

BELLS AND HOBBLES



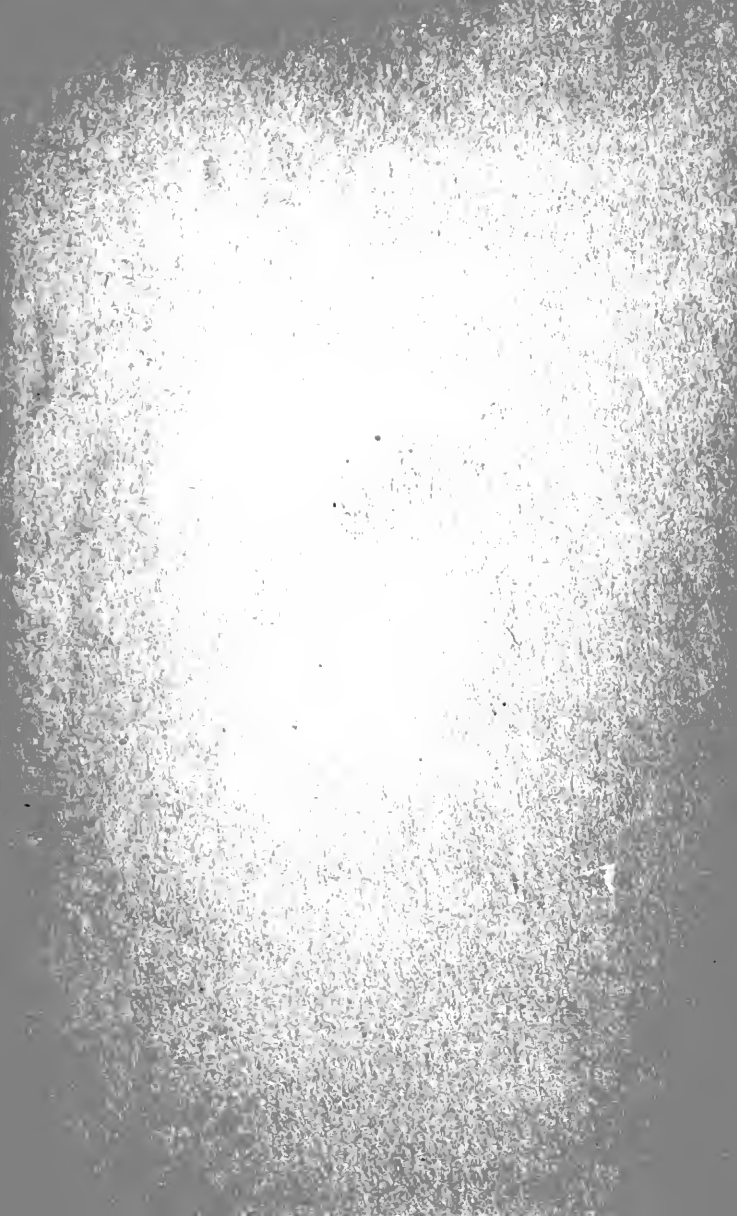
BY
E. J. BRADY

429-
\$4.20



THE LIBRARY
OF
THE UNIVERSITY
OF CALIFORNIA
LOS ANGELES





Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2007 with funding from
Microsoft Corporation

BELLS AND HOBBLER

FOR YOUR BIRTHDAY.

*Buds of the Summer Roses,
Crimson, and gold, and white,
Bells of the splendid Lilies,
Freshened with dews of night;
Blooms of old-fashioned gardens,
Blooms of the Open Way
Woven in perfumed garlands—
These—for your natal day!*

*Gold of the Sunlit Beaches,
Green of the hills divine,
Bushland, and all her glories—
Glamor of these be thine!
Yea, and the silver starshine,
Flashing the skies along,
Yea, and the mornings golden—
Be in your birthday song!*

*Blush of the maiden Morning,
Blood of the wounded Sun
Staining the West with carmine,
Dying when day is done;
Blue of the Sky unfathomed,
Sapphire of shining Sea;
Each in its turn shall color
Words of my wish, for thee.*

*Flashing with rose-red rubies,
Sparkling with brilliants rare,
Glinting with changing opal,
Glowing with topaz fair;
Turquoise and em'rald burning.
Sard and chalcedony—
Thus, in a shower of jewels,
Falleth my song to thee.*

*Filled with the meadow's kindness,
Filled with the orchard's bloom,
Sweetened with hay and clover—
So, from a golden loom
Falleth my woof of Fancy
Fashioned in fabric true,
Woven in wishes tender—
Out of my love, for you.*

*All that is rich in Nature,
All that in Art is fine;
All that the wide world offers,
Be, Oh Beloved, thine!
Sunlight and silver water,
Moonlight and dancing spray;
These, from a Poet's fancy,
Take, for your natal day!*

BELLS AND HOBBLES

By
E. J. Brady

1911

GEORGE ROBERTSON & CO.

Propy. Ltd.

MELBOURNE SYDNEY ADELAIDE

And BRISBANE

ACKNOWLEDGMENT

The Author's acknowledgments are due to the "Bulletin," "Sydney Mail," "Lone Hand," "Worker," and "Sunday Times," to which journals he is indebted for first publication of verses included in this volume

BELLS AND HOBBLER.

When our feet are in the stirrups,
And our hands are to the reins,
When the cities lie behind us
And before us spread the plains,
There's a song of night and morning
That in minor music swells,
'Tis the jangle of the hobbles
And the jingle of the bells—
Bells and hobbles,
Hobbles and bells.

With a dull, metallic tinkle
Of the muffled hobble-chain;
And an echo, as we canter,
Of the horse-bells in refrain,
Weaves the wizard of the Westland
Round our willing hearts his spells;
Makes us helots of the hobbles;
Makes us vassals of the bells.
Bells and hobbles,
Hobbles and bells.

Will you miss me, miss me, Mary,
In your suburb by the sea?
Will you kiss me, kiss me, Katie
When we meet at old Moree?
 Sing the frail, unfaithful hobbles,
 And with cynic voice outswells
 From the Mitchell grass the answer
 Of the frail and faithless bells,
 Bells and hobbles,
 Hobbles and bells:

Oh Love it is a funny thing;
It makes a man a fool
And teaches maids a lesson that
They never learnt at school.
 Thus the brazen tongue in chorus
 With the iron link dispels,
 In a rhythm gay, the gossip
 Of the hobbles and the bells,
 Bells and hobbles,
 Hobbles and bells.

With a bush brunette awaiting
 Who may fickle be, or fond,
 And the picture yet before him
 Of a plaintive city blonde,
 In a cynic cachinnation,
 So the sinful minor swells.
 Of the optimistic hobbles
 And the pessimistic bells,
 Bells and hobbles,
 Hobbles and bells.

But the good tobacco burneth,
And a silver saltbush gleams,
And 'tis cool beneath the shadows
By the sluggish western streams ;
And the sunlit ridges echo
From their stony citadels
To the jingle of the hobbles
And the tinkle of the bells,
Bells and hobbles,
Hobbles and bells.

Let the farmer to his tillage
All his skill and effort bring ;
Let the blacksmith in the village
Make his homely anvil ring ;
Let the sounds of labor thunder
Where the city worker dwells,
But our songs are of the Bushland
And the hobbles and the bells,
Bells and hobbles,
Hobbles and bells.

And our blankets shall be spreaded
Over grasses dry and brown,
By the yellow western waters
When the sun is going down ;
By the lonely soaks and gilgas
And the clear artesian wells,
And we'll listen in the gloaming
To the hobbles and the bells.
Bells and hobbles,
Hobbles and bells.

Oh, the Sun shall rouse us early,
As he swings into the blue;
And we'll boil the old black billy
While our world is wet with dew,
While the working world a-hurry
Seeks its stuffy office cells,
We'll be slipping off the hobbles,
And be strapping up the bells,
Bells and hobbles,
Hobbles and bells.

And the breezy tracks we travel
From the sunrise to his set,
They will aid us to remember,
They will help us to forget;
For the song of Night and Morning
Shall be with us as it knells
In the message of the hobbles
And the answer of the bells.
Bells and hobbles,
Hobbles and bells.

GREEN GRAVEL.

*Green gravel, green gravel, the grass is so green,
The fairest young lady that ever I've seen.*

—*Children's Rhyme.*

Oh Molly, when the grass was green,
When I was King and you were Queen;
When underneath the gumtree's shade,
As children of the Bush we played—
"Green gravel, oh, the grass is green,"
And I was King and you were Queen!

.

Oft, through the smoke of my cigar,
I see the schoolhouse stand afar;
And, through the mists of long-ago,
The hats and bonnets in a row,
While sits beside me on our stool
My sweetheart of the old bush-school.

The years, with all their burdens, seem
But mourning echoes of a dream;
The cares of life, its loss and pain,
Are yet unlearnt; again, again
On buoyant feet I tread the cool
Bush track that turns towards the school.

Though climbs the sun above the hill,
The grass is hung with jewels still ;
And fresh as youth the morning glows
With clover and with briar rose ;
While sweet as music falls the chime
Of all the birds of summertime.

High overhead, where branches meet,
Loud screams the busy parrakeet ;
The bright rosellas onward pass,
With diving flight across the grass ;
The scarlet lories, two by two,
Their rubies flash along the blue ;

And Molly with her schoolbag stands
Awaiting at the fallow lands,
Where, seated on a log we'll share,
In "bite for bite," the plundered pear ;
And dare, as comrades should, again
For "coming late" the stinging cane.

"She loved me true!" "I loved her best."
But one goes East and one goes West ;
And nevermore, amid thy brown
And glossy hair, the bluebell crown
In azure stars I'll weave and twine
Beneath the sun, O sweetheart mine.

In after years, to manhood sprung,
With step still light and heart yet young
I came, unrecognised, alone,
To read her name upon a stone
That stood among the grasses green,
For . . . Molly died at seventeen!

And though the air was sweet in chime
Of all the bells of summertime;
And though the briar roses red
Their well-remembered fragrance shed,
I only saw, I only knew,
That at her feet the bluebells grew;

Like angels' eyes to me they shone,
With some kind knowledge of their own,
Of other lives, in other spheres,
That haply lie beyond the tears
And all the tragic grief and mirth
Of this fantasia of earth.

Their slender stems, as innocent
As childhood's love, above her bent;
And as the murmur of the school
Still drifted o'er the paddocks cool,
They swayed and shook from out their blue
Pathetic eyes the tears of dew.

All on a sudden rose the chime
Of all the bells of summertime;
And once again, upon my ear,
I heard a chorus rising clear:
*"Green gravel, oh, the grass is green,
The fairest lady that I've seen."*

Had I but dreamed? The years between
Seemed then as they had never been.
I, half-expectant, turned to see
If by the hills she waited me.
Alas, 'twas but, at morning play,
The children of another day.

Long, long ago her lampless Flame
Re-found the realm from whence it came;
And still my feeble light is whirled
And eddied with the living world.
Green gravel, oh, the grass is green.
But . . . Molly died at seventeen!

OUTPOSTS.

Beyond the noisy railway ; outside the postal roads,
Where swing no swaying coaches, no coaster wharfs her
loads ;
Where brood dark-gullied ranges, where brown plains
meet the sky—
In scrub and bush and jungle the lone bush Outposts
lie.

The vanguard lags behind them ; the rearguard rests at
ease ;
The city-fed battalion doth bivouac in peace ;
But constant is *their* vigil, their duty long and keen
Who keep the distant Outposts through fatted years and
lean.

They read no current cables ; no inky herald brings
To them each morning early the news of men and things.
The policies of nations ; the world, both grave and gay,
Is but a formless shadow—an echo far away.

They face the raging summer and pray a cooling
change—
Dust-reddened in the desert ; fire-haunted on the range :
They nurse the stock to water, fly-pestered through the
haze
And heat and desolation of dry, drought-devilled days.

They toil through trying winters, foregoing present needs,
For misty future chances—for tools, or stock, or seeds.
They walk in homely raiment; coarse fare the cupboard
fills

Of those who keep the Outposts along the plains and
hills.

Blazed tracks through forests gloomy—steep, stony trails
they know;
By flooded fords and marshes, and gullies white with
snow,
The thunder on the hillside, the loud tornado's flight;
Bruised flesh and strong limbs shattered, and sickness
in the night.

Aye, doubts and dreads uncertain, child-bearings, fevers,
chills,
Long, sleepless nights of watching, all human griefs and
ills,
Are theirs to bear and battle when hard the burdens
press,
Of solitary trouble and pain in loneliness.

Their dead lie buried near them; the loved they might
not save,
A panel and a paling to mark the quiet grave,
White stars their tapers burning, the wind among the
trees
To sing above the sleepers its soft bush melodies.

The creaking of the saddles, the stockwhips sounding
clear
And gaily in the morning, the gallant Outposts hear ;
The bell-birds in the bloodwoods, or, from the pale
lagoon,
Green frogs in rain-time croaking hoarse greetings to the
moon.

Great pictures spread before them ; the sky's unfathomed
arch ;
Dark clouds like feudal ramparts, white clouds upon the
march,
Red mornings on the mountain, red sunsets o'er the
plain,
The moonlit river windings, the paddocks wet with rain ;

The Canvas of Creation, whose thousand tints and shades
On endless prairies linger and dwell in everglades,
With all its form and colour, its desert and its dew—
While pass the changing seasons—is ever theirs to view.

Bare, ring-barked patches standing like white bones far
away ;
Bark walls and roofs that mirage to castles 'neath the
play
Of mocking suns down-pouring their heat-waves o'er the
land ;
The flats below the gullies, the sweet soaks in the sand—

These mark in turn the Outposts. By lonesome trail and
track

Ye may, so suited, seek them by Far and Farthest Back.
Warm hearts will give ye greeting, strong hands will
freely grasp

Your hands in hearty welcome with honest, friendly clasp.

Through sunshine and through starshine, through failure
and success,

In fair and flowing seasons, in seasons of distress ;
Beyond the touch of culture, without the ways of ease,
These soldiers of the Outposts their vigils never cease.

Lank heroes clothed in moleskin, brown heroines in
print ;

Although you gain no medals nor in the social mint
Are stamped with high approval, not all that silken crew
Of snobs and city loafers can boast the worth of you.

Ye have your faults and failings ; the pressure of your
need

Forbids angelic sweetness and bars the saintly breed ;
But ye are *Men* and *Women* and fit and worthy peers
Of them who hold the Outposts through all the fight-
ing years.

RIVERINE.

Its level lands are spread away
To meet the setting sun ;
Fierce summers o'er them scorch and slay
The grass blades, one by one ;
Long, wicked droughts have dried their breasts,
These virgin lands and clean ;
But still a fertile promise rests
Upon the Riverine,
The fecund Riverine.
It rises, and its worth attests
The Phoenix Riverine.

It breeds no wasters on its lands—
The grim, defiant plains
Are held by strong Australian hands
That firmly grasp the reins ;
Wild horsemen these, who race and wheel
The clustered gums between ;
They keep the stirrup to the heel,
Way down in Riverine,
Far out in Riverine ;
Undaunted souls and hearts of steel,
Are found in Riverine.

No green palms in the sunlight sway;
Nor doth the wild, red rose,
In dewy fragrance to the Day
Ucultured charms disclose:
But here and there a garden smiles;
And when the Spring falls green,
She puts her feet a thousand miles
 Across the Riverine,
 Along the Riverine.
She woos, with Amazonian wiles,
 Her Lord the Riverine!

Then gluttred ewes beside their lambs
 Know well the season's "good."
To billabongs and creeks and dams
 Flocks down a feathered brood;
Unto a rotund beast hath grown
 The packhorse lank and lean;
The squatter comes unto his own
 Along the Riverine,
 Across the Riverine.
The stock are fat and sleek and blown
 Throughout the Riverine.

