

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

 
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