

Slim Dusty, The Man From Snowy River

There was movement at the station, for the word had passed around that the colt from Old Regret
And had joined the wild bush horses, he was worth a thousand pounds, so all the cracks had gathered
All the tried and noted riders from the stations near and far had mustered at the homestead overnight
For the bushmen love hard riding where the wild bush horses are and the stock-horse snuffs the bar

There was Harrison, who made his pile when Pardon won the cup and the old man with his hair as
But few could ride beside him when his blood was fairly up, he would go wherever horse or man could
And Clancy of the Overflow came down to lend a hand, no better horseman ever held the reins
For never horse could throw him while the saddle-girths would stand and he learnt to ride while droving

And one was there, a stripling on a small and weedy beast, he was something like a racehorse under
With a touch of Timor pony, three parts thoroughbred at least and such as are by mountain horsemen
He was hard and tough and wiry, just the sort that won't say die, there was courage in his quick impetuous
And he bore the badge of gameness in his bright and fiery eye and the proud and lofty carriage of his

But still so slight and weedy, one would doubt his power to stay and the old man said, that horse was
For a long and tiring gallop lad, you'd better stop away, those hills are far too rough for such as you
So he waited sad and wistful, only Clancy stood his friend, oh I think we ought to let him come, he said
And I warrant he'll be with us when he's wanted at the end, for both his horse and he are mountain

Oh he hails from Snowy River, up by Kosciusko's side, where the hills