

A Song of Granny

Slim Dusty

Yodelaydee, yodelaydee, yodelaydee
The sun is shining bright and fair,
A glorious summers day,
And quietly in her old arm chair,
Granny dreams away.

She wanders back into the past,
Across fine misty haze,
When she was tender sweet sixteen,
In those pioneering days.

Gently rocking to and fro
Her days are free from care,
Dreaming of the long ago,
When she was young and fair.

Although her road of life's been rough,
She'd live it o'er again,
Those tired old hands so feeble now,
Have done the work of men.

Yodelaydee, yodelaydee, yodelaydee

Her home was a tumbled down old shack
Where lonely gum trees grew
She's faced the dangers way outback
And won the hardships too.

Her just reward is yet to come,
For her unceasing toil,
When treasures of that promised land,
Unfold to each and all.

Gently rocking to and fro
Her days are free from care
Dreaming of the long ago,
When she was young and fair.

The sun is setting in the west,
To close another day,
And quietly in her old arm chair,
Granny dreams away.