

Poetry Series

George Savige
- poems -

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George Savige(April 7 1936)

I have been writing poems for over 40 years.

I moved from Moe in victoria to Cooranbong NSW where I met and Married my lovely wife.

We have 3 children 2 are married and glenn our Downs syndrome son lives with us.

My interests are, Writing, Bushwalking, radio and communications and computing.

lately I have become interested in Free to air Satellite TV

I have been a member of the local fire brigade and State emergency service since 1957. In October 2011 my wife, after a 53 years of a beautiful marriage passed away

10 In The Night

It was ten in the night
And the moon was out bright,
And the Johnson's had gone to work

The pots and pans
Were holding their hands
And oh what a wonderful perk,

The knives and a Fork
Were beginning to talk
And having a wonderful time

And the dishes and plates
Were all keeping their dates
While doing a song and a mime

Running and dancing
Singing and prancing
And zipping all over the room

A bright coloured chair
Made a wonderful pair
While dancing around with a broom

A little remote
Climbed out of his coat
And he pointed to start the TV

Then while they were dancing
And singing and prancing
In the door was a sound of a key

As quick as a flash
They all made a dash
To shelves, a cupboard or draw

A few seconds pass
And then there at last
They all heard the opening door

The TV was going
They lay there all knowing
They forgot to switch the thing off

But it was too late
They just had to wait
And they heard a gentleman's cough

The Johnson's came in
and heard all the din
then started to argue and fight

hey you left it on
no you left it on
The TV's been going all night

Well let's go to bed
The other one said
'cause we aught to be sleeping today

So off they both went
The night was well spent
And the dishes all whispered hooray.

George Savige

A Child's Prayer

A little child
Besides his bed
With folded hands
Beneath his head

Considers all
He'd done today
Then softly he
Begins to pray

Dear Jesus bless
My mum and dad
And help me not
To be too bad

I'm sorry that
I scratched the car
With that big heavy
Iron bar

It wasn't all
My fault you know
But someone called,
I had to go.

I told no one,
I knew I should.
I know that
Wasn't really good

But even when
I'm really dumb
I love my Daddy
And my Mum.

Bless my Mum and
Dad and me
And thank you
For a lovely tea

But dearest Jesus,
While you're there
Please, will you bless
My Teddy bear?

George Savige

A Fishermans Wish

It is my wish,
To catch a fish,
So I could truly boast.
This fish I'd weigh,
Then I would say.
'I caught it on the coast.'

With head held high,
I'd need not lie
As I have done before.
And you'll not match
My biggest catch,
That I'll bring to your door.

So you'll believe,
This fish I'll leave,
And off I'll go again.
To sit and wait,
With line and bait,
And hope it's not in vain.

George Savige

A Mother Cares

A Mothers love, a childs scorn,
In Mother love she tries to warn
Of snares that lie around about,
But all she gets is her childs pout.

Oh you're too old and I am young,
This song is all too often sung.
We said the same to our folks too,
So what they say is nothing new.

But just the same, it hurts us all
To feel our backs against the wall.
And even though we know they're wrong,
We ourselves once sang their song.

But remember kids, your Mother cares
And wants to help you dodge the snares.
And whatever life that you are living,
A Mothers love, is all FORGIVING.

George Savige

An Eye For An Eye.

Eagle floating
Way up high,
Looking down
With eagle eye.

The fowls have seen
And off they dart
To hide from this
Great thing that's there.

From whence he came
They do not care,
And do their best
To get away.

BUT SOME POOR FOWL
WILL DIE TODAY.

The eagle flies,
He's had his feed,
But did not see
In all his greed,

Something that
He had not planned,
The farmer there
With gun in hand.

He feels the pain
Quite deep inside.
AND ON THIS DAY
AN EAGLE DIED.

George Savige

April Showers

What April showers mean to me,
Are flooding rains; an inland sea.
A babbling brook that starts to roar
When April showers start to pour.

Above the world, when springtime starts,
Our summertime down here departs,
And dried up earth soaks up the rain,
The grass is growing green again.

The farmers get another chance,
A while before the frosts advance.

A few months pass, and all is right.
Then suddenly one chilly night
The frost descends upon the ground,
Chilling all the grass around.

