

He shall live to the end of this mad old world,  
As he lived since the world began,  
He never has done any good for himself,  
But been good to every man,  
He never has done any good for himself,  
And I'm sure that he never will,  
He drinks an' he swears an' he fights at times,  
And his name is mostly Bill.

He carried a freezing mate to his cave,  
And nursed him for all I know,  
When Europe was mainly a sheet of ice,  
Thousands of years ago,  
He has stuck for many a mate since then,  
He is with us everywhere still,  
He loves and gambles when he is young,  
And the girls all stick up for Bill.

He has thirsted on deserts that others might drink,  
He has given, lest others should lack,  
He has staggered, half blinded through fire or drought  
With a sick man on his back,  
He is first to the rescue in tunnel or shaft,  
From Bulli to Broken Hill,  
When the water breaks in or the fire breaks out,  
A Leader of men is Bill.

He is good for the noblest sacrifice,  
He can do what few men can,  
He will break his heart that the girl he loves,  
May marry a better man,  
And there's many a mother an' wife tonight,  
Whose heart an' eyes will fill,  
When she thinks of the days of long ago,  
When she well might have stuck to Bill.

Maybe he's in trouble or hard up now,  
Travelling far for work,  
Or fighting a dead past down tonight,  
In a lone camp west of Burke,  
When he's happy an' flush take your sorrows to him,  
And borrow as much as you will,  
But when he's in trouble or stoney broke,  
Why, you never will hear from Bill.

And when because of it's million sins,  
This earth is cracked like a shell,  
He would stand by a mate at the judgement gate,  
And comfort him down in hell,  
I haven't much sentiment left to waste,  
But let cynics sneer if they will,  
Perhaps God will fix up the world again,  
For the sake of the likes of Bill.