Bradman,

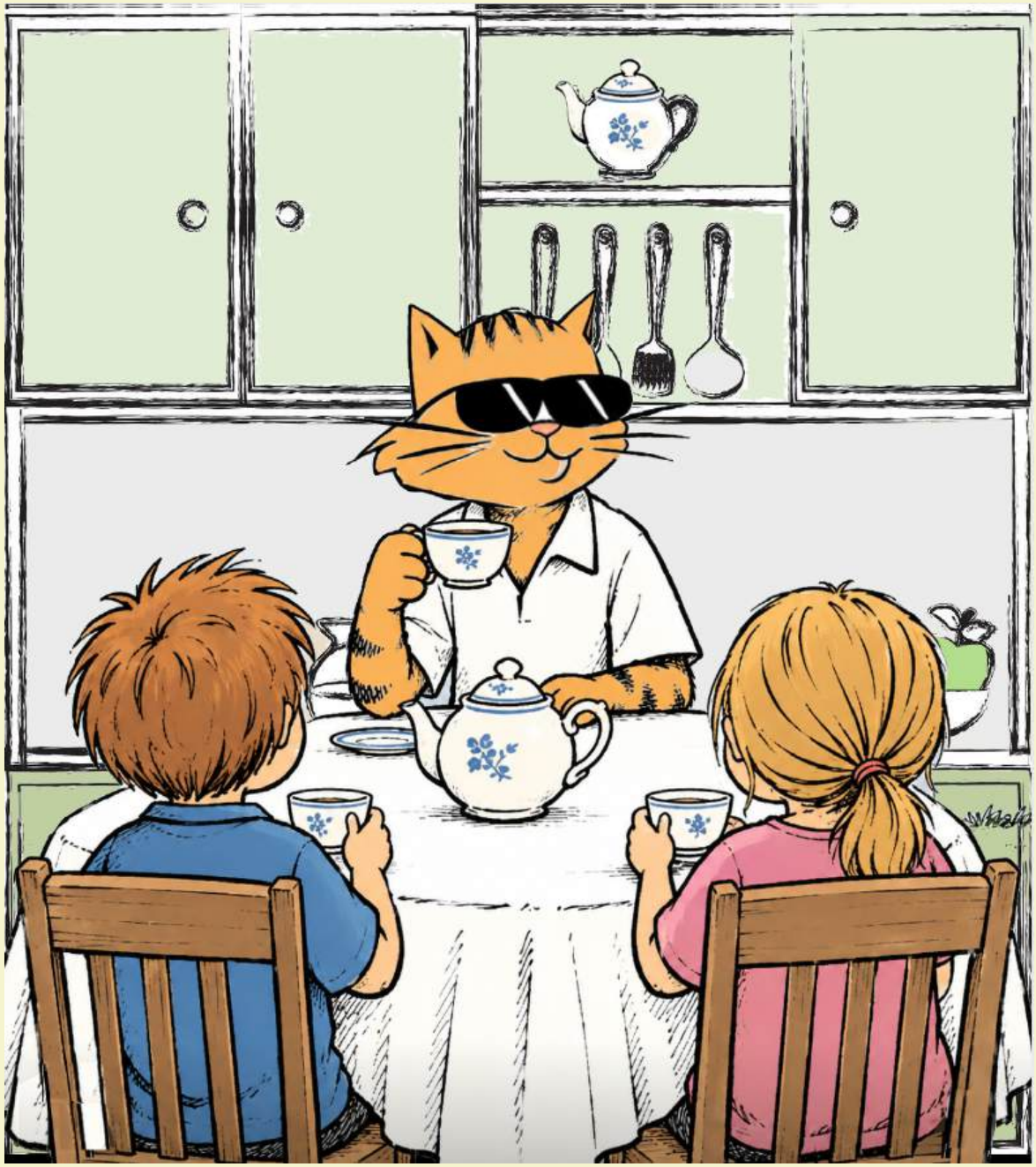
The Cricketing Cat



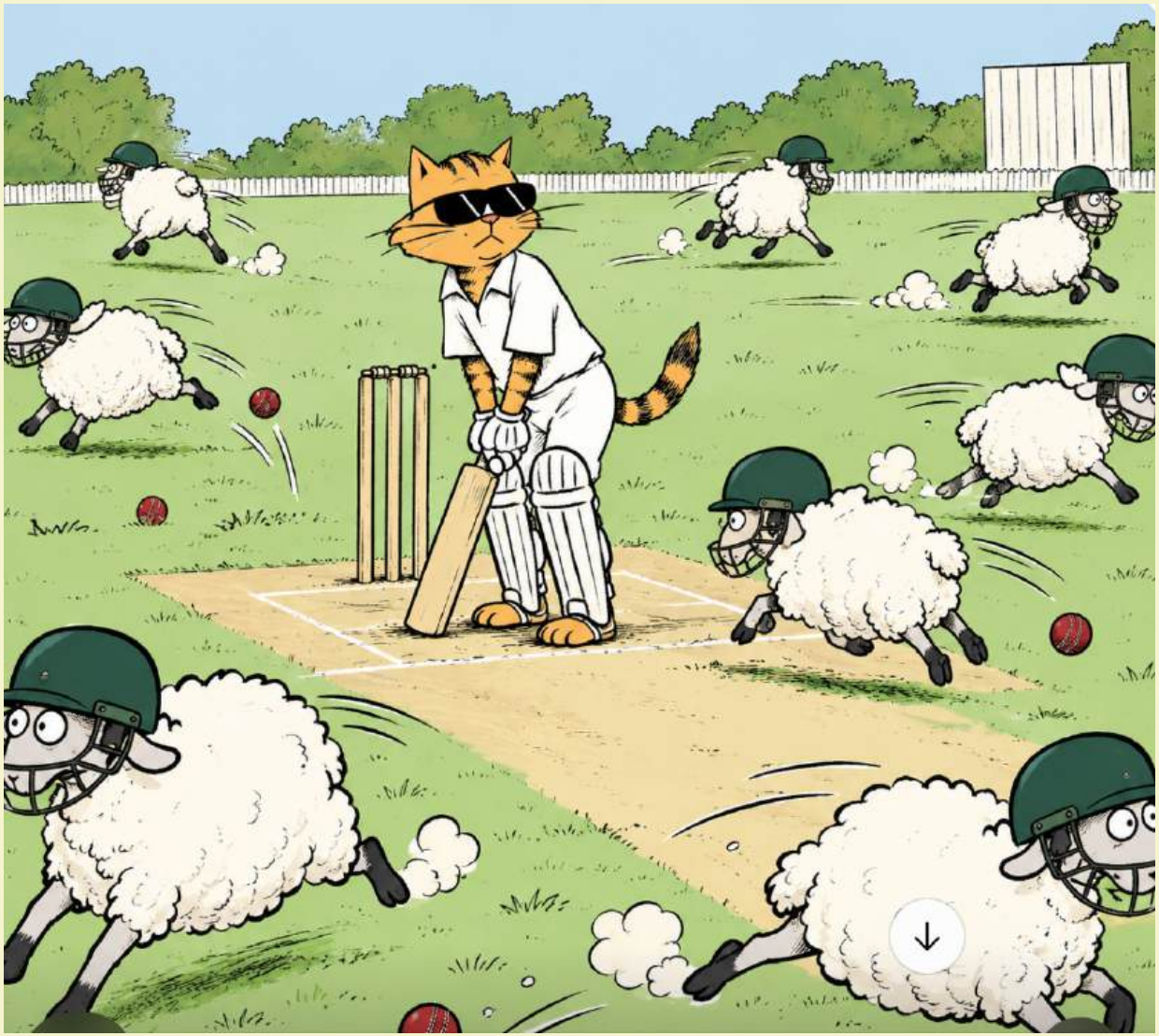
Kerry Cue



When Bradman arrived
He stood at the door
'I'm here for the Summer
I bat, bowl and score.'

