

Answer To The Old Rusty Bell

Slim Dusty

You've heard about the rusty bell that Boomer used to ring,
You've heard about old Johnny and the loads he used to bring,
But they tell me now that Boomer's bell was a Condamine he wore,
And not the one we painted up and wrote about before.

And someone said the brand was wrong and the bell belonged to bright,
If I live to be a hundred, I would still say I was right,
The rusty bell keeps ringing, you can hear it every day,
It echos round the ranges and it's grand the people say,

Old Sango keeps on joggin' while Old Smoke is by his side,
The old man riding homeward, they were his joy and pride,
Old Smoker was half dingo, Sango had racing blood,
They were faithful to Old Johnny through the heat and rain and mud.

But now they're just a memory so very dear to me,
And the rusty bell is Boomer's and forever it will be,
We've watched old Johnny ride away through misty fading years,
While Boomer's bell is ringing just like music to our ears.

But now they're just a memory so very dear to me,
And the rusty bell is Boomer's and forever it will be,
The gentle clip of Sango's hooves, and Smoker jogs along,
And the tinkle of the bullock bell rings finish to my song,
And the tinkle of the bullock bell rings finish to my song.