

By Henry Lawson
As sung by Mike Kennedy, 10/21/12

The Glass on the Bar

Three bushmen one morning rode up to an inn,
And one of them called for the drinks with a grin;
They'd only returned from a trip to the North,
And eager to greet them, the landlord came forth.
He absently poured out a glass of Three Star,
And set down that drink with the rest on the bar.

"There, that is for Harry," he said, "and it's queer,
It's the very same glass that he drank from last year;
His name's on the glass, you can read it like print;
He scratched it himself with an old piece of flint;
I remember his drink— it was always Three Star" —
Then the landlord looked out through the doors of the bar.

He looked at the horses, he counted but three;
"You were always together — where's Harry?" cried he;
Sadly they looked at the glass and they said,
"You may put it away for our old mate is dead;"
But one, gazing out o'er the ridges afar,
Said, "We owe him a shout — leave the glass on the bar."

They thought of the far-away grave on the plain,
They thought of the comrade who had come not again;
They lifted their glasses, and sadly they said,
"We drink to the name of the mate who is dead;"
Then the sunlight streamed in like a light from a star
And glowed in the depths of the glass on the bar.

And still in that shanty a tumbler is seen,
It stands by the clock, ever polished and clean;
And often the strangers will read as they pass
The name of the bushman engraved on the glass:
And though on that shelf but a dozen there are,
That glass never stands with the rest on the bar.