

## Dying Stockman



A strapping young stockman lay dying  
His saddle supporting his head  
His two mates around him were crying  
As he rose on his pillow and said

### Chorus

Wrap me up with my stockwhip and blanket  
And bury me deep down below  
Where the dingoes and crows can't molest me  
In the shade where the coolibahs grow

Oh had I the flight of the bronzewing  
Far over the plains would I fly  
Straight to the land of my childhood  
And there I would lay down and die

Then cut down a couple of saplings  
Place one at my head and my toe  
Carve on them cross stockwhip and saddle  
To show there's a stockman below

Hark there's the wail of a dingo  
Watchful and weird--I must go  
For it tolls the death-knell of the stockman  
From the gloom of the scrub down below

There's tea in the battered old billy  
Place the pannikins out in a row  
And we'll drink to the next merry meeting  
In the place where all good fellows go

And oft in the shades of the twilight  
When the soft winds are whispering low  
And the darkening shadows are falling  
Sometimes think of the stockman below