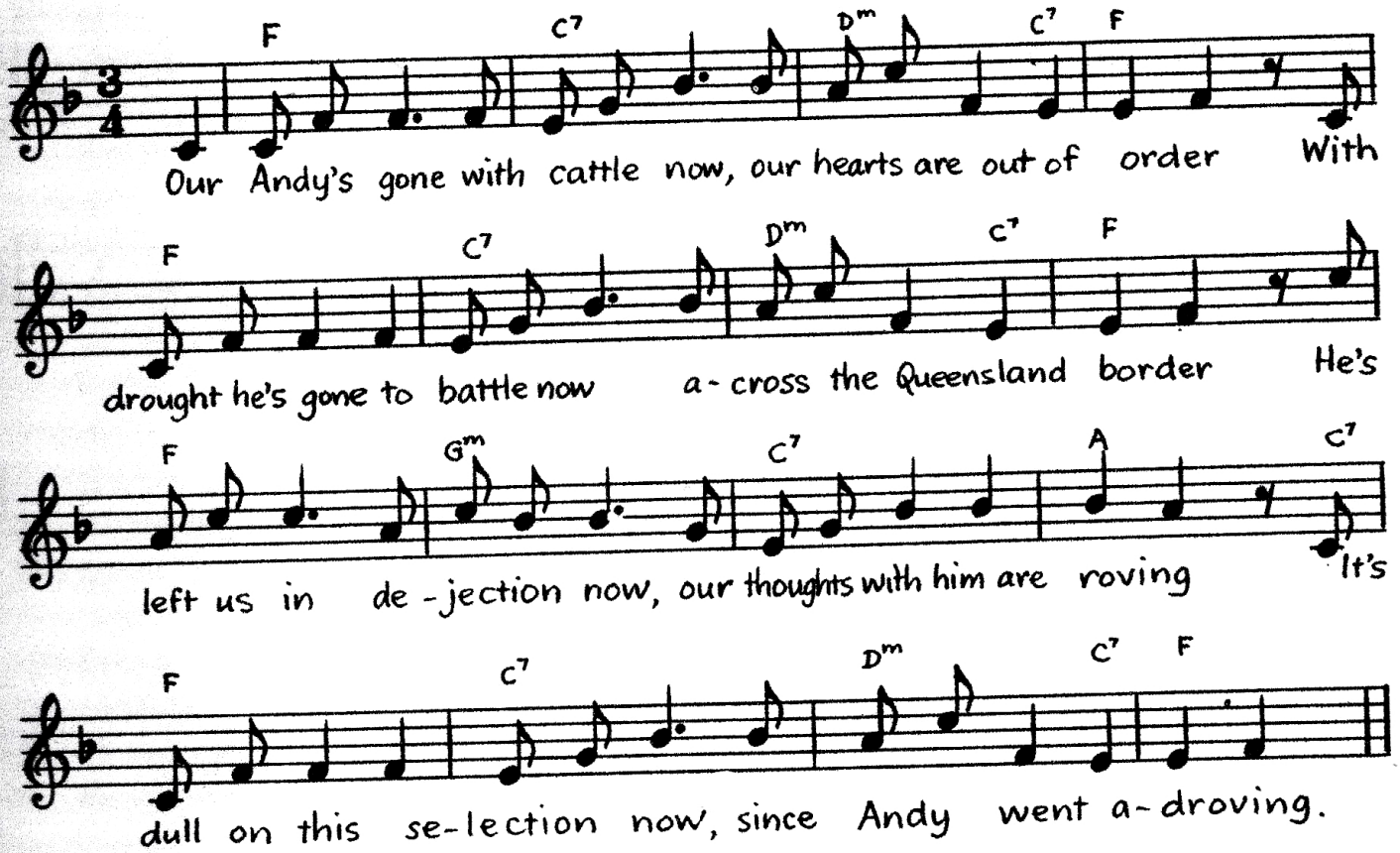
ANDY'S GONE WITH CATTLE



1. Our Andy's gone with cattle now,
Our hearts are out of order;
With drought he's gone to battle now,
Across the Queensland border.

He's left us in dejection now,
Our thoughts with him are roving;
It's dull on this selection now,
Since Andy went a-droving.

2. Who now shall wear the cheerful face
In times when things are slackest?
And who shall whistle round the place,
When Fortune frowns her blackest?

And who shall cheek the squatter now,
When he comes round us snarling?
His tongue is growing hotter now,
Since Andy crossed the Darling.

3. Oh, may the showers in torrents fall,
And all the tanks run over,
And may the grass grow green and tall
In pathways of the drover;

And may good angels send the rain
On desert patches sandy;
And when the summer comes again,
//:God grant 'twill bring us Andy.://