**Classic Poetry Series**

# Andrew Barton Paterson

## - 288 poems -

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## Andrew Barton Paterson (17 February 1864 – 5 February 1941)

Banjo Paterson was born at the property "Narrambla", near Orange, New South Wales, the eldest son of Andrew Bogle Paterson, a Scottish immigrant from Lanarkshire and Australian-born Rose Isabella Barton, related to the future first Prime Minister of Australia Edmund Barton. Paterson's family lived on the isolated Buckinbah Station in the Monaro until he was five when his father lost his wool clip in a flood and was forced to sell up. When Paterson's uncle died, his family took over the uncle's farm in Illalong, near Yass, close to the main route between Melbourne and Sydney. Bullock teams, Cobb and Co coaches and drovers were familiar sights to him. He also saw horsemen from the Murrumbidgee River area and Snowy Mountains country take part in picnic races and polo matches, which led to his fondness of horses and inspired his writings.

Paterson's early education came from a governess, but when he was able to ride a pony, he was taught at the bush school at Binalong. In 1874 Paterson was sent to Sydney Grammar School, performing well both as a student and a sportsman. At this time, he lived in a cottage called Rockend, in the suburb of Gladesville. The cottage is now listed on the Register of the National Estate. Matriculating at 16, he took up the role of an articled clerk in a law firm and on 28 August 1886 Paterson was admitted as a qualified solicitor.

In 1885, Paterson began submitting and having his poetry published in the Sydney edition of The Bulletin under the pseudonym of "The Banjo", the name of a favourite horse. Paterson, like The Bulletin, was an ardent nationalist and, in 1889 published a pamphlet, Australia for the Australians, which told of his disdain for cheap labour and his admiration of hard work and the nationalist spirit. In 1890, as "The Banjo" he wrote "The Man from Snowy River", a poem which caught the heart of the nation and, in 1895, had a collection of his works published under that name. This book is the most sold collection of Australian bush poetry and is still being reprinted today. In his lifetime, Paterson was second only to Rudyard Kipling in popularity among living poets writing in English. Paterson also became a journalist, lawyer, jockey, soldier and a farmer.

Paterson became a war correspondent for The Sydney Morning Herald and The Age during the Second Boer War, sailing for South Africa in October 1899. His graphic accounts of the relief of Kimberley, surrender of Bloemfontein (the first correspondent to ride in) and the capture of Pretoria attracted the attention of the press in Britain. He also was a correspondent during the Boxer Rebellion, where he met George "Chinese" Morrison and later wrote about his meeting. He was editor of the Sydney Evening News (1904–06) and of the Town and Country Journal (1907–08).

In 1908 after a trip to the United Kingdom he decided to abandon journalism and writing and moved with his family to a 40,000 acres (200 km2) property near Yass.

In World War I, Paterson failed to become a correspondent covering the fighting in Flanders, but did become an ambulance driver with the Australian Voluntary Hospital, Wimereux, France. He returned to Australia early in 1915 and, as an honorary vet, travelled on three voyages with horses to Africa, China and Egypt. He was commissioned in the 2nd Remount Unit, Australian Imperial Force on 18 October 1915, serving initially in France where he was wounded and reported missing in July 1916 and latterly as commanding officer of the unit based in Cairo, Egypt. He was repatriated to Australia and discharged from the army having risen to the rank of major in April 1919. His wife had joined the Red Cross and worked in an ambulance unit near her husband.

Just as he returned to Australia, the third collection of his poetry, Saltbush Bill JP, was published and he continued to publish verse, short stories and essays while continuing to write for the weekly Truth. Paterson also wrote on rugby league football in the 1920s for the Sydney Sportsman.

Paterson died of a heart attack in Sydney on 5 February 1941 aged 76. Paterson's grave, along with that of his wife, is in the Northern Suburbs Memorial Gardens and Crematorium, Sydney.

Personal life

On 8 April 1903 he married Alice Emily Walker, of Tenterfield Station, in St Stephen's Presbyterian Church, in Tenterfield, New South Wales. Their first home was in Queen Street, Woollahra. The Patersons had two children, Grace (born in 1904) and Hugh (born in 1906).

Works

One of his most famous poems is "Waltzing Matilda", which was set to music and became one of Australia's most famous songs. Others include "The Man from Snowy River", which inspired a movie in 1982 and inspired a TV series in the 1990s, and "Clancy of the Overflow", the tale of a Queensland drover.

In 1905 he published a collection of bush ballads entitled Old Bush Songs.

Paterson's poems mostly presented a highly romantic view of rural Australia. Paterson himself, like the majority of Australians, was city-based and was a practising lawyer. His work is often compared to the prose of Henry Lawson, a contemporary of Paterson's, including his work "The Drover's Wife", which presented a considerably less romantic view of the harshness of rural existence of the late 19th century.

Paterson authored two novels; An Outback Marriage (1906) and The Shearer's Colt (1936), wrote many short stories; Three Elephant Power and Other Stories (1917), and wrote a book based on his experiences as a war reporter; Happy Dispatches (1934). He also wrote a book for children The Animals Noah Forgot (1933)

Contemporary recordings of many of Paterson's well known poems have been released by Jack Thompson (actor),who played Clancy in The Man from Snowy River (1982 film).

Media reports in August 2008 stated that a previously unknown poem had been found in a war diary written during the Boer War.

Legacy

Banjo Paterson's image appears on the $10 note, along with an illustration inspired by "The Man From Snowy River" and, as part of the copy-protection microprint, the text of the poem itself.

In 1981 he was honoured on a postage stamp issued by Australia Post.
A. B. Paterson College, at Arundel on the Gold Coast, Australia, is named after Paterson.
The A. B. "Banjo" Paterson Library at Sydney Grammar School was named after Paterson.

The Orange, New South Wales Festival of Arts presents a biennial Banjo Paterson Award for poetry and one-act plays and there is also an annual National Book Council Banjo Award.

Works:

Clancy of the Overflow (1889)
The Man from Snowy River (1890)
In Defence of the Bush (1892)
The Man from Ironbark (1892)
Waltzing Matilda (1895)
Hay and Hell and Booligal (1896)
Mulga Bill's Bicycle (1896)
T.Y.S.O.N. (1898)
We're All Australians Now (1915)

**"Ave Ceasar"**

Long ago the Gladiators,
When the call to combat came,
Marching past the massed spectators,
Hailed the Emp'ror with acclaim!
Voices ringing with the fury
Of the strife so soon to be,
Cried, "O Caesar, morituri
salutamus te!"

Nowadays the massed spectators
See the unaccustomed sight --
Legislative gladiators
Marching to their last great fight;
Young and old, obscure and famous,
Hand to hand and knee to knee --
Hear the war-cry, "Salutamus
morituri te!"

Fight! Nor be the fight suspended
Till the corpses strew the plain.
Ere the grisly strife be ended
Five and thirty must be slain.
Slay and spare not, lest another
Haply may discomfit thee:
Brother now must war with brother --
"Salutamus te!"

War-torn vet'ran, skilled debater,
Trickster famed of bridge and road,
Now for each grim gladiator
Gapes Oblivion's drear abode.
Should the last great final jury
Turn their thumbs down -- it must be!
"Ave, Caesar, morituri
salutamus te!"

Andrew Barton Paterson

**"In re a Gentleman, One"**

We see it each day in the paper,
And know that there's mischief in store;
That some unprofessional caper
Has landed a shark on the shore.
We know there'll be plenty of trouble
Before they get through with the fun,
Because he's been coming the double
On clients, has "Gentleman, One".
Alas for the gallant attorney,
Intent upon cutting a dash!
He starts on life's perilous journey
With rather more cunning than cash.
And fortune at first is inviting --
He struts his brief hour in the sun --
But, lo! on the wall is the writing
Of Nemesis, "Gentleman, One".

For soon he runs short of the dollars,
He fears he must go to the wall;
So Peters' trust-money he collars
To pay off his creditor, Paul;
Then robs right and left -- for he goes it
In earnest when once he's begun.
Descensus Averni -- he knows it;
It's easy for "Gentleman, One".

The crash comes as soon as the seasons,
He loses his coin in a mine,
Or booming in land, or for reasons
Connected with women and wine.
Or maybe the cards or the horses
A share of the damage have done --
No matter, the end of the course is
The same: "Re a Gentleman, One."

He struggles awhile to keep going,
To stave off detection and shame;
But creditors, clamorous growing,
Ere long put an end to the game.
At length the poor soldier of Satan
His course to a finish has run --
And just think of Windeyer waiting
To deal with "A Gentleman, One"!

And some face it boldly, and brazen
The shame and the utter disgrace;
While others, more sensitive, hasten
Their names and their deeds to efface.
They snap the frail thread which the Furies
And Fates have so cruelly spun.
May the great Final Judge and His juries
Have mercy on "Gentleman, One"!

Andrew Barton Paterson

**"We're All Australians Now"**

Australia takes her pen in hand
To write a line to you,
To let you fellows understand
How proud we are of you.
From shearing shed and cattle run,
From Broome to Hobson's Bay,
Each native-born Australian son
Stands straighter up today.

The man who used to "hump his drum",
On far-out Queensland runs
Is fighting side by side with some
Tasmanian farmer's sons.

The fisher-boys dropped sail and oar
To grimly stand the test,
Along that storm-swept Turkish shore,
With miners from the west.

The old state jealousies of yore
Are dead as Pharaoh's sow,
We're not State children any more --
We're all Australians now!

Our six-starred flag that used to fly
Half-shyly to the breeze,
Unknown where older nations ply
Their trade on foreign seas,

Flies out to meet the morning blue
With Vict'ry at the prow;
For that's the flag the Sydney flew,
The wide seas know it now!

The mettle that a race can show
Is proved with shot and steel,
And now we know what nations know
And feel what nations feel.

The honoured graves beneath the crest
Of Gaba Tepe hill
May hold our bravest and our best,
But we have brave men still.

With all our petty quarrels done,
Dissensions overthrown,
We have, through what you boys have done,
A history of our own.

Our old world diff'rences are dead,
Like weeds beneath the plough,
For English, Scotch, and Irish-bred,

They're all Australians now!

So now we'll toast the Third Brigade
That led Australia's van,
For never shall their glory fade
In minds Australian.

Fight on, fight on, unflinchingly,
Till right and justice reign.
Fight on, fight on, till Victory
Shall send you home again.

And with Australia's flag shall fly
A spray of wattle-bough
To symbolise our unity --
We're all Australians now.

Andrew Barton Paterson

## “Shouting” for a Camel

It was over at Coolgardie that a mining speculator,
Who was going down the township just to make a bit o' chink,
Went off to hire a camel from a camel propagator,
And the Afghan said he'd lend it if he'd stand the beast a drink.
Yes, the only price he asked him was to stand the beast a drink.
He was cheap, very cheap, as the dromedaries go.
So the mining speculator made the bargain, proudly thinking
He had bested old Mahomet, he had done him in the eye.
Then he clambered on the camel, and the while the beast was drinking
He explained with satisfaction to the miners standing by
That 'twas cheap, very cheap, as the dromedaries go.

But the camel kept on drinking and he filled his hold with water,
And the more he had inside him yet the more he seemed to need;
For he drank it by the gallon, and his girths grew taut and tauter,
And the miners muttered softly, 'Yes he's very dry indeed!
But he's cheap, very cheap, as dromedaries go.'

So he drank up twenty buckets -- it was weird to watch him suck it,
(And the market price for water was per bucket half-a-crown)
Till the speculator stopped him, saying, 'Not another bucket --
If I give him any more there'll be a famine in the town.
Take him back to old Mahomet, and I'll tramp it through the town.'
He was cheap, very cheap, as the speculators go.

There's a moral to this story -- in your hat you ought to paste it --
Be careful whom you shout for when a camel is about,
And there's plenty human camels who, before they'll see you waste it,
Will drink up all you pay for if you're fool enough to shout;
If you chance to strike a camel when you're fool enough to shout,
You'll be cheap, very cheap, as the speculators go.

Andrew Barton Paterson

## A Ballad of Ducks

The railway rattled and roared and swung
With jolting and bumping trucks.
The sun, like a billiard red ball, hung
In the Western sky: and the tireless tongue
Of the wild-eyed man in the corner told
This terrible tale of the days of old,
And the party that ought to have kept the ducks.
"Well, it ain't all joy bein' on the land
With an overdraft that'd knock you flat;
And the rabbits have pretty well took command;
But the hardest thing for a man to stand
Is the feller who says 'Well I told you so!
You should ha' done this way, don't you know!' --
I could lay a bait for a man like that.

"The grasshoppers struck us in ninety-one
And what they leave -- well, it ain't de luxe.
But a growlin' fault-findin' son of a gun
Who'd lent some money to stock our run --
I said they'd eaten what grass we had --
Says he, 'Your management's very bad;
You had a right to have kept some ducks!'

"To have kept some ducks! And the place was white!
Wherever you went you had to tread
On grasshoppers guzzlin' day and night;
And then with a swoosh they rose in flight,
If you didn't look out for yourself they'd fly
Like bullets into your open eye
And knock it out of the back of your head.

"There isn't a turkey or goose or swan,
Or a duck that quacks, or a hen that clucks,
Can make a difference on a run
When a grasshopper plague has once begun;
'If you'd finance us,' I says, 'I'd buy
Ten thousand emus and have a try;
The job,' I says, 'is too big for ducks!

"'You must fetch a duck when you come to stay;
A great big duck -- a Muscovy toff --
Ready and fit,' I says, 'for the fray;
And if the grasshoppers come our way
You turn your duck into the lucerne patch,
And I'd be ready to make a match
That the grasshoppers eat his feathers off!"

"He came to visit us by and by,
And it just so happened one day in spring
A kind of cloud came over the sky --
A wall of grasshoppers nine miles high,
And nine miles thick, and nine hundred wide,

Flyin' in regiments, side by side,
And eatin' up every living thing.

"All day long, like a shower of rain,
You'd hear 'em smackin' against the wall,
Tap, tap, tap, on the window pane,
And they'd rise and jump at the house again
Till their crippled carcasses piled outside.
But what did it matter if thousands died --
A million wouldn't be missed at all.

"We were drinkin' grasshoppers -- so to speak --
Till we skimmed their carcasses off the spring;
And they fell so thick in the station creek
They choked the waterholes all the week.
There was scarcely room for a trout to rise,
And they'd only take artificial flies --
They got so sick of the real thing.

"An Arctic snowstorm was beat to rags
When the hoppers rose for their morning flight
With the flapping noise like a million flags:
And the kitchen chimney was stuffed with bags
For they'd fall right into the fire, and fry
Till the cook sat down and began to cry --
And never a duck or fowl in sight.

"We strolled across to the railroad track --
Under a cover beneath some trucks,
I sees a feather and hears a quack;
I stoops and I pulls the tarpaulin back --
Every duck in the place was there,
No good to them was the open air.
'Mister,' I says, 'There's your blanky ducks!'"

Andrew Barton Paterson

## A Bunch of Roses

Roses ruddy and roses white,
What are the joys that my heart discloses?
Sitting alone in the fading light
Memories come to me here tonight
With the wonderful scent of the big red roses.
Memories come as the daylight fades
Down on the hearth where the firelight dozes;
Flicker and flutter the lights and shades,
And I see the face of a queen of maids
Whose memory comes with the scent of roses.

Visions arise of a scent of mirth,
And a ball-room belle who superbly poses --
A queenly woman of queenly worth,
And I am the happiest man on earth
With a single flower from a bunch of roses.

Only her memory lives tonight --
God in his wisdom her young life closes;
Over her grave may the turf be light,
Cover her coffin with roses white
She was always fond of the big white roses.

*

Such are the visions that fade away --
Man proposes and God disposes;
Look in the glass and I see today
Only an old man, worn and grey,
Bending his head to a bunch of roses.

Andrew Barton Paterson

## A Bush Christening

On the outer Barcoo where the churches are few,
And men of religion are scanty,
On a road never cross'd 'cept by folk that are lost,
One Michael Magee had a shanty.

Now this Mike was the dad of a ten-year-old lad,
Plump, healthy, and stoutly conditioned;
He was strong as the best, but poor Mike had no rest
For the youngster had never been christened.

And his wife used to cry, 'If the darlin' should die
Saint Peter would not recognize him.'
But by luck he survived till a preacher arrived,
Who agreed straightaway to baptize him.

Now the artful young rogue, while they held their collogue,
With his ear to the keyhole was listenin';
And he muttered in fright, while his features turned white,
'What the divil and all is this christenin'?'

He was none of your dolts, He had seen them brand colts,
And it seemed to his small understanding,
If the man in the frock made him one of the flock,
It must mean something very like branding.

So away with a rush he set off for the bush,
While the tears in his eyelids they glistened,
''Tis outrageous,' says he, 'to brand youngsters like me;
I'll be dashed if I'll stop to be christened!'

Like a young native dog he ran into a log,
And his father with language uncivil,
Never heeding the 'praste', cried aloud in his haste
'Come out and be christened, you divil!'

But he lay there as snug as a bug in a rug,
And his parents in vain might reprove him,
Till his reverence spoke (he was fond of a joke)
'I've a notion,' says he, 'that'll move him.

'Poke a stick up the log, give the spalpeen a prog;
Poke him aisy, don't hurt him or maim him;
'Tis not long that he'll stand, I've the water at hand,
As he rushes out this end I'll name him.

'Here he comes, and for shame, ye've forgotten the name,
Is it Patsy or Michael or Dinnis?'
Here the youngster ran out, and the priest gave a shout,
'Take your chance, anyhow, wid `Maginnis'!'

As the howling young cub ran away to the scrub
Where he knew that pursuit would be risky,

The priest, as he fled, flung a flask at his head
That was labeled 'Maginnis's Whiskey'!

Now Maginnis Magee has been made a J.P.,
And the one thing he hates more than sin is
To be asked by the folk, who have heard of the joke,
How he came to be christened Maginnis!

Andrew Barton Paterson

**A Bush Lawyer**

When Ironbark the turtle came to Anthony's lagoon
The hills were hid behind a mist of equinoctal rain,
The ripple of the rivulets was like a cheerful tune
And wild companions waltzed among the grass as tall as grain.
But Ironbark the turtle cared no whit for all of these;
The ripple of the rivulets, the rustle of the trees
Were only apple sauce to him, or just a piece of cheese.

Now, Dan-di-dan the water rat was exquisitely dressed,
For not a seal in Bass's Straits had half as fine a coat,
And every day he combed and brushed his golden-yellow vest,
A contrast with the white cravat he wore beneath his throat.

And Dan-di-dan the water rat could move with ease and grace,
So Ironbark appeared to him a creature out of place,
With iron-plated overcoat and dirty little face.

A crawfish at the point of death came drifting down the drains.
Said he, "I'm scalded to the heart with bathing near the bore."
The turtle and the water rat disputed his remains,
For crawfish meat all day they'd eat, and then they'd ask for more.

Said Dan-di-dan, "The prize is mine, for I was fishing here
Before you tumbled down the bank and landed on your ear."
"I wouldn't care," the turtle said, "if you'd have fished a year."

So Baggy-beak the Pelican was asked to arbitrate;
The scales of justice seemed to hang beneath his noble beak.
He said, "I'll take possession of the subject of debate";
He stowed the fish inside his pouch and then began to speak.

"The case is far from clear," he said, "and justices of note" --
But here he snapped his beak and flapped his piebald overcoat --
"Oh dear," he said, "that wretched fish has slithered down my throat."

"But still," he said, "the point involved requires a full debate.
I'll have to get the lawyer birds and fix a special day.
Ad interim I rule that costs come out of the estate."
And Baggy-beak the Pelican got up and flew away.

So both the pair who went to law were feeling very small.
Said they, "We might have halved the fish and saved a nasty brawl;
For half a crawfish isn't much, but more than none at all."

Andrew Barton Paterson

## A Bushman's Song

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 the axe all day,
But there's no demand for a station-hand along the Castlereagh. +

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

This old black horse I'm riding—if you'll 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 twenty pounds a side.

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.

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 eight or ten dashed Chinamen a-shearin' in a row.

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.

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

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.

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.

So, it's shift, boys, shift, for there isn't the slightest doubt
We've got to make a shift to the stations further out;
The pack-horse runs behind us, for he follows like a dog,
And we cross a lot of country at the old jig-jog.

Andrew Barton Paterson

## A Change of Menu

Now the new chum loaded his three-nought-three,
It's a small-bore gun, but his hopes were big.
"I am fed to the teeth with old ewe," said he,
"And I might be able to shoot a pig."
And he trusted more to his nose than ear
To give him warning when pigs were near.

Out of his lair in the lignum dark.
Where the wild duck nests and the bilbie digs,
With a whoof and a snort and a kind of bark
There rose the father of all the pigs:
And a tiger would have walked wide of him
As he stropped his tusks on a leaning limb.

Then the new chum's three-nought-three gave tongue
Like a popgun fired in an opera bouffe:
But a pig that was old when the world was young
Is near as possible bullet-proof.
(The more you shoot him the less he dies,
Unless you catch him between the eyes.)

So the new chum saw it was up to him
To become extinct if he stopped to shoot;
So he made a leap for a gidgee limb
While the tusker narrowly missed his boot.
Then he found a fork, where he swayed in air
As he gripped the boughs like a native bear.

The pig sat silent and gaunt and grim
To wait and wait till his foe should fall:
For night and day were the same to him,
And home was any old place at all.
"I must wait," said he, "till this sportsman drops;
I could use his boots for a pair of strops."

The crows that watch from the distant blue
Came down to see what it all might mean;
An eaglehawk and a cockatoo
Bestowed their patronage on the scene.
Till a far-off boundary rider said
"I must have a look -- there is something dead."

Now the new chum sits at his Christmas fare
Of a dried-up chop from a tough old ewe.
Says he, "It's better than native bear
And nearly as tender as kangaroo.
An emu's egg I can masticate,
But pork," says he, "is the thing I hate."

Andrew Barton Paterson

## A Disqualified Jockey's Story

You see, the thing was this way -- there was me,
That rode Panopply, the Splendor mare,
And Ikey Chambers on the Iron Dook,
And Smith, the half-caste rider on Regret,
And that long bloke from Wagga -- him that rode
Veronikew, the Snowy River horse.
Well, none of them had chances -- not a chance
Among the lot, unless the rest fell dead
Or wasn't trying -- for a blind man's dog
Could see Enchantress was a certain cop,
And all the books was layin' six to four.
They brought her out to show our lot the road,
Or so they said: but, then Gord's truth! you know,
You can believe 'em, though they took an oath
On forty Bibles that they's tell the truth.
But anyhow, an amateur was up
On this Enchantress; and so Ike and me,
We thought that we might frighten him a bit
By asking if he minded riding rough --
"Oh, not at all," says he, "oh, not at all!
I heard at Robbo Park, and if it comes
To bumping I'm your Moses! Strike me blue!"

Says he, "I'll bump you over either rail,
The inside rail or outside -- which you choose
Is good enough for me" -- which settled Ike.
For he was shaky since he near got killed
From being sent a buster on the rail,
When some chap bumped his horse and fetched him down
At Stony Bridge; so Ikey thought it best
To leave this bloke alone, and I agreed.

So all the books was layin' six to four
Against the favourite, and the amateur
Was walking this Enchantress up and down,
And me and Smithy backed him; for we thought
We might as well get something for ourselves,
Because we knew our horses couldn't win.
But Ikey wouldn't back him for a bob;
Because he said he reckoned he was stiff,
And all the books was layin' six to four.

Well, anyhow, before the start the news
Got around that this here amateur was stiff,
And our good stuff was blued, and all the books
Was in it, and the prices lengthened out,
And every book was bustin' of his throat,
And layin' five to one the favourite.
So there was we that couldn't win ourselves,
And this here amateur that wouldn't try,
And all the books was layin' five to one.

So Smithy says to me, "You take a hold
Of that there moke of yours, and round the turn
Come up behind Enchantress with the whip
And let her have it; that long bloke and me
Will wait ahead, and when she comes to us
We'll pass her on and belt her down the straight,
And Ikey'll flog her home -- because his boss
Is judge and steward and the Lord knows what,
And so he won't be touched; and, as for us,
We'll swear we only hit her by mistake!"
And all the books was layin' five to one.

Well, off we went, and comin' to the turn
I saw the amateur was holdinig back
And poking into every hole he could
To get her blocked; and so I pulled behind
And drew the whip and dropped it on the mare.
I let her have it twice, and then she shot
Ahead of me, and Smithy opened out
And let her up beside him on the rails,
And kept her there a-beltin' her like smoke
Until she struggled past him, pullin' hard,
And came to Ike; but Ikey drew his whip
And hit her on the nose, and sent her back
And won the race himself -- for, after all,
It seems he had a fiver on The Dook
And never told us -- so our stuff was lost.
And then they had us up for ridin' foul,
And warned us off the tracks for twelve months each
To get our livin' any way we could;
But Ikey wasn't touched, because his boss
Was judge and steward and the Lord knows what.

But Mister -- if you'll lend us half-a-crown,
I know three certain winners at the Park --
Three certain cops as no one knows but me;
And -- thank you, Mister, come an' have a beer
(I always like a beer about this time) . . .
Well, so long, Mister, till we meet again.

Andrew Barton Paterson

## A Dog's Mistake

He had drifted in among us as a straw drifts with the tide,
He was just a wand'ring mongrel from the weary world outside;
He was not aristocratic, being mostly ribs and hair,
With a hint of spaniel parents and a touch of native bear.
He was very poor and humble and content with what he got,
So we fed him bones and biscuits, till he heartened up a lot;
Then he growled and grew aggressive, treating orders with disdain,
Till at last he bit the butcher, which would argue want of brain.

Now the butcher, noble fellow, was a sport beyond belief,
And instead of bringing actions he brought half a shin of beef,
Which he handed on to Fido, who received it as a right
And removed it to the garden, where he buried it at night.

'Twas the means of his undoing, for my wife, who'd stood his friend,
To adopt a slang expression, "went in off the deepest end",
For among the pinks and pansies, the gloxinias and the gorse
He had made an excavation like a graveyard for a horse.

Then we held a consultation which decided on his fate:
'Twas in anger more than sorrow that we led him to the gate,
And we handed him the beef-bone as provision for the day,
Then we opened wide the portal and we told him, "On your way."

Andrew Barton Paterson

**A Dream of the Melbourne Cup**

Bring me a quart of colonial beer
And some doughy damper to make good cheer,
I must make a heavy dinner;
Heavily dine and heavily sup,
Of indigestible things fill up,
Next month they run the Melbourne Cup,
And I have to dream the winner.
Stoke it in, boys! the half-cooked ham,
The rich ragout and the charming cham.,
I've got to mix my liquor;
Give me a gander's gaunt hind leg,
Hard and tough as a wooden peg,
And I'll keep it down with a hard-boiled egg,
'Twill make me dream the quicker.

Now that I'm full of fearful feed,
Oh, but I'll dream of a winner indeed
In my restless, troubled slumber;
While the night-mares race through my heated brain
And their devil-riders spur amain,
The trip for the Cup will reward my pain,
And I'll spot the winning number.

Thousands and thousands and thousands more,
Like sands on the white Pacific shore,
The crowding people cluster;
For evermore is the story old,
While races are bought and backers are sold,
Drawn by the greed of the gain of gold,
In their thousands still they muster.

*  *  *  *  *

And the bookies' cries grow fierce and hot,
"I'll lay the Cup! The double, if not!"
"Five monkeys, Little John, sir!"
"Here's fives bar one, I lay, I lay!"
And so they shout through the livelong day,
And stick to the game that is sure to pay,
While fools put money on, sir!

And now in my dream I seem to go
And bet with a "book" that I seem to know --
A Hebrew money-lender;
A million to five is the price I get --
Not bad! but before I book the bet
The horse's name I clean forgret,
Its number and even gender.

Now for the start, and here they come,
And the hoof-strokes roar like a mighty drum
Beat by a hand unsteady;

They come like a rushing, roaring flood,
Hurrah for the speed of the Chester blood;
For Acme is making the pace so good
They are some of 'em done already.

But round the track she begins to tire,
And a mighty shout goes up "Crossfire!"
The magpie jacket's leading;
And Crossfire challenges fierce and bold,
And the lead she'll have and the lead she'll hold,
But at length gives way to the black and gold,
Which right to the front is speeding.

Carry them on and keep it up --
A flying race is the Melbourne Cup,
You must race and stay to win it;
And old Commotion, Victoria's pride,
Now takes the lead with his raking stride,
And a mighty roar goes far and wide --
"There's only Commotion in it!"

But one draws out from the beaten ruck
And up on the rails by a piece of luck
He comes in a style that's clever;
"It's Trident! Trident! Hurrah for Hales!"
"Go at 'em now while their courage fails;"
"Trident! Trident! for New South Wales!"
"The blue and white for ever!"

Under the whip! with the ears flat back,
Under the whip! though the sinews crack,
No sign of the base white feather:
Stick to it now for your breeding's sake,
Stick to it now though your hearts should break,
While the yells and roars make the grand-stand shake,
They come down the straignt together.

Trident slowly forges ahead,
The fierce whips cut and the spurs are red,
The pace is undiminished
Now for the Panics that never fail!
But many a backer's face grows pale
As old Commotion swings his tail
And swerves -- and the Cup is finished.

*  *  *  *  *

And now in my dream it all comes back:
I bet my coin on the Sydney crack,
A million I've won, no question!
"Give me my money, you hook-nosed hog!
Give me my money, bookmaking dog!"

But he disappeared in a kind of fog,
And I woke with "the indigestion".

Andrew Barton Paterson

## A Job for McGuinness

Oh, it's dreadful to think in a country like this
With its chances for work - and enjoyment
That a man like McGuinness was certain to miss
Whenever he tried for employment.

He wrote to employers from Bondi to Bourke,
From Woolloomooloo to Glen Innes,
But he found - though his wife could get plenty of work -
There was never a job for McGuinness.

But perhaps - later on - when the Chow and the Jap
Begin to drift down from the tropics,
When a big yellow stain spreading over the map
Provides some disquieting topics,

Oh, it's then when they're wanting a man that will stand
In the trench where his own kith and kin is,
With a frown on his face and a gun in his hand -
Then there might be a job for McGuinness!

Andrew Barton Paterson

## A Motor Courtship

Into her presence he gaily pranced,
A very fat spark, and a bit advanced.
With a Samson tread on the earth he trod,
He was stayed and gaitered, and fifty odd.

And she was a tulip just unfurled,
The sweetest thing in the motor world.

Her body was one of which poets dreamed;
Eighteen -- twenty, or so she seemed.

Her air was haughty, her spirit proud,
But properly governed, as all allowed.

"Pity," he said, "my sad condition;
My heart's in a state of advanced ignition.

"Ask me to do some desperate deed,
And I'll do it at once at my topmost speed."

"Sir," said the maiden, "pray be seated;
I fear from your bearing you're somewhat heated.

"And I trust that a timely lubrication
Of throttle will cool your circulation."

As a well-made mixture she indicated,
With joy and gladness he radiated.

"Oh, come," said he, "in this soft spring weather,
Let us run over the world together!"

But she slipped his clutch with a gesture mocking,
"Your heart," she said; "I can hear it knocking.

"You haven't the gear at my pace to last;
Both men and motors -- I like them fast.

"And I think that in me you have missed your mission;
You are only an old-style tube-ignition!"

With a sidelong motion he left the place;
For weal or woe he was off his base.

He drove his car to the cliffs of Dover,
Made one short circuit and ran her over.

And the stormy Petrol her rest is taking,
Where only the wild waves do the "braking".

Andrew Barton Paterson

## A Mountain Station

I bought a run a while ago,
On country rough and ridgy,
Where wallaroos and wombats grow --
The Upper Murrumbidgee.
The grass is rather scant, it's true,
But this a fair exchange is,
The sheep can see a lovely view
By climbing up the ranges.

And She-oak Flat's the station's name,
I'm not surprised at that, sirs:
The oaks were there before I came,
And I supplied the flat, sirs.
A man would wonder how it's done,
The stock so soon decreases --
They sometimes tumble off the run
And break themselves to pieces.

I've tried to make expenses meet,
But wasted all my labours,
The sheep the dingoes didn't eat
Were stolen by the neighbours.
They stole my pears -- my native pears --
Those thrice-convicted felons,
And ravished from me unawares
My crop of paddy-melons.

And sometimes under sunny skies,
Without an explanation,
The Murrumbidgee used to rise
And overflow the station.
But this was caused (as now I know)
When summer sunshine glowing
Had melted all Kiandra's snow
And set the river going.

And in the news, perhaps you read:
`Stock passings. Puckawidgee,
Fat cattle: Seven hundred head
Swept down the Murrumbidgee;
Their destination's quite obscure,
But, somehow, there's a notion,
Unless the river falls, they're sure
To reach the Southern Ocean.'

So after that I'll give it best;
No more with Fate I'll battle.
I'll let the river take the rest,
For those were all my cattle.
And with one comprehensive curse
I close my brief narration,
And advertise it in my verse --

`For Sale! A Mountain Station.'

A.B. (Banjo) Paterson

Andrew Barton Paterson

**A National Song For Australia Felix**

Dark over the face of Nature sublime!
Reign'd tyranny, warfare, and every crime;
The world a desert—no oasis green
A man-loving soul on its surface had seen;
Then mercy above a mandate sent forth
An Eden to form—a refuge for worth.
From the ocean it came, with halo so bright,
Want, strife, and oppression were lost in its sight.

Chorus

First isle of the sea—brightest gem of the earth
In thee every virtue and joy shall have birth.
A land of the just, the brave, and the free,
Australia the happy, thou ever shalt be.

So earth in the flood no place for rest gave,
At length a green isle arose from the wave;
The dove o'er the waters the olive branch bore,
To show that one spot was cover'd no more;

Australia thus shall be sounded by fame,
And Europe shall echo the glorious name;
The brave, wise, and good, wherever oppress'd,
Shall fly to thy shores as a haven of rest.

Chorus: First isle of the sea, &c.

Land of the orange, fig, olive, and vine;
'Midst earth's fairest daughters the chaplet is thine;
No sick'ning vapours are borne on thy air,
But fragrance and melody twine sweetly there;
Thy ever-green fields proclaim plenty and peace,
If man doth his part, heaven sends the increase;
No customs to fetter, no enemy near,
Independence thy sons for ever must cheer.

Andrew Barton Paterson

## A Nervous Governor-General

We read in the press that Lord Northcote is here
To take up Lord Tennyson's mission.
'Tis pleasant to find they have sent us a Peer,
And a man of exalted position.
It's his business to see that the Radical horde
From loyalty's path does not swerve us;
But his tastes, and the task, don't seem quite in accord
For they say that His Lordship is nervous.
Does he think that wild animals walk in the street,
Where the wary marsupial is hopping?
Does he think that the snake and the platypus meet
And "bail up" the folk who go shopping?
And the boomerangs fly round the scared passer-by
Who has come all this way to observe us.
While the blackfellow launches a spear at his eye?
-- No wonder His Lordship is nervous.

Does he think that with callers he'll be overtasked,
From a baronet down to a barber?
Does he dream of the number of times he'll be asked
"What he thinks of our Beautiful Harbour?"
Does he sadly reflect on the sorrows that ding
Round his task? (From such sorrows preserve us!)
He must hear John See speak and O'Sullivan sing,
-- It's enough to make any man nervous.

Does he think he'll be waked in the dead of night
From Melbourne to go willy-nilly,
To live in the Federal Capital site
At Tumut or Wagra-go-billy?
Well, the Melbournites may let the Capital go
(Here we wink with one eye, please observe us!)
But not in a hurry! By no means! Oh, no!
He has not the least need to be nervous!

Andrew Barton Paterson

**A Rule Of The A.J.C.**

Come all ye bold trainers attend to my song,
It's a rule of the A.J.C.
You mustn't train ponies, for that's very wrong
By the rules of the A.J.C.
You have to wear winkers when crossing the street,
For fear that a pony you'd happen to meet
If you hear one about, you must beat a retreat,
That's a rule of the A.J.C.

And all ye bold owners will find without fail
By the rules of the A.J.C.
The jockey boys' fees you must pay at the scale,
It's a rule of the A.J.C.
When your horse wins a fiver, you'll laugh, I'll be bound,
But you won't laugh so much by the time that you've found
That the fee to the boy is exactly ten pound!
That's a rule of the A.J.C.

And all ye bold 'Books' who are keeping a shop,
In the rules of the A.J.C.,
There's a new regulation that says you must stop!
That's a rule of the A.J.C.
You must give up your shop with its pipes and cigars
To an unlicensed man who is thanking his stars,
While you go and bet in the threepenny bars,
That's a rule of the A.J.C.

And all ye small jockeys who ride in a race,
In the rules of the A.J.C.
If owners' instructions are 'Don't get a place',
By the rules of the A.J.C.,
You must ride the horse out, though, of course, if you do
You will get no more mounts, it's starvation to you.
But, bless you, you'll always find plenty to chew
In the rules of the A.J.C.

Andrew Barton Paterson

## A Singer of the Bush

There is waving of grass in the breeze
   And a song in the air,
And a murmur of myriad bees
   That toil everywhere.
There is scent in the blossom and bough,
   And the breath of the Spring
Is as soft as a kiss on a brow --
   And Spring-time I sing.

There is drought on the land, and the stock
   Tumble down in their tracks
Or follow -- a tottering flock --
   The scrub-cutter's axe.
While ever a creature survives
   The axes shall swing;
We are fighting with fate for their lives --
   And the combat I sing.

Andrew Barton Paterson

## A Song of the Pen

Not for the love of women toil we, we of the craft,
Not for the people's praise;
Only because our goddess made us her own and laughed,
Claiming us all our days,
Claiming our best endeavour -- body and heart and brain
Given with no reserve --
Niggard is she towards us, granting us little gain:
Still, we are proud to serve.

Not unto us is given choice of the tasks we try,
Gathering grain or chaff;
One of her favoured servants toils at an epic high,
One, that a child may laugh.

Yet if we serve her truly in our appointed place,
Freely she doth accord
Unto her faithful servants always this saving grace,
Work is its own reward!

Andrew Barton Paterson

## A Thousand Miles Away

Hurrah for the Roma railway! Hurrah for Cobb and Co.,
And oh! for a good fat horse or two to carry me Westward Ho
To carry me Westward Ho! my boys, that's where the cattle stray
On the far Barcoo, where they eat nardoo, a thousand miles away.
Chorus
Then give your horses rein across the open plain,
We'll ship our meat both sound and sweet, nor care what some folks say;
And frozen we'll send home the cattle that now roam
On the far Barcoo and the Flinders too, a thousand miles away.
Knee-deep in grass we've got to pass—for the truth I'm bound to tell
Where in three weeks the cattle get as fat as they can swell
As fat as they can swell, my boys; a thousand pounds they weigh,
On the far Barcoo, where they eat nardoo, a thousand miles away.

No Yankee hide e'er grew outside such beef as we can freeze;
No Yankee pastures make such steers as we send o'er the sea
As we send o'er the seas, my boys, a thousand pounds they weigh
From the far Barcoo, where they eat nardoo, a thousand miles away.

Andrew Barton Paterson

## A Triolet

Of all the sickly forms of verse,
Commend me to the triolet.
It makes bad writers somewhat worse:
Of all the sickly forms of verse,
That fall beneath a reader's curse,
It is the feeblest jingle yet.
Of all the sickly forms of verse,
Commend me to the triolet.

Andrew Barton Paterson

## A Voice from the Town

I thought, in the days of the droving,
Of steps I might hope to retrace,
To be done with the bush and the roving
And settle once more in my place.
With a heart that was well nigh to breaking,
In the long, lonely rides on the plain,
I thought of the pleasure of taking
The hand of a lady again.
I am back into civilization,
Once more in the stir and the strife,
But the old joys have lost their sensation --
The light has gone out of my life;
The men of my time they have married,
Made fortunes or gone to the wall;
Too long from the scene I have tarried,
And somehow, I'm out of it all.

For I go to the balls and the races
A lonely companionless elf,
And the ladies bestow all their graces
On others less grey than myself;
While the talk goes around I'm a dumb one
'Midst youngsters that chatter and prate,
And they call me "The Man who was Someone
Way back in the year Sixty-eight."

And I look, sour and old, at the dancers
That swing to the strains of the band,
And the ladies all give me the Lancers,
No waltzes -- I quite understand.
For matrons intent upon matching
Their daughters with infinite push,
Would scarce think him worthy the catching,
The broken-down man from the bush.
New partners have come and new faces,
And I, of the bygone brigade,
Sharply feel that oblivion my place is --
I must lie with the rest in the shade.
And the youngsters, fresh-featured and pleasant,
They live as we lived -- fairly fast;
But I doubt if the men of the present
Are as good as the men of the past.

Of excitement and praise they are chary,
There is nothing much good upon earth;
Their watchword is nil admirari,
They are bored from the days of their birth.
Where the life that we led was a revel
They "wince and relent and refrain" --
I could show them the road -- to the devil,
Were I only a youngster again.

I could show them the road where the stumps are,
The pleasures that end in remorse,
And the game where the Devil's three trumps are
The woman, the card, and the horse.
Shall the blind lead the blind -- shall the sower
Of wind read the storm as of yore?
Though they get to their goal somewhat slower,
They march where we hurried before.

For the world never learns -- just as we did
They gallantly go to their fate,
Unheeded all warnings, unheeded
The maxims of elders sedate.
As the husbandman, patiently toiling,
Draws a harvest each year from the soil,
So the fools grow afresh for the spoiling,
And a new crop of thieves for the spoil.

But a truce to this dull moralizing,
Let them drink while the drops are of gold.
I have tasted the dregs -- 'twere surprising
Were the new wine to me like the old;
And I weary for lack of employment
In idleness day after day,
For the key to the door of enjoyment
Is Youth -- and I've thrown it away.

Andrew Barton Paterson

## A Walgett Episode

The sun strikes down with a blinding glare;
The skies are blue and the plains are wide,
The saltbush plains that are burnt and bare
By Walgett out on the Barwon side --
The Barwon River that wanders down
In a leisurely manner by Walgett Town.
There came a stranger -- a "Cockatoo" --
The word means farmer, as all men know,
Who dwell in the land where the kangaroo
Barks loud at dawn, and the white-eyed crow
Uplifts his song on the stock-yard fence
As he watches the lambkins passing hence.

The sunburnt stranger was gaunt and brown,
But it soon appeared that he meant to flout
The iron law of the country town,
Which is -- that the stranger has got to shout:
"If he will not shout we must take him down,"
Remarked the yokels of Walgett Town.

They baited a trap with a crafty bait,
With a crafty bait, for they held discourse
Concerning a new chum who there of late
Had bought such a thoroughly lazy horse;
They would wager that no one could ride him down
The length of the city of Walgett Town.

The stranger was born on a horse's hide;
So he took the wagers, and made them good
With his hard-earned cash -- but his hopes they died,
For the horse was a clothes-horse, made of wood! --
'Twas a well-known horse that had taken down
Full many a stranger in Walgett Town.

The stranger smiled with a sickly smile --
'Tis a sickly smile that the loser grins --
And he said he had travelled for quite a while
A-trying to sell some marsupial skins.
"And I thought that perhaps, as you've took me down,
You would buy them from me, in Walgett Town!"

He said that his home was at Wingalee,
At Wingalee, where he had for sale
Some fifty skins and would guarantee
They were full-sized skins, with the ears and tail
Complete; and he sold them for money down
To a venturesome buyer in Walgett Town.

Then he smiled a smile as he pouched the pelf,
"I'm glad that I'm quit of them, win or lose:
You can fetch them in when it suits yourself,
And you'll find the skins -- on the kangaroos!"

Then he left -- and the silence settled down
Like a tangible thing upon Walgett Town.

Andrew Barton Paterson

## Ambition and Art

Ambition
I am the maid of the lustrous eyes
Of great fruition,
Whom the sons of men that are over-wise
Have called Ambition.

And the world's success is the only goal
I have within me;
The meanest man with the smallest soul
May woo and win me.

For the lust of power and the pride of place
To all I proffer.
Wilt thou take thy part in the crowded race
For what I offer?

The choice is thine, and the world is wide --
Thy path is lonely.
I may not lead and I may not guide --
I urge thee only.

I am just a whip and a spur that smites
To fierce endeavour.
In the restless days and the sleepless nights
I urge thee ever.

Thou shalt wake from sleep with a startled cry,
In fright unleaping
At a rival's step as it passes by
Whilst thou art sleeping.

Honour and truth shall be overthrown
In fierce desire;
Thou shalt use thy friend as a stepping-stone
To mount thee higher.

When the curtain falls on the sordid strife
That seemed so splendid,
Thou shalt look with pain on the wasted life
That thou hast ended.

Thou hast sold thy life for a guerdon small
In fitful flashes;
There has been reward -- but the end of all
Is dust and ashes.

For the night has come and it brings to naught
Thy projects cherished,
And thine epitaph shall in brass be wrought --
"He lived, and perished."

Art
I wait for thee at the outer gate,
My love, mine only;
Wherefore tarriest thou so late
While I am lonely?

Thou shalt seek my side with a footstep swift;
In thee implanted
Is the love of Art and the greatest gift
That God has granted.

And the world's concerns with its rights and wrongs
Shall seem but small things --
Poet or painter, or singer of songs,
Thine art is all things.

For the wine of life is a woman's love
To keep beside thee;
But the love of Art is a thing above --
A star to guide thee.

As the years go by with the love of Art
All undiminished,
Thou shalt end thy days with a quiet geart --
Thy work is finished.

So the painter fashions a picture strong
That fadeth never,
And the singer singeth a wondrous song
That lives for ever.

Andrew Barton Paterson

**An answer to Various Bards**

Well, I've waited mighty patient while they all came rolling in,
Mister Lawson, Mister Dyson, and the others of their kin,
With their dreadful, dismal stories of the Overlander's camp,
How his fire is always smoky, and his boots are always damp;
And they paint it so terrific it would fill one's soul with gloom --
But you know they're fond of writing about "corpses" and "the tomb".
So, before they curse the bushland, they should let their fancy range,
And take something for their livers, and be cheerful for a change.
Now, for instance, Mr Lawson -- well, of course, we almost cried
At the sorrowful description how his "little 'Arvie" died,
And we lachrymosed in silence when "His Father's mate" was slain;
Then he went and killed the father, and we had to weep again.
Ben Duggan and Jack Denver, too, he caused them to expire,
After which he cooked the gander of Jack Dunn, of Nevertire;
And, no doubt, the bush is wretched if you judge it by the groan
Of the sad and soulful poet with a graveyard of his own.

And he spoke in terms prophetic of a revolution's heat,
When the world should hear the clamour of those people in the street;
But the shearer chaps who start it -- why, he rounds on them the blame,
And he calls 'em "agitators who are living on the game".
Bur I "over-write" the bushmen! Well, I own without a doubt
That I always see the hero in the "man from furthest out".
I could never contemplate him through an atmosphere of gloom,
And a bushman never struck me as a subject for "the tomb".

If it ain't all "golden sunshine" where the "wattle branches wave",
Well, it ain't all damp and dismal, and it ain't all "lonely grave".
And, of course, there's no denying that the bushman's life is rough,
But a man can easy stand it if he's built of sterling stuff;
Though it's seldom that the drover gets a bed of eiderdown,
Yet the man who's born a bushman, he gets mighty sick of town,
For he's jotting down the figures, and he's adding up the bills
While his heart is simply aching for a sight of Southern hills.

Then he hears a wool-team passing with a rumble and a lurch,
And, although the work is pressing, yet it brings him off his perch,
For it stirs him like a message from his station friends afar
And he seems to sniff the ranges in the scent of wool and tar;
And it takes him back in fancy, half in laughter, half in tears,
to a sound of other voices and a thought of other years,
When the woolshed rang with bustle from the dawning of the day,
And the shear-blades were a-clicking to the cry of "Wool away!"

Then his face was somewhat browner, and his frame was firmer set --
And he feels his flabby muscles with a feeling of regret.
But the wool-team slowly passes, and his eyes go slowly back
To the dusty little table and the papers in the rack,
And his thoughts go to the terrace where his sickly children squall,
And he thinks there's something healthy in the bush-life after all.
But we'll go no more a-droving in the wind or in the sun,
For out fathers' hearts have failed us, and the droving days are done.

There's a nasty dash of danger where the long-horned bullock wheels,
And we like to live in comfort and to get our reg'lar meals.
For to hang around the township suits us better, you'll agree,
And a job at washing bottles is the job for such as we.
Let us herd into the cities, let us crush and crowd and push
Till we lose the love of roving, and we learn to hate the bush;
And we'll turn our aspirations to a city life and beer,
And we'll slip across to England -- it's a nicer place than here;

For there's not much risk of hardship where all comforts are in store,
And the theatres are in plenty, and the pubs are more and more.
But that ends it, Mr Lawson, and it's time to say good-bye,
So we must agree to differ in all friendship, you and I.
Yes, we'll work our own salvation with the stoutest hearts we may,
And if fortune only favours we will take the road some day,
And go droving down the river 'neath the sunshine and the stars,
And then return to Sydney and vermilionize the bars.

Andrew Barton Paterson

**An Emu Hunt**

West of Dubbo the west begins
The land of leisure and hope and trust,
Where the black man stalks with his dogs and gins
And Nature visits the settlers' sins
With the Bogan shower, that is mostly dust.
When the roley-poley's roots dry out
With the fierce hot winds and the want of rain,
They come uprooted and bound about
And dance in a wild fantastic rout
Like flying haystacks across the plain.

And the horses shudder and snort and shift
As the bounding mass of weeds goes past,
But the emus never their heads uplift
As they look for roots in the sandy drift,
For the emus know it from first to last.

Now, the boss's dog that had come from town
Was strange to the wild and woolly west,
And he thought he would earn him some great renown
When he saw, on the wastes of the open down,
An emu standing beside her nest.

And he said to himself as he stalked his prey
To start on his first great emu hunt,
"I must show some speed when she runs away,
For emus kick very hard, they say;
But I can't be kicked if I keep in front."

The emu chickens made haste to flee
As he barked and he snarled and he darted around,
But the emu looked at him scornfully
And put an end to his warlike glee
With a kick that lifted him off the ground.

And when, with an injured rib or two,
He made for home with a chastened mind,
An old dog told him, "I thought you knew
An emu kicks like a kangaroo,
And you can't get hurt -- if you keep behind."

Andrew Barton Paterson

**An Evening in Dandaloo**

It was while we held our races --
Hurdles, sprints and steplechases --
Up in Dandaloo,
That a crowd of Sydney stealers,
Jockeys, pugilists and spielers
Brought some horses, real heelers,
Came and put us through.
Beat our nags and won our money,
Made the game by np means funny,
Made us rather blue;
When the racing was concluded,
Of our hard-earned coin denuded
Dandaloonies sat and brooded
There in Dandaloo.

*  *  *  *  *

Night came down on Johnson's shanty
Where the grog was no way scanty,
And a tumult grew
Till some wild, excited person
Galloped down the township cursing,
"Sydney push have mobbed Macpherson,
Roll up, Dandaloo!"

Great St Denis! what commotion!
Like the rush of stormy ocean
Fiery horsemen flew.
Dust and smoke and din and rattle,
Down the street they spurred their cattle
To the war-cry of the battle,
"Wade in, Dandaloo!"

So the boys might have their fight out,
Johnson blew the bar-room light out,
Then, in haste, withdrew.
And in darkness and in doubting
Raged the conflict and the shouting,
"Give the Sydney push a clouting,
Go it, Dandaloo!"

Jack Macpherson seized a bucket,
Every head he saw he struck it --
Struck in earnest, too;
And a man from Lower Wattle,
Whom a shearer tried to throttle,
Hit out freely with a bottle
There in Dandaloo.

Skin and hair were flying thickly,
When a light was fetched, and quickly
Brought a fact to view --

On the scene of the diversion
Every single, solid person
Come along to help Macpherson --
All were Dandaloo!

When the list of slain was tabled --
Some were drunk and some disabled --
Still we found it true.
In the darkness and the smother
We'd been belting one another;
Jack Macpherson bashed his brother
There in Dandaloo.

So we drank, and all departed --
How the "mobbing" yarn was started
No one ever knew --
And the stockmen tell the story
Of that conflict fierce and gory,
How he fought for love and glory
Up in Dandaloo.

It's a proverb now, or near it --
At the races you can hear it,
At the dog-fights, too!
Every shrieking, dancing drover
As the canines topple over
Yells applause to Grip or Rover,
"Give him 'Dandaloo'!"

And the teamster slowly toiling
Through the deep black country, soiling
Wheels and axles, too,
Lays the whip on Spot and Banker,
Rouses Tarboy with a flanker --
"Redman! Ginger! Heave there! Yank her
Wade in, Dandaloo!"

Andrew Barton Paterson

**An Idyll of Dandaloo**

On Western plains, where shade is not,
'Neath summer skies of cloudless blue,
Where all is dry and all is hot,
There stands the town of Dandaloo --
A township where life's total sum
Is sleep, diversified with rum.
Its grass-grown streets with dust are deep;
'Twere vain endeavour to express
The dreamless silence of its sleep,
Its wide, expansive drunkenness.
The yearly races mostly drew
A lively crowd at Dandaloo.

There came a sportsman from the East,
The eastern land where sportsmen blow,
And brought with him a speedy beast --
A speedy beast as horses go.
He came afar in hope to "do"
The little town of Dandaloo.

Now this was weak of him, I wot --
Exceeding weak, it seemed to me --
For we in Dandaloo were not
The Jugginses we seemed to be;
In fact, we rather thought we knew
Our book by heart in Dandaloo.

We held a meeting at the bar,
And met the question fair and square --
"We've stumped the country near and far
To raise the cash for races here;
We've got a hundred pounds or two --
Not half so bad for Dandaloo.

"And now, it seems we have to be
Cleaned out by this here Sydney bloke,
With his imported horse; and he
Will scoop the pool and leave us broke.
Shall we sit still, and make no fuss
While this chap climbs all over us?"

*

The races came to Dandaloo,
And all the cornstalks from the West
On every kind of moke and screw
Come forth in all their glory drest.
The stranger's horse, as hard as nails,
Look'd fit to run for New South Wales.

He won the race by half a length --
Quite half a length, it seemed to me --

But Dandaloo, with all its strength,
Roared out "Dead heat!" most fervently;
And, sfter hesitation meet,
The judge's verdict was "Dead heat!"

And many men there were could tell
What gave the verdict extra force.
The stewards -- and the judge as well --
They all had backed the second horse.
For things like this they sometimes do
In larger towns than Dandaloo.

They ran it off, the stranger won,
Hands down, by near a hundred yards.
He smiled to think his troubles done;
But Dandaloo held all the cards.
They went to scale and -- cruel fate --
His jockey turned out under weight.

Perhaps they's tampered with the scale!
I cannot tell. I only know
It weighed him out all right. I fail
To paint that Sydney sportsman's woe.
He said the stewards were a crew
Of low-lived thieves in Dandaloo.

He lifted up his voice, irate,
And swore till all the air was blue;
So then we rose to vindicate
The dignity of Dandaloo.
"Look here," said we, "you must not poke
Such oaths at us poor country folk."

We rode him softly on a rail,
We shied at him, in careless glee,
Some large tomatoes, rank and stale,
And eggs of great antiquity --
Their wild, unholy fregrance flew
About the town of Dandaloo.

He left the town at break of day,
He led his racehorse through the streets,
And now he tells the tale, they say,
To every racing man he meets.
And Sydney sportsmen all eschew
The atmosphere of Dandaloo.

Andrew Barton Paterson

## Another Fall Of Rain

The weather had been sultry for a fortnight's time or more,
And the shearers had been driving might and main,
For some had got the century who'd ne'er got it before,
And now all hands were wishing for the rain.

For the boss is getting rusty and the ringer's caving in,
For his bandaged wrist is aching with the pain,
And the second man, I fear, will make it hot for him,
Unless we have another fall of rain.

A few had taken quarters and were coiling in their bunks
When we shore the six-tooth wethers from the plain.
And if the sheep get harder, then a few more men will funk,
Unless we get another fall of rain.

But the sky is clouding over, and the thunder's muttering loud,
And the clouds are driving eastward o'er the plain,
And I see the lightning flashing from the edge of yon black cloud,
And I hear the gentle patter of the rain.

So, lads, put on your stoppers, and let us to the hut,
Where we'll gather round and have a friendly game,
While some are playing music and some play ante up,
And some are gazing outwards at the rain.

But now the rain is over, let the pressers spin the screw,
Let the teamsters back the waggons in again,
And we'll block the classer's table by the way we'll put them through,
For everything is merry since the rain.

And the boss he won't be rusty when his sheep they all are shorn,
And the wringer's wrist won't ache much with the pain
Of pocketing his cheque for fifty pounds or more,
And the second man will press him hard again.

Andrew Barton Paterson

**Anthony Considine**

OUT in the wastes of the West countrie,
   Out where the white stars shine,
Grim and silent as such men be,
Rideth a man with a history—
   Anthony Considine.
For the ways of men they are manifold
   As their differing views in life;
Some sell themselves for the lust of gold,
   And some for the lust of strife:
But this man counted the world well lost
   For the love of his neighbour's wife.

They fled together, as those must flee
   Whom all men hold in blame;
Each to the other must all things be
Who cross the gulf of iniquity
   And live in the land of shame.

But a light-o'-love, if she sins with one,
   She sinneth with ninety-nine:
The rule holds good since the world begun—
Since ever the streams began to run
   And the stars began to shine.
The rule holds still, and he found it true—
   Anthony Considine.

A nobler spirit had turned in scorn
   From a love that was stained with mire;
A weaker being might mourn and mourn
   For the loss of his Heart's Desire:
But the anger of Anthony Considine
   Blazed up like a gaming fire

And she, with her new love, presently
   Came past with her eyes ashine;
And Gad so willed it, and God knows why,
She turned and laughed as they passed hire by—
   Anthony Considine.

Her laughter stung as a whip might sting;
   And mad with his wounded pride
He turned and sprang with a panther's spring,
   And struck at his rival's side:
And only the woman, shuddering,
   Could tell how the dead man died!

She dared not speak—and the mystery
   Is buried in auld lang syne,
But out on the wastes of the West countrie,
   Grim and silent as such men be,
Rideth a man with a history'

Anthony Considine.

Andrew Barton Paterson

**Any Other Time**

ALL of us play our very best game—
   Any other time.
Golf or billiards, it's all the same—
   Any other time.
Lose a match and you always say,
"Just my luck! I was 'off' to-day!
I could have beaten him quite half-way—
   Any other time!"

After a fiver you ought to go—
   Any other time.
Every man that you ask says "Oh,
   Any other time.
Lend you a fiver! I'd lend you two,
But I'm overdrawn and my bills are due,
Wish you'd ask me—now, mind you do—
   Any other time!"

Fellows will ask you out to dine—
   Any other time.
"Not to-night, for we're twenty-nine —
   Any other time.
Not to-morrow, for cook's on strike,
Not next day, I'll be out on the bike —
Just drop in whenever you like —
   Any other time!"

Seasick passengers like the sea—
   Any other time.
"Something . . I ate . . disagreed . . with me!
   Any other time
Ocean-trav'lling is . . simply bliss,
Must be my . . liver . . has gone amiss . .
Why, I would . . laugh . . at a sea . . like this—
   Any other time."

Most of us mean to be better men—
   Any other time:
Regular upright characters then—
   Any other time.
Yet somehow as the years go by
Still we gamble and drink and lie,
When it comes to the last we'll want to die—
   Any other time!

Andrew Barton Paterson

## As Long As Your Eyes Are Blue

'Will you love me, sweet, when my hair is grey
And my cheeks shall have lost their hue?
When the charms of youth shall have passed away
Will your love as of old prove true?

'For the looks may change, and the heart may range
And the love be no longer fond;
Will you love with truth in the years of youth
And away to the years beyond?'

Oh, I love you, sweet, for your locks of brown
And the blush on your cheek that lies,
But I love you most for the kindly heart
That I see in your sweet blue eyes.

For the eyes are the signs of the soul within,
Of the heart that is leal and true,
And, my own sweetheart, I shall love you still,
Just as long as your eyes are blue.

For the locks may bleach, and the cheeks of peach
May be reft of their golden hue;
But, my own sweetheart, I shall love you still,
Just as long as your eyes are blue.

Andrew Barton Paterson

**At the Melting of the Snow**

There's a sunny Southern land,
And it's there that I would be
Where the big hills stand,
In the South Countrie!
When the wattles bloom again,
Then it's time for us to go
To the old Monaro country
At the melting of the snow.
To the East or to the West,
Or wherever you may be,
You will find no place
Like the South Countrie.
For the skies are blue above,
And the grass is green below,
In the old Monaro country
At the melting of the snow.

Now the team is in the plough,
And the thrushes start to sing,
And the pigeons on the bough
Sit a-welcoming the Spring.
So come, my comrades all,
Let us saddle up and go
To the old Monaro country
At the melting of the snow.

Andrew Barton Paterson

**Australia Today 1916**

They came from the lower levels
Deep down in the Brilliant mine;
From the wastes where the whirlwind revels,
Whirling the leaves of pine.
On the western plains, where the Darling flows,
And the dust storms wheel and shift,
The teamster loosened his yokes and bows,
And turned his team adrift.

On the western stations, far and wide,
There's many an empty pen,
For the "ringers" have cast the machines aside
And answered the call for men.

On the lucerne flats where the stream runs slow,
And the Hunter finds the sea,
The women are driving the mowers now,
With the children at their knee.

For the men have gone, as a man must go,
At the call of the rolling drums;
For the men have sworn that the Turks shall know
When the old battalion comes.

Column of companies by the right,
Steady in strong array,
With the sun on the bayonets gleaming bright,
The battalion marched away.

They battled, the old battalion,
Through the toil of the training camps,
Sweated and strove at lectures,
By the light of the stinking lamps.

Marching, shooting, and drilling;
Steady and slow and stern;
Awkward and strange, but willing
All of their job to learn.

Learning to use the rifle;
Learning to use the spade;
Deeming fatigue a trifle
During each long parade.

Till at last they welded
Into a concrete whole,
And there grew in the old battalion
A kind of battalion's soul.

Brotherhood never was like it;
Friendship is not the word;
But deep in that body of marching men

The soul of a nation stirred.

And like one man with a single thought
Cheery and confident;
Ready for all that the future brought,
The old battalion went.

Column of companies by the right,
Steady in strong array,
With the sun on the bayonets gleaming bright,
The battalion marched away.

How shall we tell of the landing
By the hills where the foe were spread,
And the track of the old battalion
Was marked by the Turkish dead?

With the dash that discipline teaches,
Though the hail of the shrapnel flew,
And the forts were raking the beaches,
And the toll of the dead men grew.

They fixed their grip on the gaunt hillside
With a pluck that has won them fame;
And the home-folks know that the dead men died
For the pride of Australia's name.

Column of companies by the right,
To the beat of the rolling drums;
With honours gained in a stirring fight
The old battalion comes!

Andrew Barton Paterson

**Australian Scenery**

The Mountains
A land of sombre, silent hills, where mountain cattle go
By twisted tracks, on sidelings deep, where giant gum trees grow
And the wind replies, in the river oaks, to the song of the stream below.
A land where the hills keep watch and ward, silent and wide awake
As those who sit by a dead campfire, and wait for the dawn to break,
Or those who watched by the Holy Cross for the dead Redeemer's sake.

A land where silence lies so deep that sound itself is dead
And a gaunt grey bird, like a homeless soul, drifts, noiseless, overhead
And the world's great story is left untold, and the message is left unsaid.

The Plains
A land as far as the eye can see, where the waving grasses grow
Or the plains are blackened and burnt and bare, where the false mirages go
Like shifting symbols of hope deferred -- land where you never know.
Land of plenty or land of want, where the grey Companions dance,
Feast or famine, or hope or fear, and in all things land of chance,
Where Nature pampers or Nature slays, in her ruthless, red, romance.

