

# With My Swag All On My Shoulder

Collected by Banjo Paterson and published in 'Old Bush Songs' 1924 edition but not in the 1905 edition.

Verse

capo 2

When first I left Old Eng-land's shore such yarns as we were told  
 Of how the folks in far Aust - ral - ia could pick up lumps of gold.  
 How gold dust lay in all the streets and min - er's right was free.  
 Hur - rah I told my lov - ing friends that's just the place for me.

Chorus  
 With my swag all on my shoul - der, black bil - ly in my hand  
 I'll trav - el the bush of Aust - ral - i - a like a true born Ir - ish man.

When first we reached Port Melbourne we were all prepared to slip,  
 And bar the captain and the mate all hands abandoned ship.  
 And all the girls of Melbourne town threw up their arms with joy,  
 Hurroing and exclaiming, 'Here comes my Irish boy!'

We made our way to Geelong then north to Ballarat  
 Where some of us grew mighty thin and some grew sleek and fat.  
 Some tried their luck at Bendigo and some at Fiery Creek.  
 I made a fortune in a day and blued it in a week.

For many years I wandered round to each new field about,  
 And made and spent full many a pound till alluvial petered out.  
 And then for any job of work I was prepared to try,  
 But now I've found the tucker track, I'll stay there till I die.