Farewell to the Gold

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(Paul Metsers)

Shotover River, your gold it is waning
And it's years since the color I've seen.
No use just sitting, Lady Luck blaming
I'll pack up and make a break clean.

cho: Farewell to the gold that never I found,
Goodbye to the nuggets that somewhere abound;
For it's only when dreaming that I see you gleaming
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.

cho:
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.

cho:

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.

RG