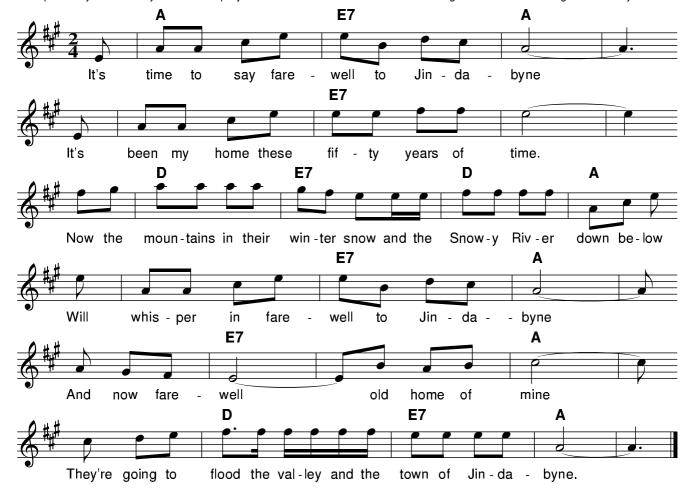
Jindabyne

A lament on the flooding of Old Jindabyne for the Snowy Mountains Hydro–Electric Scheme. It is one of a series of songs composed by Ulick O'Boyle about the project and the men who built it. Further songs available from songsofthesnowy.com.au.



When I was young my father said to me

"Upon this spot I'm going to plant a tree

Tall and strong and made of pine to mark the land that I've made mine

And you'll make yours, my boy, in time to be"

But now farewell old tree of mine

They're going to flood the valley and the town of Jindabyne.

I guess that it don't hurt to have my say

For the young they'll laugh and say I've had my day

And they'll dam the waters from those hills even if an old man feels

There's things around the good lord meant to stay.

Like Jindabyne, old home of mine

They're going to flood the valley and the town of Jindabyne.

When Jindabyne at last becomes a lake

My eyes will see the waves but my heart will take

A trip beneath the surface blue down the years of memory true

And this perhaps will ease my yearning ache

For Jindabyne, a dream of mine,

When they flood the valley and the town of Jindabyne.