And we catch a sound of a fairy's song, as the wind goes whipping by,
Or a scent like incense drifts along from the herbage ripe and dry
-- Or the dust storms dance on their ballroom floor, where the bones of the cattle lie.

Andrew Barton Paterson

**Been There Before**

There came a stranger to Walgett town,
To Walgett town when the sun was low,
And he carried a thirst that was worth a crown,
Yet how to quench it he did not know;
But he thought he might take those yokels down,
The guileless yokels of Walgett town.
They made him a bet in a private bar,
In a private bar when the talk was high,
And they bet him some pounds no matter how far
He could pelt a stone, yet he could not shy
A stone right over the river so brown,
The Darling River at Walgett town.

He knew that the river from bank to bank
Was fifty yards, and he smiled a smile
As he trundled down; but his hopes they sank,
For there wasn't a stone within fifty mile;
For the saltbush plain and the open down
Produce no quarries in Walgett town.

The yokels laughed at his hopes o'erthrown,
And he stood awhile like a man in a dream;
Then out of his pocket he fetched a stone,
And pelted it over the silent stream –
He'd been there before; he had wandered down
On a previous visit to Walgett town.

Andrew Barton Paterson

**Behind the Scenes**

The actor struts his little hour,
Between the limelight and the band;
The public feel the actor's power,
Yet nothing do they understand
Of all the touches here and there
That make or mar the actor's part,
They never see, beneath the glare,
The artist striving after art.
To them it seems a labour slight
Where nought of study intervenes;
You see it in another light
When once you've been behind the scenes.

For though the actor at his best
Is, like a poet, born not made,
He still must study with a zest
And practise hard to learn his trade.
So, whether on the actor's form
The stately robes of Hamlet sit,
Or as Macbeth he rave and storm,
Or plays burlesque to please the pit,

'Tis each and all a work of art,
That constant care and practice means --
The actor who creates a part
Has done his work behind the scenes.

Andrew Barton Paterson

**Benjamin Bandicoot**

If you walk in the bush at night,
In the wonderful silence deep,
By the flickering lantern light
When the birds are all asleep
You may catch a sight of old Skinny-go-root,
Otherwise Benjamin Bandicoot.

With a snout that can delve and dig,
With claws that are strong as steel,
He roots like a pigmy pig
To get his evening meal,
For creeping creatures and worms and roots
Are highly relished by bandicoots.

Under the grass and the fern
He fashions his beaten track
With many a twist and turn
That wanders and doubles back,
And dogs that think they are most astute
Are baffled by Benjamin Bandicoot.

In the depth of the darkest night,
Without a star in the sky,
He'll come to look at a light,
And scientists wonder why:
If the bush is burning it's time to scoot
Is the notion of Benjamin Bandicoot.

Andrew Barton Paterson

**Billy Barlow In Australia**

When I was at home I was down on my luck,
And I earned a poor living by drawing a truck;
But old aunt died, and left me a thousand—"Oh, oh,
I'll start on my travels," said Billy Barlow.
Oh dear, lackaday, oh,
So off to Australia came Billy Barlow.
When to Sydney I got, there a merchant I met,
Who said he would teach me a fortune to get;
He'd cattle and sheep past the colony's bounds,
Which he sold with the station for my thousand pounds.
Oh dear, lackaday, oh,
He gammon'd the cash out of Billy Barlow.
When the bargain was struck, and the money was paid,
He said, "My dear fellow, your fortune is made;
I can furnish supplies for the station, you know,
And your bill is sufficient, good Mr. Barlow."
Oh dear, lackaday, oh,
A gentleman settler was Billy Barlow.
So I got my supplies, and I gave him my bill,
And for New England started, my pockets to fill;
But by bushrangers met, with my traps they made free,
Took my horse and left Billy bailed to a tree.
Oh dear, lackaday, oh,
"I shall die of starvation," thought Billy Barlow.

At last I got loose, and I walked on my way;
A constable came up, and to me did say,
"Are you free?" Says I, "Yes, to be sure; don't you know?"
And I handed my card, "Mr. William Barlow."
Oh dear, lackaday, oh,
He said, "That's all gammon," to Billy Barlow.
Then he put on the handcuffs, and brought me away
Right back down to Maitland, before Mr. Day.
When I said I was free, why the J.P. replied,
"I must send you down to be i—dentified."
Oh dear, lackaday, oh,
So to Sydney once more went poor Billy Barlow.
They at last let me go, and I then did repair
For my station once more, and at length I got there;
But a few days before, the blacks, you must know,
Had spear'd all the cattle of Billy Barlow.
Oh dear, lackaday, oh,
"It's a beautiful country," said Billy Barlow.

And for nine months before no rain there had been,
So the devil a blade of grass could be seen;
And one-third of my wethers the scab they had got,
And the other two-thirds had just died of the rot.
Oh dear, lackaday, oh,
"I shall soon be a settler," said Billy Barlow.
And the matter to mend, now my bill was near due,
So I wrote to my friend, and just asked to renew;

He replied he was sorry he couldn't, because
The bill had passed into a usurer's claws.
Oh dear, lackaday, oh,
"But perhaps he'll renew it," said Billy Barlow.
I applied; to renew he was quite content,
If secured, and allowed just three hundred per cent.;
But as I couldn't do, Barr, Rodgers, and Co.
Soon sent up a summons for Billy Barlow.
Oh dear, lackaday, oh,
They soon settled the business of Billy Barlow.
For a month or six weeks I stewed over my loss,
And a tall man rode up one day on a black horse;
He asked, "Don't you know me?" I answered him "No."
"Why," said he, "my name's Kinsmill; how are you, Barlow?"
Oh dear, lackaday, oh,
He'd got a fi. fa. for poor Billy Barlow.
What I'd left of my sheep and my traps he did seize,
And he said, "They won't pay all the costs and my fees;"
Then he sold off the lot, and I'm sure 'twas a sin,
At sixpence a head, and the station giv'n in.
Oh dear, lackaday, oh,
"I'll go back to England," said Billy Barlow.
My sheep being sold, and my money all gone,
Oh, I wandered about then quite sad and forlorn;
How I managed to live it would shock you to know,
And as thin as a lath got poor Billy Barlow.
Oh dear, lackaday, oh,
Quite down on his luck was poor Billy Barlow.
And in a few weeks more, the sheriff, you see,
Sent the tall man on horseback once more unto me;
Having got all he could by the writ of fi. fa.,
By way of a change he'd brought up a ca. sa.
Oh dear, lackaday, oh,
He seized on the body of Billy Barlow.
He took me to Sydney, and there they did lock
Poor unfortunate Billy fast "under the clock;"
And to get myself out I was forced, you must know
The schedule to file of poor Billy Barlow.
Oh dear, lackaday, oh,
In the list of insolvents was Billy Barlow.
Then once more I got free, but in poverty's toil;
I've no "cattle for salting," no "sheep for to boil;"
I can't get a job—though to any I'd stoop,
If it was only the making of portable soup."
Oh dear, lackaday, oh,
Pray give some employment to Billy Barlow.

Andrew Barton Paterson

**Black Harry's Team**

No soft-skinned Durham steers are they,
No Devons plump and red,
But brindled, black and iron-grey
That mark the mountain-bred;
For mountain-bred and mountain-broke,
With sullen eyes agleam,
No stranger's hand could put a yoke
On old Black Harry's team.

Pull out, pull out, at break of morn
The creeks are running white,
And Tiger, Spot and Snailey-horn
Must bend their bows by night;
And axles, wheels, and flooring boards
Are swept with flying spray
As shoulder-deep, through mountain fords
The leaders feel their way.

He needs no sign of cross or kirn
To guide him as he goes,
For every twist and every turn
That old black leader knows.
Up mountains  steep they heave and strain
Where never wheel has rolled,
And what the toiling leaders gain
The body-bullocks hold.

Where eagle-hawks their eyries make,
On sidlings steep and blind,
He rigs the good old-fashioned brake---
A tree tied on behind.
Up mountains, straining to the full,
Each poler plays his part---
The sullen, stubborn, bullock-pull
That breaks a horse's heart.

Beyond the farthest bridle track
His wheels have blazed the way;
The forest giants, burnt and black,
Are ear-marked by his dray.
Through belts of scrub, where messmates grow
His juggernaut has rolled,
For stumps and saplings have to go
When Harry's team takes hold.

On easy grade and rubber tyre
The tourist car goes through,

They halt a moment to admire
The far-flung mountain view.
The tourist folk would be amazed
If they could get to know
They take the track Black Harry blazed
A Hundred Years Ago.

Andrew Barton Paterson

**Black Swans**

As I lie at rest on a patch of clover
In the Western Park when the day is done.
I watch as the wild black swans fly over
With their phalanx turned to the sinking sun;
And I hear the clang of their leader crying
To a lagging mate in the rearward flying,
And they fade away in the darkness dying,
Where the stars are mustering one by one.
O ye wild black swans, 'twere a world of wonder
For a while to join in your westward flight,
With the stars above and the dim earth under,
Trough the cooling air of the glorious night.
As we swept along on our pinions winging,
We should catch the chime of a church-bell ringing,
Or the distant note of a torrent singing,
Or the far-off flash of a station light.

From the northern lakes with the reeds and rushes,
Where the hills are clothed with a purple haze,
Where the bell-birds chime and the songs of thrushes
Make music sweet in the jungle maze,
They will hold their course to the westward ever,
Till they reach the banks of the old grey river,
Where the waters wash, and the reed-beds quiver
In the burning heat of the summer days.

O ye strange wild birds, will ye bear a greeting
To the folk that live in that western land?
Then for every sweep of your pinions beating
Ye shall bear a wish to the sunburnt band,
To the stalwart men who are stoutly fighting
With the heat and drought and the dust-storm smiting,
Yet whose life somehow has a strong inviting,
When once to the work they have put their hand.

Facing it yet! O my friend stout-hearted,
What does it matter for rain or shine,
For the hopes deferred and the grain departed?
Nothing could conquer that heart of thine.
And thy health and strength are beyond confessing
As the only joys that are worth possessing.
May the days to come be as rich in blessing
As the days we spent in the auld lang syne.

I would fain go back to the old grey river,
To the old bush days when our hearts were light;
But, alas! those days they have fled for ever,
They are like the swans that have swept from sight.
And I know full well that the strangers' faces
Would meet us now is our dearest places;
For our day is dead and has left no traces
But the thoughts that live in my mind to-night.

There are folk long dead, and our hearts would sicken--
We should grieve for them with a bitter pain;
If the past could live and the dead could quicken,
We then might turn to that life again.
But on lonely nights we should hear them calling,
We should hear their steps on the pathways falling,
We should loathe the life with a hate appalling
In our lonely rides by the ridge and plain

In the silent park a scent of clover,
And the distant roar of the town is dead,
And I hear once more, as the swans fly over,
Their far-off clamour from overhead.
They are flying west, by their instinct guided,
And for man likewise is his rate decided,
And griefs apportioned and joys divided
By a mightly power with a purpose dread.

Andrew Barton Paterson

**Bold Jack Donahoo**

In Dublin town I was brought up, in that city of great fame
My decent friends and parents, they will tell to you the same.
It was for the sake of five hundred pounds I was sent across the main,
For seven long years, in New South Wales, to wear a convict's chain
Then come, my hearties, we'll roam the mountains high!
Together we will plunder, together we will die!
We'll wander over  mountains and we'll gallop over plains
For we scorn to live in slavery, bound down in iron chains.
I'd scarce been there twelve months or more upon the Australian shore,
When I took to the highway, as I'd oft-times done before.
There was me and Jacky Underwood, and Webber and Webster, too.
These were the true associates of bold Jack Donahoo.

Now, Donahoo was taken, all for a notorious crime,
And sentenced to be hanged upon the gallows-tree so high.
But when they came to Sydney gaol, he left them in a stew,
And when they came to call the roll, they missed bold Donahoo.

As Donahoo made his escape, to the bush he went straight- way.
The people they were all afraid to travel night or day
For every week in the newspapers there was published some-thing new
Concerning this dauntless hero, the bold Jack Donahoo!

As Donahoo was cruising, one summer's afternoon,
little was his notion his death was near so soon,
When a sergeant of the horse police discharged his car-a-bine,
And called aloud on Donahoo to fight or to resign.

"Resign to you—you cowardly dogs! a thing I ne'er will do,
For I'll fight this night with all my might," cried bold Jack Donahoo.
"I'd rather roam these hills and dales, like wolf or kangaroo,
Than work one hour for Government!" cried bold Jack Donahoo.

He fought six rounds with the horse police until the fatal ball,
Which pierced his heart and made him start, caused Donahoo to fall.
And as he closed his mournful eyes, he bade this world Adieu,
Saying, "Convicts all, both large and small, say prayers for Donahoo!"

Andrew Barton Paterson

**Boots**

We've travelled per Joe Gardiner, a humping of our swag
In the country of the Gidgee and Belar.
We've swum the Di'mantina with our raiment in a bag,
And we've travelled per superior motor car,
But when we went to Germany we hadn't any choice,
No matter what our training or pursuits,
For they gave us no selection 'twixt a Ford or Rolls de Royce
So we did it in our good Australian boots.
They called us "mad Australians"; they couldn't understand
How officers and men could fraternise,
Thay said that we were "reckless", we were "wild, and out of hand",
With nothing great or sacred to our eyes.
But on one thing you could gamble, in the thickest of the fray,
Though they called us volunteers and raw recruits,
You could track us past the shell holes, and the tracks were all one way
Of the good Australian ammunition boots.

The Highlanders were next of kin, the Irish were a treat,
The Yankees knew it all and had to learn,
The Frenchmen kept it going, both in vict'ry and defeat,
Fighting grimly till the tide was on the turn.
And our army kept beside 'em, did its bit and took its chance,
And I hailed our newborn nation and its fruits,
As I listened to the clatter on the cobblestones of France
Of the good Australian military boots.

Andrew Barton Paterson

**Bottle 'O'**

I ain't the kind of bloke as takes to any steady job;
I drives me bottle cart around the town;
A bloke what keeps 'is eyes about can always make a bob --
I couldn't bear to graft for every brown.
There's lots of handy things about in everybody's yard,
There's cocks and hens a-runnin' to an' fro,
And little dogs what comes and barks -- we take 'em off their guard
And we puts 'em with the Empty Bottle-O!

Chorus --
So it's any "Empty bottles! Any empty bottle-O!"
You can hear us round for half a mile or so
And you'll see the women rushing
To take in the Monday's washing
When they 'ear us crying, "Empty Bottle-O!"

I'm driving down by Wexford-street and up a winder goes,
A girl sticks out 'er 'ead and looks at me,
An all-right tart with ginger 'air, and freckles on 'er nose;
I stops the cart and walks across to see.
"There ain't no bottles 'ere," says she, "since father took the pledge,"
"No bottles 'ere," says I, "I'd like to know
What right 'ave you to stick your 'ead outside the winder ledge,
If you 'aven't got no Empty Bottle-O!"
I sometimes gives the 'orse a spell, and then the push and me
We takes a little trip to Chowder Bay.
Oh! ain't it nice the 'ole day long a-gazin' at the sea
And a-hidin' of the tanglefoot away.
But when the booze gits 'old of us, and fellows starts to "scrap",
There's some what likes blue-metal for to throw:
But as for me, I always says for layin' out a "trap"
There's nothing like an Empty Bottle-O!

Andrew Barton Paterson

**Bourke's Dream**

Lonely and sadly one night in November
I laid down my weary head in search of repose
On my wallet of straw, which I long shall remember,
Tired and weary I fell into a doze.
Tired from working hard
Down in the labour yard,
Night brought relief to my sad, aching brain.
Locked in my prison cell,
Surely an earthly hell,
I fell asleep and began for to dream.

I dreamt that I stood on the green fields of Erin,
In joyous meditation that victory was won.
Surrounded by comrades, no enemy fearing.
"Stand," was the cry, "every man to his gun."
On came the Saxons then
Fighting our Fenian men,
Soon they'll reel back from our piked volunteers.
Loud was the fight and shrill,
Wexford and Vinegar Hill,
Three cheers for Father Murphy and the bold cavaliers.

I dreamt that I saw our gallant commander
Seated on his charger in gorgeous array.
He wore green trimmed with gold and a bright shining sabre
On which sunbeams of Liberty shone brightly that day.
"On," was the battle cry,
"Conquer this day or die,
Sons of Hibernia, fight for Liberty!
Show neither fear nor dread,
Strike at the foeman's head,
Cut down horse, foot, and artillery!"
I dreamt that the night was quickly advancing,
I saw the dead and dying on the green crimson plain.
Comrades I once knew well in death's sleep reposing,
Friends that I once loved but shall ne'er see again.
The green flag was waving high,
Under the bright blue sky,
And each man was singing most gloriously.
"Come from your prison, Bourke,
We Irishmen have done our work,
God has been with us, and old Ireland is free."

I dreamt I was homeward, back over the mountain track,
With joy my mother fainted and gave a loud scream.
With the shock I awoke, just as the day had broke,
And found myself an exile, and 'twas all but a dream.

Andrew Barton Paterson

**Bringing Home The Cows**

Shadows of the twilight falling
On the mountain's brow,
To each other birds are calling,
In the leafy bough.
Where the daisies are a-springing,
And the cattle bells are ringing,
Comes my Mary, gaily singing,
Bringing home the cows.

By a bush the pathway skirted,
Room for two allows.
All the cornfields are deserted,
Idle are the ploughs.
Striving for wealth's spoil and booty,
Farmer boys have finished duty,
When I meet my little beauty,
 Bringing home the cows.

Tender words and kind addresses,
Most polite of bows,
Rosy cheeks and wavy tresses
 Do my passions rouse

Dress so natty and so cleanly,
Air so modest and so queenly.
Oh! so haughty, yet serenely,
 Bringing home the cows.

Arm-in-arm together walking,
While the cattle browse,
Earnestly together talking,
Plighting lovers' vows.
Where the daisies are a-springing,
Wedding bells will soon be ringing,
Then we'll watch our servant bringing
Mine and Mary's cows.

Andrew Barton Paterson

**Brumby's Run**

It lies beyond the Western Pines
Towards the sinking sun,
And not a survey mark defines
The bounds of "Brumby's Run".

On odds and ends of mountain land,
On tracks of range and rock
Where no one else can make a stand,
Old Brumby rears his stock.

A wild, unhandled lot they are
Of every shape and breed.
They venture out 'neath moon and star
Along the flats to feed;

But when the dawn makes pink the sky
And steals along the plain,
The Brumby horses turn and fly
Towards the hills again.

The traveller by the mountain-track
May hear their hoof-beats pass,
And catch a glimpse of brown and black
Dim shadows on the grass.
The eager stockhorse pricks his ears
And lifts his head on high
In wild excitement when he hears
The Brumby mob go by.

Old Brumby asks no price or fee
O'er all his wide domains:
The man who yards his stock is free
To keep them for his pains.

So, off to scour the mountain-side
With eager eyes aglow,
To strongholds where the wild mobs hide
The gully-rakers go.

A rush of horses through the trees,
A red shirt making play;
A sound of stockwhips on the breeze,
They vanish far away!

Ah, me! before our day is done
We long with bitter pain
To ride once more on Brumby's Run
And yard his mob again.

A.B. (Banjo) Paterson

Andrew Barton Paterson

**Buffalo Country**

Out where the grey streams glide,
Sullen and deep and slow,
And the alligators slide
From the mud to the depths below
Or drift on the stream like a floating death,
Where the fever comes on the south wind's breath,
There is the buffalo.
Out of the big lagoons,
Where the Regia lilies float,
And the Nankin heron croons
With a deep ill-omened note,
In the ooze and the mud of the swamps below
Lazily wallows the buffalo,
Buried to nose and throat.

From the hunter's gun he hides
In the jungle's dark and damp,
Where the slinking dingo glides
And the flying foxes camp;
Hanging like myriad fiends in line
Where the trailing creepers twist and twine
And the sun is a sluggish lamp.

On the edge of the rolling plains
Where the coarse cane grasses swell,
Lush with the tropic rains
In the noontide's drowsy spell,
Slowly the buffalo grazes through
Where the brolgas dance, and the jabiru
Stands like a sentinel.

All that the world can know
Of the wild and the weird is here,
Where the black men come and go
With their boomerang and spear,
And the wild duck darken the evening sky
As they fly to their nests in the reed beds high
When the tropic night is near.

Andrew Barton Paterson

**Bush Christening**

On the outer Barcoo where the churches are few,
And men of religion are scanty,
On a road never cross'd 'cept by folk that are lost,
One Michael Magee had a shanty.
Now this Mike was the dad of a ten year old lad,
Plump, healthy, and stoutly conditioned;
He was strong as the best, but poor Mike had no rest
For the youngster had never been christened.

And his wife used to cry, `If the darlin' should die
Saint Peter would not recognise him.'
But by luck he survived till a preacher arrived,
Who agreed straightaway to baptise him.

Now the artful young rogue, while they held their collogue,
With his ear to the keyhole was listenin',
And he muttered in fright, while his features turned white,
`What the divil and all is this christenin'?'

He was none of your dolts, he had seen them brand colts,
And it seemed to his small understanding,
If the man in the frock made him one of the flock,
It must mean something very like branding.

So away with a rush he set off for the bush,
While the tears in his eyelids they glistened --
`'Tis outrageous,' says he, `to brand youngsters like me,
I'll be dashed if I'll stop to be christened!'

Like a young native dog he ran into a log,
And his father with language uncivil,
Never heeding the `praste' cried aloud in his haste,
`Come out and be christened, you divil!'

But he lay there as snug as a bug in a rug,
And his parents in vain might reprove him,
Till his reverence spoke (he was fond of a joke)
`I've a notion,' says he, `that'll move him.'

`Poke a stick up the log, give the spalpeen a prog;
Poke him aisy -- don't hurt him or maim him,
'Tis not long that he'll stand, I've the water at hand,
As he rushes out this end I'll name him.

`Here he comes, and for shame! ye've forgotten the name --
Is it Patsy or Michael or Dinnis?'
Here the youngster ran out, and the priest gave a shout --
`Take your chance, anyhow, wid `Maginnis'!'

As the howling young cub ran away to the scrub
Where he knew that pursuit would be risky,
The priest, as he fled, flung a flask at his head

That was labelled `MAGINNIS'S WHISKY'!

And Maginnis Magee has been made a J.P.,
And the one thing he hates more than sin is
To be asked by the folk, who have heard of the joke,
How he came to be christened `Maginnis'!

A.B. (Banjo) Paterson

Andrew Barton Paterson

**By the Grey Gulf-water**

Far to the Northward there lies a land,
A wonderful land that the winds blow over,
And none may fathom or understand
The charm it holds for the restless rover;
A great grey chaos -- a land half made,
Where endless space is and no life stirreth;
There the soul of a man will recoil afraid
From the sphinx-like visage that Nature weareth.
But old Dame Nature, though scornful, craves
Her dole of death and her share of slaughter;
Many indeed are the nameless graves
Where her victims sleep by the Grey Gulf-water.
Slowly and slowly those grey streams glide,
Drifting along with a languid motion,
Lapping the reed-beds on either side,
Wending their way to the North Ocean.
Grey are the plains where the emus pass
Silent and slow, with their dead demeanour;
Over the dead man's graves the grass
Maybe is waving a trifle greener.
Down in the world where men toil and spin
Dame Nature smiles as man's hand has taught her;
Only the dead men her smiles can win
In the great lone land by the Grey Gulf-water.

For the strength of man is an insect's strength
In the face of that mighty plain and river,
And the life of a man is a moment's length
To the life of the stream that will run for ever.
And so it comes that they take no part
In small world worries; each hardy rover
Rides like a paladin, light of heart,
With the plains around and the blue sky over.
And up in the heavens the brown lark sings
The songs the strange wild land has taught her;
Full of thanksgiving her sweet song rings --
And I wish I were back by the Grey Gulf-water.

Andrew Barton Paterson

**Camouflage**

Beside the bare and beaten track of travelling flocks and herds
The woodpecker went tapping on, the postman of the birds,
"I've got a letter here," he said, "that no one's understood,
Addressed as follows: 'To the bird that's like a piece of wood.'
"The soldier bird got very cross -- it wasn't meant for her;
The spurwing plover had a try to stab me with a spur:
The jackass laughed, and said the thing was written for a lark.
I think I'll chuck this postman job and take to stripping bark."

Then all the birds for miles around came in to lend a hand;
They perched upon a broken limb as thick as they could stand,
And just as old man eaglehawk prepared to have his say
A portion of the broken limb got up and flew away.

Then, casting grammar to the winds, the postman said, "That's him!
The boobook owl -- he squats himself along a broken limb,
And pokes his beak up like a stick; there's not a bird, I vow,
Can tell you which is boobook owl and which is broken bough.

"And that's the thing he calls his nest -- that jerry-built affair --
A bunch of sticks across a fork; I'll leave his letter there.
A cuckoo wouldn't use his nest, but what's the odds to him --
A bird that tries to imitate a piece of leaning limb!"

Andrew Barton Paterson

**Cassidy's Epitaph**

Here lies a bloke who's just gone West,
A Number One Australian;
He took his gun and did his best
To mitigate the alien.
So long as he could get to work
He needed no sagacity;
A German, Austrian, or Turk,
Were all the same to Cassidy.
Wherever he could raise "the stuff"
-- A liquor deleterious --
The question when he'd have enough
Was apt to be mysterious.
'Twould worry prudent folks a lot
Through mental incapacity;
If he could keep it down or not,
Was all the same to Cassidy.

And when the boys would start a dance,
In honour of Terpsichore,
'Twas just an even-money chance
You'd find him rather shickery.
But once he struck his proper stride,
And heard the band's vivacity,
The jazz, the tango, or the slide
Was all the same to Cassidy.

And now he's gone to face the Light,
With all it may reveal to him,
A life without a drink or fight
Perhaps may not appeal to him;
But when St Peter calls the roll
Of men of proved tenacity,
You'll find the front-rank right-hand man
Will answer; "Here . . . Cassidy."

Andrew Barton Paterson

## Clancy of the Overflow

Clancy of the Overflow ...

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".
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."

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.

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.

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

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.

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.

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".

Banjo Paterson

Andrew Barton Paterson

## Colonial Experience

When first I came to Sydney Cove
And up and down the streets did rove,
I thought such sights I ne'er did see
Since first I learnt my A, B, C.

Oh! it's broiling in the morning,
It's toiling in the morning,
It's broiling in the morning,
It's toiling all day long.

Into the park I took a stroll
I felt just like a buttered roll.
A pretty name "The Sunny South!"
A better one "The Land of Drouth!"

Next day into the bush I went,
On wild adventure I was bent,
Dame Nature's wonders I'd explore,
All thought of danger would ignore.

The mosquitoes and bull-dog ants
Assailed me even through my pants.
It nearly took my breath away
To hear the jackass laugh so gay!

This lovely country, I've been told,
Abounds in silver and in gold.
You may pick it up all day,
Just as leaves in autumn lay!

Marines will chance this yarn believe,
But bluejackets you can't deceive.
Such pretty stories will not fit,
Nor can I their truth admit.

Some say there's lots of work to do.
Well, yes, but then, 'twixt me and you,
A man may toil and broil all day
The big, fat man gets all the pay,

Mayhap such good things there may be,
But you may have them all, for me,
Instead of roaming foreign parts
I wish I'd studied the Fine Arts!

Andrew Barton Paterson

**Come-by-Chance**

As I pondered very weary o'er a volume long and dreary --
For the plot was void of interest; 'twas the Postal Guide, in fact --
There I learnt the true location, distance, size and population
Of each township, town, and village in the radius of the Act.
And I learnt that Puckawidgee stands beside the Murrumbidgee,
And the Booleroi and Bumble get their letters twice a year,
Also that the post inspector, when he visited Collector,
Closed the office up instanter, and re-opened Dungalear.

But my languid mood forsook me, when I found a name that took me;
Quite by chance I came across it -- "Come-by-Chance" was what I read;
No location was assigned it, not a thing to help one find it,
Just an N which stood for northward, and the rest was all unsaid.

I shall leave my home, and forthward wander stoutly to the northward
Till I come by chance across it, and I'll straightway settle down;
For there can't be any hurry, nor the slightest cause for worry
Where the telegraph don't reach you nor the railways run to town.

And one's letters and exchanges come by chance across the ranges,
Where a wiry young Australian leads a packhorse once a week,
And the good news grows by keeping, and you're spared the pain of weeping
Over bad news when the mailman drops the letters in a creek.

But I fear, and more's the pity, that there's really no such city,
For there's not a man can find it of the shrewdest folk I know;
"Come-by-Chance", be sure it never means a land of fierce endeavour --
It is just the careless country where the dreamers only go.

* * * * * * *

Though we work and toil and hustle in our life of haste and bustle,
All that makes our life worth living comes unstriven for and free;
Man may weary and importune, but the fickle goddess Fortune
Deals him out his pain or pleasure, careless what his worth may be.

All the happy times entrancing, days of sport and nights of dancing,
Moonlit rides and stolen kisses, pouting lips and loving glance:
When you think of these be certain you have looked behind the curtain,
You have had the luck to linger just a while in "Come-by-Chance".

Andrew Barton Paterson

## Commandeering

Our hero was a Tommy with a conscience free from care,
And such an open countenance that when he breathed the air
He mopped up all the atmosphere -- so little went to spare
You could hardly say he breathed, he "commandeered" it.
For nowadays you'll notice when a man is "on the make",
And other people's property is anxious for to take,
We never use such words as "steal", or "collar", "pinch", or "shake".
No, the fashion is to say we "commandeered" it.

And our simple-minded hero used to grumble at his lot,
Said he, "This commandeerin's just a little bit too hot,
A fellow has to carry every blooming thing he's got;
Whatever he puts down they'll commandeer it."

So after much anxiety our simple-minded elf
He thought he'd do a little commandeering for himself,
And the first thing that he'd noticed was a bottle on a shelf
In a cottage, so he thought he'd commandeer it.

"What ho!" says he, "a bottle, and, by George, it's full of beer,
And no commanding officer to come and interfere.
Here's my own blooming health," says he, "I'm on the commandeer."
And without another word he commandeered it.

On his subsequent proceedings we must draw a little veil,
For the Boers had left some sheep dip in that bottle labelled "Ale";
But the doctor said he's shift it -- if all other methods fail,
We must use the stomach pump and commandeer it.

Andrew Barton Paterson

## Conroy's Gap

This was the way of it, don't you know --
Ryan was "wanted" for stealing sheep,
And never a trooper, high or low,
Could find him -- catch a weasel asleep!
Till Trooper Scott, from the Stockman's Ford --
A bushman, too, as I've heard them tell --
Chanced to find him drunk as a lord
Round at the Shadow of Death Hotel.
D'you know the place? It's a wayside inn,
A low grog-shanty -- a bushman trap,
Hiding away in its shame and sin
Under the shelter of Conroy's Gap --
Under the shade of that frowning range
The roughest crowd that ever drew breath --
Thieves and rowdies, uncouth and strange,
Were mustered round at the "Shadow of Death".

The trooper knew that his man would slide
Like a dingo pup, if he saw the chance;
And with half a start on the mountain side
Ryan would lead him a merry dance.
Drunk as he was when the trooper came,
to him that did not matter a rap --
Drunk or sober, he was the same,
The boldest rider in Conroy's Gap.

"I want you, Ryan," the trooper said,
"And listen to me, if you dare resist,
So help me heaven, I'll shoot you dead!"
He snapped the steel on his prisoner's wrist,
And Ryan, hearing the handcuffs click,
Recovered his wits as they turned to go,
For fright will sober a man as quick
As all the drugs that the doctors know.

There was a girl in that shanty bar
Went by the name of Kate Carew,
Quiet and shy as the bush girls are,
But ready-witted and plucky, too.
She loved this Ryan, or so they say,
And passing by, while her eyes were dim
With tears, she said in a careless way,
"The Swagman's round in the stable, Jim."

Spoken too low for the trooper's ear,
Why should she care if he heard or not?
Plenty of swagmen far and near --
And yet to Ryan it meant a lot.
That was the name of the grandest horse
In all the district from east to west;
In every show ring, on every course,
They always counted The Swagman best.

He was a wonder, a raking bay --
One of the grand old Snowdon strain --
One of the sort that could race and stay
With his mighty limbs and his length of rein.
Born and bred on the mountain side,
He could race through scrub like a kangaroo;
The girl herself on his back might ride,
And The Swagman would carry her safely through.

He would travel gaily from daylight's flush
Till after the stars hung out their lamps;
There was never his like in the open bush,
And never his match on the cattle-camps.
For faster horses might well be found
On racing tracks, or a plain's extent,
But few, if any, on broken ground
Could see the way that The Swagman went.

When this girl's father, old Jim Carew,
Was droving out on the Castlereagh
With Conroy's cattle, a wire came through
To say that his wife couldn't live the day.
And he was a hundred miles from home,
As flies the crow, with never a track
Through plains as pathless as ocean's foam;
He mounted straight on The Swagman's back.

He left the camp by the sundown light,
And the settlers out on the Marthaguy
Awoke and heard, in the dead of night,
A single horseman hurrying by.
He crossed the Bogan at Dandaloo,
And many a mile of the silent plain
That lonely rider behind him threw
Before they settled to sleep again.

He rode all noght, and he steered his course
By the shining stars with a bushman's skill,
And every time that he pressed his horse
The Swagman answered him gamely still.
He neared his home as the east was bright.
The doctor met him outside the town
"Carew! How far did you come last night?"
"A hundred miles since the sun went down."

And his wife got round, and an oath he passed,
So long as he or one of his breed
Could raise a coin, though it took their last,
The Swagman never should want a feed.
And Kate Carew, when her father died,
She kept the horse and she kept him well;

The pride of the district far and wide,
He lived in style at the bush hotel.

Such wasThe Swagman; and Ryan knew
Nothing about could pace the crack;
Little he'd care for the man in blue
If once he got on The Swagman's back.
But how to do it? A word let fall
Gave him the hint as the girl passed by;
Nothing but "Swagman -- stable wall;
Go to the stable and mind your eye."

He caught her meaning, and quickly turned
To the trooper: "Reckon you'll gain a stripe
By arresting me, and it's easily earned;
Let's go to the stable and get my pipe,
The Swagman has it." So off they went,
And as soon as ever they turned their backs
The girl slipped down, on some errand bent
Behind the stable and seized an axe.

The trooper stood at the stable door
While Ryan went in quite cool and slow,
And then (the trick had been played before)
The girl outside gave the wall a blow.
Three slabs fell out of the stable wall --
'Twas done 'fore ever the trooper knew --
And Ryan, as soon as he saw them fall,
Mounted The Swagman and rushed him through.

The trooper heard the hoof-beats ring
In the stable yard, and he jammed the gate,
But The Swagman rose with a mighty spring
At the fence, and the trooper fired too late
As they raced away, and his shots flew wide,
And Ryan no longer need care a rap,
For never a horse that was lapped in hide
Could catch The Swagman in Conroy's Gap.

And that's the story. You want to know
If Ryan came back to his Kate Carew;
Of course he should have, as stories go,
But the worst of it is this story's true:
And in real life it's a certain rule,
Whatever poets and authors say
Of high-toned robbers and all their school,
These horsethief fellows aren't built that way.

Come back! Don't hope it -- the slinking hound,
He sloped across to the Queensland side,
And sold The Swagman for fifty pound,
And stole the money, and more beside.

And took to drink, and by some good chance
Was killed -- thrown out of a stolen trap.
And that was the end of this small romance,
The end of the story of Conroy's Gap.

Andrew Barton Paterson

**Daylight is Dying**

The daylight is dying
Away in the west,
The wild birds are flying
in silence to rest;
In leafage and frondage
Where shadows are deep,
They pass to its bondage--
The kingdom of sleep
And watched in their sleeping
By stars in the height,
They rest in your keeping,
O wonderful night.
When night doth her glories
Of starshine unfold,
'Tis then that the stories
Of bush-land are told.

Unnumbered I told them
In memories bright,
But who could unfold them,
Or read them aright?
Beyond all denials
The stars in their glories,
The breeze in the myalls,
Are part of these stories.

The waving of grasses,
The song of the river
That sings as it passes
For ever and ever,
The hobble-chains' rattle,
The calling of birds,
The lowing of cattle
Must blend with the words.

Without these, indeed you
Would find it ere long,
As though I should read you
The words of a song
That lamely would linger
When lacking the rune,
The voice of a singer,
The lilt of the tune.

But as one halk-bearing
An old-time refrain,
With memory clearing,
Recalls it again,
These tales roughly wrought of
The Bush and its ways,
May call back a thought of
The wandering days;

And, blending with each
In the memories that throng
There haply shall reach
You some echo of song.

Andrew Barton Paterson

**Do They Know?**

Do they know? At the turn to the straight
Where the favourites fail,
And every last atom of weight
Is telling its tale;
As some grim old stayer hard-pressed
Runs true to his breed,
And with head in front of the rest
Fights on in the lead;
When the jockeys are out with the whips,
With a furlong to go,
And the backers grow white in the lips --
Do you think they don't know?
Do they know? As they come back to weigh
In a whirlwind of cheers,
Though the spurs have left marks of the fray,
Though the sweat on the ears
Gathers cold, and they sob with distress
As they roll up the track,
They know just as well their success
As the man on their back.
As they walk through a dense human lane
That sways to and fro,
And cheers them again and again,
Do you think they don't know?

Andrew Barton Paterson

**Driver Smith**

'Twas Driver Smith of Battery A was anxious to see a fight;
He thought of the Transvaal all the day, he thought of it all the night --
"Well, if the battery's left behind, I'll go to the war," says he,
"I'll go a-driving and ambulance in the ranks of the A.M.C.
"I'm fairly sick of these here parades -- it's want of a change that kills --
A-charging the Randwick Rifle Range and aiming at Surry Hills.
And I think if I go with the ambulance I'm certain to find a show,
For they have to send the Medical men wherever the troops can go.

"Wherever the rifle bullets flash and the Maxims raise a din,
It's here you'll find the Medical men a-raking the wounded in --
A-raking 'em in like human flies -- and a driver smart like me
Will find some scope for his extra skill in the ranks of the A.M.C."

So Driver Smith he went to war a-cracking his driver's whip,
From ambulance to collecting base they showed him his regular trip.
And he said to the boys that were marching past, as he gave his whip a crack,
"You'll walk yourselves to the fight," says he -- "Lord spare me, I'll drive you back."

Now the fight went on in the Transvaal hills for the half of a day or more,
And Driver Smith he worked his trip -- all aboard for the seat of war!
He took his load from the stretcher men and hurried 'em homeward fast
Till he heard a sound that he knew full well -- a battery rolling past.

He heard the clink of the leading chains and the roll of the guns behind --
He heard the crack of the drivers' whips, and he says to 'em, "Strike me blind,
I'll miss me trip with this ambulance, although I don't care to shirk,
But I'll take the car off the line today and follow the guns at work."

Then up the Battery Colonel came a-cursing 'em black in the face.
"Sit down and shift 'e,, you drivers there, and gallop 'em into place."
So off the Battery rolled and swung, a-going a merry dance,
And holding his own with the leading gun goes Smith with his ambulance.

They opened fire on the mountain side, a-peppering by and large,
When over the hill above their flank the Boers came down at the charge;
They rushed the guns with a daring rush, a-volleying left and right,
And Driver Smith and his ambulance moved up to the edge of the fight.

The gunners stuck to their guns like men, and fought as the wild cats fight,
For a Battery man don't leave his gun with ever a hope in sight;
But the bullets sang and the Mausers cracked and the Battery men gave away,
Till Driver Smith with his ambulance drove into the thick of the fray.

He saw the head of the Transvaal troop a-thundering to and fro,
A hard old face with a monkey beard -- a face that he seemed to know;
"Now who's that leader?" said Driver Smith. "I've seen him before today.
Why, bless my heart, but it's Kruger's self," and he jumped for him straight away.

He collared old Kruger round the waist and hustled him into the van.
It wasn't according to stretcher drill for raising a wounded man;
But he forced him in and said, "All aboard, we're off for a little ride,

And you'll have the car to yourself," says he, "I reckon we're full inside."

He wheeled his team on the mountain side and set 'em a merry pace,
A-galloping over the rocks and stones, and a lot of the Boers gave chase;
Bur Driver Smith had a fairish start, and he said to the Boers, "Good-day,
You have Buckley's chance for to catch a man that was trained in Battery A."

He drove his team to the hospital bed and said to the P.M.O.,
"Beg pardon, sir, but I missed the trip, mistaking the way to go;
And Kruger came to the ambulance and asked could we spare a bed,
So I fetched him here, and we'll take him home to show for a bob a head."

So the word went round to the English troops to say they need fight no more,
For Driver Smith with his ambulance had ended the blooming war.
And in London now at the music halls he's starring it every night,
And drawing a hundred pounds a week to tell how he won the fight.

Andrew Barton Paterson

## El Mahdi to the Australian Troops

And wherefore have they come, this warlike band,
That o'er the ocean many a weary day
Have tossed; and now beside Suakim's Bay,
With faces stern and resolute, do stand,
Waking the desert's echoes with the drum --
Men of Australia, wherefore have ye come?
To keep the Puppet Khedive on the throne,
To strike a blow for tyranny and wrong,
To crush the weak and aid the oppressing strong!
Regardless of the hapless Fellah's moan,
To force the payment of the Hebrew loan,
Squeezing the tax like blood from out the stone?

And fair Australia, freest of the free,
Is up in arms against the freeman's fight;
And with her mother joined to crush the right --
Has left her threatened treasures o'er the sea,
Has left her land of liberty and law
To flesh her maiden sword in this unholy war.

Enough! God never blessed such enterprise --
England's degenerate Generals yet shall rue
Brave Gordon sacrificed, when soon they view
The children of a thousand deserts rise
To drive them forth like sand before the gale --
God and the Prophet! Freedom will prevail.

Andrew Barton Paterson

**Father Riley's Horse**

'Twas the horse thief, Andy Regan, that was hunted like a dog
By the troopers of the upper Murray side,
They had searched in every gully -- they had looked in every log,
But never sight or track of him they spied,
Till the priest at Kiley's Crossing heard a knocking very late
And a whisper "Father Riley -- come across!"
So his Rev'rence in pyjamas trotted softly to the gate
And admitted Andy Regan -- and a horse!
"Now, it's listen, Father Riley, to the words I've got to say,
For it's close upon my death I am tonight.
With the troopers hard behind me I've been hiding all the day
In the gullies keeping close and out of sight.
But they're watching all the ranges till there's not a bird could fly,
And I'm fairly worn to pieces with the strife,
So I'm taking no more trouble, but I'm going home to die,
'Tis the only way I see to save my life.

"Yes, I'm making home to mother's, and I'll die o' Tuesday next
An' be buried on the Thursday -- and, of course,
I'm prepared to meet my penance, but with one thing I'm perplexed
And it's -- Father, it's this jewel of a horse!
He was never bought nor paid for, and there's not a man can swear
To his owner or his breeder, but I know,
That his sire was by Pedantic from the Old Pretender mare
And his dam was close related to The Roe.

"And there's nothing in the district that can race him for a step,
He could canter while they're going at their top:
He's the king of all the leppers that was ever seen to lep,
A five-foot fence -- he'd clear it in a hop!
So I'll leave him with you, Father, till the dead shall rise again,
Tis yourself that knows a good 'un; and, of course,
You can say he's got by Moonlight out of Paddy Murphy's plain
If you're ever asked the breeding of the horse!

"But it's getting on to daylight and it's time to say goodbye,
For the stars above the east are growing pale.
And I'm making home to mother -- and it's hard for me to die!
But it's harder still, is keeping out of gaol!
You can ride the old horse over to my grave across the dip
Where the wattle bloom is waving overhead.
Sure he'll jump them fences easy -- you must never raise the whip
Or he'll rush 'em! -- now, goodbye!" and he had fled!

So they buried Andy Regan, and they buried him to rights,
In the graveyard at the back of Kiley's Hill;
There were five-and-twenty mourners who had five-and-twenty fights
Till the very boldest fighters had their fill.
There were fifty horses racing from the graveyard to the pub,
And their riders flogged each other all the while.
And the lashin's of the liquor! And the lavin's of the grub!
Oh, poor Andy went to rest in proper style.

Then the races came to Kiley's -- with a steeplechase and all,
For the folk were mostly Irish round about,
And it takes an Irish rider to be fearless of a fall,
They were training morning in and morning out.
But they never started training till the sun was on the course
For a superstitious story kept 'em back,
That the ghost of Andy Regan on a slashing chestnut horse,
Had been training by the starlight on the track.

And they read the nominations for the races with surprise
And amusement at the Father's little joke,
For a novice had been entered for the steeplechasing prize,
And they found it was Father Riley's moke!
He was neat enough to gallop, he was strong enough to stay!
But his owner's views of training were immense,
For the Reverend Father Riley used to ride him every day,
And he never saw a hurdle nor a fence.

And the priest would join the laughter: "Oh," said he, "I put him in,
For there's five-and-twenty sovereigns to be won.
And the poor would find it useful, if the chestnut chanced to win,
And he'll maybe win when all is said and done!"
He had called him Faugh-a-ballagh, which is French for 'Clear the course',
And his colours were a vivid shade of green:
All the Dooleys and O'Donnells were on Father Riley's horse,
While the Orangemen were backing Mandarin!

It was Hogan, the dog poisoner -- aged man and very wise,
Who was camping in the racecourse with his swag,
And who ventured the opinion, to the township's great surprise,
That the race would go to Father Riley's nag.
"You can talk about your riders -- and the horse has not been schooled,
And the fences is terrific, and the rest!
When the field is fairly going, then ye'll see ye've all been fooled,
And the chestnut horse will battle with the best.

"For there's some has got condition, and they think the race is sure,
And the chestnut horse will fall beneath the weight,
But the hopes of all the helpless, and the prayers of all the poor,
Will be running by his side to keep him straight.
And it's what's the need of schoolin' or of workin' on the track,
Whin the saints are there to guide him round the course!
I've prayed him over every fence -- I've prayed him out and back!
And I'll bet my cash on Father Riley's horse!"

*

Oh, the steeple was a caution! They went tearin' round and round,
And the fences rang and rattled where they struck.
There was some that cleared the water -- there was more fell in and drowned,
Some blamed the men and others blamed the luck!

But the whips were flying freely when the field came into view,
For the finish down the long green stretch of course,
And in front of all the flyers -- jumpin' like a kangaroo,
Came the rank outsider -- Father Riley's horse!

Oh, the shouting and the cheering as he rattled past the post!
For he left the others standing, in the straight;
And the rider -- well they reckoned it was Andy Regan's ghost,
And it beat 'em how a ghost would draw the weight!
But he weighed in, nine stone seven, then he laughed and disappeared,
Like a banshee (which is Spanish for an elf),
And old Hogan muttered sagely, "If it wasn't for the beard
They'd be thinking it was Andy Regan's self!"

And the poor of Kiley's Crossing drank the health at Christmastide
Of the chestnut and his rider dressed in green.
There was never such a rider, not since Andy Regan died,
And they wondered who on earth he could have been.
But they settled it among 'em, for the story got about,
'Mongst the bushmen and the people on the course,
That the Devil had been ordered to let Andy Regan out
For the steeplechase on Father Riley's horse!

Andrew Barton Paterson

**Fed Up**

I ain't a timid man at all, I'm just as brave as most,
I'll take my chance in open fight and die beside my post;
But riding round the 'ole day long as target for a Krupp,
A-drawing fire from Koppies -- well, I'm fair fed up.
It's wonderful how few get hit, it's luck that pulls us through;
Their rifle fire's no class at all, it misses me and you;
But when they sprinkle shells around like water from a cup
From that there blooming pom-pom gun -- well, I'm fed up.

We never get a chance to charge, to do a thrust and cut,
I'll have to chuck the Cavalry and join the Mounted Fut.
But after all -- What's Mounted Fut? I saw them t'other day,
They occupied a koppie when the Boers had run away.
The Cavalry went riding on and seen a score of fights,
But there they kept them Mounted Fut three solid days and nights --
Three solid starving days and nights with scarce a bite or sup.
Well! after that on Mounted Fut I'm fair fed up.

And tramping with the Footies ain't as easy as it looks,
They scarcely ever see a Boer except in picture books.
They do a march of twenty mile that leaves 'em nearly dead,
And then they find the bloomin' Boers is twenty miles ahead.
Each Footy is as full of fight as any bulldog pup,
But walking forty miles to fight -- well, I'm fed up.

So after all I think that when I leave the Cavalry
I'll either join the ambulance or else the A.S.C.;
They've always tucker in the plate and coffee in the cup,
But bully beef and biscuits -- well! I'm fair fed up!

Andrew Barton Paterson

**Flash Jack From Gundagai**

I've shore at Burrabogie, and I've shore at Toganmain,
I've shore at big Willandra and upon the old Coleraine,
But before the shearin' was over I've wished myself back, again
Shearin' for old Tom Patterson, on the One Tree Plain.

All among the wool, boys,
Keep your wide blades full, boys,
I can do a respectable tally myself whenever I like to try,
But they know me round the back blocks as Flash Jack from Gundagai.

I've shore at big Willandra and I've shore at Tilberoo,
And once I drew my blades, my boys, upon the famed Barcoo,
At Cowan Downs and Trida, as far as Moulamein,
But I always was glad to get back again to the One Tree Plain.

I've pinked 'em with the Wolseleys and I've rushed with B-bows, too,
And shaved 'em in the grease, my boys, with the grass seed showing through.
But I never slummed my pen, my lads, whate'er it might contain,
While shearin' for old Tom Patterson, on the One Tree Plain.
I've been whalin' up the Lachlan, and I've dossed on Cooper's Creek,
And once I rung Cudjingie shed, and blued it in a week.
But when Gabriel blows his trumpet, lads, I'll catch the morning train,
And I'll push for old Tom Patterson's, on the One Tree Plain.

Andrew Barton Paterson

**Flying Squirrels**

On the rugged water shed
At the top of the bridle track
Where years ago, as the old men say,
The splitters went with a bullock dray
But never a dray came back.

At the time of the gum tree bloom,
When the scent in the air is strong,
And the blossom stirs in the evening breeze,
You may see the squirrels among the trees,
Playing the whole night long.

Never a care at all
Bothers their simple brains;
You can see them glide in the moonlight dim
From tree to tree and from limb to limb,
Little grey aeroplanes.

Each like a dormouse sleeps
In the spout of a gum tree old,
A ball of fur with a silver coat;
Each with his tail around his throat
For fear of his catching cold.

These are the things he eats,
Asking his friends to dine:
Moths and beetles and newborn shoots,
Honey and snacks of the native fruits,
And a glass of dew for wine.

Andrew Barton Paterson

**Frogs in chorus**

The chorus frogs in the big lagoon
Would sing their songs to the silvery moon.
Tenor singers were out of place,
For every frog was a double bass.
But never a human chorus yet
Could beat the accurate time they set.
The solo singer began the joke;
He sang, "As long as I live I'll croak,
    Croak, I'll croak,"
And the chorus followed him: "Croak, croak, croak!"

The poet frog, in his plaintive tone,
Sang of a sorrow was all his own;
"How shall I win to my heart's desire?
How shall I feel my spirit's fire?"
And the solo frog in his deepest croak,
"To fire your spirit," he sang, "eat coke,
    Coke, eat coke,"
And the chorus followed him: "Coke, coke, coke!"

The green frog sat in a swampy spot
And he sang the song of he knew not what.
"The world is rotten, oh cursed plight,
That I am the frog that must set it right.
How shall I scatter the shades that lurk?"
And the old man bullfrog sang, "Get work,
    Work, get work,"
And the chorus followed him: "Work, work, work!"

The soaring spirits that fain would fly
On wings of hope to the starry sky
Must face the snarls of the jealous dogs,
For the world is ruled by its chorus frogs.

Andrew Barton Paterson

**Frying Pan's Theology**

Shock-headed blackfellow,
Boy (on a pony).
Snowflakes are falling
Gentle and slow,
Youngster says, "Frying Pan
What makes it snow?"

Frying Pan, confident,
Makes the reply --
"Shake 'im big flour bag
Up in the sky!"

"What! when there's miles of it?
Surely that's brag.
Who is there strong enough
Shake such a bag?"

"What parson tellin' you,
Ole Mister Dodd,
Tell you in Sunday-School?
Big pfeller God!

"Him drive 'im bullock dray,
Then thunder go;
Him shake 'im flour bag --
Tumble down snow!"

Andrew Barton Paterson

**Fur And Feathers**

The emus formed a football team
Up Walgett way;
Their dark-brown sweaters were a dream
But kangaroos would sit and scream
To watch them play.

'Now, butterfingers,' they would call,
And suck-like names;
The emus couldn't hold the ball
They had no hands, but hands aren't all
In football games.

A match against the kangaroos
They played one day.
The kangaroos were forced to choose
Some wallabies and wallaroos
That played in grey.

The rules that in the west prevail
Would shock the town;
For when a kangaroo set sail
An emu jumped upon his tail
And fetched him down.

A whistler duck as referee
Was not admired.
He whistled so incessantly
The teams rebelled, and up a tree
He soon retired.

The old marsupial captain said,
'It's do or die!'
So down the ground like fire he fled
And leaped above an emu's head
And scored a try.

Then shouting, 'Keep it on the toes!'
The emus came.
Fierce as the flooded Bogan flows
They laid their foemen out in rows
And saved the game.

In native bear and Darling pea
They dined that night:
But one man was an absentee:
The whistler duck, their referee,
Had taken flight.

Andrew Barton Paterson

## Gilhooley's Estate

Oh, Mr Gilhooley he turned up his toes,
As most of you know, soon or late;
And Jones was a lawyer, as everyone knows,
So they took him to Gilhooley's Estate.
Gilhooley in life had been living so free
'Twas thought his possessions were great,
So Jones, with a smile, says, "There's many a fee
For me in Gilhooley's Estate."

They made out a list of his property fine,
It totalled a thousand-and-eight;
But the debts were nine hundred and ninety-nine --
The debts of Gilhooley's Estate.

So Mrs Gilhooley says, "Jones, my dear man,
My childer have little to ait:
Just keep my expinses as low as you can
Against poor Gilhooley's Estate."

Bur Jones says, "The will isn't clear in its terms,
I fear it will need some debate,
And the law won't alow me (attorneys are worms)
To appear in Gilhooley's Estate."

So a barrister-man, with a wig on his head
And a brief in his hand, quite elate,
Went up to the Court where they bury the dead,
Just to move in Gilhooley's Estate."

But his Honour the Judge said, "I think that the joint
Legatees must be called to probate --
Ex parte Pokehorney is clear on the point --
The point of Gilhooley's Estate."

"I order a suit to be brought just to try
If this is correct that I state --
A nice friendly suit -- and the costs by and by,
Must be borne by Gilhooley's Estate."

So Mrs Gilhooley says, "Jones, you'll appear!
Thim barristers' fees is too great;
The suit is but friendly," "Attorneys, my dear,
Can't be heard in Gilhooley's Estate."

From the barristers' quarter a mighty hurrah
Arises both early and late:
It's only the whoop of the Junior Bar
Dividing Gilhooley's Estate.

Andrew Barton Paterson

## Gone Down

To the voters of Glen Innes 'twas O'Sullivan that went,
To secure the country vote for Mister Hay.
So he told 'em what he'd borrowed, and he told 'em what he'd spent,
Though extravagance had blown it all away.
Said he, "Vote for Hay, my hearties, and wherever we may roam
We will borrow, undismayed by Fortune's frown!"
When he got his little banjo, and he sang them "Home, Sweet Home!"
Why, it made a blessed horse fall down.
Then he summoned his supporters, and went spouting through the bush,
To assure them that he'd build them roads galore,
If he could but borrow something from the "Plutocratic Push",
Though he knew they wouldn't lend him any more.
With his Coolangatta Croesus, who was posing for the day
As a Friend of Labour, just brought up from town:
When the Democratic Keystone told the workers, "Vote for Hay",
Then another blessed horse fell down!

When the polling day was over, and the promising was done --
The promises that never would be kept --
Then O'Sullivan came homeward at the sinking of the sun,
To the Ministerial Bench he slowly crept.
When his colleagues said, "Who won it? Is our banner waving high?
Has the Ministry retained Glen Innes Town?"
Then the great man hesitated, and responded with a sigh --
"There's another blessed seat gone down!"

Andrew Barton Paterson

**Hard Luck**

I left the course, and by my side
There walked a ruined tout --
A hungry creature, evil-eyed,
Who poured this story out.
"You see," he said, "there came a swell
To Kensington today,
And, if I picked the winners well,
A crown at least he's pay.

"I picked three winners straight, I did;
I filled his purse with pelf,
And then he gave me half-a-quid
To back one for myself.

"A half-a-quid to me he cast --
I wanted it indeed;
So help me Bob, for two days past
I haven't had a feed.

"But still I thought my luck was in,
I couldn't go astray --
I put it all on Little Min,
And lost it straightaway.

"I haven't got a bite or bed,
I'm absolutely stuck;
So keep this lesson in your head:
Don't over-trust your luck!"

The folks went homeward, near and far,
The tout, oh! where is he?
Ask where the empty boilers are
Beside the Circular Quay.

Andrew Barton Paterson

**Hawker, the Standard Bearer**

The grey gull sat on a floating whale,
On a floating whale sat he,
And he told his tale of the storm and the gale,
And the ships that he saw with steam and sail,
As he flew by the Northern Sea.
"I have seen a sign that is strange and new,
That I never before did see:
A flying ship that roared as it flew,
The storm and the tempest driving through,
It carried a flag and it carried a crew,
Now what would that be?" said he.

"And the flag was a Jack with stars displayed,
A flag that is new to me;
For it does not ply in the Northern trade,
But it drove through the storm-wrack unafraid,
Now, what is that flag?" said he.

"I have seen that flag that is starred with white,"
Said a southern gull, said he,
"And saw it fly in a bloody fight,
When the raider Emden turned in flight,
And crashed on the Cocos lee."

"And who are these folk whose flag is first
Of all the flags that fly
To dare the storm and the fog accurst,
Of the great North Sea where the bergs are nursed,
And the Northern Lights ride high?"

"The Australian folk," said a lone sea-mew,
"The Australian flag," said he.
"It is strange that a folk that is far and few
Should fly their flag where there never flew
Another flag!" said he.

"I have followed their flag in the fields of France,
With its white stars flying free,
And no misfortune and no mischance
Could turn them back from their line of advance,
Or the line that they held," said he.

"Whenever there's ever rule to break,
Wherever they oughtn't to be,
With a death to dare and a risk to take,
A track to find or a way to make,
You will find them there," said he.

"They come from a land that is parched with thirst,
An inland land," said he,
"On risk and danger their breed is nursed,
And thus it happens their flag is first

To fly in the Northern Sea."

"Though Hawker perished, he overcame
The risks of the storm and the sea,
And his name shall be written in stars of flame,
On the topmost walls of the Temple of Fame,
For the rest of the world to see."

Andrew Barton Paterson

**Hay and Hell and Booligal**

"You come and see me, boys," he said;
"You'll find a welcome and a bed
And whisky any time you call;
Although our township hasn't got
The name of quite a lively spot --
You see, I live in Booligal.
"And people have an awful down
Upon the district and the town --
Which worse than hell itself the call;
In fact, the saying far and wide
Along the Riverina side
Is 'Hay and Hell and Booligal'.

"No doubt it suits 'em very well
To say its worse than Hay or Hell,
But don't you heed their talk at all;
Of course, there's heat -- no one denies --
And sand and dust and stacks of flies,
And rabbits, too, at Booligal.

"But such a pleasant, quiet place --
You never see a stranger's face;
They hardly ever care to call;
The drovers mostly pass it by --
They reckon that they'd rather die
Than spend the night in Booligal.

"The big mosquitoes frighten some --
You'll lie awake to hear 'em hum --
And snakes about the township crawl;
But shearers, when they get their cheque,
They never come along and wreck
The blessed town of Booligal.

"But down to Hay the shearers come
And fill themselves with fighting-rum,
And chase blue devils up the wall,
And fight the snaggers every day,
Until there is the deuce to pay --
There's none of that in Booligal.

"Of course, there isn't much to see --
The billiard-table used to be
The great attraction for us all,
Until some careless, drunken curs
Got sleeping on it in their spurs,
And ruined it, in Booligal.

"Just now there is a howling drought
That pretty near has starved us out --
It never seems to rain at all;
But, if there should come any rain,

You couldn't cross the black-soil plain --
You'd have to stop in Booligal."

"We'd have to stop!" With bated breath
We prayed that both in life and death
Our fate in other lines might fall;
"Oh, send us to our just reward
In Hay or Hell, but, gracious Lord,
Deliver us from Booligal!"

Andrew Barton Paterson

**He Giveth His Beloved Sleep**

The long day passes with its load of sorrow:
In slumber deep
I lay me down to rest until tomorrow --
Thank God for sleep.
Thank God for all respite from weary toiling,
From cares that creep
Across our lives like evil shadows, spoiling
God's kindly sleep.

We plough and sow, and, as the hours grow later,
We strive to reap,
And build our barns, and hope to build them greater
Before we sleep.

We toil and strain and strive with one another
In hopes to heap
Some greater share of profit than our brother
Before we sleep.

What will it profit that with tears or laughter
Our watch we keep?
Beyond it all there lies the Great Hereafter!
Thank God for sleep!

For, at the last, beseeching Christ to save us
We turn with deep
Heartfelt thanksgiving unto God, who gave us
The Gift of Sleep.

Andrew Barton Paterson

**'He Giveth His Beloved Sleep'**

The long day passes with its load of sorrow:
In slumber deep
I lay me down to rest until tomorrow,
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Andrew Barton Paterson

## High Explosive

HIGH EXPLOSIVE by A.B. "Banjo" Paterson

'Twas the dingo pup to his dam that said,
"It's time I worked for my daily bread.
Out in the world I intend to go,
And you'd be surprised at the things I know.

"There's a wild duck's nest in a sheltered spot,
And I'll go right down and I'll eat the lot."
But when he got to his destined prey
He found that the ducks had flown away.

But an egg was left that would quench his thirst,
So he bit the egg and it straightway burst.
It burst with a bang, and he turned and fled,
For he thought that the egg had shot him dead.

"Oh, mother," he said, "let us clear right out
Or we'll lose our lives with the bombs about;
And it's lucky I am that I'm not blown up -
It's a very hard life," said the dingo pup.

Andrew Barton Paterson

## How Gilbert Died

There's never a stone at the sleeper's head,
There's never a fence beside,
And the wandering stock on the grave may tread
Unnoticed and undenied;
But the smallest child on the Watershed
Can tell you how Gilbert died.
For he rode at dusk with his comrade Dunn
To the hut at the Stockman's Ford;
In the waning light of the sinking sun
They peered with a fierce accord.
They were outlaws both -- and on each man's head
Was a thousand pounds reward.

They had taken toll of the country round,
And the troopers came behind
With a black who tracked like a human hound
In the scrub and the ranges blind:
He could run the trail where a white man's eye
No sign of track could find.

He had hunted them out of the One Tree Hill
And over the Old Man Plain,
But they wheeled their tracks with a wild beast's skill,
And they made for the range again;
Then away to the hut where their grandsire dwelt
They rode with a loosened rein.

And their grandsire gave them a greeting bold:
"Come in and rest in peace,
No safer place does the country hold --
With the night pursuit must cease,
And we'll drink success to the roving boys,
And to hell with the black police."

But they went to death when they entered there
In the hut at the Stockman's Ford,
For their grandsire's words were as false as fair --
They were doomed to the hangman's cord.
He had sold them both to the black police
For the sake of the big reward.

In the depth of night there are forms that glide
As stealthily as serpents creep,
And around the hut where the outlaws hide
They plant in the shadows deep,
And they wait till the first faint flush of dawn
Shall waken their prey from sleep.

