

Rex Dallas

"Old Wallerawang"

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In remembrance of you old mate
I unlock memory's gate
And wander back to the old days while I can
To a place we both knew well
Where we once used to dwell
To the country town of Old Wallerawang

Oh I remember still
The old home up on the hill
Where the flowers bloomed along the pathways
neat and grand
The back verandah where we sat
At evening times to chat
About the going's on in Old Wallerawang

Oh the years have quickly flown
And to manhood I have grown
While in peaceful reverie old matey lay
With your hands so old and worn
From the life to which they were born
The coal mining man in Old Wallerawang

Oh the shovels and the picks
The horses and the skips
In memory I see them passing by
The creaking of the props
The earie silence when it stops
And in the darkness the minors lamps
go flickering by

Like the coal mines that have gone
All the matey have now passed on
And to hold my tears back, I don't think I can
Yes it makes me sad old mate
So I'll relock memory's gate
And let you rest in peace in Old Wallerawang

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