A wool-barge, in her steamer's track,
 Swings slowly round the bends;
Her hawser may not fitly slack
 Until the journey ends.
The flood is over reef and sand,
 The channel's wide and clean;

There's water in the rivers, and
 There's joy in Riverine,
 Hurrah for Riverine!
The shearer and the steamboat hand
 Find work thro' Riverine.

White snows upon Monaro die
 Beneath October suns ;
Warm tropic rains in cowals lie
 Along far Queensland runs ;
The 'Bidgee and the Lachlan swell
 Their crumbling banks between—
They'll have a record clip to tell
 This year in Riverine,
 For once in Riverine.
They're pulling round ; they're doing well
 At last, in Riverine.

I walk dull streets ; and in mine ear
 A city's tumult rings ;
But through my heart a river clear
 Beyond the ranges sings,
And visions of the plains come down
 The by-ways drab, unclean.
I see the trackless prairies brown
 Of dear old Riverine.
 God bless the Riverine !
I would that I might shed the town
 For you, old Riverine !

There's strength and effort in the West,
There's mateship staunch and true;
(And, sweetheart of my one-time quest,
'Twas there I courted you!)
A blight be on these city ways!
The wastrel and the quean
Can find no place where Manhood lays
Its grip on Riverine,
Its hand on Riverine.
No "pocket Venus" loud displays
Her charms in Riverine.

.

The chiming horse-bells clink and ring
From Bourke to Tocumwal!
Around their fires the drovers sing,
The old bush Voices call.
And I must rise and get me gone
To ease my longings keen;
I'll saddle up and journey on
Across the Riverine,
And down the Riverine.
I'm sure of welcome warm from One
Who waits in Riverine.

COASTS OF DREAM.

The window of my sick room fronts
A screw-tormented bay,
Where porcine Commerce squeals and grunts,
And wallows day by day.

Fat, vulgar tramps, in moving cloud
Of smoke, encircled round,
With bull-voiced sirens bellow loud
For pilots—outward bound.

Gay liners, sleek with paint and brass,
Like youths in evening-dress,
Between the looming headlands pass
In patent haughtiness.

The lusts of travel, like a net,
My sick-bed fancies snare ;
My thoughts on outward currents set
To glories elsewhere.

The liner's but a huge hotel ;
She holds no charm for me ;
My Soul demands the heave and swell
Of decks that lip the Sea.

I lie and muse a while, and so,
Like pictures in a dream,
Australian coasts I love and know
Through mist and sunburst gleam.

Palm-clad and fringed by sleepy hills,
With snuggled towns between,
Where aye the horn of Plenty fills,
The Illawarra green

Throws out her curving arms of sand ;
From garden slopes, recline
She calls, a Queen of Fairyland,
A Bride of fern and vine.

'Twas here in Youth's deep-buried day,
With all the World a song,
Beside me on the headland lay
My maid of Gerringong.

So blue were then the seas and skies,
So red the heart of Spring,
So gay the painted butterflies,
And swallows all a-wing !

(Oh take, dear heart, the golden bowl,
And drink while yet you may.
Time's river will not backward roll,
Nor Youth nor Love delay !)

My Memory Ship is sailing slow—
A magic coast it seems,
Where I have idled to and fro,
And dreamed my idle dreams. . . .

Good, fighting, red fat schnapper strain
The dripping lines to-day
Where lately was the cow-whale slain
And towed to Twofold Bay.

On Mallacoota pipes the swan,
And calls the mating teal,
And black-finned mullet shoals dart on
Before the coming keel.

Come South'ard where the lobsters spawn
In green Cape Conran weed!
Come South and watch, on seas of Dawn,
The whale calf play and feed!

The Gippsland Lakes are deep and wide,
The Gippsland trees are tall;
And on the long, lone beach the tide
For ninety miles doth call.

But south of "Wilson's" rolls the swell
Of greyer, colder seas;
And fronting for'ard you may smell
A sharp Antarctic breeze.

.

I close my eyes, and lo! the room
Is heavy with the scent
Of lemon and magnolia bloom,
And odors orient.

Now sweet as lovers' words there falls—
And softly as the leaf,
A hymn of Capricorn that calls
The sunlight o'er the Reef.

Cape Byron lifts his drowsy head;
The Yamba lights burn low;
And gaily grows the morning red
Along Don Dorrigo.

With tropic dew are wet the tall,
Green fields of cane and corn;
The jack snipe and the ibis call
A welcome to the Morn.

From brush and scrub and wide lagoons,
From reed beds, swamps, and brakes,
On shoreward slopes and seaward dunes
The fertile North awakes.

This young sultana from her bed
Of sandal, pearl, and gold,
Steps forth to meet the Day with tread
Imperious and bold.

The mango and guava send
A fruity fragrance forth ;
A hundred scents, commingled, blend
The attar of the North.

Who breathes its subtleness a time,
Shall walk divorced from peace ;
And pine in ev'ry alien clime
Until his life days cease. . . .

Alas! a lotos-eater, I
Its opiate sweetness knew,
And to my sickroom, as I lie,
It steals the window through.

Aye! surely as all flesh is grass,
The far lands fairer seem,
So roving hearts for e'er must pass
Adown the Coasts of Dream.

SNOWY RIVER.

The proud hills' peerless daughter,
A-singing as she goes
The natal songs they taught her,
Old Kosciusko knows
She bears the Great Salt Water
His message from the snows.

Where, piled in high disorder,
Monaro's mountains rise,
She puts her house in order
And says her first good-byes ;
Then, timid, to the Border
She turns expectant eyes.

By lichen-covered granite,
And boulders, waterworn
In ages when the Planet
By primal storms was torn,
When all the winds that fan it
In hurricanes were born ;

Through gullies dark where, whitely,
The bones of lost men lie,
And evil voices nightly
Like tortured spirits cry,
This pilgrim River, lightly,
Slips, hushed and silent, by.

But when, anon, the plover
To haunts more open hies,
And to his loyal lover
The painted parrot flies—
An opal flashing over
Deep, turquoise picture-skies—

Along the sedgy reaches ,
By myrtles overhung,
Where far the flood-made beaches
Their pebbled freight have flung,
To all the Bush she teaches
The songs Monaro's sung.

She takes, for her adorning,
All glories that she needs—
The jewels of the Morning
To deck her water meads ;
The stars of Night suborning
To diamond her reeds.

Unwed by any Doria
Of rough Australian drought,
She sings her pagan Gloria ;
And, sweeping gaily South,
She stoops to kiss Victoria
Upon awaiting mouth.

Wild Gippsland's forest altars,
Titanic, sombre, grand,
Re-echo to her psalters,
Poured out o'er rock and sand ;
And no rude range that falters
The tribute of his hand.

Aye, creek and spring and fountain
Unto her leap and roll ;
Each vassal hill or mountain
Pours down its liquid soul,
To swell the grand amount in
Her widely-gathered toll.

And, so with stories laden
Of Bushland, Day and Night,
She comes, a royal maiden
Hellenic, in delight,
To find her long-sought Aidenn
Below the Marlo light.

From Buchan's white cliffs sweeping
 She treads her homeward way ;
By lone selections sleeping
 In stillness, far away ;
By Orbost farm lands, keeping
 Star-vigil for the day.

She hears afar the calling
 Of her high lord the Sea ;
She hears the strong surge falling,
 World-old, unceasingly,
And all the Voice entralling
 Of Love and Mystery.

Then, with the quick, glad sobbing
 Of some long-willing Bride—
Her Sea-Love rudely robbing
 The last white robe of pride—
She throws her warm heart, throbbing,
 On his triumphant tide.

THE BLACK-SOIL TEAMS.

For God hath made the Black-soil; and spread it near
and far,

From down the sweeping Namoi bends, away to Talbra-
gar:

Its richness no man questions, its wealth no man denies,
But Sheol 'tis in rain time; and Tophet when it dries.

The drought hath cracked and torn it; the rain hath
lent it seams.

God help the Black-soil teamster! God help the Black-
soil teams!

God grace the toiling teamster! God give him strength
and hope!

Spare swingle-bars and traces, spare curses, chains and
rope!

A-ploughing down the gilgas—the mud as close as glue—
A-plunging past the myall, the squatter's wool goes
through!

A-plunging through the gilgas, a-ploughing up the track,
With four and twenty horses, the squatter's stores come
back.

New saddles for the stockmen, new dresses for the girls—
And round the straining leader the wicked whiphong
curls.

Their flanks are all a-lather, the black mud axle-high,
But trust the Black-soil teamster; he'll take her through
or die.

Who sees the trace-chains snapping, who sees the harness
fly,
May kneel and pray for weather; may kneel and ask
it dry.
But when the starved team staggers across a sun-scorched
plain,
He'll change his plea, mayhappen and kneel and pray for
rain.

But rain or draught, whatever, all flood or dry reverse,
The teamster's duty's patent—Pull out, pull through and
curse.
Ay, pull her down the rivers: drag through the clinging
loam,
Then turn-about, my brother, curse hard, and crawl her
home!

God grant him grace hereafter; of grace, aye hath he
dearth,—
Though fearing no hereafter—whose Hell is all on Earth.
Sun-tanned, mud-caked and hairy; morose and most pro-
fane,
God grace the Lean Lost Legion who plod the Black-soil
plain!

RAIN IN THE WEST.

The "second class" is gay to-night,
As down the gleaming rail
She thunders by, a line of light,
The roaring Western Mail.

The "first" enjoys a fresh cigar,—
Contented by the glass,
He sees the rainwet plains afar
In misty shadows pass.

Within the cab two figures peer
A clouded night and black;
The shadow of the Engineer
Keeps dancing on the track.

But gladly do these worthies meet
The damp indriven wind;
They know its welcome glint is sweet
To those who ride behind.

The white steam hisses her delight.
The brake alone complains,
For extra work is his to-night
Along the Western plains.

A settler waves, in joy of heart,
His ancient, dripping hat,
His huddled stock in terror start
Across the darkened flat.

He's done at last with starving sheep
And flies, and heat, and dust,—
To-night, a-weary, let him sleep,
The sound sleep of the just.

Now every publican to Bourke
And every sinner too,
To-morrow surely will not shirk
The strong potato brew.

The squatter in his pride and glee
Will shout all hands for joy,
And thro' the huts will echo free
"The Wild Colonial Boy."

What cares the drover now where dim
And sodden fails his fire?
This steady downpour is to him
A boon of long desire.

By next week-end a dreary waste
Will all be green and lush;
His soul again will joyful taste
The manna of the Bush.

For grass and water make the bliss,
His fancy most regards.
And there's a waiting girl to kiss
Behind the trucking yards.

The operator like a horse
Must graft the morrow day,
To carry, in the tongue of Morse,
The rapid wires away.

The coming hours with toil are fraught ;
There's lots of graft to do:—
He would not worry if he got
A yard of rain, or two.

Aye, no-one growls and no-one grieves,
Tho' tracks be seas of mud,
And one prophetic wight believes
"The thing will end in flood."

There's joy on every flat and bend ;
The blessed, timely rains,
To care and worry put an end,
Across the patient plains.

For now a stricken land a-curst,
Becomes an Eden blest ;
They've done with hunger, heat, and thirst—
"*'Tis raining in the West.*"

DESERTED.

No welcome smoke uprearing
Blue spirals in the sun,
No axes down the clearing
Announce a day begun.
The noontide shadows find it
In wearing silence still;
Dark fall at eve behind it
The shadows of the hill.

A rosebush, vainly seeking
Some presence evermore,
Has clambered round the creaking,
Half-opened, low front door:
And from the straggling creepers
The falling dew appears
To mourn departed keepers
With ever-constant tears.

Like fleshless bones unburied,
Grey sundered trunks lie low,
Their dead leaves swept and harried
By sere winds to and fro.
Its roof-bark slipped and rotten
'Mid weeds and fallow lands,
Unkempt, decayed, forgotten,
The lone selection stands.

Yet here were hopes, ambitions,
And efforts freely shed,
To win from harsh conditions
A household meed of bread.
Here love and labor mated ;
Here children's laughter rang ;
And in dead days undated
A Woman worked and sang.

Here winter firelight brightened
Rough walls and fixtures rude ;
And cares increased, or lightened,
With summer's wayward mood ;
Here Bushland charm and glory—
The wealth of wood and sky—
Brought pictures, song and story
To human ear and eye.

The Spring her bountry showered,
On paddocks fresh with rain ;
The climbing rose-bush flowered
Across the window pane.
Glad days with wings extended
In blue procession sped ;
Glad nights came clear and splendid
With cloudless stars o'erhead.

But here Misfortune tarried
Amid the ricks and sheaves,
Until their hopes were harried
And driven like the leaves ;

They fought their fight ill-fated
In that heroic past,
With courage unabated
Unto the bitter last.

Grim Failure for their guerdon,
Who might have known success,
They bore the heavy burden
Of drought and red distress;
They fared as many others,—
The brave defeated band,
Of Southern sires and mothers
Who pioneered the land.

No more, by morn or noontime,
Here Joy and Sorrow walk.
No more a longed-for boontime
With ripe grain bends the stalk.
No more with songs of Labor
The lonely hills resound;
The winds with flute and tabor
Their forest marches sound.

When now the veil asunder
Of Night is loudly torn,
Amid a city's thunder
They meet a city morn.
In dreams they hear it calling,
Their Bushland fresh with dew;
They see cloud-shadows falling
Along the hills of blue.

And clear in recollection,
And fair in Fancy's eyes
Outstands the old selection
Beneath the morning skies ;
While in their hearts, half-broken,
The restless mem'ries roam
In treasured thought and token
Of this deserted home.

DALY'S THRESHING.

It was "threshing" down at Daly's, and the bearded bush-
men rode
Over mountain gorge and gully, where the creeks, clear-
watered, flowed:
From the slopes, and through the ranges, past the broad'n-
ing river bends,
Round the spurs and o'er the flat-lands came the host of
Daly's friends;
Came to reap the yellow harvest, waving in the summer
sun;
Came to dance with Daly's daughter 'neath the moon
when day was done.

As the long day's labor ended, and the horses munched
their feed,
Far was borne upon the breezes faint aroma of the
"weed,"
Sound of song and year-old waltzes, new enough for
rustic feet,
When the honest hearts above them with the joy of living
beat.
On the hard earth floor together, youth and maiden,
flushed and gay,
To the gasping concertina danced those charméd hours
away.

'Mid the band of blushing beauty Mary Daly yet I see,
Brown, bewitching, soft, blithe-hearted, laughing rogu-
ishly.

There are girls on Northern moorlands, there are dark-
browed angels where

Spain's blue heaven spans the radiance of a radiant land
and fair.

There are houris in the harems of proud sultans in the
East

On whose classic forms and features long the eye of Art
might feast,

But they thought that Daly's daughter, straight, fresh-
moulded, strong and tall,

'Mid the world of wond'rous women, far the fairest of
them all.

You may dwell among the shadows in the valley of the
pen ;

You may fight the Fight of Living in the pits with other
men ;

You may feel the Law's injustice, or the hatred of your
kind ;

You may rail at social errors or beliefs untrue and blind ;

You may be a mighty genius or a man of common clay,

But for one dear, foolish woman you would sell your
soul away.

So for Mary, roguish Mary, with her dazzling eyes and
hair,

Was it strange to find *him* paying humble court among
them there?

He, the son of Daly's neighbor, Raymond Phair, the
 bronzed and strong,
 Pride of all the fearless horsemen, and the hero of my
 song.
 Though the Phairs and Dalys quarrelled in the very early
 days,
 Still the Spring had brought its moisture and the sun had
 lent his rays,
 And their crops had grown and ripened, and their herds
 had multiplied
 Till their rural reputation spread o'er all the countryside.

