

It was somewhere in September and the sun was goin' down  
When I came in search of copy, to a Darling River town  
Come-And-Have-A-  
Drink we'll call it, 'tis a fitting name I think  
And 'twas raining, for a wonder, up at Come-And-Have-A-Drink

Underneath the pub verandah I was resting on a bunk  
When a stranger rose before me, and he said that he was drunk  
He apologised for speaking, there was no offence he swore  
But he somehow seemed to fancy that he'd seen my face before  
He agreed you can't remember all the chaps you chance to meet  
And he said his name was Sweeney, people lived in Sussex Street

He was camping in a stable, that he swore that he was right  
Only for the blanky horses walkin' over him all night  
He'd apparently been fighting, for his face was black and blue  
And it looked as though the horses had been treading on him too

But an honest genial twinkle in the eye that wasn't hurt  
Seemed to hint of something better, spite of drink and rags and  
dirt  
He was born in Parramatta and he said with humour grim  
That he'd like to see the city, 'ere the liquor finished him  
But he couldn't raise the money, he was damned if he could thin  
k  
What the Government was doing here, he offered me a drink

I declined, 'twas self-denial and I lectured him on booze  
Using all the hackneyed arguments that preachers mostly use  
Things I'd heard in temperance lectures, I was young and rather  
green  
And I ended by referring to the man he might have been

But he couldn't stay to argue, for his beer was nearly gone  
He was glad, he said, to meet me, and he'd see me later on  
But he guessed he'd have to go and get his bottle filled again  
And he gave a lurch and vanished in the darkness and the rain

Now of afternoons in cities, when the rain is on the land  
Visions come to me of Sweeney, with his bottle in his hand.