

## Past Carin'

Original words by Henry Lawson (1899), slightly adapted by Phyl Lobl in her original setting. This is a fine example of how Lawson could focus on the plight of ordinary working class people and their day to day struggles, hopes and despair.

Now up and down the creek bed brown the great black crows are fly - in',

And down be - low the spur, I know, a - noth - er milk - er's' dy - in';

The crops have with - ered from the ground, the tank's clay bed is glar - in',

But from my heart no tear nor sound, for I have gone past car - in'

Past, both - er - in' or car - in', Past weep - in' and des - pair - in',

But from my heart no tear nor sound, for I have gone past car - in'.

Through Death and Trouble, turn about, through hopeless desolation,  
 Through flood and fever, fire and drought, and slavery and starvation;  
 Through childbirth, sickness, hurt, and blight, and nervousness an' scarin',  
 Through bein' left alone at night, I've got to be past carin'.  
 Past, botherin' or carin', Past weepin' and despairin',  
 Through bein' left alone at night, I've got to be past carin'.

Our first child took, in days like these, a cruel week in dyin',  
 All day upon her father's knees, or on my poor breast lyin';  
 The tears we shed – the prayers we said were awful, wild – despairin';  
 I've pulled three through, and buried two since then – and I'm past carin'.  
 Past, botherin' or carin', Past weepin' and despairin',\*  
 I've pulled three through, and buried two since then – and I'm past carin'.

'Twas ten years first, then came the worst, all for a barren clearin';  
 I thought, I thought my heart would burst when first my man went shearin';  
 He's drovin' in the great North-west, I don't know how he's farin';  
 For I, the one that loved him best, have grown to be past carin'.  
 Past, botherin' or carin', Past weepin' and despairin',\*  
 For I, the one that loved him best, have grown to be past carin'.

My eyes are dry, I cannot cry, I've got no heart for breakin',  
 But where it was in days gone by, a dull and empty achin'.  
 My last boy ran away from me, I know my temper's wearin',  
 But now I only wish to be beyond all signs of carin'.  
 Past, botherin' or carin', Past weepin' and despairin',\*  
 But now I only wish to be beyond all signs of carin'.