

# The Drover's Boy

John Williamson

They couldn't understand why the drover cried  
As they buried the drover's boy  
The drover had always seemed so hard  
To the men in his employ

A bolting horse, the stirrup lost  
And the drover's boy was dead.  
A shovel of dirt, a mumbled word  
And it's back to the road ahead  
And forget about the drover's boy.

And they couldn't understand why the drover cut  
A lock of the dead boy's hair  
And put it in the band of his battered old hat  
As they watched him standing there

And he told them, "Take the cattle on  
I'll sit with the boy a while."  
A silent thought, a pipe to smoke  
And it's ride another mile  
And forget about the drover's boy,  
Forget about the drover's boy.

And they couldn't make out why the drover and the boy  
Was camped so faraway  
For the tall white man and the slim black boy  
Never had much to say

And the boy would be gone at the break of dawn  
Tail the horses, carry on  
While the drover roused the sleeping men  
Daylight, hit the road again  
And follow the drover's boy  
Follow the drover's boy

In the Camowheel pub they talked about  
The death of the drover's boy  
They drank their rum with the stranger  
Who'd come from the Kimberley Run Fitzroy

And he told of the massacre in the west,  
Barest details, guess the rest,  
Shoot the bucks, grab a gin, cut her hair  
Break her in, call her a boy, the drover's boy  
Call her a boy, the drover's boy.

So when they build that stockman's hall of fame  
And they talk about the droving game  
Remember the girl who was bed mate and died,  
Rode with the drover, side by side,  
Watched the bullocks, flayed the hide  
Faithful wife but never a bride,  
Bred his sons for the cattle run,  
Don't weep for the drover's boy,  
Don't mourn for the drover's boy -  
But don't forget the drover's boy.