

JOHN SCHUMANN & THE VAGABOND CREW



Lawson

Sad-eyed, brittle, intermittently brilliant Lawson

For a while there, once the wars were over and the twentieth century had a chance to hit some sort of stride, it seemed as if Henry Lawson – his works, life and imprint upon our culture – had failed to survive the upheavals. Students were apparently not interested and schools and universities taught little Australian material. When they did, Lawson would get the nod with ‘The Loaded Dog’ and, perhaps, ‘Andy’s Gone with Cattle’ or ‘The Roaring Days’.

It’s true that in the second half of the sixties and the early seventies there didn’t seem to be much going on in the realm of Lawson studies outside the ‘college walls’. But this was a false impression.

At the time, I personally discovered its falsity simply by publishing something on Lawson that not only revealed my university affiliations but also attracted the attention of the daily press. Then, stampeding out of the woodwork came the Lawson cheer squad looking for slights and insults and with knuckle dusters poised. Being young, green, wide-eyed, enthusiastic and convinced that I was right, this stampede was for me a scarifying experience. After being worked over by the Lawson bodyguards, I decided that my true career lay not in literature or universities or schools but working on a prawn trawler out of Tin Can Bay. Later, I resolved to carry on but I marvelled at how and why the sad-eyed, brittle, intermittently brilliant Henry Lawson could have become the excuse for such venom and general nastiness.

Things have changed somewhat yet it remains true that a case needs to be made for Lawson’s poems.

Schumann’s marvellous translation of the ballads to music has made that case in spades. Lawson’s verse is simple and uncomplicated but it has a timeless quality. This is because it is so thoroughly and single mindedly concerned with what it is to be human. Which is to hope, to love, to fail, to be triumphant, to be humiliated, to be self pitying, to lose, to contemplate the end ...

Without ever losing this essential focus, Schumann has lifted Lawson’s rhythms and rhymes into the 21st century. He gives them a new, exciting and urgent pressure the likes of which they must have had in the 1880s and 90s. Lawson’s poems have been set to music before this, but never with such an intuitive and dramatic understanding of the passion, fervour and intensity which engendered them and which stereotyping over the years has tended to blunt. Listen to Schumann’s driving rendition of ‘Faces in the Street’. Or notice the resigned yet angry irony with which he imbues his version of ‘Second Class Wait Here’. Or hear the gentle pathos of ‘Hannah’. In all of these, Lawson’s nineteenth century imaginative vision is being re-invented and renewed by contemporary Australian voices and the sounds of modern rock and folk. In these thirteen songs, Henry Lawson is brought respectfully – but with terrific verve and dynamism – into our time. Not only does he survive the journey; listening to these songs, you would think he had written with us in mind. Assuredly, Lawson would greet his balladry, as John Schumann has interpreted it, with a wry smile of delighted approval.

Brian Matthews

The Vagabond Crew

Michael Atkinson
Shannon Bourne
Paul Cartwright
Michael Harris
Rob Hirst
Marcia Howard
Shane Howard
Toby Lang
Mal Logan
Louise McCarthy
Hugh McDonald
Russell Morris
Alan Pigram
Steven Pigram
Mike Rudd
Broderick Smith
Chris Stockley
Mick Wordley

Executive Producer/**Creative Director**

David Minear

Produced by

Kerryn Tolhurst

Songs by

John Schumann
(with Henry Lawson)

Arrangements by

John Schumann
Kerryn Tolhurst
Mick Wordley

Recorded by

Mick Wordley on "Radar"
assisted by Jed Palmer

Recorded at

Sing-Sing South
Melbourne
May 2005

Mixed at

Mixmasters Studios
Adelaide, South Australia
by Mick Wordley and
Kerryn Tolhurst
assisted by Brett Taylor
June 2005

Mastered by

Don Bartley at 301

Industry Consultant

Chris Moss

Academic Consultant

Professor Brian Matthews

Video Production

Mike Piper
Corey Piper
Andrew Ellis
Piper Films, South Australia

Still Photography

Corey Piper

Design and Artwork

Ian Kidd Design
KS Design Studio

Website Design

Phil Astley

Demo Musicians

Ian "Polly" Politis
Rohan Powell
Matt Schumann
Anthony Thyer

Project Coordination

David Minear
John Schumann
Mick Wordley
assisted by Jill Jarvis

Publishing

All songs: John Schumann
(with Henry Lawson-trad arr)
©Universal Music Publishing Group

This album of songs is an independent Australian production. We are grateful for your support in not copying this CD.

www.henrylawson.net.au
www.schumann.com.au/john
www.bombora.net.au

The Shame of Going Back

When you've come to make a fortune and you haven't made your salt,
And the reason of your failure isn't anybody's fault;
When you haven't got a billet, and the times are very slack,
There is nothing that can spur you like the shame of going back.
Crawling home with empty pockets, going back hard-up;
Oh, it's then you learn the meaning of humiliation's cup.