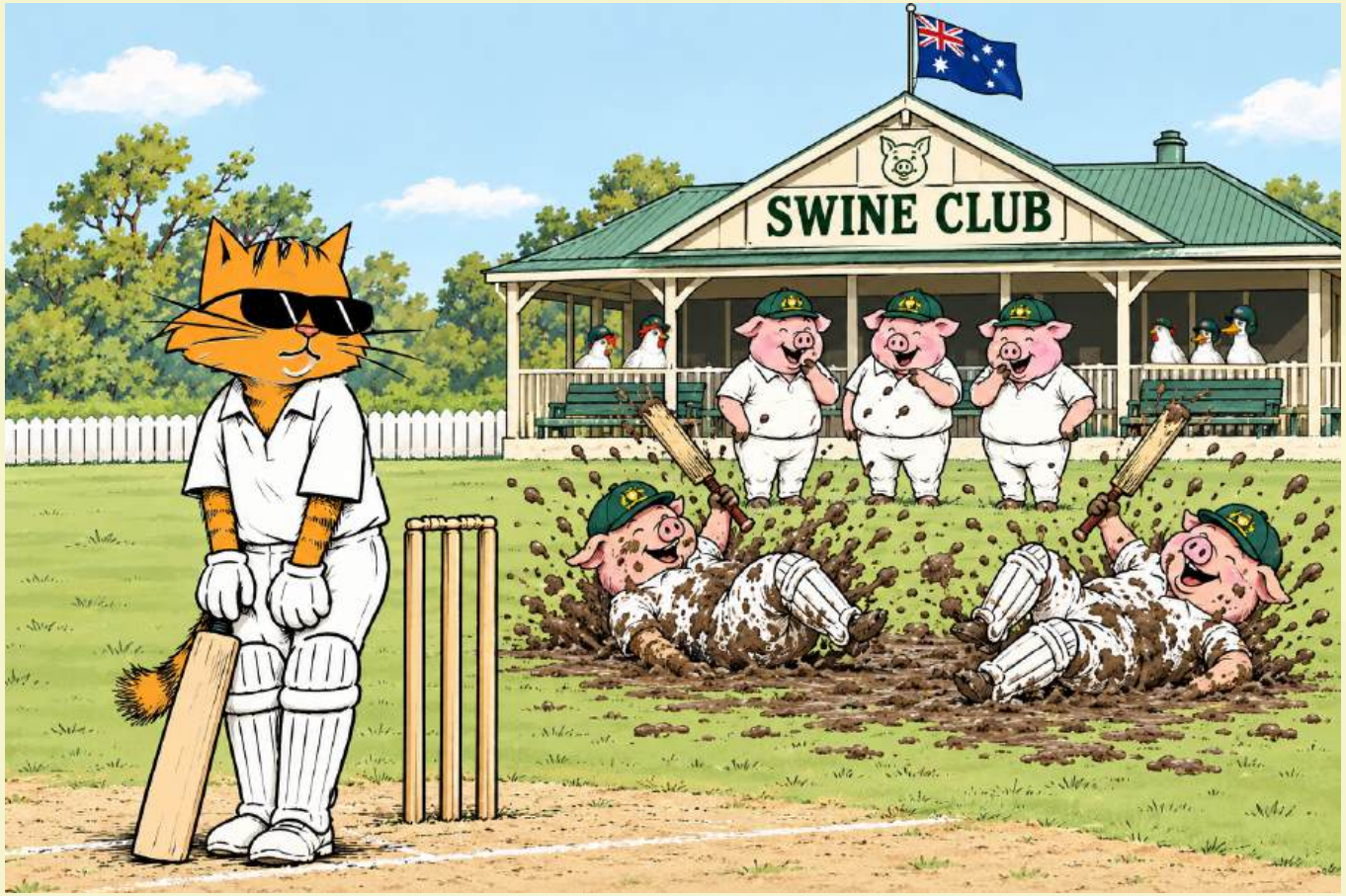


He sat in our kitchen
And between cups of tea
Told cricketing tales
To my family and me.

