The Drover's Dream





"We shall have to jog a - long it's get - ting late."

One night while droving sheep, my companions lay asleep.

There were lots of stars across the southern sky.

I was dreaming, I suppose, for my eyes were nearly closed,

When a very strange procession passed me by.

First there came a kangaroo with his swag of blankets blue,

A dingo ran beside him for a mate.

They were trav'lling mighty fast but they shouted as they passed "We shall have to jog along it's getting late."

The pelican and the crane, they came in from the plain To amuse the compnay with the Highland Fling. The dear old bandicoot played a tune upon his flute And the native bears sat round them in a ring. The brolga and the crow sang us songs of long ago The frill-necked lizard kistened with a smile. And the emu standing near with his claw up to his ear Said "Funniest thing I've heard in quite a while".

The frogs from out the swamp where the night is pretty damp Came bounding out and sat upon the stones
They all unrolled their swags and produced from little bags
The violin, the banjo and the bones.
The goanna and the snake and the adder wide awake
With an alligator dance the Soldier's Joy.
In the spreading silky oak, the jackass cracked a joke
And the magpie sang the Wild Colonial Boy.

Some wombats darted out from the ti-tree all about and performed a set of Lancers very well.

The parrot green and blue gave the orchestra its cue To strike up The Old Log cabin in the Dell.

I was dreaming, I suppose, of these entertaining shows But it never crossed my mind I was asleep

Till the boss beneath the cart woke me up with such a start Yelling "Dreamy, where the heck are all the sheep?"