When the place and you are strangers and you struggle all alone,
And you have a mighty longing for the town that you have known;
When your clothes are very shabby and the future's very black,
There is nothing that can hurt you like the shame of going back.

Ah! my friend, you call it nonsense and your upper lip is curled,
I can see that you have never
worked your passage through the world;
But when fortune rounds upon you and the rain is on the track,
You will learn the bitter meaning of the shame of going back.
Going home with empty pockets, going home hard-up;
Oh, it's then you taste the poison in humiliation's cup.

The Shame of Going Back

Vocals: John Schumann

Broderick Smith

Acoustic guitars:

John Schumann

Electric guitars:

Shannon Bourne

Bass: Paul Cartwright

Drums: Toby Lang

Harmonica: Broderick Smith

Mandolins:

Chris Stockley

Kerryn Tolhurst

Percussion: Toby Lang

Piano: Mal Logan

To Jim

Vocals:

John Schumann

Acoustic guitars:

Kerryn Tolhurst

Shane Howard

John Schumann

To Jim

I gaze upon my son once more
With eyes and heart that tire,
As solemnly he stands before
The screen drawn round the fire;
With hands behind clasped hand in hand,
Now loosely and now fast –
Just as his fathers used to stand
For generations past.

A fair and slight and childish form
With big brown thoughtful eyes –
God help him! for a life of storm
And stress before him lies.
A wanderer and a gipsy wild,
I've learnt the world and know,
For I was such another child –
Ah, many years ago!

These lines I write with bitter tears
And failing heart and hand,
But you will read in after years,
And you will understand.
You'll hear the slander of the crowd,
They'll whisper tales of shame;
But days will come when you'll be proud
To bear your father's name.

I gaze upon my son once more
With eyes and heart that tire,
As solemnly he stands before
The screen drawn round the fire;
Dream on, my son, that all is true
And things not what they seem –
'Twill be a bitter day for you
When wakened from your dream ...



Vagabond Crew

Vagabond: *noun*;

(1) *a wanderer, of no fixed abode*

(2) *a person of ill repute*

Crew: *noun*;

(1) *a group of people working together*

(2) *a gang (not officers)*

In the early 1980s, one of Australia's more entertaining music journalists observed that if Henry Lawson had a bastard grandson, it might well have been me. In the context of much of Lawson's work, I was flattered. In the context of how Henry lived much of his life, I was distinctly less than flattered. However, that observation sparked in me a dream to record an album of songs drawn from Lawson's poetry. That spark fanned into a bushfire in late 2004.

This album owes much to David Minear. It took him about six months to persuade me that he was serious about it. Thereafter, we spent many afternoons at his place, having the occasional cool drink and poring through Henry's poetic works - selecting, rejecting and reciting poems to each other until we'd settled on 15 or 16.

Initially too, it was David's idea that we invite some of Australia's notable musicians and singers to contribute to the album. And so the notion of the Vagabond Crew as a community of like-minded musicians took shape - a combination of mates and people we admired for their contribution to Australia's musical heritage.

Every single member of the Vagabond Crew entered into the spirit of the Lawson project with enthusiasm and a sense that, in working with Lawson, we were dealing with one of Australia's national treasures. As musicians and writers, we could all empathise with Henry: he didn't mind a drink and, like us, he lived off the advances he could wring out of his publishers.

The sessions were as much fun as I've ever had in my life making a record. You can hear it in the music. Everyone said they'd jump at the opportunity to perform these songs, together, live. For a songwriter, there can be no greater compliment.

Once, as we moved into the control room to listen to what we'd just put down, one of the crew said to me, "I've done a lot of recording but this is the first time I keep losing my place because I'm listening to the words".

I reckon Henry would have been proud to hear that. I like to think he would have shouted the Vagabond Crew a beer - but he probably would have had to borrow the money.

John Schumann



The Low Lighthouse

I think if you've lived the average life,
And been fair to everyone;
'Twill matter little what you have done
Or what you have left undone;
When you sail by the South-West Cape of Life
Where the baffling West Winds blow,
By the reefs of Doubt that run far out
To a Lighthouse sadly low.