Four months pass since April came,
And all around is not the same.
The rain has gone, our grass is dead,
There's nothing in the flower bed.

Now we are feeling cold at heart,
But very soon the frosts depart.
And soon we see a longer day.
The farmers here are making hay.

December comes, it's very hot.
All our plants begin to rot.
There's not a cloud within the sky,
The grass that came begins to die.

Three months pass with no change yet,
Then April comes and all is wet,
Making all an inland sea.
That's what April means to me.

Asleep In The Storm

I HEARD THE THUNDER RATTLE
AND SAW THE SKY EXPLODE,
THE HEAVENS IN THEIR FURY
WERE SENDING DOWN THEIR LOAD.

AND HAIL AS BIG AS GOLF BALLS
LIKE I'D NOT SEEN BEFORE,
WAS PUSHING ON MY WINDOWS
AND KNOCKING ON MY DOOR.

THE WIND WAS RUSHING MADLY
WITH SUCH AN AWFULL DIN.
'T WAS BLOWING HARD AROUND US
JUST WANTING TO COME IN.

WHILE UNDERNEATH THE BEDSTEAD
THERE HIDES A LITTLE BOY,
HE'S HOLDING ON FOR COMFORT
HIS FURRY LITTLE TOY.

BUT WHEN THE STORM HAD PASSED US
AND ALL WAS QUIET THERE,
BENEATH THE BED WAS SLEEPING
BOTH BOY AND TEDDY BEAR.

George Savige

Be My Valentine

Now here is my heart
I give it to you
take it don't break it
whatever you do

So give me your heart
I'll treat it with care
wherever you are
I want to be there

The love I give you
Will not fade away
and this is my song
on Valentine's Day

George Savige

Bodger And The Lodger

A man who with us used to stay,
Would come home drunk from day to day.
He'd hide a bottle under ground.
Thought he, 'that bottle won't be found.'

He'd step away toward the door,
And then go back for one sip more.
Three more times, it's getting late,
One more sip will have to wait.

And then one day he did the same.
One Monday morning down he came.
With bottle hid he walked away,
My father saw him on that day.

And said to mum and eldest daughter,
'Let's fill it with some salt and water.'
The bottle filled, then back it went,
Then down he came, that funny gent.

He looked around, then dug it up,
Another look, then bottoms up.
He drank the lot was plain to see,
Then rushing up to dad and me.

He said, 'that bottle cost a fiver,
You'd think a man's a deep sea diver.'
Said my dad, 'I warned you friend,
That your drink would have to end.

You'll have to stop upon this day,
Or find another place to stay.'
He said, 'I've finished drinking Bodger,
I want to stay, and be your lodger.

But if I come home drunk again,
Just hose me down like pouring rain.'
Time went by and all was well.
Then one day, poor Lyndsay fell.

Dad was in the garden square,
Hose in hand, he stopped to stare.
There stood Lyndsay like a clown,
Saying, 'Bodger, hose me down.'

And as I think I see him yet,
Standing there and getting wet.
I often wonder where he went,
That kindly funny Lyndsay gent.
I cannot see him past that day.
Perhaps that's when he went away.

George Savige

Christmas Bells

THE CHRISTMAS BELLS ARE RINGING,
AND TOYS ARE ON THE SLEIGH.
THE LITTLE CHILDREN SINGING,
AND SANTA'S ON HIS WAY.

THEN LITTLE TOM IS ASKING
'BOUT SANTA AND THE TOYS
HOW CAN SANTA VISIT
SO MANY GIRLS AND BOYS?

'CAUSE WHEN WE PASS THE WINDOWS
OF LOTS OF DIFFERENT STORES,
WE SEE A SANTA STANDING
BESIDE SO MANY DOORS.

HIS FATHER TURNED AND SAID TO HIM,
I'LL TELL YOU THIS MY SON,
TO VISIT EVERYWHERE ON EARTH
CANNOT BE DONE BY ONE.

SANTA HIRES MEN EACH YEAR
TO GO TO SANTA SCHOOL,
AND THERE THEY TRAIN TO BE LIKE HIM,
NOW DON'T YOU THINK THAT'S COOL?

