

Brumby's run

It lies beyond the Western Pines
Towards the sinking sun,
And not a survey mark defines
The bounds of 'Brumby's Run'.

A wild, unhandled lot they are
Of every shape and breed.
They venture out 'neath moon and star
Along the flats to feed;

But when the dawn makes pink the sky
And steals along the plain,
The Brumby horses turn and fly
Towards the hills again.

The traveller by the mountain-track
May hear their hoof-beats pass,
And catch a glimpse of brown and black
Dim shadows on the grass.

The eager stock horse pricks his ears
And lifts his head on high
In wild excitement when he hears
The Brumby mob go by.

by AB (Banjo) Paterson, 1895.

