

# The Great Northern Line

Collected from Duke Tritton by John Meredith. It is a parody on the Knickerbocker Line, a song about a coach route in New York.

**Verse**

**Dm** **C**

My — love he is a team - ster, a hand - some man is he,

**C** **Dm**

Red shirt, white mole - skin trous - ers, and hat of cab - bage - tree;

**Dm** **C**

He drives a team of bul - locks, and wheth - er it's wet or fine

**Dm** **C** **Dm** **C** **Dm**

You will hear his whip a - crack - ing on the Great North - ern Line.

**Chorus**

**Dm** **C**

Watch him, pipe him, twig him how he goes,

**C** **Dm**

With his lit - tle team of bul - locks, he cuts no dirt - y shows;

**Dm** **C**

He's one of the flash young car - ri - ers that on the road do shine,

**Dm** **C** **Dm** **C** **Dm**

With his lit - tle team of bul - locks on the Great North - ern Line.

And when he swings the greenhide whip he raises skin and hair;  
His bullocks all have shrivelled horns, for, Lordy, can he swear!  
But I will always love him, this splendid man of mine,  
With his little team of bullocks on the Great Northern Line.

When he bogged at Mundowie and the bullocks took the yoke,  
They strained with bellies on the ground until the bar-chain broke.  
He fixed it up with wire and brought wool from Bundamine  
With his little team of bullocks on the Great Northern Line.

When he comes into Tamworth you will hear the ladies sigh,  
And parents guard their daughters, for he has a roving eye;  
But he signals with his bullock-whip as he comes through the pine,  
With his little team of bullocks on the Great Northern Line.