

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 - sel - ect - or'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!