



Saint George said to Saint Donald, his Aussie counterpart  
Let's call a truce, lay ghosts to rest, let's broker a fresh start  
Let's put aside our differences, but celebrate them still  
From Melbourne to the Motherland, we'll implement a bill

Oh come on Mate that's bullshit, the Saint quickly replied  
A Bill's for Cops and Sheila's votes and blokes who march for pride  
It's not a fitting tribute to the dawn of a great day  
Let's burn some bleedin' bails my friend and take the field of play

Knights will sit with dragons at the calling of the toss  
The Swagman, once his Billy's boiled, will toast each England loss  
Whatever happens on the pitch, for what will be will be  
Matilda and Ned Kelly will come waltzing in at tea

The challenge must be ruthless; in sport, no truer test  
Five matches should be spic and span to settle who's the best  
But if the series closes out, with stale mate for its toils  
The team that won it last time shall retain their winners' spoils

Agreed upon the format, a conflict there was born,  
Whose evolution gave us greats like Bradman, Botham, Warne  
Household names from York to Yass, from Perth to Piccadilly  
Larwood, Thompson, Grace, McGrath; Freddie, Border, Lillie

There've been some tribulations, some trials, some damn fine Tests  
And lesser times, quite frankly, when our manners have digressed  
Sledging in old Blighty, once a sport for gentle slopes  
Became an Aussie tactic aimed at bashing Pommy hopes

That said, those English cricketers can't claim a slate too clean  
Recall the famous 30's speech of one Captain Jardine  
I haven't come six thousand miles to make colonial friends  
Bounce high into the Bodyline; we'll see how they defend

Through Cricket we've a rivalry, whose equal isn't known  
Encoded in our very core and set in more than stone  
The Ashes speaks of many tales; what's here and now, what's been  
The Gattin' Ball and Headingly; the Urn, the Baggy Green

The Long Walk through the Long Room, the hallowed Turf of Lords  
Invincibles and Legends, not just names up on the Boards  
The Wacca and the Oval, the Barmy Army's Hill  
The MCG and all the grounds, the History and Good Will

We'll tell our mates old George my friend; both nations to a man  
To speak unto their children of the day we hatched our plan  
For all our Countries' tests and trials and convicts bloody lashes,  
We made a pact, they took their guard to fight for Flag and Ashes

