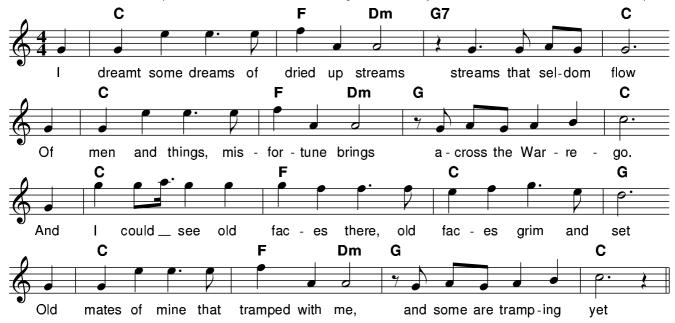# Across the Warrego

Original words by Jim Grahame; arrangement and tune by Martyn Wyndham–Read.
Jim Grahame was the pen name of Jim Gordon, a life–long friend of Henry Lawson, who considered him the better poet.

I dreamt some dreams of dried up streams streams that sel-dom flow
Of men and things, mis - for - tune brings a - cross the War - re - go.
And I could __ see old fac - es there, old fac - es grim and set
Old mates of mine that tramped with me, and some are tramp-ing yet

And in my sleep, I saw the sheep, heard them bleating low
The ringing flocks, the stringing flocks, that crossed the Warrego
The young and strong were in the lead, the old and weak behind
With lagging feet and dragging feet, some of them were blind

And in my dreams, I saw the teams, teams I used to know
The long, long teams – the strong, strong teams that crossed the Warrego
And lurching wool bales strained the ropes that lashed them fore and aft
And every ounce of horse flesh pulled – from leader to the shaft

I dreamt of nights by campfire light – the flicker and the glow
The big white moon, the black gin's croon beyond the Warrego
And I could hear the bullock bells ringing o'er the plain
And thirsty kangaroos loped in and bounded out again

And in the scrub, I saw a pub – name I do not know
And it was there to cash the cheques, that crossed the Warrego
A graveyard stood right out in front, two pepper trees were there
And goats were camping underneath, a skillion at the rear

And in the night, I woke in fright – my pulse was far from slow
I dreamt that I was on the tramp, beyond the Warrego
I dreamed a mirage danced ahead – drought plains at my back
And I was trudging, trudging on out across the track.