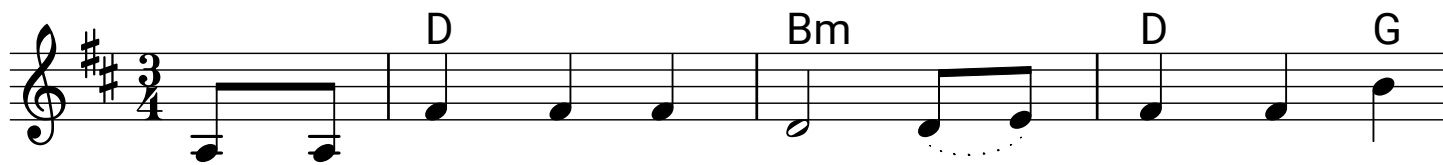


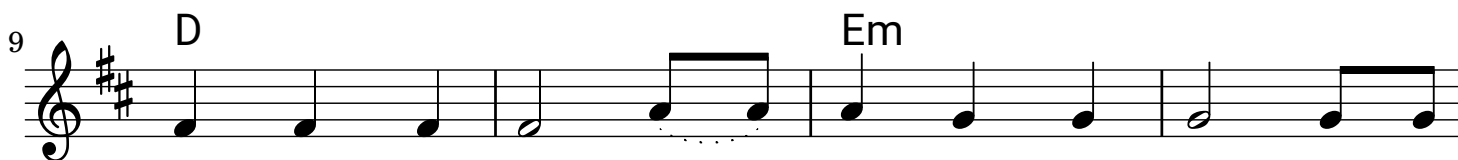
The Broken-Down Squatter



Come Stum - py old man we must shift while we
 No more shall we muster the riv - er for
 When the count - ry was cursed by the drought at its
 'Twas done with - out rea - son, For leav - ing the sea -



can all your mates in the pad - dock are dead let us
 fats Or spiel on the fif - teen mile plain Or
 worst And the cat - tle were dy - ing in scores Though
 son No squat - ter could stand such a rub For it's



bid our fare-wells to Glen Eva's sweet dells And the
 rip through the scrub by the light of the moon Or
 down on my luck I kept up my pluck Thinking
 use - less to squat When the rents are so hot That you

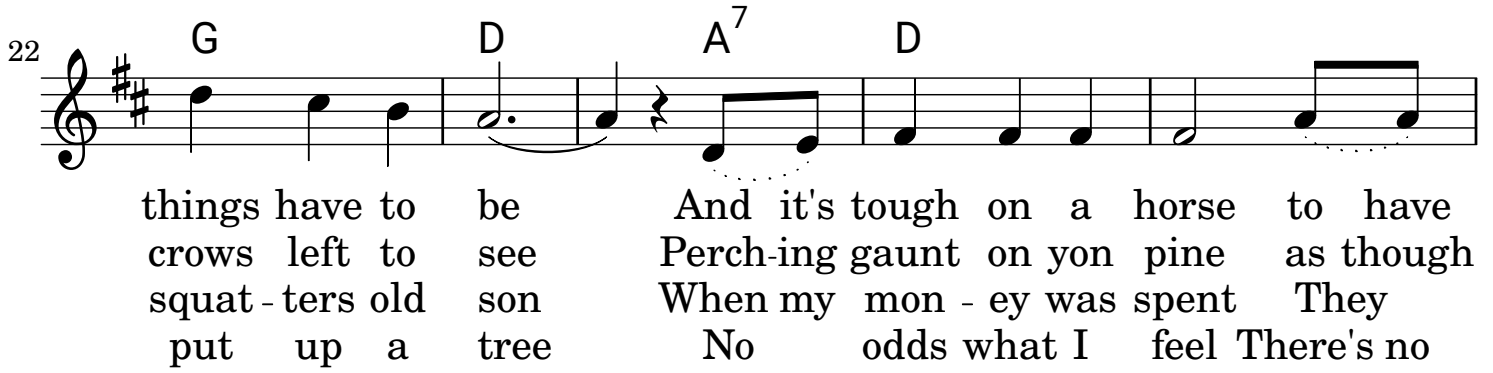


hills where your lord-ship was bred To - geth - er to
 see the old stockyard a - gain Leave the slip panels
 jus - tice might tem - per the laws But the farce has been
 can't save the price of your grub And there's not much to



