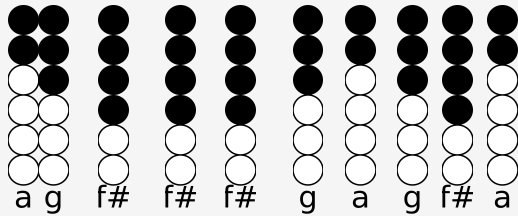


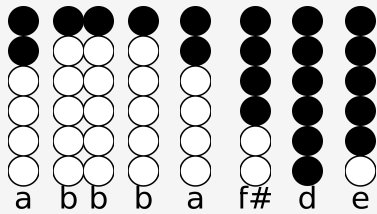
Tin whistle tabs for: The Dying Stockman

Categories: Folk

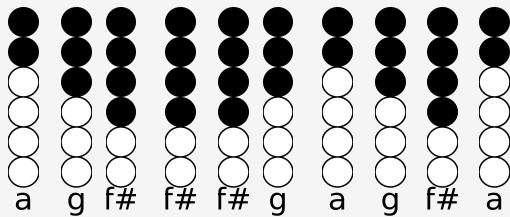
Verse



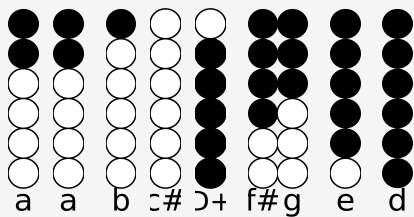
A strap-ping young stock-man lay dy-ing,



A sad-dle sup-port-ing his head,

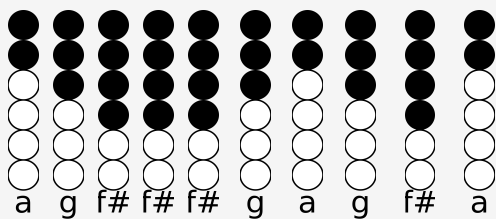


And his com-rades a-round him were cry-ing,

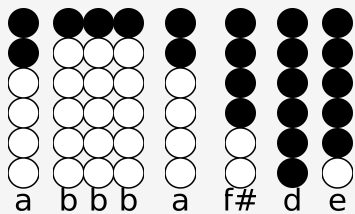


As he leant on his el-bow and said:

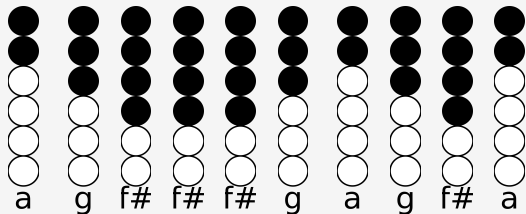
Chorus



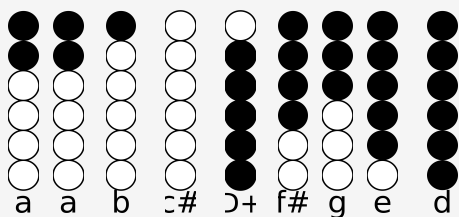
"Wrap me up in my stock-whip and blank-et,



And bu-ry me deep down be-low,



Where the ding-oes and crows will not find me,



In the shade where the coo-li-bahs grow".

Verse

"Then cut down two stringybark saplings,
Place one on my head and my toe,
Carve on them crossed stockwhip and saddle,
To show there's a stockman below".

Verse

"There's tea in the battered old billy,
Place the pannikins all in a row,
And we'll drink to the next merry meeting,
And say that a stockman lies low".

Verse

"If I had the flight of a bronzewing,
Away to my true love I'd fly,
Straight to the home of my childhood
And there I would lay down and die".

Verse

"But hark 'tis the wail of a dingo,
Watchful and weird I must go,
For it tolls the death-knell of the stockman,
Who soon will be lying below."

Source: <https://simpletinwhistle.com>