key of C

Verse One:

C F C Dm G C
All four seasons – rolling down / Down a winding sliding track
C F C Dm G C
Dust and gravel – frosted ground / Drizzle patterns on their backs
C G7 F C Dm G C
From Williamsford to Rosebery Town / Bill and Jack come rolling down

Verse Two: (same chord sequence unless marked)

Pull up at the carpenter's shop / Off your bike and on you clock
Know your place - look and learn / Trim the lathe – shape and turn
C G F C Dm G7 C
Speak the lingo: truss and bevel / Mitre, backsaw, spirit level
C G7 F C Dm G C
From Williamsford to Rosebery Town / Bill and Jack come rolling down

Verse Three: (same chord sequence unless marked)

Wash your hands then off to Tech / Apprentices aren't finished yet
Fractions, inches, yards and feet / Angles, planes and drawing sheets
C G F C Dm G7 C
Be precise and do your sums / Back on your bike when day is done

Verse Four: (same chord sequence unless marked)

Now the hard grind really starts / In Bill and Jack there's grit and heart
Across the Stitt and up they climb / Just one more dip then cruel incline
C G F C Dm G7 C
Five miles home – five miles back / Five years apprenticed on that track
C G7 F C Dm G C
From Williamsford to Rosebery Town / Bill and Jack come rolling down

Verse Five: (same chord sequence unless marked)

And in their heads their mother's voice / The depression left your dad no choice
So learn a trade and do your time / Don't spend your life down in the mine
C G F C Dm G7 C
I'll make your crib and warm your tea / You boys will do all right by me
C G7 F C Dm G C
From Williamsford to Rosebery Town / Bill and Jack come rolling down

Repeat Verse One and add last two lines of verse four

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Left: Jack Becker with his granddaughter Zoe

Main Image: Hercules haulage and the Terminus Hotel - Courtesy JH Robinson from the Jeff Crowe Collection



Gravel and Mud



Much has been written about the gravel oval. When Queenstown and Rosebery Football Associations combined in the early 1960s the turf oval at Rosebery came into play. During the football and hockey season four football teams and four hockey teams pounded the rain soaked surface to a muddy pulp.

Torn skin was a regular hazard on both grounds along with poisoned knees and the common array of Australian Rules injuries of muscle strains and tears, stitches and broken bones. Competition was fierce and the miners played hard both on and off the field.

Only two clubs play football on the West Coast now with mining stocks reflecting the rise and fall of this still much loved sport.



Key of Am

Verse One:

Am **C** **D** **A** **C** **D** **Am**
 How many words to paint the earth? / How much is contained in a miner's curse?
G **C** **D** **G** **C** **D**
 There's a world of difference in mullock and dirt/ There's luck and sorrow in a miner's worth

Chorus:

Bm **Em** **C** **D** **G** **Em** **C**
 There are fields of play beneath Lyell and Read/ There's grit and grace in the West
D
 Coast creed
G **Em** **C** **D** **A** **G** **Am** **C**
 There's blood and stitches and the game they love/ The Earth The Elements Gravel and Mud

Refrain:

Am **Bm** **C** **D** **G** **Em** **C** **D**
 Gravel and Mud Stitches and Blood / West Coast spirit in the game they love

Verse Two: (Same chord sequence for all verses)

How many words to paint the sky? / How much is contained in a miner's sigh?
 There's a world of difference in drizzle and rain / There's winter and darkness in a miner's veins

Chorus:

Refrain:

Verse Three:

How many words to paint the past? / Just how long does a miner's luck last?
 There's a world of difference in graft and gain / There's regret and riches in a miner's pain

Chorus:

Refrain:

Verse Four:

How many words to paint the here and now? / How much patience in a mining town?
 There's a world of difference in boom and bust / There's hope and fear Silver and Rust

Chorus:

Outro:

A **G** **Am** **C** **A** **G** **C** **Am**
 The Earth The Elements Gravel and Mud/ The Earth The Elements Gravel and Mud

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*Left: Gormanston vs Lyell, 1961.
 Galley Museum*

*Main Image: Tony Fox goes up
 for the mark*



Green Coach Line Blues

In 1953 the Tasmanian Government launched the Green Coach Line. These buses traversed the state and became a major lifeline between Hobart, Launceston, the North West Coast and the remote West Coast towns.

Passengers aside – the mail and newspapers they delivered were the equivalent of today's internet. Their arrival around midday in Rosebery and around four o'clock in Queenstown were a highlight – that is if they were on time. Gravel roads, rain, ice, snow and mountainous terrain were a regular hazard.

Many west coasters have fond memories of these sturdy buses and their stoic drivers.

