

By: the New Zealand folk musician Paul Metzgers  
 Played live by Dylan in Youngstown, OH Nov 2, 1992

D            Em7      C                                  D  
Shotover River, your gold it is waning  
C(add9)                                  D                                  G                                  D  
And it's years since the color I've seen.  
D            Em7                 C                                  D  
No use just sitting, Lady Luck blaming  
C(add9)                                  D                                  G                                  C/g      G  
I'll pack up and make a break clean.

D                      Dsus4 D                G                D  
Farewell to the gold          that never I found,  
D                      Dsus4 D                G                D  
Goodbye to the nuggets that somewhere abound;  
G                      C                      G                      D  
For it's only when dreaming that I see you gleaming  
C                      D                      G  
Down in the dark deep underground.

It's nearly three years since I left my old mother  
For adventure and gold by the pound.  
With Jimmy the prospector, he was another,  
For the hills of Otago we were bound.

Farewell . . .

We worked the Cardrona's dry valley all over  
Old Jimmy Williams and me.  
They were panning good dust on the winding shotover  
So we headed down there just to see.

Farewell . . .

We sluiced and we cradled for day after day  
Barely making enough to get by;  
Then a terrible flood swept poor Jimmy away  
During six stormy days in July.

Farewell . . .