

GOOD OLD WALLY KING

Good old Wally King looked out
On his crop of barley
Bless my soul and blow me down
That looks to me like Charlie
Haven't seen him round these parts
For many a long year
Reckon I might offer him
A glass of Christmas cheer
Agnes put the kettle on
Quick as you are able
Let us make another place
For him at the table
He looks a little worse for wear
His clothes are old and baggy
It's a long and weary road
For an honest swaggie
Mates they'd been in years before
Now the two were older
And so he welcomed Charlie in
Hand upon his shoulder
Gladly those three feasted there
And in the warmth of sharing
The Christmas season brought again
A time of peace and caring