

CAMPBELL WASN'T THERE

Now I've been to festivals across this land – North, South, East and West
They're all different, there's none the same – tho' (Wintermoon)'s the best!
The one common thread is Campbell. But here's news I have to share:
I was at a festival last weekend – and Campbell wasn't there!

Now that might not sound much to you, but since this world began
There hasn't been a festival that hasn't had this man.
I was discombobulated, it was more than I could bear
Being at a festival last weekend – and Campbell wasn't there!

In vain I looked and listened, and I know it sounds quite silly
But I kept on thinking I saw his swag, or imagined there's his billy,
And in my mind's ear I heard his voice, reciting from nowhere
But I was at a festival last weekend – and Campbell wasn't there!

Where was that lilting rhythm? Where were those ragged pants?
Where were the poems of Lawson, the Overflow and Clance ... y?
I tried hard to enjoy myself, but I really couldn't care
'Cos I was at a festival last weekend – and Campbell wasn't there!

Now I used to have a theory that there were many Campbells – two minimum
Either that or he'd mastered the trick to overcome the time-space continuum
I'd never known a festival without him, it didn't matter where
Till I was at a festival last weekend – and Campbell wasn't there!

All you who love your poetry, all you who love your rhyme
Who are early for these breakfasts – at this damned ungodly time
Don't take this man for granted. Just offer up a prayer
That *you're* not at a festival where Campbell isn't there!

*Bruce Watson
Wintermoon Festival
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