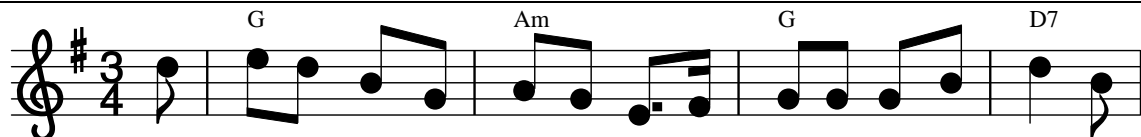


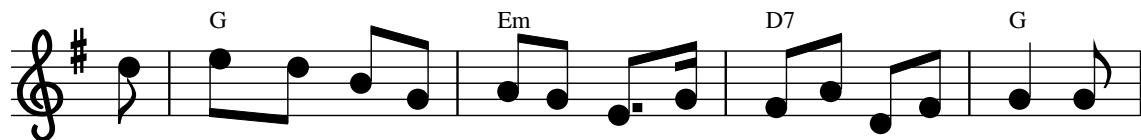
The Good Old Concertina

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

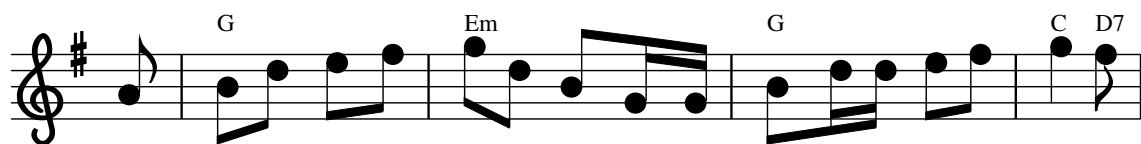
Lyrics: Henry Lawson January 1891



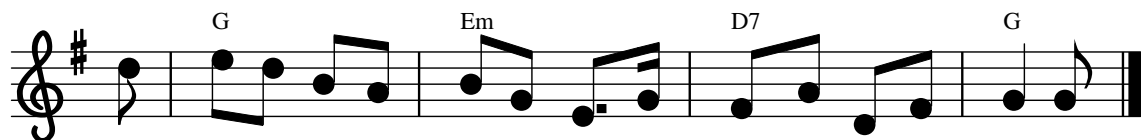
'Twas me-rry when the hut was full Of jol-ly girls and fel-lows.



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.

Tuesday February 6, 2024 is the 220th anniversary of the birth of **Sir Charles Wheatstone**, inventor of the English concertina and is designated to be the **"The third annual World Concertina Day"**.