



But there's no artesian water, though we're passed three thousand feet,
And the contract price is growing, and the boss is nearly beat.
But it must be down beneath us, and it's down we've got to go.
Though she's bumping on the solid rock four thousand feet below,

Sinking down, deeper down,
Oh, we're going deeper down:

And it's time they heard us knocking on the roof of Satan's dwellin',
But we'll get artesian water if we cave the roof of hell in
Oh we'll get artesian water deeper down.

But it's hark! the whistle's blowing with a wild, exultant blast,
And the boys are madly cheering, for they've struck the flow at last:
And it's rushing up the tubing from four thousand feet below,
Till it spouts above the casing in a million-gallon flow.

And it's down, deeper down-
Oh, it comes from deeper down:

Part of: The Song of the Artesian Water written in 1896 by Banjo Paterson

The Development of Hydrogeology in Australia

Bill H. Williamson

Reformatted from an original document written by Bill Williamson in 1996 with some additional Appendix material added by Ian Acworth.

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