

The All Right 'Un

Banjo Paterson

He came from 'further out',
That land of heat and drought
And dust and gravel.
He got a touch of sun,
And rested at the run
Until his cure was done,
And he could travel.

When spring had decked the plain,
He flitted off again
As flit the swallows.
And from that western land,
When many months were spanned,
A letter came to hand,
Which read as follows:

'Dear sir, I take my pen
'In hopes that all your men
'And you are hearty.

‘You think that I’ve forgot

‘Your kindness, Mr. Scott,

‘Oh, no, dear sir, I’m not

‘That sort of party.

‘You sometimes bet, I know,

‘Well, now you’ll have a show

‘The ‘books’ to frighten.

‘Up here at Wingadee

‘Young Billy Fife and me

‘We’re training Strife, and he

‘Is a all right ’un.

‘Just now we’re running byes,

‘But, sir, first time he tries

‘I’ll send you word of.

‘And running ‘on the crook’

‘Their measures we have took,

‘It is the deadest hook

‘You ever heard of.

‘So when we lets him go,
‘Why, then, I’ll let you know,
‘And you can have a show
‘To put a mite on.
‘Now, sir, my leave I’ll take,
‘Yours truly, William Blake.
‘P.S. — Make no mistake,
‘He’s a all right ‘un.’

By next week’s Riverine
I saw my friend had been
A bit too cunning.
I read: ‘The racehorse Strife
‘And jockey William Fife
‘Disqualified for life—
‘Suspicious running.’

But though they spoilt his game,
I reckon all the same
I fairly ought to claim

My friend a white 'un.

For though he wasn't straight,

His deeds would indicate

His heart at any rate

Was 'a all right 'un'.

Downloaded from www.libraryofshortstories.com

This work is in the public domain of Australia. Please check your local copyright laws if you live elsewhere.