

Wes

SEXTET WORDS 1961

SING HALLELUJAH !

Sing Hallelujah, Friendship's coming and the Vicount's
on its way
With old Momona and a loana, we'll have our Air-
port any day.
It should be built in time
For when it's 1969,
So sing a chorus "hooray" for us, Dunedin's on the
map again.

Sing Hallelujah, we're the Sextette, and we're here to
bring you joy
With acclamation—a sensation.
We'll entertain each girl and boy,
We'll bring to you and sing to you
Each year so you'll enjoy
Our little chorus—Hooray for us—the Sextette's
back again.

SONG OF THE WORKING CLASSES

Chorus—

I've been doin' some hard travelling—I thought you
knowed;
I've been doin' some hard travelling—way down the
road;
I've been doin' some hard travelling—Hard ramblin',
Hard gamblin';
I've been doin' some hard travelling' on.

I've been workin' on the Leith Diversion—I thought
you knowed;
I've been workin' on the Leith Diversion—way down
the road;
We dig all summer—in winter the rain
Washes the whole lot down the drain.

I've been singing in a Talent Quest—I thought you
knowed,
I've been singing with all the best—way down the
road.
I shook my hips till I was damn near dyin',
But Joe said, "No, son, you're not tryin'."

I've been workin' on Cargill's Statue—I thought you
knowed;
I've been pulling down Cargill's Statue—way down the
road;
When a man crawled out and said to me,
"I say, old man, can't I finish my—'WHEE'?"

I've been working on the Dental School—I thought
you knowed;
I've been drilling at the Dental School—way down the
road;
When a man came up and said to me
"Just open up, sonny, and I'll do it for free".

I've been working on old Momona—I thought you
knowed;
I've been working on the Council's Jonah—way down
the road;
The Viscounts come along, flying low,
But there still ain't no place for them to go.

I've been working at Old Queen Mary—I thought you
knowed;
I've been working at Old Queen Mary—way down the
road;
There's plenty of room—the service is free:
If you want to be in, lady—just a-ring for me.

BALLAD TO A MARE

(Tune: "Tom Dooley")

Chorus:

Hang down your head, Tom Sidey,
Hang down your old mous-tache,
Hang down your head, Tom Sidey—
Now that you're out of cash.

Lookin' at Cargill's Statue,
Couldn't help sheddin' a tear;
Now have to go to Bond street
Whenever I've had a beer.

Better forget that moustache,
Tho' it's two feet four;
Jimmy Edwards' came here
And he had three feet more.

This time next election,
Reckon it's getting near;
Hadn' a' been for Momona,
Guess you'd've still been here.

Better start backin' your gee-gees—
Insurance let you down;
What would you have to live on
If the Grand Hotel burnt down?

LIL' LIZ

Now dead cats may look really foul,
But to eat they are a treat;
When in Dunedin they are sold
As red-stripe Barton's meat.

Now Jimmy Edwards came to town—
He's really Mr. Glum;
The hair grows thick around his face—
But what's around his thumb?

A dog was first up into space,
They couldn't send a tree;
And every time he passed the pole
He howled—"I want a —"!

A Russian man was next to go:
They'll soon be off to Mars;
The Yankees gave another sigh—
They can't get off their chairs.

The Opera has been to town,
They really aimed quite high;
But Capping Concert just looks down
On Madame Butterfly.

A GROTVOTTE—CARGILL'S LAMENT

Intro:

They're removing Cargill's grot to clear the Exchange,
They're removing it regardless of expense,
They're removing his monument 'cause the City
Council's bent
On modernising all the City's grots.

Now what's the use of having a religion
If, when you're dead, your troubles never cease;
'Cause some poor council clot wants a new place for
his grot . . .
They won't let poor old Cargill rest in peace.

Chorus

Oh-Oh-Oh-Oh, mate, don't excavate,
Don't desecrate poor Cargill's grot;
Ot, Stew, what would you do
If that grot had been erected to you?

Now Cargill in his life was not a quitter,
And even from his grot he'll never quit;
He'll dress up in his sheets and he'll
Hunt them Bond Street seats,
And only let 'em flush when he sees fit.

Now won't there be some blinking constipation,
And won't those Council Charlies curse and rave;
Yes, they'll get what they deserve
Because they had the blinking nerve
To muck about with poor old Cargill's grot.

We're removing Cargill's grot to clear the Exchange,
We're removing it regardless of expense;
We're shifting his remains to clear up the damned
Exchange
To satisfy us Charlies on the Council.

Now, there possibly may be some consternation:
You see it's the Exchange we've had to save;
Well get what we deserve because we've had the force
and verve

To excavate that wretched fellow's grot.

Oh-Oh-Oh-Oh mate, don't excavate,
Don't desecrate poor Cargill's grot;
Oh Jim, don't do him in,
Let us keep Dunedin's Underworld
In the Exchange;
Let us keep Dunedin's famous spot—
What? The Grot!
Let us keep Dunedin's famous spot.

HAND ME DOWN

O hand me down, hand me down, hand me down, hand
me down;
Hand me down the Graduate Gown, Chancellor.
Hand it down, throw it down, any way you get it
down;
Hand me down the Graduate Gown—please.
Repeat.

Oh, the girls are sad, but I am glad;
Hand me down the Graduate Gown, Chancellor;
And no one here can call me dad—
Hand me down the Graduate Gown, please.

Chorus:

Oh, I'm so glad that I am free:
Hand me down the Graduate Gown, Chancellor,
For now I have my liberty.
Hand me down the Graduate Gown, please.

Chorus: (twice).

GOOD NEWS

Good news, good news, airport's comin'
Good news, good news, airport's comin'
Good news, good news, airport's comin'
And Dunedin won't be behind.
And Dunedin won't be behind.

There's a Vet School in the North, they say,
There's a Vet School in the North, they say,
There's a Vet School in the North, they say,
And Dunedin will be behind.

Bad news, bad news, Vet's School's goin'
Bad news, bad news, Vet's School's goin'
Bad news, bad news, Vet's School's goin'
So Dunedin will be behind.

But we have a brand-new Dental School,
But we have a brand-new Dental School,
But we have a brand-new Dental School,
So Dunedin won't be behind.

Good news, good news, some good news!
Good news, good news, some good news!
Good news, good news, some good news!
So Dunedin won't be behind.

Television's comin' soon, soon, soon—
Oh, the television's comin' soon, soon, soon—
But they'll get it first up North,
We'll be lucky to be fourth—
So Dunedin will be behind!

Bad news, bad news, some bad news,
Bad news, bad news, some bad news,
Good news, good news, some good news:
So perhaps we won't be behind.