But if Phair and Daly hated with a hate as sternly set
 As a Montague might cherish for a haughty Capulet,
 There was still no human reason, as these contradictions
 go,
 Why our Austral Julietta should not love her Romeo.

.

Nearly done was Daly's threshing, as the passing trav'ler
 saw
 Bags of grain and heaps of huskings, stacks of new, sweet-
 smelling straw ;
 Saw the tired, slow, patient horses, at the mill since early
 morn,
 In the dusk of evening treading out the last of Daly's
 corn.

Luck had smiled upon the harvest, higher grew the heaps
of grain,
Till his barns were overflowing, and his store-rooms filled
amain, —
And the heart of William Daly filled and fluttered in
his breast,
As he smiled towards the sunset that lay smiling in the
west,
Then he thought of pretty Mary, and a great round oath
swore he,
That the child of his dead 'Liza should a rich-wed lady
be.

So they "finished" down at Daly's, and they drank with
right good will
"To the health of Daly's daughter and the wealth of bluff
old Bill."
And when o'er the frowning mountain rose the moon her
silver light,
Once again the girls and fellows fell to dancing with
delight.
Once again from out the shadows, Raymond Phair, the
bronzed and strong,
Came to clasp the waist of Mary, and to lead her through
the throng.

.

Hard the face of William Daly, stern the voice of "bluff old Bill"—

Some sharp tongue had done the mischief, some kind friend had whispered ill.—

"Get your horse and leave my place, sir, and remember as you do,

If you pay another visit I will put the dogs on you."

Then to trembling, tearful Mary: "Go inside and dry your eyes,

Till I've seen him crossing safely over there beyond the rise."

That was all they heard from Daly in the sudden silence there,

As he stood before his daughter and the son of Amos Phair.

"Don't be rude and cruel father."—Raymond blessed her gentle voice,

And his heart leapt up and told him, *"Yes, she loves you, now rejoice!"*

To her ear he bent and whispered, "Be at Leland's bridge by nine

If you love me, Mary Daly, if you dare, dear girl, be mine."

Then to Daly bowed young Raymond, as some olden cavalier,

Whom those brown and bearded bushmen felt impelled, man-like, to cheer.

"Sir," said he, "I beg your pardon, though you be my father's foe ;
I'd forget the feud between us, will you shake, or must I go?"

"Shure 'tis Christmas Eve, now, Daly, can't you let the matter end?"

Take the hand that's held in friendship," muttered some well-meaning friend.

But the fire of Celtic hatred glowed and flashed in Daly's eye,

"Let a Phair have Daly's daughter? And a Sassenach? Not I."

One quick clasp of fervid fingers, one swift look that lit the skies,

One faint smile from Mary Daly, one glad glimpse of tear-wet eyes ;

Then to mount with Centaur motion, full of strength, and life, and grace,

Pull the rein and straighten stirrup, dash away from Daly's place,

Round the bend by Brown's and Baker's, out across the mountain spur ;

With a wild exultant feeling, born of Love, and Hope, and *her*.

They were dancing still at Daly's, making love beneath the trees—

For the course of youth and pleasure runs in spite of things like these—

But the Queen of all the revel with the rest had ceased to glide,

And the girls and fellows whispered, "she will cry it out
inside;"

So they heard no woman's footstep to the stockyard
swiftly pass,

O'er the sleeping dandelions and the dewy, scented grass!

To her saddle vaulting lightly, underneath that melting
sky,

Mary bade her father's homestead just one quiet, long,
good-bye.

Aye, 'twas hard to disobey him, he the parent old and
gray,

Like a thief of fond affection, thus to run by night away.

Then across her soul went singing, in a music half divine,

*"If you love me, Mary Daly, if you dare, dear girl, be
mine."*

Down the road by Wilson's paddock, up again by Brown's
big hill,

She has left the farm behind her, let them follow if they
will;

They may saddle up at Daly's, they may rant and they
may ride,

But before her father finds her she shall be bold Ray-
mond's bride.

Round the bend by Brown's and Baker's, out across the
mountain ridge,

Rides the brave Blue Mountain maiden to her tryst at
Leland's bridge.

So it chanced that Daly's threshing, as such great events
will do,
Brought romance among the mountains, and a taste of
bliss for two ;
And the house of Phair and Daly ceased their factions
long ago ;
And our Austral Julietta had her own dear Romeo.

WHEN WATTS WENT OUT TO YUGILBAR.

The summer days, through heat and haze,
Had browned the meadow lands,
And in its flow sang soft and and low
The river on its sands—
The river wide that once in pride
Poured out its high commands.

And so we went, on peace intent,
That golden Eastertide,
With ample store of "providore,"
And liquid stock beside;
And, trotting free, 'twas good to see
The pack-horse in his stride.

God gave us hills to cure our ills;
And where the river rolls
His splendid length of mountain strength
Along the pebbled shoals,
Long leagues from town, we sat us down
To rest our weary souls.

The dweller in the streets, whose thin,
White ghosts of pleasures pall—
He little deems what halcyon dreams,
What visions fair and tall,
From leaf and vine with songs divine,
In Bushland shadows call.

The spoil hard won by rod and gun,
Abroad in Nature's ways ;
The kind surcease from toil, and peace
Beside the camp fire's blaze ;
The Dawn's young rose, the Evening's close,
Made perfect all our days.

Then in the late, dim dusk my mate
(As Orpheus long ago)
The strings would sweep and clear and deep,
In joy—perchance in woe—
Love, Peace and War—all things that are
Fell out beneath the bow.

I've heard the grand massed fun'ral band
Behind a warrior's pall,
In weird notes roll through heart and soul
The slow "Dead March in Saul ;"
In youth's wild days The Marseillaise
To arms all peoples call ;

But when I dream by slope and stream,
Where upland glories are ;
Or, if my feet tread alien street
In alien lands afar,
Still will I hold those hours of gold
'Way out on Yugilbar.

First night went by; but, bearded, shy,
Unskilled of tongue or pen;
Next night from camp, a starlit tramp,
They came, rough miner men.
The fiddler *knew*, and slyly drew
The music of their ken.

My Bushland fair, let fools declare
Thee barren of sweet things;
Deep in thy heart there throbs apart
A harp of golden strings;
And to its chords, in wondrous words,
A wooing siren sings.

The dark range o'er, with wondrous store
Of silver from the moon
Was slowly filled, while ached and thrilled
Those kind bush hearts in tune
To Love and War—all things that are
Within the player's boon.

Of "Home, Sweet Home" 'neath star-spread dome,
The dark hills heard the story;
"St. Patrick's Day" once more away
The wild Celt called to glory;
Or sweet and sad the raw Scots lad
Dreamed of his "Annie Laurie."

Brave, simple souls ; as backward rolls
Time's curtain, from afar
That scene I dream of hill and stream
'Neath cloudless moon and star ;
In fancy hear the echoes clear—
'Way out on Yugilbar.

And, Watts, when you are passing through
That Vale the preachers tell,
Just lift your bow and *he* will know
The song-lord Israfel.
And loud and clear, "Musicians here!"
He'll cry—and 'twill be well.

COLLAR AND YOKE.

“ ’Twas ‘bullicks’ made the country,”
The man from Jindabayne,
Red-whiskered, lean and hairy,
Asserted once again.

The chap from Rocky River,
Squint-eyed and squat and strong—
One eye upon the ridge pole
And one upon the throng ;

Declaimed with frantic jestures
His views to reinforce—
“It wasn’t blanky bullicks,
It *was* the blanky ’orse.”

The day was hot and dusty
The roads were tough and dry,
A brazen sun went blazing
Across a copper sky.

They’d met with friendly greeting
At noontide near the Bend,
But now the day unheeded
Was burning to an end.

While yet, within the shanty,
Those loyal drivers woke
Loud echoes with the merits
Of collar, or of yoke.

The argument from heated
Grew to a yell in course
Confused, of "bullicks, bullicks,"
And "'Orse, and 'orse, and 'orse."

Now as of old Knights errant
Upon the highways met
Would throw the gage of combat,
And straight to business get,

To prove the charms of Isold
'Gainst those of Guinevere,
Those teamsters just at sunset
Abandoned each his beer,

And on the dusty roadway—
By partisans about
Ringed fairly and encouraged —
Began to fight it out.

The man from Rocky River
A Burns in sooth was he,
In all but skill and training
And build and hittery.

A Johnson—lacking color
 Strength, stamina and brain
 And scientific teaching—
 The man from Jindabayne.

.
 The betting on the combat
 Was even; for of course
 One crowd was laying "bullicks,"
 The other backing "'orse."

Oh, 'twas a famous battle:
 Still, in their camps at night
 They tell along the ranges
 The story of that fight.

So even were they mated,
 So blessed, with lack of skill,
 They struck, and missed and stumbled
 Through forty rounds until

The shanty keeper, acting
 As arbiter of law
 Relating to the combat,
 Declared the fight a draw.

.
 Each combatant exhausted
 Prone lying, battered, hoarse,
 Could only glare defiance
 And whisper "*Bullicks!*"—"'*Orse!*'"

Nor could they come to corners,
But squatted vis-a-vis
Supine, but still unconquered
Before the referee.

And when—with inward wisdom
Born of the life he led—
He saw from indications
That fight about to spread,

He cried, "This 'ere decision
Is fair an' just an' right,
You've 'eard the blanky barney
You've seen the blanky fight.

Now, some's for Rocky River,
An' some's for Jindabayne,
An' some's for 'oof an' 'orns 'ere,
An' some's for 'oof an' mane.

Since ever I remember,
This argument between
The Bullockys and Teamsters
On all the roads has been.

Now 'ere, I'm bound to settle
Disputes as Referee,
The fight 'as simply ended,
A draw, as you kin see."

A light of inspiration
Flashed o'er his features coarse—
*"Which shows what makes the country is
The bullick, AND the 'orse!"*

Now this was sound in logic,
In judgment, and in law,
They called off all the wagers,
Declared the fight a draw ;

And o'er replenished glasses,
The wreck from Jindabayne,
The ruin from the River,
Shook hands in peace again.

SETTLERS ON THE RISE.

The monarch hills above it
Are crowned by sombre trees,
That billow to the skyline
Like dark, Titanic seas.

At eventime, the shadow
Of one great giant lies
Across a pleasant homestead
That stands upon the rise.

Here came—to wage with Nature,
The old uncertain strife—
A stalwart, young selector
And his new-wedded wife.

That low-roofed, three-roomed shanty
Of slabs and bark and scrim,
Long years ago, she whispered,
A palace was—with *him*.

Five miles from any neighbor,
Full forty from the town—
And so our lion-hearted
Bush exiles “settle down.”

With no applause to cheer them,
No banquets and no band,
Their days are yet heroic
With effort through the land.

They wear no tailored raiment,
These bush-folk hard and brown ;
They know not city dainties,
Nor luxuries of town.

Hard beef and heavy damper,
And suet-strengthened dough,
And "spuds" boiled in their jackets
Full well and oft they know.

Miladi's sleeping soundly,
Milord in slumber lies,
When he and she are toiling
At sun-up on the rise.

Their acres, won in travail
For tilth, are trebly dear ;
The laughter of their children
Is sweet and good to hear.

The palinged garden, bearing
Its kitchen growth in rows,
The earthen stoop, bark-shaded,
Whereon a creeper grows ;

The dog-leg fences, marking
Each year, another field,
A hope of better seasons,
And still a greater yield—

The spring rains softly falling;
The stainless Southern skies,
Hold golden compensation
For dwellers on the rise.

Long years from now may find them
Still hoping, brave, and fond,
Still wooing fickle Fortune;
Still looking out—beyond.

Tall, stalwart sons beside them;
Strong daughters in their 'teens,
The simple household comforts
That come with ways and means.

.

No great, heroic ending,
No palace and no prize;
But rest and recollection
At sunset on the rise.

And courage on *his* face is,
And love is in *her* eyes—
Some city folks might envy
The dwellers on the rise.

WHERE THE SALTBUSH GROWS.

I am sitting in a garden, by a harbor prospect fair,
And a green world glows around me into distance ev'ry-
where;

And the petals fall in showers
Like a snowstorm of dead flowers,

Where a young Spring trips the orchards with the south
wind in her hair.

Here glad buttercups unfold burnished cups of floral
gold;

To the nectars of the morning, and the pine trees, tall
and old,

Lift their heads to greet September—

Like knights errant, who remember

Courts and tournaments of Nature, in the ancient years
untold.

Now the florists' windows gleaming are bedecked with
spoil of Spring,

Now the maiden waiteth blushing for a lover—and a
ring.

Now the matron, laughing gaily,

Treads her path of pleasure daily,

While our city sparrows twitter, and our caged canaries
sing.

But a rude, uncultured longing through my inward fancy
flows ;

I am restless and uneasy ; far too well my spirit knows

That the wizard West is calling,

With a siren voice enthralling,

From her free, unpastured places, where the stunted salt-
bush grows !

From her plains, outspreading lonely under cloudless
skies away,

Comes a summons to my garden by the hill-surrounded
bay :

“Come, oh come again, my rover ;

Come, oh come again, my lover ;

Come out and see the glory and the grandeur of the day.”

“Will your city give nepenthe?” cries the spirit of the
West—

“Will its markets fill the chalice of the longings in your
breast ?

Is the traffic in its thunder

Like that still and quiet wonder

Of the moon above the mulga where the weary riders
rest ?”

Then my garden in the suburbs grows as narrow as a
tomb,
Then the woof and warp of Commerce on its ever-
whirling loom,
 Like a web of evil fairies,
 Like a garment of despair is,
Like a cerement swiftly woven by the cogs and wheels of
Doom.

We can never rest in cities, as our wise Bush Mother
knows ;
Let the merchant to his markets where the golden current
flows ;
 But the bushman's feet must wander
 In the open over yonder,
Where old myall droops his branches and the silver salt-
bush grows.

Not in crowded squares or highways ; not in terraces in
rows,
Not in tiled suburban cages shall our life days surely
close,
 When the old Bush voices woo us,
 When the West-land whispers to us,
From her free and trackless places where the silver salt-
bush grows.

THE CALL OF LONDON.

I have heard the Call of London,
Yea, the savor rising sweet
Of its fleshpots, down in Fleet-street
When success is at your feet.

Now the mail hath brought a missive,
And its writer's pen of grace
Bids me hasten to the struggle
Ere I'm "distanced in the race."

"There's a wider field in Britain,
Or in Boston or New York ;
Better chances for your effort,
Better payment for your work.

"Sell your socks and sling Australia
There is nothing in the game.
I am doing well in London,
You can surely do the same.

"Look at other scribes and artists—
All the clever chaps we know,
Who have left their blithered country,
Where they never got a show !

“Raise the money for a passage,
Let Australia go to—Hay.”
So he puts the matter to me
From his fleshpot far away.

. . . .

As I wrestle with temptation
On this clear October morn,
I can hear the bell-birds chiming
Through the bush, where I was born.

I can see the old gums waving
To the pressure of the wild,
Warm winds of golden summer
That I longed for as a child.

And the spirit of Australia—
They must suffer who would love—
In my heart has found a nesting;
Now she coos, a Cushat dove:—

*“For a mess of foreign pottage
Would you sell to feed your mouth,
All the golden dreams I bring you
From my Love-land in the South?”*

“Go! and hunger in a suburb
'Grimed with sooty London rain,
For the splashing of the showers
Through the clover and the cane!

“Though your years were richly gilded—
If by Chance your Fortune smiles,
You will languish for your Bushland
And her free, unfettered miles.

“Like dry mud upon her gilgas
Will your thirsty spirit gape,
For the haze along the mountain,
For the spindrift on the cape.

“You have watched the blue wave shoreward,
You have tramped the yellow sand,
You have wandered, you have gloried
By Australian Sea and Land.

