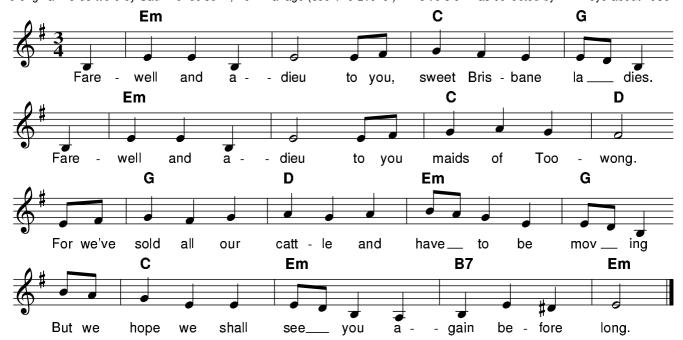
Augathella Station Brisbane Ladies

The original words were by Saul Mendelsohn, from Nanago (see The Drover). This version was collected by A L Lloyd about 1930.



Chorus

We'll rant and we'll roar like true Queensland drovers We'll rant and we'll roar as onward we push Until we return to the Augathella station For, it's flaming dry going through the old Queensland bush.

The first camp we make, we shall call it the Quart Pot, Calboolture, then Kilcoy, and Collington's Hut, We'll pull up at the stone house, Bob Williamson's paddock, And early next morning we'll cross the Blackbutt.

Then on to Taromeo and Yarraman Creek, lads, It's there we shall make our next camp for the day Where the water and grass are both plenty and sweet, lads, And maybe we'll butcher a fat little stray.

Then on to Nanango, that hard-bitten township Where the out-of-work station-hands sit in the dust, Where the shearers get shorn by old Tim, the contractor Oh, I wouldn't go by there, but I flaming well must!

The girls of Toomancey they look so entrancing Those young bawling heifers are out for their fun With the waltz and the polka and all kinds of dancing To the rackety old banjo of Bob Anderson.

Then fill up your glasses, and drink to the lasses, We'll drink this town dry, then farewell to all And when we get back to the Augathella Station, Why don't you come by there and pay us a call.