

# With My Swag All On My Shoulder

*Traditional*

**When first I left old Ireland's shore the yarns that I was told**  
**Of how the folks in Australia could pick up lumps of gold**  
**How gold dust lay in all the streets and miner's right was free**  
**Hurrah I told my loving friends that's just the place for me.**

**With my swag all on my shoulder, black billy in my hand**  
**I'll travel the bushes of Australia like a true born Irishman.**

**We made our way into 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**  
**Well I made my fortune in a day and I blued it in a week.**

**For many years I wanderd round to each new field about**  
**And made and spent full many a pound till the 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 here till I die.**

**And then we came to Melbourne town and we all prepared to slip**  
**And bar the captain and the mate the crew abandoned ship**  
**And all the girls of Melbourne town they threw up their arms with joy**  
**Saying one unto the other, "Here comes the Irish boy."**

**Eb**

**Bb7**

**Ab**

**F7**

**Bb**