The low Lighthouse,
The low Lighthouse,
To a Lighthouse sadly low.

But 'twill matter a lot the brave, wise words,
The words that you left unsaid;
The kind, forgiving, repentant words
That you can't say when you're dead.
How many hearts, and one, they'd help
You'll surely never know,
Till your pride has died when the waves break wide
Out there by the Lighthouse low.

By the low Lighthouse,
The low Lighthouse,
By the Lighthouse sadly low.

There were "straight-wire" scrawls
from the good old mate
And the mate that I never met;
Perhaps in an outback hell they wait,
For a line from the "inside" yet.
And I lie and think in Hospital here
With aching limbs and brow
How she begged for a sign – if only a line –
And I wish I could write it now ...

Near the low Lighthouse,
The low Lighthouse,
Down here near the Lighthouse low.

I think if you've lived the average life,
And been fair to everyone;
'Twill matter little what you have done
Or what you have left undone;
When you sail by the South-West Cape of Life
Where the baffling West Winds blow,
By the reefs of Doubt that run far out
To a Lighthouse sadly low.

The low Lighthouse,
The low Lighthouse,
When I've rounded the Lighthouse low.

Vocals: John Schumann
Mike Rudd
Steve Pigram
Alan Pigram
Acoustic guitars:
Kerryn Tolhurst
John Schumann (12 string)
Electric guitars:
Shannon Bourne
Bass: Paul Cartwright
Drums: Toby Lang
Harmonium: Mick Wordley
Percussion: Toby Lang
Violins and Viola:
Louise McCarthy

To an Old Mate

Old Mate! In the gusty old weather,
When our hopes and our troubles were new;
In the years we spent in wearing out leather,
I found you unselfish and true –
I have gathered these songs together
For the sake of our friendship and true ...
And I send them along instead of the letters
I promised to write to you ...

I remember, Old Man, I remember-
The tracks that we followed are clear;
The jovial last nights of December,
The solemn first days of the year;
Long tramps through the clearings and the timber,
Short partings on platform and pier.
I remember, Old Man, I remember-
The tracks that we followed are clear ...

I can still feel the spirit that bore us,
And often the old stars will shine –
I remember the last spree in chorus
For the sake of that other Lang Syne.
When the tracks lay divided before us,
Your path through the future and mine;
I can still feel the spirit that bore us,
And often the old stars will shine ...

You will find in these pages a trace of
That side of our past which was bright,
And recognise sometimes the face of
A friend, a friend who has dropped out of sight;
I have gathered these songs together
For the sake of our friendship and you;
And I send them along instead of the letters
I promised to write to you ...

Vocals: John Schumann
Shane Howard
Acoustic guitars:
John Schumann
Electric guitars:
Shannon Bourne
Bass: Paul Cartwright
Drums: Toby Lang
Lap Steel: Kerryn Tolhurst
Percussion: Toby Lang

Knocking Around

Weary old wife, with the bucket and cow,
"How's your son Jack - and where is he now?"
Haggard old eyes that turn to the west -
"Boys will be boys, and he's gone with the rest!"
Grief without tears and grief without sound;
"Somewhere up-country he's knocking around."

Knocking around with a vagabond crew,
Does for himself what a mother would do;
Maybe in trouble and maybe hard-up,
Maybe in want of a bite or a sup;
Dead of the fever, or lost in the drought,
Lonely old mother! he's knocking about.

Wiry old man at the tail of the plough,
"Heard of Jack lately - and where is he now?"
Pauses a moment his forehead to wipe,
Drops the rope reins while he feels for his pipe,
Scratches his grey head in sorrow or doubt;
"Somewhere or other he's knocking about."

Knocking about on the runs of the West,
Holding his own with the worst and the best;
Breaking in horses and risking his neck,
Droving or shearing and making a cheque;
Straight as a sapling - six-foot and sound,
Jack is all right when he's knocking around.

Weary old wife, with the bucket and cow,
"How's your son Jack - and where is he now?"

Vocals: John Schumann
Hugh McDonald
Michael Atkinson
Acoustic guitars:
Shannon Bourne
John Schumann
Bass: Paul Cartwright
Drums: Toby Lang
Slide: Kerryn Tolhurst
Harmonica: Mike Rudd
Percussion: Toby Lang

A Prouder Man Than You

If you fancy that your people came of better stock than mine,
If you hint of higher breeding by a word or by a sign,
If you're proud because of fortune or the clever things you do –
I'll play no second fiddle - I'm a prouder man than you!

