McCORMACK'S FOUR WHEEL DRIVE MUSTER

The muster rolled like surging flood 'neath mountains ash and gum,
as sixty hand picked heifers led the mob out to the run.
The kids yelled at the breakaways, racing ponies through the scrub,
and cousins called the kelpies down on calves that pushed and shoved.

It's an old Australian custom six generations now have shared,
in the springtime, take the cattle out to the mountains up ahead.
The whole family comes together as they come from near and far,
and the children learn bush skills and sleep in swags 'neath shining star.

White dust rose like a mist spray that clothed and choked all near,
and hid the source of all the barking that was coming from the rear.
For grandma had followed them up the hill then went home to get some peace,
and left her son her three legged dog whose yelping would not cease.

It was the first time in his lifetime he hadn't mustered with his dad,
but it wasn't the responsibility it was that yapping dog that drove him mad.
He chose the pace, he called the shots from his station at the back,
'twas the others who showed their stockhorse skills for he never left the track.

When they dropped from the mountain's shoulder the path was narrow and steep,
it takes nerve to drive the cattle down tracks that would scarcely take a sheep.
But no-one stopped or faltered, the mountain horses held their way,
as they sat and slipped a four legged slide they trust them come what may.

But he stood alone above all them perched atop a rocky knoll,
for there's a time you get left behind when your mount is a Nissan Patrol.
Yes, our hardy mountain cattleman who rode in Man From Snowy River,
had bucked one colt too many and got split up to his liver.

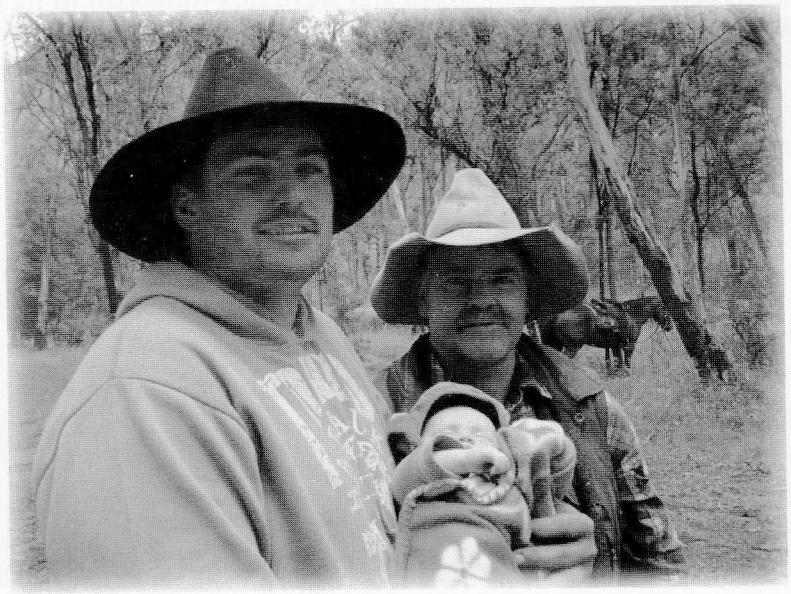
They shared in his frustration, you're no use mustering in a motor,
but they said that he went a step too far when he traded in his Toyota.
Still he knew the hills and knew the trails and the cattle's cunning ways,
and he drove to the flat to block a track down which might come some strays.

And sure enough, he knew his craft, down the track came half dozen,
but they showed as much respect for his Nissan as his Toyota loving cousin.
He ran to save his new machine but slipped, to his shame and horror,
those new boots for the Nissan's carpet would have to be cleaned by tomorrow.

He fell hard on his back as his stockwhip cracked and wrapped the leg of a cow,
who ran off in shock, dragged him over a rock and he furrowed the flat like a plough!
Then angry yelps filled the air as he lay in despair and saw his faithful small terrier friend
drive them back with a snarl and a bit at their heel as the cattle shot back round the bend.

That three legged runt had saved the day and he came to his master with pride,
but some pretty girls came over the hill and he threw him in the truck to hide.
For a cattleman has to look the part, and said when they asked "Where's ya dogs?"
That his Kelpies were somewhere behind the truck, sniffing drop-bears out of logs.

They ooe'd and sighed as he told them tall tales, cracking his stockwhip with ease,
and he left the truck as he showed them the tracks where he'd just roped and tied a beast.
Then the dog drew the brake and put paws on the wheel, looking droll,
now he's back on a horse, since a three-legged dog drove off with his Nissan Patrol.



Adam, Bruce and Jaxon McCormack