

# The Old Keg of Rum

Words collected by Vance Palmer, music restored by Margaret Sutherland and published in a collection 'Old Australian Bush Ballads' by Allan and Co in 1950. The preface says that "These ballads are among the few surviving from those sung around campfires and at bush meeting places in the days between our early pastoral settlement and the end of our first century."

Verse

My name is old Jack Palmer, and I once dug for gold  
The song I'm gun - na sing for you re - calls the days of old  
When I'd plent - y mates a - round me, and the talk would fair - ly hum  
As we sat and sang to - geth - er round the old keg of rum.

Chorus

The old keg of rum, the old keg of rum  
(Echo the last line of the verse)

There was Bluey Watt, the breaker, and old Tom Hynes  
And little Doyle, the ringer, who now in glory shines  
And many more hard doers, all gone to Kingdom Come  
We were all associated round the old keg of rum.

When the shearing time was over in the sheds on the Bree  
We'd raise a keg from somewhere, and we'd all have a spree  
We'd sit and sing together till we got that blind and dumb  
That we couldn't find the bung-hole of the old keg of rum.

There was some would last the night out, and some would have a snooze  
And some were full of fight, boys, but all were full of booze  
Till often in a scrimmage I have corked it with my thumb  
Just to keep the life from leaking from the old keg of rum.

Well, now my song is ended, I've got to travel on  
An old buffer skiting of days now dead and gone  
But I hope you youngsters round me will, perhaps in years to come  
Remember old Jack Palmer and the old keg of rum.