

Southern Markets

A poem from Harry "The Breaker" Morant; original setting by Graham Jenkin adapted by David Johnson. Morant, a contemporary of Lawson and Paterson, was a widely experienced bushman with a penchant for the ladies and for horses and for poetry.

Verse

Am G Am C Em Am

We're bound for south-ern mar-kets! We're bring-ing o__ ver-land

Em Am Em Am

A thous-and head of bul-locks of the Bur-ran-bun-gee brand;

Am G Am C Em Am

Some tough old pik-ers in the mob, a rough, hard-hid__ ed lot

Am Em Am Em Am

They culled off Bur-ran-bun-gee when last Christ-mas suns were hot!

Chorus

E7 Am G Am C Em Am

And it's Hey! Hey! Hey! We're bring-ing cat-tle o__ ver.

Am G Em Am

Hey! Hey! Hey! We're bound for Syd-ney Town.

Ride up the wing and steady there those longhorns in the lead!
For many a week we haven't struck so green a patch of feed!
And deftly on that cock-horned steer let fall the stockwhip's thong,
It needs some greenhide now to shift the lazy tail along!

We've travelled long, dry stages, we've loafed on well-grassed plain!
In moonlit and in murky nights, in sunshine and in rain!
We've brought along the cattle since the first days of the year,
Now winter nights and Muswellbrook alike are drawing near!

In starlit nights when cattle camp hard-breathing on the ground,
We let the night horse take his time and slowly dodge around;
And think of good old Sydney town, with time and cash to spare:
The races! and the draghounds! and the bright-eyed girl down there!

From the Barwon down to Muswellbrook, this trip will finish soon.
We'll have the bullocks in the yards before another moon,
And when this trip is ended, and when this cheque is done
We'll ride away nor'-west again to the Burranbungee run!

Old Mac has cattle waiting! there's another contract job.
We'll drove to southern markets yet another mulga mob
This double-toast we'll drink, mates! the first when we get through,
To: 'The boys 'way back behind us! and the girls we're coming to!'