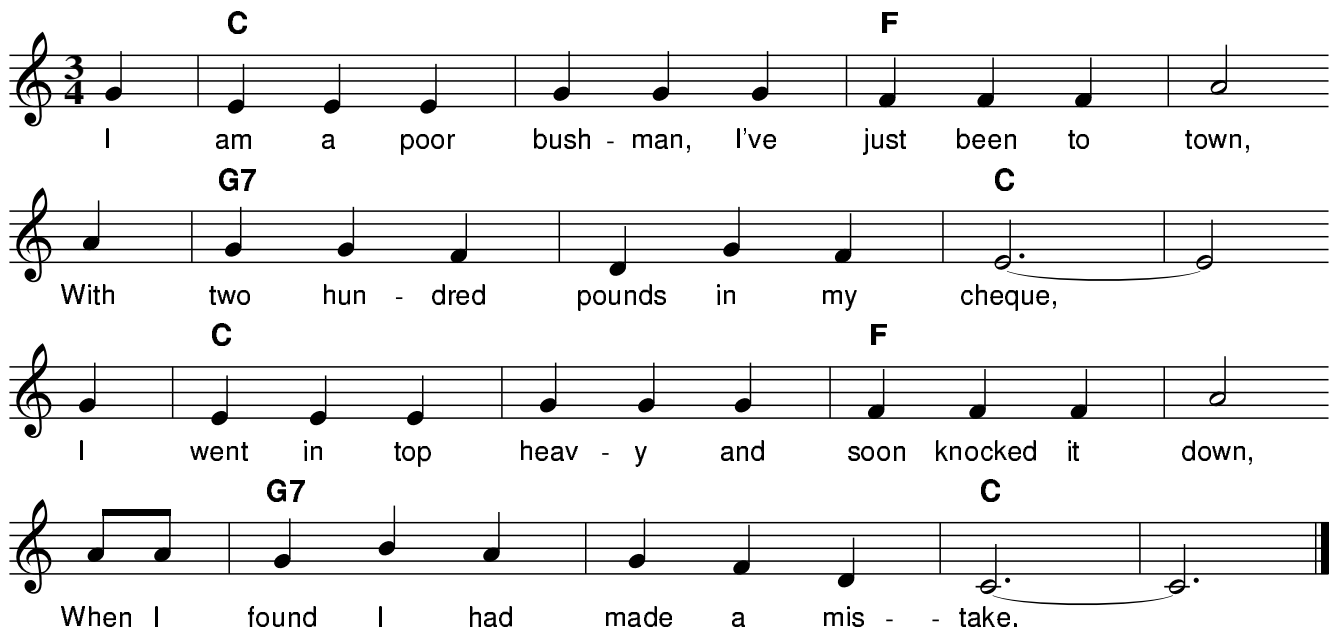


Humpin' Old Bluey

Short version collected from Ron Manton of Erskineville by John Meredith.
Extra verses from A Poor Bushman from "G.W." in The Queenslander 1894



C F

I am a poor bush - man, I've just been to town,

G7 C

With two hun - dred pounds in my cheque,

C F

I went in top heav - y and soon knocked it down,

G7 C

When I found I had made a mis - - take.

In less than one week my cash had run out,
I had not the price of a shout,
My horses all sold, they jumped over the bar,
And I got the dirty kick out.

Humping old bluey, it is a stale game,
And that I can plainly see;
You're battling with poverty, hunger, sharp thorn,
Things are just going middling with me.

Some shearing I found to my great surprise,
The price being five bob a score,
I threw down my swag, saying, 'Dash my old rags
I never will hump you no more.'

Now the shearing's all over, and I'm such a swell,
I'm riding a very fine hack;
If my friends were to see me, I'm not humping bluey,
I'm pushing a bit further back.

Humping your drum, that after rum,
Wasting your young life away;
You're battling with poverty, hunger, sharp thorn,
I'm through with these troubles, I say.