

# Billygoat Overland

*This song fits in the category of yarns that exaggerate but on the surface seem to be fair dinkum. The words are attributed to 'Banjo' Paterson and set to the well-known tune 'The Lincolnshire Poacher'.*

1 Come all ye lads of the drov - ing days, ye gen - tle - men un - a - fraid;

2 I'll tell you of the strang - est trip that ev - er a drov - er made.

4 For we rolled our swags and packed our bags, and tak - ing our lives in hand,

6 Oh, we start - ed a - way with a thous - and goats on the Bil - ly - goat Ov - er - land.

8 **Echo** Oh, we start - ed a - way with a thous - and goats on the Bil - ly - goat Ov - er - land.)

There wasn't a fence that'd hold the mob, to keep 'em from their desires;  
They skipped along the top of the posts and cakewalked on the wires;  
And whenever the lanes were bare of grass and the paddocks were nice and green,  
Oh, 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!  
The horses ran for the lick of their lives from scent that was like a wall!  
And never a dog had pluck enough in front of the mob to stand,  
And face the charge of a thousand goats on the Billygoat Overland.

We found we were hundreds over strength when we started to count the mob;  
And they put us in jail for a crowd of thieves that travelled to steal and rob.  
For every goat between here and Bourke that scented our spicy band  
Had left his home and his friends to join the Billygoat Overland.