Key of D

Intro: D G A7 D

D G A7 D G A7 D

I'm travellin' on the Green Coach line / Down Mt Black where the sun don't shine

D A G Bm G A7 D
I've got papers - I've got news / I've got those Green Coach Line blues

Verse One: (same chord sequence as above for all verses and chorus)

There's passengers front and back / A swag of mail in a canvas sack
There's a mob outside the paper shop / They've been there since twelve o'clock

Chorus:

Oh driver on the Green Coach line / Why don't you ever run on time
When you're livin' in a mining town / You're hungry for what's goin' down

(Instrumental Little Brown Jug – same chord progression as first two bars of chorus)

Verse Two:

Here's Kerry Dunn right on cue / He'll give you all a seein' to
Frank and Minnie give him space / The rest of us know our place

Verse Three:

Fetch the papers - out of my way / The highlight of his Saturday
The Mercury. The Advocate / The Melbourne Sun from interstate

Verse Four:

The Sporting Globe in splendid pink / The Age for toffs with time to think
Best Bets for your losing streak / Disney comics on pay week

Chorus:

Verse Five:

Where would we be without the news / Without those cryptic crossword clues
I've grown up a newspaper man / Best enjoy it while I can

Verse Six:

I'm hangin' on the I.T. line / I'm plugged in and wastin' time
If I could I'd trade my fate /
For the Green Coach when its running late

Outro: (repeat intro)

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*Left: My uncle Kerry Dunn
featured in the song*

*Main Image: The Green Line
Coach outside Winskill's
Newsagency, Rosebery, 1960s -
Courtesy Bruce Tilley Collection
National Archives of Australia*



Heaven's an Eight Hour Day



Brian "Porky" Dick grew up in Rosebery and spent his first twenty years of employment working eight hours on day shift at the EZ Rosebery mine. In the early 1970's the company placed the majority of its underground workforce onto a two shift roster – day and afternoon.

The worst shift of all? Pay Friday afternoon shift. Porky hated this shift with all his heart and soul. The miners with their dark humour always referred to this shift as "The Good One".

No miners work an eight hour day anymore and their communities are materially richer and spiritually the poorer.

Below: , Brownie Mullins, Neil Griffiths & Peter Stewart - Courtesy of Deborah-Lynne Griffiths

Main Image: Last of the Hercules Miners - The Advocate



Key of G

Verse One:

C **D7** **G** **Em** **D**
When you're working underground / You like a night out on the town
C **D7** **G** **C** **D7**
At the end of the working week / You've bored and fired and worked your stope
G **Em** **D** **C** **D7** **G**
Smoke and dust have parched your throat / You've earned all your pay and keep
D **C** **G** **D** **C** **G** **C** **D7** **G**
Up on top you wash and scrub / Then you're off to the pub / Happy your day is done
D **C** **G** **D** **C** **G** **C** **D7** **G**
On the way out you pass / Porky looking all downcast / His day has just begun
Chorus: For... (long G)

C **D** **G** **C** **D7** **Em** **D** **C** **D7** **G**
Porky's on the good one / He's got his hat and his flannel on / He won't be spending his pay
C **D** **G** **C** **D7** **Em** **D**
His mates are drinking beer and rum / He's at work while they're having fun
C **D** **G**
Porky's on the good one today

Verse Two:

His shoulders slump and his face is bleak / On dayshift he'd be giving cheek
His mood goes from bad to worse / When I up and die says he / They'll take me to the cemetery
In the afternoon shift hearse

D **C** **G** **D** **C** **G** **C** **D** **G**
Well then he's in for a fright / If he meets St Peter on a Friday night / For this is what he'll say
C **D7** **G** **Em** **D**
I'm sorry mate but the gates are locked / We knocked off at four o'clock
C **D** **G**
Heaven's an eight hour day (repeat)

Chorus:

Verse Three:

Once he gets down underground / He starts to turn his mood around / He climbs up to his job
He shines his light along the stope / Says his cross shift are a joke / Swears they're not worth two bob

D **C** **G** **D** **C** **G** **C** **D7** **G**
He pulls out his tobacco pouch / Makes himself a Hessian couch / And doesn't do anything

Chorus: For...

Outro: Yes...

C **D** **Em** **D** **C** **D** **Em** **D** **C** **D7** **G**
Porky's in for a fright / If he meets St Peter on a Friday night / For this is what he'll say
C **D7** **G** **Em** **D**
I'm sorry mate but the gates are locked / We knocked off at four o'clock
C **D7** **G** **C** **D7** **G** **C** **D7** **G**
Heaven's an eight hour day / Heaven's an eight hour day / Heaven's an eight hour day

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In a Miner's House

Key of C

Growing up in the 1950s and '60s was like being suspended between two worlds. Families were reducing in size but five or six children were quite common.

Hangovers from the depression such as meat safes, coppers, dunnies and detached bathrooms were still a part of daily life alongside electric refrigerators, showers and television.

Houses were tiny and bedrooms were crowded. Somehow we all got along – most of the time!

