

ALLAN BREWER  
Rms 2049  
WOSONBA  
3690

### A MOUNTAIN MUSTER

It's great to camp at mustering time,  
In the hut at Davies Plains  
Lay at night curled in your bunk  
And listen to the rain.  
You hear the thunder crack  
And you know that pretty soon  
The rain drops on that old tin roof  
Will soon play out their tune.

There is something in this mountain air,  
That makes you feel alive,  
Or is it in the billy tea on which all bushmen thrive?  
Salt beef and damper, sometimes a feed of stew  
Is all the fare bushmen need  
To see their long days through.

Mustering time, it comes around,  
In autumn of each year,  
And for weeks beforehand, you check on all your gear.  
Grease your saddle and your bridle,  
Put a rivet in the reins,  
Don't forget your horsebells, or your hobble chains,  
And there is one other thing, just before you go,  
Don't leave behind your horse rugs,  
For it will surely snow.

We packed up salt and horse feed and dog tucker too.  
For dogs can't work if they're not fed,  
Same as me and you.  
We pack up our provisions, on Barney and old Buck,  
And take along some OP rum,  
In case the weather should turn rough.

We rise early and loosen all our dogs,  
And leave our mountain hut  
In the early morning fog.  
The dogs are so excited, just hear them all speak up,  
There's Ben, Fitz and Bluey, Old Tip and Woolly Pup.  
For without our canine friends,  
Our job it would be hard.  
There's no cattle on the High Plains  
Man alone can yard.

Out in the bush, from dawn 'til dark,  
Riding up the ridges, waiting for the dogs to bark,  
Then at last we hear them,  
In a gully to the right,  
We must ride hard and fast now,  
To get this mob back by night.

So it's back into the log yard with our little mob,  
We feed and rug our horses and tie up all our dogs,  
And off into the hut we go, beside a roaring fire,  
Then throw a piece of yearling steak  
Onto the grilling wire.

At last we have them rounded up  
Ready for the long drive home.  
But these cattle love their mountains,  
Where they are free to roam,  
There is still an odd one,  
For the dogs they wouldn't go.  
But they'll come home by themselves  
At the first fall of snow.

Allan Brewer,  
"Sylvandale" Herefords,  
Wodonga