

The Aussie Bar-B-Que Song

Eric Bogle

♩ = 100



When the sum-mer sun is shin - in' on Aus - tra - lia's hap - py land, 'Round
 The Scots eat lots of hag - gis, the French eat snails and frogs, The
 There's flies stuck to the mar - gar - ine the bread has gone rock hard, The
 And when the bar - by's o - ver and your home-ward way you wend, With a



count - less fires in strange at - tire, in ma - ny sol - emn bands, Of
 Greeks go crackers over their mous - sakas and the Yanks all love hot dogs, The
 kids are fightin' & the mossies are bi - tin' who for - got the Ae - ro - gard? There's
 queez - y tummy on the family dun - ny man - y lone - ly hours you spend. You might



glum Aus - tra - lians watch - in' their lunch go up in flames, By the
 Welsh - men like to have a leek the I - rish love their stew, But you
 bull ants in the Es - ky and the beer is run - nin' out, And
 find your - self re - flect - ing, like man - y of - ten do, Come



smoke and smell you can plain - ly tell that it's bar - by time a - gain.
 just can't beat the half-cooked meat at an Aus - sie bar - b - que!
 what you saw in Mum's cole - slaw you just don't think a - bout!
 rain or shine that's the very last time that you'll have a bar - b - que!

N.B.

Tune: Most men & sopranos

H1: Altos

H2: A couple of tenors (and a soprano?)

Verse 1: Solo --> Chorus

Verse 2: Solo --> Chorus

Verse 3: Solo --> Chorus

Verse 4: All --> Chorus (a capella)

Chorus (All with big ending!)

Chorus

18 G Am/C G/B Am

When the steaks are burn - in' fierce - ly, When the smoke gets in your eyes, — When the

H1.
H2.

23 D7 G

snags all taste like fried tooth-paste, and you're mouth is full of — flies. It's a

H1.
H2.

27 G Am/C G/B Am

na - tion - al in - sti - tu - tion, it's Aus - tra - lian through and through, — So

H1.
H2.

31 D7 G

come on — mate and grab your plate, let's have a bar - b - que!

H1.
H2.