

To An Old Mate

Slim Dusty

Old Mate! In the gusty old weather,
When our hopes and our troubles were new;
In the years spent in wearing out leather,
I found you unselfish and true -
I have gathered these verses together
For the sake of our friendship and you

You may think for a while and with reason
Though still with a kindly regret
That I've left it for late in the season
To prove I remember you yet,
But you'll never judge me by their treason
Who prop thy friends and forget.

I can still feel the spirit that bore us,
And often the old stars will shine
I remember the last spree in chorus
For the sake of that other Lang Syne,
When the tracks lay divided before us,
Your path through the future and mine;

Through the frost wind that cuts like whip lashes
Through the ever blind haze of the drought,
And in fancier times by the flashes,
Of light in the darkness of death,
I have followed the tent poles and ashes,
Of camps that we moved further out,

You will find in these pages a trace of,
That side of our past that was bright,
And recognise something the face of,
A friend who has dropped out of sight.
Oh I send them along in the place of,
The letters I promised to write, (yeah)

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