

The Braidwood Coach

Words by Guy Eden published in his collected works 'Bush Ballads' (1906), tune by David Johnson 2005

Capo 2

The musical score is written in treble clef with a key signature of two sharps (F# and C#) and a 4/4 time signature. The lyrics are written below the notes. Chord changes are indicated by letters above the staff lines. The score consists of ten staves of music.

Staff 1: G A
Now all a-board, my son-nies, for the

Staff 2: Am Bm D7 E7 G A
time is slip-ping past, We've got to make ten miles be-fore the dawn,

Staff 3: G A
Our team's a spank - - in' good 'un, but they've

Staff 4: Am Bm G A Am Bm D7 E7
nev - er gone so fast As they must make the pace this bless-ed morn.

Staff 5: G A
Just let that buck - - le out a hole! that's

Staff 6: Am Bm D7 E7 G A
right-now mind your eye, Or Thun-der-clap will catch you on the shin!

Staff 7: G A
Are all the mail bags snug? Who - - a

Staff 8: Am Bm G A D7 E7 G A
Ding - o! Narr - a - bri! Now, gen-tle-men, if you please tum - ble in!

Staff 9: C D
Then woa, stead - - y woa! Now,

Staff 10: F G G7 A7 F G G7 A7
let the beaut-ies go. They know what they've to do be-fore the dawn - ing;

And the jour - ney ain't all clov - er, for the creek is runn - in' o - ver,

And we're bound to reach Mor - u - ya in the mor - - - nin'.

Just pass this rug across your knees and hitch it on the rail,
 You'll find the air, sir, pretty cold and chill,
 We can't pull up and light a fire when carryin' the mail,
 We've got to freeze and bear it sittin' still!
 Yes, dark it is, and some might find it difficult to steer,
 For where the corners come its hard to tell,
 But I've been drivin' here, sir, some where close on twenty year,
 And I'd follow this old bush track by the smell!
 Then woa, steady woa ! just hear the beauties go.
 All danger or fatigue they're simply scornin',
 And no matter what the weather—you can bet they'll pull together
 And will land us in Moruya in the mornin'!

I met a bound'ry rider just afore we started out
 Who told me that the creek is rising fast,
 I've crossed it flooded over, must be twenty times about,
 And always prayed each time would be the last
 The water rushes onward in a swirl of crested foam,
 Full three foot deep when taken at the flood,
 And landed in the middle—well—you somehow sigh for home
 When buried to the axles deep in mud !
 Then woa, steady woa! Just see the beauties go,
 They know that soon will come the golden dawnin',
 But if pluck and nerve can do it—you can bet they'll see us through it
 And will land us in Moruya in the mornin'!

Just look how old Red Rover, like a young unbroken colt,
 Lays down to it at whisper of his name,
 I tell you he's a good 'un—My Colonial, what a jolt !
 Oh no, sir, don't be sorry that you came!
 Hurrah! the dawn is breakin'! now the gum trees you can see
 Like spectres tall and grim on either hand—
 Let's reach the creek at daylight, and I then won't care a dee
 It's a terror in the dark you understand !
 Then woa, steady woa! Just see the darlin's go.
 Old Dingo cocks his ears by way of warnin'!
 Keep up your heart, my beauty, just for me and home and duty,
 And we're bound to reach Moruya in the mornin'!

We're getting very near, sir, and the creek will heave in sight,
 When once we round the tea tree now in view,
 Just close your eyes a moment, sir, and pray with all your might,
 That I may get the mail bags safely through—
 Lay down to it, me darlin's, for the sake of Auld Lang Syne,
 Don't fail me, beauties, now we've come so far,
 Another fifty yards we'll have the tea tree well in line ;
 Hang on, sir, round the corner—here we are !
 Then woa, steady woa ! Lord! how the waters flow,
 See how the white foam glistens in the dawnin',
 Lord knows if we shall do it—but I'm bound to rush 'em thro' it
 If we want to reach Moruya in the mornin'!

Are all you chaps inside awake ? That's right, well mind your eye,
The creek must be quite three foot deep or more,
You'd best get on the seat if you'd prefer to come thro' dry,
The water's bound to cover all the floor
Its neck or nothin' now, sir, for we can't afford to shrink,
The creek gets only bigger with delay,
Hold on, sir, like blue blazes! for we're comin' to the brink!
Now Thunderclap and Dingo show the way!
Now go, beauties, go! see how they breast the flow
And face the stream, all danger simply scornin';
Now Narrabri! Red Rover! one more pull! Hurrah, we're over !!
And now we'll reach Moruya in the mornin'.