

Westward Ho!

Words by Harry "The Breaker" Morant. Music by Graham Jenkin. Morant enlisted and went to fight for the British in the Boer War. His efficiency in dealing with the Boers contrasted starkly with the British ineffectiveness. He was tried for murdering prisoners found guilty and executed. It has been noted that his keenness to enlist coincided with some unsolved NSW murders.

C G7 C F C

There's a damp - er in the ash - es, tea and sug - ar in the bags,

G7 C G7 C G7

There's whips of feed and shel - ter in the sand - hills for the nags,

C G7 C G7 C G7

There's gid - ya wood a - bout us and wat - er close at hand,

F C F C G7 C

And just one bott - le left of the good Glen - liv - et brand.

There are chops upon the embers, which same are close-up done,
 From as fine a four-tooth wether as there is on Crossbred's run;
 'Twas a proverb on the Darling, the truth of which I hold;
 "That mutton's always sweetest which was never bought nor sold."

Out of fifty thousand wethers surely Crossbred shouldn't miss
 A sheep or so to travellers- faith, 'tis dainty mutton, this-
 Let's drink a nip to Crossbred; ah, you drain it with a grin,
 Then shove along the billy, mate, and, squatted, let's wade in.

The night's a trifle chilly, and the stars are very bright,
 A heavy dew is falling, but the fly is rigged aright;
 You may rest your bones till morning, then if you chance to wake,
 Give me a call about the time that daylight starts to break.

We may not camp tomorrow, for we've many a mile to go,
 Ere we turn our horses' heads round to make tracks for down below.
 There's many a water-course to cross, and many a black-soil plain,
 And many a mile of mulga-ridge ere we get back again.

That time five moons shall wax and wane we'll finish up the work,
 Have the bullocks o'er the border and we'll truck 'em down from Bourke
 And when they're sold at Homebush, and the agents settle up,
 Sing hey! a spell in Sydney town and Melbourne for the Cup.