Verse One:

C **G** **C** **D7** **G** **C** **G** **D** **G**
 In a miner's house all the rooms are small / There's lino in the kitchen and a stool along the wall
C **G** **C** **D7** **G** **C** **G**
 There's carrots and potatoes and corned beef in a pot / Where you're mother firmly sat you and
A7 **D**
 made you eat the lot
C **G** **C** **D7** **G** **C**
 There's a toilet in the bathroom and a queue of three or four / Where your brother stashed a
G **D** **G**
 'Phantom' and bolted the door

Chorus :

C **D** **G** **C** **D** **G** **C** **D** **Bm** **Em**
 In a miner's house / In a miner's house / In a miner's house - now that I recall
D **C** **D7** **G** **C** **D**
 It's the blessings that are large and the trials that are small / There's no sense of deprivation of
Bm **Em**
 being second best
D **C** **D7** **G** **C** **D** **G**
 Just the message we were gifted: 'You're as good as all the rest' / In a miner's house (softer)

Verse Two:

There's ochre on the fireplace and kindling in a box / Flannels on the clothesline and a westward weather cock
 A copper stick and bluo and a meat safe out the back / A bow saw in the shed and a ton of wood to stack
 A weekly bath with only soap to wash your stringy hair / A hand knitted jumper and fresh white underwear

Chorus: (omit fourth and fifth lines)

Verse Three:

Around the kitchen table no prayers were ever said / Just a mother's grace to bind us with a fierce and tender thread
 There's happy Christmas memories of rich and steaming pud / And if you never found a sixpence it did not taste as good
 There's black and white TV – Emma Peel and Steed / The solitude of rain when you're snuggled up to read

Chorus: (omit fourth and fifth lines)

Verse Four:

There's four beds for us brothers in a room just for the boys / There's two beds for our sister – one just for her toys
 There's nugget for our school shoes and darning in our socks / Blue Hills on the radio and wind-up-wake-up clocks
 There's iodine to sting you for cuts and other woes / Hot water bottles and silence when it snows

Outro: Full Chorus

Below: My younger brother, Trevor Sumner, 1963 Primrose St. Rosebery

Main Image: Williamsford House - Courtesy J. Fitzpatrick



© Newport 2012



Mt Black Braves

Key of A

Verse One:

A E D F#m E
Cross the road and out of sight / Tea tree curtain green and tight
A E D F#m E
Gumboot track a narrow groove / A Universe in which to move

Refrain One:

F#m D Bm D E
Little axes by our sides / The deadly weapons of our tribe
F#m D Bm D E A
Bloodless battles daily waged / The daring deeds of Mt Black braves

Verse Two: (Same chords as verse 1)

Home for tea – come when you're called / Ease back into the adult world
Eat your vegies. Cut those sticks / Don't hide your peas I know your tricks

Verse Three: (same chords as verse 2)

Do your homework. Then time to read / Let the adult world recede
Pirate ships on the Spanish Main / Tin roof thrumming to soothing rain

Verse Four: (same chords as verse 1)

Snug in our pre-high school world / Ideals and dreams still tightly curled
Ambitions held in a gentle stall / Awaiting destiny's seductive call

Verse Five: (same chords as verse 2)

The Mt Black world it's still there / For younger braves to dream and share
In just one click it's on their screen / But it's not the same if you've never been

Repeat first and second verses

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*Below: The Bennion Kids,
Mt. Black, 1948 -
Jenny Bennion*

Main Image: Mt. Black





Raindrops on Rinadeena

The Abt Railway now known as the West Coast Wilderness Railway was maintained by families living along the line. Their children caught the train to school in Strahan. The Rinadeena kids were literally up at dawn and not home until eight and occasionally midnight.

In the accompanying photograph of Teepookana kids by Lindon Hubbard he is pictured front left along with two of the Marshall brothers

Below: Teepookana kids, 1939 - Lindon Hubbard



Key of G

Intro:

G D Em Am C D7 G
Eight O' Clock at Miner's Siding / Number One a head of steam
G B7 C Am C D7 G
The tortured earth and man colliding / Beside the rusting rushing Queen

Chorus:

G Bm C D
Raindrops on Rinadeena, Fleabite and Sailor Jack
G Bm C D
The Quartermile at Teepookana - Cross the Iron Bridge and back
G Am G Am G Am D7 G
Kingfishers on the water - Lowana on the flat
G Am G Am G Am D7 G
Rinadeena Teepookana Dubbil Barril Sailor Jack

Verse One:

G D Em Am C D7 G
Cogs and wheels slowly grinding / The genius of Roman Abt
G B7 C Am C D7 G
Rack and pinion staunchly winding / Rising steeply from the flat
G D Em Am C D7 G
Atop the ridge a lonely station / The Marshall brothers up at dawn
G B7 C Am C D7 G
Invested with a stoic patience / On their way to school in Strahan

Chorus:

Refrain:

G Am G Am C D7 G
Ralph and Colin / Well-dressed Roslyn / Off to learn the golden rule
G Am G Am C D7 G
Up at dawn /home from Strahan / Another day of primary school

Verse Two: (Chords same as Verse One)

Cogs and wheels slowly grinding / At Dubbil Barril coming back
Rack and pinion staunchly winding / On the homeward stretch of track
Edward Driffield and Fred Cutten / The right men for the harsh terrain
Engineers to put your trust in / Persistent as the constant rain

Chorus:

Outro: (Same as intro)

Eight O' Clock at Miner's Siding / Number One a head of steam
The tortured earth and man colliding / Beside the rusting rushing Queen

