

Laughter In The Hills

Slim Dusty

From out across the great divide, a story reached my ears
About a jackass and a boy; I'd like you all to hear.
At daylight in the mornin', his little heart it thrills
To the echoes in the valley, from the laughter in the hills.

Perched up in a tall gumtree, by the homestead so I hear
A happy kookaburra, laughs away his fear
He wakes the little feller, who jus' tumbles out of bed
As he got dressed he said aloud, "My friend must be fed."

He found some bits and pieces, which he placed upon some bark
And soon the jackass he came down as happy as a lark
And as the sun peeped o'er the hill, he jumped around so grand,
And then he ate a piece of meat out of the younger's hand

Well when that lad went back inside, his father said,
"Young man,
You'll have to get rid of that bird as quickly as you can,
For lately I've been worried, and I miss my morning rest
I think that bird of yours, young man, is nothing but a pest."

Next morning see his father up beneath that old gumtree,
With red meat full of strychnine, "I'll get that bird", thought he,
Then went into the house, he chanced to look around
And saw that jackass swoop upon a black snake on the ground

He dived down and grabbed that snake, as quick as any cat,
He bumped and bashed and banged him and shook him like a rat
They tossed there upon the ground and then he flew up high
And soon that reptile met his death, from somewhere in the sky.

The father scratched his greying head and felt a little ashamed
If my son had been poisoned, I'd be the one to blame.
So he told his wife and little son, of all that he did see
And now trhat jackass is just one of a happy family.

From out across the great divide, a story rings so true
About a jackass and a boy, I think, of something new

At daylight in the mornin', his little heart it
thrills
To the echoes in the valley, from the laughter in the
hills.