

The Good Old Concertina

Tune: Irish: An Spailín Fánach (The Wandering Labourer) aka "Brighton Camp"

Lyrics: Henry Lawson January 1891

'Twas me-rry when the hut was full Of jol-ly girls and fel-lows.
 We danced and sang un - til we burst The con-cer-tin-a's bel-lows.
 From dis-tant Darl-ing to the sea, From the Downs to the Riv-er - in - a,
 Has e'er a gum in all the west Not heard the con-cer - tin - a?

'Twas peaceful round the campfire blaze,
 The long white branches o'er us;
 We'd play the tunes of bygone days,
 To some good old bush chorus.
 Old Erin's harp may sweeter be,
 The Scottish pipes blow keener;
 But sing an old bush song for me
 To the good old concertina.

'Twas cosy by the hut-fire bright
 When the pint pot passed between us;
 We drowned the voice of the stormy night
 With the good old concertina's.
 Though trouble drifts along the years,
 And the pangs of care grow keener,
 My heart is gladdened when it hears
 That good old concertina.

Friday February 6, 2026 is the 222th anniversary of the birth of **Sir Charles Wheatstone**, inventor of the English concertina and is designated to be the **"The fifth annual World Concertina Day"**.