“Will a passing Fame content you,
Or a little wealth repay
All this heritage of Freedom
That your hand would cast away?”

.

Now the Soul within me sickens
As old Illawarra green
And the meadows of Shoalhaven,
With her blue hills in between;

From their films of sunlit Fancy
On a screen of Mem'ry gleam;
And a train of glowing pictures
Lies before me in a dream:—

Lo! high Gippsland ranges greet me,
Where the young creeks at their play
Give the dripping ferns in passing
Saucy greeting and Good-day.

Lo! the level Plains unended
Of a wondrous Riverine
Roll before me to the sunset;
And by magic strange, unseen,

I behold a wide Monaro,
With her mountains in the snow;
And her shadow-haunted gorges,
Where the fearless riders go.

And the rivers! Oh, my rivers,
How ye call me from afar,
Where the sugar-cane is waving,
And the mammoth melons are!

I am back in sunny Queensland,
Where the custard-apples fruit;
I am driving down the Logan,
Where they grow the arrowroot.

All my tracks of travel glamor,
All my camp-fires fondly glow—
As Temptation waits an answer;
And my answer shall be, "No!"

So—I fling his missive fire-ward,
And I make reply in verse:
“I am married . . . to *Australia*,
Friend, for better or for worse.

“Yea, the call of mine ain country
Is a louder call to me
Than the lure of any far-land
Where the flesh-pots smoking be.

“*You* may hunt your golden guineas
In the gloom of London town . . .
I am staying in the sunlight,
And I turn temptation down.”

GERRINGONG.

I wonder if the red blood dances through some young
heart like wine

As, in the green Shoalhaven springtime it pulsed a-fire
through mine?

I wonder if, when Morning marches his cohorts brave
along

The purple hills of Cambewarra, they echo to the song
Of some gay lad whose "love lies dreaming" down there
in Gerringong?

Oh, I have wandered o'er the borders, and many lands
I've seen—

The valleys of New England shining, the Queensland
canefields green,

The black-soil plains in brown leagues rolling, the plains
of Riverine.

But though in visions, wide and splendid, Australian pic-
tures throng,

The fairest star of all my dreaming still burns o'er
Gerringong.

Yea, I have answered to the longing. It lured me far
and wide,
Where dusty swagsmen plod the Distance, where bearded
bushmen ride.
I've heard, along the Gippsland ranges, the magpie's
morning song ;
I've seen the sunset shadows lengthen through woods of
Dandenong—
But ah, the dew upon the clover that shines by Gerringong!

And now in dreams I see the palm trees, high waving to
the breeze,
And hear, on curved Shoalhaven beaches, a surf-song of
the seas,
The creeks, from silver harps outpouring their constant
symphonies ;
And all the glory of the southland and all her fervid
song
Of love and youth, in recollection, come back from Gerringong.

I wonder if some boy is yearning beneath the fig trees
brown,
As Fancy paints in pictures tempting the pleasures of the
town,
If in his soul the distant bugles with onward marches
strong
Of Glory and Achievement call *him* to join the city
throng,
While Love and Faith, alas, lie dreaming in drowsy
Gerringong!

I wonder if a girl is waiting beneath the coral red,
That like a wounded heart is bleeding in flowers over-
head;
While all the marvel of the morning, before her eyes
outspread
The green delight of pastures gleaming, the picture and
the song
Have grown to her but ghosts of Fancies—that died in
Gerringong.

No more—though summer follow summer, and spring
trip after spring,
Though clear among the scented lilies the joyous blue-
caps sing,
Though from the little painted chapel a cynic shrill ding-
dong
Of wedding bells at last may gladden the gossips in the
throng—
That Coral Tree shall be their trysting in green, old
Gerringong.

.

I wonder if, when Life's rich dishes pall one by one on
him,
Among the aloes and the ashes, in day-dreams faint and
dim,
That boy will watch the sun uprising across the water's
rim;
And in the clear Shoalhaven morning, heart-wearied,
hear the song
Of Youth that long ago lay buried for aye in Gerringong.

NORTHERN NIGHT.

The blistered roof, 'neath which we dwell,
Blazed out across the Bay
When Night in cooling quiet fell
With Sunset, gold and gay;
But now the breeze will freshen 'till
An hour before the Day.

Mimosa San in Chinatown,
Fresh-powdered, plump and tan,
Inveigles wooers—white or brown—
With eyes, and teeth, and fan;
Mimosa San of Chinatown,
But erstwhile of Japan.

Here British virtue takes a slight-
Ly Asiatic hue;
In theory remaining white,
In practice turning blue.
A tinted state of things which might
Be somewhat weird to view,

Were not the click of chopsticks and
Strange odors drifting down
The streets from lanes on either hand
Of this Australian town,
Proclaiming, louder than the band,
“ ’Tis merely White-and-Brown.”

In “crash,” “Assam,” or “duck,” or “drill,”
The veteran and the cub
Come out beneath the stars to kill
Thirst longings *at* the club;
The shirt-and-trousered plebeians will
Foregather *in* the pub.

Harmonic is the Night with strange
New songs of old desire—
The Northern Life-notes surely range
An impulse octave higher
Within the heart, (the gods arrange
Fit music to each lyre).

On coral harps, with pearl inlaid,
And strings of Coen gold,
Beneath the palms is nightly played
A love-song warm and bold;
The song young Eros told the maid
In Paphian days of old.

A Queensland beach its silver wealth
Is holding to the Moon!
Anon, in Youth and Hope and Health—
That fade, alas, so soon—
Comes hopeful Romeo, in stealth,
To crave his Juliet's boon.

While frangipani scents divine
Across the coral flow,
While sundered paw-paws, soaked in wine,
Their fruity bouquet throw,
While white magnolias, moonlit, shine
And fire-flies flitting glow;

While Care is but a blunted sword
In silken scabbard laid,
And Death a mere remembered word
That makes no soul afraid,
Mimosa San shall find reward,
And Romeo his maid.

So walks the Night, all-topic, bare
And naked to the skies,
In pleasure's burning roseway where
The Land of Plenty lies,
So walks the Night with fragrant hair
And Asiatic eyes.

NORTHERN MORNING.

Cool dews lie on the lilies yet that ride in purple ranks,
Like galleys from the Isles of Sleep, along the river
banks.

As lifted souls from Earth set free, pale swamp-mists
slowly rise
To white-winged clouds of mystery, and vanish in the
skies.

Their soft out-going stainless leaves those blue-robed
skies to hold

A sun that lifts above the green his glowing disc of gold:
But ere his banner in the East proclaims this pleasant
strife

Of tropic day begun anew, all Nature wakes to life.

Fat dusky coots swim through the reeds; the red-bills
from the maize—

Crop-heavy debauchees—stalk home. Now blithe a
reed birds plays,

In notes like feathers by young winds on airy dances
borne,

Mock matins to a stooping crane, phlegmatic and for-
lorn.

A spurwing patters through the grass, a sleek white ibis
frees
His priestly wing in leisured flight, and from the ring
barked trees
A magpie yodels forth his joy; while, weary from their
night—
Long journey towards the pleasant south, migrating
snipe alight.

Brown eyes alert, wing feathers preened, self-conscious
as she feeds,
The black duck like a widow plump floats gaily through
the weeds.
High-poised upon his bending rush, a bluecap warbles
clear,
A song of corn and sugarcane and Summer all the year.

From farmyards near and farmyards far, in promise loud
is plied,
The axe that heralds morning tea and later breakfast-
tide.
Till standing in their paddocks green, or clustered in
the town,
A pleasant smoke of promise waves from each tall chim-
ney crown.

Loud milk carts rattle down the lanes; their sleepy drivers
sway
With swollen eyelids blinking yet owl-fashion at the Day,
Till at the puffing creamery, with gleaming cans they
stand,
To yield as tribute, each in turn, the Fatness of the Land.

With parted waters at her bow and curling waves astern,
A river steamboat, trailing smoke, comes churning round
the turn;

Her wash breaks loudly on the banks. Slim reeds their
tassels shake,

And nod in saucy petulance along her noisy wake.

Now glossy gleams the sunlit maize, and on the jointed
cane

A Northern sun, rich profligate, pours down his golden
rain;

Enrichens thus, the fruitful gourd with benefaction kind;

And reds the melon's ripening heart beneath its mottled
rind.

In umbrage cool of tree and vine the rambling houses
doze.

Magnolias at their porches bloom and by their gates the
rose,

Guavas in their gardens grow; the smooth banana
spreads

Its tropic shade and bunched delight above the milking-
sheds.

The farmer in his hammock smokes a morning pipe at
ease:

The farmer's son his stomach gluts beneath the mango
trees;

The farmer's daughter, whitely frocked, with patience
labors on

The wailing keys that mourn aghast the griefs of Men-
delssohn.

So, through this land of wealth and tilth comes Morning
like a bird
Of Paradise in plumage rare. From jungle depths,
unstirred,
Night's ling'ring coolness flies at length, and o'er the
maize and cane
The Sun, despotic overlord, triumphant reigns again.

WILD CATTLE.

Wild cattle from the Wingen,
Two hundred head of stores,
On hills and ranges mustered,
And by the lone, salt shores ;

Through sunlit forests stringing,
Along a Gippsland trail,
The mob is slowly headed
Towards Bruthen, on to Sale.

On far and open pasture
They lifted startled eyes,
To see strange horsemen waking
The morn with whips and cries.

Some, Nemesis accepted,
But one, with spirit free,
Charged hillward through the timber
For life and liberty.

Then cracked the stockwhips louder ;
Then yapped the sharp-tongued dogs ;
The rotten bark in powder
Flew from the fallen logs.

Bruised ferns and sword-grass trampled,
 Torn boughs and saplings bent,
 Marked plain across the ridges
 What way the wild chase went.

With muzzle dripping freely
 The frantic, long-horned steer
 Left horse and rider striving
 Three times upon his rear.

To blue hills of the Wingen
 'Twas hard to bid good-bye;
 In some red shambles driven
 Far from their peace to die.

.

Now as the mob is nearing
 The black lands of Orbost,
 Perchance in bovine yearning
 He pines for freedom lost.

He hears a night-tide pouring
 Across the shallow bars,
 When all the Bush is sleeping,
 Dew-freshened, 'neath the stars.

He sees, in silver gleaming,
 The lakes, lit by the moon,
 Cape Everard, in shadow,
 The marshes of Tamboon.

Long forelands, flower-emblazoned,
Deep gullies and dark streams
Through fern and dogwood gliding
Still linger in his dreams.

And all that coastland lonely
From Nadji to the Bemm,
Where grows a sweet bush herbage,
Calls softly unto him.

.

To-night along the Wingen
A warrigal bewails
Calf quarry—in perspective—
Gone south'ard to the sales.

The loved hills of the Wingen,
A long-horned steer desires,
Who sees his human captors
Out-stretched before their fires.

But all his pride lies humbled,
And all his hope is gone.
With lowered head, dejected,
Lean-flanked, he stumbles on.

He knows the wild, free forelands,
And open miles are lost
To him whose Fate is waiting,
Red-handed, by Orbost.

NIGHT IN THE BUSH.

Now, like a curtain through the trees,
By Nubian fingers drawn,
Dusk closes in. And by degrees,
On hillward slope and lawn,
The shadows lengthen, spread, and fade
In silent, phantom play,
Until a darkened cloth is laid
Upon the face of Day.

Their vesper songs, with folded wings,
The magpies cease to pour;
Above the cow'ring feathered things
The brown hawks poise no more;
And, as the last reflections die,
Night-conquered in the West—
All daylight Nature finds its high
Leaf-hidden place of Rest.

But prim-gowned Eve hath brought a bright,
A far, resplendent boon,—
The Bush is Elfland fair and white
A-glimmer in the moon!

In marble columns straight upstand
Its smooth trunks one by one,
To roof, o'er silver archways grand;
A forest Parthenon.

And first a furred phalanger screams;
Then shrill the 'possums squeal.
Deluded, in their avian dreams,
As cheating moonbeams steal,
In night groups, lifting tail and bill,
The kookaburras wake,
To laugh at intervals, until
The morn begins to break.

Nocturnal birds, with eerie sounds,
Pursue their hidden prey;
And far and wide the air abounds
With courtship, chase and play.
Marsupials bounding, thud the dark
Close undergrowth in flight;
On sloughing trunks the hanging bark
Is rustled by the Night.

Loud snorts a stock-horse scenting harm;
Pursued by formless fear
He gallops forward to alarm
A grazing equine peer;
Then wild hoofs clatter in his wake,
The swishing saplings fly,
And trodden sticks and branches break
As on the scared brutes hie.

Where o'er the clearing far away
A ground fog slowly floats,
Chained watchdogs, dreaming, wake to bay
All things with strident throats.
Disturbed by varied mongrel howls
And yelps and struggles vain,
The wakened settler rudely growls
Disgust, and sleeps again.

Daft morepokes swop across the ridge
Some everlasting joke;
Beneath the cranky homestead bridge
Fat frogs, persistent, croak,
Until the wild ducks, where the reeds
Their slim, dark shadows throw,
Forsake their night haunts by the weeds,
Protesting as they go.

As dusk to midnight softly trails
With slowly-certain pace,
Afar the prowling dingo wails
Of failure in the chase;
And sudden sounds, that alternate
With silence, still prevail,—
The coarse koala scolds his mate;
On green flats pipe the quail.

A lone, belated, horseman trolls
A catch for company;
And down the track an echo rolls,
In clear-toned mockery;

Then fur and feather, hushed, await
 Until the clamour dies,
To slow resume an inchoate
 Refrain of calls and cries.

My camp-fire, damped by falling dews,
 Still lower burns, and low ;
A puzzled paddymelon views
 Its red, unwonted glow ;
A bandicoot in quest of yams
 Goes grunting sourly thence—
From habitat repelled, he damns
 Such human impudence.

Now, greyly through the shadowed trees
 A new light, wan and strange,
Falls faintly, with a herald breeze
 That whispers from the range ;
And o'er the cool and quiet Bush—
 Grown wondrous still and free
From sounds of Life—there falls a hush
 Of calm expectancy.

So pale the lower stars in turn
 Have grown along the East ;
The morning star alone doth burn
 With radiance increased.
As tea-rose petals swiftly blown
 Along a spacious lawn,
The fields of sky are freely sown
 With blossoms of the Dawn.

And *now* the queenly Bush aside
Has thrown her garb of gloom ;
The East is burning like a bride
With roses all in bloom.
Gay morning clouds, hibiscus red,
Adoring hearts unfold
Before a caliph sun whose head
Is diademed with gold.

The Land awakes in scent and song ;
And far and near is heard
In concert from the creeks along,
The call of bird to bird.
With color, gladness, and delight
In all her bright array,
Refreshed by dews of cloudless Night,
The Bush salutes her Day!

THE DAY THE MAILMAN COMES.

When Mabel puts her hair in trim,
And Sis her brooches wears;
When Emma, in the firelight dim,
The floury scone prepares;
And at the sliprails brother Jim
Across the gloaming stares—

These signs and portents knowledge bring
To all the Bush—and you,
That Expectation, bright of wing,
The farmhouse flutters through—
For—as the kettle seems to sing—
“To-night the mailman’s due.”

In slop-made suit of dusty brown,
And greasy, wide-brimmed hat,
He comes, a welcome guest from town,
Each week to Reedy Flat,
And brings the latest cables down—
A fortnight old at that.

A cheerful, slow, bucolic wight,
Bowlegged and saddle-bred,
With lank, oiled hair an auburn bright,
And nose a blistered red,
He smokes and gossips thro' the night
Till long past "time for bed."

The cables and the market news
The Old Man in his chair
Absorbs, and ventilates his views
On irresponsive air—
They have no precious time to lose
On Balkan troubles there ;

When Sandy Scott, his local store
Of current scandal, chat,
In-gathered eighty bush miles o'er,
Unloads to glad the Flat,
And fills his briar pipe once more,
And spits across the cat.

