

# The Old Bark Hut

Traditional

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## The Old Bark Hut

1. Oh! me name is Bob the Swagman and I'll have you understand  
I've seen a lot of ups and downs while travelling through the land.  
I once was well to do me boys, but now I'm so hard up,  
That I'm forced to go on rations in the old bark hut.  
*Chorus: In the old bark hut, in the old bark hut  
That I'm forced to go on rations in the old bark hut.*
2. Ten pounds of flour, ten pounds of beef, some sugar and some tay!  
That's all they give a hungry man until the seventh day.  
If you don't be mighty sparing, you'll go with a hungry gut.  
That's one of the great misfortunes of the old bark hut.  
*Chorus: Of the old bark hut, of the old bark hut  
That's one of the great misfortunes of the old bark hut.*
3. The bucket I wash me feet in has to cook me tay and stew;  
They's say I was gettin' mighty flash if I should ask for two.  
The table's just a sheet of bark that from off the roof did fall  
It was blown from off the rafters of the old bark hut.  
*Chorus: Off the old bark hut, off the old bark hut  
It was blown from off the rafters of the old bark hut.*
4. I've had the rain come pouring in just like a perfect flood,  
Especially through the great big hole where once the table stood.  
It leaves me not a single spot where I can lay me nut,  
For the rain is sure to find me in the old bark hut.  
*Chorus: In the old bark hut, in the old bark hut  
For the rain is sure to find me in the old bark hut.*
5. Beside the fire I lay me down, wrapped up in two old rugs.  
You couldn't call it comfort, but it seems to lure the bugs.  
All I've got for company's me faithful collie pup.  
So I use him for a pillow in the old bark hut.  
*Chorus: In the old bark hut, in the old bark hut  
So I use him for a pillow in the old bark hut.*
6. So now I've sung my little song as nicely as I could.  
I hope the ladies present will not think my language rude.  
And all you handsome girls and boys around me growing up,  
Remember Bob the Swagman in his old bark hut.  
*Chorus: In his old bark hut, in his old bark hut  
Remember Bob the Swagman in his old bark hut.*

Bob's lament takes me back to life in the bush in early colonial Australia. He shares the same hard life as the whiskered bushman and Dan. He is content merely to complain about it. Why didn't he just fix the roof and make a table?

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Source:

J S Manifold, The Penguin Australian Song Book, Penguin Australia, 1964