

Last Week

Banjo Paterson

Oh, the new-chum went to the back block run,

But he should have gone there last week.

He tramped ten miles with a loaded gun,

But of turkey or duck he saw never a one,

For he should have been there last week,

They said,

There were flocks of 'em there last week.

He wended his way to a waterfall,

And he should have gone there last week.

He carried a camera, legs and all,

But the day was hot, and the stream was small,

For he should have gone there last week,

They said.

They drowned a man there last week.

He went for a drive, and he made a start,

Which should have been made last week,

For the old horse died of a broken heart;

So he footed it home and he dragged the cart—

But the horse was all right last week,

They said.

He trotted a match last week.

So he asked the bushies who came from far

To visit the town last week,

If they'd dine with him, and they said 'Hurrah!'

But there wasn't a drop in the whisky jar—

You should have been here last week,

He said,

I drank it all up last week!

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