

With My Swag All My Shoulder

The Seekers

When first we left old England's shores, such yarns as we were told,
As how folks in Australia could pick up lumps of gold.
So when we got to Melbourne Town, we were ready soon to slip,
And get even with the captain, we scuttled from the ship.

With my swag all on my shoulder, black billy in my hand,
I travelled the bush of Australia like a true-born native man.
We steered our course for Portland Town, then north-west of Ballarat,
Where some of us got mighty thin, and some got sleek and fat.
Some tried their luck at Bendigo and some at Fiery Creek;
I made a fortune in a day and spent it in a week.

So round the tucker tracks I tramp, nor leave them out of sight
;
My swag's on my left shoulder and then upon my right,
And then I take it on my back and oft upon it lie;
These are the best of tucker tracks, so I'll stay here till I die.

I travelled the bush of Australia like a true-born native man.