

Far Grandest Homestead Of All

Slim Dusty

In the shade of a friendly old gum tree,
A dying young stockman there lay,
As the sun went to rest, o'er the hills in the west,
At the close of a long summers day,
His comrades have gathered around him,
As his twilight hours rolled on,
And the message he gave them are leaving,
While I've humbly put into song.

"I leave you dear pals of the bush land,
I bid you farewell with a smile,
Don't let there be woes my time's come to go,
But 'twill be only for a short while,
In a land where temptation is banished,
Where sorrows will never recall,
I'll meet you up there with our Saviour,
At the far grandest homestead of all."

"There'll be cattle so grand for each muster,
On the plains roaming wide way out there,
And clover so green, such as we've never seen,
And a bush like the maiden so fair,
When the bridle and saddle are covered,
With cobwebs and dust on the wall,
Just remember I'll need them up yonder,
At the far grandest homestead of all."

"Tell mother back home, who is waitin'",
Although it is our parting day,
Tell her not to weep, those vows I did keep,
And I'll meet her in heaven some day,
Shadows are creeping around me,
And thundering who's beat I hear fall,
[Shorty & Slim] Oh it's time to be ready and riding,
For the far grandest homestead of all."