But Gilbert wakes while the night is dark --
A restless sleeper aye.
He has heard the sound of a sheep-dog's bark,
And his horse's warning neigh,

And he says to his mate, "There are hawks abroad,
And it's time that we went away."

Their rifles stood at the stretcher head,
Their bridles lay to hand;
They wakened the old man out of his bed,
When they heard the sharp command:
"In the name of the Queen lay down your arms,
Now, Dun and Gilbert, stand!"

Then Gilbert reached for his rifle true
That close at hand he kept;
He pointed straight at the voice, and drew,
But never a flash outleapt,
For the water ran from the rifle breech --
It was drenched while the outlaws slept.

Then he dropped the piece with a bitter oath,
And he turned to his comrade Dunn:
"We are sold," he said, "we are dead men both! --
Still, there may be a chance for one;
I'll stop and I'll fight with the pistol here,
You take to your heels and run."

So Dunn crept out on his hands and knees
In the dim, half-dawning light,
And he made his way to a patch of trees,
And was lost in the black of night;
And the trackers hunted his tracks all day,
But they never could trace his flight.

But Gilbert walked from the open door
In a confident style and rash;
He heard at his side the rifles roar,
And he heard the bullets crash.
But he laughed as he lifted his pistol-hand,
And he fired at the rifle-flash.

Then out of the shadows the troopers aimed
At his voice and the pistol sound.
With rifle flashes the darkness flamed --
He staggered and spun around,
And they riddled his body with rifle balls
As it lay on the blood-soaked ground.

There's never a stone at the sleeper's head,
There's never a fence beside,
And the wandering stock on the grave may tread
Unnoticed and undenied;
But the smallest child on the Watershed
Can tell you how Gilbert died.

Andrew Barton Paterson

## How M'Ginnis went missing

Let us cease our idle chatter,
Let the tears bedew our cheek,
For a man from Tallangatta
Has been missing for a week.
Where the roaring flooded Murray
Covered all the lower land,
There he started in a hurry,
With a bottle in his hand.

And his fate is hid for ever,
But the public seem to think
That he slumbered by the river,
'Neath the influence of drink.

And they scarcely seem to wonder
That the river, wide and deep,
Never woke him with its thunder,
Never stirred him in his sleep.
As the crashing logs came sweeping,
And their tumult filled the air,
Then M'Ginnis murmured, sleeping,
`'Tis a wake in ould Kildare.'
So the river rose and found him
Sleeping softly by the stream,
And the cruel waters drowned him
Ere he wakened from his dream.

And the blossom-tufted wattle,
Blooming brightly on the lea,
Saw M'Ginnis and the bottle
Going drifting out to sea.

Andrew Barton Paterson

**How The Favourite Beat Us**

"Aye," said the boozer, "I tell you it's true, sir,
I once was a punter with plenty of pelf,
But gone is my glory, I'll tell you the story
How I stiffened my horse and got stiffened myself.
"'Twas a mare called the Cracker, I came down to back her,
But found she was favourite all of a rush,
The folk just did pour on to lay six to four on,
And several bookies were killed in the crush.

"It seems old Tomato was stiff, though a starter;
They reckoned him fit for the Caulfield to keep.
The Bloke and the Donah were scratched by their owner,
He only was offered three-fourths of the sweep.

"We knew Salamander was slow as a gander,
The mare could have beat him the length of the straight,
And old Manumission was out of condition,
And most of the others were running off weight.

"No doubt someone 'blew it', for everyone knew it,
The bets were all gone, and I muttered in spite,
'If I can't get a copper, by Jingo, I'll stop her,
Let the public fall in, it will serve the brutes right.'

"I said to the jockey, 'Now, listen, my cocky,
You watch as you're cantering down by the stand,
I'll wait where that toff is and give you the office,
You're only to win if I lift up my hand.'

"I then tried to back her -- 'What price is the Cracker?'
'Our books are all full, sir,' each bookie did swear;
My mind, then, I made up, my fortune I played up
I bet every shilling against my own mare.

"I strolled to the gateway, the mare, in the straight way
Was shifting and dancing, and pawing the ground,
The boy saw me enter and wheeled for his canter,
When a darned great mosquito came buzzing around.

"They breed 'em at Hexham, it's risky to vex 'em,
They suck a man dry at a sitting, no doubt,
But just as the mare passed, he fluttered my hair past,
I lifted my hand, and I flattened him out.

"I was stunned when they started, the mare simply darted
Away to the front when the flag was let fall,
For none there could match her, and none tried to catch her --
She finished a furlong in front of them all.

"You bet that I went for the boy, whom I sent for
The moment he weighed and came out of the stand --
"Who paid you to win it? Come, own up this minute."

"Lord love yer," said he, "why, you lifted your hand."

`'Twas true, by St Peter, that cursed 'muskeeter'
Had broke me so broke that I hadn't a brown,
And you'll find the best course is when dealing with horses
To win when you're able, and keep your hands down."

Andrew Barton Paterson

**Immigration**

Now Jordan's land of promise is the burden of my song.
Perhaps you've heard him lecture, and blow about it strong;
To hear him talk you'd think it was a heaven upon earth,
But listen and I'll tell you now the plain unvarnished truth.

Here mutton, beef, and damper are all you'll get to eat,
From Monday morn till Sunday night, all through the blessed week.
And should the flour bag run short, then mutton, beef, and tea
Will be your lot, and whether or not, 'twill have to do, you'll see.

Here snakes and all vile reptiles crawl around you as you walk,
But these you never hear about in Mr. Jordan's talk;
Mosquitoes, too, and sandflies, they will tease you all the night,
And until you get quite colonised you'll be a pretty sight.
Here are boundless plains where it seldom rains, and you'll maybe die of thirst;
But should you so dispose your bones, you'll scarcely be the first,
For there's many a strong and stalwart man come out to make his pile,
Who never leaves the fatal shore of this thrice accursed isle.

To sum it up in few short words, the place is only fit
For those who were sent out here, for from this they cannot flit.
But any other men who come a living here to try,
Will vegetate a little while and then lie down and die.

Andrew Barton Paterson

## In Defence of the Bush

So you're back from up the country, Mister Lawson, where you went,
And you're cursing all the business in a bitter discontent;
Well, we grieve to disappoint you, and it makes us sad to hear
That it wasn't cool and shady -- and there wasn't whips of beer,
And the looney bullock snorted when you first came into view --
Well, you know it's not so often that he sees a swell like you;
And the roads were hot and dusty, and the plains were burnt and brown,
And no doubt you're better suited drinking lemon-squash in town.
Yet, perchance, if you should journey down the very track you went
In a month or two at furthest, you would wonder what it meant;
Where the sunbaked earth was gasping like a creature in its pain
You would find the grasses waving like a field of summer grain,
And the miles of thirsty gutters, blocked with sand and choked with mud,
You would find them mighty rivers with a turbid, sweeping flood.
For the rain and drought and sunshine make no changes in the street,
In the sullen line of buildings and the ceaseless tramp of feet;
But the bush has moods and changes, as the seasons rise and fall,
And the men who know the bush-land -- they are loyal through it all.

*

But you found the bush was dismal and a land of no delight --
Did you chance to hear a chorus in the shearers' huts at night?
Did they 'rise up William Riley' by the camp-fire's cheery blaze?
Did they rise him as we rose him in the good old droving days?
And the women of the homesteads and the men you chanced to meet --
Were their faces sour and saddened like the 'faces in the street'?
And the 'shy selector children' -- were they better now or worse
Than the little city urchins who would greet you with a curse?
Is not such a life much better than the squalid street and square
Where the fallen women flaunt it in the fierce electric glare,
Wher the sempstress plies her needle till her eyes are sore and red
In a filthy, dirty attic toiling on for daily bread?
Did you hear no sweeter voices in the music of the bush
Than the roar of trams and buses, and the war-whoop of 'the push'?
Did the magpies rouse your slumbers with their carol sweet and strange?
Did you hear the silver chiming of the bell-birds on the range?
But, perchance, the wild birds' music by your senses was despised,
For you say you'll stay in townships till the bush is civilized.
Would you make it a tea-garden, and on Sundays have a band
Where the 'blokes' might take their 'donahs', with a 'public' close at hand?
You had better stick to Sydney and make merry with the 'push',
For the bush will never suit you, and you'll never suit the bush.

Andrew Barton Paterson

## In the Droving Days

"Only a pound," said the auctioneer,
"Only a pound; and I'm standing here
Selling this animal, gain or loss --
Only a pound for the drover's horse?
One of the sort that was ne'er afraid,
One of the boys of the Old Brigade;
Thoroughly honest and game, I'll swear,
Only a little the worse for wear;
Plenty as bad to be seen in town,
Give me a bid and I'll knock him down;
Sold as he stands, and without recourse,
Give me a bid for the drover's horse."

Loitering there in an aimless way
Somehow I noticed the poor old grey,
Weary and battered and screwed, of course;
Yet when I noticed the old grey horse,
The rough bush saddle, and single rein
Of the bridle laid on his tangled mane,
Straighway the crowd and the auctioneer
Seemed on a sudden to disappear,
Melted away in a kind if haze --
For my heart went back to the droving days.

Back to the road, and I crossed again
Over the miles of the saltbush plain --
The shining plain that is said to be
The dried-up bed of an inland sea.
Where the air so dry and so clear and bright
Refracts the sun with a wondrous light,
And out in the dim horizon makes
The deep blue gleam of the phantom lakes.

At dawn of day we could feel the breeze
That stirred the boughs of the sleeping trees,
And brought a breath of the fragrance rare
That comes and goes in that scented air;
For the trees and grass and the shrubs contain
A dry sweet scent on the saltbush plain.
for those that love it and understand
The saltbush plain is a wonderland,
A wondrous country, were Nature's ways
Were revealed to me in the droving days.

We saw the fleet wild horses pass,
And kangaroos through the Mitchell grass;
The emu ran with her frightened brood
All unmolested and unpursued.
But there rose a shout and a wild hubbub
When the dingo raced for his native scrub,
And he paid right dear for his stolen meals
With the drovers' dogs at his wretched heels.

For we ran him down at a rattling pace,
While the pack-horse joined in the stirring chase.
And a wild halloo at the kill we'd raise --
We were light of heart in the droving days.
'Twas a drover's horse, and my hand again
Made a move to close on a fancied rein.
For I felt a swing and the easy stride
Of the grand old horse that I used to ride.
In drought or plenty, in good or ill,
The same old steed was my comrade still;
The old grey horse with his honest ways
Was a mate to me in the droving days.

When we kept our watch in the cold and damp,
If the cattle broke from the sleeping camp,
Over the flats and across the plain,
With my head bent down on his waving mane,
Through the boughs above and the stumps below,
On the darkest night I could let him go
At a racing speed; he would choose his course,
And my life was safe with the old grey horse.
But man and horse had a favourite job,
When an outlaw broke from the station mob;
With a right good will was the stockwhip plied,
As the old horse raced at the straggler's side,
And the greenhide whip such a weal would raise --
We could use the whip in the droving days.

---

"Only a pound!" and was this the end --
Only a pound for the drover's friend.
The drover's friend that has seen his day,
And now was worthless and cast away
With a broken knee and a broken heart
To be flogged and starved in a hawker's cart.
Well, I made a bid for a sense of shame
And the memories of the good old game.

"Thank you? Guinea! and cheap at that!
Against you there in the curly hat!
Only a guinea, and one more chance,
Down he goes if there's no advance,
Third, and last time, one! two! three!"
And the old grey horse was knocked down to me.
And now he's wandering, fat and sleek,
On the lucerne flats by the Homestead Creek;
I dare not ride him for fear he's fall,
But he does a journey to beat them all,
For though he scarcely a trot can raise,
He can take me back to the droving days.

A.B. (Banjo) Paterson

Andrew Barton Paterson

**In the Stable**

What! you don't like him; well, maybe -- we all have our fancies, of course:
Brumby to look at, you reckon? Well, no; he's a thoroughbred horse;
Sired by a son of old Panic -- look at his ears and his head --
Lop-eared and Roman-nosed, ain't he? -- well, that's how the Panics are bred.
Gluttonous, ugly and lazy, rough as a tipcart to ride,
Yet if you offered a sovereign apiece for the hairs on his hide
That wouldn't buy him, nor twice that; while I've a pound to the good,
This here old stager stays by me and lives like a thoroughbred should;
Hunt him away from his bedding, and sit yourself down by the wall,
Till you hear how the old fellow saved me from Gilbert, O'Meally and Hall.
*

Gilbert and Hall and O'Meally, back in the bushranging days,
Made themselves kings of the district -- ruled it in old-fashioned ways --
Robbing the coach and the escort, stealing our horses at night,
Calling sometimes at the homesteads and giving the women a fright:
Came to the station one morning (and why they did this no one knows)
Took a brood mare from the paddock--wanting some fun, I suppose --
Fastened a bucket beneath her, hung by a strap around her flank,
Then turned her loose in the timber back of the seven-mile tank.

Go? She went mad! She went tearing and screaming with fear through the trees,
While the curst bucket beneath her was banging her flanks and her knees.
Bucking and racing and screaming she ran to the back of the run,
Killed herself there in a gully; by God, but they paid for their fun!
Paid for it dear, for the black-boys found tracks, and the bucket, and all,
And I swore that I'd live to get even with Gilbert, O'Meally and Hall.

Day after day then I chased them -- 'course they had friends on the sly,
Friends who were willing to sell them to those who were willing to buy.
Early one morning we found them in camp at the Cockatoo Farm;
One of us shot at O'Meally and wounded him under the arm:
Ran them for miles in the ranges, till Hall, with his horse fairly beat,
Took to the rocks and we lost him -- the others made good their retreat.
It was war to the knife then, I tell you, and once, on the door of my shed,
They nailed up a notice that offered a hundred reward for my head!
Then we heard they were gone from the district; they stuck up a coach in the West,
And I rode by myself in the paddocks, just taking a bit of a rest,
Riding this colt as a youngster -- awkward, half-broken and shy,
He wheeled round one day on a sudden; I looked, but I couldn't see why --
But I soon found out why, for before me the hillside rose up like a wall,
And there on the top with their rifles were Gilbert, O'Meally and Hall!

'Twas a good three-mile run to the homestead -- bad going, with plenty of trees --
So I gathered the youngster together, and gripped at his ribs with my knees.
'Twas a mighty poor chance to escape them! It puts a man's nerve to the test
On a half-broken colt to be hunted by the best mounted men in the West.
But the half-broken colt was a racehorse! He lay down to work with a will.
Flashed through the scrub like a clean-skin-by heavens, we flew down the hill!
Over a twenty-foot gully he swept with the spring of a deer,
And they fired as we jumped, but they missed me -- a bullet sang close to my ear --
And the jump gained us ground, for they shirked it: but I saw as we raced through the

gap
That the rails at the homestead were fastened -- I was caught like a rat in a trap.
Fenced with barbed wire was the paddock -- barbed wire that would cut like a knife --
How was a youngster to clear it that never had jumped in his life?

Bang went a rifle behind me -- the colt gave a spring, he was hit;
Straight at the sliprails I rode him -- I felt him take hold of the bit;
Never a foot to the right or the left did he swerve in his stride,
Awkward and frightened, but honest, the sort it's a pleasure to ride!
Straight at the rails, where they'd fastened barbed wire on the top of the post,
Rose like a stag and went over, with hardly a scratch at the most;
Into the homestead I darted, and snatched down my gun from the wall,
And I tell you I made them step lively, Gilbert, O'Meally and Hail.

Yes! There's the mark of the bullet -- he's got it inside of him yet,
Mixed up somehow with his victuals; but, bless you, he don't seem to fret!
Gluttonous, ugly, and lazy -- eats anything he can bite;
Now, let us shut up the stable, and bid the old fellow good night.
Ah! we can't breed 'em, the son that were bred when we old uns were young....
Yes, as I said, these bushrangers, none of 'em lived to be hung.
Gilbert was shot by the troopers, Hall was betrayed by his friend,
Campbell disposed of O'Meally, bringing the lot to an end.
But you can talk about riding -- I've ridden a lot in the past --
Wait till there's rifles behind you, you'll know what it means to go fast!
I've steeplechased, raced, and "run horses", but I think the most dashing of all
Was the ride when that old fellow saved me from Gilbert, O'Meally and Hall!

Andrew Barton Paterson

**Investigating Flora**

'Twas in scientific circles
That the great Professor Brown
Had a world-wide reputation
As a writer of renown.
He had striven finer feelings
In our natures to implant
By his Treatise on the Morals
Of the Red-eyed Bulldog Ant.
He had hoisted an opponent
Who had trodden unawares
On his "Reasons for Bare Patches
On the Female Native Bears".
So they gave him an appointment
As instructor to a band
Of the most attractive females
To be gathered in the land.
'Twas a "Ladies' Science Circle" --
Just the latest social fad
For the Nicest People only,
And to make their rivals mad.
They were fond of "science rambles"
To the country from the town --
A parade of female beauty
In the leadership of Brown.
They would pick a place for luncheon
And catch beetles on their rugs;
The Professor called 'em "optera" --
They calld 'em "nasty bugs".
Well, the thing was bound to perish
For no lovely woman can
Feel the slightest interest
In a club without a Man --
The Professor hardly counted
He was crazy as a loon,
With a countenance suggestive
Of an elderly baboon.
But the breath of Fate blew on it
With a sharp and sudden blast,
And the "Ladies' Science Circle"
Is a memory of the past.

There were two-and-twenty members,
Mostly young and mostly fair,
Who had made a great excursion
To a place called Dontknowwhere,
At the crossing of Lost River,
On the road to No Man's Land.
There they met an old selector,
With a stockwhip in his hand,
And the sight of so much beauty
Sent him slightly "off his nut";
So he asked them, smiling blandly,

"Would they come down to the hut?"
"I am come," said the Professor,
In his thin and reedy voice,
"To investigate your flora,
Which I feel is very choice."
The selector stared dumbfounded,
Till at last he found his tongue:
"To investigate my Flora!
Oh, you howlin' Brigham Young!
Why, you've two-and-twenty wimmen --
Reg'lar slap-up wimmen, too!
And you're after little Flora!
And a crawlin' thing like you!
Oh, you Mormonite gorilla!
Well, I've heard it from the first
That you wizened little fellers
Is a hundred times the worst!

But a dried-up ape like you are,
To be marchin' through the land
With a pack of lovely wimmen --
Well, I cannot understand!"
"You mistake," said the Professor,
In a most indignant tone --
While the ladies shrieked and jabbered
In a fashion of their own --
"You mistake about these ladies,
I'm a lecturer of theirs;
I am Brown, who wrote the Treatise
On the Female Native Bears!
When I said we wanted flora,
What I meant was native flowers."
"Well, you said you wanted Flora,
And I'll swear you don't get ours!
But here's Flora's self a-comin',
And it's time for you to skip,
Or I'll write a treatise on you,
And I'll write it with the whip!

Now I want no explanations;
Just you hook it out of sight,
Or you'll charm the poor girl some'ow!"
The Professor looked in fright:
She was six feet high and freckled,
And her hair was turkey-red.
The Professor gave a whimper,
And threw down his bag and fled,
And the Ladies' Science Circle,
With a simultaneous rush,
Travelled after its Professor,
And went screaming through the bush!

At the crossing of Lost River,
On the road to No Man's Land,
Where the grim and ghostly gumtrees
Block the view on every hand,
There they weep and wail and wander,
Always seeking for the track,
For the hapless old Professor
Hasn't sense to guide 'em back;
And they clutch at one another,
And they yell and scream in fright
As they see the gruesome creatures
Of the grim Australian night;
And they hear the mopoke's hooting,
And the dingo's howl so dread,
And the flying foxes jabber
From the gum trees overhead;
While the weird and wary wombats,
In their subterranean caves,
Are a-digging, always digging,
At those wretched people's graves;
And the pike-horned Queensland bullock,
From his shelter in the scrub,
Has his eye on the proceedings
Of the Ladies' Science Club.

Andrew Barton Paterson

**It's Grand**

It's grand to be a squatter
And sit upon a post,
And watch your little ewes and lambs
A-giving up the ghost.

It's grand to be a "cockie"
With wife and kids to keep,
And find an all-wise Providence
Has mustered all your sheep.

It's grand to be a Western man,
With shovel in your hand,
To dig your little homestead out
From underneath the sand.

It's grand to be a shearer
Along the Darling-side,
And pluck the wool from stinking sheep
That some days since have died.

It's grand to be a rabbit
And breed till all is blue,
And then to die in heaps because
There's nothing left to chew.

It's grand to be a Minister
And travel like a swell,
And tell the Central District folk
To go to -- Inverell.

It's grand to be a socialist
And lead the bold array
That marches to prosperity
At seven bob a day.
It's grand to be unemployed
And lie in the Domain,
And wake up every second day --
And go to sleep again.

It's grand to borrow English tin
To pay for wharves and docks
And then to find it isn't in
The little money-box.

It's grand to be a democrat
And toady to the mob,
For fear that if you told the truth
They'd hunt you from your job.

It's grand to be a lot of things
In this fair Southern land,
But if the Lord would send us rain,

That would, indeed, be grand!

Andrew Barton Paterson

**Jim Carew**

Born of a thoroughbred English race,
Well proportioned and closely knit,
Neat, slim figure and handsome face,
Always ready and always fit,
Hardy and wiry of limb and thew,
That was the ne'er-do-well Jim Carew.
One of the sons of the good old land --
Many a year since his like was known;
Never a game but he took command,
Never a sport but he held his own;
Gained at his college a triple blue --
Good as they make them was Jim Carew.
Came to grief -- was it card or horse?
Nobody asked and nobody cared;
Ship him away to the bush of course,
Ne'er-do-well fellows are easily spared;
Only of women a sorrowing few
Wept at parting from Jim Carew.

Gentleman Jiim on the cattle-camp,
Sitting his horse with an easy grace;
But the reckless living has left its stamp
In the deep drawn linies of that handsome face,
And the harder look in those eyes of blue:
Prompt at a quarrel is Jim Carew.

Billy the Lasher was out for gore --
Twelve-stone navvy with chest of hair --
When he opened out with a hungry roar
On a ten-stone man, it was hardly fair;
But his wife was wise if his face she knew
By the time you were done with him, Jim Carew.
Gentleman Jim in the stockmen's hut
Works with them, toils with them, side by side;
As to his past -- well, his lips are shut.
"Gentleman once," say his mates with pride,
And the wildest Cornstalk can ne'er outdo
In feats of recklessness Jim Carew.

What should he live for? A dull despair!
Drink is his master and drags him down,
Water of Lethe that drowns all care.
Gentleman Jiim has a lot to drown,
And he reigns as king with a drunken crew,
Sinking to misery, Jim Carew.

Such is the end of the ne'er-do-well --
Jimmy the Boozer, all down at heel;
But he straightens up when he's asked to tell
His name and race, and a flash of steel
Still lightens up in those eyes of blue --
"I am, or -- no, I was -- Jim Carew."

Andrew Barton Paterson

**Jimmy Dooley's Army**

There's a dashin' sort of boy
Which they call his Party's Joy,
And his smile-that-won't-come-off would quite disarm ye;
And he played the leadin' hand
In the Helter-Skelter Band,
Known as Jimmy Dooley's Circulating Army.
When the rank and file they found,
They were marchin' round and round,
They one and all began to act unruly;
And the letter that he wrote,
Sure it got the Labor goat,
So we set ourselves to deal with Captain Dooley.

Chorus
Whill-il-loo. High Ho!
We'll all be there you know,
The repartees and ructions they will charm ye;
And we'll see which we prefer,
Is it Dooley or McGirr,
To take command of Jimmy Dooley's Army.

When we're marchin' to the poll,
And we're under his control,
We sometimes feel a trifle unsalubrious;
For by one and all 'twas said
That if our objective's Red,
To call it claret-coloured makes us dubious.
Sure, the Fat Men one fine day
They chanced to come our way,
And we thought that we should bate them well and trooly;
But we let them pass us by
And not half a brick did fly,
'Twas then we tore our tickets up on Dooley.

Chorus
Whill-il-loo. High Ho!
We'll all be there you know,
The repartees and ructions they will charm ye;
And we'll see which we prefer,
Is it Dooley or McGirr,
To take command of Jimmy Dooley's Army.

Andrew Barton Paterson

**Jimmy Sago, Jackaroo**

If you want a situation, I'll just tell you the plan
To get on to a station, I am just your very man.
Pack up the old portmanteau, and label it Paroo,
With a name aristocratic—Jimmy Sago, Jackaroo.

When you get on to the station, of small things you'll make a fuss,
And in speaking of the station, mind, it's we, and ours, and us.
Boast of your grand connections and your rich relations, too
And your own great expectations, Jimmy Sago, Jackaroo.

They will send you out on horseback, the boundaries to ride
But run down a marsupial and rob him of his hide,
His scalp will fetch a shilling and his hide another two,
Which will help to fill your pockets, Jimmy Sago, Jackaroo.
Yes, to fill your empty pockets, Jimmy Sago, Jackaroo.

When the boss wants information, on the men you'll do a sneak,
And don a paper collar on your fifteen bob a week.
Then at the lamb-marking a boss they'll make of you.
Now that's the way to get on, Jimmy Sago, Jackaroo.

A squatter in the future I've no doubt you may be,
But if the banks once get you, they'll put you up a tree.
To see you humping bluey, I know, would never do,
'Twould mean good-bye to our new chum, Jimmy Sago, Jackaroo.
Yes, good-bye to our new chum, Jimmy Sago, Jackaroo.

Andrew Barton Paterson

**Jock**

There's a soldier that's been doing of his share
In the fighting up and down and round about.
He's continually marching here and there,
And he's fighting, morning in and morning out.
The Boer, you see, he generally runs;
But sometimes, when he hides behind a rock,
And we can't make no impression with the guns,
Oh, then you'll hear the order, "Send for Jock!"
Yes -- it's Jock -- Scotch Jock.
He's the fellow that can give or take a knock.
For he's hairy and he's hard,
And his feet are by the yard,
And his face is like the face what's on a clock.
But when the bullets fly you will mostly hear the cry --
"Send for Jock!"

The Cavalry have gun and sword and lance;
Before they choose their weapon, why, they're dead.
The Mounted Foot are hampered in advance
By holding of their helmets on their head.
And, when the Boer has dug himself a trench
And placed his Maxim gun behind a rock,
These mounted heroes -- pets of Johnny French --
They have to sit and wait and send for Jock!

Yes, the Jocks -- Scotch Jocks,
With their music that'd terrify an ox!
When the bullets kick the sand
You can hear the sharp command --
"Forty-Second! At the double! Charge the rocks!"
And the charge is like a hood
When they warmed the Highland blood
Of the Jocks!

Andrew Barton Paterson

## John Gilbert (Bushranger)

John Gilbert was a bushranger of terrible renown,
For sticking lots of people up and shooting others down.
John Gilbert said unto his pals, "Although they make a bobbery
About our tricks we have never done a tip-top thing in robbery.

"We have all of us a fancy for experiments in pillage,
Yet never have we seized a town, or even sacked a village."
John Gilbert said unto his mates—"Though partners we have been
In all rascality, yet we no festal day have seen."

John Gilbert said he thought he saw no obstacle to hinder a
Piratical descent upon the town of Canowindra.
So into Canowindra town rode Gilbert and his men,
And all the Canowindra folk subsided there and then.

The Canowindra populace cried, "Here's a lot of strangers!!!"
But immediately recovered when they found they were bushrangers.
And Johnny Gilbert said to them, "You need not be afraid.
We are only old companions whom bushrangers you have made."

And Johnny Gilbert said, said he, "We'll never hurt a hair
Of men who bravely recognise that we are just all there."
The New South Welshmen said at once, not making any fuss,
That Johnny Gilbert, after all, was "Just but one of us."

So Johnny Gilbert took the town (including public houses),
And treated all the "cockatoos" and shouted for their spouses.
And Miss O'Flanagan performed in manner quite gintailly
Upon the grand planner for the bushranger O'Meally.

And every stranger passing by they took, and when they got him
They robbed him of his money and occasionally shot him.
And Johnny's enigmatic feat admits of this solution,
That bushranging in New South Wales is a favoured institution.

So Johnny Gilbert ne'er allows an anxious thought to fetch him,
For well he knows the Government don't really want to ketch him.
And if such practices should be to New South Welshmen dear,
With not the least demurring word ought we to interfere.

Andrew Barton Paterson

## Johnny Boer

Men fight all shapes and sizes as the racing horses run,
And no man knows his courage till he stands before a gun.
At mixed-up fighting, hand to hand, and clawing men about
They reckon Fuzzy-Wuzzy is the hottest fighter out.
But Fuzzy gives himself away -- his style is out of date,
He charges like a driven grouse that rushes on its fate;
You've nothing in the world to do but pump him full of lead:
But when you're fighting Johhny Boer you have to use your head;
He don't believe in front attacks or charging at the run,
He fights you from a kopje with his little Maxim gun.
For when the Lord He made the earth, it seems uncommon clear,
He gave the job of Africa to some good engineer,
Who started building fortresses on fashions of his own --
Lunettes, redoubts, and counterscarps all made of rock and stone.
The Boer need only bring a gun, for ready to his hand
He finds these heaven-built fortresses all scattered through the land;
And there he sits and winks his eye and wheels his gun about,
And we must charge across the plain to hunt the beggar out.
It ain't a game that grows on us -- there's lots of better fun
Than charging at old Johnny with his little Maxim gun.

On rocks a goat could scarcely climb, steep as the walls of Troy,
He wheels a four-point-seven about as easy as a toy;
With bullocks yoked and drag-ropes manned, he lifts her up the rocks
And shifts her every now and then, as cunning as a fox.
At night you mark her right ahead, you see her clean and clear,
Next day at dawn -- "What, ho! she bumps" -- from somewhere in the rear.
Or else the keenest-eyed patrol will miss him with the glass --
He's lying hidden in the rocks to let the leaders pass;
But when the mainguard comes along he opens up the fun;
There's lots of ammunition for the little Maxim gun.

But after all the job is sure, although the job is slow.
We have to see the business through, the Boer has got to go.
With Nordenfeldt and lyddite shell it's certain, soon or late,
We'll hunt him from his kopjes and across the Orange State;
And then across those open flats you'll see the beggar run,
And we'll be running after him with our little Maxim gun.

Andrew Barton Paterson

**Johnson's Antidote**

Down along the Snakebite River, where the overlanders camp,
Where the serpents are in millions, all of the most deadly stamp;
Where the station-cook in terror, nearly every time he bakes,
Mixes up among the doughboys half-a-dozen poison-snakes:
Where the wily free-selector walks in armour-plated pants,
And defies the stings of scorpions, and the bites of bull-dog ants:
Where the adder and the viper tear each other by the throat,—
There it was that William Johnson sought his snake-bite antidote.
Johnson was a free-selector, and his brain went rather queer,
For the constant sight of serpents filled him with a deadly fear;
So he tramped his free-selection, morning, afternoon, and night,
Seeking for some great specific that would cure the serpent's bite.
Till King Billy, of the Mooki, chieftain of the flour-bag head,
Told him, "Spos'n snake bite pfeller, pfeller mostly drop down dead;
Spos'n snake bite old goanna, then you watch a while you see,
Old goanna cure himself with eating little pfeller tree."
"That's the cure," said William Johnson, "point me out this plant sublime,"
But King Billy, feeling lazy, said he'd go another time.
Thus it came to pass that Johnson, having got the tale by rote,
Followed every stray goanna, seeking for the antidote.

. . . . .
Loafing once beside the river, while he thought his heart would break,
There he saw a big goanna fighting with a tiger-snake,
In and out they rolled and wriggled, bit each other, heart and soul,
Till the valiant old goanna swallowed his opponent whole.
Breathless, Johnson sat and watched him, saw him struggle up the bank,
Saw him nibbling at the branches of some bushes, green and rank;
Saw him, happy and contented, lick his lips, as off he crept,
While the bulging in his stomach showed where his opponent slept.
Then a cheer of exultation burst aloud from Johnson's throat;
"Luck at last," said he, "I've struck it! 'tis the famous antidote.

"Here it is, the Grand Elixir, greatest blessing ever known,—
Twenty thousand men in India die each year of snakes alone.
Think of all the foreign nations, negro, chow, and blackamoor,
Saved from sudden expiration, by my wondrous snakebite cure.
It will bring me fame and fortune! In the happy days to be,
Men of every clime and nation will be round to gaze on me—
Scientific men in thousands, men of mark and men of note,
Rushing down the Mooki River, after Johnson's antidote.
It will cure delirium tremens, when the patient's eyeballs stare
At imaginary spiders, snakes which really are not there.
When he thinks he sees them wriggle, when he thinks he sees them bloat,
It will cure him just to think of Johnson's Snakebite Antidote."

Then he rushed to the museum, found a scientific man—
"Trot me out a deadly serpent, just the deadliest you can;
I intend to let him bite me, all the risk I will endure,
Just to prove the sterling value of my wondrous snakebite cure.
Even though an adder bit me, back to life again I'd float;

Snakes are out of date, I tell you, since I've found the antidote."
Said the scientific person, "If you really want to die,
Go ahead—but, if you're doubtful, let your sheep-dog have a try.
Get a pair of dogs and try it, let the snake give both a nip;
Give your dog the snakebite mixture, let the other fellow rip;
If he dies and yours survives him, then it proves the thing is good.
Will you fetch your dog and try it?" Johnson rather thought he would.
So he went and fetched his canine, hauled him forward by the throat.
"Stump, old man," says he, "we'll show them we've the genwine antidote."

Both the dogs were duly loaded with the poison-gland's contents;
Johnson gave his dog the mixture, then sat down to wait events.
"Mark," he said, "in twenty minutes Stump'll be a-rushing round,
While the other wretched creature lies a corpse upon the ground."
But, alas for William Johnson! ere they'd watched a half-hour's spell
Stumpy was as dead as mutton, t'other dog was live and well.
And the scientific person hurried off with utmost speed,
Tested Johnson's drug and found it was a deadly poison-weed;
Half a tumbler killed an emu, half a spoonful killed a goat,
All the snakes on earth were harmless to that awful antidote.

. . . . .
Down along the Mooki River, on the overlanders' camp,
Where the serpents are in millions, all of the most deadly stamp,
Wanders, daily, William Johnson, down among those poisonous hordes,
Shooting every stray goanna, calls them "black and yaller frauds".
And King Billy, of the Mooki, cadging for the cast-off coat,
Somehow seems to dodge the subject of the snake-bite antidote.

Andrew Barton Paterson

**Last Week**

Oh, the new-chum went to the backblock run,
But he should have gone there last week.
He tramped ten miles with a loaded gun,
But of turkey of duck saw never a one,
For he should have been there last week,
They said,
There were flocks of 'em there last week.
He wended his way to a waterfall,
And he should have gone there last week.
He carried a camera, legs and all,
But the day was hot and the stream was small,
For he should have gone there last week,
They said,
They drowned a man there last week.

He went for a drive, and he made a start,
Which should have been made last week,
For the old horse died of a broken heart;
So he footed it home and he dragged the cart --
But the horse was all right last week,
They said,
He trotted a match last week.

So he asked all the bushies who came from afar
To visit the town last week
If the'd dine with him, and they said "Hurrah!"
But there wasn't a drop in the whisky jar --
You should have been here last week,
He said,
I drank it all up last week!

Andrew Barton Paterson

**Lost**

"He ought to be home," said the old man, "without there's something amiss.
He only went to the Two-mile -- he ought to be back by this.
He would ride the Reckless filly, he would have his wilful way;
And, here, he's not back at sundown -- and what will his mother say?
"He was always his mother's idol, since ever his father died;
And there isn't a horse on the station that he isn't game to ride.
But that Reckless mare is vicious, and if once she gets away
He hasn't got strength to hold her -- and what will his mother say?"

The old man walked to the sliprail, and peered up the dark'ning track,
And looked and longed for the rider that would never more come back;
And the mother came and clutched him, with sudden, spasmodic fright:
"What has become of my Willie? Why isn't he home tonight?"

Away in the gloomy ranges, at the foot of an ironbark,
The bonnie, winsome laddie was lying stiff and stark;
For the Reckless mare had smashed him against a leaning limb,
And his comely face was battered, and his merry eyes were dim.

And the thoroughbred chestnut filly, the saddle beneath her flanks,
Was away like fire through the ranges to join the wild mob's ranks;
And a broken-hearted woman and an old man worn and grey
Were searching all night in the ranges till the sunrise brought the day.

And the mother kept feebly calling, with a hope that would not die,
"Willie! where are you, Willie?" But how can the dead reply;
And hope died out with the daylight, and the darkness brought despair,
God pity the stricken mother, and answer the widow's prayer!

Though far and wide they sought him, they found not where he fell;
For the ranges held him precious, and guarded their treasure well.
The wattle blooms above him, and the bluebells blow close by,
And the brown bees buzz the secret, and the wild birds sing reply.

But the mother pined and faded, and cried, and took no rest,
And rode each day to the ranges on her hopeless, weary quest.
Seeking her loved one ever, she faded and pined away,
But with strength of her great affection she still sought every day.

"I know that sooner or later I shall find my boy," she said.
But she came not home one evening, and they found her lying dead.
And stamped on the poor pale features, as the spirit homeward pass'd,
Was an angel smile of gladness -- she had found the boy at last.

Andrew Barton Paterson

**Macbreath**

A Tragedy as Played at Ryde**
Macbreath Mr Henley
Macpuff Mr Terry
The Ghost

ACT I

TIME: The day before the election
SCENE: A Drummoyne tram running past a lunatic asylum.
All present are Reform Leaguers and supporters of Macbreath.
They seat themselves in the compartment.

MACBREATH: Here, I'll sit in the midst.
Be large in mirth. Anon we'll all be fitted
With Parliamentary seats.
(Voter approaches the door.)
There's blood upon thy face.

VOTER: 'Tis Thompsons's, then.

MACBREATH: Is he thrown out? How neatly we beguiled
The guileless Thompson. Did he sign a pledge agreeing to retire?

VOTER: Aye, that he did.

MACBREATH: Not so did I!
Not on the doubtful hazard of a vote
By Ryde electors, cherry-pickers, oafs,
That drive their market carts at dread of night
And sleep all day. Not on the jaundiced choice
Of folks who daily run their half a mile
Just after breakfast, when the steamer hoots
Her warning to the laggard, not on these
Relied Macbreath, for if these rustics' choice
Had fall'n on Thompson, I should still have claimed
A conference. But hold! Is Thompson out?

VOTER: My lord, his name is mud. That I did for him
I paid my shilling and I cast my vote.

MACBREATH: Thou art the best of all the shilling voters.
Prithee, be near me on election day
To see me smite Macpuff, and now we shan't
Be long,
(Ghost of Thompson appears.)
What's this? A vision!
Thou canst not say I did it! Never shake
Thy gory locks at me. Run for some other seat,
Let the woods hide thee. Prithee, chase thyself!
(The ghost of Thompson disappears, and Macbreath revives himself
with a great effort.)
Leaguers all,

Mine own especial comrades of Reform,
All amateurs and no professionals,
So many worthy candidates I see,
Alas that there are only ninety seats.
Still, let us take them all, and Joe Carruthers,
Ashton, and Jimmy Hogue, and all the rest,
Will have to look for work! Oh, joyous day,
To-morrow's poll will make me M.L.A.

ACT II

TIME: Election day.
SCENE: Macbreath's committee rooms.

MACBREATH: Bring me no more reports: let them all fly;
Till Labour's platform to Kyabram come
I cannot taint with fear. How go the votes?

Enter first voter

FIRST VOTER: May it please my Lord,
The cherry-pickers' vote is two to one
Towards Macpuff: and all our voters say
The ghost of Thompson sits in every booth,
And talks of pledges.

MACBREATH: What a polished liar!
And yet the dead can vote! (Strikes him.)
What if it should be!
(Ghost of Thompson appears to him suddenly.)

GHOST: The Pledge! The Pledge!

MACBREATH: I say I never signed the gory pledge.
(Ghost disappears. Enter a Messenger.)
Thou com'st to use thy tongue. Thy story quickly!

MESSENGER: Gracious, my Lord,
I should report that which I know I saw,
But know not how to do it.

MACBREATH: Well! say, on!

MESSENGER: As I did stand my watch in Parliament
I saw the Labour platform come across
And join Kyabram, Loans were overthrown,
The numbers were reduced, extravagance
Is put an end to by McGowan's vote.

MACBREATH: The devil damn thee black, thou cream-faced loon!
Where got'st thou this fish yarn?

MESSENGER: There's nearly forty,

MACBREATH: Thieves, fool?

MESSENGER: No, members, will be frozen out of work!

MACBREATH: Aye, runs the story so! Well, well, 'tis sudden!
These are the uses of the politician,
A few brief sittings and another contest;
He hardly gets to know th' billiard tables
Before he's out . . .

(Alarums and Harbour excursions; enter Macpuff
at the head of a Picnic Party.)

MACPUFF: Now, yield thee, tyrant!
By that fourth party which I once did form,
I'll take thee to a picnic, there to live
On windfall oranges!

MACBREATH: . . . Nay, rather death!
Death before picnic! Lay on Macpuff,
And damned be he who first cries Hold, enough!
(They fight. Macbreath is struck on the back of the head
by some blue metal from Pennant Hills Quarry. He falls. The referee
counts, 'One, two, three, eight, nine, ten, out!')

MACPUFF: Kind voters all, and worthy gentlemen,
Who rallied to my flag today, and made me
Member for Thompson, from my soul I thank you.
There needs no trumpet blast, for I can blow
Like any trombone. Prithee, let us go!
Thanks to you all who shared this glorious day,
Whom I invite to dance at Chowder Bay!

Andrew Barton Paterson

**Morgan's Dog**

Morgan the drover explained,
As he drank from his battered quart-pot,
Many a slut I have trained;
This is the best of the lot.
Crossing these stringybark hills,
Hungry and rocky and steep
This is the country that kills
Weakly and sore-footed sheep.

Those that are healthy and strong
Battle away in the lead,
Carting the others along,
Eating the whole of the feed.

That's where this little red slut
Shows you what's bred in the bone;
Works it all out in her nut,
Handles it all on her own.

Backwards and forwards she'll track,
Gauging the line at a glance,
Keeping the stronger ones back,
Giving the tailers a chance.

Weary and hungry and lame,
Sticking all day to her job,
Thin as a rabbit, but game,
Working in front of the mob.

Tradesmen, I call 'em, the dogs,
Those that'll work in a yard;
Bark till they're hoarser than frogs,
Makin' 'em savage and hard.

Others will soldier and shirk
While there's a rabbit to hunt:
This is an artist at work;
Watch her -- out there -- in the front.

Andrew Barton Paterson

**Moving On**

In this war we're always moving,
Moving on;
When we make a friend another friend has gone;
Should a woman's kindly face
Make us welcome for a space,
Then it's boot and saddle, boys, we're
Moving on.
In the hospitals they're moving,
Moving on;
They're here today, tomorrow they are gone;
When the bravest and the best
Of the boys you know "go west",
Then you're choking down your tears and
Moving on.

Andrew Barton Paterson

## Mulga Bill's Bicycle

'Twas Mulga Bill, from Eaglehawk, that caught the cycling craze;
He turned away the good old horse that served him many days;
He dressed himself in cycling clothes, resplendent to be seen;
He hurried off to town and bought a shining new machine;
And as he wheeled it through the door, with air of lordly pride,
The grinning shop assistant said, "Excuse me, can you ride?"
"See here, young man," said Mulga Bill, "from Walgett to the sea,
From Conroy's Gap to Castlereagh, there's none can ride like me.
I'm good all round at everything, as everybody knows,
Although I'm not the one to talk - I hate a man that blows.
But riding is my special gift, my chiefest, sole delight;
Just ask a wild duck can it swim, a wildcat can it fight.
There's nothing clothed in hair or hide, or built of flesh or steel,
There's nothing walks or jumps, or runs, on axle, hoof, or wheel,
But what I'll sit, while hide will hold and girths and straps are tight:
I'll ride this here two-wheeled concern right straight away at sight."

'Twas Mulga Bill, from Eaglehawk, that sought his own abode,
That perched above the Dead Man's Creek, beside the mountain road.
He turned the cycle down the hill and mounted for the fray,
But ere he'd gone a dozen yards it bolted clean away.
It left the track, and through the trees, just like a silver streak,
It whistled down the awful slope towards the Dead Man's Creek.

It shaved a stump by half an inch, it dodged a big white-box:
The very wallaroos in fright went scrambling up the rocks,
The wombats hiding in their caves dug deeper underground,
As Mulga Bill, as white as chalk, sat tight to every bound.
It struck a stone and gave a spring that cleared a fallen tree,
It raced beside a precipice as close as close could be;
And then as Mulga Bill let out one last despairing shriek
It made a leap of twenty feet into the Dead Man's Creek.

'Twas Mulga Bill from Eaglehawk, that slowly swam ashore:
He said, "I've had some narrer shaves and lively rides before;
I've rode a wild bull round a yard to win a five-pound bet,
But this was the most awful ride that I've encountered yet.
I'll give that two-wheeled outlaw best; It's shaken all my nerve
To feel it whistle through the air and plunge and buck and swerve.
It's safe at rest in Dead Man's Creek, we'll leave it lying still;
A horse's back is good enough henceforth for Mulga Bill."

A.B. (Banjo) Paterson

Andrew Barton Paterson

**Mulligan's Mare**

Oh, Mulligan's bar was the deuce of a place
To drink, and to fight, and to gamble and race;
The height of choice spirits from near and from far
Were all concentrated on Mulligan's bar.

There was "Jerry the Swell", and the jockey-boy Ned,
"Dog-bite-me" -- so called from the shape of his head --
And a man whom the boys, in their musical slang,
Designated the "Gaffer of Mulligan's Gang".

Now Mulligan's Gang had a racer to show,
A bad un to look at, a good un to go;
Whenever they backed her you safely might swear
She'd walk in a winner, would Mulligan's mare.

But Mulligan, having some radical views,
Neglected his business and got on the booze;
He took up with runners -- a treacherous troop --
Who gave him away, and he "fell in the soup".

And so it turned out on a fine summer day,
A bailiff turned up with a writ of "fi. fa.";
He walked to the bar with a manner serene,
"I levy," said he, "in the name of the Queen."

Then Mulligan wanted, in spite of the law,
To pay out the bailiff with "one on the jaw";
He drew out to hit him; but ere you could wink,
He changed his intention and stood him a drink.

A great consultation there straightway befell
'Twixt jockey-boy Neddy and Jerry the Swell,
And the man with the head, who remarked "Why, you bet!
Dog-bite-me!" said he, "but we'll diddle 'em yet.

"We'll slip out the mare from her stall in a crack,
And put in her place the old broken-down hack;
The hack is so like her, I'm ready to swear
The bailiff will think he has Mulligan's mare.

"So out with the racer and in with the screw,
We'll show him what Mulligan's talent can do;
And if he gets nasty and dares to say much,
I'll knock him as stiff as my grandfather's crutch."

Then off to the town went the mare and the lad;
The bailiff came out, never dreamt he was "had";
But marched to the stall with a confident air --
"I levy," said he, "upon Mulligan's mare."

He watched her by day and he watched her by night,
She was never an instant let out of his sight,

For races were coming away in the West
And Mulligan's mare had a chance with the best.

"Here's a slant," thought the bailiff, "to serve my own ends,
I'll send off a wire to my bookmaking friends:
'Get all you can borrow, beg, snavel or snare
And lay the whole lot against Mulligan's mare.'"

The races came round, and the crowd on the course
Were laying the mare till they made themselves hoarse,
And Mulligan's party, with ardour intense,
They backed her for pounds and for shillings and pence.

But think of the grief of the bookmaking host
At the sound of the summons to go to the post --
For down to the start with her thoroughbred air
As fit as a fiddle pranced Mulligan's mare!

They started, and off went the boy to the front,
He cleared out at once, and he made it a hunt;
He steadied as rounding the corner they wheeled,
Then gave her her head -- and she smothered the field.

The race put her owner right clear of his debts;
He landed a fortune in stakes and in bets,
He paid the old bailiff the whole of his pelf,
And gave him a hiding to keep for himself.

So all you bold sportsmen take warning, I pray,
Keep clear of the running, you'll find it don't pay;
For the very best rule that you'll hear in a week
Is never to bet on a thing that can speak.

And whether you're lucky or whether you lose,
Keep clear of the cards and keep clear of the booze,
And fortune in season will answer your prayer
And send you a flyer like Mulligan's mare.

Andrew Barton Paterson

**Mustering Song**

The boss last night in the hut did say
"We start to muster at break of day;
So be up first thing, and don't be slow;
Saddle your horses and off you go."

So early in the morning, so early in the morning,
So early in the morning, before the break of day.
Such a night in the yard there never was seen
(The horses were fat and the grass was green):
Bursting of girths and slipping of packs
As the stockmen saddled the fastest hacks.

Across the plain we jog along
Over gully, swamp, and billabong;
We dropp on a mob pretty lively, too
We round 'em up and give 'em a slue.

Now the scrub grows thick and the cattle are wild,
A regular caution to this 'ere child
A new chum man on an old chum horse,
Who sails through the scrub as a matter of course.
I was close up stuck in a rotten bog;
I got a buster jumping a log;
I found this scouting rather hot,
So I joined the niggers with the lot we'd got.

A long-haired shepherd we chanced to meet
With a water bag, billy, and dog complete;
He came too close to a knocked up steer,
Who up a sapling made him clear.
Now on every side we faintly hear
The crack of the stockwhip drawing near;
To the camp the cattle soon converge,
As from the thick scrub they emerge.

We hastily comfort the inner man
With the warm contents of the billy can;
The beef and damper are passed about
Before we tackle the cutting out.

We're at it now—that bally calf
Would surely make a sick man laugh;
The silly fool can't take a joke;
I hope some day in the drought he'll croak.

We've 'em now—the cows and calves
(Things here are never done by halves):
Strangers, workers, and milkers, too,
Of scrubbers also not a few.

It's getting late, we'd better push;
'Tis a good long way across the bush,

And the mob to drive are middling hard;
I do not think we'll reach the yard.

Andrew Barton Paterson

**My Mate Bill**

That's his saddle on the tie-beam,
And them's his spurs up there
On the wall-plate over yonder
You can see they ain't a pair.

For the daddy of all the stockmen
As ever come mustering here
Was killed in the flaming mulga,
A-yarding a bald-faced steer.

They say as he's gone to heaven,
And shook off all worldly cares
But I can't sight Bill in a halo
Set up on three blinded hairs.

In heaven! what next I wonder,
For strike me pink and blue,
If I see whatever in thunder
They'll find for Bill to do.

He'd never make one of them angels,
With faces as white as chalk,
All wool to the toes like hoggets,
And wings like an eagle-hawk.

He couldn't 'arp for apples,
His voice had tones as jarred,
And he'd no more ear than a bald-faced steer,
Or calves in a branding yard.

He could sit on a bucking brumbie
Like a nob in an easy chair,
And chop his name with a greenhide fall
On the flank of a flying steer.

He could show them saints in glory
The way that a fall should drop,
But sit on a throne—not William,
Unless they could make it prop.

He mightn't freeze to the seraphs,
Or chum with the cherubim,
But if ever them seraph johnnies
Get a-poking it like at him

Well! if there's hide in heaven,
And silk for to make a lash,
He'll yard 'em all in the Jasper Lake
In a blinded lightning flash.

If the heavenly hosts get boxed now,
As mobs most always will,

Who'll cut 'em out like William,
Or draft on a camp like Bill?

An 'orseman would find it awkward
At first with a push that flew,
But blame my cats if I know what else
They'll find for Bill to do.

It's hard if there ain't no cattle,
And perhaps they'll let him sleep,
And wake him up at the judgment
To draft those goats and sheep.

It's playing it low on William,
But perhaps he'll buckle to,
To show them high-toned seraphs
What a Mulga man can do.

If they saddles a big-boned angel,
With a turn of speed, of course,
As can spiel like a four-year brumbie,
And prop like an old camp horse,

And puts Bill up with a snaffle,
A four or five inch spur,
And eighteen foot of greenhide
To chop the blinded fur

He'll yard them blamed Angoras
In a way that it's safe to swear
Will make them tony seraphs
Sit back on their thrones and stare.

Andrew Barton Paterson

**My Religion**

Let Romanists all at the Confessional kneel,
Let the Jew with disgust turn from it,
Let the mighty Crown Prelate in Church pander zeal,
Let the Mussulman worship Mahomet.

From all these I differ—truly wise is my plan,
With my doctrine, perhaps, you'll agree,
To be upright and downright and act like a man,
That's the religion for me.

I will go to no Church and to no house of Prayer
To see a white shirt on a preacher.
And in no Courthouse on a book will I swear
To injure a poor fellow-creature.

For parsons and preachers are all a mere joke,
Their hands must be greased by a fee;
But with the poor toiler to share your last "toke"*
That's the religion for me.

Let Psalm-singing Churchmen and Lutheran sing,
They can't deceive God with their blarney;
They might just as well dance the Highland Fling,
Or sing the fair fame of Kate Kearney.

But let man unto man like brethren act,
My doctrine this suits to a T,
The heart that can feel for the woes of another,
Oh, that's the religion for me.

Andrew Barton Paterson

**Not On It**

The new chum's polo pony was the smartest pony yet --
The owner backed it for the Cup for all that he could get.
The books were laying fives to one, in tenners; and you bet
He was on it.
The bell was rung, the nags came out their quality to try,
The band played, "What Ho! Robbo!" as our hero cantered by,
The people in the Leger Stand cried out, "Hi, mister, hi!
Are you on it?"

They watched him as the flag went down; his fate is quickly told --
The pony gave a sudden spring, and off the rider rolled.
The pony finished first all right, but then our hero bold
Was not on it.

Andrew Barton Paterson

## Now Listen to Me and I'll Tell You My Views

Now listen to me and I'll tell you my views concerning the African war,
And the man who upholds any different views, the same is a ritten Pro-Boer!
(Though I'm getting a little bit doubtful myself, as it drags on week after week:
But it's better not ask any questions at all -- let us silence all doubts with a shriek!)
And first let us shriek the unstinted abuse that the Tory Press prefer --
De Wet is a madman, and Steyn is a liar, and Kruger a pitiful cur!
(Though I think if Oom Paul -- as old as he is -- were to walk down the Strand with his gun,
A lot of these heroes would hide in the sewers or take to their heels and run!
For Paul he has fought like a man in his day, but now that he's feeble and weak
And tired, and lonely, and old and grey, of course it's quite safe to shriek!)

And next let us join in the bloodthirsty shriek, Hooray for Lord Kitchener's "bag"!
For the fireman's torch and the hangman's cord -- they are hung on the English Flag!
In the front of our brave old army! Whoop! the farmhouse blazes bright.
And the women weep and their children die -- how dare they presume to fight!
For none of them dress in a uniform, the same as by rights they ought.
They're fighting in rags and in naked feet, like Wallace's Scotchmen fought!
(And they clothe themselves from our captured troops -- and they're catching them every week;
And they don't hand them -- and the shame is ours, but we cover the shame with a shriek!)
And, lastly, we'll shriek the political shriek as we sit in the dark and doubt;
Where the Birmingham Judas led us in, and there's no one to lead us out.
And Rosebery -- whom we depended upon! Would only the Oracle speak!
"You go to the Grocers," says he, "for your laws!" By Heavens! it's time to shriek!

Andrew Barton Paterson

**Old Australian Ways**

The London lights are far abeam
Behind a bank of cloud,
Along the shore the gaslights gleam,
The gale is piping loud;
And down the Channel, groping blind,
We drive her through the haze
Towards the land we left behind,
The good old land of 'never mind',
And old Australian ways.

The narrow ways of English folk
Are not for such as we;
They bear the long-accustomed yoke
Of staid conservancy:
But all our roads are new and strange,
And through our blood there runs
The vagabonding love of change
That drove us westward of the range
And westward of the suns.

The city folk go to and fro
Behind a prison's bars,
They never feel the breezes blow
And never see the stars;
They never hear in blossomed trees
The music low and sweet
Of wild birds making melodies,
Nor catch the little laughing breeze
That whispers in the wheat.

Our fathers came of roving stock
That could not fixed abide:
And we have followed field and flock
Since e'er we learnt to ride;
By miner's camp and shearing shed,
In land of heat and drought,
We followed where our fortunes led,
With fortune always on ahead
And always further out.

The wind is in the barley-grass,
The wattles are in bloom;
The breezes greet us as they pass
With honey-sweet perfume;
The parakeets go screaming by
With flash of golden wing,
And from the swamp the wild-ducks cry
Their long-drawn note of revelry,
Rejoicing at the Spring.

So throw the weary pen aside
And let the papers rest,

For we must saddle up and ride
Towards the blue hill's breast;
And we must travel far and fast
Across their rugged maze,
To find the Spring of Youth at last,
And call back from the buried past
The old Australian ways.

When Clancy took the drover's track
In years of long ago,
He drifted to the outer back
Beyond the Overflow;
By rolling plain and rocky shelf,
With stockwhip in his hand,
He reached at last (oh lucky elf!)
The Town of Come-and-help-yourself
In Rough-and-ready Land.

And if it be that you would know
The tracks he used to ride,
Then you must saddle up and go
Beyond the Queensland side,
Beyond the reach of rule or law,
To ride the long day through,
In Nature's homestead, filled with awe
You then might see what Clancy saw
And know what Clancy knew.

Andrew Barton Paterson

**Old Man Platypus**

Far from the trouble and toil of town,
Where the reed beds sweep and shiver,
Look at a fragment of velvet brown,
Old Man Platypus drifting down,
Drifting along the river.

And he plays and dives in the river bends
In a style that is most elusive;
With few relations and fewer friends,
For Old Man Platypus descends
From a family most exclusive.

He shares his burrow beneath the bank
With his wife and his son and daughter
At the roots of the reeds and the grasses rank;
And the bubbles show where our hero sank
To its entrance under water.

Safe in their burrow below the falls
They live in a world of wonder,
Where no one visits and no one calls,
They sleep like little brown billiard balls
With their beaks tucked neatly under.

And he talks in a deep unfriendly growl
As he goes on his journey lonely;
For he's no relation to fish nor fowl,
Nor to bird nor beast, nor to horned owl;
In fact, he's the one and only!

Andrew Barton Paterson

## Old Pardon, the Son of Reprieve

You never heard tell of the story?
Well, now, I can hardly believe!
Never heard of the honour and glory
Of Pardon, the son of Reprieve?
But maybe you're only a Johnnie
And don't know a horse from a hoe?
Well, well, don't get angry, my sonny,
But, really, a young un should know.
They bred him out back on the "Never",
His mother was Mameluke breed.
To the front -- and then stay there - was ever
The root of the Mameluke creed.
He seemed to inherit their wiry
Strong frames -- and their pluck to receive --
As hard as a flint and as fiery
Was Pardon, the son of Reprieve.

We ran him at many a meeting
At crossing and gully and town,
And nothing could give him a beating --
At least when our money was down.
For weight wouldn't stop him, nor distance,
Nor odds, though the others were fast;
He'd race with a dogged persistence,
And wear them all down at the last.

At the Turon the Yattendon filly
Led by lengths at the mile-and-a-half,
And we all began to look silly,
While her crowd were starting to laugh;
But the old horse came faster and faster,
His pluck told its tale, and his strength,
He gained on her, caught her, and passed her,
And won it, hands down, by a length.

And then we swooped down on Menindie
To run for the President's Cup;
Oh! that's a sweet township -- a shindy
To them is board, lodging, and sup.
Eye-openers they are, and their system
Is never to suffer defeat;
It's "win, tie, or wrangle" -- to best 'em
You must lose 'em, or else it's "dead heat".

We strolled down the township and found 'em
At drinking and gaming and play;
If sorrows they had, why they drowned 'em,
And betting was soon under way.
Their horses were good uns and fit uns,
There was plenty of cash in the town;
They backed their own horses like Britons,
And, Lord! how we rattled it down!

With gladness we thought of the morrow,
We counted our wages with glee,
A simile homely to borrow --
"There was plenty of milk in our tea."
You see we were green; and we never
Had even a thought of foul play,
Though we well might have known that the clever
Division would "put us away".

Experience docet, they tell us,
At least so I've frequently heard;
But, "dosing" or "stuffing", those fellows
Were up to each move on the board:
They got to his stall -- it is sinful
To think what such villains will do --
And they gave him a regular skinful
Of barley -- green barley -- to chew.

He munched it all night, and we found him
Next morning as full as a hog --
The girths wouldn't nearly meet round him;
He looked like an overfed frog.
We saw we were done like a dinner --
The odds were a thousand to one
Against Pardon turning up winner,
'Twas cruel to ask him to run.

We got to the course with our troubles,
A crestfallen couple were we;
And we heard the " books" calling the doubles --
A roar like the surf of the sea.
And over the tumult and louder
Rang "Any price Pardon, I lay!"
Says Jimmy, "The children of Judah
Are out on the warpath today."

Three miles in three heats: -- Ah, my sonny,
The horses in those days were stout,
They had to run well to win money;
I don't see such horses about.
Your six-furlong vermin that scamper
Half-a-mile with their feather-weight up,
They wouldn't earn much of their damper
In a race like the President's Cup.

The first heat was soon set a-going;
The Dancer went off to the front;
The Don on his quarters was showing,
With Pardon right out of the hunt.
He rolled and he weltered and wallowed --
You'd kick your hat faster, I'll bet;

They finished all bunched, and he followed
All lathered and dripping with sweat.

But troubles came thicker upon us,
For while we were rubbing him dry
The stewards came over to warn us:
"We hear you are running a bye!
If Pardon don't spiel like tarnation
And win the next heat -- if he can --
He'll earn a disqualification;
Just think over that now, my man!"

Our money all gone and our credit,
Our horse couldn't gallop a yard;
And then people thought that we did it
It really was terribly hard.
We were objects of mirth and derision
To folks in the lawn and the stand,
Anf the yells of the clever division
Of "Any price Pardon!" were grand.

We still had a chance for the money,
Two heats remained to be run:
If both fell to us -- why, my sonny,
The clever division were done.
And Pardon was better, we reckoned,
His sickness was passing away,
So we went to the post for the second
And principal heat of the day.

They're off and away with a rattle,
Like dogs from the leashes let slip,
And right at the back of the battle
He followed them under the whip.
They gained ten good lengths on him quickly
He dropped right away from the pack;
I tell you it made me feel sickly
To see the blue jacket fall back.

Our very last hope had departed --
We thought the old fellow was done,
When all of a sudden he started
To go like a shot from a gun.
His chances seemed slight to embolden
Our hearts; but, with teeth firmly set,
We thought, "Now or never! The old un
May reckon with some of 'em yet."

Then loud rose the war-cry for Pardon;
He swept like the wind down the dip,
And over the rise by the garden
The jockey was done with the whip.

The field was at sixes and sevens --
The pace at the first had been fast --
And hope seemed to drop from the heavens,
For Pardon was coming at last.

And how he did come! It was splendid;
He gained on them yards every bound,
Stretching out like a greyhound extended,
His girth laid right down on the ground.
A shimmer of silk in the cedars
As into the running they wheeled,
And out flashed the whips on the leaders,
For Pardon had collared the field.

Then right through the ruck he was sailing --
I knew that the battle was won --
The son of Haphazard was failing,
The Yattendon filly was done;
He cut down The Don and The Dancer,
He raced clean away from the mare --
He's in front! Catch him now if you can, sir!
And up went my hat in the air!

Then loud fron the lawn and the garden
Rose offers of "Ten to one on!"
"Who'll bet on the field? I back Pardon!"
No use; all the money was gone.
He came for the third heat light-hearted,
A-jumping and dancing about;
The others were done ere they started
Crestfallen, and tired, and worn out.

He won it, and ran it much faster
Than even the first, I believe;
Oh, he was the daddy, the master,
Was Pardon, the son of Reprieve.
He showed 'em the method of travel --
The boy sat still as a stone --
They never could see him for gravel;
He came in hard-held, and alone.

