

Here in Dover,
Where the cows eat clover;
The river runs slow,
And mountains lie low.

Dover is a town,
That sits right down;
From the other Dover town,
Just a little below Hobart.

Amidst the trees and hill,
Where ducks drink water from bills;
They're lies a little park,
Where I stay through day and dark.

Here in the quiet,
Beneath it all;
Where the world goes by,
No time to call.

The peace and the quiet,
Beautiful tranquillity;
Away from the hustle and bustle,
Of the living city.

A few shops line,
The public street;
With people around,
Who are willing to meet.

They all come out,
Of their homes and say;

That this is Dover,
It's alright you pay.

A million towns could,
Have had it all;
But Dovers left still,
Outstanding and small.

You can walk along the beach,
To talk and to teach;
Something here in the weather,
Let you learn or whether.

The distant hills,
Across the river side;
Are consuming the looks,
As visitors amount.

And ideas of English cliffs,
Dover here knows diffs;
Few fishing boats dock,
On wood wharf's not rock.

Dover too has apples due,
And orchards here are plenty;
As down now breaks,
This island makes,

Signed

Tasmania's Dover is heavenly.

