

Banjo's Man

Slim Dusty

The question is still asked today, "Who is Banjo's man,
That man from Snowy River, renown throughout the land,
Who ran those wild bush horses, thru that rugged
countryside,
Who was that man he wrote of, who made that famous
ride."

Some say he was Jack Riley from down near Corryong,
They say the man could really ride, the name to him
belong
The gold brit brines and penders they all could lay a
claim,
But Banjo singled no one out, that's why there was no
name.

Banjo's man is riding, he's riding with the best,
In the ranges where in winter time it snows,
He's riding now to reel them. Yes riding on the wind
In the country where the Snowy River flows. Oh Yes,

Now Banjo knew this country, he knew it's riders well,
He spent time in the ranges where Snowy riders dwell,
He saw them ride full gallop swinging stockwhips in
their hands,
And as a tribute to them all, he penned his famous man.

Those men who roamed the mountains in search of
straying stock,
Who spent their lives on horseback in those rugged
mountain blocks
They rode the hills and gorges where Snowy River ran,
And each and everyone of them could ride like Banjo's
man.

He saw them running brumbies on the steep an' timbered
slopes,
Catch the brumbies at a gallop with their greenhide
catching ropes,
He saw that they had whipped the wildest country in
this land,
And so was formed the legend of the famous Banjo Man.
Hey!

Banjo's man is riding, he's riding with the best,
In the ranges where in winter time it snows,
He's riding now to reel them, yes riding on the wind,
In the country where the Snowy River flows. Oh Yes,

The legend is still living and I say it always will,
As long as their are brumbies and horsemen in the hills
For they run them mountain brumbies, yes, run them till
they stand
And there's horsemen in the Snowy, yeah as good as
Banjo's man.

Banjo's man is riding, he's riding with the best,
In the ranges where in winter time it snows,

He's riding now to reel them, yes riding on the wind,
In the country where the Snowy River flows.

Banjo's man is riding, he's riding with the best,
In the ranges where in winter time it snows,
Yes he's riding now to reel them, yes riding on the
wind

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