

The Bushman

from A B Paterson 'Old Bush Songs' tune is variant of 'Brennan on the Moor', an Irish song about a highwayman.

Verse

When the mer - chant lies down, he can scarce go to sleep
For think - ing of his merch - an - dise up - on the fat - al deep;
His ships may be cast a - way or tak - en in a war,
So his life we'll env - y not, _____ who true bush - men are.

Chorus

Who true bush - men are, Who true bush - men are,
So his life we'll env - y not, who true bush - men are.

When the soldier lies down, his mind is full of thought
O'er seeking that promotion which so long he has sought;
He fain would gain repose for mortal wound or scar,
So him also we'll envy not, who true bushmen are.
Who true bushmen are, Who true bushmen are,
So him also we'll envy not, who true bushmen are.

When the sailor lies down, his mind he must prepare
To rouse out in a minute if the wind should prove unfair.
His voyage may be stopped for the want of a spar,
So him also we'll envy not, who true bushmen are.
Who true bushmen are, Who true bushmen are,
So him also we'll envy not, who true bushmen are.

When the bushman lies down, his mind is free from care,
He knows his stock will furnish him with meat, wear and tear.
Should trade and commerce fail us in the shadow of a war,
Then bread and beef won't fail us boys, who true bushmen are.
Who true bushmen are, Who true bushmen are,
Then bread and beef won't fail us boys, who true bushmen are.

Then fill, fill your glasses, a toast I'll give you, then,
To you who call yourselves true-hearted men.
Here's a health to the soldier and even Jacky tar,
And may they always meet such friends as we bushmen are.
As we bushmen are. As we bushmen are,
And may they always meet such friends as we bushmen are.