His tale of marriage, death and birth,
The district happ'nings small ;
Those things of tragedy or mirth
That tears or laughter call,
The human things from o'er the Earth,
Long Sandy stocks them all.

The pen-scrawled words of love and trade ;
The missives honey-sweet,
In seal across his saddle laid,
He bears with air discreet ;
Why should the pathway not be made
More pleasant to his feet ?

Why should he not the best beds get ;
His plate the tit-bits hold ?
And by his knife a serviette
Be placed in careful fold,
With something special "for the wet,"
Or else to "cure his cold" ?

A golden link he makes between
The world and Reedy Flat.
In dusty suit, and necktie green,
And greasy, soft, felt hat—
But Emma, turning seventeen,
Could tell you more of that.

No wonder Mabel curls her hair,
And Sis a ditty hums,
And Bill, with neither ear nor air,
The old piano strums—
Romance is in the clear bush air
The day the mailman comes.

THE BOOK.

Before me gleams a Volume, rare,
And radiant to behold ;
With picture-poems painted, fair,
In lines of green and gold.

That Great Raphael, who moulds the flower,
And stains the sunset skies
Its Author is. No critic dour
His workmanship decries.

Homeric is his theme, and this
No halting rhythm mars—
What bard-song ever soared like His
Whose harp-strings reach the stars?

With Art sublime the Great Book glows ;
And magic minstrelsies ;
And Music from its pages flows,
In chords that never cease.

On each fresh page this endless tome
Some new delight doth hold ;
Its readers may for ever roam
By wonder-ways untold.

Aye, he who cares, may turn at will
Rare treasure-leaves, to learn
Of cool cloud shadows o'er the hill
Or sunlight on the fern.

Slow may he follow—all his soul
A-thrill with long delight—
The changing Seasons, as they roll ;
The path of Day and Night.

His eye may wander in the Spring
O'er dewy lands, a-sheen ;
Where fairy martins sweeping wing
Across the paddocks green ;

Or scarlet lories, in their flight
Among the wattles, fold
Their turquoise wings ; to drop like bright,
Red rubies flung on gold.

Oh ! he may gloat the hillsides clear,
That em'rald with the vine ;
The waving wheatfields just in ear,
The silken-coated kine ;

When from her green the briar breaks,
A sweet rose-sister shy,
Or proud, the lordly gymea shakes
His crimson banners high.

A serial of the seasons, he
Who loves the Book may read—
The tale of summer, joyous see
Imprinted on the mead

In yellow heads of ripened wheat,
Or purple clusters, hung ;
In orchards, breathing forth the sweet
Of ripened fruit downflung.

Beneath the ti-tree down the creeks
Is writ a chapter cool,
Wherein the tongue of Nature speaks
From shaded reach and pool.

Brown Autumn, like a dairy lass
With rain-wet cheeks of health,
A rosy gleaner, too, will pass—
Her apron full of wealth.

When sloughed, curled bark, the silver trees,
From shining trunks unswathe,
Like nymphs by singing, summer seas
Disrobing ere they bathe.

When lines the dasyure lean his lair ;
When moults the wild black swan ;
And shifting snipe are elsewhere ;
And covey quail are gone.

When wine and must, and yellow gourd ;
 Fat sacks of spilling grain,
In rick and loft and cellar stored,
 Bespeak the garnered gain.

So Winter steals, with soft warm rains,
 To soak the canefields all ;
So Southern snow, knee-deep remains
 Along the ranges tall.

So Winter in her fur-lined gown
 And hood and muff of grey,
Goes tripping o'er the farmlands brown,
 Frost-jewelled on her way.

Aye, from this Book the Bards-to-be,
 The Painters yet unborn,
Their songs will glean in ecstasy :
 Their pictures clothe with Morn.

The shades of those, in Austral rhyme
 Who wrote, as pioneers,
Will surely hail that full, sublime,
 Rich culture of the years.

When I have turned the Puzzle Key,
 That opes the Low Black Door ;
And from this human entity
 Go forth, to sing no more.

On some Australian hill, that greens
With bourgeonage of grass ;
Where down the Morning's cool demesnes
The glowing day-winds pass ;

Low lay me down. Nor wet in grief
The Old Earth-Book with tears ;
Remembering that line and leaf
Were mine through many years.

RED RIVER.

Here wave and rock their conflict fine
For ever loudly wage:
Here writes the Ocean, line by line
Along a plastic page,
His lyric of a mood divine,
Then blots it out in rage.

Here young suns, rising in the clear,
Cool mornings, deftly gild
With leaf-of-gold the ti-tree near;
And, with fresh vigor filled,
From restful darkness re-appear
The ranges many-hilled.

Here, from a dying sun at eve,
The red blood freely flows
In westward wounds. Rich doth he leave
Endowered as he goes,
A widowed Bush, to briefly grieve
In weeds of pink and rose.

Here spreads the Night a slumber sheet,
With jewels thickly strewed,
And lays soft carpets for the feet
Of Rest and Quietude;
Nor at her door shall Fashion beat
Or flaunting Vice intrude.

Here from a silver lamp of light,
And from a golden bowl,
The Moon outpours her bounty white;
Until her lunar soul,
A-waning, turns in fading flight
Unto another goal.

Here tramp patrolling seasons four:
In floral chevrons gay,
Spring lords the conquered coastlands o'er,
And laughing, goes his way.
His sleepless tramp along the shore,
In capote long and grey,

Stern Winter keeps. Red River sees
Imperial Summer throw
His fiery banners to the breeze;
And—treading soft below
The shadows of the sloughing trees—
Regretful Autumn go.

In matted scrubs along its edge
The prowling dingo hides ;
The snake around the granite ledge,
Fork-tongued and cautious glides ;
And in the shallows by the sedge
The preening black-duck bides.

Like wind among the reeds by shores
Where ancient cities shone,
Where once, with royal sweep of oars,
Tall galleys thundered on,
A pæan of regret outpours
At dusk the sable swan.

As those old masters of the quaint
East, lost in Aryan night,
Once outlined on rice-paper faint
His slow and drooping flight—
The blue crane, shrilling harsh complaint,
Lifts upward in affright.

On silent horses, Night and Day,
Along Red River ride.
December suns and moons of May
Above it softly glide ;
And rare intruders, passing, stray
An hour its stream beside.

Strong stallion springtides caracole
In white-maned Arab bands
Full-chested on the forward roll ;
And, o'er the banking sands,
Unto Red River bear the scroll
Of Ocean's high commands ;

But when, in turn, a yearning neap
Grieves by the naked shore,
The seaward sands their cordon keep
From point to point once more ;
And drifted weed and kelp in heap
A noisome protest pour.

Like bleached, unburied bones among
The rank grass, rotting lie
The spars of some great vessel, flung
On this hard coast to die,
While wind and storm her death-knell rung
In that dark night gone by.

Since when these broken remnants, trailed
In token drear, were found,
No man hath learned from whence she hailed,
Nor whither was she bound ;
What company with her outsailed,
What luckless crew was drowned.

How drove she on the rocks, that sealed
Her dread fate long ago;
What waiting hearts at length were healed
Or broken in their woe,
Shall ne'er be riddled or revealed
While live ships come and go.

For these, and all its secrets lone,
Of Tempest, Tide and Sea—
Remote, afar, and aye alone
Through all the years that be—
Red River keepeth in its own
Deep heart of mystery.

O'MEARA'S WELL.

Twenty miles from any township, twenty miles on either
track,
Lay the holding of O'Meara, in the myall, 'way out back ;
Five and fifty hundred acres "dogleg" fenced and partly
rung,
With a blazing sun above it in it's cloudless Heaven
hung.

Fighting Fate lived Con O'Meara, fighting drought and
pests, and so
Cursed his luck ; and ofttimes threatened that he'd "shling
it up and go."
Gave the place another trial ; tried to mortgage, tried to
sell ;
Laid his blessings on the country, cursed the Government
as well.

Ye who know but pleasant places where the winding
waters be,
Know not ye their pining stintage when the earth gapes
thirstily.
Year on year the lean selector saw his shallow dams go dry,
Saw his stock fall poor and perish, saw his ewes and
wethers die.

Long he puzzled, prayed, and reasoned—Con was
thoughtful and devout—

And at last from seas of problems fished one firm con-
clusion out:—

“God,” he cried, “is full of mercy; ne'er He sint a curse
on earth

But he sint a cure beside it, since the world of Man had
birth.

“Rain enough of Hivin's mercy falls to wet the Western
land,

“Wor it not for waste and soakage, waste and soakage in
the sand.”

In his hut of pine and shingle Con O'Meara reasoned so;
Thumped his knee with this conundrum, “Where the
dickins does it go?”

Thinking deep, and thinking deeper, drew analogy from
sheath,

Waved the sword of Sense and Logic, found it *must* go
underneath!

“I will dig!” cried then O'Meara; “I will start and sink
a shaft,

“And I'll thrack and find that wather if I thrack till I
am daft!”

Took he straightway pick and shovel, bucket, windlass,
length of rope;

Found a spot of pleasing promise, dug with courage,
strength and hope.

And when failure faced him leering, he'd re-elevate his
pick,

Swear to find the hidden water if he burrowed to Old
Nick.

"There's a 'rayseevoyer' for sartin," he would mumble,
delving deep,

"I must strike the same this winther, if I mane to save me
sheep.

"Sick am I of shallow sinking, 'tis a fact beyant a doubt
"That this 'rayseevoyer' lies deeper, and I've got to find
it out."

Down he went in treble figures, dug and picked and
wound away,

Till his back was bent from labor, till his beard was
streaked with grey.

Then, his spirit all but broken, then, his last dam all but
done,

Con O'Meara came to water one hot eve at setting sun!

Up it flowed in joyous bubbles, warm and sparkling,
white and clear;

And O'Meara, at the bottom, rose a hoarse and thankful
cheer;

Bade young Con to man the windlass, filled his billy to
the brim—

He had struck the rock like Moses, and the rock had
answered him.

Oh! the red head of O'Meara rose the excavation o'er;
And, in pride, his brimming billy towards the hut aloft he
bore

"From the 'rayseevoyer!' he shouted, "and 'tis risin' fresh
and free—

Glory to the Western Country; Judy darlint, come and
see!"

Faithful Judy, patient partner, mother of O'Meara's
boys,
Sharer of his toil and sorrow, shure she rushed to share
his joys;
And the sprigs of Con O'Meara mustered up in eager
haste
Round their sire, the law announcing, "She must be the
first to taste!"

Hither now Australian painters, students of the won-
drous bush,
Here is light and color fitting, here is subject for the
brush;
See the sunset in the distance; see the spreading plain
and sere;
Group your figures in the foreground, with the windlass
standing near!

"Drink deep health to Ballyvannan," proud O'Meara
filled the lid,
And with hand that shook and trembled shure the cray-
thur tuk and did!——
(Here some dashes, kind Sir Printer, for the Muse in
sorrow halts.)
"Howly Saints!" poor Judy spluttered, "Howly Saints,
it's Ipsom salts!"

Fell the head of Con O'Meara, and the sprigs in grief
withdrew,
As they sampled each the water, as they sampled, spat,
and knew;

And that night on Ballyvannan rose no laugh or joyous
sound,
Rose no song of Celtic triumph the exultant welkin
round.

Grief lay heavy on O'Meara, stern and set his furrowed
face,
Nor a-seeking 'rayseevoyers' sank he shafts about the
place.
One by one the ribbed stock perished ; ten by ten the ewes
went down ;
Day by day the hot sun glinted on the dried-up grass and
brown.

Autumn fell, and with it bidding came a kinsman overseas,
Full of Dublin wit and larnin' ; full of wisdom and
degrees,
He had sped a-seeking knowledge, and mayhap to gather
gold,
Wooing wealth in foreign places, as our fathers did of
old.

Blood it thicker is than water, though the water West
away
It was thick as glue that summer, as unwritten records
say ;
So he sought his Irish kinsfolk, found them, yea, in evil
case,
Where the hand of Drought had written *DESOLATION*
on the place.

"Welcome to my sither's first-born," spake O'Meara at
the rails.

"Welcome, welcome, Dinny darlint, to the land of New
South Wales.

Poor the fare we have to offer, poor the cover, poor the
bed,

But the Irish heart is open, and the Irish blood is red."

.

They foregathered, they foregathered, in their eyes were
smiles and tears,

As they spake beneath the rafters, as they talked beyant
the years,

This and that one, Pat and Mary, stream and mountain,
bog and hill;

Rest the dead! Their sowls to glory. God be wid ould
Ireland still.

In the morn they walked together, and O'Meara told his
grief,

How his faith had turned to ashes, how his fortune
proved a thief.

By the fatal shaft they lingered, where the rotting rope
was wound,

Where the earth hard-headed and lifted lay in mullock
heaps around.

By the shaft was still the billy—long discarded, red with
rust—
Where the grieved selector hurled it, with his curses, in
the dust,
On the hook O'Meara hung it, careless, listless, let it drop,
Wound it up to prove his statements, leaking slowly, to
the top.

"Taste it for yerself, alannah, ye have thtravelled here an'
there,
But ye niver dhrank say wather up the counthry, that
I'll swear."
Dinny took and Dinny tasted, he had journeyed near and
far,
As my Lord of Cashel's tutor he had onetime been to
Spa.

"By my sowl! my honest uncle!" cried this youth of books
and wit,
"'Tis a first-class min'ral water—there should be a call
for it,
Salts, magnesia, yes, and iron. Why I should not be
surprised,
But the Faculty would boom it if you had it analysed!"

Loud and hearty laughed O'Meara: "Shure 'tis larning
drives ye mad,
Ye are but a new chum, Dinny, that ye are my honest lad.
Ye are welcome to the wather, take an dhrink it if ye
can,
An' I wish ye joy an' pleasure of your physic, Nephew
Dan."

“Done!” said Dan. “We’ll strike a bargain. Bring
the bottle. Patrick’s Day
Shall not pass without rejoicing in Australia far away.”
It was good potheen my brothers. Where it came from
know not I,
But I know no Celtic homestead on this day of days goes
dry.

And I swear that Irish whisky and Australian Spa—
(with Dan)

Taken—well, in moderation, never hurt an Irishman.
E’en O’Meara scorning, tasted, and he turned and said,
“Bedad,
When ye thrate it with the liquor, be me sowl it *isn’t*
bad.”

They signed a pledge, a contract pledge, and deeply
washed it down,
That they should stand in equal shares. Next day into
the town,
Some samples at his saddle bow, the hopeful Daniel
went
To see the Chemist of the place, with business-like intent.

The Chemist and the Doctor both considered and agreed,
Dan’s specimens of min’ral wealth were very rich indeed.
Then Daniel (who had two degrees), he tipped the Doc.
the wink,
And took the “paper man” across to Cleary’s for a drink.

They made him try the waters too. Enlisted his support

(The Press is mighty, and 'tis wise to have a friend at Court).

A month went by, young Dan worked hard, a man of parts was he,

And with the Doctor and the Priest, he formed a Company.

They asked the local magnates out. And with a case or two,

A barrel, and O'Meara's well, they made a special brew,
The picnic proved a huge success. The district to a man

Soon swore by Con O'Meara's Well, and by his nephew Dan.

And, by the post! before a year from when the "Co." was floated

The shares in Con. O'Meara's Well were at a premium quoted.

Ere eighteen month, two stories high, beside the Min'ral Well,

All in its painted glory stood "O'Meara's Grand Hotel."

Now at the door stands honest Con, whilst Judy minds the bar,

Aud custom comes in buggy loads to drink the Famous Spa.

Promoting appetite and health, enriching Con and Dan;
The first is now a live Jay Pee, the last an Alderman!

