

## Bush Poets Of Australia

Slim Dusty

When a shearer downs his clippers maybe he'll picked up  
a pen,  
For the scene might be a drover when the campfire glows  
again,  
There are phrases to be fashioned, rhymes to fit like  
'hand in glove',  
Bush poets of Australia write the stories that we love.

There's a warmth throughout their verses like the  
friendliness you find,  
If you ever left the city and it's comforts far behind,  
Help the spirit of the outback, not afraid of any test,  
They could be it's share of story of the glory of the  
west.

Holmes paint a wide brown picture when a drought sweeps  
o'er the land,  
And it's swollen muddy rivers when the big wet takes  
command,  
Simple tales of homely pleasures find their way onto a  
page,  
May the special brand of humour and their charm will  
never age.

It could be an old-time barn dance or a monthly trip to  
town,  
That will fire imagination and a rough pen writes it  
down,  
Or a pencil full of teeth marks might recall a grand  
event,  
Like a rodeo or race day to which everybody went.

Oh the buggy is a mem'ry and old Dobbins had his day,  
They still roll out in verses bringing romance on the  
way,  
To our Pattersons and Lawsons let us wish them one and  
all,  
May their numbers be like gum trees ever are proud and  
growing tall,

So when a shearer downs his slippers maybe he'll picked  
up a pen,  
For the scene might be a drover when the campfire glows  
again,  
There are phrases to be fashioned rhymes to fit like  
'hand in glove',  
Bush poets of Australia write the stories that we love.