

The Stockmen of Australia

From AB Paterson's Old Bush Songs 1905 with this setting to 'The Irishman' by Ron Edwards.

The stock-men of Aust - ral - i - a, what rowd - y boys are they,
 They'll curse and swear a hur - ri - cane if you come in their way.
 They dash a - long the for - est on black, bay, brown, or grey,
 And the stock-men of Aust - ral - i - a, hard - rid - ing boys are they.
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By constant feats of horsemanship, they procure for us our grub,
 And supply us with the fattest beef by hard work in the scrub.
 To muster up the cattle they don't stop night or day.
 And the stockmen of Australia, hard-riding boys are they.
 (Echo last line each time)

Just mark him as he jogs along, his stockwhip on his knee,
 His white mole pants and polished boots and jaunty cabbage-tree.
 His horsey-pattern Crimean shirt of colours bright and gay,
 And the stockmen of Australia, what dressy boys are they.

If you should chance to lose yourself and drop upon his camp,
 He's there reclining on the ground, be it dry or be it damp.
 He'll give you hearty welcome, and a stunning pot of tea,
 For the stockmen of Australia, good-natured boys are they.

If down to Sydney you should go, and there a stockman meet,
 Remark the sly looks cast on him as he roams through the street.
 From the shade of lovely bonnets steal forth those glances gay,
 For the stockmen of Australia, the ladies' pets are they.

Whatever fun is going on, the stockmen will be there,
 Be it theatre or concert, or dance or market fair.
 To join in the amusements be sure he won't delay,
 For the stockmen of Australia, light-hearted boys are they.

Then here's a health to every lass, and let the toast go round,
 To as jolly a set of fellows as ever yet were found.
 And all good luck be with them, for ever and today,
 Here's to the stockmen of Australia- hip, hip, hooray!