

## A Word to Texas Jack

Slim Dusty

Texas Jack, you are amusin', great Lord Harry, how I  
laughed,  
When I seen your rig and saddle with its bulwarks fore-  
and-aft;  
Holy smoke! In such a saddle how the dickens can ya  
fall?  
Why, I've seen a gal ride bareback with no bridle on at  
all!

How I'd like to see a bushman use yer fixins, Texas  
Jack;  
On the remnant of a saddle he can ride to hell and  
back.  
Why, I've heard a mother cheerin' when her kid went  
tossin' by,  
Ridin' bareback on a buckner that had murder in his eye.

You may talk about your ridin' in the city, bold an'  
free,  
Talk o' ridin' in the city, Texas Jack, but where'd  
you'd be,  
When the stock horse snorts an' bunches all 'is  
quarters in a hump,  
And the saddle climbs a sapling, an' the horse-shoes  
split a stump?

No, before you teach the natives you must ride without  
a fall  
Up a gum or down a gully nigh as steep as any wall,  
You must swim the roarin' Darling when the flood is at  
its height  
Bearin' down the stock an' stations to the Great  
Australian Bight.

You can't count the bulls an' bisons that you copped  
with your lasso  
But a stout old Myall bullock perhaps could learn you  
somethin' new;  
You had better make your will an' leave your papers  
neat an' trim,  
Before you make arrangements for the lassooin' of him;

As you say you're death on Injuns! We've got somethin'  
in your line,  
If yer think your fightin's equal to the likes of Tommy  
Ryan.  
Take your carcass up to Queensland where the alligators  
chew,  
And the carpet-snake is handy with his tail for a  
lassoo;

Ride across the hazy regins where the lonely emus wail,  
An' ye'll find the dark'll track yer while yer lookin'  
for his trail;  
He can track yer without stoppin' for a thousand miles  
or more;  
Come again, and he will show yer where yer spat the

year before.

But you'd best be mighty careful, you'll be sorry you  
came here,  
When you're skewered to the fragments of your saddle  
with a spear,  
When the boomerang is sailin' in the air, then heaven  
help ya!  
It will cut yer head off goin', an' come back again and  
scalp ya!

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