

Big Gulf Rivers

Slim Dusty

How I long to return to the Gulfland,
Where I rode with the Campbells years ago,
Where the Mitchell Grass is growin'
An' the south winds are blowin'
Through the land where the big Gulf Rivers flow.

When the stock went overland
And with bronco ropes we ran
And the pack horses followed us around,
We would sleep beneath the stars
And eat beneath the Coolibahs,
Our dampers cooked in a hole dug in the ground

The tailers tailed the horses,
Along the water course
And brought them to the camp by break of day,
As the morning star was rising
We'd be saddled up and riding
The muster up the fats to send away.

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(Big Rivers.)

We would muster on the plain,
Without help from aeroplanes
There was no drafting out or loading ramp,
And we'd hold them in a mob
Whilest the camp horse did his job
We'd draft them on the open cattle pen

We would take them up the river,
To the place where we'd delliver
And watch them on the boundry overnight,
In the cold and windy weather,
We would hold the mob together,
And hand them to the drover at first light.

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(Big Rivers you know Charlie? Big Gulf Rivers)