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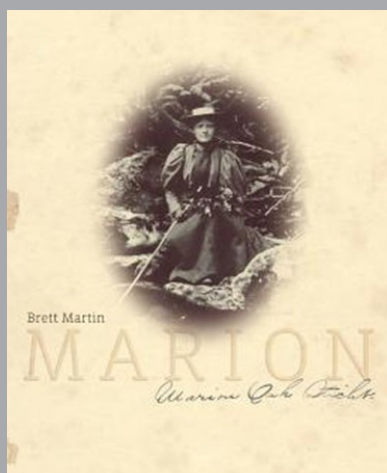


Song for Marion

Marion Sticht was the wife of chief metallurgist and eventual Mt Lyell mine manager Robert Sticht. They arrived in Queenstown in the mid 1890's. Just about as far from their American roots as they could travel in those times. The climate was hostile, the facilities rudimentary and the social life far from Vassar College in New York which Marion had attended as a younger woman.

In just under thirty years Marion would return home only once. She would spend nearly all that time in Western Tasmania. She would bury her husband and find her final resting place in Melbourne.

This song was written from my own personal perspective- but upon reading Brett Martin's magnificent book *Marion*, a much more worthy subject emerged. Our songs about loss are invariably about romantic love. This is not one of these.



Key of G

Intro:

G Am Em I Em Am I G Em D G
G Em D G I

Refrain:

G Am Em Em Am
Never goin' back home / Never goin' back home
G Em D G G Em D G
We can only ever dream

Verse One:

G C G Bm Am G
Yet the feelin's strong / Oh how I long / For one more breath of where I've been
G C G Bm Am G
Of a time and place / The familiar face / Of long departed kin and friends
G C G Em D G
Of the warmth and fun / of a youthful sun / Of days we thought would never end

Refrain:

G Am Em Em Am
Never goin' back home / Never goin' back home
G Em D G G Em D G
We can only ever dream

Verse Two:

G C G Em D G
Never going to change / What's been arranged / We only have one life to lead
G C G Bm Am G
Deep down we know / We must let go / We only have one heart to grieve

Instrumental

G Am Em I Em Am I G Em D G I
G Em D G I

Verse Three:

G Am Em Em Am G Em D G
It's a fantasy / Indulge with me / Think of what we'd have to share
G C G Bm Am G
Gathered round the hearth / Oh how we'd laugh / If only dreams could take us there

Verse Four:

G C G Em D G
Yet they know not / Of what they've lost / How can we not let them be?
G C G Bm Am G
For time moves on / Life's just too strong / The peace I seek abides in me

Outro: Same as refrain. Repeat last line

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Left: Cover of Brett Martin's book

Main Image: Penghana



Struttin' Down Agnes

Key of D7

Imagine giving a sixteen year old a loaded pistol and instructing him to walk down to the post office with his only slightly older colleague to pick up the mining company payroll.

This was the task assigned to me and I suspect many others working as bank officers in the innocent days of the late 1960s where people left houses and cars unlocked, rode bikes without helmets, smoked wherever they pleased and drank far too much full strength beer.

Verse One:

D7 **G7**
Just sixteen with a thirty eight / Struttin' down Agnes with my banking mate

D7 **A7**
Three piece suit and a pimpled chin / Scrambled note for my next of kin
Chorus:

D7 **G7** **D7** **A7**
What was it they were thinkin'? / A shootout on Agnes Street
D7 **G7** **D7** **A7** **D7**
What was it they were drinkin'? / A less deadly pair you'd never meet

Verse Two:

Now Hedley's proppin' up his shop verandah / Hat pushed back - ready for banter
A well aimed spit and a knowin' smile / "G'day cowboys I like your style
What's in your trousers? Are you pleased to see me / You blokes been watchin' too much TV"

Refrain: (Same chords as chorus)

Walkin' with my Smith and Wesson / Pickin' up the EZ pay
Greener than the cash in question / Keepin' Hedley's spit at bay

Verse Three:

Now Hedley's charm is benign compensation / For his wife Greta's aggravation
With a face like a furnace and a glare like an axe / Greta's more deadly than the gun I pack

Chorus:

Verse Four:

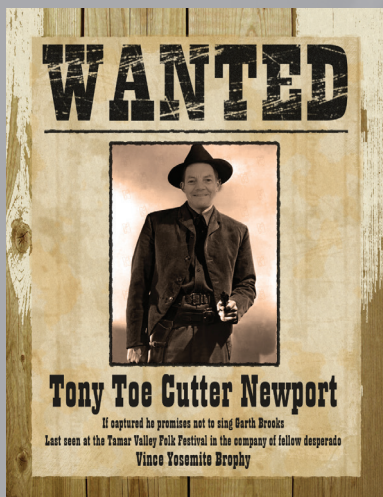
So on we stroll evading all danger / With the practised swagger of a Texas ranger
Just sixteen with a thirty eight / Struttin' down Agnes with my banking mate
Three piece suit and a pimpled chin / Scrambled note for my next of kin

Refrain and Chorus:

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Below: Poster by Bokprint

Main Image: Sid Simms
pictured riding an elephant
down Agnes Street, 1978





The Bradshaw Mill

Key of G

Refrain One:

