

The Brass Well

Slim Dusty

'Tis a legend of the bushmen from the days of
Cunningham,
When he opened up the country and the early squatters
came.

"Tis the old tale of a fortune missed by men who did
seek,
And, perhaps, you haven't heard it, The Brass Well on
Myall Creek.

They were north of running rivers, they were south of
Queensland rains,
And a blazing drought was scorching every grass-blade
from the plains;
So the stockmen drove the cattle to the range where
there was grass,
And a couple sunk a well and found what they believed
was brass.

"Here's some bloomin' brass!" they muttered when they
found it in the clay,
And they thought no more about it and in time they went
away;
But they heard of gold, and saw it, somewhere down by
Inverell,
And they felt and weighed it, crying: "Hell! we found
it in the well!"

And they worked about the station and at times they
took the track,
Always meaning to save money, always meaning to go
back,
Always meanin, like the bushmen, who go drifting round
like wrecks,
And they'd get half way to Myall, strike a pub and blow
their cheques.

Then they told two more about it and those other two
grew old,
And they never found the brass well and they never
found the gold.
For the scrub grows dense and quickly and, though many
went to seek,
No one ever struck the lost track to the Well on Myall
Creek.

And the story is forgotten and I'm sitting here, alas!
With a woeful load of trouble and a woeful lack of
brass;
But I dream at times that I might find what many went
to seek,
That my luck might lead my footsteps to the Well on
Myall Creek.

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