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POEMS  
OF  
HENRY CLARENCE KENDALL



# POEMS OF HENRY CLARENCE KENDALL

With Memoir by Frederick C.  
Kendall    ♣   ♣   ♣   ♣   ♣   ♣   ♣

REVISED AND  
ENLARGED EDITION



LONGMANS, GREEN, & CO.  
39 PATERNOSTER ROW  
LONDON, NEW YORK AND  
BOMBAY 1903 . . . . .

POEMS OF HENRY  
WARREN  
THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO  
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## A MEMOIR OF HENRY KENDALL

BY FREDERICK C. KENDALL

AMONG the first white residents of New Zealand early in the last century, were four courageous English missionaries, who settled at the Bay of Islands. The leader of these pioneers was a clergyman named Thomas Kendall who, after a long period of labour in Maoriland, and a subsequent sojourn in South America, retired in 1827 to New South Wales, where he received from the Government, in recognition of his services, a grant of land near Ulladulla, on the south coast. There he engaged in the timber trade, and lost his life by shipwreck on a voyage to Sydney. He left several sons, one of whom, Basil, the poet's father, had led an adventurous seafaring life, serving at one time under that noted rover Lord Dundonald. Basil married in Sydney a Miss McNally, the granddaughter of an Irish lawyer and playwright named Leonard McNally, who flourished in the days of Burke and Grattan. On a lonely farm near Ulladulla, where Basil and his wife had settled, twin sons were born to them on April 18, 1841, one of these being Henry Kendall, the future poet. The family afterwards re-

moved to the Clarence River. In Basil Kendall a cultured mind and fine character were united with a delicate constitution, and after some years of misfortune and sickness, brightened for him only by the careful tuition of his children, he died in 1851, when Henry Kendall (my father) was ten years old. The children were cared for and schooled by relatives in Illawarra, where my father passed three impressionable years, in a district of surpassing beauty, entering into that communion with Nature which was to be the inspiration and essence of his song. When fourteen years old he was taken on a whaling voyage by one of his uncles for two years, an experience to be recalled only by two poems, "The Ballad of Tanna," and "Beyond Kerguelen." In 1857 my father, then a nervous, delicate lad of sixteen, struck out for himself in Sydney, finding work here and there. He next became clerk to a Grafton solicitor, James Lionel Michael. Himself a cultured book-lover and a versifier of no mean order, Michael encouraged the literary bent of the lad, who soon became more a friend than an employé. There was a well-selected library in the house, of the treasures in which my father freely availed himself. Early in the sixties his first poetical work began to appear in the columns of the Sydney press. The promise even then patent in his verse attracted the friendship of men like Henry Parkes, then Editor of the *Empire*, Charles Harpur the poet, Daniel Henry Deniehy, orator and critic, and Dr. Woolley of the Sydney University. A very

favourable notice by *The Athenæum* of some manuscripts which my father had submitted to that great arbiter of English letters emboldened him to compile a small volume, *Poems and Songs*, which was issued in 1862 by Mr. Clarke, a Sydney publisher. The most enduring work in this early volume is reprinted at the end of the present edition.

After Michael's death, in 1865, my father entered the public service as a clerk in the Survey Office at Sydney, and was subsequently similarly employed in the Colonial Secretary's office. In 1868 he married Charlotte, the daughter of Dr. Thomas Rutter, a Government medical officer. To the great devotion of his wife he pays a beautiful tribute in the dedicatory poem of his second volume, *Leaves from Australian Forests*, which was published by Messrs. Geo. Robertson & Co. at Melbourne in 1870, and comprised a selection of verses that proved the author beyond all doubt a possessor of poetical genius.

Wearying of official routine, and fondly believing that a competence was obtainable by literary work in Melbourne, my father removed to that city in 1869. The venture was followed by some years of disappointment and trial, for the time had not arrived in Australia—if it has arrived since—when devotion to a higher Australian literature could command an audience sufficient to ensure even a modest remuneration. My father contributed to the press in Melbourne and became acquainted with most of the men of letters there, including "Orion" Horne,

Marcus Clarke, and Adam Lindsay Gordon. He was always a good correspondent, and his letters to and from other Australian writers, from the days of Harpur to those of Brunton Stephens, would furnish reading of much interest to many to-day.

