

Give My Regards To Edna

Slim Dusty

If just passing through Mt Isa
Don't forget to take the time
To go around old mate, an' meet
A real good friend of mine

Yet I've looked in beauty parlours
Or the modern fashion stores
You'll find her at the sale yards
Loading fats or dipping stores

She's as hard an' tough as greenhide'
With a heart of solid gold
Educated on the stock routes
In the droving days of old

Taking nightwatch, tething horses
On the famous Murringai
Living close to God and nature
Where the Wedgetail eagles fly
Hey!

Her father was a teacher
And he put her to the test
In the college of the stockmen
On the big camps in the west

She can educate a young horse
In a firm and gentle way
Just like her father taught her
On the stock routes in his day

And she takes a lot of shifting
From the park and pulley seat
In a fair go on a plucker
She's pretty hard to beat

And in the rodeo arena
At the Isa every year
With a pick up men she's working
She'd beat stockmen tending gear. Hey!

She can ply the awl an' needles
She can use the shoein' gear
And when the days work's over, mate
She'll join you in a beer

Well respected by the bushmen
All through the northern line
She's a credit to her father
From the old stock riding line

She has known the joys and sorrows
Of a mother and a wife
And it mostly is the good
Who are the losers in this life

So when you meet her she would greet you

With a handshake rough and hard
So don't forget to tell her, mate
We all send our best regards. Hey!

Yeah, mate, don't forget to tell her
We all send our best regards
We really do