

# Broken Down Squatter

Charles Flowers, ca 1880s; arr. Gordon Bok

*verse 1*

Come, Stump - y, old man, we must shift while we can All your mates in the  
pad-dock are dead We must say our fare - wells to Glen E - va's sweet

*verse 2*

dells And the hills where your mas-ter was bred To - ge - ther to  
roam from our drought-strick-en home Seems hard that such things have to be  
And it's hard on a horse when he's naught for a boss But a

*Chorus*

brok - en-down squat-ter like me And the banks are all brok-en, they  
say And the mer-chants are all up a tree When the  
big-wigs are brought to the bank-rupt-cy court What chance for a squat-ter like  
me