

Children Of The Bush

She could ride a horse like Higgin's, or strap like young Woodcock,
she could crack a whip like Oakley, she came from Far West stock.

Her home was on a station, not far from Broken Hill,
where kids would help their parents, so they can pay the bill.

She'll brush the bay or bale the hay, she'd herd the cattle back,
or count the sheep, yet rarely sleep, till daytime turns to black.

She'll check the dams and dock the lambs, and sweep the shearer's floor,
and throw the fleece, or use the grease, to oil a squeaky door.

These kids are made of hardy stock, in a country where life's tough,
when drought or flood have many men, relating " that's enough ".

Their school is on a radio, the doctor flies a plane,
the mailman travels when he can, providing there's no rain.

The tv doesn't matter, as there's so much to be done,
as the day will end, and it all depends, on the setting of the sun.

These children are so special, the backbone of the lands,
so lift up your akubra hat, and join with clapping hands.