

## Talking Security Dog Blues

A song by John Warner ©1998

Now look through the fence and you will see,  
Chris Corrigan's dockyard security,  
Monstrous dogs of various breeds,  
With manlike things hanging on their leads.  
They need the dogs,  
It's not that they're scared,  
They need them to help them find the loo.

There are seeing-eye dogs as you know,  
That show blind folks the way to go,  
Well the dogs you see through the cyclone chain,  
Are known in the trade as a thinking brain,  
The man walks round with a club,  
Menacing folks,  
The dog's the smart one.

These security men are specially bred,  
To take immense blows on the head,  
They poo and piddle, eat and drink,  
But turn deep purple if asked to think,  
They're solid bone,  
Right through,  
It's the dog that does the thinking.

Imagine, then, the kind of lark,  
Behind containers after dark,  
Do the muscle men from security,  
Enjoy some animal husbandry?  
They may not screw the dogs,  
But some mongrels are surely screwing them.

If they only knew, if they only saw,  
Through the lies of Patrick Stevedores,  
They'd know when the union men go back,  
They'd be the first in line for the sack,  
And what's worse,  
By protecting scabs,  
They've made enemies of the union.

So come on, you private army boys,  
Throw down your clubs and company toys,  
Don't carry out Johnny Howard's crime,  
The pack could turn on you next time,  
And without a union,  
Your families could be starving.

Those who manipulate the law,  
To escalate the dockyard war,  
Don't care for the tools of their lies and lurks,  
Or who they throw out of honest work,  
What are you mate,  
A man,  
Or one of Chris Corrigan's running dogs?

## The Slimy Patrick's Scab

A song by Geoff Francis & Peter Hicks. ©1998  
Tune: works well with "The Sydney Market Boys" - or try your own!

There's vampire bats and sewer rats, there's pubic lice and crabs,  
But the lowest form of life on Earth is the slimy Patrick's scab.  
There's vampire bats and sewer rats, there's pubic lice and crabs,  
But the lowest form of life on Earth is the slimy Patrick's scab.

An hour before the sun comes up, he crawls out of his pit,  
You wouldn't get too close to him for the smell of slime and ... other little bits,  
Beneath the cloak of darkness he sets off, all clad in black,  
To serve his wretched masters goes the slimy Patrick's scab.

And when his treachery is done, on his knees he crawls back home,  
His kids don't want to know him, so he eats his tea alone,  
They haven't been to school for days, they're ashamed that he's their dad,  
"Tell me, what's your father do?". "He's a slimy Patrick's scab."

There's vampire bats...

He's not dared step inside a pub or an RSL for days,  
'Cos when you're a slimy Patrick's scab the world don't seem too safe.  
He sits at home and counts his hoard to find out what he's worth,  
But what value would you put upon the lowest slime on Earth?

Alas, accidents do happen, in the wharves and on the shore -  
A crash, a smash, a flash, a splash - and our scab's a scab no more,  
Nobody mourns his passing, no-one's even slightly sad,  
Upon his grave these words inscribed - "Here lies a Patrick's scab."

There's vampire bats...

So he walks up to the pearly gates where the heavenly bell he rings,  
Says he, "I've worked hard all my life, you'll surely let me in.  
"I've always done the boss's will, to have served him makes me proud,  
"So please give me my halo now, and my little fluffy cloud."

Saint Peter slowly shakes his head and looks him in the face,  
"What makes you think that I've got room for scabs inside this place?  
"You've robbed your neighbour of his job and his children of their food,  
"You've stabbed your brothers in the back and betrayed your sisters too.  
"My angels would lay down their harps, do you think that I'm that mad?"  
And to burn in hell forever he despatched the Patrick's scab.

There's vampire bats...



# MUA Here to Stay

## Justice Delayed

A song by John Warner ©1998  
Tune: Mixture of Muckin' o' Geordie's Byre  
and Bonnie Dundee/Billy of Tea

Justice delayed is justice denied,  
Four judges have ruled that the right's on our side,  
Now give us our jobs back and fling the gates wide,  
For justice delayed is justice denied.

