Explicit ?	All songs are FCC clean.
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Lyrics

for "Drovers, Stockmen and Bullockies"

by *The Queensland Tiger*

All songs have (lyric) videos on my Youtube channel :
"The Queensland Tiger"
The Queensland Tiger - YouTube

1. **Travelling Down the Castlereagh** (words by "Banjo" Paterson, tune : Traditional,
violin, cello and backing vocals by Lillian Penner) **5.32**
2. **Clancy of the Overflow** (words by "Banjo" Paterson, tune by Albert Arlen,
cello and flute by Lillian Penner) **5.50**
3. **Andy's Gone with Cattle** (words by Henry Lawson, tune by Hugh McDonald,
violin by John Joe Murray) **3.22**
4. **The Man from Snowy River** (words by "Banjo" Paterson, tune by The Queensland Tiger,
violin by Jessie Morgan, cello by Natasha Jaffe) **12.20**
5. **Where the Dead Men Lie** (words by Barcroft Boake, tune by Doug Owen,
cello by Lillian Penner) **6.27**
6. **Paddy Magee** (words by "Breaker" Morant, tune by Graham Jenkin,
violin by Jessie Morgan, cello by Natasha Jaffe) **2.57**
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cello by Natasha Jaffe) **6.12**
13. **The Maranoa Drovers** (words by A.W. Davis, tune : Traditional,
flute and cello by Lillian Penner) **3.50**
14. **The Stockman's Last Bed** (words by Elizabeth and Maria Gray. tune : Traditional,
flute by Lillian Penner, cello by Natasha Jaffe) **3.40**
15. **The Diamantina Drover** (words and tune by Hugh McDonald,
backing vocals and violin by Jessie Morgan, cello by Natasha Jaffe) **4.24**
16. **The Teams** (words by Henry Lawson, tune by Mike Jackson, cello by Natasha Jaffe) **5.37**
17. **Nine Miles from Gundagai** (words by Jack Moses, tune : Traditional,
flute and cello by Lillian Penner) **3.17**
18. **Song of the Old Bullock Driver** (words by Henry Lawson,
tune by Mike and Michelle Jackson, cello by Natasha Jaffe) **6.05**

1. Travelling Down the Castlereagh *published in 'The Bulletin', 24 Dec. 1892* *length :* **5.32**

Words : **"Banjo" Paterson** *(1864 – 1941)* *Tune :* **Traditional**

Strings and Backing Vocals : **Lillian Penner** *ISRC:* **AUGBT2342919**

[V.1]

I'm travellin' down the Castlereagh, and I'm a station-hand
I'm handy with the ropin' pole, I'm handy with the brand
And I can ride a rowdy colt, or swing an axe all day
But there's no demand for a station-hand along the Castlereagh

[CHORUS 1]

So it's shift, boys, shift, for there isn't the slightest doubt
We've got to make a shift for the stations further out
With the pack-horse runnin' after, for he follows me like a dog
We must strike across the country at the old jig-jog

---------- *[V.3]* ----------

This old black horse I'm riding, if you notice what's his brand
He wears the crooked R, you see, none better in the land
He takes a lot of beatin', and the other day we tried
For a bit of a joke, with a racing bloke, for £20 a side

[CHORUS 2]

It was shift, boys, shift, for there wasn't the slightest doubt
That I had to make him shift, for the money was nearly out
But he cantered home a winner, with the other one at the flog
He's a red-hot sort to pick up with his old jig-jog

---------- *[V.3]* ----------

I asked a cove for shearin' once along the Marthaguy
We shear non-union here, says he "I call it scab," says I
I looked along the shearin' floor before I turned to go
There were 8 or 10 non-union men a-shearin' in a row

[CHORUS 3]

It was shift, boys, shift, for there wasn't the slightest doubt
It was time to make a shift with the leprosy about
So I saddled up my horses, and I whistled to my dog
And I left his scabby station at the old jig-jog

---------- *[V.4]* ----------

I went to Illawarra, where my brother's got a farm
He has to ask the landlord's leave before he lifts an arm
The landlord owns the countryside - man, woman, dog and cat
They haven't the cheek to dare to speak without they touch their hat

[CHORUS 4]

It was shift, boys, shift, for there wasn't the slightest doubt
Their little landlord god and I would soon have fallen out
Was I to touch my hat to him? Was I his bloomin' dog?
So I makes for up the country at the old jig-jog

---------- *[V.5]* ----------

But it's time that I was movin', I've a mighty way to go
Till I drink artesian water from a thousand feet below
Till I meet the overlanders with the cattle comin' down
And I'll work a while till I make a pile, then have a spree in town

[CHORUS 1]

2. **Clancy of the Overflow** *published in 'The Bulletin' 21 Dec. 1889* *length :* **5.50**

Words : **Banjo Paterson (1864 – 1941)** *Tune :* **Albert Arlen (1905 – 1993)**

Flute and cello : **Lillian Penner** *ISRC:* ***AUMEV2185294***

[V.1]

I had written him a letter which I had, for want of better knowledge
Sent to where I met him down the Lachlan, years ago,
He was shearing when I knew him, so I sent the letter to him,
Just `on spec', addressed as follows, `Clancy, of The Overflow '

[V.2]

And an answer came directed in a writing unexpected,
(And I think the same was written with a thumb-nail dipped in tar)
'Twas his shearing mate who wrote it, and verbatim I will quote it:
`Clancy's gone to Queensland droving, and we don't know where he are.'

