

A Letter From Arrabury

Slim Dusty

Ah you mention in your letter that there's blue grass belly high
h
That there's clover on the Cooper once again
And I read too that the brumbies are just like they used to be
When we mustered on the Arrabury plains

So you're mustering down the river where the minaritchie grows
And the lignum almost barricades the sun
Where we used to strike the mickys full of cheek and quick to charge
Where we used to the brumbies just for fun

Oh your letter brings back memories of the good times that we shared
And your mention of Gillpippy makes me smile
For I think about the new chum and your story of the ghost
Which made that new chum touchy for a while

In my mind I see a dust cloud from 6000 marching feet
And the scent of Cooper clover comes to me
And the soft voice of a stockman as he lulls a mob to sleep
Oh how your letter takes me back to Arrabury

Oh I see the station homestead with its stately pepper trees
And the old stockyard built of timbers that will last
I can picture colts unbroken being drafted by the boys
Oh mate your letter stirs up memories if the past

And you say the sandhill flowers full of colour are ablaze
And the desert pea is blooming once again
Mate your letter paints a picture of the good times in our lives
When we mustered on the Arrabury plains

So in my home tonight in Brisbane I am answering your note
And do not smile mate if this papers' showin' stains
For I'm havin' trouble seeing through a misty kind of haze
Like the dust out on the Arrabury plains