

The Squatter's Man

Collected by AB Paterson and published in 'Old Bush Songs' 1905 with later suggestion of the tune 'King of the Cannibal Isles' from folklorist Hugh Anderson. Anderson (1927–2017) is recognised as one of our primary publishers of folkloric material and for his contributions to the study of Australian folklore, many published under the imprint of his Red Rooster Press.

Verse

Come, all ye lads an' list to me, That's left your homes an' crossed the sea,
To try your for - tune, bound or free, All in this gold - en land. —
For twelve long months I had to pace, Hump - ing my swag with a cadg - ing face,
Sleep - ing rough, no sav - ing grace, I'm sure you'll un - der - stand.

Chorus (starts after 2nd verse)

Squat - ter's man. — Squat - ter's man. — I'm sure you'll un - der - stand.

(Echo last line of the verse)

Unto this country I did come, a regular out-and-out new chum.
I then abhorred the sight of rum. Teetotal was my plan.
But soon I learned to wet one eye. Misfortune oft-times made me sigh.
To raise fresh funds I was forced to fly, and be a squatter's man.
Chorus

Soon at a station I appeared. I saw a squatter with his beard,
And up to him I boldly steered, with my swag and billy-can.
I said, "Kind sir, I want a job!" said he, "Do you know how to snob
Or can you break in a bucking cob to be a squatter's man?"

"Tis now I want a useful cove to stop at home and not to rove.
There's plenty about, a regular drove, who will not stay and work
But I'll give you ten, ten, sugar an' tea and ten bob a week, if you'll suit me,
And very soon I hope you'll be a handy squatter's man.

"At daylight you must milk the cows. Make butter, cheese, and feed the sows
Put on the kettle. The cook arouse and clean the family shoes.
The stable and sheep yard clean out, and always answer when we shout,
With 'Yes, Ma'am', and 'No, Sir', mind your mouth and my youngsters don't abuse.

Fetch wood and water, bake an' boil. Act as butcher when we kill;
The corn and taters you must hill. Keep the garden spick and span.
You must not scruple in the rain to take to market all the grain.
Be sure you come back sober again to be a squatter's man.

He sent me to an old bark hut, I inhabited by a greyhound slut,
Who put her fangs through my poor foot, and, snarling, off she ran.
So once more I'm looking for a job, without a copper in my fob.
With Ben Hall or Gardiner I'd rather rob, than be a squatter's man.