The Dying Stockman

Slim Dusty

A strapping young stockman lay dying His saddle supporting his head All around him his comrades were standing As he raised on his pillow and said

Wrap me up with my stockwhip and blanket And bury me deep down below Where the dingoes and crows can't molest me In the shade where the coolibahs grow

Then cut down a couple of saplings
Place one at my head and my toe
Carve on them stockwhip and saddle
Just to show there's a stockman below

Wrap me up with my stockwhip and blanket And bury me deep down below Where the dingoes and crows can't molest me In the shade where the coolibahs grow

Give one guy my saddle and blanket, Give Billy my bullets of lead These two dark friends of my childhood May remember a stockman's last bed.

Wrap me up with my stockwhip and blanket And bury me deep down below Where the dingoes and crows can't molest me In the shade where the coolibahs grow

There's tea in the battered old billy Place the pannikins out in a row And we'll drink to the next merry meeting In the place where all good fellows go

Wrap me up with my stockwhip and blanket And bury me deep down below Where the dingoes and crows can't molest me In the shade where the coolibahs grow

Hi lee oh layee, oudle layee dee, oudle layee dee