

A Pub Without Beer

Written by Dan Sheahan.

It[G] is lonely away from your[Am] kindred and all,
In the[D] bushland at night when the warrigals[G] call;
It[G] is sad by the sea where the wild[Am] breakers boom,
Or to[D] look on a grave and contemplate[G] doom;
But[G] there's nothing on earth half as[Am] lonely and drear,
As to[D] stand in the bar of a[Am] pub without[G] beer.

Madam with her needles sits still by the door,
The boss smokes in silence - he is joking no more;
There's a faraway look on the face of the hum,
While the barmaid glares down at the point of her thumb.

Once it stood by the wayside, all stately and proud,
'Twas a home to the loafers - a joy to the crowd;
Now all silent the roof-tree that oftentimes rang,
When the navvies were paid and the cane-cutters sang;
Some are sleeping their last in the land far from here,
And I feel all alone in a pub without beer.

They can hang to their coupons for sugar and tea,
And the shortage of sandshoes does not worry me;
And though benzine and razors be both frozen stiff,
What is wrong with the horse and the old-fashioned ziff?
'Mid the worries of war there's but one thing I fear,
'Tis to stand in the bar of a pub without beer.

Oh, you brew of brown barley, what charm is thine?
'Neath thy spell men grow happy and cease to repine;
The cowards become brave and the weak become strong,
The dour and the grumpy burst forth into song;
If there's aught to resemble high heaven down here,
'Tis the place of joy where they ladle out beer.