

Across the Western Plains

Chorus

**It's all for me grog, my jolly jolly grog
It's all for me beer and tobacco.
Well I spent all my tin in a shanty drinking gin
Now across the Western Plains I must wander**

**I'm stiff and stoney broke and I've parted with me moke
And the sky is looking black as flaming thunder
And the shanty boss is too for I haven't got a sou
That's the way you're treated when you're down and under**

**Well I'm crook in the head for I haven't been to bed
Since first I touched this shanty with my plunder
I see centipedes and snakes, and I'm full of pains and aches
So I'd better make a push out over yonder**

**I'll take that Old Man Plain and I'll cross it once again
Until me eyes the track no longer see boys
And my beer and whisky brain looks for sleep but all in vain
And I feel as if I had the Darling Pea boys**

**So hang that blasted grog, that hocused shanty grog
And the beer that's loaded with tobacco
Grafting humour I am in and I'll stick the peg right in
And I'll settle down once more for some hard yakka**