

The Man from Snowy River

by A. B. 'Banjo' Paterson

There was movement at the station, for the word had passed around
That the colt from old Regret had got away,
And had joined the wild bush horses—he was worth a thousand pound,
So all the cracks had gathered to the fray.

All the tried and noted riders from the stations near and far
Had mustered at the homestead overnight,
For the bushmen love hard riding where the wild bush horses are,
And the stock-horse snuffs the battle with delight.

There was Harrison, who made his pile when Pardon won the cup,
The old man with his hair as white as snow;
But few could ride beside him when his blood was fairly up—
He would go wherever horse and man could go.

And Clancy of the Overflow came down to lend a hand,
No better horseman ever held the reins;
For never horse could throw him while the saddle-girths would stand,
He learnt to ride while droving on the plains.

And one was there, a stripling on a small and weedy beast,
He was something like a racehorse undersized,
With a touch of Timor pony—three parts thoroughbred at least—
And such as are by mountain horsemen prized.

He was hard and tough and wiry—just the sort that won't say die—
There was courage in his quick impatient tread;
And he bore the badge of gameness in his bright and fiery eye,
And the proud and lofty carriage of his head.

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But still so slight and weedy, one would doubt his power to stay,
And the old man said, 'That horse will never do
'For a long and tiring gallop—lad, you'd better stop away,
'Those hills are far too rough for such as you.'

So he waited sad and wistful—only Clancy stood his friend—
'I think we ought to let him come,' he said;
'I warrant he'll be with us when he's wanted at the end,
'For both his horse and he are mountain bred.'

'He hails from Snowy River, up by Kosciusko's side,
'Where the hills are twice as steep and twice as rough,
'Where a horse's hoofs strike firelight from the flint stones every stride,
'The man that holds his own is good enough.

'And the Snowy River riders on the mountains make their home,
'Where the river runs those giant hills between;
'I have seen full many horsemen since I first commenced to roam,
'But nowhere yet such horsemen have I seen.'

So he went—they found the horses by the big mimosa clump—
They raced away towards the mountain's brow,
And the old man gave his orders, 'Boys, go at them from the jump,
'No use to try for fancy riding now.

'And, Clancy, you must wheel them, try and wheel them to the right.
'Ride boldly, lad, and never fear the spills,
'For never yet was rider that could keep the mob in sight,
'If once they gain the shelter of those hills.'

So Clancy rode to wheel them—he was racing on the wing
Where the best and boldest riders take their place,
And he raced his stock-horse past them, and he made the ranges ring
With the stockwhip, as he met them face to face.

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The Colt Escapes

1 There was movement at the station, for the word had passed around
That the colt from old Regret had got away,
²And had joined the wild bush horses—he was worth a thousand pound^a,
³So all the cracks^b had gathered to the fray.
⁴All the tried and noted riders from the stations near and far
Had mustered at the homestead overnight,
⁵For the bushmen love hard riding where the wild bush horses are,
⁶And the stock-horse snuffs the battle with delight.
⁷There was Harrison, who made his pile when Pardon won the cup,
The old man with his hair as white as snow;
But few could ride beside him when his blood was fairly up—
He would go wherever horse and man could go.
⁸And Clancy of the Overflow^c came down to lend a hand,
No better horseman ever held the reins;
For never horse could throw him while the saddle-girths would stand,
He learnt to ride while droving on the plains.

An Unknown Stripling

⁹And one was there, a stripling on a small and weedy beast,
¹⁰He was something like a racehorse undersized,
With a touch of Timor pony—three parts thoroughbred at least—
And such as are by mountain horsemen prized.
¹¹He was hard and tough and wiry—just the sort that won't say die—
There was courage in his quick impatient tread;
¹²And he bore the badge of gameness in his bright and fiery eye,
And the proud and lofty carriage of his head.
¹³But still so slight and weedy, one would doubt his power to stay,
¹⁴And the old man said, 'That horse will never do
¹⁵For a long and tiring gallop—lad, you'd better stop away,
Those hills are far too rough for such as you.'
¹⁶So he waited sad and wistful—only Clancy stood his friend—
¹⁷'I think we ought to let him come,' he said;
¹⁸'I warrant he'll be with us when he's wanted at the end,
For both his horse and he are mountain bred.
¹⁹He hails from Snowy River, up by Kosciusko's side,

Where the hills are twice as steep and twice as rough,
Where a horse's hoofs strike firelight from the flint stones every stride,
²⁰The man that holds his own is good enough.'
²¹'And the Snowy River riders on the mountains make their home,
Where the river runs those giant hills between;
²²I have seen full many horsemen since I first commenced to roam,
But nowhere yet such horsemen have I seen.'