We've maintained the peace as we stood for our right,  
They brought in the dogs and armed thugs for the fight.  
They went to the courts and the courts ruled our way,  
Why are we still standing outside today?

It's comic to hear business men crying poor,  
They can't pay fair wages yet they pay for the law,  
The law goes against them, as rightly it ought,  
And still they have money to try the next court.

They say they can't pay us, the company's broke,  
And we'd all be laughing except it's no joke.  
They're still paying scabs on the big hired bus,  
But they've stripped all the assets, there's no cash for us.

We're sick of injunctions, we're sick of the wait,  
While scabs wreck equipment we see through the gate.  
Our trust in the law's wearing weary and thin,  
It's time to do justice and let us back in.

## Join the MUA

Tune Which Side Are You On  
New words by Mark Gregory

Come all of you good wharfies  
Good news to you I'll tell  
Of how that good old MUA  
Has come in here to dwell

Chorus  
Join the MUA  
Come and join the MUA  
Join the MUA  
Come and join the MUA

My daddy was a wharfie  
And I'm a wharfie's son  
I'm sticking to the MUA  
Till every battle's won

On wharves around Australia  
There are no neutrals left  
You'll either be a union man  
Or a thug for the NFF

Oh, workers can you stand it?  
Oh, tell me how you can  
Will you be a lousy scab  
Or will you be a man?

When Patrick sacked the wharfies  
They thought it was a joke  
But world wide solidarity  
Is causing them to choke

Don't scab for the bosses  
Don't listen to their lies  
Us working folk don't have a chance  
Unless we organize

a selection of songs and poems from the picket lines

## MUA. Here to Stay!

A song by John Warner ©1998  
Tune. Lincolnshire Poacher

MUA!  
Here to stay!  
There's mums and dads and kids all here,  
And we won't go away,  
Till wharfies march back in the gate,  
And earn their proper pay,  
MUA!  
Here to stay!

Now I'm in Junior Rugby League, Dad comes along to cheer,  
The family cheers for Grandad in the Anzac march each year,  
Mum's in the Union chorus, we all go to hear her sing,  
And we're with Dad on the picket line, 'cos that's the proper thing.

You say we kids should not be here, well you're on the wrong track,  
You didn't hear my mother weep, the day dad got the sack,  
They sent men in with clubs and dogs, and mate, that's really bad,  
And that's why me and my sister Sue stand in the line with Dad.

Now we have seen the wharfies trying hard to keep the peace,  
We went and had a chat with that nice lady from the police,  
And we think Mr Corrigan should shut his big , fat gob,  
And open up the dockyard gates and give Dad back his job.

## I Can't Abide

A song by John Dengate ©1998  
Tune: Abide With Me

I can't abide the government's front bench, send them away to the Germans or the French  
I can't abide Costello's shallow sneer - won't someone make the bastard disappear?

I can't abide that bloody awful Kemp, bring back the gallows, the hangman and the hemp  
Take Peter Reith and dump him in the tide. Him I particularly can't abide

Poor little John deserves our sympathy, born neath the star of mediocrity  
Pat his wee head and send him off to bed, then hide the key lest he abide with me

I can't abide the government's ministry, Senator Vanstone's worse than dysentery  
Send her away without the least delay - dont pour the tea lest she abide with me

Sink them the swine, an iceberg would be fine. Far, far away in distant Hudson Bay  
As they go down they'll warble while they drown, flat and off-key, they'll be despised by me

I can't abide the government's front bench, send them away to the Germans or the French  
Take Peter Reith and dump him in the tide. Him I particularly can't abide



## Right That Time

A song by Maurie Mulheron ©1998

They speak about it proudly, it's now union folklore  
How wharfies wouldn't load any pig-iron for war  
Japan was a threat so they walked off the job  
They wouldn't help the fascists for old Pig-iron Bob

Chorus:  
They were right that time and they're right again now  
But the strength of one isn't much of a power  
So united they stand against all odds  
Fighting for us all against the little tin gods

Indonesia's young and fighting to be free  
But the Dutch had different plans for their former colony  
When the people rose up with freedom on their lips  
The wharfies stopped loading any Dutch bound ships

Korea was in trouble, overrun by the Yanks  
Wharfies told to load rifles, guns and tanks  
Why get involved in this bloody civil war?  
We're not gonna ship any weapons anymore!

