

A COCKY'S FAREWELL TO HIS TEAM

I never thought power farming would ever get under my skin,
But it seems in these modern times, that the horse is not 'in the swim',
So – I'm selling them, twenty of 'em, these friends who have tilled my ground,
And the price that I've been offered, is a miserable ninety pound.
Yes – they're going to be used for dog-meat, with a bit in your sausages too,
It's hard to believe it possible, but the words that I speak are true.
I think how I've harnessed and fed them, the hay and the chaff a man cuts,
Just to say how we can in Australia, it makes me feel 'crook in the guts.
I can see them now at their team work, Lady and Nobby and Nell,
With old Clyde the near-side leader, yes, those horses 'ud pull like hell.
I'll never forget old Bluey, darn good horse with only one eye.
And Dick and Duke and Flower – lazy cows but they used to try.
There was Bloss and Bowler and Lucy, and Bell as sound as her name,
And Bloomer and Bess and Chester, with Pilot on the off side rein.
Old Noble and Doll and two yearlings, showing promise those young 'uns were too,
But they'll never begin a career as a horse, unless it's down at the Zoo.
That's where we'll be going to see them, these beasts that were man's best friend
But, perhaps the reign of the tractor, will one day come to an end.

Yes – soon the stalls will be empty, the stable standing bare and forlorn,
A gaunt and silent structure, a symbol of days that are gone.
And so – I'll be left to wonder, whether or not it is best,
To be a power farmer, along with all the rest!
But whatever the system we work by, it seems to me somehow,
That man will never find a way, to beat the sweat of his brow.
I'm saying farewell to my teams now, but the memory will stay for all time,
Of twenty faithful stalwart beasts, that I'm proud to say were mine.



Phyllis Dewey - 10th January, 1945