

Andy's Return

Slim Dusty

With pannikins all rusty, and billy burnt and black,
And clothes all torn and dusty, that scarcely hide his
back;

With sun-cracked saddle-leather, and knotted greenhide
rein,

His face burnt brown with weather, our Andy's home
again!

His unkempt hair is faded with sleeping in the wet,
He's looking old and jaded; but he is hearty yet.
With eyes sunk in their sockets but merry as of yore;
With big cheques in his pockets, hey! our Andy's home
once more!

Old Uncle's bright and cheerful; he wears a smiling
face;
And Aunty's never tearful now Andy's round the place.
Blucher barks for gladness; he broke his rusty chain,
And leapt in joyous madness when Andy came again.

His toil is nearly over; he'll soon enjoy his gains.
No more he'll be a drover, across the lonely plains.
She oaks stand in ribbons, parked on the hostile rain,
And home by some cool river, he makes his build again.

Yeah, the pannikins all rusty, and billy burnt and
black,
And clothes all torn and dusty, that scarcely hide his
back;
From where the skies hang lazy on many a northern
plain,
From regions dim and hazy, hey! our Andy's home again!