

BENDIGO CHAMPION OF ENGLAND

(Spring Tide Rising 2010)

You ranting lads and sporting blades
come listen to my song.
I hope that it will please you
and it will not keep you long.
Concerning of a milling match
that lately has been fought
Twixt Giant Caunt and Bendigo
two lads of the right sort.

So we'll drink success to Bendigo
Who made such gallant play.
For by his skill he won the mill
And he bore the prize away.

On the ninth day of September
Eighteen hundred and forty-five
To Wychwood for to see the fight
these sporting coves did drive.
And some did laugh and some did chaff
and on their man did vaunt
Some bet their tin on Bendigo
and some on Giant Caunt.

Both men shook hands and the prize belt
It straightway was brought in
There let it hang says Bendigo
Till the best man it does win.
That won't be little Bendigo
Old Caunt he made reply
For I'll tan your hide till you're satisfied
and at him he did fly.

Is that the way says Bendigo
Then take it back again
And he made a job on poor Caunts knob
and battered him amain
This furious work soon drew the cork
of Caunts poor claret bottle
While Caunt returned the compliment
and made Bendy's ribs to rattle.

Now Caunt did boldly come again
And showed some gallant play
Yet Bendigo would strike a blow
And quickly get away
Until around the eighty-fourth
He gave some ugly blows
Which left his mark on the steering part
And fairly spoilt Caunt's nose.

Eighty-eight the rounds were fought
Great Caunt could hardly rise
And all declared that Bendigo
had fairly won the prize.
The Tipton Slasher now may come
but he'll soon get to know
that he was never big enough
for to wallop Bendigo.