

# Drifting Down the Darling

Words by W T Goode with a tune by Sydney musician John Poleson; Goode (1862–1909) was born in England and at the age of 20 he travelled to Sydney where he jumped ship and went on the wallaby. He had his work published in 'The Bulletin' and worked on several newspapers including 'The Tribune'. In 1899 he published a collection of his poems 'Hits! Skits! and Jingles!'

Verse

It was in the ear - ly eight - ies when a man could see some fun,  
In the eight - ies when the prat - ies stood at twent - y pounds a ton,  
And a work - ing man's re - sourc - es would - n't run to feed - ing hors - es,  
That we start - ed down the Darl - ing with Mc - Gin - dy!  
Now Mc - Gin - dy was a wond - er though we of - ten thought him daft,  
But he worked a - way like thund - er till he made a sort of raft,  
And a de - cent craft we thought her when we launched her on the wa - ter,  
And we drift - ed down the Darl - ing to Men - in - dee!

Chorus

Drift - ing down the Dar - ling on Mc - Gind - y's rick - et - y raft!  
When the snags were all be - fore us and the breeze was right a - baft.  
She was lump - y, rough and ug - ly and a crank - y kind of craft,

When we drift - ed down the Darl - ing to Men - in - - dee!

And McGindy'd been a sailor and of course he rigged the raft,  
 He'd been mate aboard a whaler and he understood the graft,  
 Well you should of heard the cheering and the borak and the jeering,  
 When we started down the Darling with McGindy!  
 It was awful work to steer her for she wouldn't come to port,  
 And whene'er a snag came near her you can bet the raft got caught;  
 But he laughter and the singing it was splendid it was ringing,  
 When we drifted down the Darling to Menindee;

Thompson came from Ena- Weena where the wool he'd had to class,  
 And he played the concertina which helped the time to pass.  
 Oh how I made them bristle when I played upon the whistle  
 When we started down the Darling with McGindy;  
 Old McGindy as a singer was the dandy of the west,  
 He was recognised the ringer and the absolutely best,  
 And he'd simply make you shiver if you'd heard him on the river,  
 When we drifted down the Darling to Menindee.