

Cattlemen From The High Plains

Slim Dusty

You may talk of the ringer from Queensland,
The big shearing gun from the west,
They are men who have proven their value,
Whenever they're put to the test,
But if you ever look to the mountains,
And the south where it snows and it rains,
Have you thought of the men from the Snowy,
And the cattlemen from the high plains.
From the high plains away above Dargo
In the alps where the snow daisy grows.
Where the wild mountain herds are grazin'
Beneath the shadow of mountains of snow,
Where the cattlemen searched every cranny,
When they muster at each summer's end,
In their rain batter hats and their oil skins,
From the high plains, come real cattlemen,
They're a part of Australia's hist'ry,
Their heritage all be the same,
If nobody cares what is happn'nin',
To the cattlemen from the high plains.

After one fifty years they can take it,
All the hardship the mountains can give,
They hand onto each generation,
Their caring, their live and let live,
All the steep mountain tracks and the gullies,
Which one knows like the palm of his hand,
There's no room here for too many new chumps
In the mountain cattleman's land.

So I guess that you'll never believe me,
When you hear what they're plannin' to do,
Down in town, mate they're writin' the law now,
That the man from the high plains must go,
Take his herds from the mountains and ridges,
Leave the land where his forefathers reigned,
With the sweep of the pen they want to write out,
The cattlemen from the high plains,
And we lose a part of our hist'ry,
Of our land built through struggle and strain,
A bit more of our freedom goes with them,
The cattlemen from the high plains,
Just a bit more freedom goes with them,
The cattlemen from the high plains.