And waggons piled with bottled Spa go to the Railway
down,

Promoting appetite and health as far as Sydney town.

But when St. Patrick's Day comes round O'Meara from
the shelf

A rusty billy taketh down and fills the same himself.

And round the grand piano stands O'Meara's household
all,

While Con for "Soilence in the coort!" in legal voice
doth call.

They stand and toast O'Meara's Well, an Irish cheer
between,

While little Judy thumps and bangs "The Wearing of
the Green."

FAR AND WIDE.

*I'll call you to the Beaches,
And you shall bide with me,
Along the river reaches
And by the open Sea.*

Far and wide I have to wander,
Far and wide and to and fro ;
'Cross the Seas and o'er and under
Everywhere the Rovers go.

"Rolling stones no mosses gather,"
Let the careful critic moan ;
In my heart I know, I'd rather
Be a restless rolling stone.

When I feel the soul-relieving
Comfort of the cradling sea,
When the giant hills upheaving
Into God's blue sky I see ;

When the brown plains spread before me,
And I slacken out the rein,
With a noon sun burning o'er me,
Then I *know* my loss is gain.

Let me watch the sea-rain falling,
Smell the salt, deck-driven spray;
Let me hear the bush-birds calling
At the dawning of the day.

Let me see the sun-bars streaming
Down the valleys, ere the night
Fills the world with pleasant dreaming,
Love and coolness and delight.

Inland creeks and shoreward rivers,
How they beckon and they croon;
Ah, the long dry grass that quivers
Ere the grey clouds cast their boon.

E'er the forests tall and splendid
Lure me with their light and shade,
And the rolling downs unended
Like a bridal carpet laid.

Gypsy come! The golden beaches
Hold their arms to you and me.
Gypsy come! The water reaches
Call us to them lovingly!

In the North green palm glades keep their
Vigils 'neath the cloudless moon;
Glutted pigeons safely sleep there,
Freely filled with fruited boon.

In the South a cold wind, singing,
Sways the high limbs to and fro,
And the Magpie homeward winging
Carols of the coming snow.

Gypsy come! the wide bush waits us
Gypsy come! the wide seas call,
Near and far the world awaits us,
We are wild hearts after all.

Far and wide we twain will wander,
All the world, the world to know,
Far and wide and o'er and under,
By the roads the Rovers go.

RINGY RINGY ROSY.

"Ringy ringy rosy," the morning skies are blue,
And yonder by the slip-rails your sweetheart waits for
you.

The lizards on the fences are basking in the sun,
The Wintertime is over, the Summertime's begun.
"Ringy ringy rosy," round and round they go,
The glad and happy children of thirty years ago.

Those cool and frosty mornings, oh, I remember well
The wattles by the wayside, the warnings of the bell,
The manna 'neath the gumtrees that showered overnight
From Nature's secret sources, to make a child's delight;
The yams for which we rooted, the quinces hard and
tart

We swapped for tops and marbles, a fallen log our mart!

"Ringy ringy rosy"—across the years I hear
The voices from the schoolyard uprising strong and clear;
And all the proud achievement, the failure and the strife,
That make the sordid total of this our mortal life;
The pomp and human splendor, the Future and the Past,
When weighed within the balance seem little things at
last.

To be a World's Immortal, to be a world's unknown,
Win monument of marble, or simple slab of stone—
How little matters either, when every foe and friend
Must come to lie together in quiet at the end!
When pays each generation, of high or humble birth,
Its tribute unto Caesar, its dust unto the Earth!

"Ringy ringy rosy"—beyond the lands and seas
We carry our delusions, we bear our memories.
The world is full of pleasure, the world is full of pain—
Alas, the golden morning that never comes again!
"Ringy ringy rosy," round and round they go,
The blithe and merry children of thirty years ago.

"Ringy ringy rosy," a requiem it seems,
In saddened notes recalling my boyhood hopes and
dreams.

The silver song of Childhood! Who would not give to be
A child again, the harvest of all the land and sea?

"Ringy ringy rosy!" I hear the sweet refrain
Re-echoed in the morning across the years again.

"Ringy ringy rosy," the fields are wet with dew,
And yonder by the slip-rails your sweetheart waits for
you;

The briar by the wayside is turning to the sun,
The Wintertime is over, the Summertime's begun.

"Ringy ringy rosy," round and round we'll sing,
Our simple songs of Childhood, the children of the
Spring.

SAME AS YOU.

If your luck is out with women; if you've looked too
 long on wine,
Do not sit and nurse the anger of your anguish, brother
 mine,
For the sun will rise to-morrow, and the skies be just as
 blue,
And you'll find that other fellows have their troubles—
 same as you.

There's a gun for you to carry; there's an oar for you to
 pull;
There's a saddle and a stockwhip, and the earth is
 bountiful;
There's a corner for you somewhere; there's another
 girl to woo;
And you'll meet a mate out yonder, who has suffered,
 same as you.

Though your aching heart be empty, and your pockets
 much the same,
Though the dice of Fate ARE loaded, be a man and play
 the game!
There is something left to live for—to your own strong
 soul be true.
And we'll take your hand and grip it, who have battled,
 same as you.

You may never back the winner, you may never win the
maid ;

You may never find a nugget, make a fortune out of
trade ;

But you'll always find your manhood, if you keep the
fact in view,

That some other chaps are trying to be honest—same
as you.

When they come to add up figures, and to total you and
me,

When the Game of Life is over, and all things as nothing
be,

It may chance—who knoweth brother—that the old
beliefs were true?

And His voice across the Shadow, shall re-echo through
and through—

“Peace be with ye, Sons of Sorrow! I have suffered—
same as you!”

THE FLAME TREE.

Drab-feathered birds of sorrow
Droop no dull wings of Care;
Nor doth a sere To-morrow,
Red droughts, malign, prepare
When Spring with Illawarra
Makes compact green and fair.

The sun, in harness splendid,
His chariot of gold
Through azure fields unended,
Drives forth; a hero bold,
As when o'er Hellas bended
Idyllic skies of old.

Its ringed, round, column Doric
The slender palm tree sways,
Though no wild wood-nymphs choric
A-down green shaded ways
Of tree-fern unhistoric,
Give Dionysius praise.

With shoreward sapphires laden,
And landward leaf and vine,
The vestal South arrayed in
Bejewelled raiment fine,
Burns forth a fire-eyed maiden
Of Roses, Love and Wine.

And, where her mountains yearning,
 Turn eastward towards the seas—
Their coal-seams darkly urning
 Dead forest mysteries—
Out-stands in vesture burning
 This Cardinal of Trees.

Flame-capped, in scarlet glory ;
 With fiery plumes, upflung,
Like some Rose Knight of story
 By courtly minstrels sung,
A proud Conquistadore
 He shines his peers among.

Where sounds his clear reveille
 The whip-bird in the morn ;
Where cradled by the valley
 Triumphant day is born,
And on the hillsides rally
 The clouds of Night forlorn ;

'Mid green-robed rivals, claiming
 The rapt beholder's view,
In scarlet pride outflaming
 Against the skyline blue,
Afar he stands, proclaiming
 The royal Richelieu.

With parasitic clinging,
To him no servile vine—
Its trailing minions bringing—
Be-mirks his royal line,
In leafless pride upspringing,
A king by right divine.

But loyal ferns, unflowered,
That kiss his feet of state,
With benisons are dowered
From his o'er-rich estate,
In red abundance showered
From high pontificate.

Nor do they homage falter
Bird choristers a-wing,
But high a fluted psalter
O'er festooned transepts sing,
When red before her altar
He lights the Torch of Spring.

The glory of Australia,
This floral hierarch cries.
In sunlit rose regalia
Beneath her summer skies,
The Genius of Australia,
Full-bloomed, he typifies.

MORDIALLOC.

The haze along the hillsides, the sparkle on the Bay
 Marconi forth the message of Spring's advance to-day.
 Now all the fields are blazoned with epaulettes of gold ;
 Now all the trees their standards of Victory uphold.
 In gallant cohorts riding, white gloves upon their hands,
 The soldier seas are marshalled along Port Phillip's
 sands.

So dream we here together of all sweet things that be,
 By drowsy Mordialloc, a-facing to the sea.

To-day no red-robed Angel of Discontent shall mar
 Our peace with drums of discord or clash of social war ;
 To-day this land Aegean of roses, love and wine,
 In all its lotus splendor is wholly yours and mine,
 While Commerce, coarsely strident, plays out her vulgar
 part,

Romance shall be our handmaid, with Poesy and Art.
 We left the mart behind us, in Flinders-street, that we
 Might find at Mordialloc a temple by the sea.

Your hair hath meshed the sunbeams ; your voice is low
 and sweet
 (French heels enhance, 'tis certain, the play of pretty
 feet).

This Southern land that gave you your roses and your
 pearl
 Is maiden yet to conquest ; like you—a careless girl.

These meadows all around us, to me they but enfold
Your daintiness—a ruby, set in Australian gold:
 The spirit of my own land, vivacious, young and free,
 To-day at Mordialloc, expression finds in thee.

So falls your voice in rhythm ; so beats my heart in tune ;
 While by a velvet stairway creeps down the Afternoon,
 Till lo ! at Evening's doorway she standeth soft and shy
 To wave in sunset blushes duenna Day good-bye. . . .
 Now creeps the slow sail shoreward across the darkening
 Bay ;

Now close in silent thousands, the blossoms of the Day ;
 The haze hath left the foreland, the light hath left the
 sea ;

White stars, by Mordialloc, burn over you and me.

L'ENVOI.

But when the wheels of Action once more around me
 whirl,

I'll think of Mordialloc, a sunset and a girl ;
 And where upon his service—the red-robed Angel—I
 Go forth his will proclaiming, all days, until I die,
 Though Duties stern command me, though proud ambi-
 tions call

The waves by Mordialloc shall sing beyond them all !
 And, golden as thy tresses, with inward sight I'll see
 The sun on Mordialloc go down—in memory.

INCENTIVE.

Let lean Ambition seek its goal; fat Wealth its hoard
increase,
Sour Vanity achieve its gauds, and social triumphs please
Dyspeptic dames and feline fops;—beneath the aching
sky
The living hosts, all graveward bound, with groan and
laugh go by.

I do not enter for the prize. The gold for which men
stint,
Cheat, lie and perjure, rob and kill, fresh sovereigned
from the Mint,
Is not more precious in itself, more perfect in the scale
Supreme of earthly loveliness than any simple, frail,

Sweet, yellow buttercup that lifts for any ploughman's
eye,
Its burnished coin of floral gold from Earth's unerring
die.
Nor doth the stamped, white silver seem a fairer thing
to me
Than scales upon the salmon's side or moonlight on the
sea.

Write not my name upon the lists! Will any glory
save—

Though I grow great as Buonaparte—my body from the
grave?

For where is Artaxerxes now? He shareth with the
hound

That licked his royal feet in fear, a common couch of
ground.

The flesh of fossil beasts and birds; the mouse and
mastodon,

The flesh that quivered under-claw in primal forests
gone;

The hearts that gloried with the gods, or cowered 'mid
the swine,

A heritage of sure decay at birth received—like mine.

Let others to the Strident Way! The proud inventor
feeds

With each discordant, new machine but new-created
needs;

Each fresh philosophy in turn the last entire disproves,
And further from the searcher's grasp Life's hidden truth
removes.

All such is waste and emptiness. My son, but small
per cent.

Of what men strive and sicken for repays the effort
spent.

This spiral whorl that man calls "Life," this hurry that
we boast

As "Modern Progress" in our pride, is tinsel at the most.

I will not caper in the dance ; too well the tune I know ;
'Twas old when Nineveh was young ; amid pre-glacial
snow

They played it on the boulevards ; millennia ago
When Paris yet a village was of hungry Eskimo.

I will not stumble in the race, with ever-failing feet,
When conquest ends in slavery, and triumph spells
defeat.

My house is on the hilltops reared ; the paths that glamor
me

Lie out across the level land and by the level sea.

As Esau have I sold my place ; but yet, a millionaire,
I draw entail my heritage of life and love and air ;
Red health at riot in the veins, the flesh-pot on the fire,
Full larder and a covering—what more shall man desire?

Green Nature's coffers, spilling wealth, red draperies of
Morn

That richen o'er the east when Day, another prince, is
born ;

The noontide shadows falling cool through forests darkly
fair,

The star tiaras that the Night sets in her raven hair,

These dower rich my pleased eyes ; and in my ears the
strong,

Majestic music of the winds that dog white flocks along
Blue parks celestial, till the rain, their shepherd grey and
old,

In spreading mantle comes again, to gather them in fold ;

The arias of running streams, the thunder's Marseillaise,
The aves and the glorias a vagrant night breeze plays
On choric harps of forest oak ; wild marches of the seas,
And insects droll and singing birds—these make my
melodies.

The Garden of my Choice distils rare scents from flowers
unseen,
Though never meddling gard'ner delved among its
arbors green ;
And, save by fickle winds, unswept, its shaded walks and
ways
Still bloom in constant fruitfulness, unsown thro' winter
days.

The Temple of my Worship knows nor heresies nor
creeds,
No pontiff walks its lofty aisles ; no kneeling prelate
reads
His liturgies of human wants ; but all its shrines untrød
Are loud with adoration, and the Nearer Voice of God.

So would I that my days shall pass : and if this hand
record,
From all the Beauties of the World, but one eternal
word :
I know my days will not be vain ; nor shall I weigh
the cost
Of earthly riches unattained or human glories lost.

DREAMERS TOO.

We have lived long years for a white-robed dream—
The dream of Australia fair,
With the vine and corn by her hill and stream,
And the sunshine in her hair ;
And the plain and strand of our native land,
They were ever calling there.

We have toiled and won from the forest's maze
The boon of a white man's home ;
We have reared our sons to their manhood days,
And seen them settle, or roam.
And the young brood, too, as they spread and grew,
Has dreamed 'neath the sapphire dome.

Shall we cease to dream? Not so, my son,
Blue-eyed and Australian-born,
We will dream our dream till the signal gun
Proclaimeth the battle morn,
Till the war cry thrills through the woods and hills,
And the women wait forlorn.

We will dream our dream ; but a waking dream
Of the White Man, strong and free,
Full armed to meet with a strength supreme,
The foes of his liberty,
If the loud shells sing and the rifles ring
In the storm of the days to be.

DAUGHTER OF THE NORTH.

'Tis pleasant where the Harbor meets
These Southern waters blue ;
There's joy of life in Melbourne streets,
From Carlton unto Kew.

Fair Adelaide, beneath her hills,
In gracious splendor gleams ;
And Perth with younger vigor fills
The morning of her dreams.

True hearts Australian unto each
Beat loyally and fond ;
Their rival claims as cities reach
Out, over, and beyond.

But, Daughter of the North, whose eyes
Of trustful, tender brown,
Are aching for the cloudless skies
Above your native town,

Full well I know that, far away,
In day-dreams once again,
You see the tall maize nod and sway,
And hear the rustling cane.

The "silky oaks" are crowned with gold ;
All purple lies the pave,
In Northern springtime where the bold,
Bare jacarandas wave ;

And o'er the river flats the bees,
From out the lucerne flow'rs
Are freighting on winged argosies
Sweet plunder thro' the hours.

The dairy herds above their knees
In long, swamp grasses laze ;
Or chew a clover cud at ease
Through warm September days.

From Copmanhurst to Yamba bar,
Through all the tilth between ;
From Chatsworth out to Yugilbar
The Earth is garden green.

Beloved of the North, once more
That symphony I hear—
The sunlit rollers to the shore
Sang in the morning clear.

Your crow-black hair was wet with spray,
As fresh from far Japan
A young Nor'-Easter called the Day
On all the pipes of Pan.

