

Songs

The Song of The City Stockman

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The days of our drov-ing are o-ver, And brand-ing and must-er-ing, too.
We've thrown up the life of the rov-er 'Twixt the Gulf and the parch-ing Bar-coo;
We've quit-ted the graft on the sta-tion, And sacked the old black bil-ly can
To work in a town sit-u-a-tion For a bi_o-o-graph pic-ture man.

We are still handling horses and cattle,
It is true, in the old western way.
But, Lord, what a different battle,
For very near six times the pay!
For we yard in the heart of the city,
Near pubs and the choicest of scran;
Old "milkers" we can't help but pity,
For a biograph picture man.

No more through the Mulga and Gidgee,
We gallop the leaders to check
No more 'cross the plains, and the ridgy
Hill country we're risking our neck!
We're actors, in white shirts and collar,
And shiny top boots, spick and span,
And we crack our stock whips, and holler
For a biograph picture man.

No night watches now, and no soaking
When the skin drenching rain starts to fall
And you shiver and list' to the croaking
Of frogs, and the curlews' shrill call.
We're swells now, and city street rovers,
And camp with the white-handed clan
We're high-class Centennial Park drovers
For a biograph picture man.

Songs

We have done with the breaking of fillies
And colts, near related to Nick,
On the stations outback, where the will is
Oft stronger than power to stick!
In front of the camera's "blinkers,"
In a pub-yard the size of a pan,
We are breakng-in horses with winkers!
For a biograph picture man.

It's a life full of ease and of leisure,
And liquor, and blue eyes and brown,
Yet at times we get weary of pleasure
And the hustle and bustle of town;
And we sit down and pine like a tracker
For the bush and the black billy can,
And wish we had done with the yakker
For the biograph picture man.