

THE MOTHER OF SIX FIGHTING SONS

by R. SHERRY, Burnt Bridge . . . Dedicated to Mrs. MABEL RITCHIE

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We have read many tales of the Sands Boys,
Six brothers all fighters and game,
In their day they have all held a title
And therefore have won themselves fame.

The boys' dad was a hard-working bushman,
Cutting timber along the North Coast,
He was also a very tough fighter
And a man who could back up his boast.

But not much has been said of their Mother,
A proud woman, and so she should be,
For the name of the Sands boys as sportsmen
Has gone down in sports history.

But the powers that be ever watchful,
Took this man away from life's runs,
And from then it was left to the Mother
To keep watch on her six fighting sons.

She was thrilled to the heights of a mother
When her son had won fights overseas,
She has also known heart-rending sorrow,
As she looks back on sad memories.

Now young Russell, the babe of the brothers,
Who was crippled when he was a boy,
Said that someday he'd fight like his brothers
And give his Mother a home and some joy.

For her life has been no bed of roses,
She's had trouble pile up by the tons,
But with courage she fought all life's battles,
To bring up her six fighting sons.

And so far he has made good his promise,
He has kept up the Sands' fighting name,
He has once been the champ of Australia,
Now the world boxing crown is his aim.

And I know that young Rusty's a tryer,
He will win if he sticks to his guns,
So I'm saying goodbye with best wishes
To the Mother of six fighting sons.

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