

The Rawdon Hills

Stan Rogers

The worn-down shacks of labour past on a hill of broken stone
Once brought by men to the stamping mills to brush away the gold

But before it could pass to their sons, the glory left the hole
The Rawdon Hills once were touched by gold

The grandsons of the mining men scratch the fields among the trees

When the gold played out, they were all turned out with granite-dusted knees

But at night around the stove, sometimes the stories still unfold

The Rawdon Hills once were touched by gold

Grandson of the mining men, you'll see it in your dreams
Beneath your father's bones still lies the undiscovered seam
Of quartzite in a serpentine vein that marks the greatest yield
And along the Midland Railway, it's still told
How the Rawdon Hills once were touched by gold

Eighty years has been and gone since there was colour in the hole

And the care-

worn shades of the hard rock men surround the old Cope Lode

And through the tiny hillside farms, the mines tales grow old

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