

The Ballad Of Big Bill Smith

Slim Dusty

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Big Bill Smith was rough and tough as a mining man could be
And he said I'll blaze a trail right down those ranges to the sea
And Big Bill Smith he did just that, when he found the Barron River
Where the myall blacks and crocodiles, would set your bones as a hiver

Then he said I've dug too long for gold I'll find it the easy way
And he built a pub there in the scrub where Smithfield is today
The Thornborough miners dug their gold and the packers brought it down
And they quenched their thirst in Big Bill's bar right there in Big Bill's town

Well the traders came and built a town and they named it after Bill
Then the gamblers and the women came their pockets for to fill
The gold came down and Smithfield boomed and a roaring town it was
And it's even said that Big Bill's horse, with golden shoes were shod

Big Bill was king of Smithfield town and Palmer Kate was queen
And the only god they knew came down the range in a golden stream
The wickedest town in Australia was its dubious claim to fame
And the things they did for a bag of gold, would put the devil himself to shame

And the myall blacks looked on with awe as the white men died in fights
For a bag of gold or the favours of a woman for the night
And Big Bill met his death that way out in that muddy street
He traded lead for a bag of gold, and Big Bill Smith was beat

Oh they buried Bill there in the scrub and they drank his hotel dry
Was the grandest wake they'd ever had the day that Big Bill died
Yes Big Bill died and his town did too in the face of old man flood
For the Barron River it took the lot, and buried it deep in mud

Oh there's nought to see of the old town now for they never reb

uilt it there

And I'll bet the ghost of Big Bill Smith is still around somewh
ere

And if you see that sign on the northern road and you're thinki
ng about this tale

Well spare a thought for Big Bill Smith, and the men who blazed
the trail