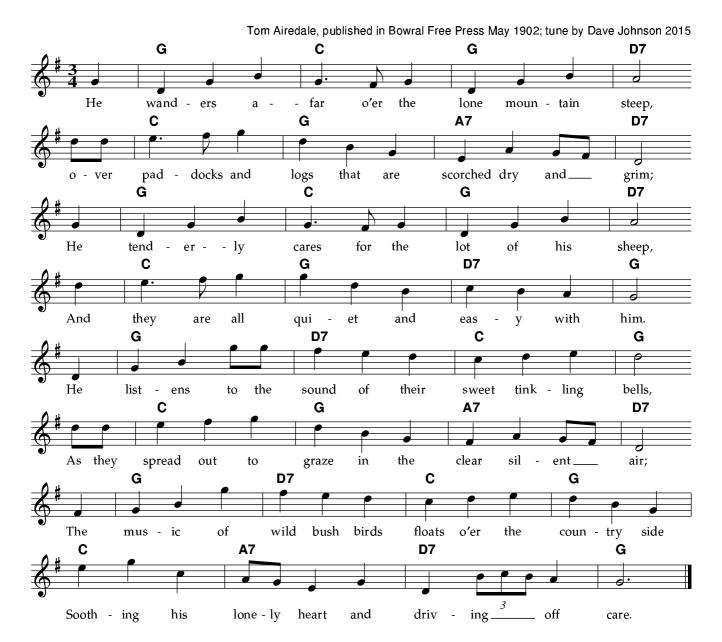
Songs

The Australian Shepherd



His old battered billy has many dear charms, On the embers it sings out its welcoming song; Its contents can sooth away cares and alarms, And comfort his loneliness all the day long.

He longs not for the cities' load bustle and toil, And he envies not mansions and palaces fine; But loves to be free from strife and turmoil, Along the Paddys River where the sun loves to shine.

The green banks of the river are homely to him, Every track, creek, and gully and clearing he knows; Whether morning be bright, or the evening be dim, He strolls like a lord where the clear river flows.

Songs

At nightfall he rests on his favorite log, When the laughing jackass bids adieu to the day; The bandicoot starts at the sight of his dog, And off to the hidden scrub it scampers away.

He makes for his hut, and he lies on his bunk; Cocky's joy on his damper much pleasure affords. His billy of tea, and his seasoned corn junk, They make him content as a king or a lord.