Pig-iron Bob's back, says we're off to Vietnam  
Tugging his forelocks for good old Uncle Sam  
The seamen wouldn't work on the war ship 'Boonaroo'  
And the wharfies held the line when they  
sacked the ship's crew

The struggle's moved on, Port Melbourne is the site  
The union's survival is the heart of the fight  
We'll defy your threats, your thugs and court  
We're standing united, no wharfie can be bought!

History's on our side, we'll see this battle through  
There's too much at stake for the profits of the few  
Our fathers, before us, stood on every picket line  
Keep their mem'ries alive and we'll win every time.

Last Chorus:  
They've been right ev'ry time and they're right again now  
But the strength of one isn't much of a power  
So united they stand against all odds  
Fighting for us all against the little tin gods

## The Fighting MUA

Tune: The Wild Colonial Boy

There was a foolish stevedore  
And Patricks was his name  
It was owned by a scab named Corrigan  
To our great nation's shame  
He was a liar and a cheat  
A puppet some may say  
But never could he bluff or beat  
The fighting MUA

It was in the night that Patricks came  
Like burglars at their trade  
With guard dogs, scabs and Canberra spies  
Coming to their aid  
While Peter Reith and his little mate  
Fanned the flames all day  
In London, Cooktown and Dubai  
They'd smash the MUA

Chorus  
So come away my Comrades  
On the wattle we'll have no stains  
We'll scorn to live in slavery  
Bound down by iron chains  
We'll link our arms and stand and fight  
Forever we shall try  
We'll fight beside our fighting mates  
The fighting MUA

The judge in England said he could not  
Countenance this lot  
A nasty scheme was all worked out  
A filthy dirty plot  
And comrades from around the world  
Will now come to our aid  
To fight and organise  
Beside the fighting MUA.



## The Worlds Best Judge

A poem by John Tomlinson & Penny Harrington©1998

There's a mighty judge from Queensland  
he stands so straight and tall.  
He's judging for the Liberals.  
He'll judge us one and all.  
He's judging for the farmers.  
He'll judge for Peter Reith.  
His judgements mightn't make much sense,  
but for fascists they are sweet.  
He is the finest judge we've had  
since judging was begun.  
It's a pity that the judgement went:  
Six - one, six - one.

He sold out the workers.  
He's a bastard through and through.  
By selling out the workers  
he's betraying me and you.  
He's been scabbing on the workers  
since his vengeful life begun.  
It's a pity that the judgement went:  
Six - one, six - one.

When he's with his fellow judges  
he's not having that much fun,  
and I heard the High Court judgement  
went six - one , six - one.  
He is on his lonesome,  
he's got no friends down there;  
but he'll get an understanding  
of hatred and despair.

He's lost all of his humanity,  
and forgotten his morality.  
He's been fine tuning his venality  
demonstrating his hostility  
by selling out the workers.  
He's been siding with the shirkers.  
He's been having so much fun  
but, the judgement went six - one.

Once the Liberals give the orders  
he has a right to choose  
just as long as he makes sure  
it's the workers, who lose.  
He's been having so much fun.  
He thinks he's got us on the run.  
It's a pity that the judgement went:  
Six - one, six - one.  
It's a pity that the judgement went:  
Six - one.

