

When the Childer Come Home

words by Henry Lawson, music - Mudgee Waltz

D D G Em A7 A7

In a lone - ly se - lec-tion far out in the West An old wo-man works all the

D D D D G Em

day with-out rest, And she croons, as she toils 'neath the sky's glass - y dome, 'Sure I'll

A7 A7 D D D D

keep the ould place till the child-ren come home.' She mends all the fen-ces, she

G Em A7 A7 D D

grubs, and she ploughs, She drives the old horse and she milks all the cows, And she

D D G Em A7 A7

sings to her - self as she thatches the stack, 'Sure I'll keep the ould place till the

D D

child-ren come back.'