* * * * * * *

But he's old -- and his eyes are grown hollow
Like me, with my thatch of the snow;
When he dies, then I hope I may follow,
And go where the racehorses go.
I don't want no harping nor singing --
Such things with my style don't agree;
Where the hoofs of the horses are ringing
There's music sufficient for me.

And surely the thoroughbred horses
Will rise up again and begin
Fresh faces on far-away courses,
And p'raps they might let me slip in.
It would look rather well the race-card on
'Mongst Cherubs and Seraphs and things,
"Angel Harrison's black gelding Pardon,
Blue halo, white body and wings."

And if they have racing hereafter,
(And who is to say they will not?)
When the cheers and the shouting and laughter
Proclaim that the battle grows hot;
As they come down the racecourse a-steering,
He'll rush to the front, I believe;
And you'll hear the great multitude cheering
For Pardon, the son of Reprieve

Andrew Barton Paterson

**Old Schooldays**

Awake, of Muse, the echoes of a day
Long past, the ghosts of mem'ries manifold --
Youth's memories that once were green and gold
But now, alas, are grim and ashen grey.
The drowsy schoolboy wakened up from sleep,
First stays his system with substantial food,
Then off for school with tasks half understood,
Alas, alas, that cribs should be so cheap!

The journey down to town -- 'twere long to tell
The storm and riot of the rabble rout;
The wild Walpurgis revel in and out
That made the ferry boat a floating hell.

What time the captive locusts fairly roared:
And bulldog ants, made stingless with a knife,
Climbed up the seats and scared the very life
From timid folk, who near jumped overboard.

The hours of lessons -- hours with feet of clay
Each hour a day, each day more like a week:
While hapless urchins heard with blanched cheek
The words of doom "Come in on Saturday".

The master gowned and spectacled, precise,
Trying to rule by methods firm and kind
But always just a little bit behind
The latest villainy, the last device,

Born of some smoothfaced urchin's fertile brain
To irritate the hapless pedagogue,
And first involve him in a mental fog
Then "have" him with the same old tale again.

The "bogus" fight that brought the sergeant down
To that dark corner by the old brick wall,
Where mimic combat and theatric brawl
Made noise enough to terrify the town.

But on wet days the fray was genuine,
When small boys pushed each other in the mud
And fought in silence till thin streams of blood
Their dirty faces would incarnadine.

The football match or practice in the park
With rampant hoodlums joining in the game
Till on one famous holiday there came
A gang that seized the football for a lark.

Then raged the combat without rest or pause,
Till one, a hero, Hawkins unafraid
Regained the ball, and later on displayed

His nose knocked sideways in his country's cause.

Before the mind quaint visions rise and fall,
Old jokes, old students dead and gone:
And some that lead us still, while some toil on
As rank and file, but "Grammar" children all.

And he, the pilot, who has laid the course
For all to steer by, honest, unafraid --
Truth is his beacon light, so he has made
The name of the old School a living force.

Andrew Barton Paterson

**On Kiley's Run**

The roving breezes come and go
On Kiley's Run,
The sleepy river murmurs low,
And far away one dimly sees
Beyond the stretch of forest trees --
Beyond the foothills dusk and dun --
The ranges sleeping in the sun
On Kiley's Run.

'Tis many years since first I came
To Kiley's Run,
More years than I would care to name
Since I, a stripling, used to ride
For miles and miles at Kiley's side,
The while in stirring tones he told
The stories of the days of old
On Kiley's Run.

I see the old bush homestead now
On Kiley's Run,
Just nestled down beneath the brow
Of one small ridge above the sweep
Of river-flat, where willows weep
And jasmine flowers and roses bloom,
The air was laden with perfume
On Kiley's Run.

We lived the good old station life
On Kiley's Run,
With little thought of care or strife.
Old Kiley seldom used to roam,
He liked to make the Run his home,
The swagman never turned away
With empty hand at close of day
From Kiley's Run.

We kept a racehorse now and then
On Kiley's Run,
And neighb'ring stations brought their men
To meetings where the sport was free,
And dainty ladies came to see
Their champions ride; with laugh and song
The old house rang the whole night long
On Kiley's Run.

The station hands were friends I wot
On Kiley's Run,
A reckless, merry-hearted lot --
All splendid riders, and they knew
The `boss' was kindness through and through.
Old Kiley always stood their friend,
And so they served him to the end

On Kiley's Run.

But droughts and losses came apace
To Kiley's Run,
Till ruin stared him in the face;
He toiled and toiled while lived the light,
He dreamed of overdrafts at night:
At length, because he could not pay,
His bankers took the stock away
From Kiley's Run.

Old Kiley stood and saw them go
From Kiley's Run.
The well-bred cattle marching slow;
His stockmen, mates for many a day,
They wrung his hand and went away.
Too old to make another start,
Old Kiley died -- of broken heart,
On Kiley's Run.

. . . . .

The owner lives in England now
Of Kiley's Run.
He knows a racehorse from a cow;
But that is all he knows of stock:
His chiefest care is how to dock
Expenses, and he sends from town
To cut the shearers' wages down
On Kiley's Run.

There are no neighbours anywhere
Near Kiley's Run.
The hospitable homes are bare,
The gardens gone; for no pretence
Must hinder cutting down expense:
The homestead that we held so dear
Contains a half-paid overseer
On Kiley's Run.

All life and sport and hope have died
On Kiley's Run.
No longer there the stockmen ride;
For sour-faced boundary riders creep
On mongrel horses after sheep,
Through ranges where, at racing speed,
Old Kiley used to `wheel the lead'
On Kiley's Run.

There runs a lane for thirty miles
Through Kiley's Run.
On either side the herbage smiles,

But wretched trav'lling sheep must pass
Without a drink or blade of grass
Thro' that long lane of death and shame:
The weary drovers curse the name
Of Kiley's Run.

The name itself is changed of late
Of Kiley's Run.
They call it `Chandos Park Estate'.
The lonely swagman through the dark
Must hump his swag past Chandos Park.
The name is English, don't you see,
The old name sweeter sounds to me
Of `Kiley's Run'.

I cannot guess what fate will bring
To Kiley's Run --
For chances come and changes ring --
I scarcely think 'twill always be
Locked up to suit an absentee;
And if he lets it out in farms
His tenants soon will carry arms
On Kiley's Run.

Andrew Barton Paterson

**On The Road To Gundagai**

Oh, we started down from Roto when the sheds had all cut out.
We'd whips and whips of Rhino as we meant to push about,
So we humped our blues serenely and made for Sydney town,
With a three-spot cheque between us, as wanted knocking down.

But we camped at Lazy Harry's, on the road to Gundagai
The road to Gundagai!  Not five miles from Gundagai!
Yes, we camped at Lazy Harry's, on the road to Gundagai.

Well, we struck the Murrumbidgee near the Yanko in a week,
And passed through old Narrandera and crossed the Burnet Creek.
And we never stopped at Wagga, for we'd Sydney in our eye.
But we camped at Lazy Harry's, on the road to Gundagai.

Oh, I've seen a lot of girls, my boys, and drunk a lot of beer,
And I've met with some of both, chaps, as has left me mighty queer;
But for beer to knock you sideways, and for girls to make you sigh,
You must camp at Lazy Harry's, on the road to Gundagai.

Well, we chucked our blooming swags off, and we walked into the bar,
And we called for rum-an'-raspb'ry and a shilling each cigar.
But the girl that served the pizen, she winked at Bill and I
And we camped at Lazy Harry's,  not five miles from Gundagai.

In a week the spree was over and the cheque was all knocked down,
So we shouldered our "Matildas," and we turned our backs on town,
And the girls they stood a nobbler as we sadly said "Good bye,"
And we tramped from Lazy Harry's, not five miles from Gundagai;

Andrew Barton Paterson

**On the Trek**

Oh, the weary, weary journey on the trek, day after day,
With sun above and silent veldt below;
And our hearts keep turning homeward to the youngsters far away,
And the homestead where the climbing roses grow.
Shall we see the flats grow golden with the ripening of the grain?
Shall we hear the parrots calling on the bough?
Ah! the weary months of marching ere we hear them call again,
For we're going on a long job now.
In the drowsy days on escort, riding slowly half asleep,
With the endless line of waggons stretching back,
While the khaki soldiers travel like a mob of travelling sheep,
Plodding silent on the never-ending track,
While the constant snap and sniping of the foe you never see
Makes you wonder will your turn come -- when and how?
As the Mauser ball hums past you like a vicious kind of bee --
Oh! we're going on a long job now.

When the dash and the excitement and the novelty are dead,
And you've seen a load of wounded once or twice,
Or you've watched your old mate dying, with the vultures overhead --
Well, you wonder if the war is worth the price.
And down along the Monaro now they're starting out to shear,
I can picture the excitement and the row;
But they'll miss me on the Lachlan when they call the roll this year,
For we're going on a long job now.

Andrew Barton Paterson

## Only a Jockey

Out in the grey cheerless chill of the morning light,
Out on the track where the night shades still lurk,
ere the first gleam of the sungod's returning light
Round come the racehorses early at work.
Reefing and pulling and racing so readily,
Close sit the jockey-boys holding them hard,
"Steady the stallion there -- canter him steadily,
Don't let him gallop so much as a yard."

Fiercely he fights while the others run wide of him,
Reefs at the bit that would hold him in thrall,
Plunges and bucks till the boy that's astride of him
Goes to the ground with a terrible fall.

"Stop him there! Block him there! Drive him in carefully,
Lead him about till he's quiet and cool.
Sound as a bell! though he's blown himself fearfully,
Now let us pick up this poor little fool.

"Stunned? Oh, by Jove, I'm afraid it's a case with him;
Ride for the doctor! keep bathing his head!
Send for a cart to go down to our place with him" --
No use! One long sigh and the little chap's dead.

Only a jockey-boy, foul-mouthed and bad you see,
Ignorant, heathenish, gone to his rest.
Parson or Presbyter, Pharisee, Sadducee,
What did you do for him? -- bad was the best.

Negroes and foreigners, all have a claim on you;
Yearly you send your well-advertised hoard,
But the poor jockey-boy -- shame on you, shame on you,
"Feed ye My little ones" -- what said the Lord?

Him ye held less than the outer barbarian,
Left him to die in his ignorant sin;
Have you no principles, humanitarian?
Have you no precept -- "Go gather them in?"

Knew he God's name? In his brutal profanity
That name was an oath -- out of many but one.
What did he get from our famed Christianity?
Where has his soul -- if he had any -- gone?

Fourteen years old, and what was he taught of it?
What did he know of God's infinite Grace?
Draw the dark curtain of shame o'er the thought of it
Draw the shroud over the jockey-boy's face.

Andrew Barton Paterson

## Opening of the Railway Line

The opening of the railway line...
The Governor and all,
With flags and banners down the street,
A banquet and a ball,
Hark to them at the station now !
They're raising cheer on cheer,
The man who brought the railway through,
Our friend the engineer.

Andrew Barton Paterson

**Our Mat**

It came from the prison this morning,
Close-twisted, neat-lettered, and flat;
It lies the hall doorway adorning,
A very good style of a mat.

Prison-made! how the spirit is moven
As we think of its story of dread --
What wiles of the wicked are woven
And spun in its intricate thread!

The letters are new, neat and nobby,
Suggesting a masterly hand --
Was it Sikes, who half-murdered the bobby,
That put the neat D on the "and"?

Some banker found guilty of laches --
It's always called laches, you know --
Had Holt any hand in those Hs?
Did Bertrand illumine that O?

That T has a look of the gallows,
That A's a triangle, I guess;
Was it one of the Mount Rennie fellows
Who twisted the strands of the S?

Was it made by some "highly connected",
Who is doing his spell "on his head",
Or some wretched woman detected
In stealing her children some bread?

Does it speak of a bitter repentance
For the crime that so easily came?
Of the wearisome length of the sentence,
Of the sin, and the sorrow, and shame?

A mat! I should call it a sermon
On sin, to all sinners addressed;
It would take a keen judge to determine
Whether writer or reader is best.

Though the doorway be hard as a pavestone,
I rather would use it than that --
I'd as soon wipe my boots on a gravestone,
As I would on that Darlinghurst mat!

Andrew Barton Paterson

## Our New Horse

The boys had come back from the races
All silent and down on their luck;
They'd backed 'em, straight out and for places,
But never a winner they's struck.
They lost their good money on Slogan,
And fell most uncommonly flat
When Partner, the pride of the Bogan,
Was beaten by Aristocrat.
And one said, "I move that instanter
We sell out our horses and quit;
The brutes ought to win in a canter,
Such trials they do when they're fit.
The last one they ran was a snorter --
A gallop to gladden one's heart --
Two-twelve for a mile and a quarter,
And finished as straight as a dart.

"And then when I think that they're ready
To win me a nice little swag,
They are licked like the veriest neddy --
They're licked from the fall of the flag.
The mare held her own to the stable,
She died out to nothing at that,
And Partner he never seemed able
To pace with the Aristocrat.

"And times have been bad, and the seasons
Don't promise to be of the best;
In short, boys, there's plenty of reasons
For giving the racing a rest.
The mare can be kept on the station --
Her breeding is good as can be --
But Partner, his next destination
Is rather a trouble to me.

"We can't sell him here, for they know him
As well as the clerk of the course;
He's raced and won races till, blow him,
He's done as a handicap horse.
A jady, uncertain performer,
They weight him right out of the hunt,
And clap it on warmer and warmer
Whenever he gets near the front.

"It's no use to paint him or dot him
Or put any fake on his brand,
For bushmen are smart, and they'd spot him
In any sale-yard in the land.
The folk about here could all tell him,
Could swear to each separate hair;
Let us send him to Sydney and sell him,
There's plenty of Jugginses there.

"We'll call him a maiden, and treat 'em
To trials will open their eyes;
We'll run their best horses and beat 'em,
And then won't they think him a prize.
I pity the fellow that buys him,
He'll find in a very short space,
No matter how highly he tries him,
The beggar won't race in a race."

*  *  *  *  *

Next week, under "Seller and Buyer",
Appeared in the Daily Gazette:
"A racehorse for sale, and a flyer;
Has never been started as yet;
A trial will show what his pace is;
The buyer can get him in light,
And win all the handicap races.
Apply before Saturday night."

He sold for a hundred and thirty,
Because of a gallop he had
One morning with Bluefish and Bertie.
And donkey-licked both of 'em bad.
And when the old horse had departed,
The life on the station grew tame;
The race-track was dull and deserted,
The boys had gone back on the game.

*  *  *  *  *

The winter rolled by, and the station
Was green with the garland of Spring;
A spirit of glad exultation
Awoke in each animate thing;
And all the old love, the old longing,
Broke out in the breasts of the boys --
The visions of racing came thronging
With all its delirious joys.

The rushing of floods in their courses,
The rattle of rain on the roofs,
Recalled the fierce rush of the horses,
The thunder of galloping hoofs.
And soon one broke out: "I can suffer
No longer the life of a slug;
The man that don't race is a duffer,
Let's have one more run for the mug.

"Why, everything races, no matter
Whatever its method may be:

The waterfowl hold a regatta;
The possums run heats up a tree;
The emus are constantly sprinting
A handicap out on the plain;
It seems that all nature is hinting
'Tis ime to be at it again.

"The cockatoo parrots are talking
Of races to far-away lands;
The native companions are walking
A go-as-you-please on the sands;
The little foals gallop for pastime;
The wallabies race down the gap;
Let's try it once more for the last time --
Bring out the old jacket and cap.

"And now for a horse; we might try one
Of those that are bred on the place.
But I fancy it's better to buy one,
A horse that has proved he can race.
Let us send down to Sydney to Skinner,
A thorough good judge who can ride,
And ask him to buy us a spinner
To clean out the whole country-side."

They wrote him a letter as follows:
"we want you to buy us a horse;
He must have the speed to catch swallows,
And stamina with it, of course.
The price ain't a thing that'll grieve us,
It's getting a bad un annoys
The undersigned blokes, and believe us,
We're yours to a cinder, 'the boys'."

He answered: "I've bought you a hummer,
A horse that has never been raced;
I saw him run over the Drummer,
He held him outclassed and outpaced.
His breeding's not known, but they state he
Is born of a thoroughbred strain.
I've paid them a hundred and eighty,
And started the horse in the train."

They met him -- alas, that these verses
Aren't up to their subject's demands,
Can't set forth thier eloquent curses --
For Partner was back in their hands.
They went in to meet him with gladness
They opened his box with delight --
A silent procession of sadness
They crept to the station at night.

And life has grown dull on the station,
The boys are all silent and slow;
Their work is a daily vexation,
And sport is unknown to them now.
Whenever they think how they stranded,
They squeal just as guinea-pigs squeal;
They'd bit their own hook, and were landed
With fifty pounds loss on the deal.

Andrew Barton Paterson

**Our Own Flag**

They mustered us up with a royal din,
In wearisome weeks of drought.
Ere ever half of the crops were in,
Or the half of the sheds cut out.

'Twas down with the saddle and spurs and whip
The swagman dropped his swag.
And we hurried us off to the outbound ship
To fight for the English flag.

The English flag, it is ours in sooth
We stand by it wrong or right.
But deep in our hearts is the honest truth
We fought for the sake of a fight.

And the English flag may flutter and wave
Where the World-wide Oceans toss,
But the flag the Australian dies to save
Is the flag of the Southern Cross.

If ever they want us to stand the brunt
Of a hard-faught, grim campaign,
We will carry our own flag up to the front
When we go to the wars again.

Andrew Barton Paterson

**Out of Sight**

They held a polo meeting at a little country town,
And all the local sportsmen came to win themselves renown.
There came two strangers with a horse, and I am much afraid
They both belonged to what is called "the take-you-down brigade".
They said their horse could jump like fun, and asked an amateur
To ride him in the steeplechase, and told him they were sure
The last time round he'd sail away with such a swallow's flight
The rest would never see him go -- he's finish out of sight.

So out he went; and, when folk saw the amateur was up,
Some local genius called the race "the Dude-in-Danger Cup".
The horse was known as "Who's Afraid", by "Panic" from "The Fright" --
But still his owners told the jock he's finish out of sight.

And so he did; for Who's Afraid, without the least pretence,
Disposed of him by rushing through the very second fence;
And when they ran the last time round the prophecy was right --
For he was in the ambulance, and safely "out of sight".

Andrew Barton Paterson

**Over The Range**

Little bush maiden, wondering-eyed,
Playing alone in the creek-bed dry,
In the small green flat on every side
Walled in by the Moonbi ranges high;
Tell me the tale of your lonely life
'Mid the great grey forests that know no change.
"I never have left my home," she said,
"I have never been over the Moonbi Range.
"Father and mother are long since dead,
And I live with granny in yon wee place."
"Where are your father and mother?" I said.
She puzzled awhile with thoughtful face,
Then a light came into the shy brown face,
And she smiled, for she thought the question strange
On a thing so certain -- "When people die
They go to the country over the range."

"And what is this country like, my lass?"
"There are blossoming trees and pretty flowers
And shining creeks where the golden grass
Is fresh and sweet from the summer showers.
They never need work, nor want, nor weep;
No troubles can come their hearts to estrange.
Some summer night I shall fall asleep,
And wake in the country over the range."

Child, you are wise in your simple trust,
For the wisest man knows no more than you.
Ashes to ashes, and dust to dust:
Our views by a range are bounded too;
But we know that God hath this gift in store,
That, when we come to the final change,
We shall meet with our loved ones gone before
To the beautiful country over the range.

Andrew Barton Paterson

**Paddy Malone In Australia**

Och! my name's Pat Malone, and I'm from Tipperary.
Sure, I don't know it now I'm so bothered, Ohone!
And the gals that I danced with, light-hearted and airy,
It's scarcely they'd notice poor Paddy Malone.
'Tis twelve months or more since our ship she cast anchor
In happy Australia, the Emigrant's home,
And from that day to this there's been nothing but canker,
And grafe and vexation for Paddy Malone.
Oh, Paddy Malone! Oh, Paddy, Ohone!
Bad luck to the agent that coaxed ye to roam.

Wid a man called a squatter I soon got a place, sure,
He'd a beard like a goat, and such whiskers, Ohone!
And he said—as he peeped through the hair on his faitures
That he liked the appearance of Paddy Malone.
Wid him I agreed to go up to his station,
Saying abroad in the bush you'll find yourself at home.
I liked his proposal, and 'out hesitation
Signed my name wid a X that spelt Paddy Malone.
Oh, Paddy Malone, you're no scholard, Ohone!
Sure, I made a cris-crass that spelt Paddy Malone.

A-herding my sheep in the bush, as they call it
It was no bush at all, but a mighty great wood,
Wid all the big trees that were small bushes one time,
A long time ago, faith I 'spose 'fore the flood.
To find out this big bush one day I went further,
The trees grew so thick that I couldn't, Ohone!
I tried to go back then, but that I found harder,
And bothered and lost was poor Paddy Malone.
Oh, Paddy Malone, through the bush he did roam
What a Babe in the Wood was poor Paddy Malone.

I was soon overcome, sure, wid grafe and vexation,
And camped, you must know, by the side of a log;
I was found the next day by a man from the station,
For I coo-ey'd and roared like a bull in a bog.
The man said to me, "Arrah, Pat! where's the sheep now?"
Says I, "I dunno! barring one here at home,"
And the master began and kicked up a big row too,
And swore he'd stop the wages of Paddy Malone.
Arrah! Paddy Malone, you're no shepherd, Ohone!
We'll try you with bullocks now, Paddy Malone.

To see me dressed out with my team and my dray too,
Wid a whip like a flail and such gaiters, Ohone!
But the bullocks, as they eyed me, they seemed for to say too,
"You may do your best, Paddy, we're blest if we go."
"Gee whoa! Redman! come hither, Damper!
Hoot, Magpie! Gee, Blackbird! Come hither,
Whalebone!"

But the brutes turned round sharp, and away they did scamper,
And heels over head turned poor Paddy Malone.
Oh, Paddy Malone! you've seen some bulls at home,
But the bulls of Australia cows Paddy Malone.

I was found the next day where the brutes they did throw me
By a man passing by, upon hearing me groan,
And wiping the mud from my face that he knew me,
Says he, "Your name's Paddy?" "Yes! Paddy Malone."
I thin says to him, "You're an angel sent down, sure!"
"No, faith, but I'm not; but a friend of your own!"
And by his persuasion, for home then I started,
And you now see before you poor Paddy Malone.
Arrah, Paddy Malone! you are now safe at home.
Bad luck to the agent that coaxed ye to roam.

Andrew Barton Paterson

**Paddy's Letter, 1857**

I've had all sorts of luck, sometimes bad, sometimes better,
But now I have somebody's luck and my own,
For I stooped in the street and I picked up a letter,
Which some one had written to send away home.

The old adage says, "What you find, you may keep it,"
And as most of these old sayings are very true,
I straight broke the seal, and then having read it,
The contents of this letter I tell unto you.

Dear Dermot, I hope when this letter gets to you
'Twill find you in health, as now it leaves me;
But I hope you're more happy than I am in Australia
If not, it's small comfort that you have, achree!

Hard fortune's been mine since crossing the line,
Though that same I ne'er saw, for we crossed it at night;
But they say 'twas laid down at expense of the Crown,
To divide the wrong side of the world from the right.

But what should a boy placed in my situation
Know about lines laid across the big sea!
But, faith, this I know, and without navigation,
I'm at the wrong side of the line, anyway.

I'm telling you now how strange seasons fall.
We have here rain and sleet in the month of July,
And hailstones as big as a small cannon-ball
And they do as much harm—not a word of a lie!

But the making of magistrates now all the rage is,
And every flockmaster's a justice of peace;
They find it so easy to cancel the wages,
The law is their own and they rob whom they please.

Pat Murphy's boy Tim, that married Moll Casey,
Lives on the Barcoo that's away in the bush.
Himself and the wife, why they lived mighty aisy,
Till one day on Tim, oh, the blacks they did rush.

They killed little Paddy, but spared the young baby,
Because it was sickly—I think it was that
And while Molly was crying, a gin said, "No habbie
Your thin picaninny—well wait till it's fat."

'Tis a beautiful country to practise economy.
Though the houses out here are not quite waterproof,
But they're illigant houses for studying astronomy
You can lie on your back and read stars through the roof

P.S.—This is cramped—if there's no one to read it,
Send for Tim Murphy, he'll know every stroke.

Ye all have my blessing, I know that yell need it,
So no more at present from Teddy O'Rourke.

Andrew Barton Paterson

**Pioneers**

They came of bold and roving stock that would not fixed abide;
There were the sons of field and flock since e'er they learned to ride;
We may not hope to see such men in these degenerate years
As those explorers of the bush – the brave old pioneers.

'Twas they who rode the trackless bush in heat and storm and drought;
'Twas they that heard the master-word that called them further out;
'Twas they that followed up the trail the mountain cattle made
And pressed across the mighty range where now their bones are laid.

But now the times are dull and slow, the brave old days are dead
When hardy bushmen started out, and forced their way ahead
By tangled scrub and forests grim towards the unknown west,
And spied the far off promised land from off the ranges' crest.

Oh! Ye, that sleep in lonely graves by far-off ridge and plain,
We drink to you in silence now as Christmas comes again,
The men who fought the wilderness through rough unsettled years –
The founders of our nation's life, the brave old pioneers.

Andrew Barton Paterson

**Policeman G.**

To Policeman G. the Inspector said:
"When you pass the 'shops' you must turn your head;
If you took a wager, that would be a sin;
So you'll earn no stripes if you run them in."
Mush-a-ring-tiy-ah,
Fol-de-diddle-doh!
To the House Committee, the Inspector said:
"'Tis a terrible thing how the gamblers spread,
For they bet on the steeple, and they bet on the Cup,
And the magistrates won't lock them up."
Mush-a-ring-tiy-ah,
Fol-de-diddle-doh!

But Policeman G., as he walks his beat,
Where ghe gamblers are -- up and down the street --
Says he: "What's the use to be talkin' rot --
If they'd make me a sergeant, I could cop the lot!"
With my ring-tiy-ah,
Fol-de-diddle-doh!

"But, begad if you start to suppress the 'shop',
Then the divil only knows where you're going to stop;
For the rich and the poor, they would raise a din,
If at Randwick I ran fifty thousand in."
Mush-a-ring-tiy-ah,
Fol-de-diddle-doh!

"Though ye must not box -- nor shpit -- nor bet,
I'll find my way out to Randwick yet;
For I'm shtandin' a pound -- and it's no disgrace --
On Paddy Nolan's horse -- for the Steeplechase!"
Mush-a-ring-tiy-ah,
Fol-de-diddle-doh!

Andrew Barton Paterson

## Prelude - From The Man From Snowy River And Other Verses

I have gathered these stories afar
In the wind and the rain,
In the land where the cattle-camps are,
On the edge of the Plain.
On the overland routes of the west,
When the watches were long,
I have fashioned in earnest and jest
These fragments of song.

They are just the rude stories one hears
In sadness and mirth,
The records of wandering years,
And scant is their worth.
Though their merits indeed are but slight,
I shall not repine
If they give you one moment's delight,
Old comrades of mine.

Andrew Barton Paterson

## Reconstruction

So, the bank has bust it's boiler! And in six or seven year
It will pay me all my money back -- of course!
But the horse will perish waiting while the grass is germinating,
And I reckon I'll be something like the horse.

There's the ploughing to be finished and the ploughmen want their pay,
And I'd like to wire the fence and sink a tank;
But I own I'm fairly beat how I'm going to make ends meet
With my money in a reconstructed bank.

"It's a safe and sure investment!" But it's one I can't afford,
For I've got to meet my bills and bay the rent,
And the cash I had provided (so these meetings have decided)
Shall be collared by the bank at three per cent.

I can draw out half my money, so they tell me, from the Crown;
But -- it's just enough to drive a fellow daft --
My landlord's quite distressed, by this very bank he's pressed,
And he'll sell me up, to pay his overdraft.

There's my nearest neighbour, Johnson, owed this self-same bank a debt,
Every feather off his poor old back they pluck't,
For they set to work to shove him, and they sold his house above him,
Lord! They never gave him time to reconstruct.

And their profits from the business have been twenty-five per cent,
Which, I reckon, is a pretty tidy whack,
And I think it's only proper, now the thing has come a cropper,
That they ought to pay a little of it back.

I have read about "reserve funds", "banking freeholds", and the like,
Till I thought the bank had thousands of assets,
And it strikes me very funny that they take a fellow's money
When they haven't got enough to pay their debts.

And they say they've lent my money, and they can't get paid it back.
I know their rates per cent were tens and twelves;
And if they've made a blunder after scooping all this plunder,
Why, they ought to fork the money out themselves.

So all you bank shareholders, if you won't pay what you owe,
You will find that on your bank will fall a blight;
And the reason is because it's simply certain that deposits
Will be stopped, the bank will bust, and serve you right!

Andrew Barton Paterson

**Riders in the Stand**

There's some that ride the Robbo style, and bump at every stride;
While others sit a long way back, to get a longer ride.
There's some that ride as sailors do, with legs, and arms, and teeth;
And some that ride the horse's neck, and some ride underneath.
But all the finest horsemen out -- the men to Beat the Band --
You'll find amongst the crowd that ride their races in the Stand.
They'll say "He had the race in hand, and lost it in the straight."
They'll know how Godby came too soon, and Barden came too late

They'll say Chevalley lost his nerve, and Regan lost his head;
They'll tell how one was "livened up" and something else was "dead" --
In fact, the race was never run on sea, or sky, or land,
But what you'd get it better done by riders in the Stand.

The rule holds good in everything in life's uncertain fight;
You'll find the winner can't go wrong, the loser can't go right.
You ride a slashing race, and lose -- by one and all you're banned!
Ride like a bag of flour, and win -- they'll cheer you in the Stand

Andrew Barton Paterson

## Right in Front of the Army

"Where 'ave you been this week or more,
'Aven't seen you about the war'?
Thought perhaps you was at the rear
Guarding the waggons." "What, us? No fear!
Where have we been? Why, bless my heart,
Where have we been since the bloomin' start?
    Right in the front of the army,
Battling day and night!
    Right in the front of the army
Teaching 'em how to fight!"
    Every separate man you see,
    Sapper, gunner, and C.I.V.,
    Every one of 'em seems to be
    Right in front of the army!
Most of the troops to the camp had gone,
When we met with a cow-gun toiling on;
And we said to the boys, as they walked her past,
"Well, thank goodness, you're here at last!"
"Here at last! Why, what d'yer mean?
Ain't we just where we've always been?
    Right in the front of the army,
Battling day and night!
    Right in the front of the army,
Teaching'em bow to fight!"
    Correspondents and Vets in force,
    Mounted foot and dismounted horse,
    All of them were, as a matter of course,
    Right in the front of the army.

Old Lord Roberts will have to mind
If ever the enemy get behind;
For they'll smash him up with a rear attack,
Because his army has got no back!
Think of the horrors that might befall
An army without any rear at all!
    Right in the front of the army,
Battling day and night!
    Right in the front of the army,
Teaching 'em how to fight!
    Swede attaches and German counts,
    Yeomen (known as De Wet's Remounts),
    All of them were, by their own accounts,
    Right in the front of the army!

Andrew Barton Paterson

**Rio Grande**

Now this was what Macpherson told
   While waiting in the stand;
A reckless rider, over-bold,
The only man with hands to hold
   The rushing Rio Grande.
He said, "This day I bid good-bye
   To bit and bridle rein,
To ditches deep and fences high,
For I have dreamed a dream, and I
   Shall never ride again.

"I dreamt last night I rode this race
   That I today must ride,
And cantering down to take my place
I saw full many an old friend's face
   Come stealing to my side.

"Dead men on horses long since dead,
   They clustered on the track;
The champions of the days long fled,
They moved around with noiseless tread—
   Bay, chestnut, brown, and black.

"And one man on a big grey steed
   Rode up and waved his hand;
Said he, 'We help a friend in need,
And we have come to give a lead
   To you and Rio Grande.

"'For you must give the field the slip;
   So never draw the rein,
But keep him moving with the whip,
And, if he falter, set your lip
   And rouse him up again.

"'But when you reach the big stone wall
   Put down your bridle-hand
And let him sail-he cannot fall,
But don't you interfere at all;
   You trust old Rio Grande.'

"We started, and in front we showed,
   The big horse running free:
Right fearlessly and game he strode,
And by my side those dead men rode
   Whom no one else could see.

"As silently as flies a bird,
   They rode on either hand;
At every fence I plainly heard
The phantom leader give the word,
   'Make room for Rio Grande!'

"I spurred him on to get the lead,
n  I chanced full many a fall;
But swifter still each phantom steed
Kept with me, and at racing speed
  We reached the big stone wall.

"And there the phantoms on each side
  Drew in and blocked his leap;
'Make room! make room!' I loudly cried,
But right in front they seemed to ride—
  I cursed them in my sleep.

"He never flinched, he faced it game,
  He struck it with his chest,
And every stone burst out in flame—
And Rio Grande and I became
  Phantoms among the rest.

"And then I woke, and for a space
  All nerveless did I seem;
For I have ridden many a race
But never one at such a pace
  As in that fearful dream.

"And I am sure as man can be
  That out upon the track
Those phantoms that men cannot see
Are waiting now to ride with me;
  And I shall not come back.

"For I must ride the dead men's race,
  And follow their command;
'Twere worse than death, the foul disgrace
If I should fear to take my place
  Today on Rio Grande."

He mounted, and a jest he threw,
  With never sign of gloom;
But all who heard the story knew
That Jack Macpherson, brave and true,
  Was going to his doom.

They started, and the big black steed
  Came flashing past the stand;
All single-handed in the lead
He strode along at racing speed,
  The mighty Rio Grande.

But on his ribs the whalebone stung—
  A madness, sure, it seemed—
And soon it rose on every tongue

That Jack Macpherson rode among
   The creatures he had dreamed.

He looked to left, and looked to right,
   As though men rode beside;
And Rio Grande, with foam-flecks white,
Raced at his jumps in headlong flight
   And cleared them in his stride.

But when they reached the big stone wall,
   Down went the bridle-hand,
And loud we heard Macpherson call
"Make room, or half the field will fall!
   Make room for Rio Grande!"

"He's down! he's down!" And horse and man
   Lay quiet side by side!
No need the pallid face to scan,
We knew with Rio Grande he ran
   The race the dead men ride.

Andrew Barton Paterson

**Rio Grande's Last Race**

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While waiting in the stand;
A reckless rider, over-bold,
The only man with hands to hold
The rushing Rio Grande.

He said, `This day I bid good-bye
To bit and bridle rein,
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`I dreamt last night I rode this race
That I to-day must ride,
And cant'ring down to take my place
I saw full many an old friend's face
Come stealing to my side.

`Dead men on horses long since dead,
They clustered on the track;
The champions of the days long fled,
They moved around with noiseless tread -
Bay, chestnut, brown, and black.

`And one man on a big grey steed
Rode up and waved his hand;
Said he, "We help a friend in need,
And we have come to give a lead
To you and Rio Grande.

`"For you must give the field the slip,
So never draw the rein,
But keep him moving with the whip,
And if he falter - set your lip
And rouse him up again.

`"But when you reach the big stone wall,
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And let him sail - he cannot fall -
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`I spurred him on to get the lead,
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`And there the phantoms on each side
Drew in and blocked his leap;
"Make room! make room!" I loudly cried,
But right in front they seemed to ride -
I cursed them in my sleep. `He never flinched, he faced it game,
He struck it with his chest,
And every stone burst out in flame,
And Rio Grande and I became
As phantoms with the rest.

`And then I woke, and for a space
All nerveless did I seem;
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Make room for Rio Grande!'

. . . . .

`He's down! he's down!' And horse and man
Lay quiet side by side!
No need the pallid face to scan,
We knew with Rio Grande he ran
The race the dead men ride.

A.B. (Banjo) Paterson

Andrew Barton Paterson

**River Bend**

At River Bend, in New South Wales,
All alone among the whales,
Busting up some post and rails,
Sweet Belle Mahone.
In the blazing sun we stand,
Cabbage-tree hat, black velvet band,
Moleskins stiff with sweat and sand,
Sweet Belle Mahone.

In the burning sand we pine,
No one asks us to have a wine,
'Tis a jolly crooked line,
Sweet Belle Mahone.
When I am sitting on a log,
Looking like a great big frog,
Waiting for a Murray cod,
Sweet Belle Mahone.

Land of snakes and cockatoos,
Native bears and big emus,
Ugly blacks and kangaroos,
Sweet Belle Mahone.
Paddymelons by the score,
Wild bulls, you should hear them roar,
They all belong to Johnny Dore,
Sweet Belle Mahone.

Andrew Barton Paterson

## Saltbush Bill

Now is the law of the Overland that all in the West obey --
A man must cover with travelling sheep a six-mile stage a day;
But this is the law which the drovers make, right easily understood,
They travel their stage where the grass is bad, but they camp where the grass is good;
They camp, and they ravage the squatter's grass till never a blade remains.
Then they drift away as the white clouds drift on the edge of the saltbush plains:
From camp to camp and from run to run they battle it hand to hand
For a blade of grass and the right to pass on the track of the Overland.
For this is the law of the Great Stock Routes, 'tis written in white and black --
The man that goes with a travelling mob must keep to a half-mile track;
And the drovers keep to a half-mile track on the runs where the grass is dead,
But they spread their sheep on a well-grassed run till they go with a two-mile spread.
So the squatters hurry the drovers on from dawn till the fall of night,
And the squatters' dogs and the drovers' dogs get mixed in a deadly fight.
Yet the squatters' men, thought they haunt the mob, are willing the peace to keep,
For the drovers learn how to use their hands when they go with the travelling sheep;
But this is the tale of a Jackaroo that came from a foreign strand,
And the fight that he fought with Saltbush Bill, the King of the Overland.
Now Saltbush Bill was a drover tough as ever the country knew,
He had fought his way on the Great Stock Routes from the sea to the big Barcoo;
He could tell when he came to a friendly run that gave him a chance to spread,
And he knew where the hungry owners were that hurried his sheep ahead;
He was drifting down in the Eighty drought with a mob that could scarcely creep
(When the kangaroos by the thousand starve, it is rough on the travelling sheep),
And he camped one night at the crossing-place on the edge of the Wilga run;
"We must manage a feed for them here," he said, "or half of the mob are done!"
So he spread them out when they left the camp wherever they liked to go,
Till he grew aware of a Jackaroo with a station-hand in tow.
They set to work on the straggling sheep, and with many a stockwhip crack
The forced them in where the grass was dead in the space of the half-mile track;
And William prayed that the hand of Fate might suddenly strike him blue
But he'd get some grass for his starving sheep in the teeth of that Jackaroo.
So he turned and cursed the Jackaroo; he cursed him, alive or dead,
From the soles of his great unwieldly feet to the crown of his ugly head,
With an extra curse on the moke he rode and the cur at his heels that ran,
Till the Jackaroo from his horse got down and went for the drover-man;
With the station-hand for his picker-up, though the sheep ran loose the while,
They battled it out on the well-grassed plain in the regular prize-ring style.

Now, the new chum fought for his honour's sake and the pride of the English race,
But the drover fought for his daily bread with a smile on his bearded face;
So he shifted ground, and he sparred for wind, and he made it a lengthy mill,
And from time to time as his scouts came in they whispered to Saltbush Bill --
"We have spread the sheep with a two-mile spread, and the grass it is something grand;
You must stick to him, Bill, for another round for the pride of the Overland."
The new chum made it a rushing fight, though never a blow got home,
Till the sun rode high in the cloudless sky and glared on the brick-red loam,
Till the sheep drew in to the shelter-trees and settled them down to rest;
Then the drover said he would fight no more, and gave his opponent best.

So the new chum rode to the homestead straight, and told them a story grand

Of the desperate fight that he fought that day with the King of the Overland;
And the tale went home to the Public Schools of the pluck of the English swell --
How the drover fought for his very life, but blood in the end must tell.
But the travelling sheep and the Wilga sheep were boxed on the Old Man Plain;
'Twas a full week's work ere they drafted out and hunted them off again;
A week's good grass in their wretched hides, with a curse and a stockwhip crack
They hunted them off on the road once more to starve on the half-mile track.
And Saltbush Bill, on the Overland, will many a time recite
How the best day's work that he ever did was the day that he lost the fight.

Andrew Barton Paterson

## Saltbush Bill on the Patriarchs

Come all you little rouseabouts and climb upon my knee;
To-day, you see, is Christmas Day, and so it's up to me
To give you some instruction like—a kind of Christmas tale—
So name your yarn, and off she goes. What, "Jonah and the Whale"?
Well, whales is sheep I've never shore; I've never been to sea,
So all them great Leviathans is mysteries to me;
But there's a tale the Bible tells I fully understand,
About the time the Patriarchs were settling on the land.

Those Patriarchs of olden time, when all is said and done,
They lived the same as far-out men on many a Queensland run—
A lot of roving, droving men who drifted to and fro,
The same we did out Queensland way a score of years ago.

Now Isaac was a squatter man, and Jacob was his son,
And when the boy grew up, you see, he wearied of the run.
You know the way that boys grow up—there's some that stick at home;
But any boy that's worth his salt will roll his swag and roam.

So Jacob caught the roving fit and took the drovers' track
To where his uncle had a run, beyond the outer back;
You see they made for out-back runs for room to stretch and grow,
The same we did out Queensland way a score of years ago.

Now, Jacob knew the ways of stock—that's most uncommon clear—
For when he got to Laban's Run, they made him overseer;
He didn't ask a pound a week, but bargained for his pay
To take the roan and strawberry calves—the same we'd take to-day.

The duns and blacks and "Goulburn roans" (that's brindles), coarse and hard,
He branded them with Laban's brand, in Old Man Laban's yard;
So, when he'd done the station work for close on seven year,
Why, all the choicest stock belonged to Laban's overseer.

It's often so with overseers—I've seen the same thing done
By many a Queensland overseer on many a Queensland run.
But when the mustering time came on old Laban acted straight,
And gave him country of his own outside the boundary gate.

He gave him stock, and offered him his daughter's hand in troth;
And Jacob first he married one, and then he married both;
You see, they weren't particular about a wife or so—
No more were we up Queensland way a score of years ago.

But when the stock were strong and fat with grass and lots of rain,
Then Jacob felt the call to take the homeward road again.
It's strange in every creed and clime, no matter where you roam,
There comes a day when every man would like to make for home.

So off he set with sheep and goats, a mighty moving band,
To battle down the homeward track along the Overland—
It's droving mixed-up mobs like that that makes men cut their throats.

I’ve travelled rams, which Lord forget, but never travelled goats.

But Jacob knew the ways of stock, for (so the story goes)
When battling through the Philistines—selectors, I suppose—
He thought he’d have to fight his way, an awkward sort of job;
So what did Old Man Jacob do? of course, he split the mob.

He sent the strong stock on ahead to battle out the way;
He couldn’t hurry lambing ewes—no more you could to-day—
And down the road, from run to run, his hand ’gainst every hand,
He moved that mighty mob of stock across the Overland.

The thing is made so clear and plain, so solid in and out,
There isn’t any room at all for any kind of doubt.
It’s just a plain straightforward tale—a tale that lets you know
The way they lived in Palestine three thousand years ago.

It’s strange to read it all to-day, the shifting of the stock;
You’d think you see the caravans that loaf behind the flock,
The little donkeys and the mules, the sheep that slowly spread,
And maybe Dan or Naphthali a-ridin’ on ahead.

The long, dry, dusty summer days, the smouldering fires at night;
The stir and bustle of the camp at break of morning light;
The little kids that skipped about, the camels’ dead-slow tramp—
I wish I’d done a week or two in Old Man Jacob’s camp!

But if I keep the narrer path, some day, perhaps, I’ll know
How Jacob bred them strawberry calves three thousand years ago.

Andrew Barton Paterson

**Saltbush Bill, J.P.**

Beyond the land where Leichhardt went,
Beyond Sturt's Western track,
The rolling tide of change has sent
Some strange J.P.'s out back.
And Saltbush Bill, grown old and grey,
And worn for want of sleep,
Received the news in camp one day
Behind the travelling sheep

That Edward Rex, confiding in
His known integrity,
By hand and seal on parchment skin
Had made hiim a J.P.

He read the news with eager face
But found no word of pay.
"I'd like to see my sister's place
And kids on Christmas Day.

"I'd like to see green grass again,
And watch clear water run,
Away from this unholy plain,
And flies, and dust, and sun."

At last one little clause he found
That might some hope inspire,
"A magistrate may charge a pound
For inquest on a fire."

A big blacks' camp was built close by,
And Saltbush Bill, says he,
"I think that camp might well supply
A job for a J.P."

That night, by strange coincidence,
A most disastrous fire
Destroyed the country residence
Of Jacky Jack, Esquire.

'Twas mostly leaves, and bark, and dirt;
The party most concerned
Appeared to think it wouldn't hurt
If forty such were burned.

Quite otherwise thought Saltbush Bill,
Who watched the leaping flame.
"The home is small," said he, "but still
The principle's the same.

"Midst palaces though you should roam,
Or follow pleasure's tracks,
You'll find," he said, "no place like home --

At least like Jacky Jack's.

"Tell every man in camp, 'Come quick,'
Tell every black Maria
I give tobacco, half a stick --
Hold inquest long-a fire."

Each juryman received a name
Well suited to a Court.
"Long Jack" and "Stumpy Bill" became
"John Long" and "William Short".

While such as "Tarpot", "Bullock Dray",
And "Tommy Wait-a-While",
Became, for ever and a day,
"Scot", "Dickens", and "Carlyle".

And twelve good sable men and true
Were soon engaged upon
The conflagration that o'erthrew
The home of John A. John.

Their verdict, "Burnt by act of Fate",
They scarcely had returned
When, just behind the magistrate,
Another humpy burned!

The jury sat again and drew
Another stick of plug.
Said Saltbush Bill, "It's up to you
Put some one long-a Jug."

"I'll camp the sheep," he said, "and sift
The evidence about."
For quite a week he couldn't shift,
The way the fires broke out.

The jury thought the whole concern
As good as any play.
They used to "take him oath" and earn
Three sticks of plug a day.

At last the tribe lay down to sleep
Homeless, beneath a tree;
And onward with his travelling sheep
Went Saltbush bill, J.P.

His sheep delivered, safe and sound,
His horse to town he turned,
And drew some five-and-twenty pound
For fees that he had earned.

And where Monaro's ranges hide
Their little farms away --
His sister's children by his side --
He spent his Christmas Day.

The next J.P. that went out back
Was shocked, or pained, or both,
At hearing every pagan black
Repeat the juror's oath.

No matter how he turned and fled
They followed faster still;
"You make it inkwich, boss," they said,
"All same like Saltbush Bill."

They even said they'd let him see
The fires originate.
When he refused they said that he
Was "No good magistrate".

And out beyond Sturt's western track,
And Leichhardt's farthest tree,
They wait till fate shall send them back
Their Saltbush Bill, J.P.

Andrew Barton Paterson

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Andrew Barton Paterson

**Saltbush Bill's Gamecock**

'Twas Saltbush Bill, with his travelling sheep, was making his way to town;
He crossed them over the Hard Times Run, and he came to the Take 'Em Down;
He counted through at the boundary gate, and camped at the drafting yard:
For Stingy Smith, of the Hard Times Run, had hunted him rather hard.
He bore no malice to Stingy Smith -- 'twas simply the hand of Fate
That caused his waggon to swerve aside and shatter old Stingy's gate;
And being only the hand of Fate, it follows, without a doubt,
It wasn't the fault of Saltbush Bill that Stingy's sheep got out.
So Saltbush Bill, with an easy heart, prepared for what might befall,
Commenced his stages on Take 'Em Down, the station of Roostr Hall.
'Tis strange how often the men out back will take to some curious craft,
Some ruling passion to keep their thoughts away from the overdraft:
And Rooster Hall, of the Take 'Em Down, was widely known to fame
As breeder of champion fighting cocks -- his forte was the British Game.

The passing stranger within his gates that camped with old Rooster Hall
Was forced to talk about fowls all noght, or else not talk at all.
Though droughts should come, and though sheep should die, his fowls were his sole delight;
He left his shed in the flood of work to watch two game-cocks fight.
He held in scorn the Australian Game, that long-legged child of sin;
In a desperate fight, with the steel-tipped spurs, the British Game must win!
The Australian bird was a mongrel bird, with a touch of the jungle cock;
The want of breeding must find him out, when facing the English stock;
For British breeding, and British pluck, must triumph it over all --
And that was the root of the simple creed that governed old Rooster Hall.

'Twas Saltbush Bill to the station rode ahead of his travelling sheep,
And sent a message to Rooster Hall that wakened him out of his sleep --
A crafty message that fetched him out, and hurried him as he came --
"A drover has an Australian bird to match with your British Game."
'Twas done, and done in half a trice; a five-pound note a side;
Old Rooster Hall, with his champion bird, and the drover's bird untried.

"Steel spurs, of course?" said old Rooster Hall; "you'll need 'em, without a doubt!"
"You stick the spurs on your bird!" said Bill, "but mine fights best without."
"Fights best without?" said old Rooster Hall; "he can't fight best unspurred!
You must be crazy!" But Saltbush Bill said, "Wait till you see my bird!"
So Rooster Hall to his fowl-yard went, and quickly back he came,
Bearing a clipt and a shaven cock, the pride of his English Game;
With an eye as fierce as an eaglehawk, and a crow like a trumbet call,
He strutted about on the garden walk, and cackled at Rooster Hall.
Then Rooster Hall sent off a boy with a word to his cronies two,
McCrae (the boss of the Black Police) and Father Donahoo.

Full many a cockfight old McCrae had held in his empty Court,
With Father D. as the picker-up -- a regular all-round Sport!
They got the message of Rooster Hall, and down to his run they came,
Prepared to scoff at the drover's bird, and to bet on the English Game;
They hied them off to the drover's camp, while Saltbush rode before --

Old Rooster Hall was a blithsome man, when he thought of the treat in store.
They reached the camp, where the drover's cook, with countenance all serene,
Was boiling beef in an iron pot, but never a fowl was seen.

"Take off the beef from the fire," said Bill, "and wait till you see the fight;
There's something fresh for the bill-of-fare -- there's game-fowl stew tonight!
For Mister Hall has a fighting cock, all feathered and clipped and spurred;
And he's fetched him here, for a bit of sport, to fight our Australian bird.
I've made a match for our pet will win, though he's hardly a fighting cock,
But he's game enough, and it's many a mile that he's tramped with the travelling stock."
The cook he banged on a saucepan lid; and, soon as the sound was heard,
Under the dray, in the shallow hid, a something moved and stirred:
A great tame emu strutted out. Said Saltbush, "Here's our bird!"
Bur Rooster Hall, and his cronies two, drove home without a word.

The passing stranger within his gates that camps with old Rooster Hall
Must talk about something else than fowls, if he wishes to talk at all.
For the record lies in the local Court, and filed in its deepest vault,
That Peter Hall, of the Take 'Em Down, was tried for a fierce assault
On a stranger man, who, in all good faith, and prompted by what he heard,
Had asked old Hall if a British Game could beat an Australian bird;
And Old McCrae, who was on the bench, as soon as the case was tried,
Remarked, "Discharged with a clean discharge -- the assault was justified!"

Andrew Barton Paterson

## Saltbush Bill's Second Flight

The news came down on the Castlereagh, and went to the world at large,
That twenty thousand travelling sheep, with Saltbush Bill in charge,
Were drifting down from a dried-out run to ravage the Castlereagh;
And the squatters swore when they heard the news, and wished they were well away:
For the name and the fame of Saltbush Bill were over the country-side
For the wonderful way that he fed his sheep, and the dodges and tricks he tried.
He would lose his way on a Main Stock Route, and stray to the squatters' grass;
He would come to a run with the boss away, and swear he had leave to pass;
And back of all and behind it all, as well the squatters knew,
If he had to fight, he would fight all day, so long as his sheep got through:
But this is the story of Stingy Smith, the owner of Hard Times Hill,
And the way that he chanced on a fighting man to reckon with Saltbush Bill.

'Twas Stingy Smith on his stockyard sat, and prayed for an early Spring,
When he started at sight of a clean-shaved tramp, who walked with a jaunty swing;
For a clean-shaved tramp with a jaunty walk a-swinging along the track
Is as rare a thing as a feathered frog on the desolate roads out back.
So the tramp he made for the travellers' hut, to ask could he camp the night;
But Stingy Smith had a bright idea, and called to him, "Can you fight?"
"Why, what's the game?" said the clean-shaved tramp, as he looked at him up and down;
"If you want a battle, get off that fence, and I'll kill you for half-a-crown!
But, Boss, you'd better not fight with me -- it wouldn't be fair nor right;
I'm Stiffener Joe, from the Rocks Brigade, and I killed a man in a fight:
I served two years for it, fair and square, and now I'm trampin' back,
To look for a peaceful quiet life away on the outside track."

"Oh, it's not myself, but a drover chap," said Stingy Smith with glee,
"A bullying fellow called Saltbush Bill, and you are the man for me.
He's on the road with his hungry sheep, and he's certain to raise a row,
For he's bullied the whole of the Castlereagh till he's got them under cow --
Just pick a quarrel and raise a fight, and leather him good and hard,
And I'll take good care that his wretched sheep don't wander a half a yard.
It's a five-pound job if you belt him well -- do anything short of kill,
For there isn't a beak on the Castlereagh will fine you for Saltbush Bill."

"I'll take the job," said the fighting man; "and, hot as this cove appears,
He'll stand no chance with a bloke like me, what's lived on the game for years;
For he's maybe learnt in a boxing school, and sparred for a round or so,
But I've fought all hands in a ten-foot ring each night in a travelling show;
They earned a pound if they stayed three rounds, and they tried for it every night.
In a ten-foot ring! Oh, that's the game that teaches a bloke to fight,
For they'd rush and clinch -- it was Dublin Rules, and we drew no colour line;
And they all tried hard for to earn the pound, but they got no pound of mine.
If I saw no chance in the opening round I'd slog at their wind, and wait
Till an opening came -- and it always came -- and I settled 'em, sure as fate;
Left on the ribs and right on the jaw -- and, when the chance comes, make sure!
And it's there a professional bloke like me gets home on an amateur:
For it's my experience every day, and I make no doubt it's yours,
That a third-class pro is an over-match for the best of the amateurs --"
"Oh, take your swag to the travellers' hut," said Smith, "for you waste your breath;
You've a first-class chance, if you lose the fight, of talking your man to death.

I'll tell the cook you're to have your grub, and see that you eat your fill,
And come to the scratch all fit and well to leather this Saltbush Bill."

'Twas Saltbush Bill, and his travelling sheep were wending their weary way
On the Main Stock Route, through the Hard Times Run, on their six-mile stage a day;
And he strayed a mile from the Main Stock Route, and started to feed along,
And when Stingy Smith came up Bill said that the Route was surveyed wrong;
And he tried to prove that the sheep had rushed and strayed from their camp at night,
But the fighting man he kicked Bill's dog, and of course that meant a fight.

So they sparred and fought, and they shifted ground, and never a sound was heard
But the thudding fists on their brawny ribs, and the seconds' muttered word,
Till the fighting man shot home his left on the ribs with a mighty clout,
And his right flashed up with a half-arm blow -- and Saltbush Bill "went out".
He fell face down, and towards the blow; and their hearts with fear were filled,
For he lay as still as a fallen tree, and they thought that he must be killed.

So Stingy Smith and the fighting man, they lifted him from the ground,
And sent back home for a brandy-flask, and they slowly fetched him round;
But his head was bad, and his jaw was hurt -- in fact, he could scarcely speak --
So they let him spell till he got his wits; and he camped on the run a week,
While the travelling sheep went here and there, wherever they liked to stray,
Till Saltbush Bill was fit once more for the track to the Castlereagh.

Then Stingy Smith he wrote a note, and gave to the fighting man:
'Twas writ to the boss of the neighbouring run, and thus the missive ran:
"The man with this is a fighting man, one Stiffener Joe by name;
He came near murdering Saltbush Bill, and I found it a costly game:
But it's worth your while to employ the chap, for there isn't the slightest doubt
You'll have no trouble from Saltbush Bill while this man hangs about."
But an answer came by the next week's mail, with news that might well appal:
"The man you sent with a note is not a fighting man at all!
He has shaved his beard, and has cut his hair, but I spotted him at a look;
He is Tom Devine, who has worked for years for Saltbush Bill as cook.
Bill coached him up in the fighting yard, and taught him the tale by rote,
And they shammed to fight, and they got your grass, and divided your five-pound note.
'Twas a clean take-in; and you'll find it wise -- 'twill save you a lot of pelf --
When next you're hiring a fighting man, just fight him a round yourself."

And the teamsters out on the Castlereagh, when they meet with a week of rain,
And the waggon sinks to its axle-tree, deep down in the black-soil plain,
When the bullocks wade in a sea of mud, and strain at the load of wool,
And the cattle-dogs at the bullocks' heels are biting to make them pull,
When the off-side driver flays the team, and curses tham while he flogs,
And the air is thick with the language used, and the clamour of men and dogs --
The teamsters say, as they pause to rest and moisten each hairy throat,
They wish they could swear like Stingy Smith when he read that neighbour's note.

Andrew Barton Paterson

**Sam Holt**

Oh! don't you remember Black Alice, Sam Holt
Black Alice, so dusky and dark,
The Warrego gin, with the straw through her nose,
And teeth like a Moreton Bay shark.

The terrible sheepwash tobacco she smoked
In the gunyah down there by the lake,
And the grubs that she roasted, and the lizards she stewed,
And the damper you taught her to bake.

Oh! don't you remember the moon's silver sheen,
And the Warrego sand-ridges white?
And don't you remember those big bull-dog ants
We caught in our blankets at night?

Oh! don't you remember the creepers, Sam Holt,
That scattered their fragrance around?
And don't you remember that broken-down colt
You sold me, and swore he was sound?

And don't you remember that fiver, Sam Holt,
You borrowed so frank and so free,
When the publican landed your fifty-pound cheque
At Tambo your very last spree?

Luck changes some natures, but yours, Sammy Holt,
Was a grand one as ever I see,
And I fancy I'll whistle a good many tunes
Ere you think of that fiver or me.

Oh! don't you remember the cattle you duffed,
And your luck at the Sandy Creek rush,
And the poker you played, and the bluffs that you bluffed,
And your habits of holding a flush?

And don't you remember the pasting you got
By the boys down in Callaghan's store,
When Tim Hooligan found a fifth ace in his hand,
And you holding his pile upon four?

You were not the cleanest potato, Sam Holt,
You had not the cleanest of fins.
But you made your pile on the Towers, Sam Holt,
And that covers the most of your sins.

They say you've ten thousand per annum, Sam Holt,
In England, a park and a drag;
Perhaps you forget you were six months ago
In Queensland a-humping your swag.

But who'd think to see you now dining in state
With a lord and the devil knows who,

You were flashing your dover, six short months ago,
In a lambing camp on the Barcoo.

When's my time coming?  Perhaps never, I think,
And it's likely enough your old mate
Will be humping his drum on the Hughenden-road
To the end of the chapter of fate.

Andrew Barton Paterson

**Santa Claus**

"HALT! Who goes there?" The sentry's call
Rose on the midnight air
Above the noises of the camp,
The roll of wheels, the horses' tramp.
The challenge echoed over all—
"Halt! Who goes there?"
A quaint old figure clothed in white,
He bore a staff of pine,
An ivy-wreath was on his head.
"Advance, oh friend," the sentry said,
"Advance, for this is Christmas night,
And give the countersign."

"No sign nor countersign have I,
Through many lands I roam
The whole world over far and wide,
To exiles all at Christmastide,
From those who love them tenderly
I bring a thought of home.

"From English brook and Scottish burn,
From cold Canadian snows,
From those far lands ye hold most dear
I bring you all a greeting here,
A frond of a New Zealand fern,
A bloom of English rose.

"From faithful wife and loving lass
I bring a wish divine,
For Christmas blessings on your head."
"I wish you well," the sentry said,
"But here, alas! you may not pass
Without the countersign."

He vanished—and the sentry's tramp
Re-echoed down the line.
It was not till the morning light
The soldiers knew that in the night
Old Santa Claus had come to camp
Without the countersign.

Andrew Barton Paterson

**Santa Claus in the Bush**

It chanced out back at the Christmas time,
When the wheat was ripe and tall,
A stranger rode to the farmer's gate --
A sturdy man and a small.
"Rin doon, rin doon, my little son Jack,
And bid the stranger stay;
And we'll hae a crack for Auld Lang Syne,
For the morn is Christmas Day."

"Nay noo, nay noo," said the dour guidwife,
"But ye should let him be;
He's maybe only a drover chap
Frae the land o' the Darling Pea.

"Wi' a drover's tales, and a drover's thirst
To swiggle the hail nicht through;
Or he's maybe a life assurance carle
To talk ye black and blue,"

"Guidwife, he's never a drover chap,
For their swags are neat and thin;
And he's never a life assurance carle,
Wi' the brick-dust burnt in his skin.

"Guidwife, guidwife, be nae sae dour,
For the wheat stands ripe and tall,
And we shore a seven-pound fleece this year,
Ewes and weaners and all.

"There is grass tae spare, and the stock are fat.
Where they whiles are gaunt and thin,
And we owe a tithe to the travelling poor,
So we maun ask him in.

"Ye can set him a chair tae the table side,
And gi' him a bite tae eat;
An omelette made of a new-laid egg,
Or a tasty bit of meat."

"But the native cats have taen the fowls,
They havena left a leg;
And he'll get nae omelette at a'
Till the emu lays an egg!"

"Rin doon, rin doon, my little son Jack,
To whaur the emus bide,
Ye shall find the auld hen on the nest,
While the auld cock sits beside.

"But speak them fair, and speak them saft,
Lest they kick ye a fearsome jolt.
Ye can gi' them a feed of thae half-inch nails

Or a rusty carriage bolt."

So little son Jack ran blithely down
With the rusty nails in hand,
Till he came where the emus fluffed and scratched
By their nest in the open sand.

And there he has gathered the new-laid egg --
'Twould feed three men or four --
And the emus came for the half-inch nails
Right up to the settler's door.

"A waste o' food," said the dour guidwife,
As she took the egg, with a frown,
"But he gets nae meat, unless ye rin
A paddy-melon down."

"Gang oot, gang oot, my little son Jack,
Wi' your twa-three doggies sma';
Gin ye come nae back wi' a paddy-melon,
Then come nae back at a'."

So little son Jack he raced and he ran,
And he was bare o' the feet,
And soon he captured a paddy-melon,
Was gorged with the stolen wheat.

"Sit doon, sit doon, my bonny wee man,
To the best that the hoose can do --
An omelette made of the emu egg
And a paddy-melon stew."

"'Tis well, 'tis well," said the bonny wee man;
"I have eaten the wide world's meat,
And the food that is given with right good-will
Is the sweetest food to eat.

"But the night draws on to the Christmas Day
And I must rise and go,
For I have a mighty way to ride
To the land of the Esquimaux.

"And it's there I must load my sledges up,
With the reindeers four-in-hand,
That go to the North, South, East, and West,
To every Christian land."

"Tae the Esquimaux," said the dour guidwife,
"Ye suit my husband well!"
For when he gets up on his journey horse
He's a bit of a liar himsel'."

Then out with a laugh went the bonny wee man
To his old horse grazing nigh,
And away like a meteor flash they went
Far off to the Northern sky.

When the children woke on the Christmas morn
They chattered with might and main --
For a sword and gun had little son Jack,
And a braw new doll had Jane,
And a packet o' screws had the twa emus;
But the dour guidwife gat nane.

Andrew Barton Paterson

**Shakespeare on the Turf**

SCENE I

SCENE: The saddling paddock at a racecourse.
Citizens, Battlers, Toffs, Trainers, Flappers, Satyrs, Bookmakers and Turf Experts.
Enter Shortinbras, a Trainer, and two Punters.

