The Stockman's Last Bed

Dates from before being published in Annabella Boswell's Journal 1845. Set here as usual to 'The Last Whistle'.



While drafting one day he was horned by a cow. 'Alas!' cried poor Jack, 'it's all up with me now! I ne'er shall be seen in the saddle again, Or bound like a wallaby over the plain.'

His whip it is silent, his dogs they do moan; His horse looks in vain for its master's return. No friends to deplore him, unheeded he dies; Save the wandering myall none cares where he lies.

Now stockmen, if ever on some sunny day, While tailing a mob, you should happen that way, Tread lightly by the mound in the tall gum trees' shade, For it may be the spot where our comrade is laid.