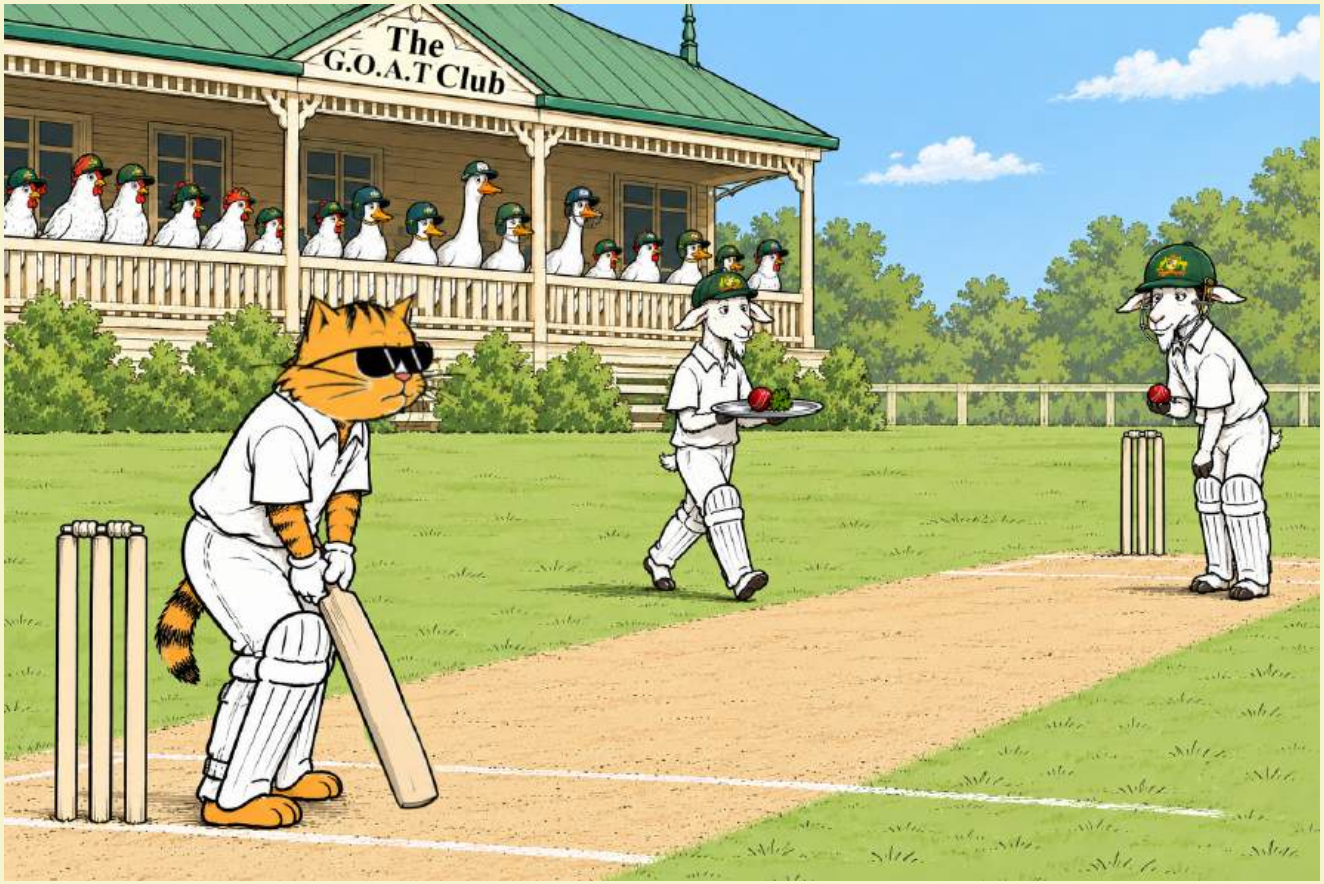


He came from a farm
Up Widdlewong way
Where the cows are quite glum
But the sheep like to play

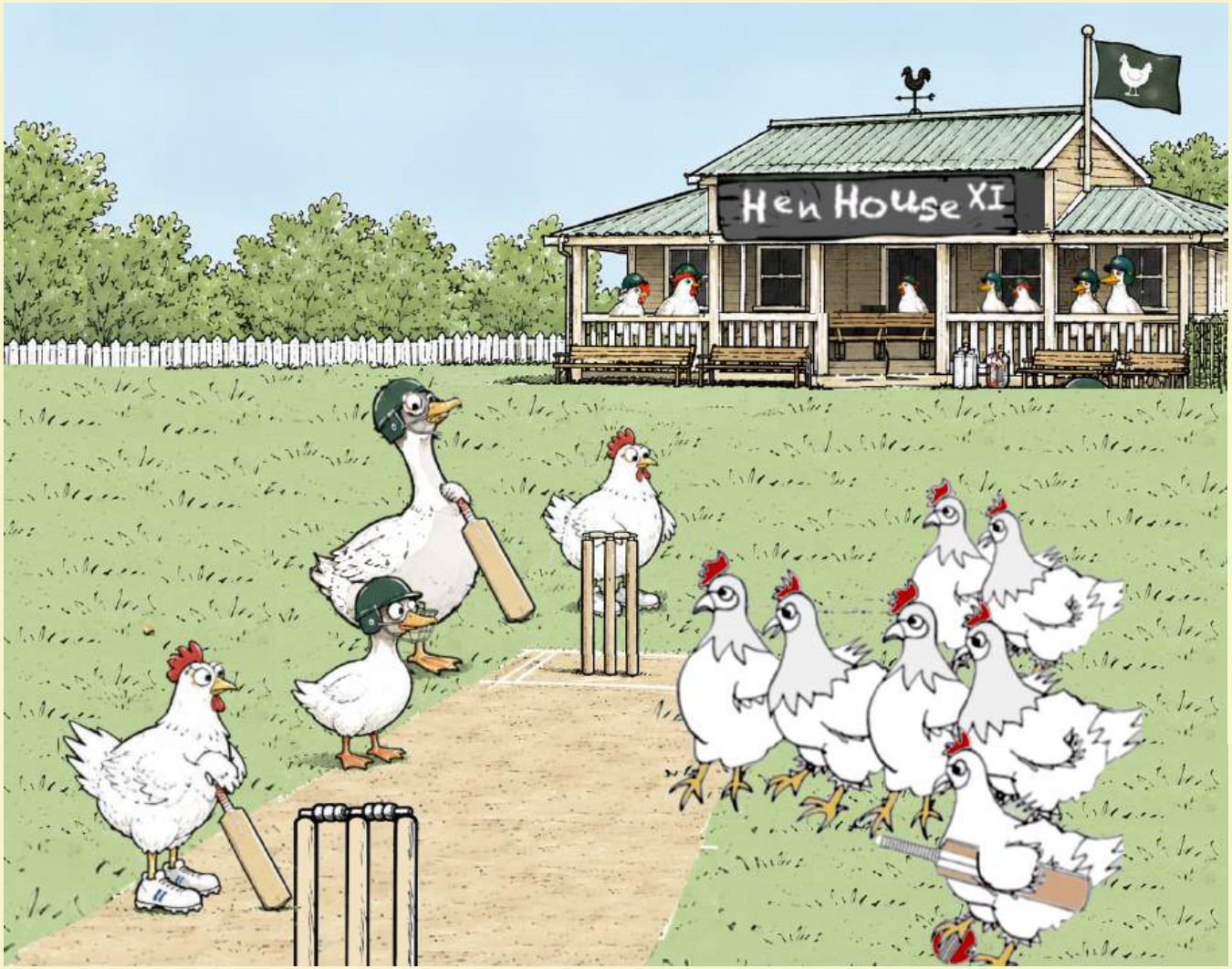
And they want to play cricket
But they're not much fun
When one hits the ball
Two hundred will run.



