

The 23rd G'day

A Psalm of Davo

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The Lord is my jackaroo
I never have to scum off any sheila.

He lets me take a smoko
down in the lush, green paddocks.

He takes me to the billabong
with no crocs and no mozzies.

He patches up the sole of my blunnies.

He points me in bonza directions
and He takes the cred.

Even though I go on walkabout through the Never Never
with a good chance of carking it,
I will fear no Tassie devils
for You are true blue;
Your stock whip and Your barbie-mate comfort me.

You put on a sausage sizzle for me
in the sight of a mob of mongrels and bludgers.

You douse my noggin with emu oil.

My tinny overflows.

I reckon mateship and a fair go
will mark every day of my life,
and I will bunk down in Your holy homestead
for yonks and yonks and yonks.