

# Song for the Eureka Stockade

David Rovics

From ev-'ry corn-er of the world They came from all a-round When in  
eigh-teen-fif-ty-one They struck gold u-pon the ground Ev-'ry voy-age was a long one Months u-  
pon the storm-y sea Some to seek their for-tune O-thers e - scap-ing sla-ver-y What they  
They swore an oath be - neath the South-ern Cross They'd stand to -  
ge - ther and break the li - cense laws From twen - ty diff-'rent na - tions They  
ga - thered here as one In Bal - la - rat be - neath the set - ting sun

What they found on the goldfields  
Was rule by brutish thugs  
Discrimination and taxation  
Mixed with swinging billy clubs  
The gold was getting scarcer  
And cops were getting worse  
The diggers burned their licenses  
And vowed to end this curse

## Chorus

The crown tried to divide them  
Giving preference to some  
The diggers wouldn't have it

They said it's all of us or none  
They built a stockade  
While the Redcoats massed nearby  
And they heard the miners shouting  
We are ready now to die  
The rebel miners waited  
For whatever lay in store  
And on one December morning  
In 1854  
The Redcoats attacked the camp  
Dozens there would fall  
Among these brave gold diggers  
Who had risen to the call

*Chorus*

The Army thought that it was over  
And things now would go their way  
But when fifteen thousand miners rallied  
A month later on the day  
The Crown conceded everything  
All of their demands  
They'd won an end to license fees  
The right to vote and land  
So here's to Joe and Charley  
Lalor and the rest  
They drew the battle lines  
And put Crown rule to the test  
The diggers may have lost the battle  
But they quickly won the day  
And those shots fired in Victoria  
Were heard ten thousand miles away

*Chorus*