

Dirranbandi – a Poem by Raymond J Noble

On the lignum swamps Dirranbandi grew  
Under the blistering skies of blue.  
From the billabongs and twisted logs  
Came the land of the croaking frogs.  
There is the drover, the shearer, the clerk,  
The Fettle, the storekeeper, all at work.  
The station hands and the owners too  
From these hands a small town grew.  
There are the ladies of this land and  
With their men the town was planned  
The pioneers have passed this way,  
And over their graves the coolabahs sway.  
The old Balonne Minor creeps slowly on,  
And from its banks, aborigines are gone.  
But the town lives on in silent memory,  
Of the pioneers who made it be.  
Still it is my land and my home,  
And over the black flats I once did roam,  
Down by the river and reedy lagoons  
Over the black soil plains and sandy dunes.  
I walked on the land where my ancestors danced,  
And watched the horses as they spritely pranced.  
Those were the days when I was free,  
Still I hear the river calling to me,  
As it flows gently over the falling logs,  
In the land of the croaking frogs.