A MONTH BEFORE EACH CHRISTMAS TIME
THEY PACK THEIR REINDEER SLEIGH,
AND HOP INTO THE SANTA SEAT,
THEN HO HO HO AWAY.

EACH SANTA HAS HIS SPECIAL STORE
WHERE YOU CAN VISIT HIM,
AND YOU CAN SIT UPON HIS KNEE
LIKE JANE OR JILL OR TIM.

THEN CHRISTMAS EVE, IF YOU ARE GOOD,
HE'LL SNEAK INTO YOUR ROOM,
AND LEAVE YOU LOTS OF LITTLE TOYS
TO TAKE AWAY YOUR GLOOM.

THEN TOMMY TURNED AND LOOKED DAD
AND WINKED AT HIM AND SAID,
LAST YEAR I SAW A SANTA.
STANDING BY MY BED...

I THOUGHT THAT I WAS DREAMING
THE WAY I OFTEN DO,
BUT WHEN I THINK ABOUT LAST YEAR
HE LOOKED A LOT LIKE YOU.

NOW WHEN I THINK OF SANTA
I'LL THINK OF YOU, MY DAD
I THINK YOUR'E FATHER CHRISTMAS
AND THAT'S WHAT MAKES ME GLAD.

George Savige

Christmas Time

Now Christmas is approaching,
And this time every year.
I think back on my childhood
And days of yesteryear.

When we would go a hunting
To find a Christmas tree.
We didn't have to buy one
But cut it down for free.

We'd stand it a bucket
And pack with rocks and sand.
Then cutout stars of plastic
Whatever was at hand.

Streamers made of paper
Were hung around about.
We stood and looked with wonder
Till father said get out.

We went to bed quite early
And listened to the noise.
A rustling of paper,
And wrapping up of toys.

Then early in the morning
Us little kids arose,
And went to where the tree was,
On little tippy toes.

And while we looked in wonder
We thought of what Mum said
Do not touch the presents
Till we are out of bed.

So then at last they entered
And Dad walked to the tree
Then said, go get your presents
They're all from mum and me.

This I still remember
I hold it very dear,
The happy times of childhood
And Christmas every year.

□

George Savige

Crystal Sets

I sometimes think back
Through the years,
Of crystal sets
And burning ears.

The early days
Of radio,
My hobby
Always on the go.

Winding coils
And stringing wire,
I'd struggle hard
To hang it higher.

Then listen for
The slightest sound
Of any station
To be found.

My little room,
I must confess
Was full of wire,
Oh what a mess,

But I, a most
Untidy boy
Found crystal sets
To be a joy.

George Savige

December

The rippling streams
And babbling brooks,
These are the dreams
We write in books.

The birds, the trees,
And rolling hills,
It's things like these
That cure our ills.

I'm thankful for eyes
So I can see
The clouds in the skies,
A nice tall tree.

I can smell the ground
When rain is falling.
I can hear the sound
Of cattle calling.

One day when I'm old
And not in my prime,
I'll need not be told
I've had a good time.

For I will remember
With each passing day
The months like December
Will not pass away.

George Savige

Drought

A group of clouds went right on by,
Then once again, a bright blue sky.
And those who watch for signs of rain
Are thinking of this drying plain.

The earth is cracked and opened wide,
The creek that was is almost dried.
Now grown men stand and send forth tears,
They've struggled on through all the years.

And in their mind there is no doubt,
They've suffered nothing worse than drought.
But toil on they know they must,
While breathing air that's full of dust.

You who've not lived on the land,
Could not hope to understand,
Just why these folks would want to stay.
And watch the sky from day to day.

But should you ask them, 'why stay here? '
They'll stand up straight and wipe a tear,
Then say to you 'we'll never go...
And if you'd really like to know,
We love it here and here we'll stay
And watch the sky from day to day.'

George Savige

Happiness

You cannot buy your happiness,
'Cause happiness is free.
Don't you know, or can't you guess,
It's there for you and me.

And what you do with what you've got,
Can change the way you feel.
Just do your best and smile a lot,
You'll keep an even keel.

'Cause happiness is made for YOU,
Just take a bite and see
That happiness is what you do
With something that is free.