FIRST PUNTER: Good Shortinbras, what thinkest thou of the Fav'rite?

SHORTINBRAS (aside): This poltroon would not venture a ducat
on David to beat a dead donkey; a dull and muddy-mettled rascal.
(To Punter): Aye marry Sir, I think well of the Favourite.

PUNTER: And yet I have a billiard marker's word
That in this race to-day they back Golumpus,
And when they bet, they tell me, they will knock
The Favourite for a string of German Sausage.

SHORTINBRAS: Aye, marry, they would tell thee, I've no doubt,
It is the way of owners that they tell
To billiard markers and the men on trams
Just when they mean to bet. Go back it, back it!

(Tries to shuffle off, but Punter detains him.)

PUNTER: Nay, good Shortinbras, what thinkest thou of Golumpus?
Was it not dead last week?

SHORTINBRAS: Marry, sir, I think well of Golumpus.
'Tis safer to speak well of the dead: betimes they rise again.

(Sings)

They pulled him barefaced in the mile,
Hey, Nonny, Nonny.
The Stipes were watching them all the while;
And the losers swear, but the winners smile,
Hey, Nonny, Nonny.

Exit Shortinbras.

SECOND RUNTER: A scurvy knave! What meant he by his prate
Of Fav'rite and outsider and the like?
Forsooth he told us nothing. Follow him close.
Give him good watch, I pray you, till we see
Just what he does his dough on. Follow fast.

Exeunt Punters

SCENE II

The same. Bookmakers call: 'Seven to Four on the Field!'

'Three to One, Bar One!' 'Ten to One, Golumpus.'
Enter Two Heads.

FIRST HEAD: How goes the battle? Did thou catch the last?

SECOND HEAD: Aye, marry did I, and the one before,
But this has got me beat. The Favourite drifts,
And not a single wager has been laid
About Golumpus. Thinkest thou that both are dead?

Re-enter Punters

PUNTER: Good morrow, Gentlemen. I have it cold
Straight from the owner, that Golumpus goes
Eyes out to win today.

FIRST HEAD: Prate not to me of owners. Hast thou seen
The good red gold Go in. The Jockey's Punter
Has he put up the stuff, or does he wait
To get a better price. Owner say'st thou?
The owner does the paying, and the talk;
Hears the tale afterwards when it gets beat
And sucks it in as hungry babes suck milk.
Look you how ride the books in motor cars
While owners go on foot, or ride in trams,
Crushed with the vulgar herd and doomed to hear
From mouths of striplings that their horse was stiff,
When they themselves are broke from backing it.

SCENE III

Enter an Owner and a Jockey

OWNER: 'Tis a good horse. A passing good horse.

JOCKEY: I rose him yesternoon: it seemed to me
That in good truth a fairly speedy cow
Might well outrun him.

OWNER: Thou froward varlet; must I say again,
That on the Woop Woop course he ran a mile
In less than forty with his irons on!

JOCKEY: Then thou should'st bring the Woop Woop course down here.

OWNER: Thou pestilential scurvy Knave. Go to!

Strikes him.
Alarms and excursions. The race is run and Shortinbras enters,
leading in the winner.

FIRST PUNTER: And thou hast trained the winner, thou thyself,
Thou complicated liar. Didst not say
To back Golumpus or the Favourite!

SHORTINBRAS: Get work! For all I ever had of thee
My children were unfed, my wife unclothed,
And I myself condemned to menial toil.

PUNTER: The man who keeps a winner to himself
Deserves but death. (Kills him)

Enter defeated Owner and Jockey.

OWNER: Thou whoreson Knave: thou went into a trance
Soon as the barrier lifted and knew naught
Of what occurred until they neared the post.
(Kills him)

Curtain falls on ensemble of punters, bookmakers,
heads and surviving jockeys and trainers.

Andrew Barton Paterson

## Shearing at Castlereagh

The bell is set a-ringing, and the engine gives a toot,
There's five and thirty shearers here are shearing for the loot,
So stir yourselves, you penners-up, and shove the sheep along,
The musterers are fetching them a hundred thousand strong,
And make your collie dogs speak up - what would the buyers say
In London if the wool was late this year from Castlereagh?

The man that 'rung' the Tubbo shed is not the ringer here,
That stripling from the Cooma side can teach him how to shear.
They trim away the ragged locks, and rip the cutter goes,
And leaves a track of snowy fleece from brisket to the nose;
It's lovely how they peel it off with never stop nor stay,
They're racing for the ringer's place this year at Castlereagh.

The man that keeps the cutters sharp is growling in his cage,
He's always in a hurry and he's always in a rage -
'You clumsy-fisted mutton-heads, you'd turn a fellow sick,
'You pass yourselves as shearers, you were born to swing a pick.
Another broken cutter here, that's two you've broke to-day,
It's awful how such crawlers come to shear at Castlereagh.'

The youngsters picking up the fleece enjoy the merry din,
They throw the classer up the fleece, he throws it to the bin;
The pressers standing by the rack are waiting for the wool,
There's room for just a couple more, the press is nearly full;
Now jump upon the lever, lads, and heave and heave away,
Another bale of golden fleece is branded 'Castlereagh'.

Andrew Barton Paterson

## Shearing at Castlereagh

The bell is set a-ringing, and the engine gives a toot,
There's five-and-thirty shearers here a-shearing for the loot,
So stir yourselves, you penners-up, and shove the sheep along --
The musterers are fetching them a hundred thousand strong --
And make your collie dogs speak up; what would the buyers say
In London if the wool was late this year from Castlereagh?
The man that "rung" the Tubbo shed is not the ringer here,
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They throw the classer up the fleece, he throws it to the bin;
The pressers standing by the rack are watching for the wool,
There's room for just a couple more, the press is nearly full;
Now jump upon the lever, lads, and heave and heave away,
Another bale of golden fleece is branded "Castlereagh".

Andrew Barton Paterson

## Shearing With a Hoe

The track that led to Carmody's is choked and overgrown,
The suckers of the stringybark have made the place their own;
The mountain rains have cut the track that once we used to know
When first we rode to Carmody's, a score of years ago.

The shearing shed at Carmody's was slab and stringybark,
The press was just a lever beam, invented in the Ark;
But Mrs Carmody was cook -- and shearers' hearts would glow
With praise of grub at Carmody's, a score of years ago.

At shearing time no penners-up would curse their fate and weep,
For Fragrant Fred -- the billy-goat -- was trained to lead the sheep;
And racing down the rattling chutes the bleating mob would go
Behind their horned man from Cook's, a score of years ago.

An owner of the olden time, his patriarchal shed
Was innocent of all machines or gadgets overhead:
And pieces, locks and super-fleece together used to go
To fill the bales at Carmody's, a score of years ago.

A ringer from the western sheds, whose fame was wide and deep,
Was asked to take a vacant pen and shear a thousand sheep.
"Of course, we've only got the blades!" "Well, what I want to know:
Why don't you get a bloke to take it off 'em with a hoe?"

Andrew Barton Paterson

## 'Shouting' For A Camel

It was over at Coolgardie that a mining speculator,
Who was going down the township just to make a bit o' chink,
Went off to hire a camel from a camel propagator,
And the Afghan said he'd lend it if he'd stand the beast a drink.
Yes, the only price he asked him was to stand the beast a drink.
He was cheap, very cheap, as the dromedaries go.

So the mining speculator made the bargain, proudly thinking
He had bested old Mahomet, he had done him in the eye.
Then he clambered on the camel, and the while the beast was drinking
He explained with satisfaction to the miners standing by
That 'twas cheap, very cheap, as the dromedaries go.

But the camel kept on drinking and he filled his hold with water,
And the more he had inside him yet the more he seemed to need;
For he drank it by the gallon, and his girths grew taut and tauter,
And the miners muttered softly, 'Yes he's very dry indeed!
But he's cheap, very cheap, as dromedaries go.'

So he drank up twenty buckets, it was weird to watch him suck it,
(And the market price for water was per bucket half-a-crown)
Till the speculator stopped him, saying, 'Not another busket,
If I give him any more there'll be a famine in the town.
Take him back to old Mahomet, and I'll tramp it through the town.'
He was cheap, very cheap, as the speculators go.

There's a moral to this story, in your hat you ought to paste it,
Be careful whom you shout for when a camel is about,
And there's plenty human camels who, before they'll see you waste it,
Will drink up all you pay for if you're fool enough to shout;
If you chance to strike a camel when you're fool enough to shout,
You'll be cheap, very cheap, as the speculators go.

Andrew Barton Paterson

**Song of the Artesian Water**

Now the stock have started dying, for the Lord has sent a drought;
But we're sick of prayers and Providence -- we're going to do without;
With the derricks up above us and the solid earth below,
We are waiting at the lever for the word to let her go.
Sinking down, deeper down,
Oh, we'll sink it deeper down:
As the drill is plugging downward at a thousand feet of level,
If the Lord won't send us water, oh, we'll get it from the devil;
Yes, we'll get it from the devil deeper down.
Now, our engine's built in Glasgow by a very canny Scot,
And he marked it twenty horse-power, but he don't know what is what:
When Canadian Bill is firing with the sun-dried gidgee logs,
She can equal thirty horses and a score or so of dogs.
Sinking down, deeper down,
Oh, we're going deeper down:
If we fail to get the water, then it's ruin to the squatter,
For the drought is on the station and the weather's growing hotter,
But we're bound to get the water deeper down.

But the shaft has started caving and the sinking's very slow,
And the yellow rods are bending in the water down below,
And the tubes are always jamming, and they can't be made to shift
Till we nearly burst the engine with a forty horse-power lift.
Sinking down, deeper down,
Oh, we're going deeper down:
Though the shaft is always caving, and the tubes are always jamming,
Yet we'll fight our way to water while the stubborn drill is ramming --
While the stubborn drill is ramming deeper down.

But there's no artesian water, though we've passed three thousand feet,
And the contract price is growing, and the boss is nearly beat.
But it must be down beneath us, and it's down we've got to go,
Though she's bumping on the solid rock four thousand feet below.
Sinking down, deeper down,
Oh, we're going deeper down:
And it's time they heard us knocking on the roof of Satan's dwellin';
But we'll get artesian water if we cave the roof of hell in --
Oh! we'll get artesian water deeper down.

But it's hark! the whistle's blowing with a wild, exultant blast,
And the boys are madly cheering, for they've struck the flow at last;
And it's rushing up the tubing from four thousand feet below,
Till it spouts above the casing in a million-gallon flow.
And it's down, deeper down --
Oh, it comes from deeper down;
It is flowing, ever flowing, in a free, unstinted measure
From the silent hidden places where the old earth hides her treasure --
Where the old earth hides her treasures deeper down.

And it's clear away the timber, and it's let the water run:
How it glimmers in the shadow, how it flashes in the sun!
By the silent bells of timber, by the miles of blazing plain

It is bringing hope and comfort to the thirsty land again.
Flowing down, further down;
It is flowing deeper down
To the tortured thirsty cattle, bringing gladness in its going;
Through the droughty days of summer it is flowing, ever flowing --
It is flowing, ever flowing, further down.

Andrew Barton Paterson

## Song Of The Federation

As the nations sat together, grimly waiting,
The fierce and ancient nations battle-scarred,
Grown grey in their lusting and their hating,
Ever armed and ever ready keeping guard,
Through the tumult of their warlike preparation
And the half-stilled clamour of the drums
Came a voice crying, 'Lo, a new-made Nation,
To her place in the sisterhood she comes!'

And she came. She was beautiful as morning,
With the bloom of the roses on her mouth,
Like a young queen lavishly adorning
Her claims with the splendours of the South.
And the fierce old nations, looking on her,
Said, 'Nay, surely she were quickly overthrown;
Hath she strength for the burden laid upon her,
Hath she power to protect and guard her own?'

Then she spoke, and her voice was clear and ringing
In the ears of the nations old and grey,
Saying, 'Hark, and ye shall hear my children singing
Their war-song in countries far away.
They are strangers to the tumult of the battle,
They are few, but their hearts are very strong,
'Twas but yesterday they called unto the cattle,
But they now sing Australia's marching song.'
SONG OF THE AUSTRALIANS IN ACTION

For the honour of Australia, our Mother,
Side by side with our kin from over sea,
We have fought and we have tested one another,
And enrolled among the brotherhood are we.

There was never post of danger but we sought it
In the fighting through the fire, and through the flood
There was never prize so costly but we bought it,
Though we paid for its purchase with our blood.

Was there any road too rough for us to travel?
Was there any path too far for us to tread?
You can track us by the blood drops on the gravel
On the roads that we milestoned with our dead!

And for you. O our young and anxious mother,
O'er your great gains keeping watch and ward,
Neither fearing nor despising any other,
We will hold your possessions with the sword.

Then they passed to the place of world-long sleeping,
The grey-clad figures with their dead,
To the sound of their women softly weeping
And the Dead March moaning at their head:

And the Nations, as the grim procession ended,
Whispered, 'Child, thou has seen the price we pay;
From War may we ever be defended,
Kneel thee down, new-made Sister, Let us Pray!'

Andrew Barton Paterson

**Song of the Future**

'Tis strange that in a land so strong
So strong and bold in mighty youth,
We have no poet's voice of truth
To sing for us a wondrous song.
Our chiefest singer yet has sung
In wild, sweet notes a passing strain,
All carelessly and sadly flung
To that dull world he thought so vain.

"I care for nothing, good nor bad,
My hopes are gone, my pleasures fled,
I am but sifting sand," he said:
What wonder Gordon's songs were sad!

And yet, not always sad and hard;
In cheerful mood and light of heart
He told the tale of Britomarte,
And wrote the Rhyme of Joyous Garde.

And some have said that Nature's face
To us is always sad; but these
Have never felt the smiling grace
Of waving grass and forest trees
On sunlit plains as wide as seas.

"A land where dull Despair is king
O'er scentless flowers and songless bird!"
But we have heard the bell-birds ring
Their silver bells at eventide,
Like fairies on the mountain side,
The sweetest note man ever heard.

The wild thrush lifts a note of mirth;
The bronzewing pigeons call and coo
Beside their nests the long day through;
The magpie warbles clear and strong
A joyous, glad, thanksgiving song,
For all God's mercies upon earth.

And many voices such as these
Are joyful sounds for those to tell,
Who know the Bush and love it well,
With all its hidden mysteries.

We cannot love the restless sea,
That rolls and tosses to and fro
Like some fierce creature in its glee;
For human weal or human woe
It has no touch of sympathy.

For us the bush is never sad:
Its myriad voices whisper low,

In tones the bushmen only know,
Its sympathy and welcome glad.
For us the roving breezes bring
From many a blossum-tufted tree --
Where wild bees murmur dreamily --
The honey-laden breath of Spring.

*  *  *  *

We have our tales of other days,
Good tales the northern wanderers tell
When bushmen meet and camp-fires blaze,
And round the ring of dancing light
The great, dark bush with arms of night
Folds every hearer in its spell.

We have our songs -- not songs of strife
And hot blood spilt on sea and land;
But lilts that link achievement grand
To honest toil and valiant life.

Lift ye your faces to the sky
Ye barrier mountains in the west
Who lie so peacefully at rest
Enshrouded in a haze of blue;
'Tis hard to feel that years went by
Before the pioneers broke through
Your rocky heights and walls of stone,
And made your secrets all their own.

For years the fertile Western plains
Were hid behind your sullen walls,
Your cliffs and crags and waterfalls
All weatherworn with tropic rains.

Between the mountains and the sea
Like Israelites with staff in hand,
The people waited restlessly:
They looked towards the mountains old
And saw the sunsets come and go
With gorgeous golden afterglow,
That made the West a fairyland,
And marvelled what that West might be
Of which such wondrous tales were told.

For tales were told of inland seas
Like sullen oceans, salt and dead,
And sandy deserts, white and wan,
Where never trod the foot of man,
Nor bird went winging overhead,
Nor ever stirred a gracious breeze
To wake the silence with its breath --

A land of loneliness and death.

At length the hardy pioneers
By rock and crag found out the way,
And woke with voices of today
A silence kept for years and tears.

Upon the Western slope they stood
And saw -- a wide expanse of plain
As far as eye could stretch or see
Go rolling westward endlessly.
The native grasses, tall as grain,
Bowed, waved and rippled in the breeze;
From boughs of blossom-laden trees
The parrots answered back again.
They saw the land that it was good,
A land of fatness all untrod,
And gave their silent thanks to God.

The way is won! The way is won!
And straightway from the barren coast
There came a westward-marching host,
That aye and ever onward prest
With eager faces to the West,
Along the pathway of the sun.

The mountains saw them marching by:
They faced the all-consuming drought,
They would not rest in settled land:
But, taking each his life in hand,
Their faces ever westward bent
Beyond the farthest settlement,
Responding to the challenge cry
of "better country farther out".

And lo, a miracle! the land
But yesterday was all unknown,
The wild man's boomerang was thrown
Where now great busy cities stand.
It was not much, you say, that these
Should win their way where none withstood;
In sooth there was not much of blood --
No war was fought between the seas.

It was not much! but we who know
The strange capricious land they trod --
At times a stricken, parching sod,
At times with raging floods beset --
Through which they found their lonely way
Are quite content that you should say
It was not much, while we can feel
That nothing in the ages old,

In song or story written yet
On Grecian urn or Roman arch,
Though it should ring with clash of steel,
Could braver histories unfold
Than this bush story, yet untold --
The story of their westward march.

*  *  *  *

But times are changed, and changes rung
From old to new -- the olden days,
The old bush life and all its ways,
Are passing from us all unsung.
The freedom, and the hopeful sense
Of toil that brought due recompense,
Of room for all, has passed away,
And lies forgotten with the dead.
Within our streets men cry for bread
In cities built but yesterday.
About us stretches wealth of land,
A boundless wealth of virgin soil
As yet unfruitful and untilled!
Our willing workmen, strong and skilled,
Within our cities idle stand,
And cry aloud for leave to toil.

The stunted children come and go
In squalid lanes and alleys black:
We follow but the beaten track
Of other nations, and we grow
In wealth for some -- for many, woe.

And it may be that we who live
In this new land apart, beyond
The hard old world grown fierce and fond
And bound by precedent and bond,
May read the riddle right, and give
New hope to those who dimly see
That all things yet shall be for good,
And teach the world at length to be
One vast united brotherhood.

*  *  *  *

So may it be! and he who sings
In accents hopeful, clear, and strong,
The glories which that future brings
Shall sing, indeed, a wondrous song.

Andrew Barton Paterson

**Song Of The Squatter**

The Commissioner bet me a pony—I won;
So he cut off exactly two-thirds of my run;
For he said I was making a fortune too fast,
And profit gained slower the longer would last.

He remarked as devouring my mutton he sat,
That I suffered my sheep to grow sadly too fat;
That they wasted waste land, did prerogative brown,
And rebelliously nibbled the droits of the Crown;

That the creek that divided my station in two
Showed that Nature designed that two fees should be due.
Mr. Riddle assured me 'twas paid but for show;
But he kept it and spent it; that's all that I know.

The Commissioner fined me because I forgot
To return an old ewe that was ill of the rot,
And a poor wry-necked lamb that we kept for a pet;
And he said it was treason such things to forget.

The Commissioner pounded my cattle because
They had mumbled the scrub with their famishing jaws
On the part of the run he had taken away;
And he sold them by auction the costs to defray.

The Border Police they were out all the day
To look for some thieves who had ransacked my dray;
But the thieves they continued in quiet and peace,
For they'd robbed it themselves—had the Border Police!

When the white thieves had left me the black thieves appeared,
My shepherds they waddied, my cattle they speared;
But for fear of my licence I said not a word,
For I knew it was gone if the Government heard.

The Commissioner's bosom with anger was filled
Against me because my poor shepherd was killed;
So he straight took away the last third of my run,
And got it transferred to the name of his son.

The son had from Cambridge been lately expelled,
And his licence for preaching most justly withheld!
But this is no cause, the Commissioner says,
Why he should not be fit for a licence to graze.

The cattle that had not been sold at the pound
He took with the run at five shillings all round;
And the sheep the blacks left me at sixpence a head
"A very good price," the Commissioner said.

The Governor told me I justly was served,
That Commissioners never from duty had swerved;

But that if I'd a fancy for any more land
For one pound an acre he'd plenty on hand.

I'm not very proud! I can dig in a bog,
Feed pigs or for firewood can split up a log,
Clean shoes, riddle cinders, or help to boil down
Or whatever you please, but graze lands of the Crown.

Andrew Barton Paterson

**Song of the Wheat**

We have sung the song of the droving days,
 Of the march of the travelling sheep;
By silent stages and lonely ways
 Thin, white battalions creep.
But the man who now by the land would thrive
 Must his spurs to a plough-share beat.
Is there ever a man in the world alive
 To sing the song of the Wheat!
It's west by south of the Great Divide
 The grim grey plains run out,
Where the old flock-masters lived and died
 In a ceaseless fight with drought.
Weary with waiting and hope deferred
 They were ready to own defeat,
Till at last they heard the master-word—
 And the master-word was Wheat.

Yarran and Myall and Box and Pine—
 'Twas axe and fire for all;
They scarce could tarry to blaze the line
 Or wait for the trees to fall,
Ere the team was yoked, and the gates flung wide,
 And the dust of the horses' feet
Rose up like a pillar of smoke to guide
 The wonderful march of Wheat.

Furrow by furrow, and fold by fold,
 The soil is turned on the plain;
Better than silver and better than gold
 Is the surface-mine of the grain;
Better than cattle and better than sheep
 In the fight with drought and heat;
For a streak of stubbornness, wide and deep,
 Lies hid in a grain of Wheat.

When the stock is swept by the hand of fate,
 Deep down in his bed of clay
The brave brown Wheat will lie and wait
 For the resurrection day:
Lie hid while the whole world thinks him dead;
 But the Spring-rain, soft and sweet,
Will over the steaming paddocks spread
 The first green flush of the Wheat.

Green and amber and gold it grows
 When the sun sinks late in the West;
And the breeze sweeps over the rippling rows
 Where the quail and the skylark nest.
Mountain or river or shining star,
 There's never a sight can beat—
Away to the sky-line stretching far—
 A sea of the ripening Wheat.

When the burning harvest sun sinks low,
 And the shadows stretch on the plain,
The roaring strippers come and go
 Like ships on a sea of grain;
Till the lurching, groaning waggons bear
 Their tale of the load complete.
Of the world's great work he has done his share
 Who has gathered a crop of wheat.

Princes and Potentates and Czars,
 They travel in regal state,
But old King Wheat has a thousand cars
 For his trip to the water-gate;
And his thousand steamships breast the tide
 And plough thro' the wind and sleet
To the lands where the teeming millions bide
 That say: "Thank God for Wheat!"

Andrew Barton Paterson

## Sunny New South Wales

We often hear men boast about the land which gave them birth,
And each one thinks his native land the fairest spot on earth;
In beauty, riches, power, no land can his surpass;
To his, all other lands on earth cannot even hold a glass.
Now, if other people have their boasts, then, say, why should not we,
For we can drink our jovial toast and sing with three times three;
For there's not a country in the world where all that's fair prevails
As here it does in this our land, our sunny New South Wales.

Chorus

Then toast with me our happy land,
Where all that's fair prevails,
Our colour's blue and our hearts are true,
In sunny New South Wales.

Now let us take a passing glance at all that we possess.
That ours is such a wealthy land no stranger e'er would guess.
Why, we've land in store, indeed far more than ever we shall require,
And trees grow thick on every side in spite of axe and fire.
Our sheep and cattle millions count, our wool is classed A1;
In beef and mutton our fair land is not to be outdone.
Why, we've lately seen old England, who boasts her stock ne'er fails,
Has had to send for wholsome meat preserved in New South Wales.

Chorus: Then toast with me, &c.

In childhood California was to us a land of gold,
And people said its riches were so vast, immense, untold.
But time has proved that mineral wealth exists not there alone,
For New South Wales possesses gold in many, many a stone.
And when the gold is taken from out its quartzy veins
A heap of silver, copper, tin, as a residue remains.
In fact we are a mass of wealth in all our hills and dales.
There's not a country half as rich as sunny New South Wales.

Chorus: Then toast with me, &c.

Our climate's good, that all admit, our flowers are sweet and rare;
And scenes abound on every hand so marvellously fair.
Shame on the men who went away and of us wrote such lies.
Why, when Anthony Trollope came out here he nearly lost his eyes.
Our native girls are fair and good, their hearts are pure and true;
And to their colour stick like bricks, the bright Australian blue.
Some never loved a roving life, nor blest the ocean's gales;
But they bless the breeze that blew them to a life in New South Wales.

Andrew Barton Paterson

**Sunrise on the Coast**

Grey dawn on the sand-hills -- the night wind has drifted
All night from the rollers a scent of the sea;
With the dawn the grey fog his battalions has lifted,
At the call of the morning they scatter and flee.
Like mariners calling the roll of their number
The sea-fowl put out to the infinite deep.
And far overhead -- sinking softly to slumber --
Worn out by their watching the stars fall asleep.

To eastward, where rests the broad dome of the skies on
The sea-line, stirs softly the curtain of night;
And far from behind the enshrouded horizon
Comes the voice of a God saying "Let there be light."

And lo, there is light! Evanescent and tender,
It glows ruby-red where 'twas now ashen-grey;
And purple and scarlet and gold in its splendour --
Behold, 'tis that marvel, the birth of a day!

Andrew Barton Paterson

**Swinging the Lead**

Said the soldier to the Surgeon, "I've got noises in me head
And a kind o' filled up feeling after every time I'm fed;
I can sleep all night on picket, but I can't sleep in my bed".
And the Surgeon said,
"That's Lead!"
Said the soldier to the Surgeon, "Do you think they'll send me back?
For I really ain't adapted to be carrying a pack
Though I've humped a case of whisky half a mile upon my back".
And the Surgeon said,
"That's Lead!"

"And my legs have swelled up cruel, I can hardly walk at all,
Bur when the Taubes come over you should see me start to crawl;
When we're sprinting for the dugout, I can easy beat 'em all".
And the Surgeon said,
"That's Lead!"

So they sent him to the trenches where he landed safe and sound,
And he drew his ammunition, just about two fifty round:
"Oh Sergeant, what's this heavy stuff I've got to hump around?"
And the Sergeant said,
"That's Lead!"

Andrew Barton Paterson

**Sydney Cup 1899**

Of course they say if this Bobadil starts
He'll settle 'em all in a flash:
For the pace he can go will be breaking their hearts,
And he ends with the "Bobadil dash".
But there's one in the race is a fance of mine
Whenever the distance is far --
Crosslake! He's inbred to the Yattendon line,
And we know what the Yattendons are.
His feet are his trouble: they're tender as gum!
If only his feet are got straight,
If the field were all Bobadils --let 'em all come
So long as they carry the weight.
For a three-year-old colt with nine-three on his back --
Well, he needs to be rather a star!
And with seven stone ten we will trust the old black,
For we know what the Yattendons are.

He is sired by Lochiel, which ensures that his pace
Is enough, and a little to spare.
But the blood that will tell at the end of the race
Is the blood of the Yattendon mare.
And this "Bobby" will find, when the whips are about,
It's a very fast journey and far.
And there's just the least doubt -- will he battle it out?
Nut we know what the Yattendons are.

In the rest of the field there are some that can stay,
And a few that can fly -- while they last.
But the old black outsider will go all the way,
And finish uncommonly fast.
If his feet last him out to the end of the trip --
Bare-footed or shod with a bar --
If he once gets this Bobadil under the whip,
Then he'll show what the Yattendons are.

Andrew Barton Paterson

**T.y.s.o.n.**

Across the Queensland border line
The mobs of cattle go;
They travel down in sun and shine
On dusty stage, and slow.
The drovers, riding slowly on
To let the cattle spread,
Will say: "Here's one old landmark gone,
For old man Tyson's dead."
What tales there'll be in every camp
By men that Tyson knew!
The swagmen, meeting on the tramp,
Will yarn the long day through,
And tell of how he passed as "Brown",
And fooled the local men:
"But not for me -- I struck the town,
And passed the message further down;
That's T.Y.S.O.N.!"

There stands a little country town
Beyond the border line,
Where dusty roads go up and down,
And banks with pubs combine.
A stranger came to cash a cheque --
Few were the words he said --
A handkerchief about his neck,
An old hat on his head.

A long grey stranger, eagle-eyed --
"Know me? Of course you do?"
"It's not my work," the boss replied,
"To know such tramps as you."
"Well, look here, Mister, don't be flash,"
Replied the stranger then,
"I never care to make a splash,
I'm simple, but I've got the cash;
I'm T.Y.S.O.N."

But in that last great drafting-yard,
Where Peter keeps the gate,
And souls of sinners find it barred,
And go to meet their fate,
There's one who ought to enter in
For good deeds done on earth,
One who from Peter's self must win
That meed of sterling worth.

Not to the strait and narrow gate
Reserved for wealthy men,
But to the big gate, opened wide,
The grizzled figure, eagle-eyed,
Will saunter up -- and then
Old Peter'll say: "Let's pass him through;

There's many a thing he used to do,
Good-hearted things that no one knew;
That's T.Y.S.O.N."

Andrew Barton Paterson

**Tar and Feathers**

Oh! the circus swooped down
On the Narrabri town,
For the Narrabri populace moneyed are;
And the showman he smiled
At the folk he beguiled
To come all the distance from Gunnedah.
But a juvenile smart,
Who objected to "part",
Went in on the nod, and to do it he
Crawled in through a crack
In the tent at the back,
For the boy had no slight ingenuity.

And says he with a grin,
"That's the way to get in;
But I reckon I'd better be quiet or
They'll spiflicate me,"
And he chuckled, for he
Had the loan of the circus proprietor.

But the showman astute
On that wily galoot
Soon dropped -- you'll be thinking he leathered him --
Not he; with a grim
Sort of humourous whim,
He took him and tarred him and feathered him.

Says he, "You can go
Round the world with a show,
And knock every Injun and Arab wry;
With your name and your trade
On the posters displayed,
The feathered what-is-it from Narrabri.

Next day for his freak
By a Narrabri Beak,
He was jawed with a deal of verbosity;
For his only appeal
Was "professional zeal" --
He wanted another monstrosity.

Said his Worship, "Begob!
You are fined forty bob,
And six shillin's costs to the clurk!" he says.
And the Narrabri joy,
Half bird and half boy.
Has a "down" on himself and on circuses.

Andrew Barton Paterson

## That Half-Crown Sweep

The run of Billabong-go-dry
Is just beyond Lime Burner's Gap;
Its waterhole and tank supply
Is excellent -- upon the map.
But lacking nature's liquid drench,
The station staff are wont to try
With "Bob-in Sweeps" their thirst to quench,
Or nearly quench, at Bong-go-dry.
The parson made five-yearly rounds
That soil of arid souls to delve,
He wrote, "I'll come for seven pounds,
Or I could stop away for twelve."
But lack of lucre brought about
The pusillanimous reply:
"Our luxuries are all cut out,
You'll have to go to Bong-go-dry."

Now rabbit skins were very high --
There'd been a kind of rabbit rush --
And what with traps and sticks they'd shy,
The station blacks were very flush,
And each was taught his churchman's job,
"When that one parson's plate comes roun'
No good you put in sprat or bob,
Too quick you put in harp-a-crown."

The parson's word was duly kept,
He came and did his bit of speak;
The boss remarked he hadn't slept
So sound and well for many a week.
But Gilgai Jack and Monkey Jaw
Regarded preaching as a crime
Against good taste; they said, "What for
That one chap yabber all the time?"

Proceedings ceased: the boss's hat
Was raked from underneath his chair;
The coloured congregation sat
And waited with expectant air.
At last from one far-distant seat
Where Gilgai's Mary'd been asleep,
There came a kind of plaintive bleat,
"Say, boss! Who won the harp-crown sweep?"

Andrew Barton Paterson

**That V.C.**

'Twas in the days of front attack;
This glorious truth we'd yet to learn it --
That every "front" has got a back.
And French was just the man to turn it.
A wounded soldier on the ground
Was lying hid behind a hummock;
He proved the good old proverb sound --
An army travels on its stomach.

He lay as flat as any fish;
His nose had worn a little furrow;
He only had one frantic wish,
That like an ant-bear he could burrow.

The bullets whistled into space,
The pom-pom gun kept up its braying,
The fout-point-seven supplied the bass --
You'd think the devil's band was playing.

A valiant comrade crawling near
Observed his most supine behaviour,
And crept towards him; "Hey! what cheer?
Buck up," said he, "I've come to save yer.

"You get up on my shoulders, mate,
And, if we live beyond the firing,
I'll get the V.C. sure as fate,
Because our blokes is all retiring.

"It's fifty pound a year," says he,
"I'll stand you lots of beer and whisky."
"No," says the wounded man, "not me,
I'll not be saved -- it's far too risky.

"I'm fairly safe behind this mound,
I've worn a hole that seems to fit me;
But if you lift me off the ground
It's fifty pounds to one they'll hit me."

So back towards the firing-line
Our friend crept slowly to the rear-oh!
Remarking "What a selfish swine!
He might have let me be a hero."

Andrew Barton Paterson

**The All Right Un**

He came from "further out",
That land of fear and drought
And dust and gravel.
He got a touch of sun,
And rested at the run
Until his cure was done,
And he could travel.
When spring had decked the plain,
He flitted off again
As flit the swallows.
And from that western land,
When many months were spanned,
A letter came to hand,
Which read as follows:

"Dear Sir, I take my pen
In hopes that all their men
And you are hearty.
You think that I've forgot
Your kindness, Mr Scott;
Oh, no, dear sir, I'm not
That sort of party.

"You sometimes bet, I know.
Well, now you'll have a show
The 'books' to frighten.
Up here at Wingadee
Young Billy Fife and me
We're training Strife, and he
Is a all right un.

"Just now we're running byes,
But, sir, first time he tries
I'll send you word of.
And running 'on the crook'
Their measures we have took;
It is the deadest hook
You ever heard of.

"So when we lets him go,
Why then I'll let you know,
And you can have a show
To put a mite on.
Now, sir, my leave I'll take,
Yours truly, William Blake,
P.S. -- Make no mistake,
He's a all right un.

By next week's Riverine
I saw my friend had been

A bit too cunning.
I read: "The racehorse Strife
And jockey William Fife
Disqualified for life --
Suspicious running."

But though they spoilt his game
I reckon all the same
I fairly ought to claim
My friend a white un.
For though he wasn't straight,
His deeds would indicate
His heart at any rate
Was "a all right un".

Andrew Barton Paterson

**The Amateur Rider**

Him goin' to ride for us! Him -- with the pants and the eyeglass and all.
Amateur! don't he just look it -- it's twenty to one on a fall.
Boss must be gone off his head to be sending out steeplechase crack
Out over fences like these with an object like that on his back.
Ride! Don't tell me he can ride. With his pants just as loose as balloons,
How can he sit on a horse? and his spurs like a pair of harpoons;
Ought to be under the Dog Act, he ought, and be kept off the course.
Fall! why, he'd fall off a cart, let alone off a steeplechase horse.

* *

Yessir! the 'orse is all ready -- I wish you'd have rode him before;
Nothing like knowing your 'orse, sir, and this chap's a terror to bore;
Battleaxe always could pull, and he rushes his fences like fun --
Stands off his jump twenty feet, and then springs like a shot from a gun.

Oh, he can jump 'em all right, sir, you make no mistake, 'e's a toff --
Clouts 'em in earnest, too, sometimes; you mind that he don't clout you off --
Don't seem to mind how he hits 'em, his shins is as hard as a nail,
Sometimes you'll see the fence shake and the splinters fly up from the rail.

All you can do is to hold him and just let him jump as he likes,
Give him his head at the fences, and hang on like death if he strikes;
Don't let him run himself out -- you can lie third or fourth in the race --
Until you clear the stone wall, and from that you can put on the pace.

Fell at that wall once, he did, and it gave him a regular spread,
Ever since that time he flies it -- he'll stop if you pull at his head,
Just let him race -- you can trust him -- he'll take first-class care he don't fall,
And I think that's the lot -- but remember, he must have his head at the wall.

* *

Well, he's down safe as far as the start, and he seems to sit on pretty neat,
Only his baggified breeches would ruinate anyone's seat --
They're away -- here they come -- the first fence, and he's head over heels for a crown!
Good for the new chum! he's over, and two of the others are down!

Now for the treble, my hearty -- By Jove, he can ride, after all;
Whoop, that's your sort -- let him fly them! He hasn't much fear of a fall.
Who in the world would have thought it? And aren't they just going a pace?
Little Recruit in the lead there will make it a stoutly-run race.

Lord! but they're racing in earnest -- and down goes Recruit on his head,
Rolling clean over his boy -- it's a miracle if he ain't dead.
Battleaxe, Battleaxe, yet! By the Lord, he's got most of 'em beat --
Ho! did you see how he struck, and the swell never moved in his seat?

Second time round, and, by Jingo! he's holding his lead of 'em well;
Hark to him clouting the timber! It don't seem to trouble the swell.
Now for the wall -- let him rush it. A thirty-foot leap, I declare --

Never a shift in his seat, and he's racing for home like a hare.

What's that that's chasing him -- Rataplan -- regular demon to stay!
Sit down and ride for your life now! Oh, good, that's the style -- come away!
Rataplan's certain to beat you, unless you can give him the slip,
Sit down and rub in the whalebone -- now give him the spurs and the whip!

Battleaxe, Battleaxe, yet -- and it's Battleaxe wins for a crown;
Look at him rushing the fences, he wants to bring t'other chap down.
Rataplan never will catch him if only he keeps on his pins;
Now! the last fence, and he's over it! Battleaxe, Battleaxe wins!

* *

Well, sir, you rode him just perfect -- I knew from the fust you could ride.
Some of the chaps said you couldn't, an' I says just like this a' one side:
Mark me, I says, that's a tradesman -- the saddle is where he was bred.
Weight! you're all right, sir, and thank you; and them was the words that I said.

Andrew Barton Paterson

**The Angel's Kiss**

An angel stood beside the bed
Where lay the living and the dead.
He gave the mother -- her who died --
A kiss that Christ the Crucified

Had sent to greet the weary soul
When, worn and faint, it reached its goal.

He gave the infant kisses twain,
One on the breast, one on the brain.

"Go forth into the world," he said,
"With blessings on your heart and head,

"For God, who ruleth righteously,
Hath ordered that to such as be

"From birth deprived of mother's love,
I bring His blessing from above;

"But if the mother's life he spare
Then she is made God's messenger

"To kiss and pray that heart and brain
May go through life without a stain."

The infant moved towards the light,
The angel spread his wings in flight.

But each man carries to his grave
The kisses that in hopes to save
The angel or his mother gave.

Andrew Barton Paterson

## The Army Mules

Oh the airman's game is a showman's game, for we all of us watch him go
With his roaring soaring aeroplane and his bombs for the blokes below,
Over the railways and over the dumps, over the Hun and the Turk,
You'll hear him mutter, "What ho, she bumps," when the Archies get to work.
But not of him is the song I sing, though he follow the eagle's flight,
And with shrapnel holes in his splintered wing comes home to his roost at night.
He may silver his wings on the shining stars, he may look from the throne on high,
He may follow the flight of the wheeling kite in the blue Egyptian sky,
But he's only a hero built to plan, turned out by the Army schools,
And I sing of the rankless, thankless man who hustles the Army mules.
Now where he comes from and where he lives is a mystery dark and dim,
And it's rarely indeed that the General gives a D.S.O. to him.
The stolid infantry digs its way like a mole in a ruined wall;
The cavalry lends a tone, they say, to what were else but a brawl;
The Brigadier of the Mounted Fut like a cavalry Colonel swanks
When he goeth abroad like a gilded nut to receive the General's thanks;
The Ordnance man is a son of a gun and his lists are a standing joke;
You order, "Choke arti Jerusalem one" for Jerusalem artichoke.
The Medicals shine with a number nine, and the men of the great R.E.,
Their Colonels are Methodist, married or mad, and some of them all the three;
In all these units the road to fame is taught by the Army schools,
But a man has got to be born to the game when he tackles the Army mules.

For if you go where the depots are as the dawn is breaking grey,
By the waning light of the morning star as the dust cloud clears away,
You'll see a vision among the dust like a man and a mule combined --
It's the kind of thing you must take on trust for its outlines aren't defined,
A thing that whirls like a spinning top and props like a three legged stool,
And you find its a long-legged Queensland boy convincing an Army mule.
And the rider sticks to the hybrid's hide like paper sticks to a wall,
For a "magnoon" Waler is next to ride with every chance of a fall,
It's a rough-house game and a thankless game, and it isn't a game for a fool,
For an army's fate and a nation's fame may turn on an Army mule.

And if you go to the front-line camp where the sleepless outposts lie,
At the dead of night you can hear the tramp of the mule train toiling by.
The rattle and clink of a leading-chain, the creak of the lurching load,
As the patient, plodding creatures strain at their task in the shell-torn road,
Through the dark and the dust you may watch them go till the dawn is grey in the sky,
And only the watchful pickets know when the "All-night Corps" goes by.
And far away as the silence falls when the last of the train has gone,
A weary voice through the darkness: "Get on there, men, get on!"
It isn't a hero, built to plan, turned out by the modern schools,
It's only the Army Service man a-driving his Army mules.

Andrew Barton Paterson

**The Australian Stockman**

The sun peers o'er you wooded ridge and thro' the forest dense,
Its golden edge o'er the mountain ledge looks down on the stockyard fence,
Looks down, looks down, looks down on the stockyard fence;
And dark creeks rush thro' the tangled brush, when their shuddering shadows throng
Until they chime in the rude rough rhyme of the wild goburra's song.

Till they chime, ha! ha! till they chime, ha! ha! in the wild goburra's song;
Till they chime, ha! ha! till they chime, ha! ha! in the wild goburra's song.
The night owl to her home hath fled, to shun the glorious pomp
Of golden day she speeds away to her nest in the tea-tree swamp;
Away, away to her nest in the tea-tree swamp.

The dingo looks with a timid stare as he stealthily prowls along,
And his pattering feet in concert beat with the wild goburra's song.
Oh! let them boast their city's wealth, who toil in a dusty town;
Give me the beam on the mountain stream, and the range's dark-faced frown
The stream, the stream, and the range's dark-faced frown.
When our steed shall pass o'er the quiv'ring grass, and the crack of the sounding thong
Shall bid the startled echoes join the wild goburra's song.

Andrew Barton Paterson

**The Ballad of Cockatoo Dock**

Of all the docks upon the blue
There was no dockyard, old or new,
To touch the dock at Cockatoo.

Of all the ministerial clan
There was no nicer, worthier man
Than Admiral O'Sullivan.

Of course, we mean E. W.
O'Sullivan, the hero who
Controlled the dock at Cockatoo.

To workmen he explained his views --
"You need not toil unless you choose,
Your only work is drawing screws."

And sometimes to their great surprise
When votes of censure filled the skies
He used to give them all a rise.

"What odds about a pound or two?"
Exclaimed the great E. W.
O'Sullivan at Cockatoo.

The dockyard superintendent, he
Was not at all what he should be --
He sneered at all this sympathy.

So when he gave a man the sack
O'Sullivan got on his track
And straightway went and fetched him back.

And with a sympathetic tear
He'd say, "How dare you interfere,
You most misguided engineer?

"Your sordid manners please amend --
No man can possibly offend
Who has a Member for a friend.

"With euchre, or a friendly rub,
And whisky, from the nearest 'pub',
We'll make the dockyard like a club.

"Heave ho, my hearties, play away,
We'll do no weary work today.
What odds -- the public has to pay!

"And if the public should complain
I'll go to Broken Hill by train
To watch McCarthy making rain."

And there, with nothing else to do
No doubt the great E. W.
Will straightway raise McCarthy's screw.

Andrew Barton Paterson

**The Ballad of G. R. Dibbs**

This is the story of G.R.D.,
Who went on a mission across the sea
To borrow some money for you and me.

This G. R. Dibbs was a stalwart man
Who was built on a most extensive plan,
And a regular staunch Republican.

But he fell in the hands of the Tory crew
Who said, "It's a shame that a man like you
Should teach Australia this nasty view.

"From her mother's side she should ne'er be gone,
And she ought to be glad to be smiled upon,
And proud to be known as our hanger-on."

And G. R. Dibbs, he went off his peg
At the swells who came for his smiles to beg
And the Prince of Wales -- who was pulling his leg

And he told them all when the wine had flown,
"The Australian has got no land of his own,
His home is England, and there alone."

So he strutted along with the titled band
And he sold the pride of his native land
For a bow and a smile and a shake of the hand.

And the Tory drummers they sit and call:
"Send over your leaders great and small;
For the price is low, and we'll buy them all

"With a tinsel title, a tawdry star
Of a lower grade than our titles are,
And a puff at a prince's big cigar."

And the Tories laugh till they crack their ribs
When they think how they purchased G. R. Dibbs.

Andrew Barton Paterson

## The Ballad of M. T. Nutt and His Dog

The Honourable M. T. Nutt
About the bush did jog.
Till, passing by a settler's hut,
He stopped and bought a dog.
Then started homewards full of hope,
Alas, that hopes should fail!
The dog pulled back and took the rope
Beneath the horse's tail.

The Horse remarked, "I would be soft
Such liberties to stand!"
"Oh dog," he said, "Go up aloft,
Young man, go on the land!"

Andrew Barton Paterson

**The Ballad of That P.N.**

The shades of night had fallen at last,
When through the house a shadow passed,
That once had been the Genial Dan,
But now become a desperate man,
At question time he waited near,
And on the Premier's startled ear
A voice fell like half a brick --
"Did ye, or did ye not, pay Crick
Did ye?"
By land and sea the Premier sped,
But found his foe where'er he fled,
The sailors swore -- with whitened lip --
That Neptune swam behind the ship:
When to the stern the Premier ran,
Behold, 'twas no one else but Dan,
And through the roaring of the gale
That clarion voice took up the tale,
"Ahot there! Answer, straight and slick!
Did not the Ministry pay Crick
Did they?"

In railway trains he sought retreat,
But soon, from underneath the seat,
With blazing eye and bristling beard,
His ancient enemy appeared,
And like a boiling torrent ran
The accents of the angry Dan --
"Tell me, John See, and tell me quick
Did not ye pay your shares to Crick
Did ye?"

Andrew Barton Paterson

**The Ballad of the Calliope**

By the far Samoan shore,
Where the league-long rollers pour
All the wash of the Pacific on the coral-guarded bay,
Riding lightly at their ease,
In the calm of tropic seas,
The three great nations' warships at their anchors proudly lay.
Riding lightly, head to wind,
With the coral reefs behind,
Three German and three Yankee ships were mirrored in the blue;
And on one ship unfurled
Was the flag that rules the world --
For on the old Calliope the flag of England flew.

When the gentle off-shore breeze,
That had scarcely stirred the trees,
Dropped down to utter stillness, and the glass began to fall,
Away across the main
Lowered the coming hurricane,
And far away to seaward hung the cloud-wrack like a pall.

If the word had passed around,
"Let us move to safer ground;
Let us steam away to seaward" -- then his tale were not to tell!
But each Captain seemed to say
"If the others stay, I stay!"
And they lingered at their moorings till the shades of evening fell.

Then the cloud-wrack neared them fast,
And there came a sudden blast,
And the hurricane came leaping down a thousand miles of main!
Like a lion on its prey,
Leapt the storm fiend on the bay,
And the vessels shook and shivered as their cables felt the strain.

As the surging seas came by,
That were running mountains high,
The vessels started dragging, drifting slowly to the lee;
And the darkness of the night
Hid the coral reefs from sight,
And the Captains dared not risk the chance to grope their way to sea.

In the dark they dared not shift!
They were forced to wait and drift;
All hands stood by uncertain would the anchors hold or no.
But the men on deck could see,
If a chance for them might be,
There was little chance of safety for the men who were below.

Through that long, long night of dread,
While the storm raged overhead,
They were waiting by their engines, with the furnace fires aroar;
So they waited, staunch and true,

Though they knew, and well they knew,
They must drown like rats imprisoned if the vessel touched the shore.

When the grey dawn broke at last,
And the long, long night was past,
While the hurricane redoubled, lest its prey should steal away,
On the rocks, all smashed and strown,
Were the German vessels thrown,
While the Yankees, swamped and helpless, drifted shorewards down the bay.

Then at last spoke Captain Kane,
"All our anchors are in vain,
And the Germans and the Yankees they have drifted to the lee!
Cut the cables at the bow!
We must trust the engines now!
Give her steam, and let her have it, lads! we'll fight her out to sea!"

And the answer came with cheers
From the stalwart engineers,
From the grim and grimy firemen at the furnaces below;
And above the sullen roar
Of the breakers on the shore
Came the throbbing of the engines as they laboured to and fro.

If the strain should find a flaw,
Should a bolt or rivet draw,
Then -- God help them! for the vessel were a plaything in the tide!
With a face of honest cheer
Quoth an English engineer,
"I will answer for the engiines that were built on old Thames-side!

"For the stays and stanchions taut,
For the rivets truly wrought,
For the valves that fit their faces as a glove should fit the hand.
Give her every ounce of power;
If we make a knot an hour
Then it's way enough to steer her, and we'll drive her from the land."

Life a foam-flake tossed and thrown,
She could barely hold her own,
While the other ships all helplessly were drifting to the lee.
Through the smother and the rout
The Calliope steamed out --
And they cheered her from the Trenton that was foundering in the sea.

Ay! drifting shoreward there,
All helpless as they were,
Their vessel hurled upon the reefs as weed ashore is hurled,
Without a thought of fear
The Yankees raised a cheer --
A cheer that English-speaking folk should echo round the world.

Andrew Barton Paterson

**The Ballad of the Carpet Bag**

Ho! Darkies, don't you hear dose voters cryin'
Pack dat carpet bag!
You must get to de Poll, you must get there flyin';
Pack dat carpet bag!
You must travel by de road, you must travel by de train,
And the things what you've done you will have to explain,
And the things what you've promised, you must promise 'em again.
Pack dat carpet bag!
Hear dem voters callin!
Pack de clean boiled rag.
For there's grass in the west, and the rain am fallin'.
Pack dat carpet bag!

You must pack up a volume of Coghlan's Figures,
Pack dat carpet bag!
And a lot o' little jokes to amuse those niggers.
Pack dat carpet bag!
You must wheedle all de gals with a twinkle of your eye,
You must bob down your head when de eggs begin to fly.
Oh! those eggs what they're saving, and they'll throw 'em by and by.
Pack dat carpet bag!

Hear dem voters callin'!
Pack de clean boiled rag.
For there's grass in the west, and the rain am fallin'.
Pack dat carpet bag!

You must get upon a stump, you must practise speakin',
Pack dat carpet bag!
You must follow Georgie Reid or Alfred Deakin.
Pack dat carpet bag!
You must come to de scratch, or you're bound to fail,
For it ain't any time to be sittin' on de rail,
Or de votes that you'll get -- they won't keep you out o' jail.
Pack dat carpet bag!

Hear dem voters callin'!
Pack de clean boiled rag.
For there's grass in the west, and the rain am fallin'.
Pack dat carpet bag!

And supposin' that you're beat, and you feel like cryin',
Pack dat carpet bag!
You must hustle back to work -- just to keep from dyin'.
Pack dat carpet bag!
You must travel second-class when you travel by de train,
For you haven't got a pass on de end of your chain,
While the other fellow's packing for de great campaign.
Pack dat carpet bag!

Hear dem voters callin'!
Pack de clean boiled rag.

For there's grass in the west, and the rain am fallin'.
Pack dat carpet bag!

Andrew Barton Paterson

**The Beautiful Land Of Australia**

All you on emigration bent,
With home and England discontent,
Come, listen to my sad lament,
All about the bush of Australia.
I once possessed a thousand pounds.
Thinks I—how very grand it sounds
For a man to be farming his own grounds
In the beautiful land of Australia.

Illawarra, Mittagong,
Parramatta, Wollongong.
If you wish to become an ourang-outang,
Then go to the bush of Australia.
Upon the voyage the ship was lost.
In wretched plight I reached the coast,
And was very nigh being made a roast,
By the savages of Australia.

And in the bush I lighted on
A fierce bushranger with his gun,
Who borrowed my garments, every one,
For himself in the bush of Australia.

Illawarra, Mittagong,
Parramatta, Wollongong.
If you wish to become an ourang-outang,
Then go to the bush of Australia.

Sydney town I reached at last,
And now, thinks I, all danger's past,
And I shall make my fortune fast
In this promising land of Australia.
I quickly went with cash in hand,
Upon the map I chose my land.
When I got there 'twas barren sand
In the beautiful land of Australia.

Illawarra, Mittagong,
Parramatta, Wollongong
If you wish to become an ourang-outang,
Then go to the bush of Australia.

Of sheep I got a famous lot.
Some died of hunger, some of rot,
For the devil a dropp of rain they got,
In this flourishing land of Australia.
My convict men were always drunk,
They kept me in a constant funk.
Says I to myself, as to bed I slunk,
How I wish I was out of Australia!

Booligal, Gobarralong,

Emu Flat and Jugiong.
If you wish to become an ourang-outang,
Then go to the bush of Australia.
Of ills, enough I've had you'll own.
And then at last, my woes to crown,
One night my log house was blown down
That settled us all in Australia
And now of home and all bereft,
The horrid spot I quickly left,
Making it over by deed of gift
To the savages of Australia.

Booligal, Gobarralong,
Emu Flat and Jugiong.
If you wish to become an ourang-outang,
Then go to the bush of Australia

I gladly worked my passage home,
And now to England back I've come,
Determined never more to roam,
At least, to the bush of Australia.
And stones upon the road I'll break,
And earn my seven bob a week,
Which is surely better than the freak
Of settling down in Australia.

Currabubula, Bogolong,
Ulladulla, Gerringong.
If you wouldn't become an ourang-outang,
Don't go to the bush of Australia.

Andrew Barton Paterson

## The Billy-Goat Overland

Come all ye lads of the droving days, ye gentlemen unafraid,
I'll tell you all of the greatest trip that ever a drover made,
For we rolled our swags, and we packed our bags, and taking our lives in hand,
We started away with a thousand goats, on the billy-goat overland.
There wasn't a fence that'd hold the mob, or keep 'em from their desires;
They skipped along the top of the posts and cake-walked on the wires.
And where the lanes had been stripped of grass and the paddocks were nice and green,
The goats they travelled outside the lanes and we rode in between.

The squatters started to drive them back, but that was no good at all,
Their horses ran for the lick of their lives from the scent that was like a wall:
And never a dog had pluck or gall in front of the mob to stand
And face the charge of a thousand goats on the billy-goat overland.

We found we were hundreds over strength when we counted out the mob;
And they put us in jail for a crowd of theives that travelled to steal and rob:
For every goat between here and Bourke, when he scented our spicy band,
Had left his home and his work to join in the billy-goat overland.

Andrew Barton Paterson

## The Boss of the Admiral Lynch

Did you ever hear tell of Chili? I was readin' the other day
Of President Balmaceda and of how he was sent away.
It seems that he didn't suit 'em -- they thought that they'd like a change,
So they started an insurrection and chased him across the range.
They seem to be restless people -- and, judging by what you hear,
They raise up these revolutions 'bout two or three times a year;
And the man that goes out of office, he goes for the boundary quick,
For there isn't no vote by ballot -- it's bullets that does the trick.
And it ain't like a real battle, where the prisoners' lives are spared,
And they fight till there's one side beaten and then there's a truce declared,
And the man that has got the licking goes down like a blooming lord
To hand in his resignation and give up his blooming sword,
And the other man bows and takes it, and everything's all polite --
This wasn't that sort of a picnic, this wasn't that sort of a fight.
For the pris'ners they took -- they shot 'em, no odds were they small or great;
If they'd collared old Balmaceda, they reckoned to shoot him straight.
A lot of bloodthirsty devils they were -- but there ain't a doubt
They must have been real plucked uns, the way that they fought it out,
And the king of 'em all, I reckon, the man that could stand a pinch,
Was the boss of a one-horse gunboat. They called her the Admiral Lynch.
Well, he was for Balmaceda, and after the war was done,
And Balmaceda was beaten and his troops had been forced to run,
The other man fetched his army and proceeded to do things brown.
He marched 'em into the fortress and took command of the town,
Cannon and guns and horses troopin' along the road,
Rumblin' over the bridges, and never a foeman showed
Till they came in sight of the harbour -- and the very first thing they see
Was this mite of a one-horse gunboat a-lying against the quay;
And there as they watched they noticed a flutter of crimson rag
And under their eyes he hoisted old Balmaceda's flag.

Well, I tell you it fairly knocked 'em -- it just took away their breath,
For he must ha' known, if they caught him, 'twas nothin' but sudden death.
Ad' he'd got no fire in his furnace, no chance to put out to sea,
So he stood by his gun and waited with his vessel against the quay.
Well, they sent him a civil message to say that the war was done,
And most of his side were corpses, and all that were left had run,
And blood had been spilt sufficient; so they gave him a chance to decide
If he's haul down his bit of bunting and come on the winning side.
He listened and heard their message, and answered them all polite
That he was a Spanish hidalgo, and the men of his race must fight!
A gunboat against an army, and with never a chance to run,
And them with their hundred cannon and him with a single gun:
The odds were a trifle heavy -- but he wasn't the sort to flinch.
So he opened fire on the army, did the boss of the Admiral Lynch.

They pounded his boat to pieces, they silenced his single gun,
And captured the whole consignment, for none of 'em cared to run;
And it don't say whether they shot him -- it don't even give his name --
But whatever they did I'll wager that he went to his graveyard game.
I tell you those old hidalgos, so stately and so polite,
They turn out the real Maginnis when it comes to an uphill fight.

There was General Alcantara, who died in the heaviest brunt,
And General Alzereca was killed in the battle's front;
But the king of 'em all, I reckon -- the man that could stand a pinch --
Was the man who attacked the army with the gunboat Admiral Lynch.

Andrew Barton Paterson

**The Broken-Down Squatter**

Come, Stumpy, old man, we must shift while we can;
All our 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 seems hard that such things have to be,
And its hard on a "hogs" when he's nought for a boss
But a broken-down squatter like me!

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.

No more shall we muster the river for fats,
Or spiel on the Fifteen-mile plain,
Or rip through the scrub by the light of the moon,
Or see the old stockyard again.

Leave the slip-panels down, it won't matter much now,
There are none but the crows left to see,
Perching gaunt in yon pine, as though longing to dine
On a broken-down squatter like me.

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 dollars were spent they doubled the rent,
And resumed the best half of the run.

'Twas done without reason, for leaving the season
No squatter could stand such a rub;
For it's useless to squat when the rents are so hot
That one can't save the price of one's grub;
And there's not much to choose 'twixt the banks and the Jews
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.

Andrew Barton Paterson

**The Bushfire - an Allegory**

'Twas on the famous Empire run,
Whose sun does never set,
Whose grass and water, so they say,
Have never failed them yet --
They carry many million sheep,
Through seasons dry and wet.
They call the homestead Albion House,
And then, along with that,
There's Welshman's Gully, Scotchman's Hill,
And Paddymelon Flat:
And all these places are renowned
For making jumbacks fat.

And the out-paddocks -- holy frost!
There wouldn't be no sense
For me to try and tell you half --
They really are immense;
A man might ride for days and weeks
And never strike a fence.

But still for years they never had
Been known a sheep to lose;
Old Billy Gladstone managed it,
And you can bet your shoes
He'd scores of supers under him,
And droves of jackaroos.

Old Billy had an eagle eye,
And kept his wits about --
If any chaps got trespassing
He quickly cleared 'em out;
And coves that used to "work a cross",
They hated him, no doubt.

But still he managed it in style,
Until the times got dry,
And Billy gave the supers word
To see and mind their eye --
"If any paddocks gets a-fire
I'll know the reason why."

Now on this point old Bill was sure,
Because, for many a year,
Whenever times got dry at all,
As sure as you are here,
The Paddymelon Flat got burnt
Which Bill thought rather queer.

He sent his smartest supers there
To try and keep things right.
No use! The grass was always dry --
They'd go to sleep at night,

And when they woke they'd go and find
The whole concern alight.

One morning it was very hot --
The sun rose in a haze;
Old Bill was cutting down some trees
(One of his little ways);
A black boy came hot-foot to say
The Flat was in a blaze.

Old Bill he swears a fearful oath
And lets the tommy fall --
Says he: "'ll take this business up,
And fix it once for all;
If this goes on the cursed run
Will send us to the wall."

So he withdrew his trespass suits,
He'd one with Dutchy's boss --
In prosecutions criminal
He entered nolle pros.,
But these were neither here nor there --
They always meant a loss.

And off to Paddymelon Flat
He started double quick
Drayloads of men with lots of grog
Lest heat should make them sick,
And all the strangers came around
To see him do the trick.

And there the fire was flaming bright,
For miles and miles it spread,
And many a sheep and horse and cow
Were numbered with the dead --
The super came to meet Old Bill,
And this is what he said:

"No use, to try to beat it out,
'Twill dry you up like toast,
I've done as much as man can do,
Although I never boast;
I think you'd better chuck it up,
And let the jumbucks roast."

Then Bill said just two words: "You're sacked,"
And pitches off his coat,
And wrenches down a blue gum bough
And clears his manly throat,
And into it like threshing wheat
Right sturdily he smote.

And beat the blazing grass until
His shirt was dripping wet;
And all the people watched him there
To see what luck he'd get,
"Gosh! don't he make the cinders fly,"
And, Golly, don't he sweat!"

But though they worked like Trojans all,
The fire still went ahead
So far as you could see around,
The very skies were red,
Sometimes the flames would start afresh,
Just where they thought it dead.

His men, too, quarreled 'mongst themselves
And some coves gave it best
And some said, "Light a fire in front,
And burn from east to west" --
But Bill he still kept sloggin' in,
And never took no rest.

Then through the crowd a cornstalk kid
Come ridin' to the spot
Says he to Bill, "Now take a spell,
You're lookin' very 'ot,
And if you'll only listen, why,
I'll tell you what is what.

"These coves as set your grass on fire,
There ain't no mortal doubt,
I've seen 'em ridin' here and there,
And pokin' round about;
It ain't no use your workin' here,
Until you finds them out.

"See yonder, where you beat the fire --
It's blazin' up again,
And fires are starting right and left
On Tipperary Plain,
Beating them out is useless quite,
Unless Heaven sends the rain.

Then Bill, he turns upon the boy,
"Oh, hold your tongue, you pup!"
But a cinder blew across the creek
While Bill stopped for a sup,
And fired the Albion paddocks, too --
It was a bitter cup;
Old Bill's heart was broke at last,
He had to chuck it up.

Moral

The run is England's Empire great,
The fire is the distress
That burns the stock they represent --
Prosperity you'll guess.
And the blue gum bough is the Home Rule Bill
That's making such a mess.

And Ireland green, of course I mean
By Paddymelon Flat;
All men can see the fire, of course,
Spreads on at such a bat,
But who are setting it alight,
I cannot tell you that.

But this I think all men will see,
And hold it very true --
"Don't quarrel with effects until
The cause is brought to view."
What is the cause? That cornstalk boy --
He seemed to think he knew.

Andrew Barton Paterson

**The Bushman**

When the merchant lies down, he can scarce go to sleep
For thinking of his merchandise upon the fatal deep;
His ships may be cast away or taken in a war,
So him alone we'll envy not, who true bushmen are.

Who true bushmen are,
So him alone we'll envy not, who true bushmen are!

When the soldier lies down, his mind is full of thought
O'er seeking that promotion which so long he has sought;
He fain would gain repose for mortal wound or scar,
So him also we'll envy not, who true bushmen are.

When the sailor lies down, his mind he must prepare
To rouse out in a minute if the wind should prove unfair.
His voyage may be stopped for the want of a spar,
So him also we'll envy not, who true bushmen are.