If you think that your profession has the more gentility,
And that you are condescending to be seen along with me;
If you notice that I'm shabby while your clothes are spruce and new,
You have only got to hint it - I'm a prouder man than you!

If you have a swell companion when you see me on the street,
And you think that I'm too common for your toney friend to meet;
So that I, in passing closely, fail to come within your view –
Be blind to me for ever - I'm a prouder man than you!

If your character be blameless, if your outward past be clean,
While 'tis known my antecedents are not what they should have been;
Do not risk contamination, save your name whate'er you do . . .
"Birds o' feather fly together" - I'm a prouder bird than you.

Keep your patronage for others! Gold and station cannot hide
Friendship that can laugh at fortune, friendship that can conquer pride!
Offer this as to an equal - let me see that you are true –
And my wall of pride is shattered – I'm not so proud as you!

Vocals: John Schumann
Russell Morris
Acoustic guitars:
Kerryn Tolhurst
John Schumann
Shannon Bourne
Bass: Paul Cartwright
Drums: Toby Lang
Tiple: Mick Wordley
Harmonica:
Broderick Smith
Viola: Louise McCarthy
Percussion: Toby Lang





The Glass on the Bar

Three bushmen one morning rode up to an inn,
And one of them called out for drinks with a grin;
They'd only returned from a trip to the North,
And, eager to greet them, the landlord came forth.
He absently poured out a glass of Three Star ...
And set down that drink with the rest on the bar.

"There, that one's for Harry," he said, "and it's queer,
'Tis the very same glass that he drank from last year;
His name's on the glass, you can read it like print,
He scratched it himself with an old piece of flint;
I remember his drink - it was always Three Star"
And the landlord looked out through the door of the bar.

He looked at the horses, and counted but three;
"You were always together - where's Harry?" cried he.
Oh, sadly they looked at that glass as they said,
"You may put it away, for our old mate is dead ..."
But one, gazing out o'er the ridges afar,
Said, "We owe him a shout - leave the glass on the bar".

They thought of the far-away grave on the plain,
They thought of the comrade who came not again,
And they lifted their glasses, and sadly they said,
"We drink to the name of our mate who is dead."
And the sunlight streamed in, and a light like a star
Seemed to glow in the depth of the glass on the bar.

And still in that shanty a tumbler is seen,
It stands by the clock, ever polished and clean;
And often the strangers will read as they pass
The name of a bushman engraved on the glass.
And though on the shelf but a dozen there are
That glass never stands with the rest on the bar.

And the sunlight streams in, and a light like a star
Seems to glow in the depth of the glass on the bar.

Vocals: John Schumann
Russell Morris
Broderick Smith
Acoustic guitars:
Kerryn Tolhurst
Shannon Bourne
Bass: Paul Cartwright
Drums: Toby Lang
Baritone Ukulele:
Steven Pigram
Percussion: Toby Lang
Piano: Mal Logan
Violin: Louise McCarthy

To Hannah

Spirit girl, to whom 'twas given
To revisit scenes of pain;
From the hell I thought was Heaven
You have lifted me again;
Through the world that I inherit,
Where I loved her before she died -
I am walking
I am walking with the spirit
Of Hannah by my side.

Through my old possessions only
For a very little while,
And they say that I am lonely,
And they pity, but I smile;
For the brighter side has won me
By the calmness that it brings,
And the peace that is upon me
Does not come of earthly things.

Spirit girl, the good is in me,
But the flesh, you know, is weak;
And with no pure soul to win me
I might miss the path I seek.
Lead me by the love you bore me
When you trod the earth with me;
Till the light is clear before me,
And my spirit too is free ...

I'll be walking
I'll be walking with the spirit
Of Hannah by my side.

Vocals: John Schumann
Marcia Howard
Acoustic guitars:
Kerryn Tolhurst
Shannon Bourne
Bass: Paul Cartwright
Drums: Toby Lang
Slide: Kerryn Tolhurst
Percussion: Toby Lang
Violin: Louise McCarthy



Second Class Wait Here

On suburban railway stations – you may see them as you pass –
There are signboards on the windows saying, “Wait here, Second Class”;
And to me the whirr and thunder and the cluck of running gear
Seem to be forever saying, saying “Second Class wait here” –
“Wait here, Second Class, Second Class wait here ...”