George Savige

It's Not Cricket

A cricket ball goes whizzing by,
Far across the open sky.
The ball is bowled and hit again
Breaking someones window pane.

And these few kids don't hang around,
They run and hide without a sound.
But someone has to make amends,
So on his way a child wends.

And as he knocks upon the door
He thinks of what he's waiting for.
'Er, Mister Brown, it's me again,
I think we broke your window pane.
We will fix and we will pay.'
This is what he thinks to say.

Before he gets these few words out
Old Mister Brown begins to shout.

'Away from here you nasty kid.
Just have a look at what you did,
And don't come back near me again.
I'm sick of mending window pane.'

He was not kind and good, that's true.
He did not hear this childs view.
This kid who came to make amends,
Now himself from adults defends.

And he'll not trust who older be.
So listen friend, and hear my plea.

If some child should come your way,
Notice what he has to say.
If you decide that this you'll do
That child will always trust in you.

Mollys Holiday

They put her on a camel,
Molly, 'Sapphire 1',
She'd just arrived at Alice,
Holiday begun.

She wouldn't leave her C.B.
Tied it on her back.
Mike in hand she left them,
Riding up the track.

The camel needed water
To keep it on the go,
So off it went to find some,
With Molly calling 'Woah! '

The last they saw of Molly
Was on a far off hill,
Calling on her C.B.
'Hey can you hear me, Bill? '

They left the town to find her,
Organised a search.
But still she's out there somewhere
Sitting on her 'perch'.

And some day when the 'skip's' in,
You're ready for some fun,
You could perhaps be lucky,
And hear the 'Sapphire 1'.

George Savige

Mother

My mother means a lot to me
Although she's far away.
I shut my eyes and I can see
My mother stooped and grey.

Now she can't run the way she did
When she was twenty two.
The years for her, have quickly slid,
Since mother said 'I do.'

And taking care of all her tots
Was sure a mighty task.
I see her standing stirring pots
To feed us what we ask.

A goodly woman there indeed,
She cared for us as mothers do,
And mum fulfilled our every need.
I thank you mum for being you.

George Savige

My Darling

You waltzed into my heart
When I saw You on that day.
You said, I love You Darling
And I am here to stay.

I took you in my arms
And said I'll love You long,
I'll hold you in my heart,
For that's where you belong.

George Savige

My Motorbike

I once owned a Bantam
It wasn't a chook.
Now you cannot see one,
Except in a book.

Well maybe the odd one,
In someone's backyard.
It took me and shook me
And churned my gizzard.

I bought her in Moe
And had lots of fun.
She showed me new places
When out on the run.

Once when I pushed her
And asked her to go.
she just gave a cough,
And answered me "no"

So that's when I stopped
And had a good think,
Perhaps My old bantam
Is needing a drink.

I gave her a gallon
Perhaps maybe two.
I don't want to flood her
That never would do.

I then put her cap on
And asked her to go,
Then once again, coughing
She answered me "no."

I then wheeled her round
Down into a park,
While asking of her
May I check your spark?

And 'though not a word
Was said to my plea
I checked out her spark
While down on my knee.

Then when I stood up,
I kicked her again
She said to me softly,
It's starting to rain

Climb up on my back
You silly old gnome
'Cause now it is time
To take you back home
So I climbed aboard
As pleased as you like
Then flew down the road
On my motorbike.

George Savige

My Prayer

God grant me strength
That I might see
The good in others,
The bad in me.

To take the blame,
Not pass the buck,
To trust in God
And not in luck.

Amen.

George Savige

Only Believe

Only believe
That Jesus can save.
Only believe
The Promise he gave.

A home in heaven
Is waiting for you.
A home in heaven,
Believe, it is true.

Jesus has died
To save you from sin.
Jesus has died
That you may come in.

Believing in Christ
You'll help spread the news.
Believing in Christ
You'll change peoples views.

Believing you'll work
To save some each day.
Believing you'll work,
And meet Him one day.

Give thanks to Him
For all that He's done.
Give thanks To Him
In prayer everyone.

George Savige

Parallel Psalm

The Lord's my guide
And my supply,
As by my side
He hears my cry.

