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12 YEARS CHAMPIONSHIP

MR, SMITH D.H.SOUTER

Mr Smith by D. H. Souter

Mr Smith of Tallabung
Has very wicked ways,
He wanders off into the bush
And stays away for days.

He never says he's going;
We only know he's gone—
There are lots of cats like Mr Smith,
Who like to walk alone.

He plays that he's a tiger,
And makes the dingoes run.
He scratches emus on the legs,
And plays at football with their eggs,
But does it all in fun.

And then, one day, he's home again,
The skin all off his nose;
His ears all torn and tattered,
His face all bruised and battered,
And prickles in his toes.

He wanders round and finds a place
To sleep in the sun,
And dream of all the wicked things
That he has been and done.

Mr Smith of Tallabung
May be a bad cat;
But everybody likes him—
So that's just that.