

THE OVERLANDERS

There's a trade you all know well It's bringing cattle over On
 ev'ry track to the Gulf and back men know the Queensland drover So
 pass the billy round, boys Don't let the pint-pot stand there For to-
 night we'll drink the health of ev'ry Over-lander.

1. There's a trade you all know well; it's bringing cattle over -
 On every track, to the Gulf and back, men know the Queensland drover.

CHORUS:

So pass the billy round, boys, don't let the pint pot stand there,
 For tonight we drink the health of every overlander.

2. I come from northern plains where the girls and grass are scanty,
 Where the creeks run dry or ten feet high and it's either drought or
 plenty.
3. There are men from every land, from Spain and France and Flanders,
 They're a well-mixed pack, both white and black, the Queensland
 overlanders.
4. When we've earned a spree in town, we live like pigs in clover;
 And the whole damn cheque pours down the neck of many a Queensland
 drover.
5. As I pass along the road, the children raise my dander,
 Shouting "Mother dear, take in the clothes, here comes an overlander."
6. There's a girl in Sydney Town, who said, "Please don't leave me lonely,"
 I said, "It's sad, but my old prad has room for one man only."
7. But I'm bound for home once more, on a prad that's quite a goer,
 I can find a job with a crawling mob on the banks of the Maranoa.

