## Jim Carew Banjo Paterson

Born of a thoroughbred English race,

Well proportioned and closely knit,

Neat of figure and handsome face,

Always ready and always fit,

Hard and wiry of limb and thew,

That was the ne'er-do-well Jim Carew.

One of the sons of the good old land—

Many a year since his like was known;

Never a game but he took command,

Never a sport but he held his own;

Gained at his college a triple blue—

Good as they make them was Jim Carew.

Came to grief — was it card or horse?

Nobody asked and nobody cared;

Ship him away to the bush of course,

Ne'er-do-well fellows are easily spared;

Only of women a tolerable few

Sorrowed at parting with Jim Carew.

Gentleman Jim on the cattle camp,

Sitting his horse with an easy grace;

But the reckless living has left its stamp

In the deep drawn lines of that handsome face,

And a harder look in those eyes of blue:

Prompt at a quarrel is Jim Carew.

Billy the Lasher was out for gore—

Twelve-stone navvy with chest of hair,

When he opened out with a hungry roar

On a ten-stone man it was hardly fair;

But his wife was wise if his face she knew

By the time you were done with him, Jim Carew.

Gentleman Jim in the stockmen's hut

Works with them, toils with them, side by side;

As to his past — well, his lips are shut.

'Gentleman once,' say his mates with pride;

And the wildest Cornstalk can ne'er outdo

In feats of recklessness, Jim Carew.

What should he live for? A dull despair!

Drink is his master and drags him down,

Water of Lethe that drowns all care.

Gentleman Jim has a lot to drown,

And he reigns as king with a drunken crew,

Sinking to misery, Jim Carew.

Such is the end of the ne'er-do-well—

Jimmy the Boozer, all down at heel;

But he straightens up when he's asked to tell

His name and race, and a flash of steel

Still lightens up in those eyes of blue—

'I am, or - no, I WAS - Jim Carew.'

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