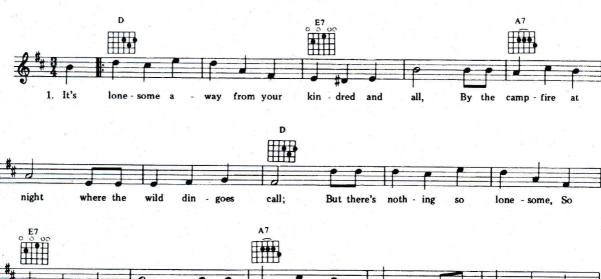
A Pub With No Beer

Gordon Parsons





- 2. Now the publican's anxious
 For the quota to come,
 There's a far away look
 On the face of the "bum";
 The maid's gone all cranky,
 And cook's acting queer,
 What a terrible place
 Is a pub with no beer.
- 3. Then the stockman rides up With his dry dusty throat, He breasts up to the bar, Pulls a wad from his coat, But the smile on his face Quickly turns to a sneer, When the barman says sadly: "The pub's got not beer."
- 4. Then the swaggie comes in Smothered in dust and flies, He throws down his roll, Rubs the sweat from his eyes; But when he is told he says: "What's this I hear?

 Spoken: I've trudged fifty flamin' miles

To a pub with no beer."

SUNG: 5. There's a dog on the v'randah, For his master he waits, But the boss is inside Drinking wine with his mates; He hurries for cover And he cringes in fear, It's no place for a dog 'Round a pub with no beer.

- 6. Old Billy the Blacksmith,
 The first time in his life
 Has gone home cold sober
 To his darling wife;
 He walks in the kitchen,
 She says: "You're early my dear,"
 But he breaks down and tells her:
 "The pub's got no beer."
- 7. It's lonesome away
 From your kindred and all,
 By the campfire 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.