The Ballad of Eureka


They’re leaving ship and station,  
They’re leaving bench and fold,  
And pouring out from Melbourne  
To join the search for gold.  
The face of town and country  
Is changing ev’ry day,  
But rulers keep on ruling  
The old colonial way.

"How can we work the diggings  
And learn how fortune feels  
If all the traps forever  
Are yelping at our heels?"  
"If you’ve enough!" says Lalor,  
"Of all their little games,  
Then go and get your licence  
And throw it on the flames!"

"The law is out to get us.  
And make us bow in fear.  
They call us foreign rebels  
Who’d plant the Charter here!  
They may be right," says Lalor,  
"But if they show their braid,  
We’ll stand our ground and hold it  
Behind a bush stockade!"

It’s down with pick and shovel,  
A rifle’s needed now;  
They come to raise a standard,  
They come to make a vow.  
There’s not a flag in Europe  
More lovely to behold,  
Than floats above Eureka  
Where diggers work the gold.
Old and Not So Old Bush Songs

There's not a flag in Europe
More lovely to the eye,
Than is the "blue and silver"
Against a southern sky
Here in the name of freedom,
Whatever be our loss,
We swear to stand together
Beneath the Southern Cross!

It is a Sunday morning.
The miner's camp is still;
Two hundred flashing redcoats
Come marching to the hill
Come marching up the gully
With muskets firing low;
And diggers wake from dreaming
To hear the bugle blow.

The wounded and the dying
Lie silent in the sun,
But change will not be halted
By any redcoat's gun.
There's not a flag in Europe
More rousing to the will
Than the flag of stars that flutters
Above Eureka's Hill.