

## **A Pub Without Beer / A Pub With No Beer**

**G** **Am**  
It is lonely away from your kindred and all,  
**D** **G**  
In the bushland at night when the warrigals call;  
**G** **Am**  
It is sad by the sea where the wild breakers boom,  
**D** **G**  
Or to look on a grave and contemplate doom;

Chor  
**G** **Am**  
But there's nothing on earth half as lonely and drear,  
**D** **Am** **G**  
As to stand in the bar of a pub without 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 paint 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.