

Eumerella Shore

Slim Dusty

There's a happy little valley on the Eumerella Shore,
Where I lingered many happy hours away,
On my little pre-selection I have acres by the score,
Where I unyoked the bullocks from the dray.

To my bullocks then I say no matter where you stray,
You will never be impounded anymore,
For you're running, running, running on the duffers
piece of land,
Pre-selected on the Eumerella Shore.

When the moon has climbed the mountain and the stars
are very bright,
We will saddle up our horses and away,
And we'll yard the squatter's cattle in the darkness of
the night,
And we'll have the mob all branded by the day.

To his cattle then we'll say, no matter where you
strayed,
You will never be impounded anymore,
For you're running, running, running on the duffers
piece of land,
Pre-selected on the Eumerella Shore.

If we find a mob of horses when the paddock rails are
down,
Though before they were never known to stray,
We will yard them up and drive them to some distant
inland town,
And we'll sell them into slavery far away.

To Jack Robertson we'll say, "We are on a better lay,
And we'll never go a farmin' anymore,
For it's easier duffin' cattle on that little piece of
land,
Pre-selected on the Eumerella Shore.