He gives me peace
As on I go,
By rolling hills
Or waters flow.

When troubles come
Around about,
My Lord is there
To help me out.

Though I walk
Through the valley
Of death,
I will trust in Him
To give me breath.

I rejoice in all
He's done for me,
And when He is near,
No evil be.

Surely goodness and mercy
Shall with me stay,
And I will lift up my eyes
And ever pray, AMEN.

George Savige

Pioneers

When land was cheap
And work was hard,
They ploughed the ground
With sweat each yard.

They cleared the trees
To plant the fields,
And harvest time
Received it's yields.
Then off to town
With what they'd grown,
And in this way
A dream was sown.

And knowing that
This dream would last,
They bent their back,
Who in the past
Had paved the way
For you and me.
This dream they had...
We all can see.

Those pioneers
Are dead and gone,
But what they've done
Still lingers on
Within our hearts
And in our minds.
We'll not forget
The ties that bind.

Those family ties
With which we be
All tied upon
Our family tree.

So let's be proud
Of our great name,

And never hang
Our head in shame.

Then cast our thoughts
Down through the years,
And thank the Lord
For 'pioneers'.

George Savige

Places I Have Been

I've been through Biloela
And out through Mungindi.
I've seen the earth all cracking
Beneath a cloudless sky.

I've sailed the seas off Sydney
Within a fishing boat.
I've spent some time in Melbourne
And wore my heavy coat.

I've seen it snow in Moe
And froze all through the night.
I've holidayed in Moree
Where people treat you right.

But sometimes in December,
I shut my eyes and sigh,
For I can still remember
The dog at Gundagai.

George Savige

Sea Sickness

We went out fishing in a boat,
Charlie, Wal and me.
As it was cold, we wore a coat,
Fishing on the sea.

I bought along some milk to drink,
And a bit of stew,
And Wally said to me, I think,
'Can I have some too? '

I warned him not to eat too quick.
He didn't hear my plea.
So poor old Wally, he got sick,
And threw up in the sea.

I never saw him look so sad
And never quite so pale.
He said he never felt so bad,
While leaning on the rail.

And leaning there he caught my eye,
These words he said to me,
'Will I get worse before I die? '
Then threw up all his tea.

George Savige

Sleepers

Slowly now
The train is creeping.
Boards beneath
The rails are sleeping.

But time means nought
At all to they,
For sleeping's what
They do all day.

And they just lay there
Dozing deeper,
For each of them
Is called a....'Sleeper'.

George Savige

Steam

I miss the swish
Of steam from trains
That used to thunder by,
And the mournful sound
That hung around,
The smoke that filled the sky.
The stokers there
And soot filled air
Are but a passing dream.
That's progress though,
And yet, you know,
I miss the 'swish' of steam.

George Savige

Steam Trains

We used to sit besides the track,
Watching trains go clickety clack.
We'd count each carriage passing by,
And smell the smoke that filled the sky.

A trick that made our parents pale,
Was lay our ears upon the rail
To listen for a steady drumming,
And know that soon a train was coming.

Then back we'd stand with cap in hand,
Our little hearts apounding.
We had no fear as we stood near,
And heard the whistle sounding.

Excitement there beyond compare,
The train had come at last.
And as a boy I'd jump for joy
As it went puffing past.

With widened eyes we'd watch the skies
Filled with smoke and steam.
Of things we did when we were kids,
This would be the cream.

But that's all gone. They've 'progressed' on.
There's something new each day.
And on the track we feel the lack,
The steam has passed away.

George Savige

Take Care

Be careful of the words you say
cause death is just the blink away,

and be a friend to one and all
while waiting for that final call.

Take care of all the things you do
lest that last blink should come to you.

George Savige

That First Sin

When God made man, He said to him,
You ought not be alone.
And so then God created Eve
For Adams very own.

He put them in a garden
Known as Eden to us now.
Then told them of the fruits to eat,
And those He'd not allow.

Some time went by and all was well,
With not a thought of sin.
But Satan watched this happy pair,
Determined he would win.

A serpent came and spoke to Eve,
And looked her in the eyes.
He spoke about a certain tree,
And told horrendous lies.

