

Dreaming

Slim Dusty

Last night I dreamed of my old mate, the dream was earthly real
The scene was set in a musterer's camp somewhere near Camooweal
He rode a horse of silver grey with stockwhip quickly coiled
"G'day old mate," he said to me, "I see the billy's boiled."

Oh I've rode tonight from far away, it's great to see you mate
I saw your fire through the Milky Way when I came through the golden gate
The boss up there is a decent bloke, he treats us all real fine
At the biggest stock camp of them all and the sun has a special shine

No droughts prevail, no dust storms blow, the grass is green and high
And saddened hearts are never known or a sight brings a tear to your eye
Up there a man don't prove his worth, his fortunes or his lot
He takes us all on equal terms and a man is not forgot

He wore the same lopsided smile and the ol' black hat was there
Slanted sideways on a crown of thick black curly hair
He gazed about at the sleeping men and the camp gear on the ground
And joined in with an old bush song, as the night watch rode around

We drifted back through childhood days and shared each other's grief
Realized so quickly now how life can be so brief
When we are born, we start to die, it's He who calls the tune
And when He called you home ol' mate, He called you much too soon

Oh the dream I had of you ol' mate forever will remain
To me you are my earthly loss, for Him you're heaven's gain
As I stand beside your earthen mound, no words can quite express
Just how I feel, but mem'ries mate, to me are heaven blessed

So long mate, 'til we meet again, rest in perfect peace
You're mem'ries locked inside my heart, my thoughts will never cease
I know you cannot answer mate, but to me it always seems
We can live a part of life again, even though it's in our dreams