

The Old Bark Hut

Jonny Dyer - Vocal, Guitar, Accordion, Piano
Vicki Swan - Vocal, Nyckelharpa

Lyrics Banjo Patterson
Melody - Jonny Dyer

The musical score is written in 4/4 time with a key signature of one flat (Bb). It consists of six staves of music. The lyrics are written below the notes, and guitar chords are indicated above the staff lines. The lyrics are: "oh my name is Bob the swag-man, be - fore you all I stand, and I've had ma - ny ups and downs whilst trav-'ling through this land, I once was well to - do my boys but now I am stumped up, and find my - self on ra - tions in an o - ld bark hut, in an old bark hut, in an old bark hut, I find my - self on ra - tions in an o - ld bark hut." The chords are: F, F/A, Bb, C, F, C, Dm, Bb, C, Bb, F/A, Gm, C, Bb, C, Dm, Bm, C, F, C, F, Bb, C, Dm, Bb, C, F.

Oh my name is Bob the Swagman, before you all I stand,
and I've had many ups and downs whilst trav'ling through this land,
I once was well to do my boys but now I am stumped up,
and find myself on rations in an old bark hut,

Refrain:

In an old bark hut, in an old bark hut
I find myself on rations in an old bark hut

Ten pounds of flour, ten pounds of beef some sugar and some tea
That's all they give to a hungry man until the Seventh Day
You must be mighty sparing or you'll go with a hungry gut
And that's the great misfortune in an old bark hut

The bucket you boil your beef in has to carry water too
And folks would think you're getting mighty flash if you should ask for two
I've a billy and a pint-pot and a broken-handled cup
And they all adorn the table in the old bark hut

The table is not made of wood like many you have seen
For if I had one half as good I'd think myself serene
It's just an old sheet of bark God knows when it was cut
It blew down from the rafters of that old bark hut

Of furniture there's no such thing 'twas never in the place
Except this stool I sit upon and that's an old gin-case
You can use it as safe me boys, but you must keep it shut
Or the flies would make it canter round that old bark hut

I've seen the rain come in this hut just like a perfect flood
Especially through that great big hole where once the table stood
There's not a blessed spot me boys where you could lay your nut
The rain is sure to find you in the old bark hut

So beside the fire I make me bed and there I lay me down
And think myself as happy as the king that wears a crown
But as you'd be drifting off to sleep a flea will wake you up
Which makes you curse the vermin in the old bark hut

Such flocks of fleas you never saw they are so plump and fat
And if you make a grab at one he'll spit just like a cat
They got my pack of cards last night and were fighting for the cut
I swore the Devil had me in his old bark hut

So now my friends I've sung my song and that as best as I could
And I hope the ladies present won't think my language rude
And all you younger people in the days when you grow up
Remember Bob the Swagman in his old bark hut