

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.

Sta - tion songs and drov - ing dit - ties strung to - geth - er on the track

Far a - way from coast - al cit - ies in the drov - ing days out - back;

Some on dist - ant wat - er - cours - es 'neath the blaz - ing north - ern sun,

When re - turn - ing with the hors - es to a far north - west - ern run;

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!