

Answer To The Silvery Moonlight Trail

Slim Dusty

I'm sure you all remember, a song of yesterday,
Was widely known throughout each home on many an
outback way,
Was sung by one whose name and fame for years yet shall
prevail
And now here is my answer, to the Silvery Moonlight
Trail.

Our thoughts lie o'er the ocean, to Canada far away,
We gaze upon the ranch house, where the rangeland
cattle stray,
We see a fair young woman, a baby on her knee,
The cowboy that she honours, stands guard across the
sea.

That day there came a letter, from the cowboy o'er the
foam,
He'd soon be home to see them and never more would he
roam,
A smile caressed her dear face, a tear drop blurred
each line
As fin'lly at the bottom, these words she sure did
find.

How is my little darlin', my bonny baby boy
Although I've never seen you, you fill yur dad's heart
with joy,
Take care of darlin' mother, and wait just for the
time,
When we'll have fun together, on the range at round-up
time.

The teardrops came unbidden into her loving eyes,
The moon rose in it's splendor into the great dreary
skies,
She gazed upon her baby, asleep now in her arms,
And thanked God for His mercy and for that bundle of
charms.
The old moon smiled up yonder, he also knows the tale,
And so we feel in silence from the Silvery Moonlight
Trail.