

# Harry The Breaker

Slim Dusty

Harry the Breaker, the man was really game,

Around about the '90's in the west of New South Wales,  
And under starry Queensland skies the drovers told  
their tales,  
About a daring horseman known to all, Morant by name,  
There never was a lively colt the Breaker couldn't  
tame;  
Harry the Breaker, the man was really game.

And as paroled in Devonport, had taught the boy to  
dare,  
But in the bush your pedigree won't get you anywhere,  
The drovers always found Morant, a man of bright good  
cheer,  
And when the breaker cashed his cheque, he really liked  
his beer;  
Harry the Breaker, the man who knew no fear.

The Melbourne hunt clubs knew him well, their socials  
he'd attend,  
And many Sydney gentlemen was glad to call him friend,  
The ballads that the drover wrote beneath the starlit  
skies,  
It would recite at parties grand before admiring eyes;  
Harry the Breaker, the man who knew no ties.

Yoooooooooooo Weeeeeeeeeeeeeee Ooooooooooh

In Adelaide he found he'd take the droving routes no  
more,  
For as a mounted trooper, Harry went to fight the  
Boers,  
And when on leave in England he soon found his promised  
bride,  
And chased the fox in Devon with his sweetheart by his  
side;  
Harry the Breaker, the man who always tried.

And now this gallant horseman still, the man who had no  
fears,  
Accepted a commission in the Bushveldt Carbineers,  
The war was nearly over but the cleaning up was tough,  
The rules were rather hazy and the goin' very rough;  
Harry the Breaker, he never cried enough.

The Boers had shot his wounded friend, the brother of  
his girl,  
So Harry shot his prisoners, his head was in a whirl,  
He stood court martial like a man, a man who has his  
pride,  
And talking to the firing squad was how the Breaker  
died;  
Harry the Breaker, May he in peace abide.