

Slim Dusty, When The Rain Tumbles Down In July

Let me wander north to the ho-omestead
Way out further on there to roam
By a gully in flood, let me linger
When the summery sunshine has flown

Where the logs tangle up on the creek beds
And clouds fill the old northern sky
And the cattle move back from the lowlands
When the rain tumbles down in July

The settlers with sad hearts are watching
The rise of the stream from the dawn
Their best crops are always in flood reach
If it rises much more they'll be gone

The cattle string out along the fences
The wind from the south races by
And the limbs from the old gums are fallen
When the rain tumbles down in July

The sleeping gums on the hillside
Awaken to herds strayin' by
Here on the flats where the fences have vanished
As the storm clouds gather on high

The wheels of the wagons stop turning
The stock horse is turned out to stray
The old station dogs are a-dozin'
On the husks in the barn through the day

The drover draws rein by the river
And it's years since he's seen it so high
Yes and that's just a story of homeward
When the rain tumbles down in July