

## THE PUB WITH NO BEER

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It's lonesome away from your kindred and all

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By the camp fire at night where the wild dingoes call,

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But there's nothing so lonesome so morbid or drear

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Than to stand in a bar of a pub with no beer.

Now the publican's anxious for the quota to come

There's a far away lock on the face of the bum

The maid's gone all cranky and the cook's acting queer

What a terrible place is a pub with no beer.

Then the stock-man rides up with his dry dusty throat

He breasts up to the bar, pulls a wat from his coat,

But the smile on his face quickly turns to a sneer,

When the bar man said sadly STOP the pub's got no beer.

Then in comes the swagman, all covered with flies

He throws down his roll, wipes the sweat from his eyes

But when he is told he says, What's this I hear?

I've walked fifty miles STOP to a pub with nor beer !

Ther's a dog on the 'randa-h for his master he waits

But the boss is inside drinking wine with his mates

He hurries for cover and cringes in fear

It's no place for a dog round a pub with no beer.

Old Billy the blacksmith first time in his life

Has gone home cold sober to his darling wife,

He walks in the kitchen, she says you're early me dear,

But he breaks down STOP and tells her the pub's got no beer.

It's lonesome away from your kindred and all

By the camp fire at night where the wild dingoes call,

But there's nothing so lonesome so morbid or drear

Than to stand in a bar of a pub with no beer.