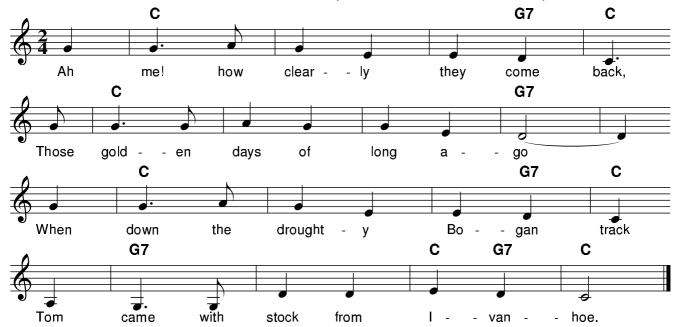
When Stock Go By The Song of a Drover's Wife

Words by Harry 'The Breaker' Morant. Music by Graham Jenkin. Morant was a contemporary of Lawson and Paterson and contributed verse the 'bushman's bible' as 'The Bulletin' was known. It was very much for the worker and far from today's conservative version.



Tom rode a bonny dark bay nag; He wore a battered cabbage-tree; And as I filled our water-bag He came and asked a drink from me.

Tom said that drink was just like wine; He said my eyes were soft and brown; He said there were no eyes like mine From Dandaloo to Sydney town.

I watched him with a trembling lip, Yet little thought I then that he Who asked a drink from me that trip Would next trip ask my Dad for me.

Tom's droving days are long since done; The wet tear oft has dimmed my eye; But days when I was wooed and won Come back to me . . . when stock go by!