[V.3]

In my wild erratic fancy visions come to me of Clancy
Gone a-droving `down the Cooper' where the Western drovers go;
As the stock are slowly stringing, Clancy rides behind them singing,
For the drover's life has pleasures that the townsfolk never know

[V.4]

And the bush hath friends to meet him and their kindly voices greet him
In the murmur of the breezes and the river on its bars,
And he sees the vision splendid of the sunlit plains extended,
And at night the wond'rous glory of the everlasting stars. ...

[V.5]

I am sitting in my dingy little office, where a stingy
Ray of sunlight struggles feebly down between the houses tall,
And the fetid air and gritty of the dusty, dirty city
Through the open window floating, spreads its foulness over all

[V.6]

And in place of lowing cattle, I can hear the fiendish rattle
Of the tramways and the 'buses making hurry down the street,
And the language uninviting of the gutter children fighting,
Comes fitfully and faintly through the ceaseless tramp of feet. ...

[V.7]

And the hurrying people daunt me, and their pallid faces haunt me
As they shoulder one another in their rush and nervous haste,
With their eager eyes and greedy, and their stunted forms and weedy,
For townsfolk have no time to grow, they have no time to waste.

[V.8]

And I somehow rather fancy that I'd like to change with Clancy
Like to take a turn at droving where the seasons come and go,
While he faced the round eternal of the cash-book and the journal
But I doubt he'd suit the office, Clancy, of ` The Overflow '.

3. **Andy's Gone with Cattle** *pub.'The Australian Town and Country Journal' , 13 Oct., 1888* ***length :*** **3.22**

Words : **Henry Lawson (1867 – 1922)** ***Tune :*** **Hugh McDonald (1954 – 2016)**

Violin : **John-Joe Murray** ***ISRC:*** ***AUMEV2185292***

Lyrics used on this album : 1896 version

[V.1]

Our Andy's gone to battle now
'Gainst Drought, the red marauder;
Our Andy's gone with cattle now
Across the Queensland border.

He's left us in dejection now ;
Our hearts with him are roving.
It's dull on this selection now,
Since Andy went a-droving.

[V.2]

Who now shall wear the cheerful face
In times when things are slackest ?
And who shall whistle round the place
When Fortune frowns her blackest ?

Oh, who shall cheek the squatter now
When he comes round us snarling ?
His tongue is growing hotter now
Since Andy cross'd the Darling.

[V.3]

The gates are out of order now,
In storms the 'riders' rattle ;
For far across the border now
Our Andy's gone with cattle.

Poor Aunty's looking thin and white ;
And Uncle's cross with worry ;
And poor old Blucher howls all night
Since Andy left Macquarie.

[V.4]

Oh may the showers in torrents fall,
And all the tanks run over ;
And may the grass grow green and tall
In pathways of the drover ;

And may good angels send the rain
On desert stretches sandy ;
And when the summer comes again
God grant 'twill bring us Andy

4. **The Man from Snowy River** *published in 'The Bulletin', 26 April, 1890* ***length :*** **12.20**

Words : **A. B. "Banjo" Paterson (1864 – 1941)** ***Tune :*** **The Queensland Tiger**

Violin : **Jessie Morgan** ***Cello :*** **Natasha Jaffe** ***ISRC :*** **AUMEV2185296**

---------- [V.1] ----------

There was movement at the station, for the word had passed around
That the colt from Old Regret had got away,
And had joined the wild bush horses - he was worth a thousand pound,
So all the cracks had gathered to the fray.
All the tried and noted riders from the stations near and far
Had mustered at the homestead overnight,
For the bushmen love hard riding where the wild bush horses are,
And the stock-horse snuffs the battle with delight.

---------- [V.2] ----------

There was Harrison, who made his pile when Pardon won the cup,
The old man with his hair as white as snow;
But few could ride beside him when his blood was fairly up —
He would go wherever horse and man could go.
And Clancy of the Overflow came down to lend a hand,
No better horseman ever held the reins;
For never horse could throw him while the saddle girths would stand,
He learnt to ride while droving on the plains.

---------- [V.3] ----------

And one was there, a stripling on a small and weedy beast;
He was something like a racehorse undersized,
With a touch of Timor pony — three parts thoroughbred at least —
And such as are by mountain horsemen prized.
He was hard and tough and wiry — just the sort that won't say die —
There was courage in his quick impatient tread;
And he bore the badge of gameness in his bright and fiery eye,
And the proud and lofty carriage of his head.