When the bushman lies down, his mind is free from care,
He knows his stock will furnish him with meat, wear and tear.
Should all commerce be ended in the event of a war,
Then bread and beef won't fail us boys, who true bushmen are.

Then fill, fill your glasses, a toast I'll give you, then,
To you who call yourselves true-hearted men.
Here's a health to the soldier and e'en the jolly tar,
And may they always meet as good friends as we bushmen are.

Who true bushmen are,
And may they always meet as good friends as we bushmen are.

Andrew Barton Paterson

**The City of Dreadful Thirst**

The stranger came from Narromine and made his little joke--
"They say we folks in Narromine are narrow-minded folk.
But all the smartest men down here are puzzled to define
A kind of new phenomenon that came to Narromine.

"Last summer up in Narromine 'twas gettin' rather warm--
Two hundred in the water bag, and lookin' like a storm--
We all were in the private bar, the coolest place in town,
When out across the stretch of plain a cloud came rollin' down,

"We don't respect the clouds up there, they fill us with disgust,
They mostly bring a Bogan shower -- three raindrops and some dust;
But each man, simultaneous-like, to each man said, 'I think
That cloud suggests it's up to us to have another drink!'

"There's clouds of rain and clouds of dust -- we've heard of them before,
And sometimes in the daily press we read of 'clouds of war':
But -- if this ain't the Gospel truth I hope that I may burst--
That cloud that came to Narromine was just a cloud of thirst.

"It wasn't like a common cloud, 'twas more a sort of haze;
It settled down about the streets, and stopped for days and days,
And now a drop of dew could fall and not a sunbeam shine
To pierce that dismal sort of mist that hung on Narromine.

"Oh, Lord! we had a dreadful time beneath that cloud of thirst!
We all chucked up our daily work and went upon the burst.
The very blacks about the town that used to cadge for grub,
They made an organised attack and tried to loot the pub.

"We couldn't leave the private bar no matter how we tried;
Shearers and squatters, union men and blacklegs side by side
Were drinkin' there and dursn't move, for each was sure, he said,
Before he'd get a half a mile the thirst would strike him dead!

"We drank until the drink gave out, we searched from room to room,
And round the pub, like drunken ghosts, went howling through the gloom.
The shearers found some kerosene and settled down again,
But all the squatter chaps and I, we staggered to the train.

"And, once outside the cloud of thirst, we felt as right as pie,
But while we stopped about the town we had to drink or die.
But now I hear it's safe enough, I'm going back to work
Because they say the cloud of thirst has shifted on to Bourke.

"But when you see these clouds about -- like this one over here--
All white and frothy at the top, just like a pint of beer,
It's time to go and have a drink, for if that cloud should burst
You'd find the drink would all be gone, for that's a cloud of thirst!"

We stood the man from Narromine a pint of half-and-half;
He drank it off without a gasp in one tremendous quaff;
"I joined some friends last night," he said, "in what they called a spree;
But after Narromine 'twas just a holiday to me."

And now beyond the Western Range, where sunset skies are red,
And clouds of dust, and clouds of thirst, go drifting overhead,
The railway train is taking back, along the Western Line,
That narrow-minded person on his road to Narromine.

Andrew Barton Paterson

**The Corner Man**

I dreamt a dream at the midnight deep,
When fancies come and go
To vex a man in his soothing sleep
With thoughts of awful woe --
I dreamed that I was the corner man
Of a nigger minstrel show.
I cracked my jokes, and the building rang
With laughter loud and long;
I hushed the house as I softly sang
An old plantation song --
A tale of the wicked slavery days
Of cruelty and wrong.

A small boy sat on the foremost seat --
A mirthful youngster he,
He beat the time with his restless feet
To each new melody,
And he picked me out as the brightest star
Of the black fraternity.

"Oh, father," he said, "what would we do
If the corner man should die?
I never saw such a man -- did you?
He makes the people cry,
And then, when he likes, he makes them laugh."
The old man made reply:

"We each of us fill a very small space
On the great creation's plan,
If a man don't keep his lead in the race
There's plenty more that can;
The world can very soon fill the place
Of even a corner man."

I woke with a jump, rejoiced to find
Myself at home in bed,
And I framed a moral in my mind
From the words the old man said.
The world will jog along just the same
When the corner men are dead.

Andrew Barton Paterson

**The Dam that Keele Built**

This is the dam that Keele built.
This is the stream that brought the water to fill the dam that Keele built;
This is the Water and Sewer Brigade,
That measured the stream that brought the water to fill the dam that Keele built;

This is the Engineer by Trade --
Head of the Water and Sewer Brigade,
Who measured the stream that brought the water to fill the dam that Keele built;

These are the Calculations made
By the Eminent Engineer by Trade,
Head of the Water and Sewer Brigade,
Who measured the stream that brought the water to fill the dam that Keele built;

This is the scornful Mr Wade,
Who sneered at the Calculations made
By the Eminent Engineer by Trade,
Head of the Water and Sewer Brigade,
Who measured the stream that brought the water to fill the dam that Keele built;

This is the Minister quite dismayed
At the sight of the Scornful Mr Wade,
Who sneered at the Calculations made
By the Eminent Engineer by Trade,
Head of the Water and Sewer Brigade,
Who measured the stream that brought the water to fill the dam that Keele built;

This is the Sydneyite afraid
That a serious blunder will be made,
Because of the Minister, quite dismayed
At the sight of the Scornful Mr Wade,
Who sneered at the Calculations made
By the Eminent Engineer by Trade,
Head of the Water and Sewer Brigade,
Who measured the stream that brought the water to fill the dam that Keele built.

Andrew Barton Paterson

## The Dauntless Three

Chris Watson, of the Parliament,
By his Caucus Gods he swore
That the great Labor Party
Should suffer wrong no more.
By his Caucus Gods he swore it,
And named a trysting day,
And bade his Socialists ride forth,
East and west and south and north,
To summon his array.
East and west and south and north
The Socialists ride fast,
And every town in New South Wales
Has heard their trumpet's blast.
Shame to the false elector
Who lingers in his hole,
While Watson and his myrmidons
Are riding to the poll.

Then up spake brave Horatius Gould,
And a Liberal proud was he,
"Now, who will stand on either hand
And face the foe with me?"
Then out spake bold Herminius Millen,
And Walker out spake he,
"We will abide on either side
And win a seat with thee."

"'Tis well", quoth brave Horatuis,
"As thou sayest, so let it be."
And straight against the proletaire
Forth went the dauntless three.

Andrew Barton Paterson

**The Daylight is Dying**

The daylight is dying
   Away in the west,
The wild birds are flying
   In silence to rest;
In leafage and frondage
   Where shadows are deep,
They pass to its bondage—
   The kingdom of sleep.
And watched in their sleeping
   By stars in the height,
They rest in your keeping,
   Oh, wonderful night.
When night doth her glories
   Of starshine unfold,
'Tis then that the stories
   Of bush-land are told.

Unnumbered I hold them
   In memories bright,
But who could unfold them,
   Or read them aright?
Beyond all denials
   The stars in their glories
The breeze in the myalls
   Are part of these stories.

The waving of grasses,
   The song of the river
That sings as it passes
   For ever and ever,
The hobble-chains' rattle,
   The calling of birds,
The lowing of cattle
   Must blend with the words.

Without these, indeed, you
   Would find it ere long,
As though I should read you
   The words of a song
That lamely would linger
   When lacking the rune,
The voice of the singer,
   The lilt of the tune.

But, as one half-hearing
   An old-time refrain,
With memory clearing,
   Recalls it again,
These tales, roughly wrought of
   The bush and its ways,
May call back a thought of
   The wandering days,

And, blending with each
   In the memories that throng,
There haply shall reach
   You some echo of song.

Andrew Barton Paterson

**The Deficit Demon**

It was the lunatic poet escaped from the local asylum,
Loudly he twanged on his banjo and sang with his voice like a saw-mill,
While as with fervour he sang there was borne o'er the shuddering wildwood,
Borne on the breath of the poet a flavour of rum and of onions.
He sang of the Deficit Demon that dqelt in the Treasury Mountains,
How it was small in its youth and a champion was sent to destroy it:
Dibbs he was salled, and he boasted, "Soon I will wipe out the Monster,"
But while he was boasting and bragging the monster grew larger and larger.

One day as Dibbs bragged of his prowess in daylight the Deficit met him,
Settled his hash in one act and made him to all man a byword,
Sent hin, a raving ex-Premier, to dwell in the shades of oblivion,
And the people put forward a champion known as Sir Patrick the Portly.

As in the midnight the tom-cat who seeketh his love on the house top,
Lifteth his voice up and is struck by the fast whizzing brickbat,
Drops to the ground in a swoon and glides to the silent hereafter,
So fell Sir Patrick the Portly at the stroke of the Deficit Demon.

Then were the people amazed and they called for the champion of champions
Known as Sir 'Enry the Fishfag unequalled in vilification.
He is the man, said the people, to wipe out the Deficit Monster,
If nothing else fetches him through he can at the least talk its head off.

So he sharpened his lance of Freetrade and he practised in loud-mouthing abusing,
"Poodlehead," "Craven," and "Mole-eyes" were things that he purposed to call it,
He went to the fight full of valour and all men are waiting the issue,
Though they know not his armour nor weapons excepting his power of abusing.

Loud sang the lunatic his song of the champions of valour
Until he was sighted and captured by fleet-footed keepers pursuing,
To whom he remarked with a smile as they ran him off back to the madhouse,
"If you want to back Parkes I'm your man -- here's a cool three to one on the Deficit."

Andrew Barton Paterson

**The Diggers**

Bristling Billy the porcupine,
A person that nobody liked,
Sinking a shaft on an ant-bed mine,
Came on a burrowing lizard's line,
And the lizard was badly spiked.
'You're a blundering fool,' said the snake's half-brother,
And that was how one thing led to another.

Weary Willie the wombat king
Said he was champion excavator;
But the Bristler said, 'You ain't no such thing;
You couldn't dig up a new pertater!'
So a match was made on their mining skill,
Bristling Billy and Weary Will.

Both of the creatures were stout as steel,
With knife-like claws that could dig for ever.
The wombat dug with the greater zeal,
But he hadn't the style or the action clever
Of Bristling Billy, who looked a winner
Till he struck some ants, and he stopped for dinner.

Down where the ants had hid their young
Underground in a secret tunnel,
Scooping them up with his sticky tongue
Into his mouth that was like a funnel:
'Why should I dig for your wagers scanty,'
Said he, 'when I'm feeling so full and ant-y?'

A kangaroo who has lost his cash
Was wild at this most absurd come-uppance.
'Now listen, you poor ant-eating trash,
I'd give you a kick in the ribs for twopence!'
'Well, when I've finished with this here diet,'
Said Bristling Billy, 'you come and try it.'

Bristling Billy the porcupine,
A person that nobody likes,
Wanders away on his lonely line,
Rattles his fearful spikes.
Says he, 'There's none of you long-haired squibs
Is game to give me a kick in the ribs.'

Andrew Barton Paterson

**The Duties of an Aide-de-camp**

Oh, some folk think vice-royalty is festive and hilarious,
The duties of an A.D.C. are manifold and various,
So listen, whilst I tell in song
The duties of an aide-de-cong.
Whatsoever betide
To the Governor's side
We must stick -- or the public would eat him --
For each bounder we see
Says, "Just introduce me
To His Lordship -- I'm anxious to meet him."

Then they grab at his paw
And they chatter and jaw
Till they'd talk him to death -- if we'd let 'em --
And the folk he has met,
They are all in a fret,
Just for fear he might chance to forget 'em.

When some local King Billy
Is talking him silly,
Or the pound-keeper's wife has waylaid him,
From folks of that stamp
When he has to decamp --
We're his aides to decamp -- so we aid him.

Then some feminine beauty
Will come and salute ye,
She may be a Miss or a Madam,
Or a man comes in view,
Bails you up, "How de do!"
And you don't know the fellow from Adam!

But you've got to keep sweet
With each man that you meet,
And a trifle like this mustn't bar you,
So you clutch at his fin,
And you say, with a grin,
"Oh, delighted to see you -- how are you?"

Then we do country shows
Where some prize-taker blows
Of his pig -- a great, vast forty-stoner --
"See, my Lord! ain't he fine!
How is that for a swine!"
When it isn't a patch on its owner!

We fix up the dinners
For parsons and sinners
And lawyers and bishops and showmen,
And a judge of the court
We put next to a "sport",
And an Orangeman next to a Roman.

We send invitations
To all celebrations,
Some Nobody's presence entreating,
And the old folks of all
We invite to a ball,
And the young -- to a grandmothers' meeting.

And when we go dancing,
Like cart-horses prancing,
We plunge where the people are thickenkn';
And each gay local swell
Thinks it's "off" to dance well,
So he copies our style -- ain't it sickenin'!

Then at banquets we dine
And swig cheap, nasty wine,
But the poor aide-de-camp mustn't funk it --
And they call it champagne,
But we're free to maintain
That he feels real pain when he's drunk it.

Then our horses bestriding
We go out a-riding
Lest our health by confinement we'd injure;
You can notice the glare
Of the Governor's hair
When the little boys say, "Go it, Ginger!"

Then some wandering lords --
They so often are frauds --
This out-of-way country invading,
If a man dresses well
And behaves like a swell,
Then he's somebody's cook masquerading.

But an out-an-out ass
With a thirst for the glass
And the symptoms of drink on his "boko",
Who is perpetually
Pursuing the ballet,
He is always the "true Orinoco".

We must slave with our quills --
Keep the cash -- pay the bills --
Keep account of the liquor and victuals --
So I think you'll agree
That the gay A.D.C.
Has a life that's not all beer and skittles!

Andrew Barton Paterson

## The Dying Stockman

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

"Wrap me up with my stockwhip and blanket,
And bury me deep down below,
Where the dingoes and crows can't molest me,
In the shade where the coolibahs grow.
"Oh! had I the flight of the bronzewing,
Far o'er the plains would I fly,
Straight to the land of my childhood,
And there would I lay down and die.

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

"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.

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

"And oft in the shades of the twilight,
When the soft winds are whispering low,
And the dark'ning shadows are falling,
Sometimes think of the stockman below."

Andrew Barton Paterson

**The Eumerella Shore**

There's a happy little valley on the Eumerella shore,
Where I've lingered many happy hours away,
On my little free selection I have acres by the score,
Where I unyoke the bullocks from the dray.

To my bullocks then I say
No matter where you stray,
You will never be impounded any more;
For you're running, running, running on the duffer's piece of land,
Free selected on the Eumerella shore.

When the moon has climbed the mountains and the stars are shining bright,
Then we saddle up our horses and away,
And we yard the squatters' cattle in the darkness of the night,
And we have the calves all branded by the day.

Oh, my pretty little calf,
At the squatter you may laugh,
For he'll never be your owner any more;
For you're running, running, running on the duffer's piece of land,
Free selected on the Eumerella shore.

If we find a mob of horses when the paddock rails are down,
Although before they're never known to stray,
Oh, quickly will we drive them to some distant inland town,
And sell them into slav'ry far away.

To Jack Robertson we'll say
You've been leading us astray,
And we'll never go a-farming any more;
For it's easier duffing cattle on the little piece of land
Free selected on the Eumerella shore.

Andrew Barton Paterson

## The Federal Bus Conductor and the Old Lady

Now 'urry, Mrs New South Wales, and come along of us,
We're all a-goin' ridin' in the Federation 'bus.
A fam'ly party, don't you know -- yes, Queenslans's comin', too,
You can't afford it! Go along! We've kep' box seat for you.
The very one of all the lot that can afford it best,
You'll only have to pay your share the same as all the rest.
You say your sons is workin' men, and can't afford to ride!
Well, all our sons is workin' men, a-smokin' up outside.
You think you might be drove to smash by some unskilful bloke!
Well, ain't we all got necks ourselves? And we don't want 'em broke.
You bet your lofe we're not such fools but what we'll do our best
To keep from harm -- for harm to one is harm to all the rest.

Now, don't go trudgin' on alone, but get aboard the trap;
That basket, labelled "Capital", you take it in your lap!
It's nearly time we made a start, so let's 'ave no more talk:
You 'urry up and get aboard, or else stop out and walk.
We've got a flag; we've got a band; out 'orses travels fast;
Ho! Right away, Bill! Let 'em go! The old 'un's come at last!

Andrew Barton Paterson

## The First Surveyor

"The opening of the railway line! -- the Governor and all!
With flags and banners down the street, a banquet and a ball.
Hark to 'em at the station now! They're raising cheer on cheer!
'The man who brought the railway through -- our friend the engineer.'
They cheer his pluck and enterprise and engineering skill!
'Twas my old husband found the pass behind that big red hill.
Before the engineer was born we'd settled with our stock
Behind that great big mountain chain, a line of range and rock --
A line that kept us starving there in weary weeks of drought,
With ne'er a track across the range to let the cattle out.

"'Twas then, with horses starved and weak and scarcely fit to crawl,
My husband went to find a way across the rocky wall.
He vanished in the wilderness -- God knows where he was gone --
He hunted till his food gave out, but still he battled on.
His horses strayed ('twas well they did), they made towards the grass,
And down behind that big red hill they found an easy pass.

"He followed up and blazed the trees, to show the safest track,
Then drew his belt another hole and turned and started back.
His horses died -- just one pulled through with nothing much to spare;
God bless the beast that brought him home, the old white Arab mare!
We drove the cattle through the hills, along the new-found way,
And this was our first camping-ground -- just where I live today.

"Then others came across the range and built the township here,
And then there came the railway line and this young engineer;
He drove about with tents and traps, a cook to cook his meals,
A bath to wash himself at night, a chain-man at his heels.
And that was all the pluck and skill for which he's cheered and praised,
For after all he took the track, the same my husband blazed!

"My poor old husband, dead and gone with never a feast nor cheer;
He's buried by the railway line! -- I wonder can he hear
When by the very track he marked, and close to where he's laid,
The cattle trains go roaring down the one-in-thirty grade.
I wonder does he hear them pass, and can he see the sight
When, whistling shrill, the fast express goes flaming by at night.

"I think 'twould comfort him to know there's someone left to care;
I'll take some things this very night and hold a banquet there --
The hard old fare we've often shared together, him and me,
Some damper and a bite of beef, a pannikin of tea:
We'll do without the bands and flags, the speeches and the fuss,
We know who ought to get the cheers -- and that's enough for us.

"What's that? They wish that I'd come down -- the oldest settler here!
Present me to the Governor and that young engineer!
Well, just you tell his Excellence, and put the thing polite,
I'm sorry, but I can't come down -- I'm dining out tonight!"

Andrew Barton Paterson

**The Fitzroy Blacksmith**

Under the spreading deficit,
The Fitzroy Smithy stands;
The smith, a spendthrift man is he,
With too much on his hands;
But the muscles of his brawny jaw
Are strong as iron bands.
Pay out, pay put, from morn till night,
You can hear the sovereigns go;
Or you'll hear him singing "Old Folks at Home",
In a deep bass voice and slow,
Like a bullfrog down in the village well
When the evening sun is low.

The Australian going "home" for loans
Looks in at the open door;
He loves to see the imported plant,
And to hear the furnace roar,
And to watch the private firms smash up
Like chaff on the threshing-floor.

Toiling, rejoicing, borrowing,
Onward through life he goes;
Each morning sees some scheme begun
That never sees its close.
Something unpaid for, someone done,
Has earned a night's repose.

Andrew Barton Paterson

## The Flying Gang

I served my time, in the days gone by,
In the railway's clash and clang,
And I worked my way to the end, and I
Was the head of the "Flying Gang".
'Twas a chosen band that was kept at hand
In case of an urgent need;
Was it south or north, we were started forth
And away at our utmost speed.
If word reached town that a bridge was down,
The imperious summons rang --
"Come out with the pilot engine sharp,
And away with the flying gang."
Then a piercing scream and a rush of steam
As the engine moved ahead;
With measured beat by the slum and street
Of the busy town we fled,
By the uplands bright and the homesteads white,
With the rush of the western gale --
And the pilot swayed with the pace we made
As she rocked on the ringing rail.
And the country children clapped their hands
As the engine's echoes rang,
But their elders said: "There is work ahead
When they send for the flying gang."

Then across the miles of the saltbush plain
That gleamed with the morning dew,
Where the grasses waved like the ripening grain
The pilot engine flew --
A fiery rush in the open bush
Where the grade marks seemed to fly,
And the order sped on the wires ahead,
The pilot must go by.
The Governor's special must stand aside,
And the fast express go hang;
Let your orders be that the line is free
For the boys in the flying gang.

Andrew Barton Paterson

**The Free Selector**

Ye sons of industry, to you I belong,
And to you I would dedicate a verse or a song,
Rejoicing o'er the victory John Robertson has won
Now the Land Bill has passed and the good time has come

No more with our swags through the bush need we roam
For to ask of another there to give us a home,
Now the land is unfettered and we may reside
In a home of our own by some clear waterside.

On some fertile spot which we may call our own,
Where the rich verdure grows, we will build up a home.
There industry will flourish and content will smile,
While our children rejoicing will share in our toil.

We will plant our garden and sow our own field,
And eat from the fruits which industry will yield,
And be independent, what we long for have strived,
Though those that have ruled us the right long denied.

Andrew Barton Paterson

## The Freehold On The Plain

I'm a broken-down old squatter, my cash it is all gone,
Of troubles and bad seasons I complain;
My cattle are all mortgaged, of horses I have none,
And I've lost that little freehold on the plain.

The stockyard's broken down, and the woolshed's tumbling in;
I've written to the mortgagees in vain;
My wool it is all damaged and it is not worth a pin,
And I've lost that little freehold on the plain.

I commenced life as a squatter some twenty years ago,
When fortune followed in my train;
But I speculated heavy and I'd have you all to know
That I've lost that little freehold on the plain.

I built myself a mansion, and chose myself a wife;
Of her I have no reason to complain;
For I thought I had sufficient to last me all my life,
But I've lost that little freehold on the plain.

And now I am compelled to take a drover's life,
To drive cattle through the sunshine and the rain,
And to leave her behind me, my own dear loving wife
We were happy on that freehold on the plain.

Andrew Barton Paterson

## The Geebung Polo Club

It was somewhere up the country, in a land of rock and scrub,
That they formed an institution called the Geebung Polo Club.
They were long and wiry natives from the rugged mountain side,
And the horse was never saddled that the Geebungs couldn't ride;
But their style of playing polo was irregular and rash --
They had mighty little science, but a mighty lot of dash:
And they played on mountain ponies that were muscular and strong,
Though their coats were quite unpolished,
and their manes and tails were long.
And they used to train those ponies wheeling cattle in the scrub:
They were demons, were the members of the Geebung Polo Club.

It was somewhere down the country, in a city's smoke and steam,
That a polo club existed, called `The Cuff and Collar Team'.
As a social institution 'twas a marvellous success,
For the members were distinguished by exclusiveness and dress.
They had natty little ponies that were nice, and smooth, and sleek,
For their cultivated owners only rode 'em once a week.
So they started up the country in pursuit of sport and fame,
For they meant to show the Geebungs how they ought to play the game;
And they took their valets with them -- just to give their boots a rub
Ere they started operations on the Geebung Polo Club.

Now my readers can imagine how the contest ebbed and flowed,
When the Geebung boys got going it was time to clear the road;
And the game was so terrific that ere half the time was gone
A spectator's leg was broken -- just from merely looking on.
For they waddied one another till the plain was strewn with dead,
While the score was kept so even that they neither got ahead.
And the Cuff and Collar Captain, when he tumbled off to die,
Was the last surviving player -- so the game was called a tie.

Then the Captain of the Geebungs raised him slowly from the ground,
Though his wounds were mostly mortal, yet he fiercely gazed around;
There was no one to oppose him -- all the rest were in a trance,
So he scrambled on his pony for his last expiring chance,
For he meant to make an effort to get victory to his side;
So he struck at goal -- and missed it -- then he tumbled off and died.

. . . . .

By the old Campaspe River, where the breezes shake the grass,
There's a row of little gravestones that the stockmen never pass,
For they bear a crude inscription saying, `Stranger, drop a tear,
For the Cuff and Collar players and the Geebung boys lie here.'
And on misty moonlit evenings, while the dingoes howl around,
You can see their shadows flitting down that phantom polo ground;
You can hear the loud collisions as the flying players meet,
And the rattle of the mallets, and the rush of ponies' feet,
Till the terrified spectator rides like blazes to the pub --
He's been haunted by the spectres of the Geebung Polo Club.

A.B. (Banjo) Paterson

Andrew Barton Paterson

## The Ghost of the Murderer's Hut

My horse had been lamed in the foot
In the rocks at the back of the run,
So I camped at the Murderer's Hut,
At the place where the murder was done.

The walls were all spattered with gore,
A terrible symbol of guilt;
And the bloodstains were fresh on the floor
Where the blood of the victim was spilt.

The wind hurried past with a shout,
The thunderstorm doubled its din
As I shrank from the danger without,
And recoiled from the horror within.

When lo! at the window a shape,
A creature of infinite dread;
A thing with the face of an ape,
And with eyes like the eyes of the dead.

With the horns of a fiend, and a skin
That was hairy as satyr or elf,
And a long, pointed beard on its chin --
My God! 'twas the Devil himself.

In anguish I sank on the floor,
With terror my features were stiff,
Till the thing gave a kind of a roar,
Ending up with a resonant "Biff!"

Then a cheer burst aloud from my throat,
For the thing that my spirit did vex
Was naught but an elderly goat --
Just a goat of the masculine sex.

When his master was killed he had fled,
And now, by the dingoes bereft,
The nannies were all of them dead,
And only the billy was left.

So we had him brought in on a stage
To the house where, in style, he can strut,
And he lives to a fragrant old age
As the Ghost of the Murderer's Hut.

Andrew Barton Paterson

**The Great Calamity**

MacFierce'un came to Whiskeyhurst
When summer days were hot,
And bided there wi' Jock MacThirst,
A brawny brother Scot.
Good faith! They made the whisky fly
Like Highland chieftains true,
And when they'd drunk the beaker dry
They sang, 'We are nae fou!
There's nae folk like oor ain folk,
Sae gallant and sae true.'
They sang the only Scottish joke
Which is, 'We are nae fou'.
Said bold MacThirst, 'Let Saxons jaw
Aboot their great concerns,
But Bonnie Scotland beats them a',
The Land o' Cakes and Burns,
The land of pairtridge, deer, and grouse;
Fill up your glass, I beg,
There's muckle whiskey i' the house,
Forbye what's in the keg.'
And here a hearty laugh he laughed,
'Just come wi' me, I beg.'
MacFierce'un saw with pleasure daft
A fifty-gallon keg.

'Losh, man, that's graund,' MacFierce'un cried,
'Saw ever man the like,
Moo, wi' the daylicht, I maun ride
To meet a Southron tyke,
But I'll be back ere summer's gone,
So bide for me, I beg;
We'll mak' a graund assault upon
Yon deevil of a keg.'

MacFierce'un rode to Whiskeyhurst
When summer days were gone,
And there he met with Jock MacThirst
Was greetin' all alone.
'MacThirst, what gars ye look sae blank?
Hae all your wuts gane daft?
Has that accursed Southron bank
Called up your overdraft?
Is all your grass burnt up wi' drouth?
Is wool and hides gane flat?'
MacThirst replied, 'Guid friend, in truth,
'Tis muckle waur than that.'

'Has sair misfortune cursed your life
That you should weep sae free?
Is harm upon your bonnie wife,
The children at your knee?
Is scaith upon your house and hame?'

MacThirst upraised his head:
'My bairns hae done the deed of shame,
'Twere better they were dead.
To think my bonnie infant son
Should do the deed o' guilt,
He let the whiskey spigot run,
And a' the whiskey's spilt!'

Upon them both these words did bring
A solemn silence deep;
Good faith, it is a fearsome thing
To see two strong men weep.

Andrew Barton Paterson

## The Gundaroo Bullock

Oh, there's some that breeds the Devon that's as solid as a stone,
And there's some that breeds the brindle which they call the "Goulburn Roan";
But amongst the breeds of cattle there are very, very few
Like the hairy-whiskered bullock that they breed at Gundaroo.
Far away by Grabben Gullen, where the Murrumbidgee flows,
There's a block of broken country-side where no one ever goes;
For the banks have gripped the squatters, and the free selectors too,
And their stock are always stolen by the men of Gundaroo.

There came a low informer to the Grabben Gullen side,
And he said to Smith the squatter, "You must saddle up and ride,
For your bullock's in the harness-cask of Morgan Donahoo --
He's the greatest cattle-stealer in the whole of Gundaroo."

"Oh, ho!" said Smith, the owner of the Grabben Gullen run,
"I'll go and get the troopers by the sinking of the sun,
And down into his homestead tonight we'll take a ride,
With warrants to identify the carcass and the hide."

That night rode down the troopers, the squatter at their head,
They rode into the homestead, and pulled Morgan out of bed.
"Now, show to us the carcass of the bullock that you slew --
The hairy-whiskered bullock that you killed in Gundaroo."

They peered into the harness-cask, and found it wasn't full,
But down among the brine they saw some flesh and bits of wool.
"What's this?" exclaimed the trooper; "an infant, I declare;"
Said Morgan, "'Tis the carcass of an old man native bear.
I heard that ye were coming, so an old man bear I slew,
Just to give you kindly welcome to my home in Gundaroo.

"The times are something awful, as you can plainly see,
The banks have broke the squatters, and they've broke the likes of me;
We can't afford a bullock -- such expense would never do --
So an old man bear for breakfast is a treat in Gundaroo."
And along by Grabben Gullen, where the rushing river flows,
In the block of broken country where there's no one ever goes,
On the Upper Murrumbidgee, they're a hospitable crew --
But you mustn't ask for "bullock" when you go to Gundaroo.

Andrew Barton Paterson

**The Hypnotist**

A man once read with mind surprised
Of the way that people were "hypnotised";
By waving hands you produced, forsooth,
A kind of trance where men told the truth!
His mind was filled with wond'ring doubt;
He grabbed his hat and he started out,
He walked the street and he made a "set"
At the first half-dozen folk he met.
He "tranced" them all, and without a joke
'Twas much as follows the subjects spoke:

First Man
"I am a doctor, London-made,
Listen to me and you'll hear displayed
A few of the tricks of the doctor's trade.
'Twill sometimes chance when a patient's ill
That a doae, or draught, or a lightning pill,
A little too strong or a little too hot,
Will work its way to a vital spot.
And then I watch with a sickly grin
While the patient 'passes his counters in'.
But when he has gone with his fleeting breath
I certify that the cause of death
Was something Latin, and something long,
And who is to say that the doctor's wrong!
So I go my way with a stately tread
While my patients sleep with the dreamless dead."

Next, Please
"I am a barrister, wigged and gowned;
Of stately presence and look profound.
Listen awhile till I show you round.
When courts are sitting and work is flush
I hurry about in a frantic rush.
I take your brief and I look to see
That the same is marked with a thumping fee;
But just as your case is drawing near
I bob serenely and disappear.
And away in another court I lurk
While a junior barrister does your work;
And I ask my fee with a courtly grace,
Although I never came near the case.
But the loss means ruin too you, maybe,
But nevertheless I must have my fee!
For the lawyer laughs in his cruel sport
While his clients march to the Bankrupt Court."

Third Man
"I am a banker, wealthy and bold --
A solid man, and I keep my hold

Over a pile of the public's gold.
I am as skilled as skilled can be
In every matter of £ s. d.
I count the money, and night by night
I balance it up to a farthing right:
In sooth, 'twould a stranger's soul perplex
My double entry and double checks.
Yet it sometimes happens by some strange crook
That a ledger-keeper will 'take his hook'
With a couple of hundred thousand 'quid',
And no one can tell how the thing was did!"

Fourth Man
"I am an editor, bold and free.
Behind the great impersonal 'We'
I hold the power of the Mystic Three.
What scoundrel ever would dare to hint
That anything crooked appears in print!
Perhaps an actor is all the rage,
He struts his hour on the mimic stage,
With skill he interprets all the scenes --
And yet next morning I give him beans.
I slate his show from the floats to flies,
Because the beggar won't advertise.
And sometimes columns of print appear
About a mine, and it makes it clear
That the same is all that one's heart could wish --
A dozen ounces to every dish.
But the reason we print those statements fine
Is -- the editor's uncle owns the mine."

The Last Straw
"A preacher I, and I take my stand
In pulpit decked with gown and band
To point the way to a better land.
With sanctimonious and reverent look
I read it out of the sacred book
That he who would open the golden door
Must give his all to the starving poor.
But I vary the practice to some extent
By investing money at twelve per cent,
And after I've preached for a decent while
I clear for 'home' with a lordly pile.
I frighten my congregation well
With fear of torment and threats of hell,
Although I know that the scientists
Can't find that any such place exists.
And when they prove it beyond mistake
That the world took millions of years to make,
And never was built by the seventh day

I say in a pained and insulted way
that 'Thomas also presumed to doubt',
And thus do I rub my opponents out.
For folks may widen their mental range,
But priest and parson, thay never change."

With dragging footsteps and downcast head
The hypnotiser went home to bed,
And since that very successful test
He has given the magic art a rest;
Had he tried the ladies, and worked it right,
What curious tales might have come to light!

Andrew Barton Paterson

**The Incantation**

Scene: Federal Political Arena
A darkened cave. In the middle, a cauldron, boiling.
Enter the three witches.
1ST WITCH: Thrice hath the Federal Jackass brayed.

2ND WITCH: Once the Bruce-Smith War-horse neighed.

3RD WITCH: So Georgie comes, 'tis time, 'tis time,
Around the cauldron to chant our rhyme.

1ST WITCH: In the cauldron boil and bake
Fillet of a tariff snake,
Home-made flannels -- mostly cotton,
Apples full of moths, and rotten,
Lamb that perished in the drought,
Starving stock from "furthest out",
Drops of sweat from cultivators,
Sweating to feed legislators.
Grime from a white stoker's nob,
Toiling at a nigger's job.
Thus the great Australian Nation,
Seeks political salvation.

ALL: Double, double, toil and trouble,
Fire burn, and cauldron bubble.

2ND WITCH: Heel-taps from the threepenny bars,
Ash from Socialist cigars.
Leathern tongue of boozer curst
With the great Australian thirst,
Two-up gambler keeping dark,
Loafer sleeping in the park --
Drop them in to prove the sequel,
All men are born free and equal.

ALL: Double, double, toil and trouble,
Fire burn, and cauldron bubble.

3RD WITCH:Lung of Labour agitator,
Gall of Isaacs turning traitor;
Spleen that Kingston has revealed,
Sawdust stuffing out of Neild;
Mix them up, and then combine
With duplicity of Lyne,
Alfred Deakin's gift of gab,
Mix the gruel thick and slab.

ALL: Double, double, toil and trouble,
Heav'n help Australia in her trouble.

HECATE: Oh, well done, I commend your pains,
And everyone shall share i' the gains,

And now about the cauldron sing,
Enchanting all that you put in.
Round about the cauldron go,
In the People's rights we'll throw,
Cool it with an Employer's blood,
Then the charm stands firm and good,
And thus with chaos in possession,
Ring in the coming Fed'ral Session.

Andrew Barton Paterson

**The Last Parade**

With never a sound of trumpet,
With never a flag displayed,
The last of the old campaigners
Lined up for the last parade.

Weary they were and battered,
Shoeless, and knocked about;
From under their ragged forelocks
Their hungry eyes looked out.

And they watched as the old commander
Read out to the cheering men
The Nation's thanks, and the orders
To carry them home again.

And the last of the old campaigners,
Sinewy, lean, and spare --
He spoke for his hungry comrades:
"Have we not done our share?

"Starving and tired and thirsty
We limped on the blazing plain;
And after a long night's picket
You saddled us up again.

"We froze on the windswept kopjes
When the frost lay snowy-white,
Never a halt in the daytime,
Never a rest at night!

"We knew when the rifles rattled
From the hillside bare and brown,
And over our weary shoulders
We felt warm blood run down,

"As we turned for the stretching gallop,
Crushed to the earth with weight;
But we carried our riders through it --
Sometimes, perhaps, too late.

"Steel! We were steel to stand it --
We that have lasted through,
We that are old campaigners
Pitiful, poor, and few.

"Over the sea you brought us,
Over the leagues of foam:
Now we have served you fairly
Will you not take us home?

"Home to the Hunter River,
To the flats where the lucerne grows;

Home where the Murrumbidgee
Runs white with the melted snows.

"This is a small thing, surely!
Will not you give command
That the last of the old campaigners
Go back to their native land?"

They looked at the grim commander,
But never a sign he made.
"Dismiss!" and the old campaigners
Moved off from their last parade.

Andrew Barton Paterson

**The Last Trump**

"You led the trump," the old man said
With fury in his eye,
"And yet you hope my girl to wed!
Young man! your hopes of love are fled,
'Twere better she should die!
"My sweet young daughter sitting there,
So innocent and plump!
You don't suppose that she would care
To wed an outlawed man who'd dare
To lead the thirteenth trump!

"If you had drawn their leading spade
It meant a certain win!
But no! By Pembroke's mighty shade
The thirteenth trump you went and played
And let their diamonds in!

"My girl, return at my command
His presents in a lump!
Return his ring! For, understand,
No man is fit to hold your hand
Who leads a thirteenth trump!

"But hold! Give every man his due
And every dog his day.
Speak up and say what made you do
This dreadful thing -- that is, if you
Have anything to say!"

He spoke. "I meant at first," said he,
"To give their spades a bump,
Or lead the hearts; but then you see
I thought against us there might be,
Perhaps, a fourteenth trump!"

They buried him at dawn of day
Beside a ruined stump:
And there he sleeps the hours away
And waits for Gabriel to play
The last -- the fourteenth trump.

Andrew Barton Paterson

## The Lay of the Motor-Car

We're away! and the wind whistles shrewd
In our whiskers and teeth;
And the granite-like grey of the road
Seems to slide underneath.
As an eagle might sweep through the sky,
So we sweep through the land;
And the pallid pedestrians fly
When they hear us at hand.
We outpace, we outlast, we outstrip!
Not the fast-fleeing hare,
Nor the racehorses under the whip,
Nor the birds of the air
Can compete with our swiftness sublime,
Our ease and our grace.
We annihilate chickens and time
And policemen and space.

Do you mind that fat grocer who crossed?
How he dropped down to pray
In the road when he saw he was lost;
How he melted away
Underneath, and there rang through the fog
His earsplitting squeal
As he went -- Is that he or a dog,
That stuff on the wheel?

Andrew Barton Paterson

**The Loafers' Club**

A club there is established here, whose name they say is Legion
From Melbourne to the Billabong, they're known in every region.
They do not like the cockatoos, but mostly stick to stations,
Where they keep themselves from starving by cadging shepherds' rations.

The rules and regulations, they're not difficult of learning,
They are to live upon the cash which others have been earning.
To never let a chance go by of being in a shout, sir,
And if they see a slant to turn your pockets inside out, sir.
They'll cadge your baccy, knife, and pipe, and tell a tale of sorrow
Of how they cannot get a job, but mean to start to-morrow.
But that to-morrow never comes, until they see quite plainly
That it's completely up the spout with Messrs. Scrase and Ainley.

If, feeling thirsty, you should go to take a little suction,
I'll swear they'll not be long before they'll force an introduction.
One knew you here, one knew you there, all love you like a brother,
And if one plan will not succeed, they'll quickly try another.

I knew one poor, unhappy wight, having a little ready,
Entered a Smeaton public-house, determined to keep steady.
A celebrated loafer there determined upon showing him
That he once had the pleasure and the privilege of knowing him.
Through hills and dales, by lakes and streams, he close pursued his victim,
Until the miserable man confessed that be quite licked him.
In vain the quarry tried to turn, pursuit was far too strong, sir,
The loafer followed up the scent and earthed him in Geelong, sir.

The noble art of lambing down they know in all its beauty,
And if they do not squeeze you dry, they'll think they've failed in duty.
But, truth to say, they seldom fail to do that duty neatly,
And very few escape their hands who're not cleared out completely.

Andrew Barton Paterson

**The Lost Drink**

I had spent the night in the watch-house --
My head was the size of three --
So I went and asked the chemist
To fix up a drink for me;
And he brewed it from various bottles
With soda and plenty of ice,
With something that smelt like lemon,
And something that seemed like spice.
It fell on my parching palate
Like the dew on a sunbaked plain,
And my system began to flourish
Like the grass in the soft spring rain;
It wandered throughout my being,
Suffusing my soul with rest,
And I felt as I "scoffed" that liquid
That life had a new-found zest.

I have been on the razzle-dazzle
Full many a time since then
But I never could get the chemist
To brew me that drink again.
He says he's forgotten the notion --
'Twas only by chance it came --
He's tried me with various liquids
But oh! they are not the same.

We have sought, but we sought it vainly,
That one lost drink divine;
We have sampled his various bottles,
But somehow they don't combine:
Yet I know when I cross the River
And stand on the Golden Shore
I shall meet with an angel chemist
To brew me that drink once more.

Andrew Barton Paterson

**The Lost Leichardt**

Another search for Leichhardt's tomb,
Though fifty years have fled
Since Leichhardt vanished in the gloom,
Our one Illustrious Dead!
But daring men from Britain's shore,
The fearless bulldog breed,
Renew the fearful task once more,
Determined to succeed.

Rash men, that know not what they seek,
Will find their courage tried.
For things have changed on Cooper's Creek
Since Ludwig Leichhardt died.

Along where Leichhardt journeyed slow
And toiled and starved in vain;
These rash excursionists must go
Per Queensland railway train.

Out on those deserts lone and drear
The fierce Australian black
Will say -- "You show it pint o' beer,
It show you Leichhardt track!"

And loud from every squatter's door
Each pioneering swell
Will hear the wild pianos roar
The strains of "Daisy Bell".

The watchers in those forests vast
Will see, at fall of night,
Commercial travellers bounding past
And darting out of sight.

About their path a fearful fate
Will hover always near.
A dreadful scourge that lies in wait --
The Longreach Horehound Beer!

And then, to crown this tale of guilt,
They'll find some scurvy knave,
Regardless of their quest, has built
A pub on Leichhardt's grave!

Ah, yes! Those British pioneers
Had best at home abide,
For things have changed in fifty years
Since Ludwig Leichhardt died.

Andrew Barton Paterson

## The Lung Fish

The Honorable Ardleigh Wyse
Was every fisherman's despair;
He caught his fish on floating flies,
In fact he caught them in the air,
And wet-fly men -- good sports, perhaps --
He called "those chuck-and-chance-it chaps".
And then the Fates that sometimes play
A joke on such as me and you
Deported him up Queensland way
To act as a station jackaroo.
The boundary rider said, said he,
"You fish dry fly? Well, so do we.

"These barramundi are the blokes
To give you all the sport you need:
For when the big lagoons and soaks
Are dried right down to mud and weed
They don't sit there and raise a roar,
They pack their traps and come ashore.

"And all these rods and reels you lump
Along the creek from day to day
Would only give a man the hump
Who does his fishing Queensland way.
For when the barramundi's thick
We knock 'em over with a stick.

"The black boys on the Darwin side
Will fill a creek with bitter leaves
And when the fish are stupefied
The gins will gather 'em in sheaves.
Now tell me, could a feller wish
A finer way of catchin' fish?"

The stokehold of the steamship Foam
Contains our hero, very sick,
A-working of his passage home
And brandishing a blue gum stick.
"Behold," says he, "the latest fly;
It's called the Great Australian Dry."

Andrew Barton Paterson

**The Man from Goondiwindi, Q.**

I

This is the sunburnt bushman who
Came down from Goondiwindi, Q.

II

This is the Push from Waterloo
That spotted the sunburnt bushman who
Came down from Goondiwindi, Q.

III

These are the wealthy uncles -- two,
Part of the Push from Waterloo
That spotted the sunburnt bushman who
Came down from Goondiwindi, Q.

IV

This is the game, by no means new,
Played by the wealthy uncles -- two,
Part of the Push from Waterloo
That spotted the sunburnt bushman who
Came down from Goondiwindi, Q.

V

This is the trooper dressed in blue,
Who busted the game by no means new,
Played by the wealthy uncles -- two,
Part of the Push from Waterloo
That spotted the sunburnt bushman who
Came down from Goondiwindi, Q.

VI

This is the magistrate who knew
Not only the trooper dressed in blue,
But also the game by no means new,
And likewise the wealthy uncles -- two,
And ditto the Push from Waterloo
That spotted the sunburnt bushman who
Came down from Goondiwindi, Q.

VII

This is the tale that has oft gone through
On western plains where the skies are blue,
Till the native bear and the kangaroo
Have heard of the magistrate who knew
Not only the trooper dressed in blue,

But also the game by no means new,
And likewise the wealthy uncles -- two,
And ditto the Push from Waterloo
That spotted the sunburnt bushman who
Came down from Goondiwindi, Q.

The Evening News, 17 Dec 1904

(This verse was published, copiously illustrated by Lionel Lindsay. Each stanza had its own illustration.)
The pronounciation of many Australian place-names can be quite unexpected. Goondiwindi is a case in point. The town is situated on the border of Queensland and New south Wales, on the banks of the Macintyre River, and its name is pronounced "gun-da-windy", with the main stress on the third syllable, a secondary stress on the first.

Andrew Barton Paterson

## The Man from Iron Bark

It was the man from Ironbark who struck the Sydney town,
He wandered over street and park, he wandered up and down.
He loitered here he loitered there, till he was like to drop,
Until at last in sheer despair he sought a barber's shop.
'Ere! shave my beard and whiskers off, I'll be a man of mark,
I'll go and do the Sydney toff up home in Ironbark.'
The barber man was small and flash, as barbers mostly are,
He wore a strike-your-fancy sash he smoked a huge cigar;
He was a humorist of note and keen at repartee,
He laid the odds and kept a 'tote', whatever that may be,
And when he saw our friend arrive, he whispered, 'Here's a lark!
Just watch me catch him all alive, this man from Ironbark.'

There were some gilded youths that sat along the barber's wall.
Their eyes were dull, their heads were flat, they had no brains at all;
To them the barber passed the wink his dexter eyelid shut,
'I'll make this bloomin' yokel think his bloomin' throat is cut.'
And as he soaped and rubbed it in he made a rude remark:
'I s'pose the flats is pretty green up there in Ironbark.'

A grunt was all reply he got; he shaved the bushman's chin,
Then made the water boiling hot and dipped the razor in.
He raised his hand, his brow grew black, he paused awhile to gloat,
Then slashed the red-hot razor-back across his victim's throat;
Upon the newly-shaven skin it made a livid mark -
No doubt it fairly took him in - the man from Ironbark.

He fetched a wild up-country yell might wake the dead to hear,
And though his throat, he knew full well, was cut from ear to ear,
He struggled gamely to his feet, and faced the murd'rous foe:
'You've done for me! you dog, I'm beat! one hit before I go!
I only wish I had a knife, you blessed murdering shark!
But you'll remember all your life the man from Ironbark.'

He lifted up his hairy paw, with one tremendous clout
He landed on the barber's jaw, and knocked the barber out.
He set to work with nail and tooth, he made the place a wreck;
He grabbed the nearest gilded youth, and tried to break his neck.
And all the while his throat he held to save his vital spark,
And 'Murder! Bloody murder!' yelled the man from Ironbark.

A peeler man who heard the din came in to see the show;
He tried to run the bushman in, but he refused to go.
And when at last the barber spoke, and said ''Twas all in fun'
Twas just a little harmless joke, a trifle overdone.'
'A joke!' he cried, 'By George, that's fine; a lively sort of lark;
I'd like to catch that murdering swine some night in Ironbark.'

And now while round the shearing floor the list'ning shearers gape,
He tells the story o'er and o'er, and brags of his escape.
'Them barber chaps what keeps a tote, By George, I've had enough,
One tried to cut my bloomin' throat, but thank the Lord it's tough.'

And whether he's believed or no, there's one thing to remark,
That flowing beards are all the go way up in Ironbark.

Andrew Barton Paterson

## The Man from Snowy River

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.

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.

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.

But 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."

"He hails from Snowy River, up by Kosciusko's side,
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."

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."

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 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.

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 sway,
Were 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."

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.

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 stringybarks 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.

He was right among the horses as they climbed the further 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.

And he ran them single-handed till their sides were white with foam.
He followed like a bloodhound in 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.

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.

Andrew Barton Paterson

## The Man Who Was Away

The widow sought the lawyer's room with children three in tow,
She told the lawyer man her tale in tones of deepest woe.
She said, "My husband took to drink for pains in his inside,
And never drew a sober breath from then until he died.

"He never drew a sober breath, he died without a will,
And I must sell the bit of land the childer's mouth to fill.
There's some is grown and gone away, but some is childer yet,
And times is very bad indeed -- a livin's hard to get.

"There's Min and Sis and little Chris, they stops at home with me,
And Sal has married Greenhide Bill that breaks for Bidgeree.
And Fred is drovin' Conroy's sheep along the Castlereagh
And Charley's shearin' down the Bland, and Peter is away."

The lawyer wrote the details down in ink of legal blue --
"There's Minnie, Susan, Christopher, they stop at home with you;
There's Sarah, Frederick and Charles, I'll write to them today,
But what about the other son -- the one who is away?

"You'll have to furnish his consent to sell the bit of land."
The widow shuffled in her seat, "Oh, don't you understand?
I thought a lawyer ought to know -- I don't know what to say --
You'll have to do without him, boss, for Peter is away."

But here the little boy spoke up -- said he, "We thought you knew;
He's done six months in Goulburn gaol -- he's got six more to do."
Thus in one comprehensive flash he made it clear as day,
The mystery of Peter's life -- the man who was away.

Andrew Barton Paterson

## The Maori Pig Market

In distant New Zealand, whose tresses of gold
The billows are ceaselessly combing,
Away in a village all tranquil and old
I came on a market where porkers were sold --
A market for pigs in the gloaming.
And Maoris in plenty in picturesque rig
The lands of their forefathers roaming,
Were weighing their swine, whether little or big,
For purchasers paid by the weight of the pig --
The weight of the pig in the gloaming.

And one mighty chieftain, I grieve to relate,
The while that his porker was foaming
And squealing like fifty -- that Maori sedate,
He leant on the pig just to add to its weight --
He leant on the pig in the gloaming.

Alas! for the buyer, an Irishman stout --
O'Grady, I think, his cognomen --
Perceived all his doings, and, giving a shout,
With the butt of his whip laid him carefully out
By the side of his pig in the gloaming.

A terrible scrimmage did straightway begin,
And I thought it was time to be homing,
For Maoris and Irish were fighting like sin
'Midst war-cries of "Pakeha!" "Batherashin!"
As I fled from the spot in the gloaming

Andrew Barton Paterson

## The Maori's Wool

The Maoris are a mighty race -- the finest ever known;
Before the missionaries came they worshipped wood and stone;
They went to war and fought like fiends, and when the war was done
They pacified their conquered foes by eating every one.
But now-a-days about the pahs in idleness they lurk,
Prepared to smoke or drink or talk -- or anything but work.
The richest tribe in all the North in sheep and horse and cow,
Were those who led their simple lives at Rooti-iti-au.

'Twas down to town at Wellington a noble Maori came,
A Rangatira of the best, Rerenga was his name --
(The word Rerenga means a "snag" -- but until he was gone
This didn't strike the folk he met -- it struck them later on).
He stalked into the Bank they call the "Great Financial Hell",
And told the Chief Financial Fiend the tribe had wool to sell.
The Bold Bank Manager looked grave -- the price of wool was high.
He said, "We'll lend you what you need -- we're not disposed to buy.

"You ship the wool to England, Chief! -- You'll find it's good advice,
And meanwhile you can draw from us the local market price."
The Chief he thanked them courteously and said he wished to state
In all the Rooti-iti tribe his mana would be freat,
But still the tribe were simple folk, and did not understand
This strange finance that gave them cash without the wool in hand.
So off he started home again, with trouble on his brow,
To lay the case before the tribe at Rooti-iti-au.

They held a great korero in the Rooti-iti clan,
With speeches lasting half a day from every leading man.
They called themselves poetic names -- "lost children in a wood";
They said the Great Bank Manager was Kapai -- extra good!
And so they sent Rerenga down, full-powered and well-equipped,
To draw as much as he could get, and let the wool be shipped;
And wedged into a "Cargo Tank", full up from stern to bow,
A mighty clip of wool went Home from Rooti-iti-au.

It was the Bold Bank Manager who drew a heavy cheque;
Rerenga cashed it thoughtfully, then clasped him round the neck;
A hug from him was not at all a thing you'd call a lark --
You see he lived on mutton-birds and dried remains of shark --
But still it showed his gratitude; and, as he pouched the pelf,
"I'll haka for you, sir," he said, "in honour of yourself!"
The haka is a striking dance -- the sort they don't allow
In any place more civilized than Rooti-iti-au.

He "haka'd" most effectively -- then, with an airy grace,
Rubbed noses with the Manager, and vanished into space.
But when the wool return came back, ah me, what sighs and groans!
For every bale of Maori wool was loaded up with stones!
Yes -- thumping great New Zealand rocks among the wool they found;
On every rock the bank had lent just eighteen-pence a pound.
And now the Bold Bank Manager, with trouble on his brow,

Is searching vainly for the chief from Rooti-iti-au.

Andrew Barton Paterson

**The Maranoa Drovers**

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

For we're going, going, going to Gunnedah so far,
And we'll soon be into sunny New South Wales;
We shall bid farewell to Queensland, with its swampy coolibah
Happy drovers from the sandy Maranoa.

When the fires are burning bright through the darkness of the night,
And the cattle camping quiet, well, I'm sure
That I wish for two o'clock when I call the other watch
This is droving from the sandy Maranoa.

Our beds made on the ground, we are sleeping all so sound
When we're wakened by the distant thunder's roar,
And the lightning's vivid flash, followed by an awful crash
It's rough on drovers from the sandy Maranoa.
We are up at break of day, and we're all soon on the way,
For we always have to go ten miles or more;
It don't do to loaf about, or the squatter will come out
He's strict on drovers from the sandy Maranoa.

We shall soon be on the Moonie, and we'll cross the Barwon, too;
Then we'll be out upon the rolling plains once more;
We'll shout "Hurrah! for old Queensland, with its swampy coolibah,
And the cattle that come off the Maranoa."

Andrew Barton Paterson

**The Matrimonial Stakes**

I wooed her with a steeplechase, I won her with a fall,
I made her heartstrings quiver on the flat
When the pony missed his take-off, and we crached into the wall;
Well, she simply had to have me after that!
It awoke a thrill of int'rest when they pulled me out for dead
From beneath the shattered ruins of a horse;
And althought she looked indifferent when I landed -- on my head --
In the water, it appealed to her, of course!

When I won the Flappers' Flatrace it was "all Sir Garneo",
For she praised the way I made my final run.
And she thought the riding won it -- for how could the poor girl know
That a monkey could have ridden it and won!

Then they "weighed me in" a winner -- it's not often that occurs!
So I didn't let my golden chances slip,
For I showed her all the blood-marks where I jabbed him with the spurs,
And the whip-strokes where I hit him with the whip.

Then I asked her if she loved me, and she seemed inclined to shirk
For a moment so I took her by the head
(So to speak) and rushed her at it; and she seemed to like the work
When she kissed me, though she blushed a rosy red.

She's a mouth as soft as velvet, and she plenty has of heart,
I could worship every little step she takes;
And the saddleng-bell is ringing, so we're going to the start,
Certain winners of the Matrimonial Stakes!

Andrew Barton Paterson

**The Mountain Squatter**

Here in my mountain home,
On rugged hills and steep,
I sit and watch you come,
O Riverinia Sheep!
You come from the fertile plains
Where saltbush (sometimes) grows,
And flats that (when it rains)
Will blossom like the rose.

But when the summer sun
Gleams down like burnished brass,
You have to leave your run
And hustle off for grass.

'Tis then that -- forced to roam --
You come to where I keep,
Here in my mountain home,
A boarding-house for sheep.

Around me where I sit
The wary wombat goes --
A beast of little wit,
But what he knows, he knows.

The very same remark
Applies to me also;
I don't give out a spark,
But what I know, I know.

My brain perhaps would show
No convolutions deep,
But anyhow I know
The way to handle sheep.

These Riverina cracks,
They do not care to ride
The half-inch hanging tracks
Along the mountain side.

Their horses shake with fear
When loosened boulders go
With leaps, like startled deer,
Down to the gulfs below.

Their very dogs will shirk,
And drop their tails in fright
When asked to go and work
A mob that's out of sight.

My little collie pup
Works silently and wide;
You'll see her climbing up

Along the mountain side.

As silent as a fox
You'll see her come and go,
A shadow through the rocks
Where ash and messmate grow.

Then, lost to sight and sound
Behind some rugged steep,
She works her way around
And gathers up the sheep;

And, working wide and shy,
She holds them rounded up.
The cash ain't coined to buy
That little collie pup.

And so I draw a screw
For self and dog and keep
To boundary-ride for you,
O Riverina Sheep!

And, when the autumn rain
Has made the herbage grow,
You travel off again,
And glad -- no doubt -- to go.

But some are left behind
Around the mountain's spread,
For those we cannot find
We put them down as dead.

So, when we say adieu
And close the boarding job,
I always find a few
Fresh ear-marks in my mob.

And, what with those I sell,
And what with those I keep,
You pay me pretty well,
O Riverina Sheep!

It's up to me to shout
Before we say good-bye --
"Here's to a howlin' drought
All west of Gundagai!"

Andrew Barton Paterson

**The Murrumbidgee Shearer**

Come, all you jolly natives, and I'll relate to you
Some of my observations—adventures, too, a few.
I've travelled about the country for miles, full many a score,
And oft-times would have hungered, but for the cheek I bore.

I've coasted on the Barwon—low down the Darling, too,
I've been on the Murrumbidgee, and out on the Paroo;
I've been on all the diggings, boys, from famous Ballarat;
I've loafed upon the Lachlan and fossicked Lambing Flat.

I went up to a squatter, and asked him for a feed,
But the knowledge of my hunger was swallowed by his greed.
He said I was a loafer and for work had no desire,
And so, to do him justice, I set his shed on fire.

Oh, yes, I've touched the shepherd's hut, of sugar, tea, and flour;
And a tender bit of mutton I always could devour.
I went up to a station, and there I got a job;
Plunged in the store, and hooked it, with a very tidy lob.

Oh, yes, my jolly dandies, I've done it on the cross.
Although I carry bluey now, I've sweated many a horse.
I've helped to ease the escort of many's the ounce of gold;
The traps have often chased me, more times than can be told.

Oh, yes, the traps have chased me, been frightened of their stripes
They never could have caught me, they feared my cure for gripes.
And well they knew I carried it, which they had often seen
A-glistening in my flipper, chaps, a patent pill machine.

I've been hunted like a panther into my mountain lair.
Anxiety and misery my grim companions there.
I've planted in the scrub, my boys, and fed on kangaroo,
And wound up my avocations by ten years on Cockatoo.

So you can understand, my boys, just from this little rhyme,
I'm a Murrumbidgee shearer, and one of the good old time.

Andrew Barton Paterson

**The Mylora Elopement**

By the winding Wollondilly where the weeping willows weep,
And the shepherd, with his billy, half awake and half asleep,
Folds his fleecy flocks that linger homewards in the setting sun
Lived my hero, Jim the Ringer, "cocky" on Mylora Run.
Jimmy loved the super's daughter, Miss Amelia Jane McGrath.
Long and earnestly he sought her, but he feared her stern papa;
And Amelia loved him truly -- but the course of love, if true,
Never yet ran smooth or duly, as I think it ought to do.

Pondering o'er his predilection, Jimmy watched McGrath, the boss,
Riding past his lone selection, looking for a station 'oss
That was running in the ranges with a mob of outlaws wild.
Mac the time of day exchanges -- off goes Jim to see his child;

Says, "The old man's after Stager, which he'll find is no light job,
And tomorrow I will wager he will try and yard the mob.
Will you come with me tomorrow? I will let the parson know,
And for ever, joy or sorrow, he will join us here below.

"I will bring the nags so speedy, Crazy Jane and Tambourine,
One more kiss -- don't think I'm greedy -- good-bye, lass, before I'm seen --
Just one more -- God bless you, dearie! Don't forget to meet me here,
Life without you is but weary; now, once more, good-bye, my dear."

*  *  *  *  *

The daylight shines on figures twain
That ride across Mylora Plain,
Laughing and talking -- Jim and Jane.
"Steady, darling. There's lots of time,
Didn't we slip the old man prime!
I knew he'd tackle that Bowneck mob,
I reckon he'll find it too big a job.
They've beaten us all. I had a try,
But the warrigal devils seem to fly.
That Sambo's a real good but of stuff
No doubt, but not quite good enough.
He'll have to gallop the livelong day,
To cut and come, to race and stay.
I hope he yards 'em, 'twill do him good;
To see us going I don't think would."
A turn in the road and, fair and square,
They meet the old man standing there.
"What's up?" "Why, running away, of course,"
Says Jim, emboldened. The old man turned,
His eye with wild excitement burned.
"I've raced all day through the scorching heat
After old Bowneck: and now I'm beat.
But over that range I think you'll find
The Bowneck mob all run stone-blind.
Will you go, and leave the mob behind?
Which will you do? Take the girl away,

Or ride like a white man should today,
And yard old Bowneck? Go or stay?"
Says Jim, "I can't throw this away,
We can bolt some other day, of course --
Amelia Jane, get off that horse!
Up you get, Old Man. Whoop, halloo!
Here goes to put old Bowneck through!"
Two distant specks om the mountain side,
Two stockwhips echoing far and wide. . . .
Amelia Jane sat down and cried.

*  *  *  *  *

"Sakes, Amelia, what's up now?
Leading old Sambo, too, I vow,
And him deadbeat. Where have you been?
'Bolted with Jim!' What do you mean>
'Met the old man with Sambo, licked
From running old Bowneck.' Well, I'm kicked --
'Ran 'em till Sambo nearly dropped?'
What did Jim do when you were stopped?
Did you bolt from father across the plain?
'Jim made you get off Crazy Jane!
And father got on, and away again
The two of 'em went to the ranges grim.'
Good boy, Jimmy! Oh, well done, Jim!
They're sure to get them now, of course,
That Tambourine is a spanking horse.
And Crazy Jane is good as gold.
And Jim, they say, rides pretty bold --
Not like your father, but very fair.
Jim will have to follow the mare."
"It never was yet in father's hide
To best my Jim on the mountain side.
Jim can rally, and Jim can ride."
But here again Amelia cried.

*  *  *  *  *

The sound of whip comes faint and far,
A rattle of hoofs, and here they are,
In all their tameless pride.
The fleet wild horses snort and fear,
And wheel and break as the yard draws near.
Now, Jim the Ringer, ride!
Wheel 'em! wheel 'em! Whoa back there, whoa!
And the foam flakes fly like the driven snow,
As under the whip the horses go
Adown the mountain side.
And Jim, hands down, and teeth firm set,
On a horse that never has failed him yet,
Is after them down the range.

Well ridden! well ridden! they wheel -- whoa back!
And long and loud the stockwhips crack,
Their flying course they change;
"Steadily does it -- let Sambo go!
Open those sliprails down below.
Smart! or you'll be too late.

*  *  *  *  *

"They'll follow old Sambo up -- look out!
Whee! that black horse -- give Sam a clout.
They're in! Make fast the gate."

*  *  *  *  *

The mob is safely in the yard!
The old man mounts delighted guard.
No thought has he but for his prize.

*  *  *  *  *

Jim catches poor Amelia's eyes.
"Will you come after all? The job is done,
And Crazy Jane is fit to run
For a prince's life -- now don't say no;
Slip on while the old man's down below
At the inner yard, and away we'll go.
Will you come, my girl?" "I will, you bet;
We'll manage this here elopement yet."

*  *  *  *  *

By the winding Wollondilly stands the hut of Ringer Jim.
And his loving little Meely makes a perfect god of him.
He has stalwart sons and daughters, and, I think, before he's done,
There'll be numerous "Six-fortys" taken on Mylora Run.

