

When Stock Go By

The Song of a Drover's Wife

Words by Harry 'The Breaker' Morant. Music by Graham Jenkin. Morant was a contemporary of Lawson and Paterson and contributed verse the the 'bushman's bible' as 'The Bulletin' was known. It was very much for the worker and far from today's conservative version.

Ah me! how clear - - ly they come back,
 Those gold - - en days of long a - - - go
 When down the drought - - y Bo - - gan track
 Tom came with stock from I - - van - - - hoe.

Tom rode a bonny dark bay nag;
 He wore a battered cabbage-tree;
 And as I filled our water-bag
 He came and asked a drink from me.

Tom said that drink was just like wine;
 He said my eyes were soft and brown;
 He said there were no eyes like mine
 From Dandaloo to Sydney town.

I watched him with a trembling lip,
 Yet little thought I then that he
 Who asked a drink from me that trip
 Would next trip ask my Dad for me.

Tom's droving days are long since done;
 The wet tear oft has dimmed my eye;
 But days when I was wooed and won
 Come back to me . . . when stock go by!