---------- [V.4] ----------

But still so slight and weedy, one would doubt his power to stay,
And the old man said, "That horse will never do
For a long and tiring gallop - lad, you'd better stop away,
Those hills are far too rough for such as you."
So he waited sad and wistful — only Clancy stood his friend —
"I think we ought to let him come," he said;
"I warrant he'll be with us when he's wanted at the end,
For both his horse and he are mountain bred."

---------- *[V.5]* ----------

"He hails from Snowy River, up by Kosciusko's ,
Where the hills are twice as steep and twice as rough,
Where a horse's hoofs strike firelight from the flint stones every stride,
The man that holds his own is good enough.
And the Snowy River riders on the mountains make their home,
Where the river runs those giant hills between;
I have seen full many horsemen since I first commenced to roam,
But nowhere yet such horsemen have I seen."

---------- *[V.6]* ----------

So he went; they found the horses by the big mimosa clump,
They raced away towards the mountain's brow,
And the old man gave his orders, "Boys, go at them from the jump,
No use to try for fancy riding now.
And, Clancy, you must wheel them, try and wheel them to the right.
Ride boldly, lad, and never fear the spills,
For never yet was rider that could keep the mob in sight,
If once they gain the shelter of those hills."

---------- *[V.7]* ----------

So Clancy rode to wheel them — he was racing on the wing
Where the best and boldest riders take their place,
And he raced his stockhorse past them, and he made the ranges ring
With the stockwhip, as he met them face to face.
Then they halted for a moment, while he swung the dreaded lash,
But they saw their well-loved mountain full in view,
And they charged beneath the stockwhip with a sharp and sudden dash,
And off into the mountain scrub they flew.

---------- *[V.8]* ----------

Then fast the horsemen followed, where the gorges deep and black
Resounded to the thunder of their tread,
And the stockwhips woke the echoes, and they fiercely answered back
From cliffs and crags that beetled overhead.
And upward, ever upward, the wild horses held their way,
Where Mountain Ash and Kurrajong grew wide;
And the old man muttered fiercely, "We may bid the mob good day,
No man can hold them down the other side."

---------- *[V.9]* ----------

When they reached the mountain's summit, even Clancy took a pull -
It well might make the boldest hold their breath;
The wild hop scrub grew thickly, and the hidden ground was full
Of wombat holes, and any slip was death.
But the man from Snowy River let the pony have his head,
And he swung his stockwhip round and gave a cheer,
And he raced him down the mountain like a torrent down its bed,
While the others stood and watched in very fear.

---------- [V.10] ----------

He sent the flint-stones flying, but the pony kept his feet,
He cleared the fallen timbers in his stride,
And the man from Snowy River never shifted in his seat —
It was grand to see that mountain horseman ride.
Through the stringy barks and saplings, on the rough and broken ground,
Down the hillside at a racing pace he went;
And he never drew the bridle till he landed safe and sound,
At the bottom of that terrible descent.

---------- [V.11] ----------

He was right among the horses as they climbed the farther hill
And the watchers on the mountain standing mute,
Saw him ply the stockwhip fiercely; he was right among them still,
As he raced across the clearing in pursuit.
Then they lost him for a moment, where two mountain gullies met
In the ranges - but a final glimpse reveals
On a dim and distant hillside the wild horses racing yet,
With the man from Snowy River at their heels.

---------- [V.12] ----------

And he ran them single-handed till their sides were white with foam.
He followed like a bloodhound on their track,
Till they halted cowed and beaten, then he turned their heads for home,
And alone and unassisted brought them back.
But his hardy mountain pony he could scarcely raise a trot,
He was blood from hip to shoulder from the spur;
But his pluck was still undaunted, and his courage fiery hot,
For never yet was mountain horse a cur.

---------- [V.13] ----------

And down by Kosciusko, where the pine-clad ridges raise
Their torn and rugged battlements on high,
Where the air is clear as crystal, and the white stars fairly blaze
At midnight in the cold and frosty sky,
And where around the Overflow the reed -beds sweep and sway
To the breezes, and the rolling plains are wide,
The man from Snowy River is a household word today,
And the stockmen tell the story of his ride.

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5. Where the Dead Men Lie *published in 'The Bulletin', 19 Dec. 1891* *length :* **6.27**

Words : **Barcroft Boake (1866 - 1892)** *Tune :* **Doug Owen**

Cello : **Lillian Penner** *ISRC:* **AUGBT2344764**

[V.1]
Out on the wastes of the "Never Never,"
That's where the dead men lie,
There where the heat-waves dance forever,
That's where the dead men lie;
That's where the Earth's lov'd sons are keeping
Endless tryst - not the west wind sweeping
Feverish pinions, can wake their sleeping -
Out where the dead men lie !

[V.2]
Where brown Summer and Death have mated,
That's where the dead men lie,
Loving with fiery lust unsated,
That's where the dead men lie;
Out where the grinning skulls bleach whitely,
Under the saltbush sparkling brightly,
Out where the wild dogs chorus nightly,
That's where the dead men lie.

[V.3]
Deep in the yellow, flowing river,
That's where the dead men lie,
Under the banks where the shadows quiver,
That's where the dead men lie;
Where the platypus twists and doubles,
Leaving a trail of tiny bubbles;
Rid at last of their earthly troubles,
That's where the dead men lie.

