

The Lone Man

The jolly swagman, we all know his story
it dos'nt tell of war or battles of glory
It tells of the swaggie who travels alone
who rests by a billabong, no company but his own
A man of the bush, a man of the road
he shapes his own future, carries his own load
One pannikin, one tin mug, one blanket bed
One pair of faded eyes gazing at embers red.
Sing Waltzing Matilda, the peoples own choice
Sing loud and clear with pride in our voice
Lest we forget, that this land is ours through choice or birth
Lets not run over proud but let us all know our worth
This day then, let us pray we hav'nt travelled too far
Let us sit with that swaggie under that same Southern Star

David Sawkins