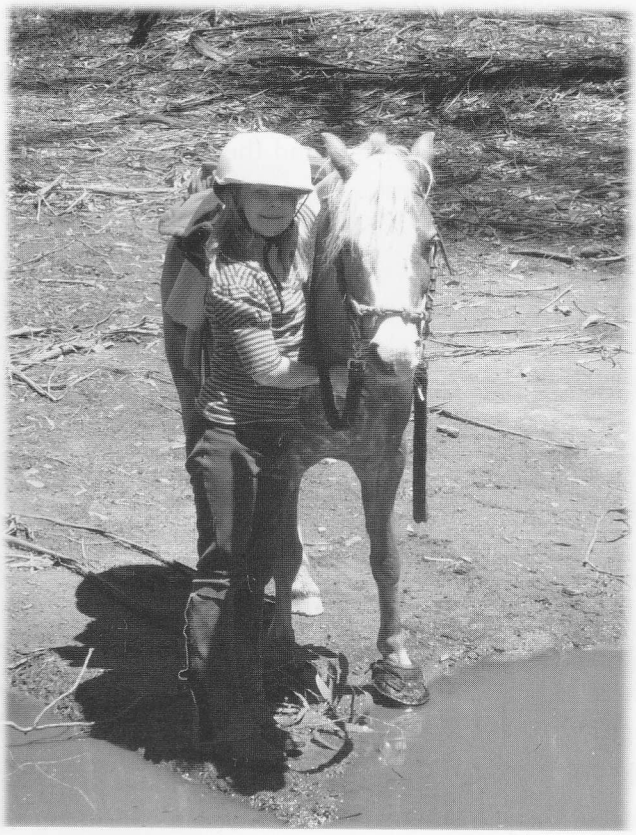
WHAT THE CATTLEMEN TAUGHT ME

by Emily Tuffen



My pony's name is Patchy, my mother broke him in for free,
we rode the city protest ride when he was only three.
The horses shied from funny sights, screeching trams instead of snakes,
but the worst bit was Jim Treasure who used my pony's bum as brakes!

I begged my mum to let me ride to help the cattlemen's cause,
they shouldn't lock the cattle out with stupid city laws.
I've seen the bush come back to life after a wild bush fire,
it's better where the cattle were, I swear I ain't no liar.

I rode here from the Howqua, on the winding packhorse track,
the one Fred Fry's horse took when he was drunk atop his back.
Graham Stoney was my age when he first came through with cattle,
but the packhorse bolted home spilling all his food and tackle.

We camped last night at Stockyard where the magic horseyards are,
that filled themselves with cattle which had come from near and far.
They took them through the national park, my mother was a drover,
hid the cattle on Mount Howitt, when they searched it misted over.

They caught mum with the cattle, she said the parkies were elated,
but they couldn't fine the owner 'cos the cows were all donated.
They raced the horses for the TV when they reached the Wonnongatta,
but after we saw mum on the news, they sent a troopie in to get her.

The ranger caught her with the cattle and stood tall upon a log,
'till she pointed out their four wheel drive had sunk into a bog.
She solomnly swore to take them home if they would only let her,
and she met me at Rose River at the cattlemen's get-together.

Last night we stopped at McCormacks 'n asked Bruce where to get some grub.
It's rightly names as Lovick's lane 'cos it leads straight to Merrijig pub!
So this is my fourth cattlemen's, one day I'll be a drover,
we'll outlive the greenies and once more we'll drove the mountains over.

