

The Sundial

"Kelpie"

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Jack Gleeson had an eye for a well-bred working dog
No ordinary pup would do the job
It was 1869 he'd seen more dogs than he could count
But none of them impressed him, none of them stood
out
Until he met George Robertson in Casterton one day
Who showed Jack his Scottish dogs and Jack was blown
away

He looked down at the litter
Who were yapping for their mum
Scrabbling round, carrying on all except for one

With her eyes as bright as a moonlit night
Her kindness shining through her sight
He could feel her warmth, and intelligence
Loyal was she, he'd found his Kelpie

He offered to buy her but Robertson refused
They only go to family this one's for my nephew
But the nephew had a liking for
Jack's strong and handsome colt
I'll swap my pup for your horse
But then you'll have to bolt

So they met down by the river
And the deal was done that night
It was the start of something special
Jack could feel it deep inside

Jack moved up north
And broke her in along the way
She was worth more than three good men
And proved it everyday
Then came time to join her
To a classy short haired dog
His ggod mate Mark Tully
Had a collie he named Moss
From Forbes to Yarrawonga
Kelpie's pups would show their guile
In the woolshed or the paddock

Wih a mob or at a trial

Jack Gleeson put his faith into a tiny little pup
He gave it all he had and he never gave up
And Australians across the land
Are forever in his debt
The Kelpie dog our best mate
Jack we won't forget

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