[V.4]
East and backward pale faces turning,
That's how the dead men lie;
Gaunt arms stretched with a voiceless yearning,
That's how the dead men lie;
Oft in the fragrant hush of nooning,
Hearing again their mother's crooning,
Wrapt for aye in a dreadful swooning,
That's how the dead men lie.

[V.5]
Nought but the hand of Night can free them;
That's when the dead men fly;
Only the frightened cattle see them -
See the dead men go by;
Cloven hoofs beating out one measure,
Bidding the stockman know no leisure,
That's when the dead men take their pleasure,
That's when the dead men fly.

[V.6]
Ask, too, the never-sleeping drover,
He sees the dead pass by,
Hearing them call to their friends - the plover,
Hearing the dead men cry.
Seeing their faces stealing, stealing,
Hearing their laughter pealing, pealing,
Watching their grey forms wheeling, wheeling
Round where the cattle lie.

[V.7]
Strangled by thirst and fierce privation -
That's how the dead men die
Out on "Moneygrub's" furthest station,
That's how the dead men die;
Hard-faced greybeards, youngsters callow,
Some mounds cared for, some left fallow,
Some deep down, yet others shallow,
Some having but the sky.

[V.8]
"Moneygrub" as he sips his claret
Looks with complacent eye
Down at his watch-chain, eighteen-carat,
There in his club hard by:
Recks not that every link is stamped with
Names of the men whose limbs are cramped with
Too long lying in grave-mould, camped with
Death where the dead men lie.

6. Paddy Magee *published in The Bulletin : 20 Dec. 1892* *length :* **2.57**

Words : **"Breaker" Morant (1864 – 1902)** *Tune :* **Graham Jenkin**

Violin : **Jessie Morgan** *Cello :* **Natasha Jaffe** *ISRC:* ***AUGBT2344766***

[V.1]

What are you doing now, Paddy Magee ?
Grafting, or spelling now, Paddy Magee ?
Breaking, or branding ?
Or overlanding,
Out on the sand ridges, Paddy Magee ?

[CHORUS]

Up on the station - or in the town -
Or on the Warrego, droving down,
Whatever you're doing - wherever you be !
"There's lashin's o' luck to ye!" Paddy Magee !

[V.2]

Is your mouth parched, from an all-night spree ?
Taking a pick-me-up, Paddy Magee ?
Cocktail – or simple
soda and b. ? -
Which is the "antidote," Paddy Magee ?-

[CHORUS]

Up on the station - or in the town -
Or on the Warrego, droving down,
Whatever you're doing - wherever you be !
"There's lashin's o' luck to ye!" Paddy Magee !

[V.3]

Still "shook" on some beautiful, blushing she?
Girl in the Bogan side, Paddy Magee ?
A hack providing
for moonlight riding,
Side-saddle foolery, Paddy Magee ?

[CHORUS]

Up on the station - or in the town -
Or on the Warrego, droving down,
Whatever you're doing - wherever you be !
"There's lashin's o' luck to ye!" Paddy Magee !

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7. **West by North Again** *OR* **Stirrup Song** *published in 'The Bulletin', 5 Jan 1895* ***length :*** **4.30**

Words : **"Breaker" Morant (1864 – 1902)** ***Tune :*** **Graham Jenkin**

Cello and flute : **Lillian Penner** ***ISRC:*** **AUGBT2344767**

[V.1]

We've drunk our wine, we've kissed our girls, and the funds are sinking low,
The horses must be thinking it's a fair thing now to go;
Sling the swags on Condamine and strap the billies fast,
And stuff a bottle in the bags and let's be off at last.

[V.2]

What matter if the creeks are up - the cash, alas, runs down!
A very sure and certain sign we're long enough in town-
Old Billy rides the boko, and you'd better take the bay,
Quart Pot will do to carry me the stage we go today.

[V.3]

No grass this side the Border fence! and all the mulga's dead !
The horses for a day or two will have to spiel ahead;
Man never yet from Queensland brought a bullock or a hack
But lost condition on that God-abandoned Border track.

[V.4]

When once we're through the rabbit-proof - it's certain since the rain -
There's whips o' grass and water, so, it's West by North again!
There's feed on Tyson's country - we can 'spell' the mokes a week
Where Billy Stevens last year trapped his brumbies on Bough Creek.

[V.5]

The Paroo may be quickly crossed - the Eulo Common's bare.
And, anyhow, it isn't wise, old man! to dally there.
Alack-a-day! far wiser men than you and I succumb
To woman's wiles, and potency of Queensland wayside rum.

[V.6]

Then over sand and spinifex and on, o'er ridge and plain!
The nags are fresh - besides, they know they're westward-bound again.
The brand upon old Darkie's thigh is that upon the hide
Of bullocks we must muster on the Diamantina side.

[V.7]

We'll light our camp-fires where we may, and yarn beside their blaze;
The jingling hobble-chains shall make a music through the days.
And while the tucker-bags are right, and we've a stick of weed,
A swagman shall be welcome to a pipe-full and a feed.

