

**Johnny Stewart Drover**  
**Gordon Bok**

Johnny Stewart, Drover  
Written by Chris Buch

**C** **G**  
The mob is dipped, the drive is started out  
**C**  
They re leaving Rockland s dusty sheds behind them  
**G**  
The whips are cracking and the drovers shout  
**C**  
Along the Queensland stock-roads you will find them

Droving ways have been like this for years  
No modern ways have meant their days are over  
The diesel road trains cannot know the steers  
Or walk them down like Johnny Stewart, drover

CHORUS

**C** **Dm** **G** **C**  
On the banks of the Georgina and down the Diamantina  
**Am** **G**  
To where the grass is greener, down by New South Wales  
**C** **Dm** **G** **C**  
Johnny Stewart s roving with mobs of cattle droving  
**Am** **C** **G** **C**  
His life story moving down miles of dusty trails

&#8195;  
The cook is busy by the campfire light  
Above a fire a billy gently swinging  
The mob is settled quietly for the night  
And Johnny s riding softly around and singing

Johnny doesn t spend much time in town  
Impatient for the wet to be over  
Most of the year he s walking cattle down  
The stock roads are home for Johnny Stewart, drover

CHORUS

Dawn will surely find another day  
Sun still chasing moon, never caught her  
The morning light will find them on their way  
Another push to reach the next good water

CHORUS

They re counted in now, Johnny s work is done  
And fifteen hundred head are handed over  
It s into town now for a little fun  
And a beer or two for Johnny Stewart, drover

CHORUS