

# The Free Selector's Daughter

Words by Henry Lawson (1891) set to a variant of 'The Girl I Left Behind Me' by Mike Jackson.

I met her on the Lach-lan Side A dar-ling girl I thought her,  
And ere I left I swore I'd win The free-selector's daugh-ter.  
I milked her fath-er's cows a month, I brought the wood and wat-er,  
I mend-ed all the brok-en fence, Be-fore I won the daugh-ter.

I listened to her father's yarns,  
I did just what I "oughter",  
And what you'll have to do to win  
A free-selector's daughter.  
I broke my pipe and burnt my twist,  
And washed my mouth with water;  
I had a shave before I kissed  
The free-selector's daughter.

Then, rising in the frosty morn,  
I brought the cows for Mary,  
And when I'd milked a bucketful  
I took it to the dairy.  
I poured the milk into the dish  
While Mary held the strainer,  
I summoned heart to speak my wish  
And O her blush grew plainer.

I told her I must leave the place  
I said that I would miss her;  
At first she turned away her face,  
And then she let me kiss her.  
I put the bucket on the ground,  
And in my arms I caught her.  
I'd give the world to hold again  
That free-selector's daughter!