

The Dying Stockman

Written in 1892 by Horace Flower at Gatton in Qld. It became very widely known around the country.
The better known version to 'Tarpaulin Jacket' is given here

A — strap-ping young stock-man lay dy-ing, A sad-dle sup - port-ing his head;
8 And his mates all a - round him were cry-ing As he leant on his el-bow and said:

Chorus:

Wrap me up in my stockwhip and blanket
And bury me deep down below,
Where the dingoes and crows will not find me,
In the shade where the coolibahs grow.

Cut down a couple of saplings,
Place one at my head and my toe;
Carve on them a stockwhip and saddle
To show there's a stockman below.

There's some tea in that battered old billy,
Place the pannikins all in a row,
And we'll drink to the next merry meeting,
In the place where all good stockmen go.

I hear the wail of a dingo,
In the gloom of the scrubs down below,
And he rings the knell of a stockman,
Farewell, dear old pals, I must go.

If I had the wings of a pigeon,
Far over the plains I would fly;
I'd fly to the arms of my loved ones,
And there I would lay down and die.