

Henry Lawson's Pen

Slim Dusty

Sometimes kind people comment on the ballads I have
wrote,
Even though sometimes I sing them on a dry and battered
note,
And they always place importance on what's said, not
sung by men,
For quality's not in the voice but in paper and the
pen.

But this song is no great ballad with writing skill
attached,
Oh it's just a simple story that I hope your ears will
catch,
Of the backgrounds of my ballads and the hours that I
spend
In the bush or at the table with Henry Lawson's pen.
(Charlie)

One time when I was travelin', just kind of driftin'
round,
I went through Lawson country, then on to Grenfell
town,
The old mining town was quiet and their parklands plied
with grass.
And the place where this great man was born was marked
by stone and brass.

So slowly we walked through her, then through the iron
gate,
Oh we read the masters' name plate, the old monument
looked great,
Then my old mate showed me something in the grass, a
fountain pen,
Then jokingly he said to me "Hey Henry's lost his pen?"

So I took some strangers' rusty pen "Lord knows who
dropped it there?"
But I smile and like to think that it was placed with
so much care,
And that maybe Lawson left it 'cause he knew I'd be
there then,
So I truly try to follow suit with Henry Lawson's pen.

So I like to thank those people that enjoy my old bush
songs,
And I'll try to keep them comin' if the good Lord keeps
me strong,
So I'll go back to my table and give it a go again,
Cause I love to sing those ballads born from Henry
Lawson's pen. Hey!

But this song is no great ballad with writing skill
attached,
Oh it's just a simple story that I hope your ears will
catch,
Of the backgroundsof my ballads and the hours that I
spend [Fade out]