

Burnt Bridge

I have written many poems before—and told of many things,
I have written of the gambling game—and the sadness that it brings,
And I've told you of the ghost dog—that roams our Gravelly Ridge,
Now I'd like to tell this story—just to celebrate Burnt Bridge.
For Burnt Bridge now is twenty-one—and for many it's been home
And the wanderer always would return—no matter where he'd roam,
Burnt Bridge can boast its marching girls—and the prizes they have won,
And it's fast-moving schoolboy football team—we know all the things they've done,
From Burnt Bridge came the Ritchie Boys—better known as the Fighting Sands,
And we also have good singers here—and we *could* find some gumleaf bands.
But Burnt Bridge is sure no beauty spot—for we have no clear blue streams,
And we have no green grass meadows—that one might see in dreams,
The wild bush flowers just grow no more—but that's the way it goes,
But the people seem most happy here—ask any one who knows,
There is all the Davis Family—who have lived out here for years,
And *they* have battled on to make a home—through work and sweat and tears.
Then there's the Dotti Family—and the Pacey's, don't forget,
There's the Campbell's and the Dungay's—some are living out here yet.
All these families are well known—up round the Kempsey way,
For they settled here many years ago—on the banks of the Old Macleay,
It was here they toiled and raised their kids—and their wives worked by their side,
For life was hard in the olden days—it was here they lived and died.
So I send this poem to *Dawn* Magazine—in its pages it may find a place
For this Magazine travels near and far—to most of the coloured race.
July is the anniversary month—so come on friends and cheer,
And raise our glasses of lemonade—or maybe it's ginger beer.
So good-bye for now, and all the best—for my story now is done,
And don't forget to celebrate—each and every one.

By R. SHERRY, of Burnt Bridge

Written for *Dawn's* Anniversary issue at the request of Andrew (Pop) Pacey,
of Kempsey