

Push on the shovel boys dig. **HUH!** Pull on the shovel boys li_ft
up. Push on the shovel boys. Pull on the shovel boys. Push! **HUH!** Lift up
dig. Here comes the gaffer look keen Yes Sir! he do_nt pa_y much
he's too mean but we will get him back soon as hes gone we slack & we doh
care do we? as we

Push on the Shovel

Push on the shovel boys dig. **HUH!** Pull on the shovel boys lift up.
Push on the shovel boys. Pull on the shovel boys. Push! **HUH!** Lift up dig.
Here comes the gaffer look keen **Yes Sir!**
He dont pay much hes too mean
But we will get him back, soon as hes gone we slack
And we do care do we? **Do we?** As we....chorus
Jim has been wasting time its true, ()
Reading his newspapers in the loo.
The foremans devised a trick, to heave half an ender brick
And rattle on the roof, **an we do hear**.... As we....chorus
The foreman he takes a running jump **the chump!**
& falls in a trench with a bump,
Now he has to bawl & shout, to call to Jim to fetch him out
Jim do hear **neither do us**.... As we.....chorus
The gaffas back look keen, **Yes Sir!**
& the foreman is nowhere to be seen.
Who will get it in the neck, it wo be us or Jim by heck
An' we do care **Do we?**.. As we.....chorus
The foreman he's gone whum ta bed ()
An wrapped a bandage rournd his yed,
As owr beer an ale we quaff, we will ave a good old loff
'Cos we do care **Do we?**.. As we chorus

text spoken (not sung) **HUH**
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This is a true story - I know, for my maternal Grandfather was that man. He was a foreman core-maker at E.C. & J. Kaye, Darlaston, and cast the pressure tranfer blocks twixt the forged pin bearings and the dressed stone that hold up the entire ediface we so lovingly know as the Sydney Harbour bridge. I know where they are situated - for I have seen those blocks. Both stories come from family folklore.