



## **WEARY WILL by A.B. "Banjo" Paterson**

The strongest creature for his size  
But least equipped for combat  
That dwells beneath Australian skies  
Is Weary Will the Wombat.

He digs his homestead underground,  
He's neither shrewd nor clever;  
For kangaroos can leap and bound  
But wombats dig forever.

The boundary rider's netting fence  
Excites his irritation;  
It is to his untutored sense  
His pet abomination.

And when to pass it he desires,  
Upon his task he'll centre  
And dig a hole beneath the wires  
Through which the dingoes enter.

And when to block the hole they strain  
With logs and stones and rubble,  
Bill Wombat digs it out again  
Without the slightest trouble.

The boundary rider bows to fate,  
Admits he's made a blunder  
And rigs a little swinging gate  
To let Bill Wombat under.

So most contentedly he goes  
Between his haunt and burrow:  
He does the only thing he knows,  
And does it very thorough.