

Deanna Dunham

The Drover's Daughter

She was the Drover's daughter

Her spirit wild and free

She roamed the Bush and endless plains

The horizon all she'd see

Her father she feared greatly

His stock whip would inflict the greatest pain

But she always stood defiant

Daring him... "Go on, strike again"

Her clothes were all just hand me downs

Ragged, battered, hat too big

Old moleskins, worn out boots of hide

But she dreamed of other things

Of satin gowns, the opera

Of oceans deep and wide

A world of grace and glamour

Prince Charming by her side

She grieved to see her mother's fate

Her beauty gone too soon

Her raven hair now streaked with grey

The colour of the moon

Green eyes dull and sad her plight

Hard work, babies the constant fight

A drover's wife, a wasted life

A choice she'd never make

