

OLD PYE

ALLAN BRENNER
RMB 2049
WODONCA
3690

He was born at Doctor's Point,
On the Murray River Flats
And ran beside his mother,
Where he grew up sleek and fat.
He was run in as a yearling,
Cut and branded too,
And when he grew his new spring coat,
He turned a pretty white and blue.

His mother was a hunter,
Old Blue Bell was her name,
And his father was a stock horse,
Who really knew the game.
To yard a cow or bullock,
He was a pleasure to behold.
But like the best of horses,
Would buck on mornings cold.

Billy Weidner broke him,
And rode him round the town,
Then he took him to the Hunt Club,
Pye never let him down.
He used him at the saleyards,
And on the stock routes too,
And Sandy down from Groggin thought,
"I likes the look of you".

So, Pye, he went to Groggin,
On the Kosciusko side,
And from the station horseyards,
He has gone on many rides.
From the gullies to the ridges,
The snow plains way up high,
Oh, yes he's seen them all,
The old grey horse called Pye.

He'll yard the mountain cattle,
He'll yard the station hacks.
For he knows their tricks and habits,
And all their short cut tracks.
So let the stock whip crack
And echo way up high,
For you'll yard 'em safe and easy.
If you're riding on old Pye.

Go and run a brumby,
He knows their wicked ways.
Old Pye has caught so many,
He's really earned his pay.
Go and run the milker in,
Go and yard the bulls.
But watch him when he's coming home,
'Cause by hell he pulls.

I rode him up to Davies,
Then on through Limestone Flats,
And camped that night beside a creek,
Way up near Native Cat.
The search for Groggin cattle,
Can take you near and far,
But old Pye will bring you home,
No matter where you are.

We've had a lot of journeys,
And had a lot of laughs,
But when the old grey leaves us,
I hope 'St Peter has a good supply of chaff.
For if ever horse has earned it
That green paddock in the sky,
It's the old grey horse from Groggin,
The old grey horse called Pye.

Allan Brewer,
"Sylvandale" Herefords,
WODONGA