So she decided to be bold,
To take a bite, and see
If what the serpent said was true
About this special tree.

With outstretched hand
She took the fruit,
And tasted; it was nice.
And that is when it all began,
This sinful lust and vice.

But Jesus came on earth to die,
A sacrifice for man,
And crucified upon a cross,
Fulfilled His awful plan.

He lives again, with God above,
Prepares for us a home.
And we can go to live with Him,

For He has made it known.

If we confess to him our sins,
He'll wash them all away.
Then hand in hand we'll walk with Him
Through each and every day.

George Savige

The Aussie With A Heart

An Aussie with a heart of gold
Was panning by a brook.
His fingers numb, his feet were cold
And in the pan he looked.

And as he looks, the old man says
Good grief I've struck it rich.
So then the old man tries again,
For now he's got the itch.

And bending low he toils on,
While looking for some more.
He's thinking as he's working there.
I'll give it to the poor.

I've got enough of worldly goods,
They need it more than me.
He gave away his gold, they say,
To those who needy be.

And people thought that he was great.
This man of wealth and fame.
He kindly helped all those in need.
'Cause when they called he came.

And when at last, he could not work,
His 'friends' all left him there.
He moved away from that small town.
He left for who knows where.

But sadly now he's on his own.
And deeply feels the cold.
His 'friends' had sent him on his way.
Because he had no gold.

George Savige

The Boy

His pockets full
Of strangest things,
There's nuts and bolts
And bits of string.

He'll spend some time
At prodding toads,
Or saving things
He finds on roads.

... He's a boy.

He'll go and climb
The highest tree,
And call to dad,
'Hey look at me.'

Then to the ground
He'll quickly slide.
There's one thing that
You cannot hide,

... He's a boy.

George Savige

The Bullies

'Please don't tease me any more,
I've had enough, you see.
I can't help it if I'm small,
Leave me alone you three.'

They pounce on him, grab his bag
And throw it in the creek.
They are strong, when in a group,
But each of them is weak.

As a group they come again,
To rough him up a bit.
They grab his clothes, pull his hair;
They don't know when to quit.

Now the boy decides to fight.
He'll wait till they're alone.
He turns and runs and gets away,
Not stopping 'till he's home.

Next morning, bright and early,
He sets out for the school.
And waiting in the bushes,
He calmly keeps his cool.

He's waiting for the biggest
Of three to come along.
And in his heart he's happy,
He hums a little song.

At last the waiting's ended,
His quarry comes in sight.
He says to him, 'I want you.
It's our turn now to fight.'

With one punch, he did the job,
And just one punch was all.
No need for another one,
To see the big boy fall.

'I don't want to fight', said he,
And helped him to his feet.
Then two friends, went on to school
The other two to meet.

Instead of three, now there's four,
Within that group each day.
No more fighting on the grounds,
For those who fought, now play.

George Savige

The Clown

Now Charlie Brown
The circus clown,
Would laugh from day to day.

And people came,
'Cause Charlie's fame
Had traveled far away.

When Charlie smiled
The crowd went wild,
And laughed and stamped their feet.

When Charlie died
He died with pride,
And charlie did it neat.

He heaved a sigh
And said 'goodbye',
And buckled to the floor.

From in the stands
They all clapped hands
And hollered for more

George Savige

The Fly

A little fly
Upon a wall
Though not too big
And not too small
But just a fly
Upon the wall.

But then a Froggie
Came his way
And said to him
Don't fly away
But listen, Fly
To what I say.

The little fly
Upon the wall
Just listened to
The Froggies call,

He thought that he'd
Not fly away
But list to what
The Froggie say.

Then suddenly
From out his mouth
The Froggies tongue
Went north and south,

A little flick
A little care
A little fly
No longer there.

The moral of
This story is
Just go about
And mind your biz,

Not like a fly
Upon a wall
Who listens hard
To one and all

But hearing not
What others say
Just turn your back
And fly away.

George Savige

The Helper

Sometimes I'm very wide
Sometimes I'm very small,
Other times I've faded
And can't be seen at all.

You'll find me on a hill,
You'll find me in a vale,
And sometimes I am clear,
But sometimes very pale.