G C D G C D G
Give me a compass. Set my course / Cliff and Bern. My own true north
G Em D G Am D7 G
The scent of rain. The forest earth / The mountain valleys of my birth

Verse One:

G Em Bm C G D7 G
We cut a track through the Raglan Range / Logged King Billy with horse and chain
G Em Bm C G D7 G
Built a road down the Collingwood / Where Celery Top and big Oak stood

Verse Two: (same chord sequence as verse one)

The old steam mills. They caught on fire / Whirring blades. A lethal choir
The random mayhem of a timber mill / Can count on all my fingers still
Chorus: (same chord sequence as refrain)
We'll build a bridge of celery pine / We'll cut the timber for the mine
Down by the banks of the Bradshaw Mill / Where the Princess waters now lie still

Verse Three: (same chord sequence as verse one)

Now Burbury has drowned the sound / Our childhood. Our hallowed ground
Our legacy lies in the hands / Of tourist guides and artisans

Refrain Two: (same chord sequence as refrain one)

Some things don't change. Nonetheless / The kindred spirit of the West
The strength and heart of the sturdy oak / Still resides in West Coast folk

Verse Four: (same chord sequence as other verses)

Five hundred years the forest cycle / Nature's ire fierce and vital
On Owen's slopes a verdant green / Reclaims the town of the Queen

Refrain One and Chorus:

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Cliff Bradshaw founded his sawmill in the Linda valley in 1936. Ian the son of Bern Bradshaw is a third generation sawmiller.

Back in 2019 I commissioned Hobart Luthier Paul Mineur to build me an autoharp from Tasmanian timber. Ian donated the fiddleback blackwood for the body and quarter sawn king billy for the sound board. Paul who was born in Queenstown added the finishing touches with some Huon pine.

I am now the proud owner of a unique musical instrument - called The Bradshaw Harp. A true reflection of the luthier's art with a beautiful tone that embodies the sound and soul of the west coast.

Below: The Bradshaw Harp





The Essence of our Island (Song for Jude)

This song is based on the food my mother cooked - growing up in Rosebery in the '50s, '60s and '70s. Jude is my sister who was for a short time incapacitated in a Brisbane hospital and is now fully recovered.

Food is comfort and is right up there with what we bring to those who are confined to a hospital bed. I was in Tasmania so this song is the next best thing that I could offer. No one cooked braised rabbit like my Mum.

Key of C

Intro:

C **G** **C** **F** **C**
There are foods that I would bring you / A taste of now and then
C **F** **C** **G** **C**
The essence of our island / to grow up Tasmanian

Verse One:

Am **Dm** **Em** **G7** **C** **F**
A mutton bird at Easter / A lady in the snow / Green peas in November /
Em **G7** **C**
A rabbit cooked real slow
G7 **C** **F** **G** **C** **Am** **Dm**
Pink eyes at Christmas / King Edwards baked and crisp / Tasmans in their jackets /
Em **G7** **C**
And Kennebecs for chips

Refrain: (same chords as intro)

These foods that I would bring you / With a tale to tell
The essence of our island / A wish to see you well

Verse Two: (Same chords as verse 1)

Berries by the bucket / Of every different hue / Raspberries, straw and black /
And little pearls of blue
Golden syrup dumplings / A Cox's apple pie / Beer battered scallops / And barbecued blue eye
Duck River butter / a plate of oxtail stew beef rissoles in gravy / and Uncle Len's homebrew

Refrain: (same chords)

These foods that I would bring you / A taste of now and then/
The essence of our island / To grow up Tasmanian

Verse Three: (same chords as verse 1)

Leatherwood honey crumpets / some Stone's green ginger wine / A bottle of the doings /
For warmth in wintertime
Double decker scones / sometimes made with cheese / How I'd love to pack a hamper /
filled with all of these

Refrain:

These foods that I would bring you / Just to wish you well
The essence of our island / You cannot buy or sell

Coda: (same chords as verses)

And can you hear our mother? Hear her plaintive voice again? / Calling us for dinner /
To come in out of the rain
This I cannot send you / This must come from above / Just these memories I'll share with you /
For our food was cooked with love

Outro: repeat intro

Below: Sister Jude and my mum, Betty - Rosebery, 1982



© Newport 2014



The old miners often referred to the Hercules mine on Mt Read as the 'mother lode' of the west coast. This is an ancient and dense wilderness. In 1995 a Huon Pine with clones of 1000 to 2000 years old and dating back 10,500 years to the original plant was discovered on the slopes of Mt Read.

The 19th century prospectors endured much in this terrain and the miners and their families who came after inherited some of their hardiness and grit. We lived in Williamsford in the late 1950s. The men worked hard and women endured.

The women of the west are often overlooked around the romanticism of mining – and yet we do after all call it the "Mother Lode".

