

Assault by the race

The rolling gold meadows, the blue of the sky
The swoop of the magpies, the sound as they cry
New lambs and calves, the grass green and strong
Beautiful Barrabool, guarding Geelong

Down to the Barwon, across the broad plain
The river is stressed, the land needs more rain
The weather will change, the hills will survive
Their soul will replenish, their pastures will thrive

Majestic Barrabool, generous and proud
Productive, creative, never too loud
Not mistreated or damaged, as we pass through
We protect and take care, always renew

Generations of farmers, the young and the old
Built this community, stewards of gold
Lived off the life-giving heart of this land
Nurtured and nourished its soil and its sand

The roar of the engines, the smell of the fuel
The rush, the raw speed, the thrill of the duel
They are piercing the heart of this beautiful place
Clashing with nature, assault by the race

The Barrabool people, quiet and strong
Neighbours and friends of the club for so long
Unaware of their fate, blind to the dangers
Of machines and of races, ambitions of strangers

Clubs come and go, motorbikes die
But the hills must remain, reach to the sky
Proud and unscarred, peaceful and true
Beautiful Barrabool, gold, green and blue