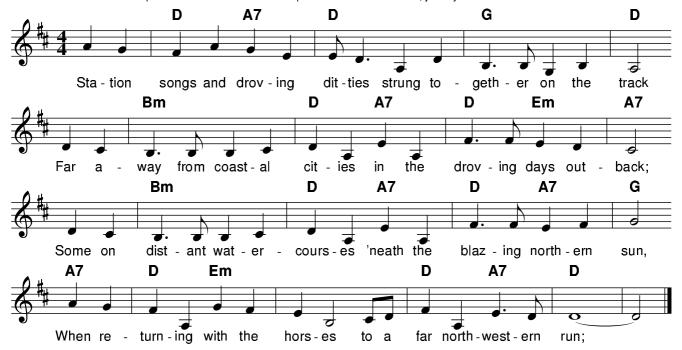
## **Station Songs and Droving Ditties**

Words by Harry 'Breaker' Morant, tune by Graham Jenkin. Morant was exiled to Australia for unspecified reasons. As a 'black sheep' he earned a remarkable reputation as a horseman, jockey and horsebreaker. Hence the nickname.



Some were fashioned in the gloaming While the morrow's damper cooked; Some were penned by rivers roaming Where the wily fish was hooked; Ere the midday "quart" was ready And an hour was slow to pass Whilst the nags were feeding steady On the ripening Mitchell grass;

Some were written down for learning
By the warm and gentle light
Of a mulga camp-fire burning
Through a balmy summer's night.
Or, when horse-bells chimed and tinkled
Where the feed was drenched with dew,
And the wintry white stars twinkled
High above in heaven's blue.

Then-of stockwhips' ring and rattle In the range-some memory flashed; Or of night-rides after cattle When the gidya branches crashed. And a rhyme perchance I've come by Recollecting some past ride—When we trapped the flying brumby On the Southern Queensland side.

Jingles, neither good nor clever,
Just a rover's random rhymes,
But they'll serve their turn if ever
They recall the old bush times,
When a bushman, in his leisure,
Reads them 'neath the shady pine;
Or they give one moment's pleasure
To some old bush mate o' mine!