# Ma from Snowy River



*That blasted colt from old Regret has broken out again,*
*it's got to be the seventh time this year.*
*I reckon it's that fancy filly from the wild bush mob,*
*that they should catch, to keep the blighter here.*

*But all the blokes are cracks they say, and this excuse'll do*
*for them to get together for the fray.*
*There's twenty of the sods requiring feeding and a bed,*
*and only me to do it in one day.*

*I'm Ma from Snowy River, and I'm getting sick and tired*
*of cooking for these blokes at every bid,*
*like Harrison the gambling man, who made his pile alright*
*on Pardon, but he still owes me a quid.*

*And then that flamin' Clancy fairly overflows with joy*
*from scoring decent tucker for a change.*
*His missus, she won't feed him 'cause he's hardly ever home;*
*he lives on beans while droving 'cross the range.*

*And blow me down, this skinny bloke with bum fluff on his chin,*
*turns up and says he wants to have a go.*
*I try to pack him off back to his Mum, where he belongs,*
*but that know-all Clancy makes a flamin' show.*

*"We ought to let him come," he says; (he'll need a damn good feed,*
*his horse and him between them weigh two stone),*
*I water down the stew some more to make it go around,*

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*and just for fun in goes the old dog's bone.*

*And twenty horses need a feed and watering as well;*
*the only sober lackie left? ---- that's me.*
*I'm fairly tuckered out while Mrs Harrison, I'll bet,*
*is sitting with her feet up, happily.*

*I do the washing up and get to bed at 3 a.m.,*
*at 4 the camp's alive as they all sing;*
*by 5 I'm feeling quite de-ranged, I'm desperate for sleep…*
*impossible, when twenty stock whips ring.*

*Then eighty hooves strike firelight from the flint stones as they leave,*
*I'm glad they're gone, but strike me flamin' pink,*
*that's started up a bushfire and there's only me left here,*
*poor Ma from Snowy River, on the brink.*

*So I saddle up the plough horse, scream*
*"Enough's e-bloody-nough!"*
*and spur the poor old Clydesdale to a trot.*
*I've never owned a whip, so take my rolling pin along,*
*to settle up this flamin' tommy rot.*

*The gorges deep and black all echo with my banshee wail,*
*"Let's get 'em boy." I yodel through the pines.*
*Down that terrible descent, and on his bum the Clydesdale slides,*
*with his front legs digging tracks like railway lines.*

*A wombat sticks his head out, just to see what's going on;*
*we step on him, I'm airborne, up away…*
*I land back in the saddle which has shifted to the right,*
*but the Clydesdale's leaning left, so that's okay.*

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*Like drunken co-joined twins we weave and wobble through the gorge;*
*the horse regains his geriatric pace.*
*Down the next slope he slides backwards on his bum, to close his wounds,*
*there we meet them, but I can't say "face to face".*

*With feet stuck in the bridle and my apron on his eyes,*
*we skid into a heap of crumpled pride,*
*the old horse struggles to his feet, and beetles overhead,*
*as I lay there cursing, on his underside.*

*"It's Ma from Snowy River!"screams out Harrison in fear,*
*the rolling pin lays waste to ten or more,*
*the weedy one has bolted, but then Clancy takes a pull,*
*when I grab his ear and bellow it red raw.*

*"You get and put that bushfire out, and cook me up some tea!"*
*The watchers on the mountain yell "Hooray";*
*a dozen cranky wives who want these silly blighters home,*
*and back to work, not chasing up some stray.*

*The poor old Clydesdale's sitting with his backside in a stream,*
*and clearly he's the best horse in the pack.*
*The cracks are cowed and beaten; with my rolling pin held high,*
*my horse, with some assistance, takes us back.*

*So now The Country Women's call me their new President,*
*and 'round the scones and pikelets cooked with pride,*
*old Ma from Snowy River is their household name today,*
*but the stockmen never tell about that ride.*

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