

## 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".

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