

# Along The Road To Gundagai

Jack O'Hagan

There's a scene that lingers in my mem-o - ry, Of an old bush home and friends I long to see.

That's why I am yearn - ing, just to be re - turn - ing A - long the

**Chorus**

road to Gun - da - gai. There's a track wind - ing back to an old fashion ed shack A - long the

road to Gun - da - gai: Where the blue gums are grow - ing and the Mur - rum - bid gee's

flow - ing, be - neath that sun - ny sky; Where my dad - dy and moth - er are

wait - ing for me, And the pals of my child - hood once more I will see. Then no more will I

roam, when I'm head - ing right for home - A - long the road to Gun - da - gai.

There's a scene that lingers in my memory,  
Of an old bush home and friends I long to see.  
That's why I am yearning, just to be returning  
Along the road to Gundagai.

#### Chorus:

There's a track winding back to an old fashioned shack  
Along the road to Gundagai:  
Where the blue gums are growing and the Murrumbidgee's flowing,  
Beneath that sunny sky;  
Where my daddy and mother are waiting for me,  
And the pals of my childhood once more I will see.  
Then no more will I roam, when I'm heading right for home  
Along the road to Gundagai.

When I get back there I'll be a kid again.  
Oh! I'll never have a thought of grief or pain.  
Once more I'll be playing, where the gums are swaying  
Along the road to Gundagai.