

Saddle Boy

Slim Dusty

Through the grey frosty dawn
Every cold winter's morn
Rode this lad full of life and joy,
Every day just the same,
Down the roadway he came,
He was known as their own saddle boy.

In his youth, free from strife
He was called from this life,
From the sorrows of life's highway.
He was needed above
At the homestead of love,
For the last final roundup some day.

Now the sad willows wave
O'er the cold silent grave,
Where the tall grasses bend and bow,
And the jackass's laugh,
Is the only epitah
O'er the grave of this brave saddle boy.

At the school house on the rise,
Teacher always watched the skies
For the storm clouds that rose like foam
You've a long way he said
So you better go ahead
Saddle up saddle boy ride for home.

He had ten miles to ride
Through the dark countryside
As the storm all around raged on
Just one creek left to cross
Struck by driftwood boy and horse
Swept away by the mad raging foam

And the lightning overhead
Showed the last sandy bed
Where the boy and the pony lay
And old boundary rider Troy
Was the one who found the boy
And who took the saddening message home next day.

Now the old people say
Of the long nights in May
When the wind through the valley roam,
Pounding hoof beats resound,
Through the tall timber land
It's their own saddle boy riding home.