

## The Man Who Steadies The Lead

Slim Dusty

He was born in the light of red oaths and nursed by the drought  
and the flood  
And swaddled in sweat lined saddle cloths and christened in spur  
drawn blood  
Oh he never was burdened with learnin' and many would think him  
a fool  
But he's mastered a method of turnin' that never was taught in  
a school  
His manners are rugged and vulgar but his nuggets of gold in our  
need  
And a lightning flash in the mulga is the man who steadies the  
lead

Now when the stockwhips are ringing behind him and the brumbies  
are racing abreast  
Oh it's 50 to 1 you will find him a furlong to two from the rest  
With the coils of his whip hanging idle, his eyes on the mob at  
his side  
And the daintiest touch on the bridle for this is the man who can  
ride  
And the stallions that break from the mallee will find he has  
courage and speed  
For he rides the best horse in the valley this stockman who  
steadies the lead

When they're fetching in stores to the station through tangles  
of broken belar  
And the road is a rough calculation that's based on the blaze  
of a star  
When they're quickening through sand ridge and hollow and  
rows are splattered with red  
And sometimes you've only to follow the sound of the hoofbeat  
ahead  
Then we know that he's holding them northward oh we trust in  
the man and his steed  
And we hear the old brown crashing forward and his rider's  
wild yell to the lead  
(Hey!)

But when from a bend in the river the cattle break camp in the  
night  
Oh then is the season if ever we value his services right  
For we know that if some should be tardy and some should be  
should be left in the race  
Yet the spurs will be red on Coolgardie as someone swings  
out to his place  
And the mulga boughs hark to them breaking in front of the  
madd

ened stampede

And a horse and rider are taking their time honoured place in t  
he lead

Now as an honest and impartial recorder I'd fain have you all r  
ecollect

There are other brave men on the border entitled to every respe  
ct

There's the man who thinks buckin's a tame thing and he rides t  
hem with lighted cigars

And the man who will drive any damn thing that's ever been hook  
ed to the bars

Oh their pluck and their powers are granted but all said and do  
ne we've agreed

That the king of 'em all when he's wanted is the man who steadi  
es the lead

(Here we go now!)

He was born in the light of red oaks and nursed by the drought  
and the flood

And swaddled in sweat lined saddlecloths and christened in spur  
drawn blood

Oh he never was burdened with learnin' and many would think him  
a fool