The Mother Lode

Key of C

Verse One:

C F G7 C Am C G C
The mother lode it starts up high / Where Hercules meets the sky
C F G7 C Am C G C
Where wire rope and horses strain / And Westerlies dump drenching rain
C Am F G C Am F G
Where tramway lines tumble down / To rock hard men on lower ground

Chorus:

F G C F G C
Searching for the mother lode / Craving like a Dundas leech
F G C F G7 C
Find another Iron Blow / Comb another un-worked lease

Verse Two: (same chord sequence for all verses)

As the winder spools and turns / The wiser men their lessons learned
Strive to teach their strapping sons / A miner's dreams are all hard won
And as they wash down their last face / The young men rise to take their place

Chorus:

Verse Three:

When snow lays on old Williamsford / And miner's ghosts can roam unseen
Soft voices rise in sweet accord / As mothers sigh and gently keen
For abandoned dreams they once held dear / For a life envisaged far from here

Chorus:

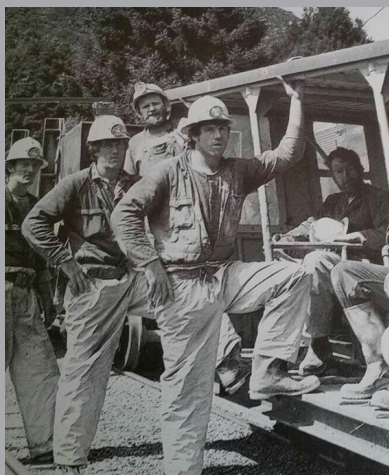
Verse Four:

On the walk to Montezuma / On a brilliant summer's day
The little creeks they all murmur / Of the time of the old tramway
Of axe and gad. Of blow by blow / Of ore trucks filled to overflow

Chorus:

Outro: Repeat of verse one then repeat first line of chorus twice

© Newport 2012



Top: Herc's haulage - looking down from the top of Hercules - Courtesy Peter Janout

Bottom: Herc's mancar - Deborah Griffiths

Main: Hercules' miners early 1960s



Three Movies have been made about Alexander Pearce the convict cannibal who escaped twice from Sarah Island in Macquarie Harbour in the 1820s. Van Diemen's Land.

The Last Confession of Alexander Pearce and for The Term of His Natural Life. West coasters were wrongly informed growing up that the Pieman River was named after him.

Below: Still from the movie "Van Diemen's Land"

Main Image: Still of Gabbett from the 1920's movie "The Term Of His Natural Life"



The Pieman River Rag

Key of G

Verse One:

G C D7 G Am
Alexander Pearce was small/ just sixty three inches tall/ He was not a man to brag / this
D7 G
nondescript convict lag
G Em Am D G Em Am
Exiled to the gates of hell/ wilderness his prison cell/ With his convict mates in flight/ he grew a man
D
sized appetite
G Am E7 Am D7 G C D G
With his trusty axe he'd swing / then afterwards he'd dance and sing/ The Pieman River Rag

Chorus

G Em Am D G C D7
Exiled to the gates of hell / wilderness their prison cell / From the Pieman to the King / disembodied
G
voices sing
C D G
The Pieman River Rag

Verse Two: (Same chords as verse one)

His reputation dark and grim/ when Tommy Cox befriended him /
So he escaped a second time/ with a mate on which to dine
When they reached the rushing King/ Tommy said: I cannot swim
I will not cross, says he/ this will be the death of me
Alexander said: Relax! / then he hit him with his axe
G C D7 G C D G
And with the devils around the fire/ he sang in their demented choir / The Pieman River Rag

Chorus:

Verse Three:

G C D7 G
Now Alexander had no plate / Upon which he could eat his mate
Em Am D
Back in gaol in Hobart Town / the warders grimace and they frown
G Em Am D
The thought of Pearce affects their mood / and puts them off their finger food
G Am E7 Am D7 G / C D G
Eventually he's tried and hung / and the warders sang as he swung / The Pieman River Rag

Chorus:

Verse Four: (Same chords as verse one) Lively

Now it was thought - upon a whim / The Pieman was named after him
Alas it was another gent / A felon by the name of Kent
A pastry cook and a thief / A connoisseur of pork and beef
Of mutton, fowl and sometime horse/ A lover of meat pie with sauce
And when roaring forties howl / Like a devil chorus on the prowl
You'll feel the breath of a vicious swing / and hear demented voices sing
The Pieman River Rag

Outro: Chorus (times two and finish last line very slowly)

G / C D G
The Pieman River Rag

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Thirteen level would have been a relatively new or yet to be developed part of the Rosebery mine when the attached photo was taken. Nonetheless the legacy of these men – some of whom were still working underground – was still to be found in the mid-seventies on these old levels.

Mateship was not a cliché. You worked in two man parties and looked after each other. The old miners nurturing the young ones. They were tough, they marked you hard, they had a rugged sense of humour but most importantly they had your back. Back then there was also an Irish card game revered by all: Forties/Forty fives.