Although I do not move
You'll see me every where,
Stick with me dear walker
And I will get you there.

And when at last you're thinking
You've walked a bit too far,
And need to change your heading
To where you left your car.

Turn around dear walker
So I can take you back,
I was made for walkers
For I'm a walking track

George Savige

The Loggers Day

In the bush where trees are high,
Reaching up into the sky.
This is where we made our cash,
Cutting down the Mountain Ash.

We used no chainsaws in those days,
The trees were felled in other ways.

With aching limbs and tortured back,
We'd listen for the tree to crack.
And there would be a thunderous sound,
As it came crashing to the ground.

We'd stop a while, our strength renew.
Then we'd have more work to do,
Like stripping bark and cutting logs.
Then load the truck and tie with dogs.

The work was hard. The job is done.
And we're off home with setting sun.

George Savige

The Operation

To hospital they sent you,
Feeling pretty bad.
And on the day you went you
Wondered what you had.

Then in a sister marches
And offers you a pill,
While standing there in starches,
Says, 'take it if you will.'

The pain starts easing slowly,
You wonder why you're here.
Then in comes Doctor Rowley,
And tells you what you fear.

'We've come to a decision,
We'll need to operate.
There'll be a small incision,
Now don't you worry mate!

I'll see you in the morning,
Keep a steady jaw.'
And just as you are yawning,
Slips out through the door.

You're woken rather early,
Told, you need a shave.
They rid you of your 'curly'.
HOW CAN YOU BE BRAVE?

Embarrassed you are trying
Hard to hide your shame.
Inside you are crying,
'Wonder what's their game? '

Battle is completed.
Nurses by the score.
Dresses starched and pleated,
Marching through the door.

Now you're feeling hungry,
Told you're not to eat.
Even though you're angry,
Nurse is firm but sweet.

And she is standing pointing,
Pointing to the south.
'I know it's disappointing,
Sign says, nil by mouth.'

A porter with a trolley,
Enters right away.
This porter, fat and jolly,
Does not make your day.

He's joking as he wheels you
Right along the hall.
And all the words he deals you
Do not help at all.

Then all at once you're waiting
By the theatre door,
You're thinking, contemplating,
What is there in store.

And then at last you're laying
'Neath a glare of light,
And softly you are praying
Prayers with all your might.

A pin goes in, and slowly
All begins to fade.
The last you see is Rowley
Standing in the shade.

You wake up then not knowing
If it's night or day.
And ask when you'll be going,
'Finished' so they say.

And now you're well and happy.

They took you home by car.
I heard you ask some chappy,
'YA WANNA SEE MY SCAR? '

George Savige

The Rainbow's Gold

They told me with each Rainbow
I'd find a pot of gold,
And I had never proved it,
But that's what I was told.

I watched for every Rainbow
To arc across the sky,
And then I'd run to find it
And 'Goldless' I would cry.

But one day, in my mail box,
There came a nice surprise...
A magazine, called 'Rainbow'
Right there before my eyes.

I looked into the 'Rainbow',
And just as I was told,
Right there within the pages,
I found my pot of gold.

George Savige

The Runner

I am an athlete running,
With hopes to beat the rest.
I'm using all my cunning,
To be the very best.

Another lap we're rounding,
I'm breathing very hard.
Down the track I'm bounding,
And pacing every yard.

Weakness fills my being,
I see the finish line.
Gladness comes with seeing,
For now this race is mine.

Then looking back, I stumble,
And someone flashes past;
How quickly now I humble,
For I will come in last.

George Savige

The Storm That Flew By

The lightnings flash. The thunders roll.
The rain that falls fills every hole.
The heavy rain and winds that blew,
Of storms like this we never knew.

We looked around the following morn
At houses unroofed, and the flattened corn.
The valley below, awash with the flood,
Houses all standing, their feet in the mud.

With skies that are clear and creeks that are dry,
I'll never forget the storm that flew by.

George Savige

The Toy Soldier

I am a toy soldier
Standing on some grass,
Made of painted hessian,
By a sea of glass.

I fire my gun in battle
But do not make a sound.
The only noise is prattle
Of little children 'round.

