

D

But you know that the cyanide process kills

G

Strangles the miners and cuts them down

Am

D

G

In their mean little homes in Timber Town

[Verse]

G

And it s well you know, when the floods come down

Am

D

It s the poor by the river are the first to drown

G

Where the wild Murrumbidgee goes roaring by

Am

D

G

Through the haunted hills of Gundagai

[Chorus]

G

Bare legged Kate with your natural grace

Am

D

And your big sad eyes and your Irish face

G

A poor bush girl when the winter is nigh

Am

D

G

In the barren hills of Gundagai