The pigs have a Swine Club
And dress for the game
Then roll in the mud
And it isn't the same.

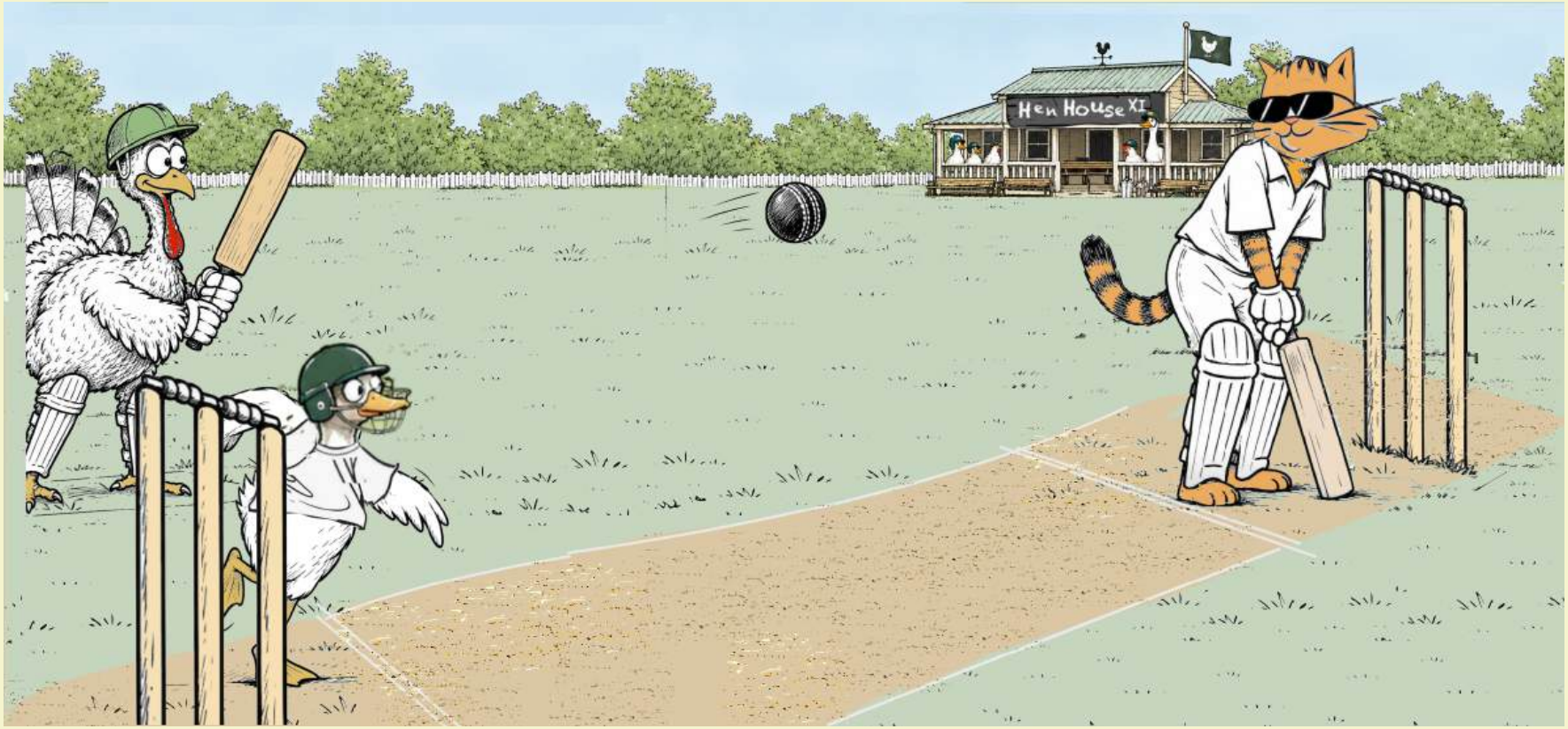


Do goats like cricket?
I think they hate it
