

The Roaring Days

The words by Henry Lawson were first published in 'The Bulletin' in 1889. They were adapted and set to the tune of 'Ten Thousand Miles Away' by members of the Bush Music Club and recorded on the double album '20 Golden Greats' on the Festival label.

The musical score is written on a single treble clef staff in 4/4 time with a key signature of two sharps (F# and C#). The melody is simple and folk-like. Chord symbols are placed above the staff at various points: A, D, A, E7, A, D, A, E7, and A. The lyrics are written below the staff, aligned with the notes.

The night too quick - ly pass - es and we are grow - ing old,
So let us fill our glass - es and toast the Days of Gold
When — finds of wond - rous treas - ure set all the South a - blaze,
And you and I were faith - ful mates all through the roar - ing days.

Then stately ships came sailing from every harbour's mouth,
And sought the land of promise that beacons in the South
Then southward streamed their streamers and swelled their canvas full
To speed the wildest dreamers e'er borne in vessel's hull.

Their shining Eldorado, beneath the southern skies,
Was day and night for ever before their eager eyes.
The brooding bush, awakened, was stirred in wild unrest,
And all the year a human stream went pouring to the West.

Oh, who would paint a goldfield, and limn the picture right,
As old adventure saw it in early morning light
The azure line of ridges, the bush of darkest green,
The little homes of calico that dotted all the scene.

I hear the fall of timber from distant flats and fells,
The pealing of the anvils as clear as little bells,
The rattle of the cradle the crack of wind-lass-boles
The flutter of the crimson flags above the golden holes.

Ah, then our hearts were bolder, and if Dame Fortune frowned
Our swags we'd lightly shoulder and tramp to other ground.
But golden days are vanished and altered is the scene
The diggings are deserted, the camping grounds are green.