And the second class were waiting in the days of serf and prince,
And the second class are waiting – we’ve been waiting ever since ...
There are signboards in the background, and the line is bare and drear,
Yet they wait beneath a signboard, sneering “Second class wait here ...”

I have waited oft in winter, in the mornings dark and damp,
When the asphalt platform glistened underneath the lonely lamp ...
And I waited there and suffered, and I waited for many a year,
And I slaved beneath a signboard, saying “Second Class wait here ...”

Ah! a man must feel revengeful for a boyhood such as mine -
God! I hate the very houses near the workshop by the line;
And the smell of railway stations and the roar of running gear,
And the scornful-sneering signboards, saying “Second Class wait here ...”

There’s a train with Death for a driver, which is ever going past,
And there are no class compartments and we all must go at last
To the long white jasper platform with Eden in the rear;
And there won’t be any signboards saying - “Second Class wait here ...”

“Wait here, Second Class
Second Class, wait here ...”

Vocals: John Schumann
Steve Pigram
Alan Pigram
Acoustic guitars:
Kerryn Tolhurst
Electric guitars:
Shannon Bourne
Bass: Paul Cartwright
Drums: Toby Lang
Harmonica:
Broderick Smith
Percussion: Toby Lang
Piano: Mick Wordley



Scots of the Riverina

The boy cleared out to the city from his home at Christmas time –
They were Scots of the Riverina - and to run from home was a crime.
And the old man burned his letters, the first and last he burned,
And he scratched his name from the Bible
When the old girl's back was turned.

A year went past, and another, and the fruit went down the line;
They heard the boy had enlisted, but the old man made no sign.
His name must never be mentioned on the farm by Gundagai –
They were Scots of the Riverina – with ever the kirk hard by ...

The boy came home on his "final", and the township's bonfire burned;
His mother's arms were about him, but the old man's back was turned.
The daughters begged for pardon, till the old man raised his hand –
A Scot of the Riverina - he was hard to understand.

The boy was killed in Flanders, where the bravest heroes die,
There were tears at the Grahame homestead, there was grief in Gundagai;
But the old man ploughed at daybreak and he ploughed and he ploughed the dirt:
There were furrows of pain in the orchard while his household went to the church.

The hurricane lamp in the rafters, dimly and dimly burned,
And the old man died at the table when the old girls' back was turned.
Face down on his bare arms folded he sank with his wild grey hair
Outspread o'er the open Bible was a name re-written there ...

Vocals: John Schumann

Acoustic guitars:

Mick Wordley

John Schumann

Electric guitars:

Shannon Bourne

Bass: Paul Cartwright

Drums: Toby Lang

Percussion: Toby Lang

Violin: Michael Harris

Mandolin:

Chris Stockley

Taking his Chance

They stood by the door of the Inn on the Rise;
May Carney looked up in the bushranger's eyes:
"O why did you come? - it was mad of you, Jack;
You know that the troopers are out on your track."
A laugh and a shake of his obstinate head;
"I wanted a dance, and I'll chance it," he said.

At midnight - the dancers stood suddenly still,
For hoofs had been heard on the side of the hill;
Ben Duggan, the drover, along the hillside
Came riding as only a bushman can ride.
He sprang from his horse, to the shanty he sped,
"The troopers are down in the gully!" he said.

Quite close to the homestead the troopers were seen;
"Clear out and ride hard for the ranges, Jack Dean!
Be quick!" said May Carney - her hand on her heart -
"We'll bluff them awhile and we'll give you a start."
He lingered a moment - to kiss her, of course -
Then he ran to the trees where he'd hobbled his horse.

They chased, and they shouted, "Surrender, Jack Dean!"
They called him three times in the name of the Queen.
Then came from the darkness, the clicking of locks,
The crack of the rifles was heard in the rocks.
A shriek and a shout and a rush of pale men -
And there lay the bushranger, chancing it then.

The sergeant dismounted and knelt on the sod;
"Your bushranging's over- make peace, Jack, with God."
The bushranger laughed - not a word he replied,
But turned to the girl who knelt down by his side.
He gazed in her eyes as she lifted his head,
"Just kiss me, my girl, and I'll chance it," he said.

Vocals: John Schumann

Acoustic guitars:

Kerryn Tolhurst

John Schumann

Electric guitars:

Shannon Bourne

Bass: Paul Cartwright

Drums: Toby Lang

Tiple: Kerryn Tolhurst

Violin: Michael Harris

Percussion: Toby Lang

Faces in the Street

They lie, the men who tell us for reasons of their own
that want is here a stranger,
and that misery's unknown;
For where the nearest suburb
and the city proper meet
My window-sill is level with the faces in the street
Drifting past, drifting past,
To the beat of weary feet –
I sorrow for the owners of those faces in the street.