One bleated ‘new ball’
And the bowler ate it.



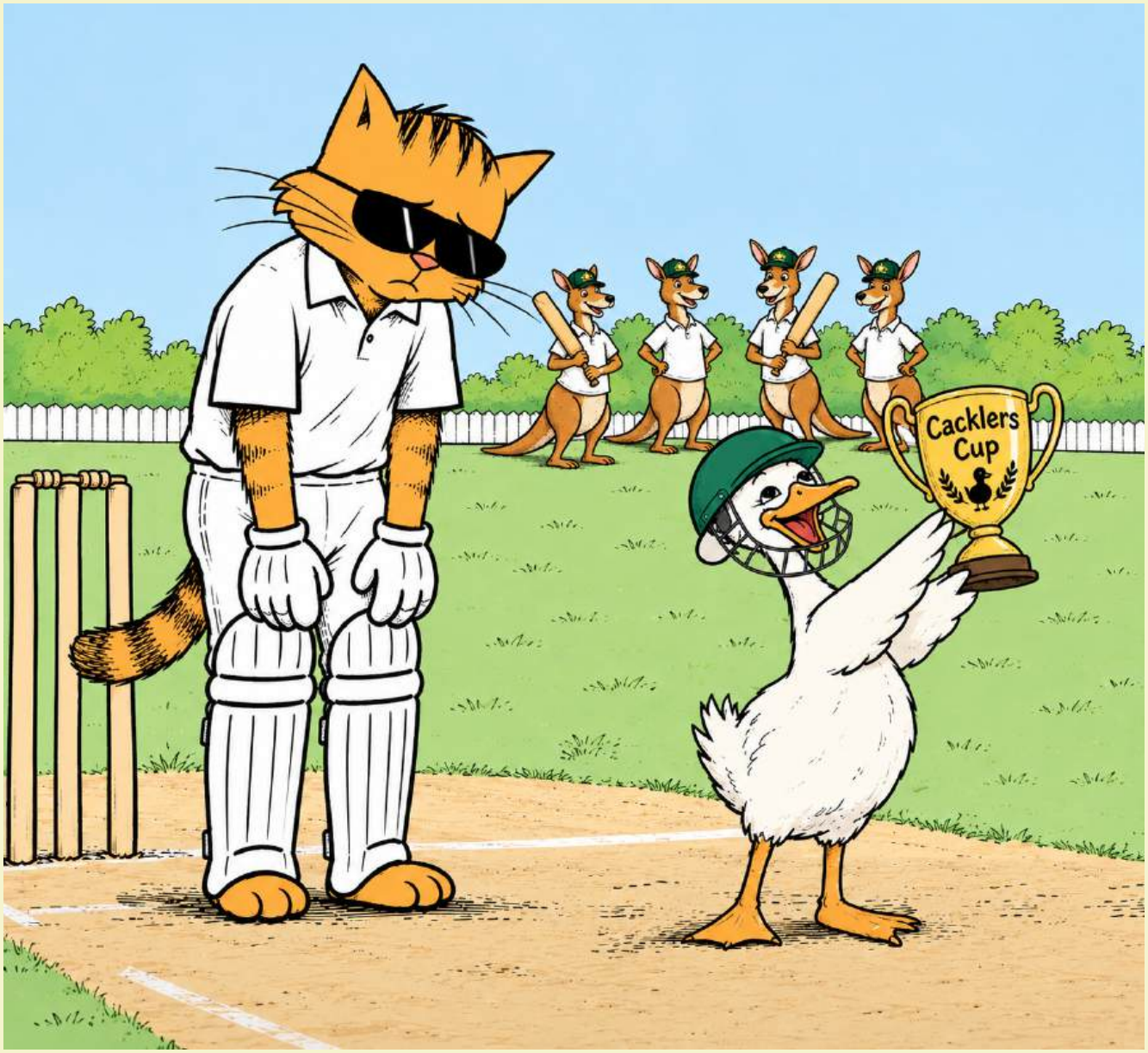
But the Hen House XI
Was a fabulous sight
Ducks, hens and geese
All decked out in white.

