

# The Drover's Dream

F Bb F

One night when trav' - ling sheep, My com - pan - ions lay a - sleep There was  
 The peli - can and the crane, They came in from off the plain, To a -  
 The frogs from out the swap, where the at - mos - phere is damp, Came\_  
 Some brot - gas dar - ted out from the tea - tree all a - bout And per -

5 Dm C C7

not a star to 'lum - i - nate the sky\_\_\_\_\_ I was  
 muse the comp - n'y with a high - land fling;\_\_\_\_\_ The dear  
 boun - ding in and sat up - pon the stones;\_\_\_\_\_ They  
 formed a set of lan - cers ve - ry well.\_\_\_\_\_ The the


9 F Bb F

drea - ming I sup - pose For my eyes were near - ly closed When a  
 old\_\_\_\_\_ ban - di - coot played a tune up - on his flute, And the  
 each un - rolled their swags and pro - duced from out teir bags, The\_\_\_\_  
 par - rot green and blue gave the or - ches - tra its cue to strike

13 C7 F


ve - ry strange pro - ces - sion passed me by\_\_\_\_\_ First there  
 na - tive bears sat round the in a ring.\_\_\_\_\_ The\_\_\_\_  
 vi - o - lin, the ban - jo and the bones.\_\_\_\_\_ The go -  
 up 'The Old Log Cab - in In The Dell'.\_\_\_\_\_ I was

17 C7 Dm




came a kan - ga - roo with his swag of blan - kets blue \_\_\_\_\_ A  
 dron - go and the crow sang us songs of long a - go, \_\_\_\_\_ While/the  
 an - na and the snake, and the ad - der wide a - wake, \_\_\_\_\_ With/the  
 drea - ming, I sup - pose, of these en - ter - tai - ning shows, \_\_\_\_\_ But/it

21 F G7 C C7



din - go ran be - side him for a mate \_\_\_\_\_ They were  
 frill - necked liz - ard list - ened with a smile, \_\_\_\_\_ And the  
 al - li - ga - tor danced the 'Sol - dier's Joy'; \_\_\_\_\_ In the  
 ne - ver crossed my mind I was a - sleep, \_\_\_\_\_ Till the

25 F Bb F



trav' ling migh - ty fast and they shou - ted as they passed \_\_\_\_\_ We'll  
 e - mu stan - ding near with his claw up to his ear \_\_\_\_\_ said  
 sprea - ding sil - ky oak, the \_\_\_\_\_ jac - kass cracked a joke, \_\_\_\_\_ And/the  
 boss be - neath the cart, woke me up with such a start, \_\_\_\_\_ Yelling

29 Dm C7 F



have to jog a - long it's get - ting late.  
 fun - niest thing I've heard in quite a - while.  
 Mag - pie sang the 'Wild Co - lo - nial Boy'.  
 "Drea - my where the hell are all the sheep".