## The artisan is partisan

A poem by John Tomlinson ©1998

Reith's seldom right  
he's not too bright.  
In fact he's f---ing stupid,  
fallen in love with Corrigan  
John Howard's playing cupid.  
Blood on the street.  
Blood on the stair.  
Blood in your eyes  
and blood in your hair -  
industrial resolution.  
World best practice in asset stripping.  
Bottom of the harbour skinny dipping.  
I know indeed  
just what we need-  
a worker's revolution.

## With These Arms

A song by Tim O'Brien ©1998

The deal was done behind a coward's door  
they came in darkness, shadows on the shore  
the snarl of dogs sent shivers through the night  
as union men were thrown outside the wire

They locked the gates hanging them in chains  
they gloated seeing working men in pain  
We watched and saw a veil of darkness fall  
with working men and women we heard the call

And with these arms we held the line  
with these arms our strength combined  
and with these arms made our demand  
and with these arms we made a stand  
And with these arms  
- arms that held a baby held the line

They'd break the union with one deadly blow  
If you're MUA - they said - you'd have to go  
fifteen hundred men cast aside  
their crime - being union - had them fired

Hundreds grew to thousands through those nights  
faces glowed defiant for workers' rights  
Police moved in, building workers moved behind  
and mothers, sisters, brothers held the line

And with these arms we held the line  
with these arms our strength combined  
with these arms we turned them back  
and with these arms took up the tracks  
And with these arms  
- arms more used to papers held the line

## We Belong to the Union

A song by Tim O'Brien ©1998

You can bruise my pride  
Bust my face  
Scatter my rights  
All over the place  
You can take the bread  
From of my plate  
But you can't break me!

Lock us out  
Chain the gates  
Put black shirts in  
With dogs and mace  
We'll hold the line  
Won't step away  
'Cause you can't break me!

Chorus:  
I belong  
You belong  
We belong to the Union

Don't count me out  
When I'm on the floor  
We'll win again  
We've won before  
The streets will ring  
With a mighty roar  
'Cause you can't break me!

Stocks rise up  
On workers' backs  
Profits soar  
While you hand out the sack  
And boardroom bullies  
Bloated and fat  
But you can't break me!

Seen Australia sold  
To mates offshore  
Backroom deals  
And shonky law  
The day has come  
Say "No more!"  
'Cause you can't break me!

Chorus:  
I belong  
You belong  
We belong to the Union  
I belong  
You belong  
We belong to the Union  
We won't turn away  
If you dare us to fight  
I swear  
I'll never lay down and die

I'm in the union mate  
Got a right to belong  
We'll be back  
Millions strong  
Women and men  
United as one  
'Cause you can't break me!

Chorus:  
I belong  
You belong  
We belong to the Union  
I belong  
You belong  
We belong to the Union  
I belong  
You belong  
We belong to the Union

## Penrhyn Road Picket

A song by John Warner ©1998

The bitter wind hurls veils of rain  
Through the spotlight over the scarlet crane,  
A police car spins out a wall of spray  
By the picket tents at Botany Bay,  
Canvas roofs and plastic walls  
Crackle and heave in the icy squalls,  
Red and yellow rainsuits shine  
On that determined picket line.

MUA (echo)  
Here to stay (echo)  
At Webb Dock, Swanson Dock,  
And windy Botany Bay,  
And watch out you fools and liars who say we've had our day,  
MUA  
Here to stay!

We've faced the cold of the faceless thugs  
With their batons, mace and savage dogs,  
We've faced the boss's heart of ice  
With his squalls of hate and his hail of lies.  
For the Union's brought us tents and poles,  
The miners brought us a hill of coal,  
Carpenter's set up roof and wall,  
And friends came in and they fed us all.

We're tugboat men on a twelve-hour shift,  
Measuring current, set and drift,  
We're operators on the scarlet cranes  
Container loading on trucks and trains.  
They've cut our numbers relentlessly  
Now one man slaves at the work of three,  
The work of three, it would make you laugh,  
When they want to pay us the wage of half,  
And danger hangs on our burnt-out brains,  
As containers swing from the windblown cranes,  
As the vessel shifts with the wind and tide,  
A moment's lapse and a man has died.

