Farmers of The Clarence

They work the flats where the brown river runs,
From breaking dawn to the fall of the sun.
Rich floodplain soil, but a hard-won gain,
Given in mercy - or taken by rain.

Cane rows stand straight, cattle wait slow,
Hands know the land like they know when to sow.
They've watched floods rise and the dry years bite,
Held fast through loss, then started right.

No easy living, no boastful talk,
Just fences straight and an honest walk.
The Clarence flows, and the farmers stand,
Shaped by the river, shaped by the land.

Residents Group