

# Folk & Traditional Song Lyrics

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## Song of the Artesian Water

Song of the Artesian Water  
(Banjo Paterson)

Now the stock have started dying, for the Lord has sent a drought  
But we're sick of prayers and Providence---we're going to do without  
With the derricks up above us and the solid earth below  
We are waiting at the lever for the word to let her go.

Sinking down, deeper down,

Oh, we'll sink it deeper down:

As the drill is plugging downward at a thousand feet of level  
If the Lord won't send us water, oh, we'll get it from the devil  
Yes we'll get it from the devil deeper down.

Now our engine's built in Glasgow by a vey canny Scot  
And he marked it twenty horse-power, but he don't what is what  
When Canada Bill is firing with the sun-dried gidgee logs  
She can equal thirty horses and a score or so of dogs

Sinking down, deeper down,

Oh, we're going deeper down:

If we fail to get the water, then it's ruin to the squatter  
For the drought is on the station and the weather's growing hotter  
But we're bound to get the water deeper dovvm.

But the shaft has started caving and the sinking's very slow  
And the yellow rods are bending in the water down below  
And the tubes are always jamming, and they can't be made to shift  
Till we nearly burst the engine with a forty horse-power lift

Sinking down, deeper down,

Oh, we're going deeper down:

Though the shaft is always caving, and the tubes are always hamming  
Yet we'll fight our way to water while the stubborn drill is ramming  
While the stubborn drill is ramming deeper down.

But there's no artesian water, though we've passed three thousand feet  
And the contract price is growing, and the boss is nearly beat  
But it must be down beneath us, and it's down we've got to go  
Though she's bumping on the solid rock four thousand feet below

Sinking down, deeper down,

Oh, we're going deeper down:

And it's time they heard us knocking on the roof of Satan's dwellin'  
But we'll get artesian water if we cave the roof of Hell in  
Oh! we'll get artesian water deeper down.

But it's hark! the whistle's blowing with a wild, exultant blast

And the boys are madly cheering, for they've struck the flow at last  
And it's rushing up the tubing from four thousand feet below  
Till it spouts above the casing in a million-gallon flow  
Till it spouts above the casing in a million-gallon flor  
    And it's down, deeper down  
    Oh, it comes from deeper down;  
It is flowing, ever flowing, in a free, unstinted measure  
From the silent hidden places where the old earth hides her treasure  
Where the old earth hides her treasure deeper down.

And it's clear away the timber, and it's let the water run  
How it glimmers in the shadow, how it flashes in the sun!  
By the silent belts of timber, by the miles of blazing plain  
It is bringing hope and comfort to the thirsty land again  
    Flowing down, further down  
    It is flowing further down  
To the tortured thirsty cattle, bringing gladness in its going;  
Through the droughty days of summer it is flowing, ever flowing  
It is flowing, ever flowing, further down.

note: Yes, this is the guy that wrote Waltzing Matilda RG  
RG