

## THE BULLOCKY'S DOG

There's a dog that old folks sing about,  
He's a dog of some reknown,  
He sits upon his master's box,  
A few miles out of town.

For year and years he's just sat and sat  
And waited patiently,  
He hasn't moved, he hasn't flinched.  
Not even for a flea.

He just sits and waits, good dog is he.  
His Soulful eyes, searching, stare ahead,  
Up that long, well travelled road.  
No sound he makes, not even to be fed.

The one he seeks is his old mate,  
A bullocky was he.  
He said, "Just mind me box, old friend,  
It's got me damper and me tea."

And as the years have come and gone,  
Enduring heat and cold and rain,  
No canine friends, just stranger's eyes.  
The poor dog waits in vain.

For his master won't return, you see.  
He's long since passed away.  
But the dog thinks still his mate will come.  
And looks forward to that day.

But now the song is no longer sung.  
The memory no longer lingers.  
No one comes to see the dog  
Made famous by the singers.

Is he lonely? Is he sad?  
Faithful though forgotten.  
Would he rather stay, or come to town?  
His fate ruled by the pen..

He is our dog, Australians all.  
And so I'll have my say,  
By poem, talk and mail,  
Of what part the fates will play.

This dog, mans best friend and mate,  
Would be noticed, don't you see.  
Put him in a green and pleasant spot,

Amongst more company.

Bring him to a park in town.  
On grass, with people he can see.  
He'll be happier with a pissing post.  
Provide him with a tree!

The town?..There can be only one.  
Under the bright blue sky.  
It is his own, and he is theirs.  
Bring him back to Gundagai!

by Billycan Harry

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