

# The Song Of The City Stockman

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The days of our drov-ing are o-ver, And brand-ing and must-er-ing, too.

We've thrown up the life of the rov - er 'Twixt the

Gulf and the parch - ing Bar - coo; We've quit - ted the

graft on the sta - tion, And sacked the old black bil - ly can

To work in a town sit-u - a-tion For a bi\_o - graph pic-ture man.

We are still handling horses and cattle,  
It is true, in the old western way.  
But, Lord, what a different battle,  
For very near six times the pay!  
For we yard in the heart of the city,  
Near pubs and the choicest of scran;  
Old "milkers" we can't help but pity,  
For a biograph picture man.

No more through the Mulga and Gidgee,  
We gallop the leaders to check  
No more 'cross the plains, and the ridgy  
Hill country we're risking our neck!  
We're actors, in white shirts and collar,  
And shiny top boots, spick and span,  
And we crack our stock whips, and holler  
For a biograph picture man.

No night watches now, and no soaking  
When the skin drenching rain starts to fall  
And you shiver and list' to the croaking  
Of frogs, and the curlews' shrill call.  
We're swells now, and city street rovers,  
And camp with the white-handed clan  
We're high-class Centennial Park drovers  
For a biograph picture man.

We have done with the breaking of fillies  
And colts, near related to Nick,  
On the stations outback, where the will is  
Oft stronger than power to stick!  
In front of the camera's "blinkers,"  
In a pub-yard the size of a pan,  
We are breaking-in horses with winkers!  
For a biograph picture man.

It's a life full of ease and of leisure,  
And liquor, and blue eyes and brown,  
Yet at times we get weary of pleasure  
And the hustle and bustle of town;  
And we sit down and pine like a tracker  
For the bush and the black billy can,  
And wish we had done with the yakker  
For the biograph picture man.