

# A Bushman's Song

Banjo Paterson

I'm travellin' down the Castlereagh, and I'm a station hand,  
I'm handy with the ropin' pole, I'm handy with the brand,  
And I can ride a rowdy colt, or swing the axe all day,  
But there's no demand for a station-hand along the Castlereagh.

So it's shift, boys, shift, for there isn't the slightest doubt  
That we've got to make a shift to the stations further out,  
With the pack-horse runnin' after, for he follows like a dog,  
We must strike across the country at the old jig-jog.

This old black horse I'm riding—if you'll notice what's his brand,  
He wears the crooked R, you see—none better in the land.  
He takes a lot of beatin', and the other day we tried,  
For a bit of a joke, with a racing bloke, for twenty pounds a side.

It was shift, boys, shift, for there wasn't the slightest doubt  
That I had to make him shift, for the money was nearly out;  
But he cantered home a winner, with the other one at the flog—  
He's a red-hot sort to pick up with his old jig-jog.

I asked a cove for shearin' once along the Marthaguy:

'We shear non-union here,' says he. 'I call it scab,' says I.

I looked along the shearin' floor before I turned to go—

There were eight or ten dashed Chinamen a-shearin' in a row.

It was shift, boys, shift, for there wasn't the slightest doubt

It was time to make a shift with the leprosy about.

So I saddled up my horses, and I whistled to my dog,

And I left his scabby station at the old jig-jog.

I went to Illawarra, where my brother's got a farm,

He has to ask his landlord's leave before he lifts his arm;

The landlord owns the country side—man, woman, dog, and cat,

They haven't the cheek to dare to speak without they touch their hat.

It was shift, boys, shift, for there wasn't the slightest doubt

Their little landlord god and I would soon have fallen out;

Was I to touch my hat to him?—was I his bloomin' dog?

So I makes for up the country at the old jig-jog.

But it's time that I was movin', I've a mighty way to go  
Till I drink artesian water from a thousand feet below;  
Till I meet the overlanders with the cattle comin' down,  
And I'll work a while till I make a pile, then have a spree in town.

So, it's shift, boys, shift, for there isn't the slightest doubt  
We've got to make a shift to the stations further out;  
The pack-horse runs behind us, for he follows like a dog,  
And we cross a lot of country at the old jig-jog.

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