

Augathella Station

Brisbane Ladies

The original words were by Saul Mendelsohn, from *Nanago* (see *The Drover*). This version was collected by A L Lloyd about 1930.

Fare - - well and a - - dieu to you, sweet Bris - bane la ___ dies.

Fare - - well and a - - dieu to you maids of Too - - wong.

For we've sold all our catt - le and have ___ to be mov ___ ing

But we hope we shall see ___ you a - - gain be - fore long.

Chorus

We'll rant and we'll roar like true Queensland drovers
 We'll rant and we'll roar as onward we push
 Until we return to the Augathella station
 For, it's flaming dry going through the old Queensland bush.

The first camp we make, we shall call it the Quart Pot,
 Calbooture, then Kilcoy, and Collington's Hut,
 We'll pull up at the stone house, Bob Williamson's paddock,
 And early next morning we'll cross the Blackbutt.

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

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

The girls of Toomancey they look so entrancing
 Those young bawling heifers are out for their fun
 With the waltz and the polka and all kinds of dancing
 To the rackety old banjo of Bob Anderson.

Then fill up your glasses, and drink to the lasses,
 We'll drink this town dry, then farewell to all
 And when we get back to the Augathella Station,
 Why don't you come by there and pay us a call.