And cause I have to sorrow
in a land so young and fair,
To see upon those faces
stamped the marks of Want and Care;
I look in vain for traces
of the fresh and fair and sweet
In sallow, sunken faces
that are drifting through the street -
Drifting on, drifting on,
To the scrape of restless feet;
I sorrow for the owners of the faces in the street.

I wonder would the apathy of wealthy men endure
Were all their windows level with the faces of the Poor?
Ah! Mammon's slaves, your knees shall knock,
your hearts in terror beat,
When God demands a reason
for the sorrows of the street;
The wrong things and the bad things
And the sad things that we meet
In the filthy lane and alley
and the cruel, heartless street.

Once I cried: "O God Almighty!
if Thy might cloth still endure,
Now show me in a vision for the wrongs
of Earth a cure."
And, lo! with shops all shuttered
I saw a city's street,
And in the warning distance
heard the tramp of many feet;
Pouring on, pouring on,
To a drum's loud threatening beat,
And the war-hymns and the cheering
of the people in the street.

And so it must be while the world
goes rolling round its course,
The warning pen shall write in vain,
the warning voice grow hoarse;
And kindled eyes all blazing bright
with revolution's heat,
And flashing swords
reflecting rigid faces in the street.
Coming near, coming near
To a drum's dull distant beat
Then I saw the army
that was matching down the street ...

Vocals: John Schumann,
Rob Hirst, Shane Howard,
Marcia Howard,
Russell Morris, Mike Rudd,
Hugh McDonald,
Michael Atkinson,
Broderick Smith,
Alan Pigram,
Steven Pigram

Acoustic guitar:
Kerryn Tolhurst
Electric guitars:
Shannon Bourne
Bass: Paul Cartwright
Drums: Rob Hirst
Lap Steel: Kerryn Tolhurst
Percussion: Toby Lang
Piano: Mick Wordley

The Bush Girl

So you rode from the range where your brothers select,
Through the ghostly, grey bush in the dawn;
You rode slowly at first, lest her heart should suspect
That you were quite glad to be gone;
You had scarcely the courage to glance back at her
And the homestead receding from view,
And you breathed with relief as you rounded the spur,
For the world was a wide world to you.

Grey eyes that grow sadder than sunset or rain,
Fond heart that is ever more true;
Firm faith that grows firmer for watching in vain,
She'll wait by the slip-rails for you.

Ah! the world is a new and a wide one to you
But the world to your sweetheart is shut;
For a change never comes to the lonely bush homes
of the stockyard, the scrub, and the hut;
And the only relief from the dullness she feels
When the ridges grow softened and dim;
And away in the dusk to the slip-rails she steals
To dream of past hours "with him".

Do you think, where, in place of bare fences, dry creeks,
Clear streams and green hedges are seen,
Where the girls have the lily and the rose in their cheeks,
And the grass in the summer is green;
Do you think, now and then, now or then in the whirl
Of the town life, while London is new,
Of the hut in the bush and the freckled-faced girl
Who waits by the slip-rails for you?

Grey eyes that are sadder than sunset or rain,
Bruised heart that is ever more true,
Fond faith that is firmer for trusting in vain,
She waits by the slip-rails for you.

Vocals: John Schumann,
Shane Howard,
Marcia Howard
Acoustic guitars:
Kerryn Tolhurst,
Shannon Bourne
Bass: Paul Cartwright
Drums: Toby Lang
Harmonium:
Mick Wordley
Mandolin:
Kerryn Tolhurst
Percussion: Toby Lang





Heart-felt thanks

A huge, heart-felt Bombora thank-you to John Schumann and The Vagabond Crew, Kerryn Tolhurst, Mick Wordley and all the other wonderfully talented people who contributed to the production of this album.

Special thanks to Vicki Minear, Denny Schumann, Lisa Tolhurst and Robyn Wordley – we appreciate your understanding and all that you do for us.

Thanks also to Jill Jarvis, Chris Moss, Brian Matthews, Mike Piper, Corey Piper, Andrew Ellis, Ian Kidd, Krishna and Cathy Sudharsana.

And lastly, a big thank-you to my late grandfather, Jim Condon, who many years ago introduced me to the magic and power of Australian poetry.

David Minear
Executive Producer