

The Stockman's Last Bed

Traditional

VERSE

1. Be you stock - man or no, to my stor - y give ear A -
las from poor Jack no more shall we hear The
crack of his stock - whip, his steed's live - ly trot, His
clear "Go a - head, boys!", his jang - ling quart - pot

CHORUS

For we laid him where the wat - tle's sweet frag - rance is shed and the
tall gum trees shad - ow the stock - man's last bed

2. While out draughting one day he was horned by a cow
"Alas!" cried poor Jack "It's all up for me now!
For I fear I shall never my saddle regain
Nor bound like a wallaby over the plain!"

CHORUS (+ tag - optional)

3. His whip, it is silent, his dogs they do mourn
His horse waits in vain for his master's return
No friends there to mourn him, unheeded he dies
Save Australia's dark sons no-one knows where he lies

CHORUS (+ tag - optional)

(Instrumental interlude [Verse] + sung CHORUS) - optional

4. So, you stockmen, if ever on some future day
After wild cattle you happen to stray
On the creek-bed tread softly where the trees make their shade
For perhaps that's the spot where poor Jack's bones are laid

CHORUS x 2

The Stockman's Last Bed

Words & music: Traditional

D **G** **D**
Be you stockman or no, to my story give ear
G **D** **A**
Alas from poor Jack no more shall we hear
D **G** **D**
The crack of his stock-whip, his steed's lively trot
G **D** **A** **D**
His clear "Go ahead, boys!", his jangling quart-pot

D **G** **D**
CHORUS: For we laid him where the wattle's sweet fragrance is shed
G **D** **A** **D**
And the tall gum trees shadow the stockman's last bed (+ tag - optional)

D **G** **D**
While out draughting one day he was horned by a cow
G **D** **A**
"Alas!" cried poor Jack "It's all up for me now!
D **G** **D**
For I fear I shall never my saddle regain
G **D** **A** **D**
Nor bound like a wallaby over the plain!"

CHORUS (+ tag - optional)

D **G** **D**
His whip, it is silent, his dogs they do mourn
G **D** **A**
His horse waits in vain for his master's return
D **G** **D**
No friends there to mourn him, unheeded he dies
G **D** **A** **D**
Save Australia's dark sons no-one knows where he lies

CHORUS (+ tag - optional)

(Instrumental interlude [Verse] + sung CHORUS) - optional

D **G** **D**
So, you stockmen, if ever on some future day
G **D** **A**
After wild cattle you happen to stray
D **G** **D**
On the creek-bed tread softly where the trees make their shade
G **D** **A** **D**
For perhaps that's the spot where poor Jack's bones are laid

D **G** **D**
CHORUS: For we laid him where the wattle's sweet fragrance is shed
G **D** **A** **D**
And the tall gum trees shadow the stockman's last bed

Repeat CHORUS to end