

Balladeers Of Australia

Slim Dusty

I've played this old guitar of mine from Adelaide to Cairns,
Singin' songs the people like to hear,
Stories of Australia and it's rugged countryside,
Written by the old bush balladeers.

Their stories of Australia, will be forever green,
Their characters can still be found today,
There will always be a 'Sweeney' or a 'Man from Ironbark',
Or someone who has fallen by the way.

The history of Australia is laid out for all to see,
In the heritage of words they left behind,
And they wrote of joys and sorrows and the comedies of life,
And they cared a lot for leaders and the line.
(Hey)

[Instrumental]

There was Adam Lindsay Gordon, set our style of ballad goin',
And I lift my hat to Ogilvy and all,
To the 'Banjo' and the 'Breaker' an' Henry Lawson too,
Quite anonymous was often best of all.

And still the pens are flowing all the papers here and there,
As some modern scribe records his daily life,
And perhaps you'll see him sittin' by a fireside quietly picking,
A tune to suit the ballad that he writes.

Balladeers of Australia I dips my lid to you,
Your memory I dedicate this song,
You can tell a simple story in a special kind of way,
And a style of verse how writers carry on,

Balladeers of Australia, I dips my lid to you,
To your memory, I dedicate this song,