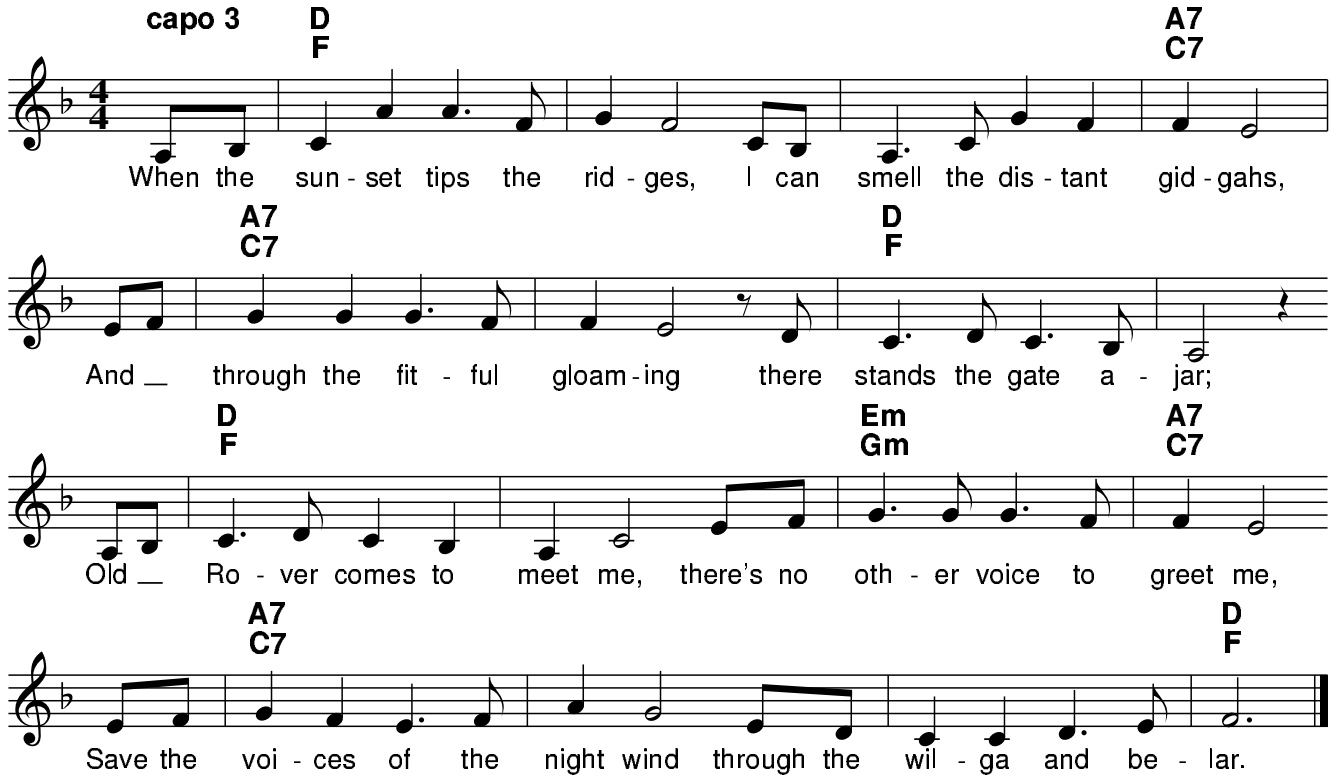
The Boundary Rider

Attributed to a mysterious A.A. in The Narromine News & Trangie Advocate 1900. Set to an original tune by Dave Johnson 2018



As the day is slowly dying, comes the endless sobbing, sighing,
And the branches of the she oaks are a–swaying in the breeze,
While the stars above are blinking as they laugh at red Sol sinking,
As he leaves us for his friends in other lands beyond the seas.

Now, again, the scene is shifting as the misty breeze is lifting,
And the moon is slyly peeping through the clouds of silver grey;
For the night is stealing o'er us, and the kookaburra's chorus
Is ringing through the ridges, as they sing their evening lay.

Now, some folks in the city may think of me with pity,
But my heart is filled with gladness you town chaps never knew,
For my horse and dog they love me, and the moon shines fair above me,
The wild bush is my sweetheart, she is ever fair and true.