



Me that 'ave followed my trade  
In the place where the Lightnin's are made;  
'Twixt the Rains and the Sun and the Moon --  
Me that lay down an' got up  
Three years with the sky for my roof --  
That 'ave ridden my 'unger an' thirst  
Six thousand raw mile on the hoof,  
With the Vaal and the Orange for cup,  
An' the Brandwater Basin for dish, --  
Oh! it's 'ard to be'ave as they wish  
(Too 'ard, an' a little too soon),  
I'll 'ave to think over it first --

Me!

I will arise an' get 'ence --  
I will trek South and make sure  
If it's only my fancy or not  
That the sunshine of England is pale,  
And the breezes of England are stale,  
An' there's something' gone small with the lot.  
For *I* know of a sun an' a wind,  
An' some plains and a mountain be'ind,  
An' some graves by a barb-wire fence,  
An' a Dutchman I've fought 'oo might give  
Me a job where I ever inclined  
To look in an' offsaddle an' live  
Where there's neither a road nor a tree --  
But only my Maker an' me,  
And I think it will kill me or cure,  
So I think I will go there an' see.