Thirteen Level Blues

Verse One:

G **G7** **C7** **G** **G7**
Well my union mate don' told me / you gotta pay those union dues
C7 **G**
Without your union ticket / They're gunna cut you loose
D7 **C7** **G** **C7** **G**
They'll send you up to Coventry (with) / Those 13 level blues

Verse Two: (Same chord sequence for all verses)

Well I'm working for Brian Sumner / On the Res - i - due
Standin' heavy timber / The whole shift through
Sweatin' and a strainin' (to) / Those 13 level blues

Verse Three:

Well my back it's nearly breakin' / But what's it all to you
Up there on the outside / In your brown suede shoes
Far away from breathin' / Those 13 level blues

Verse Four:

Dan the trucker's always singin' / He never blows a fuse
You can hear him back in Zeehan / Tellin' Roy the news
How he gives those big dirt slackers / Those 13 level blues

Verse Five:

Sid's sleepin' in the corner / He likes his crib time snooze
Porky's playin' forties / He's got that five finger muse
Whistlin' like a jailer (to) / Those 13 level blues

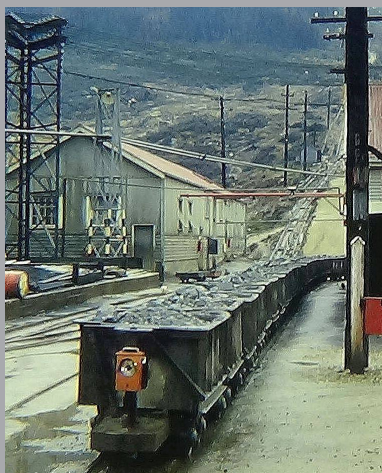
Verse Six:

Well I'm standin' on the platform / With the dayshift crew
Three and three the knocker / Put on your dancin' shoes
Far behind us we're all leavin' /
Those 13 level blues

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Bottom: Eight Level rake -
Courtesy Winston Nichols

*Main Image: Rosebery miners
c1950 - Courtesy JH Robinson*





My mother Betty was born in the middle of the depression in Waratah when these small West Coast mining communities were truly remote. It was a tough time. No unemployment benefits or antibiotics and death by pneumonia, septicaemia and tuberculosis was common.

Families were large and still births frequent. Gail who also features in this song was born weighing two pounds and lucky to survive. She is still with us. An indomitable spirit at 88 years in 2023

Below: Gail with her children and Betty's eldest son at the Thorne Family reunion, Waratah, 2017

Main Image (Top): Betty Sumner (nee Dunn) Gail Roberts (nee Whyman)



Waratah Girls

Key of C

Verse One:

C Am F G
Deep in the depression / stalked by pneumonia and TB
C Am F G/C
Miners scratched for tin / to feed their family
F G Em Am
Mothers harnessed to the living / little time to mourn their dead
F G F G7 C
Every other year a baby / barely time to wet their head
C Am F G
Born a middle child / into a mob of ten
C Am F G7 C
First up best dressed / was no jest back then
F G Em Am
Betty learned to make a stand / to know and hold her place
F G F G7 C
To temper her fire / with her humour and her grace

Chorus:

NC F C F G
They weren't born – to lace and curls / They were down to earth and gritty
C F C G7 C
They were smart and they were pretty / Betty and Gail were Waratah Girls
F G7 C
Betty and Gail were Waratah Girls

Verse Two: (Same chords as verse one)

Weighing just two pounds / skin turning a dark blue / Courage, luck and love / helped pull Gail through
A shoe box by the fire / a crib made by her Pop / Doctor Walker's prescription / brandy by the drop
Plum jobs at the Post Office / on the telephone exchange / Excursions to Burnie / on the EBR train
The thrill of the pursuit / for the right to win their hand / All too soon surrendered / for a wedding band
Hockey, kids and washing / take care of your men / Lock them out on a drunk / every now and again
When you marry a miner / you take on their life / The heartbeat, the gentle / mainstay, mother, wife.

Chorus:

Verse Four: (same chords as verse one)

The children have all grown / all their boats have sailed / Betty's at peace / and now there's only Gail
In her home in Lutana / never straying far / From the memories of her childhood / and her days in Waratah
Of the Bischoff Hotel / owned by her Uncle Ray / Damask and silver service / the order of the day
The pub is still standing / and the patrons linger on / But the grace that went before them / it's a long time gone

C F F C C F F C
A long time gone... / A long time gone... / A long time gone... / A long time gone...

Outro/Chorus:

© Newport 2013



Wee Georgie Wood

Key of A

Intro: A/D alternating rhythm - two bars of 2/4 time

Refrain One: A/D same pattern as above

A	D	A	D	A/D	A/D	A	D	A	D	A/D	A/D
Wee Georgie Wood						The little train that could					
A	D	A	D	A/D	A/D	A	D	A	D	A/D	A/D
No payload's too good						For Wee Georgie Wood					

Verse One:

Bm	D	E	A	E	D	E7	A
Mail and parcels from all over Bushell's tea and Coca Cola							
Bm	D	E	A	E	D	E7	A
The parish priest, the drunk and sober Jimmy Powell's pianola							

Refrain Two:

No payload's too good / For Wee Georgie Wood

Verse Two: (same chords for all verses)

Blundstone boots and dancing shoes / The Advocate daily news
Diamond drills and wedding gowns / The lifeblood of old Tullah Town

Refrain Three:

