

# Once When I Was Mustering

Slim Dusty

Once when I was musterin', out Carnarvon way  
I had a mob of musterers aworkin' night an' day  
Well when the mobs were restin', you wouldn't hear a  
sound  
But when they started movin' you could hear all around

Hey, stitch 'em up, fetch 'em back, turn the leaders  
round  
Then come behind, come behind, come behind, you hound

Oh, we were under contract to run the scrubbers there  
In amongst the gorges, the caves an' prickly-pear  
We'd bulge 'em through the timber to sweep them down  
the plain  
And if we saw a Mickey break, we'd yell this old  
refrain

Hey, stitch 'em up, fetch 'em back, turn that blighter  
round  
Then come behind, come behind, come behind, you hound

I had a dog called Bluey, a terrier called Dot  
And if I ever wanted them, well, they were on the spot  
They'd trot along beside me, as quiet as fallin' snow  
And you could see them strainin' when I'd give the word  
to go

Hey stitch 'em up, fetch 'em back, turn the leaders  
round,  
Then come behind, come behind, come behind, you hound

We'd box 'em in the big yard an' draft 'em through the  
pound  
We'd hit 'em with the red-hot brand an' leave 'em safe  
an' sound  
We didn't mind the sweatin' or workin' rather hard  
But boys you'd hear a swearin' when they broke out of  
the yard

Hey stitch 'em up, fetch 'em back, turn the leaders  
round  
Then come behind, come behind, come behind, you hound

Our beards were gettin' curly before we left that run  
But the boys they liked it tough, an' sure had lots o'  
fun  
Now if you were to ask me what stood out on my mind  
Well if you'd like to wait a tick, I will soon unwind

Hey stitch 'em up, fetch 'em back, turn the leaders  
round  
Then come behind, come behind, come behind, you hound.