

| <p>Man Bilong Draipela Bus Em Gita Patterson I Bin Raitim</p> | <p>The Man From Ironbark by Banjo Patterson</p> |
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| <p>Em man i man bilong Draipela Bus i kam long Moresby taun Na emil wok nabaut na i lukim ol sindaun; Na baimbai lek bilong em i pen na em i les tumas Na em i painim haus bilong man i man bilong katim gras. 'Oi, rausim gras bilong maus bilong mi na bai mi man i-abrus," Mi winim ol long hap bilong mi antap long Draipela Bus</p> | <p>It was the man from Ironbark who struck the Sydney town, He wandered over street and park, he wandered up and down. He loitered here, he loitered there, till he was like to drop, Until at last in sheer despair he sought a barber's shop. "Ere! shave my beard and whiskers off, I'll be a man of mark, I'll go and do the Sydney toff up home in Ironbark."</p> |
| <p>Dispela man bilong katim gras em i liklik man tumas Siga bilong emil bikpela na klos igat bilas; Em tu i save winim man long laki na long kat, Na em i save giaman man na lap bilong em i hat. Tingkingk bilong em I nau olsem: 'Man i olsem abus; Mi giamanim dispela man i kam long Draipela Bus.</p> | <p>The barber man was small and flash, as barbers mostly are, He wore a strike-your-fancy sash, he smoked a huge cigar; He was a humorist of note and keen at repartee, He laid the odds and kept a "tote", whatever that may be, And when he saw our friend arrive, he whispered, "Here's a lark! Just watch me catch him all alive, this man from Ironbark."</p> |
| <p>Insait long haus sampela man i longlong ol i stap, Na ol i nogat save tru, na ol i save lap. Long ol em man i tok olsem: "Em bel bilong mi i bat; Baimbai dispela man i tingkingk nek bilong em i kat." Na em i rapim sop long pes na ananit long nus. Na em i tok: "Aitingk em gras i grin long Draipela Bus."</p> | <p>There were some gilded youths that sat along the barber's wall. Their eyes were dull, their heads were flat, they had no brains at all; To them the barber passed the wink, his dexter eyelid shut, "I'll make this bloomin' yokel think his bloomin' throat is cut." And as he soaped and rubbed it in he made a rude remark: "I s'pose the flats is pretty green up there in Ironbark."</p> |
| <p>Em busman i no bekim tok; em man i sev long rait, Na em i hotim wara tru na i putim naip insait; Nau em i apim naip bilong em, na ai bilong em i lap, Na em i paitim nek bilong man long baksait hot bilong naip. Nau nek bilong em i pen na em i tingkingk het i lus; Em ple i giamanim dispela man bilong Draipela Bus</p> | <p>A grunt was all the reply he got; he shaved the bushman's chin, Then made the water boiling hot and dipped the razor in. He raised his hand, his brow grew black, he paused awhile to gloat, Then slashed the red-hot razor-back across his victim's throat; Upon the newly-shaven skin it made a livid mark -- No doubt it fairly took him in -- the man from Ironbark.</p> |
| <p>Ol daiman ol inap long harim singaut strong bilong em, Na maski em i tingkingk nek bilong em I kat olsem, Em nau I gerap isi isi na I lukim man; "Yu kilim mi na bai mi dai, yu bilong tambaran; Tasol mi bekim yu, bikhet, bai tingkingk i no lus Na bilong oltaim yu holim mi, mi man bilong Draipela Bus."</p> | <p>He fetched a wild up-country yell might wake the dead to hear, And though his throat, he knew full well, was cut from ear to ear, He struggled gamely to his feet, and faced the murd'rous foe: "You've done for me! you dog, I'm beat! one hit before I go! I only wish I had a knife, you blessed murdering shark! But you'll remember all your life the man from Ironbark."</p> |
| <p>Nau em i apim han bilong em i bikpela tumas Na em i paitim het na kilim man bilong katim gras. Nau em i ron nabaut na I bagarapim haus Na i paitim nek bilong longlong man na i laik bai ol i raus. Na oltaim em I holim nek na blut i no ken lus, Na em i singaut "Sangguma!" em man bilong Draipela Bus.</p> | <p>He lifted up his hairy paw, with one tremendous clout He landed on the barber's jaw, and knocked the barber out. He set to work with nail and tooth, he made the place a wreck; He grabbed the nearest gilded youth, and tried to break his neck. And all the while his throat he held to save his vital spark, And "Murder! Bloody murder!" yelled the man from Ironbark.</p> |
| <p>Em polismanil harim nois na em i hariap Long kalabusim busman tasol em i no inap. Na taim em man bilong katim gras i gerap na i spik: "Em ple tasol, I giaman, tasol kros bilong yu i kwik." "Em ple!" em busman i krai olsem, "O bai mi sutim nus Sapos mi pleim yu long nait antap long Draipela Bus."</p> | <p>A peeler man who heard the din came in to see the show; He tried to run the bushman in, but he refused to go. And when at last the barber spoke, and said "'Twas all in fun -- 'Twas just a little harmless joke, a trifle overdone." "A joke!" he cried, "By George, that's fine; a lively sort of lark; I'd like to catch that murdering swine some night in Ironbark." And "Murder! Bloody murder!" yelled the man from Ironbark.</p> |
| <p>Tude ol man nabaut i harim stori yet, Em busman em i tokim ol i no bin save pret. "Wanpela man bilong katim gras i bin laik mekim rong, I bin laik katim nek bilong mi tasol em nek i strong." Nau mi no save haumas man i bilipim olsem long nius, Tasol em plenti mausgras ol i stap long Draipela Bus.</p> | <p>And now while round the shearing floor the list'ning shearers gape, He tells the story o'er and o'er, and brags of his escape. "Them barber chaps what keeps a tote, By George, I've had enough, One tried to cut my bloomin' throat, but thank the Lord it's tough." And whether he's believed or no, there's one thing to remark, That flowing beards are all the go way up in Ironbark.</p> |