

## On The Night Train

Slim Dusty

Have you seen the bush by moonlight, from the train, go  
running by?

Here a patch of glassy water; there a glimpse of mystic  
sky?

Have you heard the still voice calling, yet so warm,  
and yet so cold:

"I'm the Mother-Bush that bore you! Come to me when you  
are old"?

Did you see the bush below you, sweeping darkly to the  
Range,

All unchanged and all unchanging, yet so very old and  
strange!

Did you hear the bush a-calling, when your heart was  
young and bold:

"I'm the Mother-bush that nursed you; Come to me when  
you are old?"

Through the long and thunderous cutting, and the night  
train should be still,

Did you hear the grey bush calling from the pine-ridge  
overhead:

"You have seen the seas and cities, all seems done and  
all seems told,

I'm the Mother-Bush that loves you, come to me now you  
are old?"

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