



THEN ON TO NANANGO, THAT HARD-BITTEN TOWNSHIP  
WHERE THE OUT-OF-WORK STATION-HANDS SIT IN THE DUST,  
WHERE THE SHEARERS GET SHORN BY OLD TIM, THE CONTRACTOR  
OH, I WOULDN'T GO NEAR THERE, BUT I FLAMING WELL MUST!  
  
THEN FILL UP YOUR GLASSES, AND DRINK TO THE LASSES,  
WE'LL DRINK THIS TOWN DRY, THEN FAREWELL TO THEM ALL  
AND WHEN WE'VE GOT BACK TO THE AUGATHELLA STATION,  
WE HOPE YOU'LL COME BY THERE AND PAY US A CALL.