Impassioned, by a summer sea
That wooed a tropic strand,
We drained our cup of ecstasy—
Your hand within my hand.

Yes, pleasant is this Harbor fair—
But oh, dear heart of mine
What glory where the jungles wear
Their virgin robes of vine!

What glamor o'er each islet green,
The river, rich with farms,
Is holding, like a conquered queen,
Within her lover's arms.

What hyacinthine hours we shared
Beside the Clarence clear,
Whose water-lilies only heard
The olden story, dear.

Some night mayhap, when Fortune's boon
Has lent a golden ray,
We'll meet in jest beneath the moon
And walk the lovers' way.

The wind will whisper in the maize;
And at our trysting tree,
To bring us back remembered days,
You'll wait again for me.

Long, anxious years have sped between,
Since first our trysts began;
But you are still my Northern Queen,
And I your Southern man.

Nor toil, nor care, nor age can dim
The sunlight of the Past,
When he with her, and she with him,
Keeps covenant at last.

Aye, all the fruits first passion bore
Shall from that Past come forth,
And we will lovers be, once more
Enraptured in the North.

THE DEAD TREE.

It knew a life of leaf and bough
That sapless stands, laid naked now
 To Time's cold scorning.
Once, in its deep, ambrosial shade,
The Wind, a wizard Harper, played
 By night and morning.

Once, from its branches, skyward flung,
In green and gold the parrots hung
 A spoil de-flowering
From snow-white blossoms honey-sweet;
While overnight, about its feet,
 Fell manna showering.

Red sap—that at the touch unseen
Of Spring slow-dripped—bestained the green
 Grass growing under,
As if by some sharp inward thorn
Its forest heart were pierced and torn
 In grief asunder.

Then, too, the young spring leaves became,
Like woodland virgins, red with shame
 Of Love's undoing,
And blushed in high retreat to see,
With dance of drunken ecstasy,
 A world gone wooing.

When Winter walked with prim July,
As wolf winds harried o'er the sky
 Cloud fleeces airy,
Its boughs, like penitents ashamed
Of Summer's wantoning, proclaimed
 Loud miserere.

When moonlit saplings threw their length
Of shadow 'neath its buttressed strength,
 And bush-land, gleaming
In midnight splendor, mocked the day
With silver replica, 'twould sway,
 A tired knight, dreaming,

In frosted mail, until the East
At last the Maid of Dawn released
 From night's dominion;
And home the night birds 'plaining drew
And forth the song birds gaily flew—
 On burnished pinion.

Though o'er the teeming lands and seas
The sky with its infinities
 Still bluey aches;
Though yet in golden casque and helm
The Sovran sun a daily realm
 Of azure marches;

Though round his fiery throne be whirled
'This wondrous atom of a world
 Through years unending ;
No more a wizard wind shall play
Aeolian songs by night or day
 On green boughs bending.

Now from its fertile height the meed
Of honeyed flower and wrinkled seed
 Fall earthward never.
This edifice that some Great Hand
For its brief tenant, nobly planned,
 Lies prone for ever.

*So reads the law! Birds, bards, and bees,
Fair ladies, lions, toads and trees
 In turn must perish.....
Of all the living host that pains
To live, not ONE the life retains
 That all lives cherish!*

KEIRA.

When Youth, a callow Knight untried,
With golden spurs to win,
Rode bright in armor at his side,
And, all his Soul within,
Love sang him on a harp apart
A song of young desire—
He, careless, threw another heart
On Life's red altar fire.

On Keira rose the sun that day,
By Illawarra green ;
On grand old Keira, far away
Beyond the Might-Have-Been.
The sun on Keira, like an earl,
Still flaunts his banners brave ;
But at his feet the dews impearl
The grass above a grave.

Oh, whiter than the surf was she
That breaks those coasts along ;
And redder than the coral tree
That grows by Gerringong ;
And graceful as the springing palm
On Illawarra hills ;
And sweeter than the meadow balm
By cool Shoalhaven rills.

A maiden of old fairyland,
 With dove eyes, shy and brown ;
A youth with Happiness in hand,
 Who flung the rare gift down !
For he was tall and true and strong,
 In her adoring eyes ;
Nor could he harbor thought of wrong,
 Be perjured or unwise.

To her he came, Love's Avatar,
 Resistless, from the West ;
Upon his forehead shone the star
 Of Morning for his crest.
World-old her dream, as songs aver
 By primal poets sung ;
But new and ever sweet to her
 Who trusted and who clung.

He scorned the guerdon he had won,
 And went his youthful ways ;
So fame bewitched him, and anon
 He drank the cup of Praise.
Then Gold and Women snared his thought,
 And drew him to his fall ;
He strove, he conquered, won and sought
 And lived—to curse it all.

Grey hairs lie on him, and his brow
 Is ploughed by Time. The goad
Is ever ; but he would that now
 He took the *other* road ;

For, often as his mem'ry brings
 Its echoes from Beyond,
 One voice through all the distance rings,
 Despairing, lost and fond.

He hears it in the crowded towns;
 He hears it on the seas;
 He hears it where the star-dome crowns
 The bush infinities.

*"Come back to grand old Keira;
 I wait, dear heart, for thee;
 Come back again to Keira,
 And Love, and Youth, and Me."*

The sun on Keira, sinking yet,
 Doth furl his banners brave;
 And at his feet the night-dews wet
 The grass above her grave.
 Its wreath of joy, its cross of pain
 Each generation bears;
 But Time shall surely reap the grain
 And sift it from the tares.

And *this* is true; all else is vain
 And idle at the last:—
 No foot shall ever find again
 The cross roads of the Past.
 Unto the Dark and Narrow Place
 Each man must bring his load;
 And woe to him who turned his face
 From his appointed road!

THE QUEST OF NO AVAIL.

It was starlight on Euphrates, o'er a thousand years ago,

And a Dreamer by the River watched its silken, silver flow.

"Give," he cried, "my Idol to me, from thy voiceless Night, O Death:

I would hold again her sweetness; breathe the perfume of her breath!"

Naught the Solemn River answered, and the Silent Stars shone on.

Now 'tis starlight on a River in the new Australian night,

And the countless flow'rs of Heaven bloom in endless fields of light.

"Give me back," a Dreamer crieth to the silken silver stream—

"Give me back my shattered Idol; give me back my vanished Dream!"

Naught the Solemn River answers, and the Silent Stars shine on.

WHITE ROSE.

Once in a garden wondrous fair—
Do *you* remember yet?—
We drank the sweet, seductive air
Of musk and mignonette.

For you and me the flowers and
The leaves their glories shed,
And all the world was Wonderland
Wherever we might tread.

The drooping lilacs and the stocks,
The pansies, tender-eyed,
The foolish, flaunting hollyhocks,
The maiden daisies pied,

The peony with painted face,
The star-like cornflower blue,
And blooms of tender tropic grace,
Their soft reflections threw.

The brave hibiscus burned and bled,
The gladioli flared—
Like lamps of love, to guide, you said,
Our footsteps as we fared.

Have you forgotten how we stood
Beneath an aspen tree,
To see the sun beyond the wood
Go down in royalty?

One tall white rose beside us paid
Her homage to the sun;
Till on her virgin mouth he laid
Red tribute meekly won.

Then your dear mouth I claimed in fee—
White Rose, can *you* forget—
Thou Flower of All-the-World to me
Who art forever yet—

That fragrance falling in the dusk,
Those trembling aspen leaves,
The subtle languor, born of musk
And scented-lily sheaves?

The stars above us deeply grew
In numbers, one by one,
Your hair was jewelled with the dew . . .
And all the world went on!

Ah not again, again, again,
That Garden of Delight
Shall hear the footsteps of us twain
Fall gently in the night.

The desert of our stony fate
No fair love-fragrance knows;
We turned us from our Eden's gate. . .
God keep us both—White Rose.

YAMBA.

High Northern suns their brazen shields,
Like warriors, hang above the fields
Where Sultan Summer frankly yields
 His plenteous boon ;
Like nautch girls dance the naked days
Down avenues of cane and maize,
While on his pipes the North-Wind plays
 A careless tune.

From ranges walled, through gates ajar
At Copmanhurst and Yugilbar,
Pours down the Clarence from afar
 His noble tide ;
And, spreading forth in creek and arm,
Enrichens with his waters warm
A fertile land of field and farm
 In deltas wide.

But, when this vassal task is done,
With all his winding courses run,
He seeks reward for service won ;
 And to his queen,
The shining Sea, whose silver shores
Are musical with rhythmic oars,
At last his singing soul outpours
 By Yamba green !

The depths of noon are rarely stirred
By restless foot or roving bird ;
But in the topaz morn are heard—
 Like lutes afar,

Of suitors calling from the green
Recess of gardens Florentine—
The reed birds in their nests unseen
By Yamba bar.

As tuneful heralds of a feast,
When Morning flaunts the conquered East,
With scarlet regiments released
From Night's duress,
Beyond the lawns, where fall in showers
Of snow the great magnolia flowers,
The magpies from their leafy towers
Their joys express.

By rolling marsh and rainbowed stream
The opal-tinted dewdrops gleam
And cluster in a rajah's dream;
First spoils of Day
From hyacinth and lily swept,
They pearl the couches where they slept,
As purple princes who bewept
The Night's delay.

Oh, Land of drowsy days sublime
Where dwelled my Heart, in rest and rhyme,
Through all a golden summertime!
In dreams again
I see thy sunlit splendors blaze;
And, walking in a moonlit maze,
I hear the night wind where it plays
Among the cane.

I see, untrammelled of the town,
Young Chloris in her skirt of brown,
Uplifted coyly, urging down

The spotted kine.

White petticoats, like homing sails,
Come flutt'ring o'er the stockyard rails,
And, by the polished milking pails,

Bring up a line.

Where netted jungles green the blue
Distractions of the hillward view,
The crested pigeons call and coo

With ruffled throats;

And Chloris, is it right or wrong
That all the burden of their song
Is "I—love—you" the whole day long

In pleading notes?

His floral torch in upward blaze
To light the darkened jungle ways,
In Spring the Northern flame-tree lays;

And Chloris, fain

I'd play, as in sweet hours ago,
That quiet woodland stage upon
A warm, impassioned, Corydon

To you again.

Alas, the dramas that have been!
The ravished musk and myrtle green
That crowned a comely country queen

Are dead and sere:

But Mem'ry, folded like a rose
 Long pressed between book pages, throws
 A fragrance from the Past that shows
 Our hearts how dear

Were those enraptured hours ago,
 When through the woodlands, on and on,
 Sweet Chloris strayed with Corydon
 Love's pathway far ;
 When by the pen of seeming chance,
 Was written in the Book "Romance,"
 A line that flashes like a lance
 By Yamba bar.

A gallant, fed with swift desire,
 Uplifted then his crest of fire
 And smote upon a burning lyre
 The Northern sun ;
 A lady in her laces white
 To be the bridesmaid of delight
 Came forth the ivory-bosomed Night,
 Besought and won.

By silver sea and golden sand
 We twain have wandered hand in hand,
 When all the world was lovers' land,
 My Chloris dear ;
 Nor shall the years our mem'ries cheat
 Of love that triumphs in defeat,
 Though long the musk and myrtle sweet
 Be dead and sere.

SOUTH OF GABO.

The young gales hatch below the Snares ;
As fledglings wild, uncouth,
A fierce Antarctic dam prepares
Their flight of fear and ruth.

From icy nests on crags forlorn,
And bergs and glaciers bold,
They flutter forth, for aye to mourn
Their birthplace lorn and cold.

Full-pinioned, at the Tasman Sea,
They leave along the crests,
In shrieking, loud, witch revelry,
White feathers from their breasts.

They scream around the lonely isles
Like sad-voiced restless things
That sweep perforce the darkened miles
With strong, far-spreading wings.

From Wilson's up to cloud-capped Howe
Their giant playground lies,
When on each spray-drenched harbor brow
The "Stand-off" signal flies.

Then South of Gabo watch and ware
The shipmen as they go ;
For o'er the hummocks, whitely bare,
The cutting sand-drifts blow ;

And cruel rock-knives, hidden, wait
With edges sharp as steel,
Along a coast of Evil Fate,
Each doomed shore-driven keel.

Here lie the dead ships one by one;
Out here the surges croon
The *Federal* to her rest-place gone,
The sunken *Ly-ee-moon*.

Long kelp and seaweed, through the curl
Of combers all agleam,
The floating hair of some drowned girl
In waving tresses seem.

Here, graved beneath the golden sands
And iridescent shell,
Lost sailors out of distant lands,
Unsought, are sleeping well.

But South of Gabo, when those strong
And wayward winds are done,
'Tis all a deep, harmonious song
Of Sea and Land and Sun.

The little cutters spread their wings,
From Eden to Cape Schanck.
The coaster's rusty framework rings
The hymn of rod and crank.

The ketches, leaving in their wake
An odor of benzine,
With quick explosions noisy take
Their way across the green.

With wattle-bark and fish and maize,
From five to twenty tons,
The midget fleet goes down the bays,
And seaward, daring, runs.

With seasoned crews, of twos and threes,
To handle wheel and sheet,
Steal up and down the changing seas,
The fathers of our fleet.

Hard-fisted, lean Australians these
Who know the fickle bars,
The soundings and the mysteries
Of clouds and tides and stars.

When South of Gabo roars the brood
Of all the gales of Hell,
They—long before—for shelter stood
And anchored safe and well.

But here and there along the coast,
Sea-worn and salt with foam,
Old wreckage gives the brood to boast
Of ships that came not home.

Oh, South of Gabo—where the Heel
Of All Australia stands,
Their hearts are like the tested steel,
And iron are their hands.

And South of Gabo—where no ease
Of Capricorn they ken,
Is bred by rougher shores and seas,
A stronger race of men.

From South of Gabo yet may track
By sea-trail sternly forth,
The men who'll hurl Invasion back,
Defeated, from the North.

THE BEACH.

Like Cleopatra's neck incurved,
Or Phryne's arms of snow,
From Bastion Rock to Gabo swerved
And bended as a bow ;
It offers to the Austral sun
It's miles of silvern sand,
In virgin beauty, yet unwon
By any spoiler's hand.

At night I hear the ancient seas—
White-headed seers, along
These darkened shores their memories
Pour forth in epics long
Of years primeval. And in strange,
Soft, minor chords reply
Old pilgrim winds that reef and range,
Unrested, wander by.

Deep secrets theirs—of æons gone,
When suns and systems, worn
By endless forces, fiercely shone
In nascent strength newborn ;
When gave the seventh Pleiad out,
Unshamed, her starry boon ;
And glowed, o'er jungles north and south,
A tropic polar moon.

Time's burdens and the yoke of years
Have tamed their early might ;
No more the cow'ring caveman hears
The storm gods in the night ;
No more do chartless shallops hie
A furtive course from shore ;
And in their quiet havens lie
The dead ships evermore.

But they who nursed the germ of life,
The new amœboid cell,
From which, or Science errs, the strife
Of all that follows fell.
What marvels have they locked within
Their ocean hearts? What dreams
Of empire and of effort in
Their world-encircling streams?

.
Betimes, a-dreaming, when my camp-
Fire reds the foreland, I
Can dimly hear with Titan tramp
The Ages marching by ;
And, scroll by scroll, the Eras, rolled
On mighty parchments, pearled
With priceless truths, to me unfold
The Story of the World.

Then deep-sea voices faint recall,
And deep-sea echoes bring
The roar of monsters and the fall
Of preying foot and wing;
These pass and perish at a breath,
Their weaker types remain—
Slow evolution armed with death
From bulk, reduces brain!

I hear wild winds primeval fan
Volcanic mountains steep,
Where, in the quiet future, Man
His fertile tilth will reap.
I see an Everlasting Force
Re-mould, destroy, re-shape;
Give firmer foothold to the horse
And forehead to the ape.

