

The Banks of the Condamine

Collected by Vance Palmer novelist, dramatist, essayist and critic, with this arrangement by British/Australian folkie, Denis Tracey.

Oh, — hark, the dogs are bark-ing, love, and it is near - ly day.

The men have all gone must-er - ing And I can no long - er stay,

And I must be off by morn - ing light be - fore the sun does shine,

To — meet the Rom - a shear - ers on the banks of the Con - da - mine.

Oh Willie, dearest Willie,
I'll go along with you,
I'll cut off all my auburn fringe
And be a shearer, too,
I'll cook and count your tally, love,
My ringer you will shine,
And I'll wash your greasy moleskins
On the banks of the Condamine.

Oh, Nancy, dearest Nancy,
With me you cannot go,
The squatters have given orders, love,
No woman shall do so;
Whilst on the Murrumbidgee
I'll think of you with pride
And my shears they will run smoothly
When I'm on the whipping side.

Oh Willie, dearest Willie,
Then stay at home with me,
We'll take up a selection
And a farmer's wife I'll be:
I'll help you husk the corn, love,
And cook your meals so fine
You'll forget the ram-stag mutton
On the banks of the Condamine.

Oh, Nancy, dearest Nancy,
Please do not hold me back,
Down there the boys are waiting,
And I must be on the track;
So here's a good-bye kiss, love,
Back homewards I'll incline
When we've shorn the last of the jumbucks
On the banks of the Condamine.