

With My Swag All On 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 Bindigo
And some at Fiery Creek
I made a fortune in a day
And spent it in a week

With my swag all on my shoulder
Black billy in my hand
I travelled the bush of Australia
Like a true born native man

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

With my swag all on my shoulder
Black billy in my hand
I travelled the bush of Australia
Like a true born native man

I travelled the bush of Australia
Like a true born native man