

## When The Raintumbles Down In July

Slim Dusty

Let me wander north to the ho-omestead  
Way out further on there to roam  
By a gully in flood, let me linger  
When the summery sunshine has flown  
Where the logs tangle up on the creek beds  
And clouds fill the old northern sky  
And the cattle move back from the lowlands  
When the rain tumbles down in July  
The settlers with sad hearts are watching  
The rise of the stream from the dawn  
Their best crops are always in flood reach  
If it rises much more they'll be gone  
The cattle string out along the fences  
The wind from the south races by  
And the limbs from the old gums are fallen  
When the rain tumbles down in July  
The sleeping gums on the hillside  
Awaken to herds strayin' by  
Here on the flats where the fences have vanished  
As the storm clouds gather on high  
The wheels of the wagons stop turning  
The stock horse is turned out to stray  
The old station dogs are a-dozin'  
On the husks in the barn through the day  
The drover draws rein by the river  
And it's years since he's seen it so high  
Yes and that's just a story of homeward  
When the rain tumbles down in July