

## AT THE STATION

At the station where I met her nigh on twenty years ago,  
there's a peaceful hush that settles with the dusk.  
The breaking yards are quiet, men and horses part their ways,  
and a clearness comes with settling of the dust.

It's that clearness I see now but still I search for something else,  
as my stockhorse clears the final rocky wall.  
For I've come back on a mission since that letter from me mate,  
which he wrote before he took his final fall.

We'd both been mountain riders from as soon as we could walk,  
and at fifteen done a muster on our own.  
We thought we knew it all when we became the station breakers,  
and me the one who bought the brumbies home.

But it was Annie taught us manners, how to dance and how to read,  
and she tamed our wild young spirits with her grace.  
But she couldn't stop us showing off as rivals for her hand,  
and then the stallion threw me lifeless on me face.

It was me mate who dragged me out between those flailing angry hooves,  
to the hospital, a long and lonely stay.  
So I even missed his wedding when I feigned my illness worse,  
and when they returned I'd ridden far away.

But now I'm back from Queensland to the hills round Corryong,  
this time I won't let down me mate.  
For he's left behind five children and a widow at the station,  
my God – that's her – she's standing at the gate.