

The Bushman's Farewell

Words and music by Graham Jenkin. The collection of songs arranged and published by Jenkin 'Great Australian Balladists' is a classic and the records are well worth chasing. They are available in digital form from australianfolk.blogspot.com

Verse

The time I fear is near - ly here to sad - dle up and slide,
To roll my swag and pack my gear and cross the Great Div - ide.
The nags are read - y set to go. It's time to strap the pack.
There's just one thing I trul - y know - I won't be com - ing back!

Chords: D, G, D, A7, D, D, A7, D

Chorus

So it's good - bye my love - my heart stays with you,
One kiss be - fore I take my fi - nal ride.
Say fare - well to the pret - ty girls and the good old mates I knew.
We may meet a - gain a - - cross the Great Div - ide.

Chords: A7, D, D, A7, Em, A7, D, Bm, D, A7, D

This time must come to everyone, some later and some soon,
And I'll be gone before the sun has bowed beneath the moon.
I can't complain, so don't you grieve, that I'm to go this way,
It's time to saddle up and leave, forever and a day.

Perhaps I might have liked to know just one more northern spring,
To see the Wattle blossom grow and hear the magpies sing;
But when the kuratanpas bless the sandhills after rain,
There'll be one less merry stockman to muster on the plain.

We've had some wild and woolly nights since first I came up here.
I've had my share of toil and fights, I've drunk my share of beer.
My best was all I'd ever give to women or to men,
And if I had my life to live: -I'd do it all again.

I've rode some splendid horses, how we always loved to race,
But on those country courses someone else can take my place.
My dear I'm going under, in a moment I must die:
But you'll always hear the thunder of my stockwhip in the sky!