

Happy Drover

Slim Dusty

Stir up the old campfire boys,
For the lemonbark grows pale,
And in the morning again I'll be gone,
Down some lonely brumby trail.

It's great to be a drover free,
Riding over hill and plains,
By wilder scrubs and waratah,
Gaily singing in my saddle once again.

Just roaming free and roaming wide,
Singing me a drovers song,
By stockyard rails down cattle trails,
I'm just a happy drover roving on.

Where cattle graze and roam out there,
Again I see the Queensland Kangaroo,
Down on the plain where dingos wail,
With the possum and the wombat out there too.

The scented bloom of the wattle tree,
By the rippling stream that's ever rollin' on,
Through the outback bush from city push,
Are mem'ries that are here and never gone.

Where cattle graze and roam out there,
Again I see the Queensland Kangaroo,
Down on the plain where dingos wail,
With the possum and the wombat out there too.

Well the world is wide and the air is free,
Let me wander through the hills when day is done,
With the girl I know and treasure so,
Greeting life out there on a blazing Queensland run.