With a scratch team from the farm
Our 12th man was a pup
We played a test match
For the Cackler's Cup

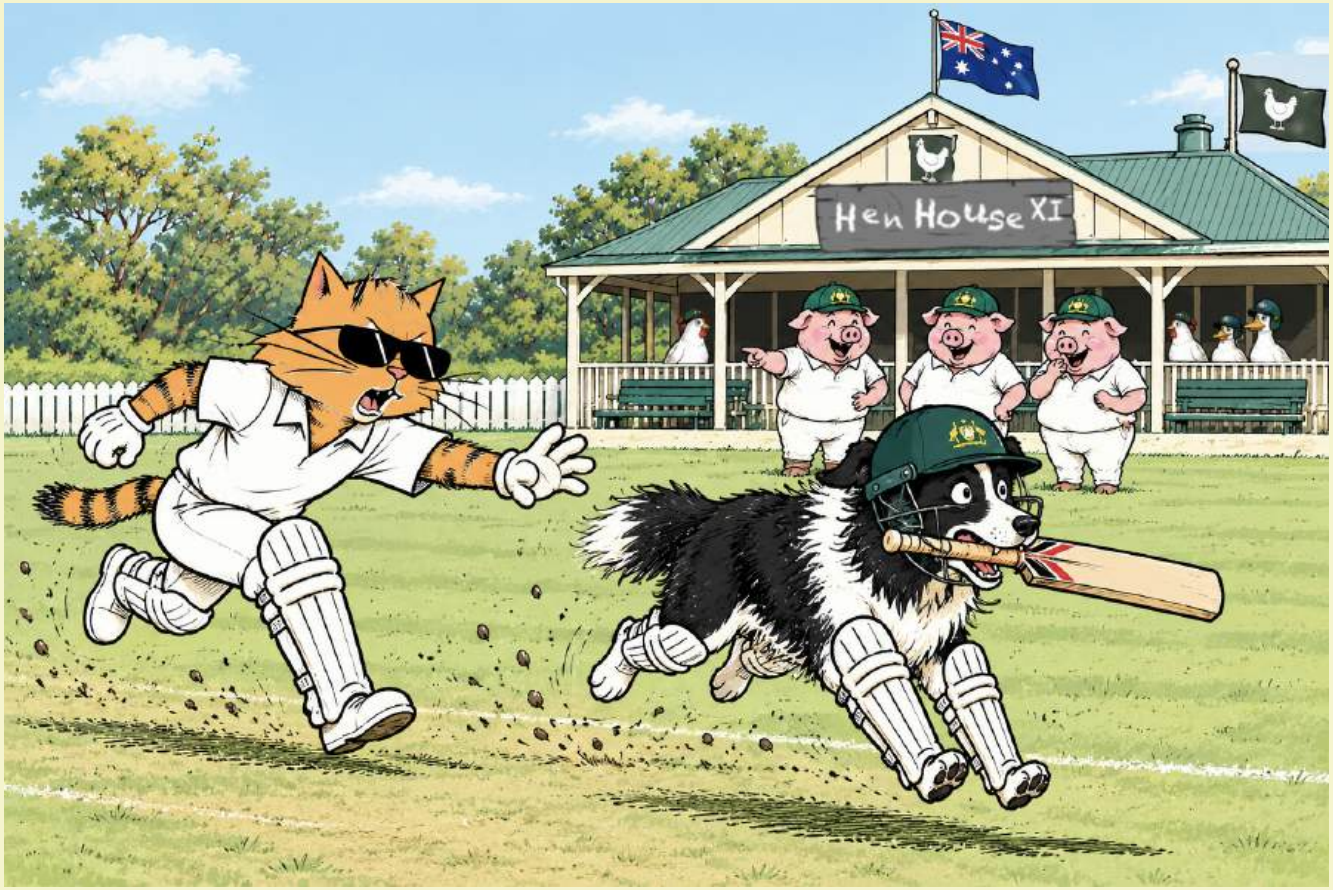


With 5 days of play
The score tit for tat
My team shouted 'Bradman'
'It's your turn to bat.'