[V.8]

So, fill your pipe! and, ere we mount, we'll drink another nip -
Here's how the West by North again may prove a lucky trip;
Then back again - I trust you'll find your best girl's merry face,
Or, if she jilts you, may you get a better in her place.

8. The Brigalow Brigade *pub. in 'South Coast Times and Wollongong Argus', 5 April 1902* ***length :*** **2.38**

Words : **"Breaker" Morant (1864 – 1902)** ***Tune :*** **Graham Jenkin**

Violin : **Jessie Morgan** ***Cello :*** **Natasha Jaffe** ***ISRC:*** **AUGBT2344819**

[V.1]

There's a band of decent fellows on a cattle-run outback
You'll hear the timber smashing if you follow in their track
Their ways are rough and hearty, and they call a spade a spade;
And a pretty rapid party are the Brigalow Brigade.

[V.2]

They are mostly short of 'sugar' and their pockets if turned out,
Would scarcely yield the needful for a decent four man 'shout'.
But they'll scramble through a tight place or a big fence unafraid,
And their hearts are in the right place in the Brigalow Brigade.

[V.3]

They've painted Parkes vermilion and they've coloured Orange blue,
And they've broken lots of top-rails 'twixt the sea and Dandaloo;
They like their grog and palings just as stiff as they are made
These are two little failings of the Brigalow Brigade.

[V.4]

The Brigalow Brigade are fastidious in their taste
In the matter of a maiden and the inches of her waist;
She must be sweet and tender and her eyes a decent shade
Then her Ma may safely send her to the Brigalow Brigade.

[V.5]

But women, grog, and horses, with polo in between,
Are mighty potent forces in keeping purses lean
But spurs are never rusty, though they seldom need their aid
For 'the cuddles ain't too dusty' in the Brigalow Brigade.

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09. The Broken Down Squatter *pub. in 'The Queenslander' 1884 and 1894* *length :* **5.46**

Words : **Charles Augustus Flower (1856 – 1948)** *Tune :* **Traditional**

Violin : **Mikhail Bugaev** *ISRC:* **AUGBT2344770**

[V.1] **Come, Stumpy, old man, we must shift while we can;**
All your mates in the paddock are dead.
Let us wave our farewells to Glen Eva's sweet dells
And the hills where your lordship was bred ;
Together to roam from our drought-stricken home --
It's tough that such things have to be,
And it's hard on a "hoss" to have nought for a boss
But a broken-down squatter like me !

[CHORUS] ***For the banks are all broken, they say***
And the merchants are all up a tree
When the bigwigs are brought to the bankruptcy court
What chance for a squatter like me ?

[V.2] **No more shall we muster the river for fats,**
Nor spiel on the Fifteen-mile plain,
Nor rip through the scrub by the light of the moon,
Nor see the old stockyard again.
Leave the slip-panels down, it don't matter much now,
There's none but the crows left to see,
Sitting gaunt on yon pine, as though longing to dine
On a broken-down squatter like me.

[CHORUS]

[V.3] **When the country was cursed with the drought at its worst,**
And the cattle were dying in scores,
Though down on my luck, I kept up my pluck,
Thinking justice might temper the laws.
But the farce has been played, and the Government aid
Ain't extended to squatters, old son;
When my money was spent . why they doubled the rent,
And resumed the best half of the run.

[CHORUS]

[V.4] **'Twas done without reason, for leaving the season**
No squatter can stand such a rub;
For it's useless to squat, when the rents are so hot
You can't save the price of your grub;
There's not much to choose 'twixt the banks and the screws
Once a fellow gets put up a tree ;
No odds what I feel, there's no court of appeal
For a broken-down squatter like me.

[CHORUS]

10. The Dying Stockman *first (?) pub. 'Portland Mirror' 8 July 1885* *length :* **5.18**

Words : attrib. to **Horace Flower** *Tune :* **Traditional**

Cello : **Natasha Jaffe** *ISRC:* **AUGBT2344772**

[V.1]

A strapping young stockman lay dying
His saddle supporting his head
His two mates around him were crying
As he rose on his elbow and said :

[CHORUS]

Wrap me up in my stockwhip and blanket
And bury me deep down below
Where the dingoes and crows won't molest me
In the shade where the coolibahs grow

[V.2]

Oh had I the flight of a wedgetail
Far over the plains would I fly
Straight to the place of my childhood
And there I would lay down and die

[V.3]

Then cut down a couple of saplings
Place one at my head and my toes
Carve on them cross, stockwhip and saddle
To show there's a stockman below

[CHORUS]

[V.4]

Hark there's the wail of a dingo
Watchful and weird--I must go
For it tolls the death-knell of the stockman
From the gloom of the scrub down below

[V.5]

There's tea in the battered old billy
Place pannikins out in a row
And we'll drink to our next merry meeting
In the place where all good fellows go

[CHORUS]

[V.6]

And oft in the shades of the twilight
When the soft winds are whispering low
And the darkening shadows are falling
Sometimes think of the stockman below .....