Chasing the Wild Horses

2 ²³So he went—¹they found the horses by the big mimosa^d clump—
²They raced away towards the mountain's brow,
³And the old man gave his orders, 'Boys, go at them from the jump,
No use to try for fancy riding now.
⁴And, Clancy, you must wheel them, try and wheel them to the right.
⁵Ride boldly, lad, and never fear the spills,
For never yet was rider that could keep the mob in sight,
If once they gain the shelter of those hills.'
⁶So Clancy rode to wheel them—⁷he was racing on the wing
Where the best and boldest riders take their place,
⁸And he raced his stock-horse past them, and he made the ranges ring
With the stockwhip, as he met them face to face.
⁹Then they halted for a moment, while he swung the dreaded lash,
¹⁰But they saw their well-loved mountain full in view,
And they charged beneath the stockwhip with a sharp and sudden dash,
And off into the mountain scrub they flew.
¹¹Then fast the horsemen followed, where the gorges deep and black
Resounded to the thunder of their tread,
¹²And the stockwhips woke the echoes, and they fiercely answered back
From cliffs and crags that beetled overhead.
¹³And upward, ever upward, the wild horses held their way,
Where mountain ash and kurrajong^e grew wide;
¹⁴And the old man muttered fiercely, 'We may bid the mob good day,
No man can hold them down the other side.'
¹⁵When they reached the mountain's summit, even Clancy took a pull,
It well might make the boldest hold their breath,
¹⁶The wild hop scrub^f grew thickly, and the hidden ground was full
Of wombat holes, and any slip was death.

The Man from Snowy River Gives Chase

¹⁷But the man from Snowy River let the pony have his head,
And he swung his stockwhip round and gave a cheer,
And he raced him down the mountain like a torrent down its bed,
¹⁸While the others stood and watched in very fear.
¹⁹He sent the flint stones flying, but the pony kept his feet,
²⁰He cleared the fallen timber in his stride,
²¹And the man from Snowy River never shifted in his seat—

The Other Riders Watch On

It was grand to see that mountain horseman ride.
²²Through the stringy barks and saplings, on the rough and broken ground,
Down the hillside at a racing pace he went;
And he never drew the bridle till he landed safe and sound,
At the bottom of that terrible descent.
²³He was right among the horses as they climbed the further hill,
²⁴And the watchers on the mountain standing mute,
Saw him ply the stockwhip fiercely, ²⁵he was right among them still,
As he raced across the clearing in pursuit.
²⁶Then they lost him for a moment, where two mountain gullies met

In the ranges, ²⁷but a final glimpse reveals
On a dim and distant hillside the wild horses racing yet,
With the man from Snowy River at their heels.
²⁸And he ran them single-handed till their sides were white with foam.
²⁹He followed like a bloodhound on their track,
Till they halted cowed and beaten, then he turned their heads for home,
And alone and unassisted brought them back.

The Pony is Tired

3 But his hardy mountain pony he could scarcely raise a trot,
²He was blood from hip to shoulder from the spur;
³But his pluck was still undaunted, and his courage fiery hot,
⁴For never yet was mountain horse a cur.

The Stockmen Tell of the Chase

⁵And down by Kosciusko, where the pine-clad ridges raise
Their torn and rugged battlements on high,
Where the air is clear as crystal, and the white stars fairly blaze
At midnight in the cold and frosty sky,
⁶And where around the Overflow the reedbeds sweep and sway
⁷The man from Snowy River is a household word to-day,
⁸And the stockmen tell the story of his ride.

^a2 Equiv. approx. A\$120,000 in 2019 ^b3 That is, experts ^c8 cf. Paterson's poem *Clancy of the Overflow* ^d1 A species of acacia tree with yellow flowers ^e13 Probably refers to *Brachychiton populneus* ^f16 This plant's precise identification is unknown