

# Old Bullock Dray

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Oh the shear-ing is all ov - er and the wool is com-ing down, And I mean to get a  
Chorus So\_\_\_ it's\_\_\_ roll up your blank-ets and let's make a push, I'll\_\_\_ take you up the

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wife my boys when I get in - to town. Ev - ry creat - ure has a mate that\_\_\_ pre  
count - ry and\_\_\_ show\_ you the bush. I'll\_\_\_ be\_\_\_ bound you won't get such a

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sents it-self to view, From the lit - tle pad - dy me - lon to the box - ing kan - ga - roo.  
chance an - oth - er day, So\_\_\_ come and take poss ess - ion of the old\_\_\_ bull - ock dray.

I've been saving up my cheques and I mean to get a team,  
And when I get a wife me boys, we'll be all serene.  
I'll be heading up the factory, they say there's no delay,  
And getting an offsider for the old bullock dray.

We'll be stopping immigration, won't be needing anymore,  
We'll be raising young colonials by the douzen and the score,  
And I wonder what the devil Jack Robertson would say,  
If he say us promenading round the old bullock dray.

There'll be plenty boys and girls if we put our mind to that,  
There'll be flash little Maggie, and a buck jumping Pat,  
There'll be Stringybark Josephine and Greenhide Mike,  
Oh, my colonial oath, there'll be as many as you like!

If the lady doesn't answer, I can bear it with a grin,  
I'll go back up the country and marry a native gin,  
And our friends will come and dance to the honour of the day,  
To the music of the bells around the old bullock dray.