

## Middleton's Rouseabout

Slim Dusty

Tall and freckled and sandy,  
Face of a country lout;  
This was the picture of Andy,  
Middleton's Rouseabout.

Type of a coming nation,  
In the land of cattle and sheep,  
He worked on Middleton's station,  
For a pound a week and his keep.

On Middleton's wide dominions  
Plied the stockwhip and shears;  
Had he er hadn't any opinions,  
Had he hadn't any ideas'.

Swiftly the years went over,  
And liquor and drought prevailed;  
And Middleton, he went as a drover, you know,  
After his station had failed.

Type of a careless nation,  
Men who are soon played out,  
Middleton was: and so his station  
Bought by the Rouseabout.

Now flourishing beard and sandy,  
He's tall, he's robust and stout;  
Yes this is the picture of Andy, you know,  
Middleton's Rouseabout.

And now on his own dominions  
He works with his overseers;  
And he still hasn't any opinions,  
He hasn't any ideas.