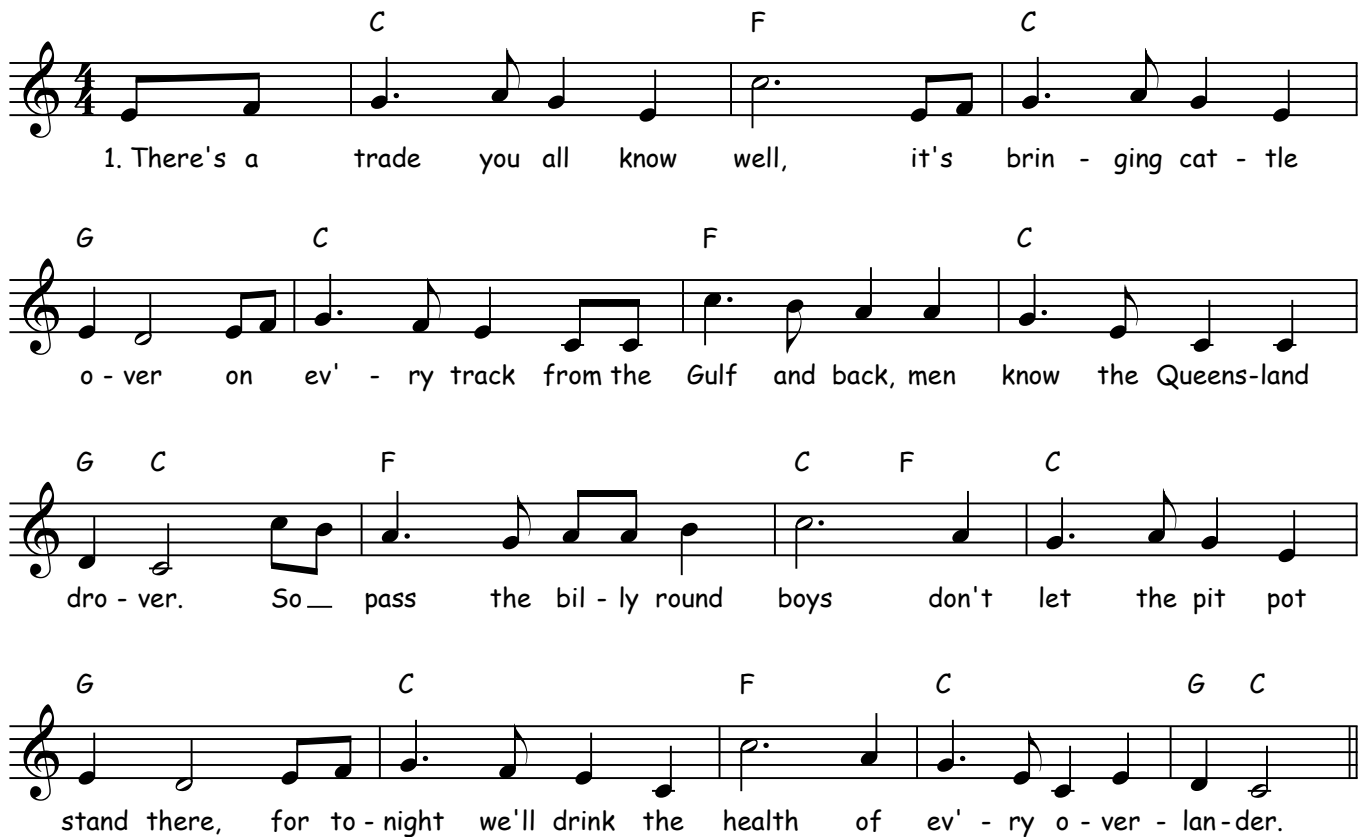


# THE OVERLANDER

*Australian folk song*



1. There's a trade you all know well, it's bringing cat-tle  
o-ver on ev'-ry track from the Gulf and back, men know the Queens-land  
dro-ver. So pass the bil-ly round boys don't let the pit pot  
stand there, for to-night we'll drink the health of ev'-ry o-ver-lander.

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 pouts down the neck  
Of many Overlander.

5. As I pass along the road  
The children raise my dander  
Shouting 'Mother dear take in the clothes  
Here comes the overlander.