

### OLD MURPHY'S PUB

'T'was New Year's Day when publican Old Murphy passed away  
He'd run the pub for ever, he was eighty, to a day  
And all the locals scratched their heads and wondered loud and long  
Who'd pull the beers in Burraga with Old Murphy dead and gone?

The carpet in Old Murphy's Pub was threadbare, brown and stained  
With beverages and food and other substances unnamed  
The wallpaper was thick with grease and yellow nicotine  
The bar stools all were rickety and none were very clean

Old Murphy used to cook a steak, as black and tough as hide  
He'd serve it up with greasy chips, plain lettuce on the side  
On Fridays there'd be chips and fish in batter thick as clay  
And sometimes, as a Sunday treat, he'd serve "Roast of the Day"

The locals used to guess the roast, for chicken looked like lamb  
Which looked like beef or mutton, or silverside or ham  
The meat was always grey and dry, with gravy through and through  
From whence the joint had been purveyed, only Murphy knew

The shearer boys from 'Ackney's farm came riding into town  
Old Murphy's was the only place for beer for miles around  
The door was barred, the shutters drawn, the place devoid of cheer,  
Swore Jimmy, "Cripes, we'll 'ave to ride to Bathurst for a beer!"

An agent came from Oberon, a sign went up which stated  
"Investment Opportunity – Interior decorated  
Original in Outback style"; snorted Jimmy with a laugh  
"They wouldn't know the Outback if it bit 'em on the arse!"

Old Murphy's lay deserted, six months or so went by  
The boys'd learned to do without; said Andy "'S'truth, I'm dry –  
What's happenin' to Old Murphy's, d'ya think they'll pull her down?"  
But 't'was on that very morning, the Pajero came to town

And Mrs Mobbs who ran the Post which doubled as the Bank  
And also Haberdashery/Occasional Goods, said "Thank  
the Lord they're doing something, the place makes me flesh creep"  
Then yelled for Deirdre "Come and look at this lot in their jeep"

And Deirdre told her Mum who told the mob at Blayney's Pond  
Who spread the news like wildfire right through Burraga and beyond  
A drover passed the story to the shearers in the shed  
When the boys were having smoko.....and this is what he said:

“Two city fellas bought the pub, they’re dressed for freezin’ weather  
they’re wearing flamin’ polonecks and their bleedin’ strides are leather  
They’ve both got flamin’ ponytails a-hanging down their back  
One bloke’s name is Otto and the other one is Zac;

they’re rippin’ out Old Murphy’s guts, they’ve polished up the floor  
they’ve got a great brass knocker a-hangin’ off the door  
they’re buildin’ up a “courtyard” with a fountain and a pond  
and they’re puttin’ in a Wine Bar and a trendy rest-aw-rond”

A silence fell upon the group, then Jimmy stubbed his smoke,  
He tilted his Akubra back and thundered “What a joke!  
He whistled Bluey “Come on boys, we’ve got a pub to save –  
Cripes, poor old bleedin’ Murphy’ll be turnin’ in his grave”

The shearer boys from ‘Ackney’s farm came riding on the double  
And Otto wiped the granite bench, nudged Zac and said “Here’s trouble”  
And Zac took three risottos out to table number One  
And poured three wines for Mrs Mobbs and Deirdre and her Mum.

And all the mob from Blayney’s Pond at tables left and right  
Went quiet as the boys walked in, just spoiling for a fight  
You could have heard a pin drop on that shiny polished floor  
As Jimmy and the shearer boys came swaggering through the door

But Otto didn’t miss a beat “Hey, good to see you here -  
Expect you’d like a pie and chips. You could probably use a beer  
Well, sit down boys, and rest yourselves, you’ve had a long hard day  
I don’t suppose you fancy a glass of Chardonnay?”

And Zac served beers as cold as ice, as Jimmy raged and frowned  
Reluctantly, Jim took a gulp, then grinned “Another round!”  
The shearers drained each bottle dry, so not a drop was wasted  
“That’s the best brew” Andy reckoned, “that I’ve ever bleedin’ tasted”

The pies arrived, Boeff Bourguignon, home-made with patient care  
all tender meat and fragrant herbs and pastry light as air  
the chips, pommes frites, were thin and crisp and delicately fried  
and there was gourmet salad, green and luscious, on the side

The shearer boys stayed out that night and had their fill of beer  
Then wandered home at morning light, replete with food and cheer  
And Jimmy said “for city folk, their tucker’s not too bad  
“That tucker” Andy reckoned “is the best I’ve ever had”.

And often when the long day ends and every sheep is shorn  
And every muscle aches and every face is tired and worn  
Then Jimmy wipes his brow and says “A cold one’d slip down!”  
And the shearer boys from ‘Ackney’s farm go riding into town

The boys will while the evening through and yarn with Zac and Otto  
And dine on wood-fired pizzas, beer and pasta and risotto  
"No disrespect" says Jimmy "to our old mate Murphy's Ghost  
but Gawd I'm glad to see the back of his bleedin' Sunday roast".