[CHORUS]

11. The Overlanders *pub. Queenslander's New Colonial Campfire Songbook, 1865* ***length : 7.11***

Words : **Traditional** ***Tune :*** **Traditional**

Violin : ***Jessie Morgan*** ***ISRC:*** ***AUGBT2344774***

[V.1] **Now there's a trade you all know well it's bringing the cattle over**
I'll tell you all about the time that I became a drover
I wanted stock for Queensland to Kempsey I did wander
And bought a mob of duffers there and began as an overlander

[CHORUS] **:** ***Pass the bottle 'round, boys, don't you let it stand there***
For tonight we'll drink the health of every overlander

[V.2] **Well, when the cattle were counted and the outfit ready to start**
The lads were all well mounted with their swags left in the cart
I had all sorts of men there, from Germany, France and Flanders
Lawyers, doctors, good and bad, in the mob of the overlanders ..... *[CHORUS]*

[V.3] **The very next morning I fed up where the grass was green and young**
And the squatter said he'd break my snout if I didn't push along
Says I, "My lad you're very hard, but don't you raise my dander
For I'm a regular knowing card, a Queensland overlander" ..... *[CHORUS]*

[V.4] **It's true we pay no license, and our run is rather large**
Not often can they catch us, so they cannot lay a charge
They think we live on store beef, but I'm no flamin' gander,
If a fat little stray should come our way, he'll do the overlander. ..... *[CHORUS]*

[V.5] **If ever our horses get done up of course we turn 'em free**
And you can't expect a drover to walk if a pony he can see
So now and then we bone a prad ... believe me it's no slander
To say there's many a clever trick done by an overlander ..... *[CHORUS]*

[V.6] **Now I would scorn to prig a shirt 'tis all me mates can say,**
But if we chance to pass a town, all on a washing day,
The dirty brats of kids would shout, and quickly raise me dander,
Crying, "Mother quick, bring in the clothes, here comes an overlander."..... *[CHORUS]*

[V.7] **In town we drain the whiskey glass and go to see a play**
We never think of being hard up, nor how to spend the day
We shear up to them pretty girls, who rig themselves with grandeur
And as long as we spend our cheque, my lads, they love the overlander ..... *[CHORUS]*

[V.8] **A little girl on Sydney side, said, " Don't leave me lonely "**
I said, " It's sad but my old prad has room for one man only "
So now I must be jogging on, this pony she's a goer
We'll pick up a job with a crawling mob along the Maranoa ..... *[CHORUS]*

12. Brisbane Ladies *published in "Queensland Boomerang' 1891* *length :* **6.12**

Words : **Saul Mendelsohn** *Tune :* **Traditional (Spanish Ladies)**

Cello : **Natasha Jaffe** *ISRC:* ***AUGBT2344778***

[V.1]

Farewell and adieu to you, Brisbane ladies
Farewell and adieu, you maids of Toowong
We've sold all our cattle and it's northwards we'll travel
But we hope we shall see you again before long.

[V.2]

The first camp we make, will be down by the river
We'll off with our swags, and lay the place flat
We'll bed down the herd and before the sun rises
We'll move them again, and we'll cross the Blackbutt.

[CHORUS]

We'll rant and we'll roar like true Queensland drovers
Rant and we'll roar as onward we push
Until we return to the Augathella station
It's flamin' dry goin' through the old Queensland bush.

[V.3]

Then on to Taromeo and Yarraman Creek, lads,
It's there we shall make our next camp for the day
Where the water and grass are both plenty and sweet, lads
And maybe we'll butcher a fat little stray

[V.4]

Then on to Nanango, that hard-bitten township
Where the out-of-work station-hands sit in the dust,
Where the shearers get shorn by old Tim, the contractor
Well I wouldn't go near there, but I flaming well must !

[CHORUS]

[V.5]

The girls of Toomancie, they look so entrancing
Like bawling young heifers they're out for their fun
With the waltz and the polka and all kinds of dancing
To the rackety old banjo of Bob Anderson .....

[V.6]

Then fill up your glasses, and drink to the lasses,
We'll drink this town dry, then farewell them all
And when we return to the Augathella Station,
We hope you'll come by there and pay us a call.

[CHORUS]

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13. The Maranoa Drovers *published in "The Queenslander' 1894* *length :* **3.50**

Words : **A.W. Davis** *Tune :* **Traditional**

Cello and flute : **Lillian Penner** *ISRC:* **AUGBT2344781**

[V.1]

Oh, the night is dark and stormy and the sky is clouded o'er,
Our horses we will mount and ride away,
To watch the squatter's cattle through the darkness of the night
And we'll keep them on the camp till break of day.

---------- *[CHORUS]* ----------
'Cos we're going, going, going to Gunnedah so far,
We'll soon be into sunny New South Wales.
And we'll bid farewell to Queensland with its swampy coolibah
Happy drovers from the sandy Maranoa.