Wee Georgie Wood / The little train that could

Verse Three:

Winter tracks all awash/ Whistle at the Macintosh
Singin' "Rum and Coca Cola / 'Round Jimmy Powell's pianola
Calypso Aside:

NC	G	C	D7/G	G	C	D7	G
Singin' "Rum and Coca Cola / Round Jimmy Powell's pianola							
G	C	D7	G	G	C	D7	G
Those merry miners from Tullah / Round Jimmy Powell's pianola							

Refrain Four: one bar of 2/4 A/D then straight in:

Wee Georgie Wood No payload's too good

Verse Four:

The Pieman flows all dark and cold / Wee Georgie winds along its fold
Blundstone boots and dancing shoes / The Advocate daily news
Diamond drills and wedding gowns / The lifeblood of old Tullah Town

Refrain One:

Outro:

Wee Georgie Wood / The little train that could /
No payload's too good / For Wee Georgie Wood /
Wee Georgie Wood

This little train has been lovingly restored along with a track that runs around Tullah and Lake McIntosh. Up until 1962 it was the lifeline for Tullah residents with no road into the town until the Murchison highway connected it to Rosebery and Burnie.

Angela Powell told me the story of her mother buying her father a pianola for his 21st birthday. This of course was brought in on the train along with all other essentials. Jim loved to have a yarn, play the pianola and tell you he was pretty handy at football.

Main Image: Wee Georgie, Winter Collection - Courtesy Weston Langford



© Newport 2014



The lyrics to this song were first written as a poem by fine Tasmanian poet Geoffrey Miller. Geoff recited this poem at my Uncle Larry's funeral. He then gracefully gave me permission to put it into song.

The lyrics speak for themselves. Geoffrey paints a wonderfully evocative picture of growing up in a West Coast mining town. St Joseph's Primary School in Queenstown sang this song at The Unconformity in 2016

*Top: Rosebery, 1937 -
Courtesy Adrian Price*

*Below: Rainforest Mt Read /
Dundas Tramway -
Tony Newport*



West Coast Mining Town

Key of D

Verse One:

D **G** **A** **Bm** **G** **A**
If you've known mist upon the mountains / and valleys lost in fog
D **Bm** **G** **A** **D**
If drizzling rain at playtime / left you cold and waterlogged
G **A** **D** **A** **Bm**
and you've trudged home with wet schoolbooks / and a friendly mongrel dog
G **A** **D**
Then you've grown up in a west coast mining town
Repeat the last line

Verse Two: (same chords as verse one first three lines)

If you close your eyes and cockies cry / high on a timbered ridge
And the boys jump in to skinny dip / just below the bridge
If the banter of the miners / leaves a smile upon your mind
Em **A7** **G** **A** **D**
Then the West Coast's left a mark on you / that won't be moved by time
Repeat the last line

Verse Three: (same chords as verse two)

If your memory sees the sun rise / through a gap between the hills
and a mountain stream goes dancing / on the pond in which it spills
if man ferns grown in silence / beneath walls of weeping stone
Then your heart has told your restless soul / the West Coast is your home

Repeat Verse One:

Repeat and sing the last line:

© Tune: Newport 2013
© Lyrics: Geoffrey Miller



Where the Goshawk Flies

Key of Gm

Intro: One long strum **Gm** then **Gm F Gm**

Verse One:

Gm **F** **Gm** **F** **Bb**
 Button grass with tannin veins / Mountain rivers dark and stained
F **C** **Bb** **F** **Bb** **C** **F**
 Craggy peaks austere and old / A sea of green that stirs my soul

Verse Two:

Gm **F** **Gm** **F** **Bb**
 Thunder clouds rollin' in / Pelting rain on rooves of tin
F **C** **Bb** **F** **Bb** **C** **F**
 Buffered up and battened down / The rhythm of a west coast town

Chorus:

F **Am** **Bb** **F** **C** **Bb** **F**
 Gondwana dreaming in my bones Where I was born and my heart's at home
F **Am** **Bb** **F** **Bb** **C** **F**
 Where the Thylacine spirit lies / Where the air is pure and the Goshawk flies

Verse Three: (same chords for all verses)

Driftwood on Trial Harbour sand / Five thousand miles to reach land
 Huon Pine on Mount Read / Ten thousand years of just one seed

Refrain: (same chords as last two lines of the chorus))

Where the Thylacine spirit lies / Where the air is pure and the Goshawk Flies

Verse Four:

Shining tarns in a summer moon / Mating frogs spruik their tune
 Pademelons drink and feed / With tiger snakes in water reeds

Chorus:

Repeat Verse One and Two:

Outro/Refrain:

F **Am** **Bb** **F**
 Where the Thylacine spirit lies
F **Bb** **C** **F**
 Where the air is pure and the Goshawk Flies
 Chords only
F **Bb** **C** **F**
F **Am** **Bb** **F**
F **C** **Bb** **F**
 Where the air is pure and the Goshawk flies (slow)

Top: Goshawk - Courtesy
 The Habitat Advocate

Main Image: Tasmania
 beautiful West Coast
 bushland

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