

**It's Grand** by Banjo Paterson - 1902

It's grand to be a squatter  
And sit upon a post,  
And watch your little ewes and lambs  
A-giving up the ghost.

It's grand to be a "cockie"  
With wife and kids to keep,  
And find an all-wise Providence  
Has mustered all your sheep.

It's grand to be a Western man,  
With shovel in your hand,  
To dig your little homestead out  
From underneath the sand.

It's grand to be a shearer  
Along the Darling-side,  
And pluck the wool from stinking sheep  
That some days since have died.

It's grand to be a rabbit  
And breed till all is blue,  
And then to die in heaps because  
There's nothing left to chew.

It's grand to be a Minister  
And travel like a swell,  
And tell the Central District folk  
To go to, Inverell.

It's grand to be a socialist  
And lead the bold array  
That marches to prosperity  
At seven bob a day.

It's grand to be unemployed  
And lie in the Domain,  
And wake up every second day,  
And go to sleep again.

It's grand to borrow English tin  
To pay for wharves and docks  
And then to find it isn't in  
The little money-box.

It's grand to be a democrat  
And toady to the mob,  
For fear that if you told the truth  
They'd hunt you from your job.

It's grand to be a lot of things  
In this fair Southern land,  
But if the Lord would send us rain,  
That would, indeed, be grand!