

# Poor Feller My Country

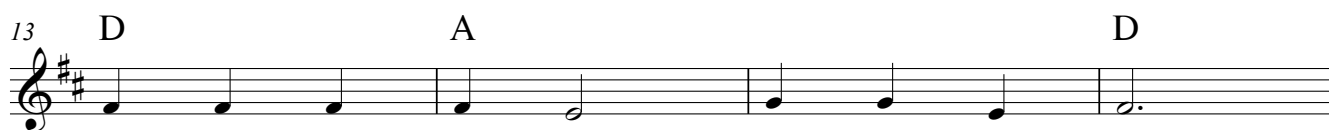
Ted Egan  
[Arr. Maria Dunn 2003]



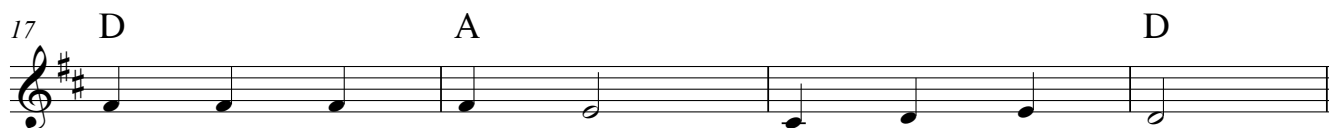
1. Once when I'm young boy, old man tell me.



Al - ways look af - ter, this you coun - try.



You are a ri - ver, You are the sea.



You are the rocks boy, This you coun - try.

2. Once in a dreamtime, happy and free.  
People of nature in our country.  
I was an emu, red kangaroo.  
Dance in the firelight, didjeridu.
3. Civilisation, worn for the boss.  
Put on some clothes boy, cover your loss.  
I was a moonbeam, star in the sky.  
I was the lightning, flashing on high.
4. Talk to the tourists, stop at the store.  
Mining uranium, money galore.  
I am a bottle, I am a can.  
Wrapped up in plastic, civilised man.

Chorus

21 D A D

A. *Poor fell-er my coun-try, poor fell-er me.*

T. *Poor fell-er my coun-try, poor fell-er me.*

B. *Poor fell-er my coun-try, poor fell-er me.*

28 A D

A. *Dream ings a night-mare Poor fell er me.*

T. *Dream ings a night-mare Poor fell er me.*

B. *Dream ings a night-mare Poor fell er me.*

Drone --> sticks  
 Verse 1: Rima  
 Chorus: All (+ simple drums)  
 Verse 2:  
 Chorus: All (clap with sticks)  
 Verse 3:  
 Chorus: All (incl. chords)  
 Verse 4: All women  
 Chorus: All (full on!!)  
 Chorus: All (+ improvisations)  
 Chorus: All (+ improvisations)  
 Chorus: All (a capella + sticks)