

## THE DROVER'S DREAM

Traditional Song.

One night while droving sheep, my companions lay asleep,  
There was not a star to illuminate the sky,  
I was dreaming I suppose, for my eyes were nearly closed,  
When a very strange procession passed me by.

First there came the kangaroo with his swag of blankets blue,  
A dingo ran beside him for a mate,  
They were traveling mighty fast, and they shouted as they passed,  
"We have to jog along, it's getting late."

The pelican and the crane, they came in from off the plain,  
To amuse the company with a Highland Fling.  
Then the dear old bandicoot played a tune upon his flute  
And the native bears sat round all in a ring.

The possum and the crow sang us songs of long ago,  
While the frill-neck lizard listened with a smile,  
And the emu, standing near, with his claw up to his ear,  
Said, "The funniest thing I've heard for quite a while!"

Some frogs from out the swamp where the atmosphere is damp  
Came bounding in and sat upon some stones,  
They each unrolled their swags and produced from little bags  
The violin, the banjo and the bones.

The goanna and the snake and the adder wide awake  
With an alligator danced "The Soldier's Joy";  
In a spreading silky-oak the jackass cracked a joke  
And the magpie sang "The Wild Colonial Boy".

Some brolgas darted out from the tea-trees all about  
And performed a set of Lancers very well,  
While the parrots, green and blue, gave the orchestra its cue  
To strike up "The Old Log Cabin in the Dell".

I was dreaming I suppose, of these entertaining shows,  
And it never crossed my mind I was asleep;  
Till the Boss beneath the cart woke me up with such a start,  
Yelling "Dreamy, where the hell are all the sheep?"