We've faced the worst of the weather's blast,  
We've the guts, the strength, and the friends to last.  
We've comrades cooking us snags and tea,  
We've anger, discipline and unity.  
We know today and we know with pride,  
Our solidarity's world wide,  
And those who think to bar the door,  
We've beaten better foes before.

## How Much More?

A song by John Warner ©1998  
Tune: Bless Them All

How much more?  
How much more  
Evasions, injunctions and law?  
The courts have decided and that should be it  
So send home your scabs and security shit.  
Containers are stacked by the shore  
The wharfies stand here by the door,  
To hell with your games and your blacklist of names  
It's time to get working once more.

How much more?  
How much more?  
Will you call on us to endure?  
You've found out that you had the devil to pay  
When you took on the lads of the bold MUA  
You're corrupt and depraved to the core  
And your antics too vile to ignore  
So get down off your dais  
Employ us and pay us  
Then piss off and plague us no more!

## What sort of Practice?

A poem by John Tomlinson ©1998

World best practice so they say.  
Wharfies working without pay.

While wharfies picket one more day  
Patrick's seeks another stay.

World best practice so they say  
taking all the jobs away.

World best practice it is new  
coming to a job near you.

World best practice made for you  
coming soon to your job too.

## Picket Line

A poem by John Tomlinson ©1998

Oh we're relaxed and comfortable  
Yes we're doing fine  
we are relaxed and comfortable  
out on the picket line.  
I know you said you'd govern  
you'd govern for all of us  
we'd be relaxed and comfortable  
and there'd be no fuss.  
Well we are relaxed and comfortable  
and so say all of us:  
yes, we're relaxed and comfortable  
we're feeling mighty fine  
we are relaxed and comfortable  
out on the picket line.  
The rain might fall the wind might blow,  
hard times come and hard times go,  
there might be hail there might be snow,  
but we're relaxed and comfortable  
out on the picket line.  
Cause in our hearts we're smiling  
and we know we'll see sunshine.  
Yes we will see sunshine  
at the ending this struggle  
when we lay our banners down  
we'll be relaxed and comfortable  
there'll be no need to frown.  
Because we stand together  
and together we will win  
We won't scab or lie or cheat  
so in the end you face defeat.  
Together we will win.

We don't need guard dogs  
nor come in the dead of night  
we struggle for each other  
and we try to do what's right.  
Oh we don't need to lie and cheat  
we don't need to steal.  
We try to tell it like it is  
we try to make it real,  
and in our trust of others  
we have forged a force of steel.  
You might look in wonderment  
you might smile and sneer  
but the picket line is stronger now  
the end is coming near.  
We don't lie to judges  
we won't lie to you  
we don't lie to each other  
we will build a world anew.  
We are relaxed and comfortable  
I say we're doing fine  
we are relaxed and comfortable  
out here on the picket line.  
Standing shoulder to shoulder  
supporting one another:  
brothers, sisters, children, wives,  
fathers, daughter, mother.  
Yes, we are relaxed and comfortable  
out here we're doing fine  
yes, we are relaxed and comfortable  
out on the picket line.  
Oh you can stick best practice,  
and you stick your hate.  
We're never voting for yer  
once we're back inside the gate.

John Warner writes "A night of incredible weather in which the defeat of Patrick Stevedores and the Howard Government seemed to become more and more inevitable. Images stay with me of brilliant colours against darkness: orange and yellow safety suits and the little red glows of cigarettes, identifying working men without faces in a dark, temporary shelter; the immense cranes and veils of rain drifting through the spotlights. Like these symbols, solidarity and a family-like friendship blaze through the oppression."

These songs and poems began to appear on the internet as soon as Patrick Stevedores sacked their entire workforce in April 1998. They can be found on the Union Songs website <http://crixa.com/muse/unionsong>