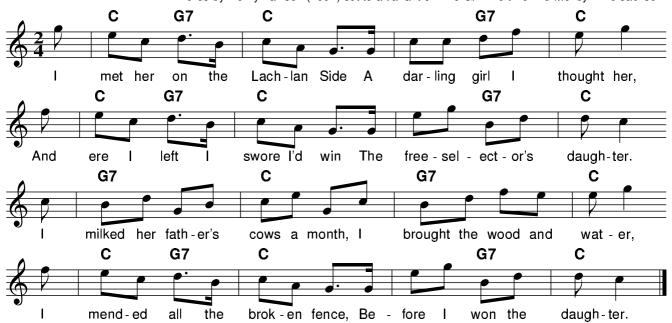
## The Free Selector's Daughter

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



I 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!