

THE BATCHELOR BI WEEKLY

A man is not drunk
When from the floor
He rises up
And drinks some more.

But a Man is drunk
Who prostrate lies
And cannot drink
And cannot rise.

Well two bold lads from Batchelor
Somehow went astray
And celebrate far too well
In Darwin, Xmas Day.

They finished up on Mindil beach
With a lot of grog to spare
Yet both were far too paralysed
To travel anywhere.

And stranded thus they prostrate lay
Until the tide came in
There- by providing water
To dilute their rum and gin.

We regret we cannot mention names
When we speak of men and grog
But I will say this about these blokes
By ("George") they went the "hog".
(Welsh) (George Hogg)
Well anyway there's Christmas gone
And thank the Lord for that
All this flood of high class food and drink
Has somehow left me flat.

We got a smoke signal from Perth
About a driller bloke
It seems he got himself all "Bushed"
When he got down in the "Smoke".

Just like "The man from Ironbark"
He wandered up and down
While searching for the car he'd parked
Somewhere out of town.

He wandered here, he wandered there
Like a poor lost country mouse
Till a big detective picked him up
In the grounds of Government House.

There's a big dance here on Monday Night
To see the new year in.
To miss a show as grand as this
Would be a mortal sin.

And all the lucky idle folk
Who have the time to go
Assure me this is sure to be
An extra special show.

Saw Lionel Cox in Batchelor
He's up on holidays
He say's Dad dumped his caravan
Before he got half way.

It's hard to pull a caravan
I told George all along
Unless you've got a Zephyr
Or something really strong.

Popular sporting couple
"Ken Jeffries" and "Shirl"
Have increased their happy family
With a little baby girl.

Saw Timmy Blackman yesterday
I joined him in a shout
He thinks we'll have a drop of rain
Before the year is out.

Saw "Jim Watkins" and "Belinda"
At Leo Kavanagh's dance
And unless I'm much mistaken
There's the sweet smell of romance.

Well I can't write at all this week
All I want to do is sing
I've gone all sentimental
With the coming on of spring.

For God and Mother nature
Have been working overtime
To clothe the trees in beauty
For the birds at nesting time.

The mistletoes are blooming now
Like strips of crimson rust
With butcher birds up in them
All singing fit to bust.

And all the hills are fresh and green
And every creek and flat
Is full of little calves and foals
All grazing sleek and fat.

Yes its grand to be alive these days
In a land as fair as this
Good health and love at home make up
For the other things we miss.

Let us lay aside all grievances
All worry doubt and fear.
And attack with quip and jollity
This happy bright new year.

Let us put our shoulders to the wheel
As we've never done before
And let us strive with added zeal
To love each other more.

THE COOLIE