

Folk & Traditional Song Lyrics

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Brave Pioneers

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(A.B.(Banjo) Paterson)

They came of bold and roving stock that would not fixed abide
They were the sons of field and flock since e'er they learnt to ride
We may not hope to see such men in these degenerate years
As those explorers of the bush - the brave old pioneers

'Twas they who rode the trackless bush in heat and storm and drought;
'Twas they who heard the master word that called them further out
'Twas they who followed up the trail the mountain cattle made
And pressed against the mighty range where now their bones are laid.

But now the times are dull and slow, the brave old days are dead
When hardy bushmen started out, and forced their way ahead
By tangled scrub and forests grim towards the unknown west
And spied at last the promised land from off the ranges crest

O ye who sleep in lonely graves by distant ridge and plain
We drink to you in silence now as Christmas comes again,
To you who fought the wilderness through rough unsettled years
The founders of our nations life, THE BRAVE OLD PIONEERS.

RHJ

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