

The Dying Stockman

Slim Dusty

A strapping young stockman lay dying
His saddle supporting his head
All around him his comrades were standing
As he raised on his pillow and said

Wrap me up with my stockwhip and blanket
And bury me deep down below
Where the dingoes and crows can't molest me
In the shade where the coolibahs grow

Then cut down a couple of saplings
Place one at my head and my toe
Carve on them stockwhip and saddle
Just to show there's a stockman below

Wrap me up with my stockwhip and blanket
And bury me deep down below
Where the dingoes and crows can't molest me
In the shade where the coolibahs grow

Give one guy my saddle and blanket,
Give Billy my bullets of lead
These two dark friends of my childhood
May remember a stockman's last bed.

Wrap me up with my stockwhip and blanket
And bury me deep down below
Where the dingoes and crows can't molest me
In the shade where the coolibahs grow

There's tea in the battered old billy
Place the pannikins out in a row
And we'll drink to the next merry meeting
In the place where all good fellows go

Wrap me up with my stockwhip and blanket
And bury me deep down below
Where the dingoes and crows can't molest me
In the shade where the coolibahs grow

Hi lee oh layee, oudle layee dee, oudle layee dee