

The Overlander II

A composite version of words with the tune as collected and arranged by A L Lloyd. Overlanders drove mobs of cattle or sheep out to distant properties or back into the markets. A difficult life with long days in the saddle and then the night watch as well.

Verse

Am C Dm Em
There's a trade you all know well, it's bring-ing the cat - tle o - ver.

Am C Dm Em
Now list - en, while I tell to you how I be - came a drov - er.

C G C G
I want - ed stock for Queens-land to Kemp - sey I did wand - er

Am C Em Am
Bought a thous - and cat - tle there, and then turned o - ver - land - er.

Chorus

C G C G
Pass the bott - le round boys. Don't you leave it stand there,

Am C Em Am
For to - night we'll drink the health of ev - 'ry o - ver - land - er.

When the cattle were counted and the outfit ready to start,
I saw the boys all mounted with their swags thrown in the cart,
All kinds of men I had too from France and Spain and Flanders –
Lawyers, doctors, good and bad, in the mob of overlanders.

From the track I then spread out where the grass was green and young.
When a squatter with a curse and shout told me to move along.
I said, "Come draw it mild man, now don't you raise my dander
For I'm a regular knowin' card, a Queensland overlander."

It's true we pay no licence and our run is rather large;
It's not often they can catch us so they cannot make a charge.
They think we live on store beef, but I'm no flamin' gander
When a good fat stray comes our way "He'll do" says the overlander.

I would scorn to prig a shirt, as all my mates will say
But if we pass a township upon a washing day,
The dirty brats of kids would shout and quickly raise my dander
Crying, "Mother dear, take in the clothes. Here comes the overlander."

In town we dress ourselves up and we go and see a play.
We never think of being hard up, but how to spend our pay,
We steer up to the pretty girls that dress themselves in grandeur
And while they sweat our cheques, they swear they love the overlander.