



A Red Dingo, True Blue

In our big brown land there are many stories of what used to be
There is one that still exists which can be told by you and me
A big red dog that never sleeps yet so alert each and every hour
He's painted on a cladded wall advertising Dingo Flour

He watches all and is very much part of the Fremantle scene
A wild dog that doesn't bite, growl nor angry or mean
His coloured den is a mural and known by countless passers-by
So easily seen from the harbour where anchored ships do lie

Now and then workers arrive to wash and scrub him clean
With a fresh coat of paint he's a red dog again and easily seen
No matter season or even hard brush, he never whimpers or whines
True blue Dingo Dog stands proud and still defies old Father Time

He was never distracted by the sounds of war and its terrible din
For troops returning by sea, a familiar landmark was him
Even in a time with Reds under every bed, he showed no fear
Migrants seeking a new life, recall him with fondness on arriving here

This dog is very much part of you and me
He is indeed a page of our proud history
May he live forever in the mural on that wall
Ready to give a familiar dingo howl which really is a coo-ee call

Thanks Dingo Dog for your presence which many have seen
You're forever part of who we are and where we have been

George Mansford ©February 2016