

The dawn broke at the crack of the stockmans whip,
As the seers started their journey the properties tip,
The lagoo whirling and roping a calf;
The cattle heading off down the winding path.

The men in their saddle all mounted upright,
The girth and the bridal all fastened up tight;
The reigns in their hands and stirrups tucked firm,
The saddle bags full of food to so journey.

Down through the pines and along the river bank,
The hills in the distance to be crossed and to thank;
The prairies and planes over on the other side,
The fences with gates to left open wide.

The sun slowly gets and the day is all gone;
And the herd is now tired after finishing the run;
The men rest their heads and the horses take drink,
The journey completed and leaves man to think.

Signed

The Horse Has Bolted