

I met a bound'ry rider just afore we started out
Who told me that the creek is rising fast,
I've crossed it flooded over, must be twenty times about,
And always prayed each time would be the last
The water rushes onward in a swirl of crested foam,
Full three foot deep when taken at the flood,
And landed in the middle—well—you somehow sigh for home
When buried to the axles deep in mud !
Then woa, steady woa! Just see the beauties go,
They know that soon will come the golden dawnin',
But if pluck and nerve can do it—you can bet they'll see us through it
And will land us in Moruya in the mornin'!

Just look how old Red Rover, like a young unbroken colt,
Lays down to it at whisper of his name,
I tell you he's a good 'un—My Colonial, what a jolt !
Oh no, sir, don't be sorry that you came!
Hurrah! the dawn is breakin'! now the gum trees you can see
Like spectres tall and grim on either hand-
Let's reach the creek at daylight, and I then won't care a dee
It's a terror in the dark you understand !
Then woa, steady woa! Just see the darlin's go.
Old Dingo cocks his ears by way of warnin'!
Keep up your heart, my beauty, just for me and home and duty,
And we're bound to reach Moruya in the mornin'!

We're getting very near, sir, and the creek will heave in sight,
When once we round the tea tree now in view,
Just close your eyes a moment, sir, and pray with all your might,
That I may get the mail bags safely through—
Lay down to it, me darlin's, for the sake of Auld Lang Syne,
Don't fail me, beauties, now we've come so far,
Another fifty yards we'll have the tea tree well in line ;
Hang on, sir, round the corner—here we are !
Then woa, steady woa ! Lord! how the waters flow,
See how the white foam glistens in the dawnin',
Lord knows if we shall do it—but I'm bound to rush 'em thro' it
If we want to reach Moruya in the mornin'!

Are all you chaps inside awake ? That's right, well mind your eye,
The creek must be quite three foot deep or more,
You'd best get on the seat if you'd prefer to come thro' dry,
The water's bound to cover all the floor
Its neck or nothin' now, sir, for we can't afford to shrink,
The creek gets only bigger with delay,
Hold on, sir, like blue blazes! for we're comin' to the brink!
Now Thunderclap and Dingo show the way!
Now go, beauties, go! see how they breast the flow
And face the stream, all danger simply scornin';
Now Narrabri! Red Rover! one more pull! Hurrah, we're over !!
And thank God we'll reach Moruya in the mornin'!

The Braidwood Coach

Words anon
Tune D Johnson 2004

The musical score consists of six staves of music in G major, 4/4 time. The melody is written on a treble clef staff. The chords are indicated by letters above the staff: G, Am, D7, G, G, Am, G, Am, D7, G, G, Am, G, D7, G, G, C, D7, C, B, G, C, D7, G, D7, G.

Now all aboard, my sonnies, for the time is slipping past,
We've got to make ten miles before the dawn,
Our team's a spankin' good 'un, but they've never gone so fast
As they must make the pace this blessed morn.
Just let that buckle out a hole! that's right—now mind your eye,
Or Thunderclap will catch you on the shin!
Are all the mail bags snug ? Right oh I woa Dingo! Narrabril!
Now, gentlemen, if you please—tumble in !
Then woa, steady woa! Now, let the beauties go
They know what they've to do before the dawning;
And the journey aint all clover, for the creek is runnin' over,
And we're bound to reach Moruya in the mornin'.

Just pass this rug across your knees and hitch it on the rail,
You'll find the air, sir, pretty cold and chill,
We can't pull up and light a fire when carryin' the mail,
We've got to freeze and bear it sittin' still!
Yes, dark it is, and some might find it difficult to steer,
For where the corners come its hard to tell,
But I've been drivin' here, sir, some where close on twenty year,
And I'd follow this old bush track by the smell!
Then woa, steady woa ! just hear the beauties go.
All danger or fatigue they're simply scornin',
And no matter what the weather—you can bet they'll pull together
And will land us in Moruya in the mornin'!