

As Good as New

Words: Henry Lawson
Music: Bruce Watson

This is a song of the old lights that came to my heart like a hymn,
And this is a song for the old lights, the lights that we thought grew dim,
They came to my heart to comfort me, and I pass it along to you,
And here is a hand to the dear old friend who turns up as good as new.

This is a song of the old lights that came to my heart like a hymn
And this is a song of the old lights - the lights that we thought grew dim
They came to my heart to comfort me, and I pass it along to you
And here is a hand to the dear old friend who turns up as good as new

This is a song of the campfire out west where the stars shine bright -
Oh, this is a song of the campfire where the old mates yarn tonight
Where the old mates yarn of the old days, and their numbers are all too few
And this is a song for the brave old times that will turn up as good as new.

Oh, this is a song for the old foe - we have both grown wiser now
And this is a song for the old foe, and we're sorry we had that row
And this is a song for the old love - the love that we thought untrue
Oh, this is a song of the old true love that comes back as good as new

Oh, this is a song for the blacksheep, for the blacksheep that fled from town
And this is a song for the brave heart, for the brave heart that lived it down
And this is a song for the battler, for the battler who sees it through -
And this is a song for the broken heart that turns up as good as new

Ah, this is a song for the brave mate, be he bushman, Scot or Russ
A song for the mates we will stick to - for the mates who have stuck to us
And this is a song for the old creed, to do as a man should do
Till the Lord takes us all to a wider world - where we'll turn up as good as new