Andrew Barton Paterson

**The Old Australian Ways**

The London lights are far abeam
Behind a bank of cloud,
Along the shore the gaslights gleam,
The gale is piping loud;
And down the Channel, groping blind,
We drive her through the haze
Towards the land we left behind --
The good old land of `never mind',
And old Australian ways.

The narrow ways of English folk
Are not for such as we;
They bear the long-accustomed yoke
Of staid conservancy:
But all our roads are new and strange,
And through our blood there runs
The vagabonding love of change
That drove us westward of the range
And westward of the suns.

The city folk go to and fro
Behind a prison's bars,
They never feel the breezes blow
And never see the stars;
They never hear in blossomed trees
The music low and sweet
Of wild birds making melodies,
Nor catch the little laughing breeze
That whispers in the wheat.

Our fathers came of roving stock
That could not fixed abide:
And we have followed field and flock
Since e'er we learnt to ride;
By miner's camp and shearing shed,
In land of heat and drought,
We followed where our fortunes led,
With fortune always on ahead
And always further out.

The wind is in the barley-grass,
The wattles are in bloom;
The breezes greet us as they pass
With honey-sweet perfume;
The parakeets go screaming by
With flash of golden wing,
And from the swamp the wild-ducks cry
Their long-drawn note of revelry,
Rejoicing at the Spring.

So throw the weary pen aside
And let the papers rest,

For we must saddle up and ride
Towards the blue hill's breast;
And we must travel far and fast
Across their rugged maze,
To find the Spring of Youth at last,
And call back from the buried past
The old Australian ways.

When Clancy took the drover's track
In years of long ago,
He drifted to the outer back
Beyond the Overflow;
By rolling plain and rocky shelf,
With stockwhip in his hand,
He reached at last, oh lucky elf,
The Town of Come-and-help-yourself
In Rough-and-ready Land.

And if it be that you would know
The tracks he used to ride,
Then you must saddle up and go
Beyond the Queensland side --
Beyond the reach of rule or law,
To ride the long day through,
In Nature's homestead -- filled with awe
You then might see what Clancy saw
And know what Clancy knew.

A.B. (Banjo) Paterson

Andrew Barton Paterson

**The Old Bark Hut**

Oh, my name is Bob the Swagman, before you all I stand,
And I've had many ups and downs while travelling through the land.
I once was well-to-do, my boys, but now I am stumped up,
And I'm forced to go on rations in an old bark hut.

In an old bark hut.  In an old bark hut.
I'm forced to go on rations in an old bark hut.
Ten pounds of flour, ten pounds of beef, some sugar and some tea,
That's all they give to a hungry man, until the Seventh Day.
If you don't be moighty sparing, you'll go with a hungry gut
For that's one of the great misfortunes in an old bark hut.

In an old bark hut. In an old bark hut.
For that's one of the great misfortunes in an old bark hut.
The bucket you boil your beef in has to carry water, too,
And they'll say you're getting mighty flash if you should ask for two.
I've a billy, and a pint pot, and a broken-handled cup,
And they all adorn the table in the old bark hut.

In an old bark hut. In an old bark hut.
And they all adorn the table in the old bark hut.
Faith, the table is not made of wood, as many you have seen
For if I had one half so good, I'd think myself serene
'Tis only an old sheet of bark—God knows when it was cut
It was blown from off the rafters of the old bark hut.

In an old bark hut. In an old bark hut.
It was blown from off the rafters of the old bark hut.
And of furniture, there's no such thing, 'twas never in the place,
Except the stool I sit upon—and that's an old gin case.
It does us for a safe as well, but you must keep it shut,
Or the flies would make it canter round the old hark hut.

In an old bark hut.  In an old bark hut.
Or the flies would make it canter round the old bark hut.
If you should leave it open, and the flies should find your meat,
They'll scarcely leave a single piece that's fit for man to eat.
But you mustn't curse, nor grumble—what won't fatten will fill up
For what's out of sight is out of mind in an old bark hut.

In an old bark hut. In an old bark hut.
For what's out of sight is out of mind in an old bark hut.
In the summer time, when the weather's warm, this hut is nice and cool,
And you'll find the gentle breezes blowing in through every hole.
You can leave the old door open, or you can leave it shut,
There's no fear of suffocation in the old bark hut.

In an old bark hut. In an old bark hut.
There's no fear of suffocation in the old bark hut.
In the winter time—preserve us all—to live in there's a treat
Especially when it's raining hard, and blowing wind and sleet.

The rain comes down the chimney, and your meat is black with soot
That's a substitute for pepper in an old bark hut.
In an old bark hut. In an old bark hut.
That's a substitute for pepper in an old bark hut.
I've seen the rain come in this hut just like a perfect flood,
Especially through that great big hole where once the table stood.
There's not a blessed spot, me boys, where you could lay your nut,
But the rain is sure to find you in the old bark hut.
In an old bark hut. In an old bark hut.
But the rain is sure to find you in the old bark hut.
So beside the fire I make me bed, and there I lay me down,
And think myself as happy as the king that wears a crown.
But as you'd be dozing off to sleep a flea will wake you up,
Which makes you curse the vermin in the old bark hut.

In an old bark hut. In an old bark hu
Which makes you curse the vermin in the old bark hut.
Faith, such flocks of fleas you never saw, they are so plump and fat,
And if you make a grab at one, he'll spit just like a cat.
Last night they got my pack of cards, and were fighting for the cut
I thought the devil had me in the old bark hut.

In an old bark hut. In an old bark hut.
I thought the devil had me in the old bark hut.
So now, my friends, I've sung my song, and that as well as I could,
And I hope the ladies present won't think my language rude,
And all ye younger people, in the days when you grow up,
Remember Bob the Swagman, and the old bark hut.

In an old bark hut. In an old bark hut.
Remember Bob the Swagman, and the old bark hut.

Andrew Barton Paterson

**The Old Bullock Dray**

Oh! the shearing is all over,
And the wool is coming down,
And I mean to get a wife, boys,
When I go up to town.
Everything that has two legs
Represents itself in view,
From the little paddy-melon
To the bucking kangaroo.

So it's roll up your blankets,
And let's make a push,
I'll take you up the country,
And show you the bush.
I'll be bound you won't get
Such a chance another day,
So come and take possession
Of my old bullock dray.

Now, I've saved up a good cheque,
I mean to buy a team,
And when I get a wife, boys,
I'll be all-serene
For calling at the depôt.
They say there's no delay
To get an off-sider
For the old bullock dray.

Oh! we'll live like fighting cocks,
For good living, I'm your man.
We'll have leather jacks, johnny cakes,
And fritters in the pan;
Or if you'd like some fish
I'll catch you some soon,
For we'll bob for barramundies
Round the banks of a lagoon.

Oh! yes, of beef and damper
I take care we have enough,
And we'll boil in the bucket
Such a whopper of a duff,
And our friends will dance
To the honour of the day,
To the music of the bells,
Around the old bullock dray.

Oh! we'll have plenty girls,
We must mind that.
There'll be flash little Maggie,
And buckjumping Pat.
There'll be Stringy bark Joe,
And Green-hide Mike.
Yes, my Colonials, just

As many as you like.

Now we'll stop all immigration,
We won't need it any more;
We'll be having young natives,
Twins by the score.
And I wonder what the devil
Jack Robertson would say
If he saw us promenading
Round the old bullock dray.

Oh! it's time I had an answer,
If there's one to be had,
I wouldn't treat that steer
In the body half as bad;
But he takes as much notice
Of me, upon my soul,
As that old blue stag
Off-side in the pole.

Oh! to tell a lot of lies,
You know, it is a sin,
But I'll go up country
And marry a black gin.
Oh! "Baal gammon white feller,"
This is what she'll say,
"Budgery you
 And your old bullock dray."

Andrew Barton Paterson

**The Old Keg Of Rum**

My name is old Jack Palmer,
I'm a man of olden days,
And so I wish to sing a song
To you of olden praise.
To tell of merry friends of old
When we were gay and young;
How we sat and sang together
Round the Old Keg of Rum.

Oh! the Old Keg of Rum! the Old Keg of Rum!
How we sat and sang together
Round the Old Keg of Rum.

There was I and Jack the plough-boy,
Jem Moore and old Tom Hines,
And poor old Tom the fiddler,
Who now in glory shines;

And several more of our old chums,
Who shine in Kingdom Come,
We all associated round the
Old Keg of Rum.

Oh! the Old Keg of Rum! the Old Keg of Rum!
We all associated round the
Old Keg of Rum.

And when harvest time was over,
And we'd get our harvest fee,
We'd meet, and quickly rise the keg,
And then we'd have a spree.
We'd sit and sing together
Till we got that blind and dumb
That we couldn't find the bunghole
Of the Old Keg of Rum.

Oh! the Old Keg of Rum! the Old Keg of Rum!
That we couldn't find the bunghole
Of the Old Keg of Rum.

Its jovially together, boys
We'd laugh, we'd chat, we'd sing;
Sometimes we'd have a little row
Some argument would bring.

And oftimes in a scrimmage, boys,
I've corked it with my thumb,
To keep the life from leaking
From the Old Keg of Rum.

Oh! the Old Keg of Rum! the Old Keg of Rum!
To keep the life from leaking

From the Old Keg of Rum.

But when our spree was ended, boys,
And waking from a snooze,
For to give another drain
The old keg would refuse.
We'd rap it with our knuck
If it sounded like a drum,
We'd know the life and spirit
Had left the Old Keg of Rum.

Oh! the Old Keg of Rum! the Old Keg of Rum!
We'd know the life and spirit
Had left the Old Keg of Rum.

Those happy days have passed away,
I've seen their pleasures fade;
And many of our good old friends
Have with old times decayed.

But still, when on my travels, boys,
If I meet with an old chum,
We will sigh, in conversation,
Of the Grand Old Keg of Rum.

Oh! the Old Keg of Rum! the Old Keg of Rum!
We will sigh, in conversation,
Of the Grand Old Keg of Rum.

So now, kind friends, I end my song,
I hope we'll meet again,
And, as I've tried to please you all,
I hope you won't complain.
You younger folks who learn my song,
Will, perhaps, in years to come,
Remember old Jack Palmer
And the Old Rum Of Rum.

Oh! the Old Keg of Rum! the Old Keg of Rum!
Remember old Jack Palmer
And the Old Keg of Rum.

Andrew Barton Paterson

**The Old Survey**

Our money's all spent, to the deuce went it!
The landlord, he looks glum,
On the tap-room wall, in a very bad scrawl,
He has chalked to us a sum.
But a glass we'll take, ere the grey dawn break,
And then saddle up and away
Theodolite-tum, theodolite-ti, theodolite-too-ral-ay.

With a measured beat fall our horses' feet,
Galloping side by side;
When the money's done, and we've had our fun,
We all are bound to ride.
O'er the far-off plain we'll drag the chain,
And mark the settler's way
Theodolite-tum, theodolite-ti, theodolite-too-ral-ay.

We'll range from the creeks to the mountain peaks,
And traverse far below;
Where foot never trod, we'll mark with a rod
The limits of endless snow;

Each lofty crag we'll plant with a flag,
To flash in the sun's bright ray
Theodolite-tum, theodolite-ti, theodolite-too-ral-ay.

Till with cash hard-earned once more returned,
At "The Beaver" bars we'll shout;
And the very bad scrawl that's against the wall
Ourselves shall see wiped out.
Such were the ways in the good old days!
The days of the old survey!
Theodolite-tum, theodolite-ti, theodolite-too-ral-ay.

Andrew Barton Paterson

## The Old Timer's Steeplechase

The sheep were shorn and the wool went down
At the time of our local racing;
And I'd earned a spell -- I was burnt and brown --
So I rolled my swag for a trip to town
And a look at the steeplechasing.
Twas rough and ready--an uncleared course
As rough as the blacks had found it;
With barbed-wire fences, topped with gorse,
And a water-jump that would drown a horse,
And the steeple three times round it.

There was never a fence the tracks to guard, --
Some straggling posts defined 'em:
And the day was hot, and the drinking hard,
Till none of the stewards could see a yard
Before nor yet behind 'em!

But the bell was rung and the nags were out,
Excepting an old outsider
Whose trainer started an awful rout,
For his boy had gone on a drinking bout
And left him without a rider.

"Is there not a man in the crowd," he cried,
"In the whole of the crowd so clever,
Is there not one man that will take a ride
On the old white horse from the Northern side
That was bred on the Mooki River?"

Twas an old white horse that they called The Cow,
And a cow would look well beside him;
But I was pluckier then than now
(And I wanted excitement anyhow),
So at last I agreed to ride him.

And the trainer said,"Well, he's dreadful slow,
And he hasn't a chance whatever;
But I'm stony broke, so it's time to show
A trick or two that the trainers know
Who train by the Mooki River.

"The first time round at the further side,
With the trees and the scrub about you,
Just pull behind them and run out wide
And then dodge into the scrub and hide,
And let them go round without you.

"At the third time round, for the final spin
With the pace and the dust to blind 'em,
They'll never notice if you chip in
For the last half-mile -- you'll be sure to win,
And they'll think you raced behind 'em.

"At the water-jump you may have to swim --
He hasn't a hope to clear it,
Unless he skims like the swallows skim
At full speed over -- but not for him!
He'll never go next or near it.

"But don't you worry -- just plunge across,
For he swims like a well-trained setter.
Then hide away in the scrub and gorse
The rest will be far ahead, of course --
The further ahead the better.

"You must rush the jumps in the last half-round
For fear that he might refuse 'em;
He'll try to baulk with you, I'11 be bound;
Take whip and spurs to the mean old hound,
And don't be afraid to use 'em.

"At the final round, when the field are slow
And you are quite fresh to meet 'em,
Sit down, and hustle him all you know
With the whip and spurs, and he'll have to go --
Remember, you've got to beat 'em!"

*

The flag went down, and we seemed to fly,
And we made the timbers shiver
Of the first big fence, as the stand dashed by,
And I caught the ring of the trainer's cry;
"Go on, for the Mooki River!"

I jammed him in with a well-packed crush,
And recklessly -- out for slaughter --
Like a living wave over fence and brush
We swept and swung with a flying rush,
Till we came to the dreaded water.

Ha, ha! I laugh at it now to think
Of the way I contrived to work it
Shut in amongst them, before you'd wink,
He found himself on the water's brink,
With never a chance to shirk it!

The thought of the horror he felt beguiles
The heart of this grizzled rover!
He gave a snort you could hear for miles,
And a spring would have cleared the Channel Isles,
And carried me safely over!

Then we neared the scrub, and I pulled him back

In the shade where the gum-leaves quiver:
And I waited there in the shadows black
While the rest of the horses, round the track,
Went on like a rushing river!

At the second round, as the field swept by,
I saw that the pace was telling;
But on they thundered, and by-and-by
As they passed the stand I could hear the cry
Of the folk in the distance, yelling!

Then the last time round! And the hoofbeats rang!
And I said, "Well, it's now or never!"
And out on the heels of the throng I sprang,
And the spurs bit deep and the whipcord sang
As I rode. For the Mooki River!

We raced for home in a cloud of dust
And the curses rose in chorus.
'Twas flog, and hustle, and jump you must!
And The Cow ran well -- but to my disgust
There was one got home before us.

Twas a big black horse, that I had not seen
In the part of the race I'd ridden;
And his coat was cool and his rider clean --
And I thought that perhaps I had not been
The only one that had hidden.

And the trainer came with a visage blue
With rage, when the race concluded:
Said he, "I thought you'd have pulled us through,
But the man on the black horse planted too,
And nearer to home than you did!"

Alas to think that those times so gay
Have vanished and passed for ever!
You don't believe in the yarn, you say?
Why, man, 'twas a matter of every day
When we raced on the Mooki River!

Andrew Barton Paterson

**The Old Tin Hat**

In the good old days when the Army's ways were simple and unrefined,
With a stock to keep their chins in front, and a pigtail down behind,
When the only light in the barracks at night was a candle of grease or fat,
When they put the extinguisher on the light, they called it the Old Tin Hat.
Now, a very great man is the C. in C., for he is the whole of the show --
The reins and the whip and the driver's hand that maketh the team to go --
But the road he goes is a lonely road, with ever a choice to make,
When he comes to a place where the roads divide, which one is the road to take.
For there's one road right, and there's one road wrong, uphill, or over the flat,
And one road leads to the Temple of Fame, and one to the Old Tin Hat.

And a very great man is the man who holds an Army Corps command,
For he hurries his regiments here and there as the C. in C. has planned.
By day he travels about in state and stirreth them up to rights,
He toileth early and toileth late, and sitteth up half the nights;
But the evening comes when the candle throws twin shadows upon the mat,
And one of the shadows is like a wreath, and one like an Old Tin Hat.

And a very proud man is the Brigadier at the sound of the stately tread
Of his big battalions marching on, as he rides with his staff ahead.
There's never a band to play them out, and the bugle's note is still,
But he hears two tunes in the gentle breeze that blows from over the hill.
And one is a tune in a stirring key, and the other is faint and flat,
For one is the tune of "My new C.B." and the other, "My Old Tin Hat."

And the Colonel heading his regiment is life and soul of the show,
It's "Column of route", "Form troops", "Extend", and into the fight they go;
He does not duck when the air is full of the "wail of the whimpering lead",
He does not scout for the deep dugout when the 'planes are overhead;
He fears not hog, nor devil, nor dog, and he'd scrap with a mountain cat,
But he goeth in fear of the Brigadier, and in fear of the Old Tin Hat.

Andrew Barton Paterson

## The Open Steeplechase

I had ridden over hurdles up the country once or twice,
By the side of Snowy River with a horse they called 'The Ace'.
And we brought him down to Sydney, and our rider, Jimmy Rice,
Got a fall and broke his shoulder, so they nabbed me in a trice,
Me, that never wore the colours, for the open Steeplechase.

'Make the running,' said the trainer, 'it's your only chance whatever,
Make it hot from start to finish, for the old black horse can stay,
And just think of how they'll take it, when they hear on Snowy River
That the country boy was plucky, and the country horse was clever.
You must ride for old Monaro and the mountain boys today.'

'Are you ready? said the starter, as we held the horses back.
All ablazing with impatience, with excitement all aglow;
Before us like a ribbon stretched the steeplechasing track,
And the sun-rays glistened brightly on the chestnut and the black
As the starter's words came slowly, 'Are, you, ready? Go!'

Well I scarcely knew we'd started, I was stupid-like with wonder
Till the field closed up beside me and a jump appeared ahead.
And we flew it like a hurdle, not a baulk and not a blunder,
As we charged it all together, and it fairly whistled under,
And then some were pulled behind me and a few shot out and led.

So we ran for half the distance, and I'm making no pretenses
When I tell you I was feeling very nervous-like and queer,
For those jockeys rode like demons; you would think they'd lost their senses
If you saw them rush their horses at those rasping five-foot fences,
And in place of making running I was falling to the rear.

Till a chap came racing past me on a horse the called 'The Quiver',
And said he, 'My country joker, are you going to give it best?
Are you frightened of the fences? does their stoutness make you shiver?
Have they come to breeding cowards by the side of Snowy River?
Are there riders in Monaro?, 'but I never heard the rest.

For I drove The Ace and sent him just as fast as he could pace it
At the big black line of timber stretching fair across the track,
And he shot beside The Quiver. 'Now,' said I, 'my boy, we'll race it.
You can come with Snowy River if you're only game to face it,
Let us mend the pace a little and we'll see who cries a crack.'

So we raced away together, and we left the others standing,
And the people cheered and shouted as we settled down to ride,
And we clung beside The Quiver. At his taking off and landing
I could see his scarlet nostril and his mighty ribs expanding,
And The Ace stretched out in earnest, and we held him stride for stride.

But the pace was so terrific that they soon ran out their tether,
They were rolling in their gallop, they were fairly blown and beat,
But they both were game as pebbles, neither one would show the feather.
And we rushed them at the fences, and they cleared them both together,

Nearly every time they clouted, but they somehow kept their feet.

Then the last jump rose before us, and they faced it game as ever,
We were both at spur and whipcord, fetching blood at every bound,
And above the people's cheering and the cries of 'Ace' and 'Quiver',
I could hear the trainer shouting, 'One more run for Snowy River.'
Then we struck the jump together and came smashing to the ground.

Well, The Quiver ran to blazes, but The Ace stood still and waited,
Stood and waited like a statue while I scrambled on its back.
There was no one next or near me for the field was fairly slated,
So I cantered home a winner with my shoulder dislocated,
While the man who rode The Quiver followed limping down the track.

And he shook my hand and told me that in all his days he never
Met a man who rode more gamely, and our last set-to was prime.
Then we wired them on Monaro how we chanced to beat The Quiver,
And they sent us back an answer, 'Good old sort from Snowy River:
Send us word each race you start in and we'll back you every time.'

Andrew Barton Paterson

**The Overlander**

There's a trade you all know well
It's bringing cattle over
I'll tell you all about the time
When I became a drover.
I made up my mind to try the spec,
To the Clarence I did wander,
And bought a mob of duffers there
To begin as an overlander.

Pass the wine cup round, my boys;
Don't let the bottle stand there,
For to-night we'll drink the health
Of every overlander.

Next morning counted the cattle
Saw the outfit ready to start,
Saw all the lads well mounted,
And their swags put in a cart.
All kinds of men I had
From France, Germany, and Flanders;
Lawyers, doctors, good and bad,
In the mob of overlanders.

Next morning I set out
When the grass was green and young;
And they swore they'd break my snout
If I did not move along.
I said, "You're very hard;
Take care, don't raise my dander,
For I'm a regular knowing card,
The Queensland overlander."

'Tis true we pay no license,
And our run is rather large;
'Tis not often they can catch us,
So they cannot make a charge.
They think we live on store beef,
But no, I'm not a gander;
When a good fat stranger joins the mob,
"He'll do," says the overlander.

One day a squatter rode up.
Says he, "You're on my run;
I've got two boys as witnesses.
Consider your stock in pound."

I tried to coax, then bounce him,
But my tin I had to squander,
For he put threepence a head
On the mob of the overlander.

The pretty girls in Brisbane

Were hanging out their duds.
I wished to have a chat with them,
So steered straight for the tubs.
Some dirty urchins saw me,
And soon they raised my dander,
Crying, "Mother, quick! take in the clothes,
 Here comes an overlander!"

In town we drain the wine cup,
And go to see the play,
And never think to be hard up
For how to pass the day.
Each has a sweetheart there,
Dressed out in all her grandeur
Dark eyes and jet black flowing hair.
"She's a plum," says the overlander.

Andrew Barton Paterson

**The Pannikin Poet**

There's nothing here sublime,
But just a roving rhyme,
Run off to pass the time,
With nought titanic in.
The theme that it supports,
And, though it treats of quarts,
It's bare of golden thoughts,
It's just a pannikin.

I think it's rather hard
That each Australian bard,
Each wan, poetic card,
With thoughts galvanic in
His fiery thought alight,
In wild aerial flight,
Will sit him down and write
About a pannikin.

He makes some new-chum fare
From out his English lair
To hunt the native bear,
That curious mannikin;
And then the times get bad
That wandering English lad
Writes out a message sad
Upon his pannikin:

'O mother, think of me
Beneath the wattle tree'
(For you may bet that he
Will drag the wattle in)
'O mother, here I think
That I shall have to sink,
There ain't a single drink
The water-bottle in.'

The dingo homeward hies,
The sooty crows uprise
And caw their fierce surprise
A tone Satanic in;
And bearded bushmen tread
Around the sleeper's head,
'See here, the bloke is dead!
Now where's his pannikin?'

They read his words and weep,
And lay him down to sleep
Where wattle branches sweep,
A style mechanic in;
And, reader, that's the way
The poets of today
Spin out their little lay

About a pannikin.

Andrew Barton Paterson

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Andrew Barton Paterson

## The Passing of Gundagai

"I'll introduce a friend!" he said,
"And if you've got a vacant pen
You'd better take him in the shed
And start him shearing straight ahead;
He's one of these here quiet men.
"He never strikes -- that ain't his game;
No matter what the others try
He goes on shearing just the same.
I never rightly knew his name --
We always call him 'Gundagai!'"

Our flashest shearer then had gone
To train a racehorse for a race;
And, while his sporting fit was on
He couldn't be relied upon,
So Gundagai shore in his place.

Alas for man's veracity!
For reputations false and true!
This Gundagai turned out to be
For strife and all-round villainy
The very worst I ever knew!

He started racing Jack Devine,
And grumbled when I made him stop.
The pace he showed was extra fine,
But all those pure-bred ewes of mine
Were bleeding like a butcher's shop.

He cursed the sheep, he cursed the shed,
From roof to rafter, floor to shelf:
As for my mongrel ewes, he said,
I ought to get a razor-blade
And shave the blooming things myself.

On Sundays he controlled a "school",
And played "two-up" the livelong day;
And many a young confiding fool
He shore of his financial wool;
And when he lost he would not pay.

He organised a shearers' race,
And "touched" me to provide the prize.
His pack-horse showed surprising pace
And won hands down -- he was The Ace,
A well-known racehorse in disguise.

Next day the bruiser of the shed
Displayed an opal-tinted eye,
With large contusions on his head,
He smiled a sickly smile, and said
He's "had a cut at Gundagai!"

But, just as we were getting full
Of Gundagai and all his ways,
A telgram for "Henry Bull"
Arrived. Said he, "That's me -- all wool!
Let's see what this here message says."

He opened it; his face grew white,
He dropped the shears and turned away
It ran, "Your wife took bad last night;
Come home at once -- no time to write,
We fear she may not last the day."

He got his cheque -- I didn't care
To dock him for my mangled ewes;
His store account, we called it square,
Poor wretch! he had enough to bear,
Confronted by such dreadful news.

The shearers raised a little purse
To help a mate, as shearers will.
"To pay the doctor and the nurse.
And, if there should be something worse,
To pay the undertaker's bill."

They wrung his hand in sympathy,
He rode away without a word,
His head hung down in misery . . .
A wandering hawker passing by
Was told of what had just occurred.

"Well! that's a curious thing," he siad,
"I've known that feller all his life --
He's had the loan of this here shed!
I know his wife ain't nearly dead,
Because he hasn't got a wife!"

You should have heard the whipcord crack
As angry shearers galloped by;
In vain they tried to fetch him back --
A little dust along the track
Was all they saw of "Gundagai".

Andrew Barton Paterson

**The Pearl Diver**

Kanzo Makame, the diver, sturdy and small Japanee,
Seeker of pearls and of pearl-shell down in the depths of the sea,
Trudged o'er the bed of the ocean, searching industriously.

Over the pearl-grounds the lugger drifted -- a little white speck:
Joe Nagasaki, the "tender", holding the life-line on deck,
Talked through the rope to the diver, knew when to drift or to check.

Kanzo was king of his lugger, master and diver in one,
Diving wherever it pleased him, taking instructions from none;
Hither and thither he wandered, steering by stars and by sun.

Fearless he was beyond credence, looking at death eye to eye:
This was his formula always, "All man go dead by and by --
S'posing time come no can help it -- s'pose time no come, then no die."

Dived in the depths of the Darnleys, down twenty fathom and five;
Down where by law, and by reason, men are forbidden to dive;
Down in a pressure so awful that only the strongest survive:

Sweated four men at the air pumps, fast as the handles could go,
Forcing the air down that reached him heated and tainted, and slow --
Kanzo Makame the diver stayed seven minutes below;

Came up on deck like a dead man, paralysed body and brain;
Suffered, while blood was returning, infinite tortures of pain:
Sailed once again to the Darnleys -- laughed and descended again!

Scarce grew the shell in the shallows, rarely a patch could they touch;
Always the take was so little, always the labour so much;
Always they thought of the Islands held by the lumbering Dutch --

Islands where shell was in plenty lying in passage and bay,
Islands where divers could gather hundreds of shell in a day.
But the lumbering Dutch in their gunboats they hunted the divers away.

Joe Nagasaki, the "tender", finding the profits grow small,
Said, "Let us go to the Islands, try for a number one haul!
If we get caught, go to prison -- let them take lugger and all!"

Kanzo Makame, the diver -- knowing full well what it meant --
Fatalist, gambler, and stoic, smiled a broad smile of content,
Flattened in mainsail and foresail, and off to the Islands they went.

Close to the headlands they drifted, picking up shell by the ton,
Piled up on deck were the oysters, opening wide in the sun,
When, from the lee of the headland, boomed the report of a gun.

Then if the diver was sighted, pearl-shell and lugger must go --
Joe Nagasaki decided (quick was the word and the blow),

Cut both the pipe and the life-line, leaving the diver below!

Kanzo Makame, the diver, failing to quite understand,
Pulled the "haul up" on the life-line, found it was slack in his hand;
Then, like a little brown stoic, lay down and died on the sand.

Joe Nagasaki, the "tender", smiling a sanctified smile,
Headed her straight for the gunboat--throwing out shells all the while --
Then went aboard and reported, "No makee dive in three mile!

"Dress no have got and no helmet -- diver go shore on the spree;
Plenty wind come and break rudder -- lugger get blown out to sea:
Take me to Japanee Consul, he help a poor Japanee!"

So the Dutch let him go; but they watched him, as off from the Islands he ran,
Doubting him much -- but what would you? You have to be sure of your man
Ere you wake up that nest-ful of hornets -- the little brown men of Japan.

Down in the ooze and the coral, down where earth's wonders are spread,
Helmeted, ghastly, and swollen, Kanzo Makame lies dead.
Joe Nagasaki, his "tender", is owner and diver instead.

Wearer of pearls in your necklace, comfort yourself if you can.
These are the risks of the pearling -- these are the ways of Japan;
"Plenty more Japanee diver plenty more little brown man!"

Andrew Barton Paterson

**The Plains**

A land, as far as the eye can see, where the waving grasses grow
Or the plains are blackened and burnt and bare, where the false mirages go
Like shifting symbols of hope deferred - land where you never know.

Land of the plenty or land of want, where the grey Companions dance,
Feast or famine, or hope or fear, and in all things land of chance,
Where Nature pampers or Nature slays, in her ruthless, red, romance.

And we catch a sound of a fairy's song, as the wind goes whipping by,
Or a scent like incense drifts along from the herbage ripe and dry
- Or the dust storms dance on their ballroom floor, where the bones of the cattle lie.

Andrew Barton Paterson

## The Plains Of Riverine

I have come to tell you of the glorious news you'll all be glad to bear,
Of the pleasant alterations that are taking place this year.
So kindly pay attention, and I'll pass the whisper round,
The squatters of their own free will this year will pay the pound.

For this is a year of great prosperity, that everybody knows,
We'll take no top knots off this year, nor trim them to the toes,
But a level cut for a level pound, and the rations thrown in free.
That's how the squatters say they'll keep their Sovereign's Jubilee.

And kind Providence once more has sent the sweet, refreshing rains.
The trefoil and the barley grass wave high upon the plains,
The tanks all overflowing and the saltbush fresh and green,
It's a pleasure for to ramble o'er the plains of Riverine.

Once more upon the rippling lake the wild swan flaps her wing.
Out in the lignum swamps once more frogs croak and crickets sing.
Once more the wild fowl, sporting midst the crab-holes, may be seen,
For prosperity is hovering o'er the plains of Riverine.

Yes, 'twill be a year of full and plenty for those back-block pioneers,
Though behind each scrub and saltbush you can spot the bunny's ears;
And although the price for scalps is not so high as it has been,
Yet the bunny snappers they will thrive on the plains of Riverine.

You should see the jolly teamsters how with joy their faces beam,
As they talk about the crowfoot, carrots, crab-holes, and their team.
They tell you that this year they do intend to steer sixteen.
They'll show the "cookies" how to plough the plains of Riverine.

Yes, in more respects than one it is a year of joy and glee,
And the news of our prosperity has crossed the briny sea.
Once more the Maorilander and the Tassey will be seen
Cooking Johnny cakes and jimmies on the plains of Riverine.

They will gather like a regiment to the beating of the drum,
But it matters not to us from whence our future penmates come.
From New Zealand's snow-clad summits or Tasmania's meadows green,
We'll always make them welcome on the plains of Riverine.

Down from her rocky peaks Monaro will send her champions bold;
Victoria will send her "cockies," too, her honour to uphold.
They'll be here from Cunnamulla, and the rolling downs between,
For this is the real convincing ground, these plains of Riverine.

I have a message to deliver now, before I say farewell,
Some news which all the squatters have commissioned me to tell;
Your backs well bent, bows long and clean, that's what they want to see,
That your tallies may do you credit in this year of Jubilee.

Andrew Barton Paterson

**The Premier and the Socialist**

The Premier and the Socialist
Were walking through the State:
They wept to see the Savings Bank
Such funds accumulate.
"If these were only cleared away,"
They said, "it would be great."
"If three financial amateurs
Controlled them for a year,
Do you suppose," the Premier said,
"That they would get them clear?"
"I think so," said the Socialist;
"They would -- or very near!"

"If we should try to raise some cash
On assets of our own,
Do you suppose," the Premier said,
"That we could float a loan?"
"I doubt it," said the Socialist,
And groaned a doleful groan.

"Oh, Savings, come and walk with us!"
The Premier did entreat;
"A little walk, a little talk,
Away from Barrack Street;
My Socialistic friend will guide
Your inexperienced feet."

"We do not think," the Savings said,
"A socialistic crank,
Although he chance just now to hold
A legislative rank,
Can teach experienced Banking men
The way to run a Bank."

The Premier and the Socialist
They passed an Act or so
To take the little Savings out
And let them have a blow.
"We'll teach the Banks," the Premier said,
"The way to run the show.

"There's Tom Waddell -- in Bank finance
Can show them what is what.
I used to prove not long ago
His Estimates were rot.
But that -- like many other things --
I've recently forgot.

"Advances on a dried-out farm
Are what we chiefly need,
And loaned to friends of Ms.L.A.
Are very good, indeed,

See how the back-block Cockatoos
Are rolling up to feed."

"But not on us," the Savings cried,
Falling a little flat,
"We didn't think a man like you
Would do a thing like that;
For most of us are very small,
And none of us are fat."

"This haughty tone," the Premier said,
"Is not the proper line;
Before I'd be dictated to
My billet I'd resign!"
"How brightly," said the Socialist,
"Those little sovereigns shine."

The Premier and the Socialist
They had their bit of fun;
They tried to call the Savings back
But answer came there none,
Because the back-block Cockatoos
Had eaten every one.

Andrew Barton Paterson

**The Protest**

I say 'e isn't Remorse!
'Ow do I know?
Saw 'im on Riccarton course
Two year ago!
Think I'd forget any 'orse?
Course 'e's The Crow!
Bumper Maginnis and I
After a "go",
Walkin' our 'orses to dry,
I says "Hello!
What's that old black goin' by?"
Bumper says "Oh!
That's an old cuddy of Flanagan's --
Runs as The Crow!"

Now they make out 'e's Remorse.
Well, but I know.
Soon as I came on the course
I says "'Ello!
'Ere's the old Crow."
Once a man's seen any 'orse,
Course 'e must know.
Sure as there's wood in this table,
I say 'e's The Crow.

(Cross-examied by the Committee.)
'Ow do I know the moke
After one sight?
S'posin' you meet a bloke
Down town at night,
Wouldn't you know 'im again when you meet 'im?
That's 'im all right!

What was the brand on 'is 'ide?
I couldn't say,
Brands can be transmogrified.
That ain't the way --
It's the look of a 'orse and the way that 'e moves
That I'd know any day.

What was the boy on 'is back?
Why, 'e went past
All of a minute, and off down the track.
-- "The 'orse went as fast?"
True, so 'e did! But my eyes, what a treat!
'Ow can I notice the 'ands and the seat
Of each bumble-faced kid of a boy that I meet?
Lor'! What a question to ast!
(Protest Dismissed)

Andrew Barton Paterson

**The Quest Eternal**

O west of all that a man holds dear, on the edge of the Kingdom Come,
Where carriage is far too high for beer, and the pubs keep only rum,
On the sunburnt ways of the Outer Back, on the plains of the darkening scrub,
I have followed the wandering teamster's track, and it always led to a pub.
There's always in man some gift to show, some power he can command,
And mine is the Gift that I always know when a pub is close at hand;
I can pick them out on the London streets, though most of their pubs are queer,
Such solid-looking and swell retreats, with never a sign of beer.

In the march of the boys through Palestine when the noontide fervour glowed,
Over the desert in thirsty line our sunburnt squadrons rode.
They looked at the desert lone and drear, stone ridges and stunted scrub,
And said, "We should have had Ginger here, I bet he'd have found a pub!"

We started out in the noonday heat on a trip that was fast and far,
We took in one each side of the street to balance the blooming car,
But then we started a long dry run on a road we did not know,
In the blinding gleam of the noonday sun, with the dust as white as snow.

For twenty minutes without a drink we strove with our dreadful thirst,
But the chauffeur pointed and said, "I think ----," I answered, "I saw it first!"
A pub with a good old-fashioned air, with bottles behind the blind,
And a golden tint in the barmaid's hair -- I could see it all -- in my mind --

Ere ever the motor ceased its roar, ere ever the chauffeur knew,
I made a dash for the open door, and madly darted through.
I looked for the barmaid, golden-crowned as they were in the good old time,
And -- shades of Hennessy! -- what I found was a wowser selling "lime!"
And the scoundrel said as he stopped to put on his lime-washed boots a rub,
"The Local Option voted it shut, it ain't no longer a pub!"

'Twas then I rose to my greatest heights in dignified retreat
(The greatest men in the world's great fights are those who are great in defeat).
I shall think with pride till the day I die of my confidence sublime,
For I looked the wowser straight in the eye, and asked for a pint of lime.

Andrew Barton Paterson

## The Reveille

Trumpets of the Lancer Corps
Sound a loud reveille;
Sound it over Sydney shore,
Send the message far and wide
Down the Richmond River side.
Boot and Saddle, mount and ride,
Sound a loud reveille.
Whither go ye, Lancers gay,
With your bold reveille?
O'er the ocean far away
From your sunny southern home,
Over leagues of trackless foam
In a foreign land to roam,
With your bold reveille.

When we hear our brethren call,
Sound a clear reveille.
Then we answer, one and all,
Answer that the world may see,
Of the English stock are we,
At their side we still will be,
Sound a bold reveille.

English troops are buried deep.
Sound a soft reveille.
In this foreign land asleep,
Underneath Majuba Hill,
Lying sleeping very still,
Nevermore those squadrons will
Answer to reveille.

Onward without fear or doubt,
Sound a bold reveille.
'Till that shame is blotted out.
While our Empire's bounds are wide,
Britons all stand side by side,
Boot and saddle, mount and ride.
Hear the bold reveille.

Andrew Barton Paterson

## The Reverend Mullineux

I'd reckon his weight as eight-stun-eight,
And his height as five-foot-two,
With a face as plain as an eight-day clock
And a walk as brisk as a bantam-cock --
Game as a bantam, too,
Hard and wiry and full of steam,
That's the boss of the English Team,
Reverend Mullineux!

Makes no row when the game gets rough --
None of your "Strike me blue!"
"Yous wants smacking across the snout!"
Plays like a gentleman out-and-out --
Same as he ought to do.
"Kindly remove from off my face!"
That's the way that he states his case,
Reverend Mullineux.

Kick! He can kick like an army mule --
Run like a kangaroo!
Hard to get by as a lawyer-plant,
Tackles his man like a bull-dog ant --
Fetches hom over too!
Didn't the public cheer and shout
Watchin' him chuckin' big blokes about,
Reverend Mullineux!

Scrimmage was packed on his prostrate form,
Somehow the ball got through --
Who was it tackled our big half-back,
Flinging him down like an empty sack,
Right on our goal-line too?
Who but the man that we thought was dead,
Down with a score of 'em on his head,
Reverend Mullineux.

Andrew Barton Paterson

**The Rhyme of the O'Sullivan**

Pro Bono Publico
Went out the streets to scan,
And marching to and fro
He met a seedy man,
Who did a tale unfold
In solemn tones and slow
And this is what he told
Pro Bono Publico.

"For many years I led
The people's onward march;
I was the 'Fountain Head',
The 'Democratic Arch'.

"In more than regal state
I used to sit and smile,
And bridges I'd donate,
And railways by the mile.

"I pawned the country off
For many million quid,
And spent it like a toff --
So hel me, Bob, I did.

"But now those times are gone,
The wind blows cold and keen;
I sit and think upon
The thing that I have been.

"And if a country town
Its obligation shirks,
I press for money down
To pay for water works.

"A million pounds or two
Was naught at all to me --
And now I have to sue
For paltry £ s d!

"Alas, that such a fate
Should come to such a man,
Who once was called the Great --
The great O'Sullivan!"

With weary steps and slow,
With tears of sympathy
Pro Bono Publico
Went sadly home to tea.

Remarking, as he went,
With sad and mournful brow,
"The cash that party spent --

I wish I had it now!"

Andrew Barton Paterson

**The Road to Gundagai**

The mountain road goes up and down
From Gundagai to Tumut Town
And, branching off, there runs a track
Across the foothills grim and black,

Across the plains and ranges grey
To Sydney city far away.

It came by chance one day that I
From Tumut rode to Gundagai,

And reached about the evening tide
The crossing where the roads divide;

And, waiting at the crossing place,
I saw a maiden fair of face,

With eyes of deepest violet blue,
And cheeks to match the rose in hue --

The fairest maids Australia knows
Are bred among the mountain snows.

Then, fearing I might go astray,
I asked if she could show the way.

Her voice might well a man bewitch --
Its tones so supple, deep, and rich.

"The tracks are clear," she made reply,
"And this goes down to Sydney Town,
And that one goes to Gundagai."

Then slowly, looking coyly back,
She went along the Sydney track

And I for one was well content
To go the road the lady went;

But round the turn a swain she met --
The kiss she gave him haunts me yet!

I turned and travelled with a sigh
The lonely road to Gundagai.

Andrew Barton Paterson

**The Road to Hogan's Gap**

Now look, you see, it’s this way like,
   You cross the broken bridge
And run the crick down till you strike
   The second right-hand ridge.
The track is hard to see in parts,
   But still it’s pretty clear;
There’s been two Injin hawkers’ carts
   Along that road this year.

Well, run that right-hand ridge along—
   It ain’t, to say, too steep—
There’s two fresh tracks might put you wrong
   Where blokes went out with sheep.

But keep the crick upon your right,
   And follow pretty straight
Along the spur, until you sight
   A wire and sapling gate.

Well, that’s where Hogan’s old grey mare
   Fell off and broke her back;
You’ll see her carcase layin’ there,
   Jist down below the track.

And then you drop two mile, or three,
   It’s pretty steep and blind;
You want to go and fall a tree
   And tie it on behind.

And then you pass a broken cart
   Below a granite bluff;
And that is where you strike the part
   They reckon pretty rough.

But by the time you’ve got that far
   It’s either cure or kill,
So turn your horses round the spur
   And face ’em up the hill.

For look, if you should miss the slope
   And get below the track,
You haven’t got the whitest hope
   Of ever gettin’ back.

An’ half way up you’ll see the hide
   Of Hogan’s brindled bull;
Well, mind and keep the right-hand side,
   The left’s too steep a pull.

And both the banks is full of cracks;
   An’ just about at dark
You’ll see the last year’s bullock tracks

Where Hogan drew the bark.

The marks is old and pretty faint—
And grown with scrub and such;
Of course the track to Hogan's ain't
A road that's travelled much.

But turn and run the tracks along
For half a mile or more,
And then, of course, you can't go wrong—
You're right at Hogan's door.

When first you come to Hogan's gate
He mightn't show, perhaps;
He's pretty sure to plant and wait
To see it ain't the traps.

I wouldn't call it good enough
To let your horses out;
There's some that's pretty extra rough
Is livin' round about.

It's likely if your horses did
Get feedin' near the track,
It's goin' to cost at least a quid
Or more to get them back.

So, if you find they're off the place,
It's up to you to go
And flash a quid in Hogan's face—
He'll know the blokes that know.

But listen—if you're feelin' dry,
Just see there's no one near,
And go and wink the other eye
And ask for ginger beer.

The blokes come in from near and far
To sample Hogan's pop;
They reckon once they breast the bar
They stay there till they drop.

On Sundays you can see them spread
Like flies around the tap.
It's like that song "The Livin' Dead"
Up there at Hogan's Gap.

They like to make it pretty strong
Whenever there's a charnce;
So when a stranger comes along
They always holds a dance.

There’s recitations, songs, and fights—
   A willin’ lot you’ll meet.
There’s one long bloke up there recites,
   I tell you—he’s a treat.

They’re lively blokes all right up there,
   It’s never dull a day.
I’d go meself if I could spare
   The time to get away.

. . . . .
The stranger turned his horses quick.
   He didn’t cross the bridge;
He didn’t go along the crick
   To strike the second ridge;

He didn’t make the trip, because
   He wasn’t feeling fit.
His business up at Hogan’s was
   To serve him with a writ.

He reckoned if he faced the pull
   And climbed the rocky stair,
The next to come might find his hide
A land-mark on the mountain side,
Along with Hogan’s brindled bull
   And Hogan’s old grey mare!

Andrew Barton Paterson

**The Road to Old Man's Town**

The fields of youth are filled with flowers,
The wine of youth is strong:
What need have we to count the hours?
The summer days are long.
But soon we find to our dismay
That we are drifting down
The barren slopes that fall away
Towards the foothills grim and grey
That lead to Old Man's Town.

And marching with us on the track
Full many friends we find:
We see them looking sadly back
For those who've dropped behind

But God forfend a fate so dread --
Alone to travel down
The dreary road we all must tread,
With faltering steps and whitening head,
The road to Old Man's Town!

Andrew Barton Paterson

**The Rule of the A.J.C.**

Come all ye bold trainers attend to my song,
It's a rule of the A.J.C.
You mustn't train ponies, for that's very wrong
By the rules of the A.J.C.
You have to wear winkers when crossing the street,
For fear that a pony you'd happen to meet
If you hear one about, you must beat a retreat --
That's a rule of the A.J.C.
And all ye bold owners will find without fail
By the rules of the A.J.C.
The jockey boys' fees you must pay at the scale --
It's a rule of the A.J.C.
When your horse wins a fiver, you'll laugh, I'll be bound,
But you won't laugh so much by the time that you've found
That the fee to the boy is exactly ten pound!
That's a rule of the A.J.C.

And all ye bold "Books" who are keeping a shop,
In the rules of the A.J.C.,
There's a new regulation that says you must stop!
That's a rule of the A.J.C.
You must give up your shop with its pipes and cigars
To an unlicensed man who is thanking his stars,
While you go and bet in the threepenny bars --
That's a rule of the A.J.C.

And all ye small jockeys who ride in a race,
In the rules of the A.J.C.
If owners' instructions are "Don't get a place",
By the rules of the A.J.C.,
You must ride the horse out -- though, of course, if you do
You will get no more mounts, it's starvation to you.
But, bless you, you'll always find plenty to chew
In the rules of the A.J.C.

Andrew Barton Paterson

**The Rum Parade**

Now ye gallant Sydney boys, who have left your household joys
To march across the sea in search of glory,
I am very much afraid that you do not love parade,
But the rum parade is quite another story.
For the influenza came and to spoil its little game,
They ordered us to drink a curious mixture;
Though at first it frightened some, when we found it mostly rum,
Parade became a very pleasant fixture.

Chorus

So it's forward the Brigade, if they'll hold a rum parade
At Pretoria there's nothing to alarm ye;
And it's easy to be seen if they leave the quinine,
Ye'll be there before the blessed British Army.
Then a corporal he come and he said I drank the rum,
But the quinine never reached its destination;
For begob he up and swored that I threw it overboard,
Sure my heart was filled with grief and indignation.
For I'm different to some, I prefer quinine to rum,
And I only take the rum just as a favour,
And it's easy to be seen I'm so fond of the quinine,
That I keep it lest the rum should spoil its flavour.

When we get to Africay we'll be landed straight away,
And quartered with the troops of Queen Victoria;
And we hope they'll understand that the moment that we land
We are ready for a march upon Pretoria.
And we'll pay off all the scores on old Kruger and his Boers,
And just to prove our manners aren't a failure,
And to show we are not mean, shure we'll give them the quinine,
And drink the rum in honour of Australia.

Andrew Barton Paterson

## The Sausage Candidate-A Tale of the Elections

Our fathers, brave men were and strong,
And whisky was their daily liquor;
They used to move the world along
In better style than now -- and quicker.
Elections then were sport, you bet!
A trifle rough, there's no denying
When two opposing factions met
The skin and hair were always flying.
When "cabbage-trees" could still be worn
Without the question, "Who's your hatter?"
There dawned a bright election morn
Upon the town of Parramatta.
A man called Jones was all the go --
The people's friend, the poor's protector;
A long, gaunt, six-foot slab of woe,
He sought to charm the green elector.

How Jones had one time been trustee
For his small niece, and he -- the villain! --
Betrayed his trust most shamefully,
And robbed the child of every shillin'.
He used to keep accounts, they say,
To save himself in case of trouble;
Whatever cash he paid away
He always used to charge it double.

He'd buy the child a cotton gown
Too coarse and rough to dress a cat in,
And then he'd go and put it down
And charge the price of silk or satin!
He gave her once a little treat,
An outing down the harbour sunny,
And Lord! the bill for bread and meat,
You'd think they all had eaten money!

But Jones exposed the course he took
By carelessness -- such men are ninnies.
He went and entered in his book,
"Two pounds of sausages -- two guineas."
Now this leaked out, and folk got riled,
And said that Jones, "he didn't oughter".
But what cared Jones? he only smiled --
Abuse ran off his back like water.

And so he faced the world content:
His little niece -- he never paid her:
And then he stood for Parliament,
Of course he was a rank free trader.
His wealth was great, success appeared
To smile propitious on his banner,
But Providence it interfered
In this most unexpected manner.

A person -- call him Brown for short --
Who knew the story of this stealer,
Went calmly down the town and bought
Two pounds of sausage from a dealer,
And then he got a long bamboo
And tightly tied the sausage to it;
Says he, "This is the thing to do,
And I am just the man to do it.

"When Jones comes out to make his speech
I won't a clapper be, or hisser,
But with this long bamboo I'll reach
And poke the sausage in his 'kisser'.
I'll bring the wretch to scorn and shame,
Unless those darned police are nigh:
As sure as Brown's my glorious name,
I'll knock that candidate sky-high."

The speech comes on -- beneath the stand
The people push and surge and eddy
But Brown waits calmly close at hand
With all his apparatus ready;
And while the speaker loudly cries,
"Of ages all, this is the boss age!"
Brown hits him square between the eyes,
Exclaiming, "What's the price of sausage?"

He aimed the victuals in his face,
As though he thought poor Jones a glutton.
And Jones was covered with disgrace --
Disgrace and shame, and beef and mutton.
His cause was lost -- a hopeless wreck
He crept off from the hooting throng;
Protection proudly ruled the deck,
Here ends the sausage and the song.

Andrew Barton Paterson

## The Scapegoat

We have all of us read how the Israelites fled
From Egypt with Pharaoh in eager pursuit of 'em,
And Pharaoh's fierce troop were all put "in the soup"
When the waters rolled softly o'er every galoot of 'em.
The Jews were so glad when old Pharaoh was "had"
That they sounded their timbrels and capered like mad.
You see he was hated from Jordan to Cairo --
Whence comes the expression "to buck against faro".
For forty long years, 'midst perils and fears
In deserts with never a famine to follow by,
The Israelite horde went roaming abroad
Like so many sundowners "out on the wallaby".
When Moses, who led 'em, and taught 'em, and fed 'em,
Was dying, he murmured, "A rorty old hoss you are:
I give you command of the whole of the band" --
And handed the Government over to Joshua.

But Moses told 'em before he died,
"Wherever you are, whatever betide,
Every year as the time draws near
By lot or by rote choose you a goat,
And let the high priest confess on the beast
The sins of the people the worst and the least,
Lay your sins on the goat! Sure the plan ought to suit yer.
Because all your sins are 'his troubles' in future.
Then lead him away to the wilderness black
To die with the weight of your sins on his back:
Of thirst let him perish alone and unshriven,
For thus shall your sins be absolved and forgiven!"

'Tis needless to say, though it reeked of barbarity
This scapegoat arrangement gained great popularity.
By this means a Jew, whate'er he might do,
Though he burgled, or murdered, or cheated at loo,
Or meat on Good Friday (a sin most terrific) ate,
Could get his discharge, like a bankrupt's certificate;
Just here let us note -- Did they choose their best goat?
It's food for conjecture, to judge from the picture
By Hunt in the Gallery close to our door, a
Man well might suppose that the scapegoat they chose
Was a long way from being their choicest Angora.

In fact I should think he was one of their weediest:
'Tis a rule that obtains, no matter who reigns,
When making a sacrifice, offer the seediest;
Which accounts for a theory known to my hearers
Who live in the wild by the wattle beguiled,
That a "stag" makes quite good enough mutton for shearers.
Be that as it may, as each year passed away,
a scapegoat was led to the desert and freighted
With sin (the poor brute must have been overweighted)
And left there -- to die as his fancy dictated.

The day it has come, with trumpet and drum.
With pomp and solemnity fit for the tomb
They lead the old billy-goat off to his doom:
On every hand a reverend band,
Prophets and preachers and elders stand
And the oldest rabbi, with a tear in his eye,
Delivers a sermon to all standing by.
(We haven't his name -- whether Cohen or Harris, he
No doubt was the "poisonest" kind of Pharisee.)
The sermon was marked by a deal of humility
And pointed the fact, with no end of ability.
That being a Gentile's no mark of gentility,
And, according to Samuel, would certainly d--n you well.
Then, shedding his coat, he approaches the goat
And, while a red fillet he carefully pins on him,
Confesses the whole of the Israelites' sins on him.
With this eloquent burst he exhorts the accurst --
"Go forth in the desert and perish in woe,
The sins of the people are whiter than snow!"
Then signs to his pal "for to let the brute go".
(That "pal" as I've heard, is an elegant word,
Derived from the Persian "Palaykhur" or "Pallaghur"),
As the scapegoat strains and tugs at the reins
The Rabbi yells rapidly, "Let her go, Gallagher!"

The animal, freed from all restraint
Lowered his head, made a kind of feint,
And charged straight at that elderly saint.
So fierce his attack and so very severe, it
Quite floored the Rabbi, who, ere he could fly,
Was rammed on the -- no, not the back -- but just near it.
The scapegoat he snorted, and wildly cavorted,
A light-hearted antelope "out on the ramp",
Then stopped, looked around, got the "lay of the ground",
And made a beeline back again to the camp.
The elderly priest, as he noticed the beast
So gallantly making his way to the east,
Says he, "From the tents may I never more roam again
If that there old billy-goat ain't going home again.
He's hurrying, too! This never will do.
Can't somebody stop him? I'm all of a stew.
After all our confessions, so openly granted,
He's taking our sins back to where they're not wanted.
We've come all this distance salvation to win agog,
If he takes home our sins, it'll burst up the Synagogue!"

He turned to an Acolyte who was making his bacca light,
A fleet-footed youth who could run like a crack o' light.
"Run, Abraham, run! Hunt him over the plain,
And drive back the brute to the desert again.
The Sphinx is a-watching, the Pyramids will frown on you,

From those granite tops forty cent'ries look down on you --
Run, Abraham, run! I'll bet half-a-crown on you."
So Abraham ran, like a man did he go for him,
But the goat made it clear each time he drew near
That he had what the racing men call "too much toe" for him.

The crowd with great eagerness studied the race --
"Great Scott! isn't Abraham forcing the pace --
And don't the goat spiel? It is hard to keep sight on him,
The sins of the Israelites ride mighty light on him.
The scapegoat is leading a furlong or more,
And Abraham's tiring -- I'll lay six to four!
He rolls in his stride; he's done, there's no question!"
But here the old Rabbi brought up a suggestion.
('Twas strange that in racing he showed so much cunning),
"It's a hard race," said he, "and I think it would be
A good thing for someone to take up the running."
As soon said as done, they started to run --
The priests and the deacons, strong runners and weak 'uns
All reckoned ere long to come up with the brute,
And so the whole boiling set off in pursuit.
And then it came out, as the rabble and rout
Streamed over the desert with many a shout --
The Rabbi so elderly, grave, and patrician,
Had been in his youth a bold metallician,
And offered, in gasps, as they merrily spieled,
"Any price Abraham! Evens the field!"
Alas! the whole clan, they raced and they ran,
And Abraham proved him an "even time" man,
But the goat -- now a speck they could scarce keep their eyes on --
Stretched out in his stride in a style most surprisin'
And vanished ere long o'er the distant horizon.

Away in the camp the bill-sticker's tramp
Is heard as he wanders with paste, brush, and notices,
And paling and wall he plasters them all,
"I wonder how's things gettin' on with the goat," he says,
The pulls out his bills, "Use Solomon's Pills"
"Great Stoning of Christians! To all devout Jews! you all
Must each bring a stone -- Great sport will be shown;
Enormous Attractions! And prices as usual!
Roll up to the Hall!! Wives, children and all,
For naught the most delicate feelings to hurt is meant!!"
Here his eyes opened wide, for close by his side
Was the scapegoat: And eating his latest advertisement!
One shriek from him burst -- "You creature accurst!"
And he ran from the spot like one fearing the worst.
His language was chaste, as he fled in his haste,
But the goat stayed behind him -- and "scoffed up" the paste.

With downcast head, and sorrowful tread,
The people came back from the desert in dread.

"The goat -- was he back there? Had anyone heard of him?"
In very short order they got plenty word of him.
In fact as they wandered by street, lane and hall,
"The trail of the serpent was over them all."
A poor little child knocked out stiff in the gutter
Proclaimed that the scapegoat was bred for a "butter".
The bill-sticker's pail told a sorrowful tale,
The scapegoat had licked it as dry as a nail;
He raced through their houses, and frightened their spouses,
But his latest achievement most anger arouses,
For while they were searching, and scratching their craniums,
One little Ben Ourbed, who looked in the flow'r-bed,
Discovered him eating the Rabbi's geraniums.

Moral
The moral is patent to all the beholders --
Don't shift your own sins on to other folks' shoulders;
Be kind to dumb creatures and never abuse them,
Nor curse them nor kick them, nor spitefully use them:
Take their lives if needs must -- when it comes to the worst,
But don't let them perish of hunger or thirst.
Remember, no matter how far you may roam
That dogs, goats, and chickens, it's simply the dickens,
Their talent stupendous for "getting back home".
Your sins, without doubt, will aye find you out,
And so will a scapegoat, he's bound to achieve it,
But, die in the wilderness! Don't you believe it!

Andrew Barton Paterson

## The Scorcher and the Howling Swell

The Scorcher and the Howling Swell were riding through the land;
They wept like anything to see the hills on every hand;
"If these were only levelled down," they said, "it would be grand."

"If every bloke that rides a bike put in a half-a-crown,
Do you suppose," the Scorcher said, "that that would cut them down?"
"I doubt it," said the Howling Swell, and frowned a doleful frown.

"Oh, ladies, come and ride with us," the Scorcher did entreat,
"A little ride across the park and down the smoothest street,
And you will have a chance to show your very dainty feet."

The Scorcher rode up all the hills, as if the same were flat;
"It's very rude," the ladies said, "to ride as fast as that;
For all of us are out of breath - and some of us are fat."

"Cheer up, cheer up, my ladies gay," the Howling Swell replied;
"Behold a tea-shop by the way, with Globe Brand Tea inside;
And all who drink the Globe Brand Tea up any hill can ride."

And every lady in the band revived on Globe Brand Tea,
That Atcherley and Dawson sell in George Street, near the Quay,
And Howling Swells and Scorchers both proclaim its purity.

Andrew Barton Paterson

**The Scottish Engineer**

With eyes that searched in the dark,
Peering along the line,
Stood the grim Scotsman, Hector Clark,
Driver of "Forty-nine".
And the veldt-fire flamed on the hills ahead,
Like a blood-red beacon sign.

There was word of a fight to the north,
And a column too hardly pressed,
So they started the Highlanders forth.
Heedless of food or rest.

But the pipers gaily played,
Chanting their fierce delight,
And the armoured carriages rocked and swayed.
Laden with men of the Scots Brigade,
Hurrying up to the fight,
And the grim, grey Highland engineer
Driving them into the night.

Then a signal light glowed red,
And a picket came to the track.
"Enemy holding the line ahead;
Three of our mates we have left for dead,
Only we two got back."
And far to the north through the still night air
They heard the rifles crack.

And the boom of a gun rang out,
Like the sound of a deep appeal,
And the picket stood in doubt
By the side of the driving-wheel.

But the engineer looked down,
With his hand on the starting-bar,
"Ride ye back to the town,
Ye know what my orders are,
Maybe they're wanting the Scots Brigade
Up on those hills afar.

"I am no soldier at all,
Only an engineer;
But I could not bear that the folk should say
Over in Scotland -- Glasgow way --
That Hector Clark stayed here
With the Scots Brigade till the foe was gone,
With ever a rail to run her on.
Ready behind! Stand clear!

"Fireman, get you gone
Into the armoured train --
I will drive her alone;

One more trip -- and perhaps the last --
With a well-raked fire and an open blast;
Hark to the rifles again!"

On through the choking dark,
Never a lamp nor a light,
Never an engine spark
Showing her hurried flight,
Over the lonely plain
Rushed the great armoured train,
Hurrying up to the fight.

Then with her living freight
On to the foe she came,
And the rides snapped their hate.
And the darkness spouted flame.

Over the roar of the fray
The hungry bullets whined,
As she dashed through the foe that lay
Loading and firing blind,
Till the glare of the furnace, burning clear,
Showed them the form of the engineer

Sharply and well defined.
Through! They are safely through!
Hark to the column's cheer!
Surely the driver knew
He was to halt her here;
But he took no heed of the signals red,
And the fireman found, when he climbed ahead,
There on the door of his engine -- dead --
The Scottish Engineer!

Andrew Barton Paterson

**The Seven Ages of Wise**

Parliament's a stage,
And all the Politicians merely players!
They have their exits and entrances,
And Wise doth in his time play many parts,
His acts being seven changes.
First the Runner,
With spiked shoe he spurns the cinder track,
And just for once runs straight.

The next the Student,
Burning the midnight oil with Adam Smith
For Cobden Medals.

Next the youthful member,
With shining morning face, creeping between
Two seasoned leaders into place and power
Before his whiskers grow.

The next the bravo.
Jealous of greater men, he cries, "Ha, Ha!
Beware Bernardo's dagger!" -- and would strike
His friend i' th' back.

Then come a sudden change.
Once more a child, he comes with quick-turned coat,
New friends, new doctrines, and new principles,
Lets Friedman loose, and wrecks the Government.
Then leads the horny-handed sons of toil
By many a specious promise to their doom
In Arbitration Courts.

Last scene of all,
That ends this strange, disastrous history.
He aims at Judgeships and Commissionerships,
But, failing, passes on to mere oblivion.
Sans place, sans power, sans pay, sans everything.

Andrew Barton Paterson

**The Sheep-Washers' Lament**

Come now, ye sighing washers all,
Join in my doleful lay,
Mourn for the times none can recall,
With hearts to grief a prey.
We'll mourn the washer's sad downfall
In our regretful strain,
Lamenting on the days gone by
Ne'er to return again.

When first I went a-washing sheep
The year was sixty-one,
The master was a worker then,
The servant was a man;
But now the squatters, puffed with pride,
They treat us with disdain;
Lament the days that are gone by
Ne'er to return again.

From sixty-one to sixty-six,
The bushman, stout and strong,
Would smoke his pipe and whistle his tune,
And sing his cheerful song,
As wanton as the kangaroo
That bounds across the plain.
Lament the days that are gone by
Ne'er to return again.

Supplies of food unstinted, good,
No squatter did withhold.
With plenty grog to cheer our hearts,
We feared nor heat nor cold.
With six-and-six per man per day
We sought not to complain.
Lament the days that are gone by
Ne'er to return again.

