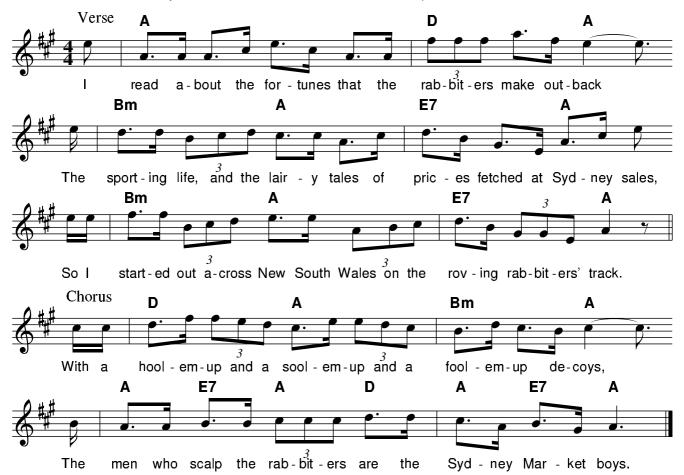
## The Rabbiter

Words and music by Bush Music Club member Stan Wakefield and published as a Bushwhacker Broadside in 1954.



A free and independent life,
A life of simple joys –
I camped beneath an old belar,
And me tucker was mostly fried galah,
And I trapped 'em near and I trapped 'em far
For the Sydney market boys.

I poisoned out at Hillston And I trapped at Gundagai; I followed 'em over creeks and bogs, And chopped 'em out of hollow logs, And tailed 'em up with yelping dogs Way back of Boggabri.

Besides the bunnies that you catch There's things that you despise – A hawk, a snake, a crow, a rat, A bandicoot, a tiger cat, But when you're lucky a lamb that's fat Is a welcome enough surprise.

I skinned and scalped and scalped and skinned Till me back was nearly broke, With blood and muck all stiff and brown The stink of me clothes would knock you down, And I slaved all day for half a crown For the Sydney market bloke. I thought I'ld get a snifter cheque For skins I sent from Bourke, But the broker rogues at Sydney town They weigh them short and they grade them down, And they sent me back three lousy pound For a month of slavin' work.

Some day we're going to set our traps
To catch the hungry crew
Who live on useful workers' sweat –
We'll stop their thievin' racket yet,
And to make them earn their tucker, you bet,
Is the job for me and you.

## Last Chorus:

With a hool-em-up and a sool-em-up, And there'll be no more decoys; Then a-hunting, hunting we will go For the Sydney market boys.