

# Sandy Denny, On The Banks Of The Condamine

"oh hark! the dogs are barking, I can no longer stay  
The men have all gone mustering, I heard the publican say  
And I must be off in the morning, love, before the sun does shine  
To meet the contract shearers on the banks of the condamine."

"oh willie, dearest willie, don't leave me here to mourn  
Don't make me curse and rue the day that ever I was born  
For parting with you willie is like parting with me life  
So stay and be a selector, love, and I will be your wife."

"oh nancy, dearest nancy, you know that I must go  
Old hallerand is expecting me, his shearing for to do  
But while I'm on the bogs, me love, I'll think of you with pride  
And our shears they will go freely when I'm on the whippin' side."

"oh I'll cut off my yellow hair and go along with you  
I'll dress myself in men's attire and be a shearer too  
I'll cook and count your tally, love while, ringer, you will shine?  
And I'll wash your greasy moleskins on the banks of the condamine."

"oh nancy, dearest nancy, you know that can't be so  
The boss has given order, love, no woman shall do so  
And your delicate constitution's not equal unto mine  
To eat the ramstack mutton on the banks of the condamine.

But when the shearing's over, love, I'll make you me wife  
I'll take up a selection and I'll settle down for life  
And when the day's work's over, love, and the evening's clear and fine  
I'll tell of them sandy cobblers on the banks of the condamine."