

Swaggie Passing Through

Written by M'G and first published in the Bulletin in 1894.
This setting to the 'Jolly Beggar Man' as learnt from Maitland folkie Bob Campbell

I have a pict - ure in my mind though man - y years have passed.

The trees so green, the sky so blue, the riv - er swirl - ing past.

The laugh - ing child - ren still I see though fad - ed from their view

For ___ simp - ly they re - gard - ed me as a swag - gie pass - ing through.

Chorus

I am a jol - ly swag - gie I've been on the road for years.

I've ___ heard a lot of laugh - ing and I've seen a couple of tears.

If you'll be hon - est to me face I'll be the same to you,

And here I stand be - fore you I am a swag - gie pass - ing through.

I have a picture in my mind though many years have passed
The green of trees, the sky so blue, the river swirling past.
The laughing children still I see though faded from their view
For simply they regarded me as swaggie passing through.

I am a jolly swaggie I've been on the road for years
I've heard a lot of laughing and I've seen a couple of tears
If you'll be honest to me face I'll be the same to you
And here I stand before you I am a swaggie passing through.

'Tis all the same when life we quit we have our pain and fun
We laugh, we loaf, we love a bit and then our tally's done
And all the world of hate and war or love and friendship true
It little cares we're nothing more than swaggies passing through.