[V.2]
With our fires burning bright through the darkness of the night,
And the cattle keeping quiet, well, I'm sure
That I wish for two o'clock, when I call the other watch -
This is droving on the sandy Maranoa.
[V.3]
With our beds made on the ground we are sleeping oh so sound,
When we're wakened by the distant thunder's roar,
And the lightning's vivid flash followed by an awful crash -
This is droving on the sandy Maranoa.

[CHORUS]

[V.4]
We're up at break of day and we' soon be on our way,
We always have to go ten miles or more.
But it don't do to loaf about for the squatter will come out -
He's rough on drovers from the Maranoa.
[V.5]
We'll soon be on the Moonie and we'll cross the Barwon too,
Then out upon the rolling plains once more.
Then we'll shout, "Hurrah for Queensland" and its swampy coolibah,
And the cattle that come off the Maranoa.

[FINAL CHORUS]
Cos we're coming, coming, coming from Gunnedah so far,
We'll soon be out of sunny New South Wales.
And we'll say "hello" to Queensland with its swampy coolibah
Happy drovers from the sandy Maranoa.

14. The Stockman's Last Bed *written in 1846* — *length :* **3.40**

Words : **Elizabeth and Maria Gray** — *Tune :* **Traditional**

Flute : **Lillian Penner** *Cello :* **Natasha Jaffe** — *ISRC:* **AUGBT2344783**

[V.1]

Whither stockman or no, for a moment give ear
Poor Jack's breathed his last, no more shall we hear
The crack of his whip or his steed's lively trot,
His clear "Go ahead" and his jingling quart pot

[CHORUS]

For he rests where the wattles their sweet fragrance shed,
And the tall gum trees shadow the stockman's last bed.

[V.2]

When drafting one day, he was horned by a cow,
"Alas", cried for poor Jack, "It's all up with me now ;
I'll no more return to my saddle again,
Or bound like a wallaby over the plain.

[CHORUS]

I'll rest where the wattles their sweet fragrance shed
And the tall gum trees shadow the stockman's last bed. "

[V.3]

His whip must be silent, his dogs they will mourn,
His horse look in vain for his master's return,
Unknown and forgotten, unheeded he'll die,
Save Australia's Koori none will know where he lies.

[CHORUS]

For he'll rest where the wattles their sweet fragrance shed
And the tall gum trees shadow the stockman's last bed.

[V.4]

Oh ! Stranger if ever on some future day,
When after a herd, you may happen to stray,
Where lone and forgotten poor Jack's bones are laid
Far, far from the place where in childhood he played.

[CHORUS]

Tread lightly where wattles, their sweet fragrance spread,
And the tall gum trees shadow the stockman's last bed.

15. The Diamantina Drover *pub. 1983 on 'Caught in the Act' by Redgum* *length :* **4.24**

Words : **Hugh McDonald (1954 – 2016)** *Tune :* **Hugh McDonald**

Violin and backing vocals : **Jessie Morgan** *Cello :* **Natasha Jaffe** *ISRC:* **AUGBT2344786**

[V.1]

The faces in the photograph are faded
And I can't believe he looks so much like me
Been ten long years today
Since I left for Old Cork Station
Sayin' I won't be back 'till the drovin's done

[CHORUS]

For the rain never falls on the dusty Diamantina
And a drover finds it hard to change his mind
For the years have surely gone
Like the drays from Old Cork Station
And I won't be back 'till the drovin's done

[V.2]

Well it seems like the sun comes up each mornin'
Sets me up, then takes it all away
For the dreaming by the light
Of the camp fire at night
Ends with the burning light of day

[CHORUS]

For the rain never falls on the dusty Diamantina
And a drover finds it hard to change his mind
For the years have surely gone
Like the drays from Old Cork Station
And I won't be back 'till the drovin's done

[V.3]

Sometimes I think I'll settle back in Sydney
But it's been so long and it's hard to change your mind
For the cattle trail goes on and on
And fences roll forever
And I won't be back when the drovin's done

[CHORUS]

For the rain never falls on the dusty Diamantina
And a drover finds it hard to change his mind
For the years have surely gone
Like the drays from Old Cork Station
And I won't be back when the drovin's done

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16. The Teams *pub. in 'Australian Town and Country Journal', 21 Dec. , 1889* ***length :*** **5.37**

Words : **Henry Lawson** ***Tune :*** **Mike Jackson**

Cello : **Natasha Jaffe** ***ISRC:*** **AUGBT2344791**

[V.1]

A cloud of dust on the long white road,
And the teams go creeping on
Inch by inch with the weary load;
And by the power of the green-hide goad
The distant goal is won.

[V.2]

With eyes half-shut to the blinding dust,
And necks to the yokes bent low,
The beasts are pulling as bullocks must;
And the shining tires might almost rust
While the spokes are turning slow.

[V.3]

With face half-hid 'neath a broad-brimmed hat
That shades from the heat's white waves,
And shouldered whip with its green-hide plait,
The driver plods with a gait like that
Of his weary, patient slaves.

[V.4]

He wipes his brow, for the day is hot,
And spits to the left with spite;
He shouts at 'Bally', and flicks at 'Scot',
And raises dust from the back of 'Spot',
And spits to the dusty right.