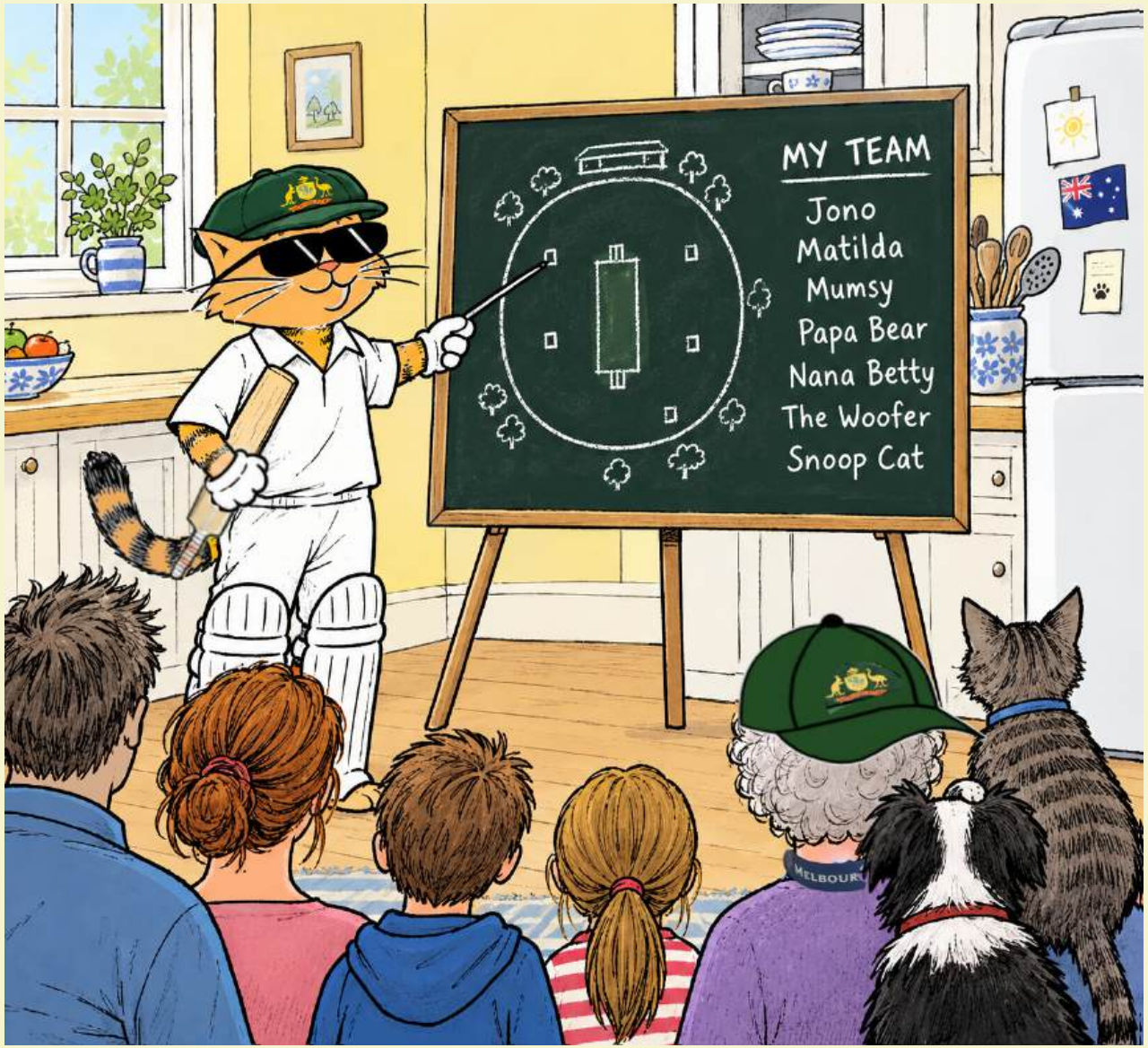
A quack bowler bowled
The captain called 'Cluck!'
I was in with a turkey
And out for a duck



The test was not done
There was the K-team to play
But those Kangas play tough
And bounce Bouncers all day



We lost the Test series
But I lost more than that
For our silly 12th man
Ran off with my bat.



So Bradman arrived
He came down by bus
He had found a new team
And that team was us.