But when these kids are older,
I know I will be dead.
They'll melt me down for sinkers,
'Cause I am made of lead.

They'll hang me on some string
They call a fishing line.
Then dropp me in the water,
And wet these feet of mine.

George Savige

The Two Ways

There comes a time when one must say,
The road is forked, I'll choose the way.
One road is wide and bends a bit.
Will I decide to follow it,
Or take the road that's long and thin,
And leads away from earthly sin.

The road that bends seems easy 'though,
And people laugh as on they go.
'Twould seem to me they have no cares
'Bout earthly sin and all its snares.

Perhaps I'll walk a mile or two,
And share with them a smile or two.
Then later on along the track
I'll find a road that leads me back...
Well, here I go, I'm on my way,
No time to stop. No time to pray.

What road was that I had to find?
The name has slipped from in my mind.
And was there once some other goal?
I ask myself as on I roll.

I'm having fun as on I go.
A still small voice says 'don't you know,
Hey can't you see how far you fell?
This road you're on will lead to hell.'

I stop and think, what have I done?
I thought that I was having fun.

Forgive me Lord and take my hand.
Please tell me Lord, YOU understand,
And lead me back along the way,
For I was lost and gone astray.

Lord give me strength to clear the mires,
And rise above my own desires.

I thank you Lord for all you've done,
For taking me to be your son.

AMEN.

George Savige

Truckin

Hop in the truck,
We're off on a run,
Driving all night,
'Till we see the sun.

Switch on the set,
As you've done before.
Get into gear,
Move it, ten four.

Listen for trouble,
And dodge it tonight.
Hear of a bubble,
Then veer to the right.

See a truck coming,
And give him a shout.
You're asking of him
If troubles about.

'Hey there south bound,
Rolling down Caulder,
How's it looking
Over your shoulder? '

Then with a smile,
You hear what he'll say,
'Hey good buddy,
It's green all the way.'

'Thank you south bound,
Have a good trip.
Catch you again,
Back on the flip.'

'You're welcome my friend,
Keep truckin on.
I'm loosin yer mate,
See ya were gone.'

George Savige

Wake Up Town

A rooster stands upon his toe,
And bellows forth a mighty crow,
Telling all those soundly sleeping,
Light of day is slowly creeping.

The cattle stand to eat the grass,
While birds above fly swiftly past.
And rooster stands upon his toe,
And bellows forth another crow.

Then out of bed a worker leapt,
For daylight here has long since crept.
No time for breakfast on this day,
For it is time to rush away.

Then out the door a worker flies
While brushing sleep from in his eyes,
And rooster stands upon his toe,
Then bellows forth one final crow.

'This little town is wide awake.
Now I myself a nap will take, '
Says rooster after his last crow.
Then settles down from off his toe.

George Savige

Watch Out World

Watch out world.
You're in a mess.
Too late now
For S.O.S.

The damage done
By man's own hand
Is causing ruin
Across the land.

They foul the air,
Pollute the seas,
While cutting down
Too many trees.

They dig the earth,
Extract it's yields,
And kill the grass
Upon the fields.

Why don't they stop,
Or don't they care
About pollution
In the air.

Or is it that
They do not know
Just what to do
Or where to go.

But watch out world
As you spin along.
The things they've done
Have all gone wrong.

George Savige

We Think, We Are.

If life to you means sadness,
You face each day with dread.
For you each day is madness,
To leave your nice warm bed.

And when you look around you,
The others have the best.
Although this may astound you,
Just try this little test.

What's done is gone,
Forget it. Stand up and fight again.
The past, if you will let it,
Will only give you pain.

Cause each and every action
Once done is in the past,
And just a tiny fraction
Of what you say will last.

So let sad thoughts forsake you,
They will not take you far.
Sometimes our thoughts can break us,
For what we think we are.

George Savige

What Is Time

It's time that marches,
So they say.
Where is it going?
Tell me pray.

It marches on
And ever on.
Some time is lost,
But never gone.

It's always there
For you and me.
We often waste it
Needlessly.

But we can use it
'Till we die,
Or sit and watch it
Slipping by.

It can't be bought;
It can't be sold.
And time goes faster
When we're old.

George Savige