[V.5]

He'll sometimes pause as a thing of form
In front of a settler's door,
And ask for a drink, and remark 'It's warm',
Or say 'There's signs of a thunder-storm';
But he seldom utters more.

[V.6]

But the rains are heavy on roads like these;
And, fronting his lonely home,
For weeks together the settler sees
The teams bogged down to the axletrees,
Or ploughing the sodden loam.

[V.7]

And then when the roads are at their worst,
The bushman's children hear
The cruel blows of the whips reversed
While bullocks pull as their hearts would burst,
And bellow with pain and fear.

[V.8]

And thus with little of joy or rest
Are the long, long journeys done;
And thus — 'Tis a cruel war at the best —
Is distance fought in the mighty West,
And the lonely battles won

17. Nine Miles from Gundagai *pub. in 1938 (Angus and Robertson)* *length :* **3.17**

Words : **Jack Moses** *Tune :* **Traditional**

Cello and flute : **Lillian Penner** *ISRC:* **AUGBT2344792**

[V.1]

I'm used to punching bullock teams
across the hills and plains
I've teamed outback these forty years
in blazing droughts and rains
I've lived a heap of troubles down
without a blooming lie
But I can't forget what happened to me
nine miles from Gundagai

[V.2]

' Twas getting dark the team got bogged
the axel snapped in two
I lost my matches and my pipe
ah what was I to do ?
The rain came on 'twas bitter cold
and hungry too was I
And the dog shat in the tucker box
nine miles from Gundagai

[V.3]

Some blokes I know have stacks of luck
no matter how they fall
But there was I lord luvva duck
no blessed luck at all
I couldn't make a pot of tea
nor get my trousers dry
And the dog shat in the tucker box
nine miles from Gundagai

[V.4]

I can forgive the blooming team,
I can forgive the rain
I can forgive the dark and cold,
... go through it again
I can forgive my rotten luck,
but hang me 'till I die
I can't forgive that flamin' dog,
nine miles from Gundagai

[V.5]

But that's all dead and past and gone,
I've sold the team for meat
And where I got the bullocks bogged,
there's now an asphalt street
The dog, ah well ... he took a bait
and reckoned he would die
So I buried him in that tucker box
nine miles from Gundagai

18. Song of the Old Bullock Driver

pub. 'Verses, Popular and Humorous' in 1900 **length : 6.05**

Words : Henry Lawson **Tune : Mike and Michelle Jackson**

Cello : Natasha Jaffe **ISRC: AUGBT2344817**

[V.1]

Far back in the days when the blacks used to ramble
In long single file 'neath the evergreen tree,
The wool-teams in season came down from Coonamble,
And journeyed for weeks on their way to the sea,
'Twas then that our hearts and our sinews were stronger,
For those were the days when the bushman was bred.
We journeyed on roads that were rougher and longer
Than roads where the feet of our grandchildren tread.

[V.2]

With mates who have gone to the great Never-Never,
And mates whom I've not seen for many a day,
I camped on the banks of the Cudgegong River
And yarned at the fire by the old bullock-dray.
I would summon them back from the far Riverina,
From days that shall be from all others distinct,
And sing to the sound of an old concertina
Their rugged old songs where strange fancies were linked

[V.3]

We never were lonely, for, camping together,
We yarned and we smoked the long evenings away,
And little I cared for the signs of the weather
When snug in my hammock slung under the dray.
We rose with the dawn, were it ever so chilly,
When yokes and tarpaulins were covered with frost,
And toasted the bacon and boiled the black billy,
Where high on the camp-fire the branches were tossed.

[V.4]

On flats where the air was suggestive of 'possums,
And homesteads and fences were hinting of change,
We saw the faint glimmer of appletree blossoms
And far in the distance the blue of the range;
And here in the rain, there was small use in flogging
The poor, tortured bullocks that tugged at the load,
When down to the axles the waggons were bogging
And traffic was making a marsh of the road.

[V.5]

'Twas hard on the beasts on the terrible pinches,
Where two teams of bullocks were yoked to a load,
And tugging and slipping, and moving by inches,
Half-way to the summit they clung to the road.
And then, when the last of the pinches was bested,
(You'll surely not say that a glass was a sin?)
The bullocks lay down 'neath the gum trees and rested
The bullockies steered for the bar of the inn.

[V.6]

Then slowly we crawled by the trees that kept tally
Of miles that were passed on the long journey down.
We saw the wild beauty of Capertee Valley,
As slowly we rounded the base of the Crown.
But, ah! the poor bullocks were cruelly goaded
While climbing the hills from the flats and the vales;
'Twas here that the teams were so often unloaded
That all knew the meaning of 'counting your bales.'

[V.7]

And, oh! but the best-paying load that I carried
Was one to the run where my sweetheart was nurse
We courted awhile, and agreed to get married,
And couple our futures for better or worse.
And as my old feet grew too weary to drag on
The miles of rough metal they met by the way,
My eldest grew up and I gave him the waggon —
He's plodding along by the bullocks to-day.

The End of the Album