

It was with shock and sadness that I heard Deen's news,
Of an untimely passing, that would fill all the pews.
He was a wonderful man and I wondered how I could,
Show my respect to Deen, a family man caring and good.

Then a story came to me although it's not true,
But it reflects on the Deen that I worked with and knew.
It's about a city slicker, who was here for a stay,
It was wineries in Griffith after the Shearers in Hay.

He chose De Bortoli's, they made a sticky, Noble One,
That he'd read about, made by father and son.
So he drove out to Bilbul, the winery not hard to find,
The hundreds of tanks, in the sunlight did blind.

Now the slicker from Mosman was concerned with money, not need,
He was materialistic and driven by envy and greed
He pulled into the carpark, stepped out of his 4WD Merc,
Owning a winery, now that's a good perk.

As he crossed the forecourt, an old bloke said "g'day",
He had muddy boots and work clothes, but a real friendly way.
He walked over to slicker and started to chat,
Who looked him over and wondered "What's a Cosme hat".

In no time the slicker was totally engrossed,
Whenever he could about his own wealth he did boast.
But the farmhand, he ignored for that's what he must be,
He must work in the vineyards, probably gets his grapes free.

The farmhand knew his stuff and talked on for ages,
Slicker thought "his boss is ripped off if he's on hourly wages".
But there was no denying the farmhand was an interesting bloke,
He'd never met his like, at home in the big smoke.

The farmhand talked about shooting and fishing with mates,
Seemed he loved his life, with no time for hates.
He had a couple of dogs who were never far away,
They'd lick and annoy, then "get home he'd say".

The slicker learnt all about grapes, wines and processing,
But the King Valley, Yarra and Hunter sometimes had him guessing.
Problems with power, councils and Water supply,
Slicker thought the farmhands mouth, must soon be dry.

The slicker piped up, I read the boss is worth one twenty mill,
Bet he drives a Ferrari and lives waterfront Hunters Hill.
Probably hobnobs with the set, on a yacht in Cockle Bay,
Gee, if I had his money I could go spend all day.

The farmhand gave a chuckle and a shake of his head,
Then a phone gave a ring, "I'll just get this" he said.
He said a few yeahs, then I'll be there right away,
He turned to hurry off and said "have a good day".

The muddy booted farmhand left with a hurried walk,
The slicker standing alone thought "gee he can talk".
His dogs chased after, and soon at his heels,
He must have a good life, seems he does what he feels.

The slicker delayed finally made his way to the cellar,
He said to the girl at the bar "just met an interesting fella".
He told me a lot and drove that purple car,
I don't know about farmhand, he should be with PR".

Slicker looked around the cellar, saw some pictures on the wall,
He was dumbstruck for a moment, then pennies started to fall.
Slicker told the girl " that man's the best talker I've seen ",
Sandy smiled as she spoke, " I see you've met Our Deen ".