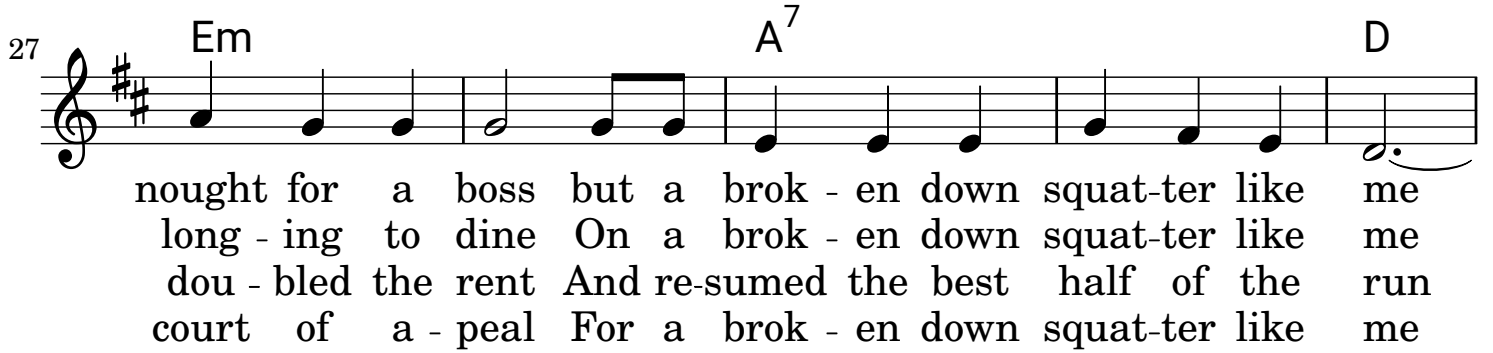
roam from our dought strick-en home It's hard that such
 down it don't mat - ter much now There are none but the
 played and the gov - ern - ment aid Ain't ex - ten - ded to
 choose 'Twixt the banks and the screws Once a fel - low gets

22



things have to be And it's tough on a horse to have
crows left to see Perch-ing gaunt on yon pine as though
squat- ters old son When my mon - ey was spent They
put up a tree No odds what I feel There's no

27



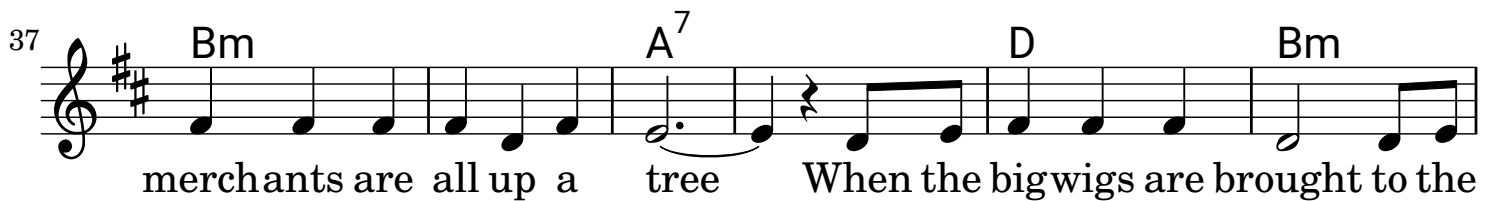
nought for a boss but a brok - en down squat-ter like me
long - ing to dine On a brok - en down squat-ter like me
dou - bled the rent And re-sumed the best half of the run
court of a - peal For a brok - en down squat-ter like me

32



For the banks are all bro-ken they say And the

37



merchants are all up a tree When the bigwigs are brought to the

43



bank-rupt-cy court What hope for a squatter like me