

The Colours Of A Drought by Dennis Lange

The colour of a drought is brown:
The green in grass is gone.
And cracks upon the dusty earth
Open their mouths and yawn.
The creeks and streams are narrower,
With some completely dry.
And Robin sings a thirsty song,
And Bambi gives a sigh.
The colour of a drought is blue;
The sky has lost its white.
The clouds are few and far between
Like left is far from right.
And day by day, the sky is blue
Like water used to be
When rivers ran like swift feet fly
And gurgled happily.
The brown and blue of drought can paint
A drabness in the land,
And turn the joy of man and child
To blues as dry as sand.

The Colours Of A Drought by Dennis Lange

The colour of a drought is brown:
The green in grass is gone.
And cracks upon the dusty earth
Open their mouths and yawn.
The creeks and streams are narrower,
With some completely dry.
And Robin sings a thirsty song,
And Bambi gives a sigh.
The colour of a drought is blue;
The sky has lost its white.
The clouds are few and far between
Like left is far from right.
And day by day, the sky is blue
Like water used to be
When rivers ran like swift feet fly
And gurgled happily.
The brown and blue of drought can paint
A drabness in the land,
And turn the joy of man and child
To blues as dry as sand.