

Seed

"With My Swag All My Shoulder"

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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.

Chorus:

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.

(Chorus)

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.

(Chorus)

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

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