Clancy Of The Overflow

Slim Dusty

I had written him a letter which I had, for want of
better knowledge,
Sent to where I met him down the Lachlan, years ago.
He was shearing when I knew him, so I sent the letter
to him,
Just "on spec", addressed as follows, "Clancy, of The
Overflow.

And an answer came directed in a writing unexpected,
And I think the same was written with a thumb-nail
dipped in tar,
'Twas his shearing mate who wrote it, and verbatim I
will quote it:
"Clancy's gone to Queensland droving, and we don't know
where he are."

In my wild erratic fancy visions come to me of Clancy,
Gone a-droving "down the Cooper" where the western
drovers go.
As the stock are slowly stringing, Clancy rides behind
them singing,
For the drover's life has pleasures that the townsfolk
never know.

And the bush hath friends to meet him, and their kindly
voices greet him,
In the murmur of the breezes and the river on its bars.
And he sees the vision splendid of the sunlit plains
extended,
And at night the wond'rous glory of the everlasting
stars.

And in place of lowing cattle, I can hear the fiendish
rattle
Of the tramways and the buses making hurry down the
street.
And the language uninviting of the gutter children
fighting,
Comes fitfully and faintly through the ceaseless tramp
of feet.

And the hurrying people daunt me, and their pallid
faces haunt me,
As they shoulder one another in their rush and nervous
haste.
With their eager eyes and greedy, and their stunted
forms and weedy,
For townsfolk have no time to grow, they have no time
to waste.

And I somehow rather fancy that I'd like to change with
Clancy,
Like to take a turn at droving where the seasons come
and go.
While he faced the round eternal of the cash-book and
the journal,
But I doubt he'd suit the office, Clancy of "The

Overflow".

In my wild erratic fancy visions come to me of Clancy,
Gone a-droving "down the Cooper" where the Western
drovers go.
As the stock are slowly stringing, Clancy rides behind
them singing,
For the drover's life has pleasures that the townsfolk
never know.