.
:

Anon these songs of effort cease
And kinder themes outpour,
In turn, the diva-throated seas
Unto a listening shore.
Aye, then methinks, I hear retold
Old stories ever new,
Of Jason and the heroes bold
Red-hearted, proud, and true.

Old galleys dip their carven beaks
Into the azure brine,
That in their Delphic feasts fair Greeks
May pour the Samian wine.
In rose gondolas, silken-sailed
The royal Doges go,
And young Crusaders silver-mailed,
With bannerets of snow.

Rome's daring eagles, flaunting high
Their wings of blood, go on.
Fair burn across a sunset sky
Brave banners of St. John.
Columbus, peering through the dusk,
I see fare forth amain—
A glory harvest from the husk
Of Littleness to gain.

I glimpse John Cabot with his white
Hair rimed by northern spray;
And grandly through the awful night
I hear his courage say:
"As near to Heaven, friends, by sea—
Though Death wait either hand—
As near to Heaven now we be
As e'er we'll be on land."

I hear Magellan dauntless cry,
"Not if we eat the hides
From off this vessels's yards shall I
Turn back, whate'er betides,

Till these new seas are conquered!" Drake,
A-roaring down the main,
With gallant ruffians in his wake
I see go out again.

Aye, out again and home again,
Along historic years,
For either glory, love, or gain,
Go forth these buccaneers;
The pirate brood, with laden chests,
Outspilling plundered toll;
The black sea eagles in their nests,
Blood-stained, but brave of soul.

The saucy sloop, the frigate gay,
The fighting forty-four;
The oaken hulls of Nelson's day,
The ships of trade and war —
Night long the roving waters bring
Their ghostly memories;
Night long the ancient surges sing
High human histories.

But when the east, attendant, waits
Her mansions to adorn,
And with skilled magic decorates
The bridal couch of Morn;

With royal purple drapes each plinth
Of frowning rock, and fills
With topaz and with hyacinth
The hollows of the hills.

When low the inlet and its isles,
In Asiatic guise,
Salaam with soft and pliant smiles
The Sultan of the Skies ;
As from the lakes a silver veil
Of mist is deftly drawn,
An Amazon in golden mail
The Beach salutes the Dawn.

White lace of foam around her knees,
She flutters like a girl ;
And threads her blue embroideries
With seaweed and with pearl.
The spotted cowrie and the fair,
Frail nautilus are hers,
Rose spirals and the shining, rare
Sea shells and mariners.

The jewel caskets of the deeps
Lie ready to her hand,
In ev'ry tropic wave that leaps
Foam-freighted to the sand.
And, now, in cadence, measured, slow,
From minstrels submarine
Sweet rhymes and rondels gaily flow
Across this sunlit scene.

Of Life and *Now* these minstrels chant—
A pagan song of old,
The song dark lovers of Levant
Ousang in hours of gold. . . .
A radiance now, a rare delight,
A dream of love and wine,
She lieth in the morning light
This Austral beach of mine.

MAID OF GERRINGONG.

She was riper than a cherry on the far New England
slopes ;

She was brighter than the vision of a poet's virgin hopes,
And the days were all a picture, and the nights were
all a song,

While I tarried and I married with the maid of Gerrin-
gong.

And the sun came up to greet us from the waters blue
and wide,

And the Western hills were crimson with his glory when
he died ;

And the moon she queened above us 'mid her white,
adoring throng,

While I drank my cup of pleasure with the maid of
Gerringong.

Yea, the moon she lent her silver and the sun he lent
his gold,

In the years before our sorrows and our sins had made
us old—

But I'll drain another beaker, and I'll sing another song
To the love and youth that left me—like my maid of
Gerringong.

Oh, my days of earth are numbered, as the days of men
must be,

For our life is like the shadow of a sail upon the sea ;
And 'tis idle now to wonder if that love was right or
wrong,

But it haunts and haunts me ever, oh, my maid of Ger-
ringong.

THE BUSHLAND CALL.

To-night, dear heart, I hear the Call,
The Call that never leaves me.
The old Bush lullabies and all
The song that glads, yet grieves me.

In bitter joy, in pleasant woe,
The wanderlust doth find me.
To stay I dare not, still to go—
With all thy charms to bind me!

Last night, beneath the silent stars,
Your voice compelled, enthralled me;
To-night a Voice across the bars
From seaward places called me.

Low in my ears the Deep Seas croon:
"Away! ere Fate defy thee!
The Waters silver with the moon
Shall golden tresses tie thee?"

"Shall witching lips and throat of white
For evermore proclaim you
A recreant to old delight,
Of open ways that claim you?"

Dear Love of mine, your breath is sweet
As wild red briar roses—
But, oh! the sward beneath the feet,
When Night in Bushland closes!

Dear Heart of mine, if it should be
That your fond charms prove stronger,
What will the Voices say to me
As Summer days grow longer?

Were it not best while Love is young
To break the chain enthralling?
For, oh! the Song the Waters sung!
And, oh! my Bushland calling!

ON SAND.

An ebb-tide, falling, bared the white,
Hard beach ; where, in the sun,
I walked betimes, in mood to write
Of all my knowledge won,
From life and death, *one* song which might
At least be finely done.

The sun, resplendent, in its sky,
O'er-arching burned. Ablaze
With gold the hours went by,
As, witched within their silken maze—
By life's mid fountains dreaming—I
Drank deep that day of days.

This pageant of creation seemed
More vivid on the scroll
Of Being writ. Like watch fires gleamed
Great thoughts. With Amazonian roll,
Clear floods of higher vision streamed,
Deep-watered, through my soul.

Rare words on rhythm—like to spheres
Pearl-clustered at the springs
Of space—re-echoed in my ears ;
Or homing birds that fold their wings
When each in downward passage nears
Its garden of glad things.

Rare thoughts befel, as moths that low
O'er star-lit petals poise ;
Or fireflies in the night which glow
The message of their joys
In quiet groves beyond this show
Of empty strife and noise.

Thus, to and fro on buoyant feet
I paced to make a song
Triumphant, that for aye might beat
On eagle wings along ;
The hearts of men, in couplets sweet
And resonant and strong.

The day—one day from all the tale
Of days that come and go—
Was ended. Now, amort, with pale,
Spent majesty aglow ;
And blood upon his golden mail,
The kingly sun lay low.

I turned, and lo! along the laced
Sands, creeping slow, with spite
Of seeming purpose ; all my traced
Proud steps of effort bright
The flood, incoming, had erased,
And left me—with the night.

THE DOERS.

They gathered on the strand, with a hatchet in the hand—

And the same was made of stone—

They pointed mammoth spears at the Puzzle of the Years

In the primal dusk alone.

They took the hollowed bole and they nosed it to the roll
In a neolithic dawn;

And sang a cave-man's song as they crept the shores
along—

Going westward with the morn.

Each new-found land they trod did they dedicate to
god—

Who was fashioned out of wood;

They looted and they lied, and they devilled and they
died,

And the whole result was good:

For the traders of the clan followed slowly on the van
Of the Doers who had done;

Till the merchant service grew from a single bark canoe
To a fleet of forty-one!

They bartered bone and hide for the goods of t'other-
side,

And they cheated in the trade

That the daughter of a thief might be wedded to a
chief—

So the hairy gossips said

When the Punic days were done and Hellenic days
begun,

They were beating down the wind,
With their doers in the lead, and the crafty merchant
breed
Rowing closely on behind.

And they cut, with classic oaths, many feeble foreign
throats

For the benefit of Trade;
Ere they bore the wine and corn from the gateways of
the morn,
That their fortunes might be made.

Then the Roman had his day, for his Doer led the way
With unfailing sword in hand;
He was valiant, and he knew that his gods would see
him through
For his Roman Fatherland.

The Genoese out went, when the Pinta's sails were bent,
On his great Immortal Quest,
And he pointed out the road for the trader and his load
To a newer world out west.

Old Magellan and his crew found another highway
through;
They were doers in their day,
And their work on Earth was set, as the tasks appointed
yet
Of the men who lead the way.

They have left a royal name which is called in song
books, "fame;"

But their mighty hands are still,
They are resting near and far, where the quiet legions
are
In the "havens by the hill."

.

Till the coming of the years, when the aerial cannoneers
Sight their Krupps along the blue,
There will ever be a need for the grim and active breed
Of the Doers—who can do.

Let the trader to his stool! Let the teacher to the
school!

Let the artist to his art!
It was ever then as now with the farmer at his plough,
And the merchant in the mart.

But, a grim, undaunted band they will strive by sea and
land;

They will battle round and through:
And this rolling planet still shall be subject to the will
Of the Doers who can do.

And the further seas shall hold and the desert sands
enfold

Their unconquered souls anew;
And the world shall know the sons and the galleys and
the guns
Of the Doers who can do.

COMRADES.

Comrade mine, beyond the Shadow,
Lies our Land of Eldorado,
 Lies our Aidenn fair and free;
All the wide Australia's glory,
All her nature-song and story,
 Shall belong to you and me.

Gypsy twain, across the Ranges
We shall see the silent changes
 Of the sunshine and the shade;
We shall hear the songs, enthralling,
Of the bush-birds softly calling
 From the leafy ever-glade.

With the roads, the roads, before us,
With our blue skies burning o'er us,
 When the clover's wet with dew,
We will share unending pleasure
Of the Morning, and her treasure
 Shall be free to me and you.

Oh, the plains, the plains, are ours, lad,
All their herbage bright with flow'rs, lad,
 Waving in the sunlit West,
As our camp-fire's smoke, uplifted
In the gloaming cool, is drifted.
 Over lazy lands of Rest.

And our troubled souls, and saddened,
Shall be upward borne and gladdened
By a music of the sea,
Where—on moonlit beaches gleaming
Under restless tides instreaming—
Gypsy twain we wander free.

Ours the Northern jungle's greenness,
Ours a cool Monaro's keenness,
Ours a rolling Riverine;
And the golden wheat-lands glowing,
And the hill creeks seaward flowing
From their Gippsland ranges green.

Gypsy twain, the World uncaring,
Ours the World shall be for sharing;
And the Bushland wide and free,
From Cape York unto the Leeuwin,
Shall be ours to dare and do in,
Shall belong to you and me.

THE WESTERN ROAD.

My camp was by the Western Road—so new and yet so
old—

The track the bearded diggers trod in roaring days of
old ;

The road Macquarie and his wife, a hundred years ago,
With warlike guard and retinue, went down in regal
show.

The moon had silvered all the Bush ; now, like an arc
light high,

She flickered in a scattered scud that dimmed the lower
sky ;

And, dreaming by my dying fire, whose embers fainter
glowed,

I saw their shadows flitting by— the People of the Road.

I heard the clank of iron chains, and, as an evil blast
From some tormented nether world, the convict gangs
went past

With sneering lips and leering eyes— gray ghosts of
buried crime,

Who built a way for honest feet to tread in later time.

I heard the cruel click of steel ; the trained and mea-
sured tread

Of soldiers of King George the Third, in coats of British
red ;

The moon upon their muskets gleamed, as, marching two
by two,
They might have marched in better case the eve of
Waterloo.

But, dreaming by my camp-fire still, uprose the merry
horn;
A heavy stage came lumb'ring up from Penrith in the
morn:
In beaver hats, the gentlemen their driver sat beside,
The ladies in hooped petticoats and quaint chignons
inside.

Ta-ran-ta-ra! Blue Mountains hills reechoed as they
sung
A lilt of love and long ago—when all the world was
young.
Ta-ran-ta-ra! Their shades went by, the bravest and
the best,
The first Australian pioneers—whose graves are in the
West.

A night wind whispered in the gums; afar out went the
cry
Of mourning curlews on the flats, as madly galloped by
A fugitive with pallid face and pistol butt to hand:
Came, hard behind with ringing hoofs, a close pursuing
band.

Then—well-remembered in my dream—a picture came to
me
Of bitter fruit that ripened once upon a roadside tree;

How trav'lers shunned the haunted spot and evermore
forbode
To camp beside the hangman's tree along the Western
Road. . .

White-tilted in the moonlight went rough waggons, one
by one,
Piled high with household goods and stores of settlers
dead and gone—
Blithe British yeomen and their wives, and sons of
younger sons,
Who took tradition to the West, and axes, ploughs and
guns.

These new-chum settlers tramped beside their dusty,
creaking teams,
Their minds were filled with marvels new and olden
hopes and dreams ;
Their sons' tall sons still yeomen be, but mostly in the
West
They ride their silken thoroughbreds, and ruffle with
the best.

A motley crowd of eager folk, with tools and tents in
fold,
Came on Adventure's early quest to Gulgong, grief, or
gold ;
They passed me in a jostling host, with anger or with
mirth,
The fortune-seekers gathered from the ends of all the
earth.

Yea, sailormen and tailormen, and prostitutes and peers,
Some honest and of good intent, some rogues and buccaners.

Their camp-fires lit the darkened range, where, by the
creeks, they lay
And dreamed of nuggets in their sleep—impatient for
the day.

Came down the road a swaying coach, with troopers 'hind
and fore—

The mounted escort thundered on by Lapstone Hill once
more,

Their rifles at the shoulder slung, their scabbards long
and bright ;

They swung around the mountain side and rumbled out
of sight.

Came up the road a swaying coach: his ribbons holding
free,

The perfect driver tilted back his cherished cabbage-tree.
His girl will meet him at the rails to-night in Hartley
Vale—

So, clear the track, and let her pass, the mid-Victorian
mail!

Long shadows fell across the road; the morepoke in the
still

And solemn midnight voiced aloud his warnings on the
hill.

Yet, tramping slow and riding fast along that winding
track,

The People of the Road went West, and coached and
footed back.

My camp-fire died in ashes gray, as through my dream
there went
That strange procession of the Past, on pay or plunder
bent ;
The teamsters, drovers, swagsmen, "lags;" the lovers
and the thieves—
Until the East was red with Dawn, the dew upon the
leaves.

They vanished with the haunted Night ; their hope and
high desire,
As ashen as the grey, cold heap that erstwhile made my
fire :
Across the tree tops in the morn the golden sunlight
showed ;
And clearly rose another day—along the Western Road.

Some Publications by the same Author

River Rovers

The Book of E. J. Brady's record Motor Boat Journey down the Murray River from Albury to Lake Alexandrina; profusely illustrated.

Cloth, with Map, 3/6 (Now in the Press)

The King's Caravan

The Fascinating Story of an adventurous Waggon Trip across New South Wales and Queensland, from Sydney to Townsville. Illustrated.

12/6 Net.

Picturesque Port Phillip

A Motor Car jaunt around Port Phillip. In attractive Souvenir book form, copiously illustrated by the camera,

Colored Cover, 1/- (Now in the Press)

OBTAINABLE AT ALL BOOKSELLERS

Some Publications by the same Author

Bells and Hobbles

Verse. Cloth Covers, 3/6

The Ways of Many Waters

Verse. The Best Book of the Sea and Sailor
Life yet published. Illustrated by Alex. Sass.

Cloth, 3/6

Bushland Ballads

Verse. Suede Velvet Binding, Midget form.

1/3

Tom Pagdin, Pirate

A Sensational Tale of boyish adventure
in tropical Australia, with illustrations by
Lionel Lindsay. Paper Covers, 1/-

OBTAINABLE AT ALL BOOKSELLERS

THE SPECIALTY PRESS PTY. LTD.
Art Printers
189 Little Collins Street, Melbourne



UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA LIBRARY

Los Angeles

This book is DUE on the last date stamped below.



A 000 493 893 2

PLEASE DO NOT REMOVE
THIS BOOK CARD



University Research Library

PR6013
87242B

CALL NUMBER

SER VOL P



1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11 12 13 14 15 16 17 18 19 20 21 22 23 24 25 26
GLOBE 42145-0