With perfect health, a mine of wealth,
Our days seemed short and sweet,
On pleasure bent our evenings spent,
Enjoyment was complete.
But now we toil from morn till night,
Though much against the grain,
Lamenting on the days gone by,
Ne'er to return again.

I once could boast two noble steeds,
To bear me on my way,
My good revolver in my belt,
I never knew dismay.
But lonely now I hump my drum
In sunshine and in rain,
Lamenting on the days gone by

Ne'er to return again.

A worthy cheque I always earned,
And spent it like a lord.
My dress a prince's form would grace.
And spells I could afford.
But now in tattered rags arrayed,
My limbs they ache with pain,
Lamenting on the days gone by,
Ne'er to return again.

May bushmen all in unity
Combine with heart and hand,
May cursed cringing poverty
Be banished from the land.
In Queensland may prosperity
In regal glory reign,
And washers in the time to come
Their vanished rights regain.

Andrew Barton Paterson

**The Shepherd**

He wore an old blue shirt the night that first we met,
An old and tattered cabbage-tree concealed his locks of jet;
His footsteps had a languor, his voice a husky tone;
Both man and dog were spent with toil as they slowly wandered home.

I saw him but a moment—yet methinks I see him now
While his sheep were gently feeding 'neath the rugged mountain brow.
When next we met, the old blue shirt and cabbage-tree were gone;
A brand new suit of tweed and "Doctor Dod" he had put on;
Arm in arm with him was one who strove, and not in vain,
To ease his pockets of their load by drinking real champagne.

I saw him but a moment, and he was going a pace,
Shouting nobbler after nobbler, with a smile upon his face.
When next again I saw that man his suit of tweed was gone,
The old blue shirt and cabbage-tree once more he had put on;
Slowly he trudged along the road and took the well-known track
From the station he so lately left with a swag upon his back.

I saw him but a moment as he was walking by
With two black eyes and broken nose and a tear-dropp in his eye.

Andrew Barton Paterson

**The Silent Shearer**

Weary and listless, sad and slow,
Without any conversation,
Was a man that worked on The Overflow,
The butt of the shed and the station.

The shearers christened him Noisy Ned,
With an alias "Silent Waters",
But never a needless word he said
In the hut or the shearers' quarters.

Which caused annoyance to Big Barcoo,
The shed's unquestioned ringer,
Whose name was famous Australia through
As a dancer, fighter and singer.

He was fit for the ring, if he'd had his rights
As an agent of devastation;
And the number of men he had killed in fights
Was his principal conversation.

"I have known blokes go to their doom," said he,
"Through actin' with haste and rashness:
But the style that this Noisy Ned assumes,
It's nothing but silent flashness.

"We may just be dirt, from his point of view,
Unworthy a word in season;
But I'll make him talk like a cockatoo
Or I'll get him to show the reason."

Was it chance or fate, that King Condamine,
A king who had turned a black tracker,
Had captured a baby purcupine,
Which he swapped for a "fig tobacker"?

With the porcupine in the Silent's bed
The shearers were quite elated,
And the things to be done, and the words to be said,
Were anxiously awaited.

With a screech and a howl and an eldritch cry
That nearly deafened his hearers
He sprang from his bunk, and his fishy eye
Looked over the laughing shearers.

He looked them over and he looked them through
As a cook might look through a larder;
"Now, Big Barcoo, I must pick on you,
You're big, but you'll fall the harder."

Now, the silent man was but slight and thin
And of middleweight conformation,

But he hung one punch on the Barcoo's chin
And it ended the altercation.

"You've heard of the One-round Kid," said he,
"That hunted 'em all to shelter?
The One-round Finisher -- that was me,
When I fought as the Champion Welter.

"And this Barcoo bloke on his back reclines
For being a bit too clever,
For snakes and wombats and porcupines
Are nothing to me whatever.

"But the golden rule that I've had to learn
In the ring, and for years I've tried it,
Is only to talk when it comes your turn,
And never to talk outside it."

Andrew Barton Paterson

## The Squatter Of The Olden Time

I'll sing to you a fine new song, made by my blessed mate,
Of a fine Australian squatter who had a fine estate,
Who swore by right pre-emptive at a sanguinary rate
That by his rams, his ewes, his lambs, Australia was made great
Like a fine Australian squatter, one of the olden time.

His hut around was hung with guns, whips, spurs, and boots and shoes,
And kettles and tin pannikins to hold the tea he brews;
And here his worship lolls at ease and takes his smoke and snooze,
And quaffs his cup of hysouskin, the beverage old chums choose
Like a fine Australian squatter, one of the olden time.

And when shearing time approaches he opens hut to all,
And though ten thousand are his flocks, he featly shears them all,
Even to the scabby wanderer you'd think no good at all;
For while he fattens all the great, he boils down all the small
Like a fine old Murray squatter, one of the olden time.
And when his worship comes to town his agents for to see,
His wool to ship, his beasts to sell, he lives right merrily;
The club his place of residence, as becomes a bush J.P.,
He darkly hints that Thompson's run from scab is scarcely free
This fine old Murray settler, one of the olden time.

And now his fortune he has made to England straight goes he,
But finds with grief he's not received as he had hoped to be.
His friends declare his habits queer, his language much too free,
And are somewhat apt to cross the street when him they chance to see
This fine Australian squatter, the boy of the olden time.

Andrew Barton Paterson

**The Squatter's Man**

Come, all ye lads an' list to me,
That's left your homes an' crossed the sea,
To try your fortune, bound or free,
All in this golden land.
For twelve long months I had to pace,
Humping my swag with a cadging face,
Sleeping in the bush, like the sable race,
As in my song you'll understand.

Unto this country I did come,
A regular out-and-out new chum.
I then abhorred the sight of rum
Teetotal was my plan.
But soon I learned to wet one eye
Misfortune oft-times made me sigh.
To raise fresh funds I was forced to fly,
And be a squatter's man.

Soon at a station I appeared.
I saw the squatter with his beard,
And up to him I boldly steered,
With my swag and billy-can.

I said, "Kind sir, I want a job!"
Said he, "Do you know how to snob
Or can you break in a bucking cob?"
Whilst my figure he well did scan.

"'Tis now I want a useful cove
To stop at home and not to rove.
The scamps go about—a regular drove
I 'spose you're one of the clan?
But I'll give ten—ten, sugar an' tea;
Ten bob a week, if you'll suit me,
And very soon I hope you'll be
A handy squatter's man.

"At daylight you must milk the cows,
Make butter, cheese, an' feed the sows,
Put on the kettle, the cook arouse,
And clean the family shoes.
The stable an' sheep yard clean out,
And always answer when we shout,
With 'Yes, ma'am,' and 'No, sir,' mind your mouth;
And my youngsters don't abuse.

"You must fetch wood an' water, bake an' boil,
Act as butcher when we kill;
The corn an' taters you must hill,
Keep the garden spick and span.

You must not scruple in the rain

To take to market all the grain.
Be sure you come sober back again
To be a squatter's man."

He sent me to an old bark hut,
Inhabited by a greyhound slut,
Who put her fangs through my poor fut,
And, snarling, off she ran.
So once more I'm looking for a job,
Without a copper in my fob.
With Ben Hall or Gardiner I'd rather rob,
Than be a squatter's man.

Andrew Barton Paterson

**The Stockman**

A bright sun and a loosened rein,
A whip whose pealing sound
Rings forth amid the forest trees
As merrily forth we bound
As merrily forth we bound, my boys,
And, by the dawn's pale light,
Speed fearless on our horses true
From morn till starry night.

"Oh! for a tame and quiet herd,"
I hear some crawler cry;
But give to me the mountain mob
With the flash of their tameless eye
With the flash of their tameless eye, my boys,
As down the rugged spur
Dash the wild children of the woods,
And the horse that mocks at fear.

There's mischief in you wide-horned steer,
There's danger in you cow;
Then mount, my merry horsemen all,
The wild mob's bolting now
The wild mob's bolting now, my boys,
But 'twas never in their hides
To show the way to the well-trained nags
That are rattling by their sides.

Oh! 'tis jolly to follow the roving herd
Through the long, long summer day,
And camp at night by some lonely creek
When dies the golden ray.
Where the jackass laughs in the old gum tree,
And our quart-pot tea we sip;
The saddle was our childhood's home,
Our heritage the whip.

Andrew Barton Paterson

## The Stockman's Last Bed

Be ye stockmen or no, to my story give ear.
Alas! for poor Jack, no more shall we hear
The crack of his stockwhip, his steed's lively trot,
His clear "Go ahead, boys," his jingling quart pot.

For we laid him where wattles their sweet fragrance shed,
And the tall gum trees shadow the stockman's last bed.
Whilst drafting one day he was horned by a cow.
"Alas!" cried poor Jack, "it's all up with me now,
For I never again shall my saddle regain,
Nor bound like a wallaby over the plain."

His whip it is silent, his dogs they do mourn,
His steed looks in vain for his master's return;
No friend to bemoan him, unheeded he dies;
Save Australia's dark sons, few know where he lies.

Now, stockman, if ever on some future day
After the wild mob you happen to stray,
Tread softly where wattles their sweet fragrance spread,
Where alone and neglected poor Jack's bones are laid.

Andrew Barton Paterson

## The Stockmen Of Australia

The stockmen of Australia, what rowdy boys are they,
They will curse and swear an hurricane if you come in their way.
They dash along the forest on black, bay, brown, or grey,
And the stockmen of Australia, hard-riding boys are they.

By constant feats of horsemanship, they procure for us our grub,
And supply us with the fattest beef by hard work in the scrub.
To muster up the cattle they cease not night nor day,
And the stockmen of Australia, hard-riding boys are they.

Just mark him as he jogs along, his stockwhip on his knee,
His white mole pants and polished boots and jaunty cabbage- tree.
His horsey-pattern Crimean shirt of colours bright and gay,
And the stockmen of Australia, what dressy boys are they.

If you should chance to lose yourself and dropp upon his camp,
He's there reclining on the ground, be it dry or be it damp.
He'll give you hearty welcome, and a stunning pot of tea,
For the stockmen of Australia, good-natured boys are they.

If down to Sydney you should go, and there a stockman meet,
Remark the sly looks cast on him as he roams through the street.
From the shade of lovely bonnets steal forth those glances gay,
For the stockmen of Australia, the ladies' pets are they.

Whatever fun is going on, the stockman will be there,
Be it theatre or concert, or dance or fancy fair.
To join in the amusements be sure he won't delay,
For the stockmen of Australia, light-hearted boys are they.

Then here's a health to every lass, and let the toast go round,
To as jolly a set of fellows as ever yet were found.
And all good luck be with them, for ever and to-day,
Here's to the stockmen of Australia—hip, hip, hooray!

Andrew Barton Paterson

## The Story of Mongrel Grey

This is the story the stockman told
On the cattle-camp, when the stars were bright;
The moon rose up like a globe of gold
And flooded the plain with her mellow light.
We watched the cattle till dawn of day
And he told me the story of Mongrel Grey.
He was a knock-about station hack,
Spurred and walloped, and banged and beat;
Ridden all day with a sore on his back,
Left all night with nothing to eat.
That was a matter of everyday
Normal occurrence with Mongrel Grey.

We might have sold him, but someone heard
He was bred out back on a flooded run,
Where he learnt to swim like a waterbird;
Midnight or midday were all as one --
In the flooded ground he would find his way;
Nothing could puzzle old Mongrel Grey.

'Tis a trick, no doubt, that some horses learn;
When the floods are out they will splash along
In girth-deep water, and twist and turn
From hidden channel and billabong,
Never mistaking the road to go;
for a man may guess -- but the horses know.

I was camping out with my youngest son --
Bit of a nipper, just learnt to speak --
In an empty hut on the lower run,
Shooting and fishing in Conroy's Creek.
The youngster toddled about all day
And there with our horses was Mongrel Grey.

All of a sudden a flood came down,
At first a freshet of mountain rain,
Roaring and eddying, rank and brown,
Over the flats and across the plain.
Rising and rising -- at fall of night
Nothing but water appeared in sight!

'Tis a nasty place when the floods are out,
Even in daylight; for all around
Channels and billabongs twist about,
Stretching for miles in the flooded ground.
And to move seemed a hopeless thing to try
In the dark with the storm-water racing by.

I had to risk it. I heard a roar
As the wind swept down and the driving rain;
And the water rose till it reached the floor
Of our highest room; and 'twas very plain --

The way the torrent was sweeping down --
We must make for the highlands at once, or drown.

Off to the stable I splashed, and found
The horses shaking with cold and fright;
I led them down to the lower ground,
But never a yard would they swim that night!
They reared and snorted and turned away,
And none would face it but Mongrel Grey.

I bound the child on the horse's back,
And we started off, with a prayer to heaven,
Through the rain and the wind and the pitchy black
For I knew that the instinct God has given
To prompt His creatures by night and day
Would guide the footsteps of Mongrel Grey.

He struck deep water at once and swam --
I swam beside him and held his mane --
Till we touched the bank of the broken dam
In shallow water; then off again,
Swimming in darkness across the flood,
Rank with the smell of the drifting mud.

He turned and twisted across and back,
Choosing the places to wade or swim,
Picking the safest and shortest track --
The blackest darkness was clear to him.
Did he strike the crossing by sight or smell?
The Lord that held him alone could tell!

He dodged the timber whene'er he could,
But timber brought us to grief at last;
I was partly stunned by a log of wood
That struck my head as it drifted past;
Then lost my grip of the brave old grey,
And in half a second he swept away.

I reached a tree, where I had to stay,
And did a perish for two days' hard;
And lived on water -- but Mongrel Grey,
He walked right into the homestead yard
At dawn next morning, and grazed around,
With the child strapped on to him safe and sound.

We keep him now for the wife to ride,
Nothing too good for him now, of course;
Never a whip on his fat old hide,
For she owes the child to that brave grey horse.
And not Old Tyson himself could pay
The purchase money of Mongrel Grey.

Andrew Barton Paterson

## The Stringy-Bark Cockatoo

I'm a broken-hearted miner, who loves his cup to drain,
Which often times has caused me to lie in frost and rain.
Roaming about the country, looking for some work to do,
I got a job of reaping off a stringy-bark cockatoo.

Oh, the stringy-bark cockatoo,
Oh, the stringy-bark cockatoo,
I got a job of reaping off a stringy-bark cockatoo.

Ten bob an acre was his price—with promise of fairish board.
He said his crops were very light, 'twas all he could afford.
He drove me out in a bullock dray, and his piggery met my view.
Oh, the pigs and geese were in the wheat of the stringy-bark cockatoo.

The hut was made of the surface mud, the roof of a reedy thatch.
The doors and windows open flew without a bolt or latch.
The pigs and geese were in the hut, the hen on the table flew,
And she laid an egg in the old tin plate for the stringy-bark cockatoo.

For breakfast we had pollard, boys, it tasted like cobbler's paste.
To help it down we had to eat brown bread with vinegar taste.
The tea was made of the native hops, which out on the ranges grew;
'Twas sweetened with honey bees and wax for the stringy-bark cockatoo.

For dinner we had goanna hash, we thought it mighty hard;
They wouldn't give us butter, so we forced down bread and lard.
Quondong duff, paddy-melon pie, and wallaby Irish stew
We used to eat while reaping for the stringy-bark cockatoo.

When we started to cut the rust and smut was just beginning to shed,
And all we had to sleep on was a dog and sheep-skin bed.
The bugs and fleas tormented me, they made me scratch and screw;
I lost my rest while reaping for the stringy-bark cockatoo.

At night when work was over I'd nurse the youngest child,
And when I'd say a joking word, the mother would laugh and smile.
The old cocky, he grew jealous, and he thumped me black and blue,
And he drove me off without a rap—the stringy-bark cockatoo.

Andrew Barton Paterson

**The Swagman**

Kind friends, pray give attention
To this, my little song.
Some rum things I will mention,
And I'll not detain you long.
Up and down this country
I travel, don't you see,
I'm a swagman on the wallaby,
Oh! don't you pity me.
I'm a swagman on the wallaby,
Oh! don't you pity me.

At first I started shearing,
And I bought a pair of shears.
On my first sheep appearing,
Why, I cut off both its ears.
Then I nearly skinned the brute,
As clean as clean could he.
So I was kicked out of the shed,
Oh! don't you pity me, &c.

I started station loafing,
Short stages and took my ease;
So all day long till sundown
I'd camp beneath the trees.
Then I'd walk up to the station,
The manager to see.
"Boss, I'm hard up and I want a job,
Oh! don't you pity me," &c.

Says the overseer: "Go to the hut.
Says the overseer: "Go to the hut.
In the morning I'll tell you
If I've any work about
I can find for you to do."
But at breakfast I cuts off enough
For dinner, don't you see.
And then my name is Walker.
Oh! don't you pity me.
I'm a swagman, &c.
And now, my friends, I'll say good-bye,
For I must go and camp.
For if the Sergeant sees me
He may take me for a tramp;
But if there's any covey here
What's got a cheque, d'ye see,
I'll stop and help him smash it.
Oh! don't you pity me.
I'm a swagman on the wallaby,
Oh! don't you pity me.

Andrew Barton Paterson

**The Swagman's Rest**

We buried old Bob where the bloodwoods wave
At the foot of the Eaglehawk;
We fashioned a cross on the old man's grave
For fear that his ghost might walk;
We carved his name on a bloodwood tree
With the date of his sad decease
And in place of "Died from effects of spree"
We wrote "May he rest in peace".
For Bob was known on the Overland,
A regular old bush wag,
Tramping along in the dust and sand,
Humping his well-worn swag.
He would camp for days in the river-bed,
And loiter and "fish for whales".
"I'm into the swagman's yard," he said.
"And I never shall find the rails."

But he found the rails on that summer night
For a better place -- or worse,
As we watched by turns in the flickering light
With an old black gin for nurse.
The breeze came in with the scent of pine,
The river sounded clear,
When a change came on, and we saw the sign
That told us the end was near.

He spoke in a cultured voice and low --
"I fancy they've 'sent the route';
I once was an army man, you know,
Though now I'm a drunken brute;
But bury me out where the bloodwoods wave,
And, if ever you're fairly stuck,
Just take and shovel me out of the grave
And, maybe, I'll bring you luck.
"For I've always heard --" here his voice grew weak,
His strength was wellnigh sped,
He gasped and struggled and tried to speak,
Then fell in a moment -- dead.
Thus ended a wasted life and hard,
Of energies misapplied --
Old Bob was out of the "swagman's yard"
And over the Great Divide.

The drought came down on the field and flock,
And never a raindrop fell,
Though the tortured moans of the starving stock
Might soften a fiend from hell.
And we thought of the hint that the swagman gave
When he went to the Great Unseen --
We shovelled the skeleton out of the grave

To see what his hint might mean.

We dug where the cross and the grave posts were,
We shovelled away the mould,
When sudden a vein of quartz lay bare
All gleaming with yellow gold.
'Twas a reef with never a fault nor baulk
That ran from the range's crest,
And the richest mine on the Eaglehawk
Is known as "The Swagman's Rest".

Andrew Barton Paterson

**The Travelling Post Office**

The roving breezes come and go, the reed-beds sweep and sway,
The sleepy river murmers low,and loiters on its way,
It is the land of lots o'time along the Castlereagh.
. . .. . . . .

The old man's son had left the farm, he found it full and slow,
He drifted to the great North-west, where all the rovers go.
"He's gone so long," the old man said, "he's dropped right out of mind,
But if you'd write a line to him I'd take it very kind;
He's shearing here and fencing there, a kind of waif and stray--
He's droving now with Conroy's sheep along the Castlereagh.

"The sheep are travelling for the grass, and travelling very slow;
Tey may be at Mundooran now, or past the Overflow,
Or tramping down the black-soil flats across by Waddiwong;
But all those little country towns would send the letter wrong.
The mailman, if he's extra tired, would pass them in his sleep;
It's safest to address the note to 'Care of Conroy's sheep,'
For five and twenty thousand head can scarcely go astray,
You write to 'Care of Conroy's sheep along the Castlereagh.'"

. . .. . . ... .. . ...

By rock and ridge and riverside the western mail has gone
Across the great Blue Mountain Range to take the letter on.
A moment on the topmost grade, while open fire-doors glare,
She pauses like a living thing to breathe the mountain air,
Then launches down the other side across the plains away
To bear that note to "Conroy's sheep along the Castlereagh,"

And now by coach and mailman's bag it goes from town to town,
And Conroy's Gap and Conroy's Creek have marked it "Further down."
Beneath a sky of deepest blue, where never cloud abides,
A speck upon the waste of plain the lonely mail-man rides.
Where fierce hot winds have set the pine and myall boughs asweep
He hails the shearers passing by for news of Conroy's sheep.
By big lagoons where wildfowl play and crested pigeons flock,
By camp-fires where the drovers ride around their restless stock,
And pass the teamster toiling down to fetch the wool away
My letter chases Conroy's sheep along the Castlereagh.

Andrew Barton Paterson

**The Two Devines**

It was shearing time at the Myall Lake,
And then rose the sound through the livelong day
Of the constant clash that the shear-blades make
When the fastest shearers are making play;
But there wasn't a man in the shearers' lines
That could shear a sheep with the two Devines.
They had rung the sheds of the east and west,
Had beaten the cracks of the Walgett side,
And the Cooma shearers had given them best --
When they saw them shear, they were satisfied.
From the southern slopes to the western pines
They were noted men, were the two Devines.

'Twas a wether flock that had come to hand,
Great struggling brutes, that shearers shirk,
For the fleece was filled with the grass and sand,
And seventy sheep was a big day's work.
"At a pound a hundred it's dashed hard lines
To shear such sheep," said the two Devines.

But the shearers knew that they's make a cheque
When they came to deal with the station ewes;
They were bare of belly and bare of neck
With a fleece as light as a kangaroo's.
"We will show the boss how a shear-blade shines
When we reach those ewes," said the two Devines.

But it chanced next day, when the stunted pines
Were swayed and stirred by the dawn-wind's breath,
That a message came for the two Devines
That their father lay at the point of death.
So away at speed through the whispering pines
Down the bridle-track rode the two Devines.

It was fifty miles to their father's hut,
And the dawn was bright when they rode away;
At the fall of night, when the shed was shut
And the men had rest from the toilsome day,
To the shed once more through the darkening pines
On their weary steeds came the two Devines.

"Well, you're back right sudden,"the super said;
"Is the old man dead and the funeral done?"
"Well, no sir, he ain't not exactly dead,
But as good as dead," said the eldest son --
"And we couldn't bear such a chance to lose,
So we came straight back to tackle the ewes."

*

They are shearing ewes at the Myall Lake,
And the shed is merry the livelong day

With the clashing sound that the shear-blades make
When the fastest shearers are making play;
And a couple of "hundred and ninety-nines"
Are the tallies made by the two Devines.

Andrew Barton Paterson

**The Wallaby Brigade**

You often have been told of regiments brave and bold,
But we are the bravest in the land;
We're called the Tag-rag Band, and we rally in Queensland,
We are members of the Wallaby Brigade.

Tramp, tramp, tramp across the borders,
The swagmen are rolling up, I see.
When the shearing's at an end we'll go fishing in a bend.
Then hurrah! for the Wallaby Brigade.

When you are leaving camp, you must ask some brother tramp
If there are any jobs to be had,
Or what sort of a shop that station is to stop
For a member of the Wallaby Brigade.

You ask me if they want men, you ask for rations then,
If they don't stump up a warning should be made;
To teach them better sense—why, "Set fire to their fence"
Is the war cry of the Wallaby Brigade.

The squatters thought us done when they fenced in all their run,
But a prettier mistake they never made;
You've only to sport your dover and knock a monkey over
There's cheap mutton for the Wallaby Brigade.

Now when the shearing's in our harvest will begin,
Our swags for a spell down will be laid;
But when our cheques are drank we will join the Tag-rag rank,
Limeburners in the Wallaby Brigade.

Andrew Barton Paterson

## The Wargeilah Handicap

Wargeilah town is very small,
There's no cathedral nor a club,
In fact the township, all in all,
Is just one unpretentious pub;
And there, from all the stations round,
The local sportsmen can be found.

The sportsmen of Wargeilah-side
Are very few but very fit;
There's scarcely any sport been tried
But they can hold their own at it;
In fact, to search their records o'er,
They hold their own and something more.

The precincts of Wargeilah town
An English new-chum did infest:
He used to wander up and down
In baggy English breeches drest;
His mental aspect seemed to be
Just stolid self-sufficiency.

The local sportsmen vainly sought
His tranquil calm to counteract
By urging that he should be brought
Within the Noxious Creatures Act.
"Nay, harm him not," said one more wise,
"He is a blessing in disguise!

"You see, he wants to buy a horse,
To ride, and hunt, and steeplechase,
And carry ladies, too, of course,
And pull a cart, and win a race.
Good gracious! he must be a flat
To think he'll get a horse like that!

"But, since he has so little sense
And such a lot of cash to burn,
We'll sell him some experience
By which alone a fool can learn.
Suppose we let him have The Trap
To win Wargeilah Handicap!"

And her, I must explain to you
That round about Wargeilah run
There lived a very aged screw
Whose days of brilliancy were done.
A grand old warrior in his prime --
But age will beat us any time.

A trooper's horse in seasons past
He did his share to keep the peace,
But took to falling, and at last

Was cast for age from the Police.
A publican at Conroy's Gap
Bought him and christened him The Trap.

When grass was good and horses dear,
He changed his owner now and then
At prices ranging somewhere near
The neighbourhood of two-pound-ten:
And manfully he earned his keep
By yarding cows and ration sheep.

They brought him in from off the grass
And fed and groomed the old horse up;
His coat began to shine like glass --
You'd think he'd win the Melbourne Cup.
And when they'd got him fat and flash
They asked the new chum -- fifty -- cash!

And when he said the price was high,
Their indignation knew no bounds.
They said, "It's seldom you can buy
A horse like that for fifty pounds!
We'll refund twenty if The Trap
Should fail to win the handicap!"

The deed was done, the price was paid,
The new-chum put the horse in train.
The local sports were much afraid
That he would sad experience gain
By racing with some shearer's hack,
Who'd beat him half-way round the track.

So, on this guileless English spark
They did most fervently impress
That he must keep the matter dark,
And not let any person guess
That he was purchasing The Trap
To win Wargeilah Handicap.

They spoke of "spielers from the Bland",
And "champions from the Castlereagh",
And gave the youth to understand
That all of these would stop away,
And spoil the race, if they should hear
That they had got The Trap to fear.

"Keep dark! They'll muster thick as flies
When once the news gets sent around
We're giving such a splendid prize --
A Snowdon horse worth fifty pound!
They'll come right in from Dandaloo,
And find -- that it's a gift for you!"

The race came on -- with no display
Nor any calling of the card,
But round about the pub all day
A crowd of shearers, drinking hard,
And using language in a strain
'Twere flattery to call profane.

Our hero, dressed in silk attire --
Blue jacket and scarlet cap --
With boots that shone like flames of fire,
Now did his canter on The Trap,
And walked him up and round about,
Until other steeds came out.

He eyed them with a haughty look,
But saw a sight that caught his breath!
It was Ah John! the Chinee cook!
In boots and breeches! pale as death!
Tied with a rope, like any sack,
Upon a piebald pony's back!

The next, a colt -- all mud and burrs,
Half-broken, with a black boy up,
Who said, "You gim'me pair o' spurs,
I win the bloomin' Melbourne Cup!"
These two were to oppose The Trap
For the Wargeilah Handicap!

They're off! The colt whipped down his head,
And humped his back, and gave a squeal,
And bucked into the drinking shed,
Revolving like a Catherine wheel!
Men ran like rats! The atmosphere
Was filled with oaths and pints of beer!

But up the course the bold Ah John
Beside The Trap raced neck and neck:
The boys had tied him firmly on,
Which ultimately proved his wreck;
The saddle turned, and, like a clown,
He rode some distance upside-down.

His legs around the horse were tied,
His feet towards the heavens were spread,
He swung and bumped at every stride
And ploughed the ground up with his head!
And when they rescued him, The Trap
Had won Wargeilah Handicap!

And no enquiries we could make
Could tell by what false statements swayed

Ah John was led to undertake
A task so foreign to his trade!
He only smiled and said, "Hoo Ki!
I stop topside, I win all li'!"

But never in Wargeilah Town
Was heard so eloquent a cheer
As when the President came down,
And toasted, in Colonial beer,
"The finest rider on the course!
The winner of the Snowdon Horse!

"You go and get your prize," he said;
"He's with a wild mob, somewhere round
The mountains near the Watershed;
He's honestly worth fifty pound --
A noble horse, indeed, to win,
But none of us can run him in!

"We've chased him poor, we've chased him fat,
We've run him till our horses dropped;
But by such obstacles as that
A man like you will not be stopped;
You'll go and yard him any day,
So here's your health! Hooray! Hooray!"

The day wound up with booze and blow
And fights till all were well content.
But of the new-chum all I know
Is shown by this advertisement --
"For sale, the well-known racehorse Trap.
He won Wargeilah Handicap!"

Andrew Barton Paterson

**The Weather Prophet**

Ow can it rain.' the old man said, 'with things the way they are?
You've got to learn off ant and bee, and jackaroo and galah;
And no man never saw it rain, for fifty years at least,
Not when the blessed parakeets are flyinn' to the east!'

The weeks went by, the squatter wrote to tell his bank the news.
'It's still as dry as dust,' he said, 'I'm feeding all the ewes;
The overdraft would sink a ship, but make your mind at rest,
It's all right now, the parakeets are flyin' to the west!'

Andrew Barton Paterson

**The Wild Colonial Boy**

'Tis of a wild Colonial boy, Jack Doolan was his name,
Of poor but honest parents he was born in Castlemaine.
He was his father's only hope, his mother's only joy,
And dearly did his parents love the wild Colonial boy.

Come, all my hearties, we'll roam the mountains high,
Together we will plunder, together we will die.
We'll wander over valleys, and gallop over plains,
And we'll scorn to live in slavery, bound down with iron chains.

He was scarcely sixteen years of age when he left his father's home,
And through Australia's sunny clime a bushranger did roam.
He robbed those wealthy squatters, their stock he did destroy,
And a terror to Australia was the wild Colonial boy.

In sixty-one this daring youth commenced his wild career,
With a heart that knew no danger, no foeman did he fear.
He stuck up the Beechworth mail coach, and robbed Judge MacEvoy,
Who trembled, and gave up his gold to the wild Colonial boy.

He bade the Judge "Good morning," and told him to beware,
That he'd never rob a hearty chap that acted on the square,
And never to rob a mother of her son and only joy,
Or else you may turn outlaw, like the wild Colonial boy.

One day as he was riding the mountain side along,
A-listening to the little birds, their pleasant laughing song,
Three mounted troopers rode along—Kelly, Davis, and FitzRoy.
They thought that they would capture him—the wild Colonial boy.

"Surrender now, Jack Doolan, you see there's three to one.
Surrender now, Jack Doolan, you daring highwayman."
He drew a pistol from his belt, and shook the little toy.
"I'll fight, but not surrender," said the wild Colonial boy.

He fired at Trooper Kelly, and brought him to the ground,
And in return from Davis received a mortal wound.
All shattered through the jaws he lay still firing at FitzRoy,
And that's the way they captured him—the wild Colonial boy.

It will be noticed that the same chorus is sung to both
"The Wild Colonial Boy" and "Bold Jack Donahoo."
Several versions of both songs were sent in, but the same
chorus was always made to do duty for both songs.

Andrew Barton Paterson

**The Winds Message**

There came a whisper down the Bland between the dawn and dark,
Above the tossing of the pines, above the river's flow;
It stirred the boughs of giant gums and stalwart iron-bark;
It drifted where the wild ducks played amid the swamps below;
It brought a breath of mountain air from off the hills of pine,
A scent of eucalyptus trees in honey-laden bloom;
And drifting, drifting far away along the Southern line
It caught from leaf and grass and fern a subtle strange perfume.

It reached the toiling city folk, but few there were that heard--
The rattle of their busy life had choked the whisper down;
And some but caught a fresh-blown breeze with scent of pine that stirred
A thought of blue hills far away beyond the smoky town;
And others heard the whisper pass, but could not understand
The magic of the breeze's breath that set their hearts aglow,
Nor how the roving wind could bring across the Overland
A sound of voices silent now and songs of long ago.

But some that heard the whisper clear were filled with vague unrest;
The breeze had brought its message home, they could not fixed abide;
Their fancies wandered all the day towards the blue hills' breast,
Towards the sunny slopes that lie along the riverside,
The mighty rolling western plains are very fair to see,
Where waving to the passing breeze the silver myalls stand,
But fairer are the giant hills, all rugged though they be,
From which the two great rivers rise that run along the Bland.

Oh! rocky range and rugged spur and river running clear,
That swings around the sudden bends with swirl of snow-white foam,
Though we, your sons are far away, we sometimes seem to hear
The message that the breezes bring to call the wanderers home.
The mountain peaks are white with snow that feeds a thousand rills,
Along the rive banks the maize grows tall on virgin land,
And we shall live to see once more those sunny southern hills,
And strike once more the bridle track that leads along the Bland.

Andrew Barton Paterson

## The Wreck of the Golfer

It was the Bondi golfing man
Drove off from the golf house tee,
And he had taken his little daughter
To bear him company.
"Oh, Father, why do you swing the club
And flourish it such a lot?"
"You watch it fly o'er the fences high!"
And he tried with a brassey shot.

"Oh, Father, why did you hit the fence
Just there where the brambles twine?"
And the father he answered never a word,
But he got on the green in nine.

"Oh, Father, hark from behind those trees,
What dismal yells arrive!"
"'Tis a man I ween on the second green,
And I've landed him with my drive."

"Oh, Father, why does the poor Chinee
Fall down on his knees and cry?"
"He taketh me for his Excellency,
And he thinks once hit twice shy."

So on they fared to the waterhole,
And he drove with a lot of dash,
But his balls full soon in the dread lagoon
Fell down with a woeful splash.

"Oh, Father, why do you beat the sand
Till it flies like the carded wool?"
And the father he answered never a word,
For his heart was much too full.

"Oh, Father, why are they shouting 'fore'
And screaming so lustily?"
But the father he answered never a word,
A pallid corpse was he.

For a well-swung drive on the back of his head
Had landed and laid him low.
Lord save us all from a fate like this
When next to the links we go.

Andrew Barton Paterson

## There's Another Blessed Horse Fell Down

When you're lying in your hammock, sleeping soft and sleeping sound,
Without a care or trouble on your mind,
And there's nothing to disturb you but the engines going round,
And you're dreaming of the girl you left behind;
In the middle of your joys you'll be wakened by a noise
And a clatter on the deck above your crown,
And you'll head the corporal shout as he turns the picket out,
"There's another blessed horse fell down."
You can see 'em in the morning, when you're cleaning out the stall,
A-leaning on the railings nearly dead,
And you reckon by the evening they'll be pretty sure to fall;
And you curse them as you tumble into bed.
Oh, you'll hear it pretty soon, "Pass the word for Denny Moon,
There's a horse here throwing handsprings like a clown;"
And it's shove the others back, or he'll cripple half the pack;
"There's another blessed horse fell down."

And when the war is over and the fighting is all done,
And you're all at home with medals on your chest,
And you've learnt to sleep so soundly that the firing of a gun
At your bedside wouldn't rob you of your rest;
As you lay in slumber deep, if your wife walks in her sleep,
And tumbles down the stairs and breaks her crown,
Oh, it won't awaken you, for you'll say, "It's nothing new,
It's another blessed horse fell down."

Andrew Barton Paterson

## Those Names

The shearers sat in the firelight, hearty and hale and strong,
After the hard day's shearing, passing the joke along:
The 'ringer' that shore a hundred, as they never were shorn before,
And the novice who, toiling bravely, had tommy-hawked half a score,
The tarboy, the cook and the slushy, the sweeper that swept the board,
The picker-up, and the penner, with the rest of the shearing horde.
There were men from the inland stations where the skies like a furnace glow,
And men from Snowy River, the land of frozen snow;
There were swarthy Queensland drovers who reckoned all land by miles,
And farmers' sons from the Murray, where many a vineyard smiles.
They started at telling stories when they wearied of cards and games,
And to give these stories flavour they threw in some local names,
Then a man from the bleak Monaro, away on the tableland,
He fixed his eyes on the ceiling, and he started to play his hand.
He told them of Adjintoothbong, where the pine-clad mountains freeze,
And the weight of the snow in summer breaks branches off the trees,
And, as he warmed to the business, he let them have it strong --
Nimitybelle, Conargo, Wheeo, Bongongolong;
He lingered over them fondly, because they recalled to mind
A thought of the bush homestead, and the girl that he left behind.
Then the shearers all sat silent till a man in the corner rose;
Said he, 'I've travelled a-plenty but never heard names like those.
Out in the western districts, out in the Castlereigh
Most of the names are easy -- short for a man to say.
You've heard of Mungrybambone and the Gundabluey Pine,
Quobbotha, Girilambone, and Terramungamine,
Quambone, Eunonyhareenyha, Wee Waa, and Buntijo --'
But the rest of the shearers stopped him: 'For the sake of your jaw, go slow,
If you reckon thase names are short ones out where such names prevail,
Just try and remember some long ones before you begin the tale.'
And the man from the western district, though never a word he siad,
Just winked with his dexter eyelid, and then he retired to bed.

Andrew Barton Paterson

**Tom Collins**

Who never drinks and never bets,
But loves his wife and pays his debts
And feels content with what he gets?
Tom Collins.

Who has the utmost confidence
That all the banks now in suspense
Will meet their paper three years hence?
Tom Collins.

Who reads the Herald leaders through,
And takes the Evening News for true,
And thought the Echo's jokes were new?
Tom Collins.

Who is the patriot renowned
So very opportunely found
To fork up Dibbs's thousand pound?
Tom Collins.

Andrew Barton Paterson

**Tommy Corrigan**

You talk of riders on the flat, of nerve and pluck and pace --
Not one in fifty has the nerve to ride a steeplechase.
It's right enough, while horses pull and take their faces strong,
To rush a flier to the front and bring the field along;
Bur what about the last half-mile, with horses blown and beat --
When every jump means all you know to keep him on his feet.
When any slip means sudden death -- with wife and child to keep --
It needs some nerve to draw the whip and flog him at the leap --
But Corrigan would ride them out, by danger undismayed,
He never flinched at fence or wall, he never was afraid;
With easy seat and nerve of steel, light hand and smiling face,
He held the rushing horses back, and made the sluggards race.

He gave the shirkers extra heart, he steadied down the rash,
He rode great clumsy boring brutes, and chanced a fatal smash;
He got the rushing Wymlet home that never jumped at all --
But clambered over every fence and clouted every wall.
You should have heard the cheers, my boys, that shook the members' stand
Whenever Tommy Corrigan weighed out to ride Lone Hand.

They were, indeed, a glorious pair -- the great upstanding horse,
The gamest jockey on his back that ever faced a course.
Though weight was big and pace was hot and fences stiff and tall,
"You follow Tommy Corrigan" was passed to one and all.
And every man on Ballarat raised all he could command
To put on Tommy Corrigan when riding old Lone Hand.

But now we'll keep his memory green while horsemen come and go;
We may not see his like again where silks and satins glow.
We'll drink to him in silence, boys -- he's followed down the track
Where many a good man went before, but never one came back.
Amd, let us hope, in that far land where the shades of brave men reign,
The gallant Tommy Corrigan will ride Lone Hand again.

Andrew Barton Paterson

## Two Aboriginal Songs

Korindabria, korindabria, bogarona, bogarona. Iwariniang iwaringdo, iwariniang, iwaringdo, iwariniang, iwaringdo, iwariniang, iwaringdo, iwaringime. Iwaringiang, iwaringdoo, ilanenienow, coombagongniengowe, ilanenienow, coombagongniengowe, ilanenienowe combagoniengowe, ilanenienimme.

Buddha-buddharo nianga, boomelana, bulleranga, crobinea, narnmala, yibbilwaadjo nianga, boomelana, a, boomelana, buddha-buddharo, nianga, boomelana, buddharo nianga, boomelana, bulleranga, crobinea, narnmala, yibbilwaadjo, nianga, croilanume, a, croilanga, yibbilwaadjo, nianga, croilanga, yibbilwaadjo, nianga croilanga, coondheranea, tabiabina, boorganmala, yibbilwaadjo, nianga, croilanoome.

Andrew Barton Paterson

## Typographical

The Editor wrote his political screed
In ink that was fainter and fainter;
He rose to the call of his country's need,
And in spiderish characters wrote with speed,
A column on "Cutting the Painter".
The "reader" sat in his high-backed chair,
For literals he was a hunter;
But he stared aghast at the column long
Of the editorial hot and strong,
For the comp. inspired by some sense of wrong
Had headed it "Gutting the Punter".

Andrew Barton Paterson

## Uncle Bill

My Uncle Bill! My Uncle Bill!
How doth my heart with anguish thrill!
For he, our chief, our Robin Hood,
Has gone to jail for stealing wood!
With tears and sobs my voice I raise
To celebrate my uncle's praise;
With all my strength, with all my skill,
I'll sing the song of Uncle Bill."
Convivial to the last degree,
An open-hearted sportsman he.
Did midnight howls our slumbers rob,
We said, "It's uncle 'on the job'."
When sounds of fight rang sharply out,
Then Bill was bound to be about,
The foremost figure in "the scrap",
A terror to the local "trap".
To drink, or fight, or maim, or kill,
Came all alike to Uncle Bill.
And when he faced the music's squeak
At Central Court before the beak,
How carefully we sought our fob
To pay his fine of forty bob!
Recall the happy days of yore
When Uncle Bill went forth to war!
When all the street with strife was filled
And both the traps got nearly killed.
When the lone cabman on the stand
was "stoushed" by Bill's unaided hand,
And William mounted, filled with rum,
And drove the cab to kingdom come.
Remember, too, that famous fray
When the "Black-reds", who hold their sway
O'er Surry Hills and Shepherd's Bush,
Descended on the "Liver Push".
Who cheered both parties long and loud?
Who heaved blue metal at the crowd!
And sooled his bulldog, Fighting Bet,
To bite, haphazard, all she met?
And when the mob were lodged in gaol
Who telegraphed to me for bail?
And -- here I think he showed his sense --
Who calmly turned Queen's evidence?"

Enough! I now must end my song,
My needless anguish, why prolong?
From what I've said, you'll own, I'm sure,
That Uncle Bill was pretty "pure",
So, rowdies all, your glasses fill,
And -- drink it standing -- "Uncle Bill"."

Andrew Barton Paterson

**Under the Shadow of Kiley's Hill**

This is the place where they all were bred;
Some of the rafters are standing still;
Now they are scattered and lost and dead,
Every one from the old nest fled,
Out of the shadow of Kiley's Hill.

Better it is that they ne'er came back --
Changes and chances are quickly rung;
Now the old homestead is gone to rack,
Green is the grass on the well-worn track
Down by the gate where the roses clung.

Gone is the garden they kept with care;
Left to decay at its own sweet will,
Fruit trees and flower-beds eaten bare,
Cattle and sheep where the roses were,
Under the shadow of Kiley's Hill.

Where are the children that strove and grew
In the old homestead in days gone by?
One is away on the far Barcoo
Watching his cattle the long year through,
Watching them starve in the droughts and die.

One, in the town where all cares are rife,
Weary with troubles that cramp and kill,
Fain would be done with the restless strife,
Fain would go back to the old bush life,
Back to the shadow of Kiley's Hill.

One is away on the roving quest,
Seeking his share of the golden spoil;
Out in the wastes of the trackless west,
Wandering ever he gives the best
Of his years and strength to the hopeless toil.

What of the parents? That unkempt mound
Shows where they slumber united still;
Rough is their grave, but they sleep as sound
Out on the range as in holy ground,
Under the shadow of Kiley's Hill.

Andrew Barton Paterson

**Wallabi Joe**

The saddle was hung on the stockyard rail,
And the poor old horse stood whisking his tail,
For there never was seen such a regular screw
As Wallabi Joe, of Bunnagaroo;
Whilst the shearers all said, as they say, of course,
That Wallabi Joe's a fine lump of a horse;
But the stockmen said, as they laughed aside,
He'd barely do for a Sunday's ride.

O—oh! poor Wallabi Joe.
"I'm weary of galloping now," he cried,
"I wish I were killed for my hide, my hide;
For my eyes are dim, and my back is sore,
And I feel that my legs won't stand much more."

Now stockman Bill, who took care of his nag,
Put under the saddle a soojee bag,
And off he rode with a whip in his hand
To look for a mob of the R.J. brand.

Now stockman Bill camped out that night,
And he hobbled his horse in a sheltered bight;
Next day of old Joe he found not a track,
So he had to trudge home with his swag on his back.
He searched up and down every gully he knew,
But he found not a hair of his poor old screw,
And the stockmen all said as they laughed at his woe,
"Would you sell us the chance of old Wallabi Joe."

Now as years sped by, and as Bill grew old,
It came into his head to go poking for gold;
So away he went with a spade in his fist,
To hunt for a nugget among the schist.
One day as a gully he chanced to cross,
He came on the bones of his poor old horse;
The hobbles being jammed in a root below
Had occasioned the death of poor Wallabi Joe.

Andrew Barton Paterson

**Waltzing Matilda**

OH! there once was a swagman camped in the Billabong,
Under the shade of a Coolabah tree;
And he sang as he looked at his old billy boiling,
"Who'll come a-waltzing Matilda with me."

Who'll come a-waltzing Matilda, my darling,
Who'll come a-waltzing Matilda with me?
Waltzing Matilda and leading a water-bag—
Who'll come a-waltzing Matilda with me?
Down came a jumbuck to drink at the water-hole,
Up jumped the swagman and grabbed him in glee;
And he sang as he put him away in his tucker-bag,
"You'll come a-waltzing Matilda with me!"

Down came the Squatter a-riding his thorough-bred;
Down came Policemen—one, two, and three.
"Whose is the jumbuck you've got in the tucker-bag?
You'll come a-waltzing Matilda with me."

But the swagman, he up and he jumped in the water-hole,
Drowning himself by the Coolabah tree;
And his ghost may be heard as it sings in the Billabong,
"Who'll come a-waltzing Matilda with me?"

Andrew Barton 'Banjo' Paterson

Andrew Barton Paterson

## Weary Will

WEARY WILL by A.B. "Banjo" Paterson

The strongest creature for his size
But least equipped for combat
That dwells beneath Australian skies
Is Weary Will the Wombat.

He digs his homestead underground,
He's neither shrewd nor clever;
For kangaroos can leap and bound
But wombats dig forever.

The boundary rider's netting fence
Excites his irritation;
It is to his untutored sense
His pet abomination.

And when to pass it he desires,
Upon his task he'll centre
And dig a hole beneath the wires
Through which the dingoes enter.

And when to block the hole they strain
With logs and stones and rubble,
Bill Wombat digs it out again
Without the slightest trouble.

The boundary rider bows to fate,
Admits he's made a blunder
And rigs a little swinging gate
To let Bill Wombat under.

So most contentedly he goes
Between his haunt and burrow:
He does the only thing he knows,
And does it very thorough.

Andrew Barton Paterson

**'We're All Australians Now'**

Australia takes her pen in hand
To write a line to you,
To let you fellows understand
How proud we are of you.

From shearing shed and cattle run,
From Broome to Hobson's Bay,
Each native-born Australian son
Stands straighter up today.

The man who used to 'hump his drum',
On far-out Queensland runs
Is fighting side by side with some
Tasmanian farmer's sons.

The fisher-boys dropped sail and oar
To grimly stand the test,
Along that storm-swept Turkish shore,
With miners from the west.

The old state jealousies of yore
Are dead as Pharaoh's sow,
We're not State children any more,
We're all Australians now!

Our six-starred flag that used to fly
Half-shyly to the breeze,
Unknown where older nations ply
Their trade on foreign seas,

Flies out to meet the morning blue
With Vict'ry at the prow;
For that's the flag the Sydney flew,
The wide seas know it now!

The mettle that a race can show
Is proved with shot and steel,
And now we know what nations know
And feel what nations feel.

The honoured graves beneath the crest
Of Gaba Tepe hill
May hold our bravest and our best,
But we have brave men still.

With all our petty quarrels done,
Dissensions overthrown,
We have, through what you boys have done,
A history of our own.

Our old world diff'rences are dead,
Like weeds beneath the plough,

For English, Scotch, and Irish-bred,
They're all Australians now!

So now we'll toast the Third Brigade
That led Australia's van,
For never shall their glory fade
In minds Australian.

Fight on, fight on, unflinchingly,
Till right and justice reign.
Fight on, fight on, till Victory
Shall send you home again.

And with Australia's flag shall fly
A spray of wattle-bough
To symbolise our unity,
We're all Australians now.

Andrew Barton Paterson

**What Have the Cavalry Done?**

What have the cavalry done?
Cantered and trotted about,
Routin' the enemy out,
Causin' the beggars to run!
And we tramped along in the blazin' heat,
Over the veldt on our weary feet.
Tramp, tramp, tramp
Under the blazin' sun,
With never the sight of a bloomin' Boer,
'Cause they'd hunted 'em long before --
That's what the cavalry done!
What have the gunners done
Battlin' every day,
Battlin' any way.
Boers outranged 'em, but what cared they?
"Shoot and be damned," said the R.H.A.!
See! when the fight grows hot,
Under the rifles or not,
Always the order runs,
"Fetch up the bloomin' guns!"

And you'd see them great gun horses spring
To the "action front" -- and around they'd swing.
Find the range with some queer machine
"At four thousand with fuse fourteen.
Ready! Fire number one!"
Handled the battery neat and quick!
Stick to it, too! How did they stick!
Never a gunner was seen to run!
Never a gunner would leave his gun!
Not though his mates dropped all around!
Always a gunner would stand his ground.
Take the army -- the infantry,
Mounted rifles, and cavalry,
Twice the numbers I'd give away,
And I'd fight the lot with the R.H.A.,
For they showed us how a corps should be run,
That's what the gunners done!

Andrew Barton Paterson

**When Dacey rode the Mule**

'TWAS to a small, up-country town,
  When we were boys at school,
There came a circus with a clown,
  Likewise a bucking mule.
The clown announced a scheme they had
  Spectators for to bring—
They'd give a crown to any lad
  Who'd ride him round the ring.

And, gentle reader, do not scoff
  Nor think a man a fool—
To buck a porous-plaster off
  Was pastime to that mule.
The boys got on he bucked like sin;
  He threw them in the dirt.
What time the clown would raise a grin
  By asking, "Are you hurt?"
But Johnny Dacey came one night,
  The crack of all the school;
Said he, "I'll win the crown all right;
  Bring in your bucking mule."

The elephant went off his trunk,
  The monkey played the fool,
And all the band got blazing drunk
  When Dacey rode the mule.
But soon there rose a galling shout
  Of laughter, for the clown
From somewhere in his pants drew out
  A little paper crown.
He placed the crown on Dacey's head
  While Dacey looked a fool;
"Now, there's your crown, my lad," he said,
  "For riding of the mule!"

The band struck up with "Killaloe",
  And "Rule Britannia, Rule",
And "Young Man from the Country", too,
  When Dacey rode the mule.

Then Dacey, in a furious rage,
  For vengeance on the show
Ascended to the monkeys' cage
  And let the monkeys go;
The blue-tailed ape and the chimpanzee
  He turned abroad to roam;
Good faith! It was a sight to see
  The people step for home.

For big baboons with canine snout

Are spiteful, as a rule—
The people didn’t sit it out,
When Dacey rode the mule.
And from the beasts he let escape,
The bushmen all declare,
Were born some creatures partly ape
And partly native-bear.
They’re rather few and far between,
The race is nearly spent;
But some of them may still be seen
In Sydney Parliament.

And when those legislators fight,
And drink, and act the fool,
Just blame it on that torrid night
When Dacey rode the mule.

A.B. (Banjo) Pasterson

Andrew Barton Paterson

**White Cockatoos**

Now the autumn maize is growing,
Now the corn-cob fills,
Where the Little River flowing
Winds among the hills.
Over mountain peaks outlying
Clear against the blue
Comes a scout in silence flying,
One white cockatoo.
Back he goes to where the meeting
Waits among the trees.
Says, "The corn is fit for eating;
Hurry, if you please."
Skirmishers, their line extendiing,
Shout the joyful news;
Down they drop like snow descending,
Clouds of cockatoos.

At their husking competition
Hear them screech and yell.
On a gum tree's high position
Sits a sentinel.
Soon the boss goes boundary riding;
But the wise old bird,
Mute among the branches hiding,
Never says a word.

Then you hear the strident squalling:
"Here's the boss's son,
Through the garden bushes crawling,
Crawling with a gun.
May the shiny cactus bristles
Fill his soul with woe;
May his knees get full of thistles.
Brothers, let us go."

Old Black Harry sees them going,
Sketches Nature's plan:
"That one cocky too much knowing,
All same Chinaman.
One eye shut and one eye winkin' --
Never shut the two;
Chinaman go dead, me thinkin',
Jump up cockatoo."

Andrew Barton Paterson

**Who is Kator Anyhow?**

Why, oh why was Kater lifted
From the darkness, where he drifted
All unknown, and raised to honour,
Side by side with Dick O'connor,
In the Council, free from row?
Who is Kater, anyhow?
Did he lend our armies rally,
Like the recent Billy Dalley?
Did he lend a Premier money,
Like -- (No libels here, my sonny. -- Ed. B.)
Was he, like John Davies, found
Very useful underground?

Not at all! his claim to glory
Rests on quite another story.
All obscure he might have tarried,
But he managed to get married --
And (to cut the matter shorter)
Married William Forster's daughter.

So, when Henry Edward Kater
Goes to answer his creator,
Will the angel at the wicket
Say, on reading Kater's ticket --
"Enter! for you're no impostor,
Son-in-law of Billy Forster!"

Andrew Barton Paterson

**Why the Jackass Laughs**

The Boastful Crow and the Laughing Jack
Were telling tales of the outer back:
"I've just been travelling far and wide,
At the back of Bourke and the Queensland side;
There isn't a bird in the bush can go
As far as me," said the old black crow.
"There isn't a bird in the bush can fly
A course as straight or a course as high.
Higher than human eyesight goes.

There's sometimes clouds -- but there's always crows,
Drifting along for a scent of blood
Or a smell of smoke or a sign of flood.
For never a bird or a beast has been
With a sight as strong or a scent as keen.
At fires and floods I'm the first about,
For then the lizards and mice run out:
And I make my swoop -- and that's all they know --
I'm a whale on mice," said the Boastful Crow.

The Bee-birds over the homestead flew
And told each other the long day through
"The cold has come, we must take the track."
"Now, I'll make you a bet," said the Laughing Jack,
"Of a hundred mice, that you dare not go
With the little Bee-birds, by Boastful Crow."

Said the Boastful Crow, "I could take my ease
And fly with little green birds like these.
If they went flat out and they did their best
I could have a smoke and could take a rest."
And he asked of the Bee-birds circling round:
"Now, where do you spike-tails think you're bound?"
"We leave tonight, and out present plan
is to go straight on till we reach Japan.

"Every year, on the self-same day,
We call our children and start away,
Twittering, travelling day and night,
Over the ocean we take our flight;
And we rest a day on some lonely isles
Or we beg a ride for a hundred miles
On a steamer's deck,* and away we go:
We hope you'll come with us, Mister Crow."

But the old black crow was extremely sad.
Said he: "I reckon you're raving mad
To talk of travelling night and day,
And how in the world do you find your way?"
And the Bee-birds answered him, "If you please,
That's one of our own great mysteries".

Now these things chanced in the long ago
And explain the fact, which no doubt you know,
That every jackass high and low
Will always laugh when he sees a crow.

Andrew Barton Paterson

**Wisdom of Hafiz: the Philosopher Takes to Racing**

My son, if you go to the races to battle with Ikey and Mo,
Remember, it's seldom the pigeon can pick out the eye of the crow;
Remember, they live by the business; remember, my son, and go slow.
If ever an owner should tell you, "Back mine" -- don't you be such a flat.
He knows his own cunning no doubt -- does he know what the others are at?
Find out what he's frightened of most, and invest a few dollars on that.

Walk not in the track of the trainer, nor hang round the rails at his stall.
His wisdom belongs to his patron -- shall he give it to one and to all?
When the stable is served he may tell you -- and his words are like jewels let fall.

Run wide of the tipster, who whispers that Borak is sure to be first,
He tells the next mug that he meets with a tale with the placings reversed;
And, remember, of judges of racing, the jockey's the absolute worst.

When they lay three to one on the field, and the runners are twenty-and-two,
Take a pull at yourself; take a pull -- it's a mighty big field to get through.
Is the club handicapper a fool? If a fool is about, p'raps it's you!

Beware of the critic who tells you the handicap's absolute rot,
For this is chucked in, and that's hopeless, and somebody ought to be shot.
How is it he can't make a fortune himself when he knows such a lot?

From tipsters, and jockeys, and trials, and gallops, the glory has gone,
For this is the wisdom of Hafiz that sages have pondered upon,
"The very best tip in the world is to see the commission go on!"

Andrew Barton Paterson

## With French to Kimberley

The Boers were down on Kimberley with siege and Maxim gun;
The Boers were down on Kimberley, their numbers ten to one!
Faint were the hopes the British had to make the struggle good --
Defenceless in an open plain the Diamond City stood.
They built them forts with bags of sand, they fought from roof and wall,
They flashed a message to the south, "Help! or the town must fall!"
Then down our ranks the order ran to march at dawn of day,
And French was off to Kimberley to drive the Boers away.
He made no march along the line; he made no front attack
Upon those Magersfontein heights that held the Seaforths back;
But eastward over pathless plains, by open veldt and vley.
Across the front of Cronje's force his troopers held their way.
The springbuck, feeding on the flats where Modder River runs,
Were startled by his horses' hoofs, the rumble of his guns.
The Dutchman's spies that watched his march from every rocky wall
Rode back in haste: "He marches East! He threatens Jacobsdal!"
Then north he wheeled as wheels a hawk, and showed to their dismay
That French was off to Kimberley to drive the Boers away.

His column was five thousand strong -- all mounted men -- and guns:
There met, beneath the world-wide flag, the world-wide Empire's sons;
They came to prove to all the earth that kinship conquers space,
And those who fight the British Isles must fight the British race!
From far New Zealand's flax and fern, from cold Canadian snows,
From Queensland plains, where hot as fire the summer sunshine glows --
And in front the Lancers rode that New South Wales had sent:
With easy stride across the plain their long, lean Walers went.
Unknown, untried, those squadrons were, but proudly out they drew
Beside the English regiments that fought at Waterloo.
From every coast, from every clime, they met in proud array
To go with French to Kimberley to drive the Boers away.

He crossed the Reit and fought his way towards the Modder bank.
The foemen closed behind his march, and hung upon the flank.
The long, dry grass was all ablaze (and fierce the veldt fire runs);
He fought them through a wall of flame that blazed around the guns!
Then limbered up and drove at speed, though horses fell and died;
We might not halt for man nor beast on that wild, daring ride.
Black with the smoke and parched with thirst, we pressed the livelong day
Our headlong march to Kimberley to drive the Boers away.

We reached the drift at fall of night, and camped across the ford.
Next day from all the hills around the Dutchman's cannon roared.
A narrow pass ran through the hills, with guns on either side;
The boldest man might well turn pale before that pass he tried,
For, if the first attack should fail, then every hope was gone:
Bur French looked once, and only once, and then he siad, "Push on!"
The gunners plied their guns amain; the hail of shrapnel flew;
With rifle fire and lancer charge their squadrons back we threw;
And through the pass between the hills we swept in furious fray,
And French was through to Kimberley to drive the Boers away.

Ay, French was through to Kimberley! And ere the day was done
We saw the Diamond City stand, lit by the evening sun:
Above the town the heliograph hung like an eye of flame:
Around the town the foemen camped -- they knew not that we came;
But soon they saw us, rank on rank; they heard our squadrons' tread;
In panic fear they left their tents, in hopeless rout they fled --
And French rode into Kimberley; the people cheered amain,
The women came with tear-stained eyes to touch his bridle rein,
The starving children lined the streets to raise a feeble cheer,
The bells rang out a joyous peal to say "Relief is here!"
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Andrew Barton Paterson

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Andrew Barton Paterson

**With the Cattle**

The drought is down on field and flock,
The river-bed is dry;
And we must shift the starving stock
Before the cattle die.
We muster up with weary hearts
At breaking of the day,
And turn our heads to foreign parts,
To take the stock away.
And it's hunt 'em up and dog 'em,
And it's get the whip and flog 'em,
For it's weary work, is droving, when they're dying every day;
By stock routes bare and eaten,
On dusty roads and beaten,
With half a chance to save their lives we take the stock away.

We cannot use the whip for shame
On beasts that crawl along;
We have to drop the weak and lame,
And try to save the strong;
The wrath of God is on the track,
The drought fiend holds his sway;
With blows and cries the stockwhip crack
We take the stock away.
As they fall we leave them lying,
With the crows to watch them dying,
Grim sextons of the Overland that fasten on their prey;
By the fiery dust-storm drifting,
And the mocking mirage shifting,
In heat and drought and hopeless pain we take the stock away.

In dull despair the days go by
With never hope of change,
But every stage we feel more nigh
The distant mountain range;
And some may live to climb the pass,
And reach the great plateau,
And revel in the mountain grass
By streamlets fed with snow.
As the mountain wind is blowing
It starts the cattle lowing
And calling to each other down the dusty long array;
And there speaks a grizzled drover:
"Well, thank God, the worst is over,
The creatures smell the mountain grass that's twenty miles away."

They press towards the mountain grass,
They look with eager eyes
Along the rugged stony pass
That slopes towards the skies;
Their feet may bleed from rocks and stones,

But, though the blood-drop starts,
They struggle on with stifled groans,
For hope is in their hearts.
And the cattle that are leading,
Though their feet are worn and bleeding,
Are breaking to a kind of run – pull up, and let them go!
For the mountain wind is blowing,
And the mountain grass is growing,
They'll settle down by running streams ice-cold with melted snow.

The days are gone of heat and drought
Upon the stricken plain;
The wind has shifted right about,
And brought the welcome rain;
The river runs with sullen roar,
All flecked with yellow foam,
And we must take the road once more
To bring the cattle home.
And it's "Lads! We'll raise a chorus,
There's a pleasant trip before us."
And the horses bound beneath us as we start them down the track;
And the drovers canter, singing,
Through the sweet green grasses springing
Towards the far-off mountain-land, to bring the cattle back.

Are these the beasts we brought away
That move so lively now?
They scatter off like flying spray
Across the mountain's brow;
And dashing down the rugged range
We hear the stockwhips crack –
Good faith, it is a welcome change
To bring such cattle back.
And it's "Steady down the lead there!"
And it's "Let 'em stop and feed there!"
For they're wild as mountain eagles, and their sides are all afoam;
But they're settling down already,
And they'll travel nice and steady;
With cheery call and jest and song we fetch the cattle home.

We have to watch them close at night
For fear they'll make a rush,
And break away in headlong flight
Across the open bush;
And by the camp-fire's cheery blaze,
With mellow voice and strong,
We hear the lonely watchman raise the Overlander's song:
"Oh, it's when we're done with roving,
With the camping and the droving,
It's homeward down the Bland we'll go, and never more we'll roam";

While the stars shine out above us,
Like the eyes of those who love us –
The eyes of those who watch and wait to greet the cattle home.

The plains are all awave with grass,
The skies are deepest blue;
And leisurely the cattle pass
And feed the long day through;
But when we sight the station gate
We make the stockwhips crack,
A welcome sound to those who wait
To greet the cattle back:
And through the twilight falling
We hear their voices calling,
As the cattle splash across the ford and churn it into foam;
And the children run to meet us,
And our wives and sweethearts greet us,
Their heroes from the Overland who brought the cattle home.

Andrew Barton Paterson