After the death of his first-born daughter Araluen—so richly and tenderly enshrined in the poem of that name—my father returned to Sydney in 1871. He was next engaged as accountant by a Sydney timber firm, the members of which were thenceforward his closest friends, and resided first at Brisbane Water and later at Camden Haven, on the north coast, where the firm had established an agency. Here in a quiet forest home he spent several happy, uneventful years, during which he was a constant contributor in prose and verse to the leading Australian journals. On the opening of the Sydney International Exhibition in 1879, he secured with one of the finest poems ever written on a set subject the prize of a hundred guineas, offered by the *Sydney Morning Herald* for the best verses commemorative of that event. *Songs from the Mountains*, his last and best volume, appeared in 1880. In that work Australian poetry attained to classic beauty and clinched its right to world-wide recognition. In 1881 my father's practical acquaintance with the timber industry was remembered by Sir Henry Parkes, then Colonial Secretary and ever a thoughtful friend, who appointed him to the post of Inspector of Forests. After a year's work a severe cold, caught whilst riding on duty in the

Lachlan district, told upon a constitution which was never robust, and my father had to return to Sydney in the first stages of consumption. He made an essay to resume duty, but was this time carried back to St. Vincent's Hospital as a private patient, and afterwards removed to the residence of an intimate friend. There, although tenderly nursed by my mother, he gradually sank, and passed quietly away on August 1, 1882. He was buried at Waverley Cemetery, "by the cliffs of the sea," where some years later a memorial column erected by unforgetting friends was publicly unveiled. To the inscription thereon, the graceful suggestion of the late W. B. Dalley, an old friend added Shelley's beautiful lines—

Awake him not ! surely he takes his fill  
Of deep and liquid rest, forgetful of all ill.





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LEAVES FROM AUSTRALIAN  
FORESTS





## DEDICATION

TO her who, cast with me in trying days,  
    Stood in the place of health and power and  
    praise ;

Who, when I thought all light was out, became  
A lamp of hope that put my fears to shame ;  
Who faced for love's sole sake the life austere  
That waits upon the man of letters here ;  
Who, unawares, her deep affection showed  
By many a touching little wifely mode ;  
Whose spirit, self-denying, dear, divine,  
Its sorrows hid, so it might lessen mine—  
To her, my bright, best friend, I dedicate  
This book of songs—'t will help to compensate  
For much neglect. The act, if not the rhyme,  
Will touch her heart, and lead her to the time  
Of trials past. That which is most intense  
Within these leaves is of her influence ;  
And if aught here is sweetened with a tone  
Sincere, like love, it came of love alone.



## PREFATORY SONNETS

### I.

I PURPOSED once to take my pen and write,  
Not songs, like some, tormented and awry  
With passion, but a cunning harmony  
Of words and music caught from glen and height,  
And lucid colours born of woodland light  
And shining places where the sea-streams lie.  
But this was when the heat of youth glowed white,  
And since I've put the faded purpose by.  
I have no faultless fruits to offer you  
Who read this book ; but certain syllables  
Herein are borrowed from unfooted dells  
And secret hollows dear to noontide dew ;  
And these at least, though far between and few,  
May catch the sense like subtle forest spells.

## II.

So take these kindly, even though there be  
Some notes that unto other lyres belong,  
Stray echoes from the elder sons of song;  
And think how from its neighbouring native sea  
The pensive shell doth borrow melody.

I would not do the lordly masters wrong  
By filching fair words from the shining throng  
Whose music haunts me as the wind a tree!

Lo, when a stranger in soft Syrian glooms  
Shot through with sunset treads the cedar dells,  
And hears the breezy ring of elfin bells

Far down by where the white-haired cataract  
booms,  
He, faint with sweetness caught from forest smells,  
Bears thence, unwitting, plunder of perfumes.



## ARALUEN<sup>1</sup>

RIVER, myrtle rimmed, and set  
    Deep among unfooted dells—  
Daughter of grey hills of wet,  
    Born by mossed and yellow wells.

Now that soft September lays  
    Tender hands on thee and thine,  
Let me think of blue-eyed days,  
    Star-like flowers, and leaves of shine:

Cities soil the life with rust,  
    Water banks are cool and sweet ;  
River, tired of noise and dust,  
    Here I come to rest my feet.

Now the month from shade to sun  
    Fleets and sings supremest songs,  
Now the wilful wood-winds run  
    Through the tangled cedar throngs.

<sup>1</sup> A stream on the east coast of New South Wales, in the Braidwood district.

Here are cushioned tufts and tarns  
Where the sumptuous noontide lies :  
Here are seen by flags and ferns  
Summer's large, luxurious eyes.

On this spot wan Winter casts  
Eyes of ruth, and spares its green  
From his bitter sea-nursed blasts,  
Spears of rain, and hailstones keen.

Rather here abideth Spring,  
Lady of a lovely land,  
Dear to leaf and fluttering wing,  
Deep in blooms—by breezes fanned.

Faithful friend beyond the main,  
Friend that time nor change makes cold ;  
Now, like ghosts, return again  
Pallid, perished days of old.

Ah ! the days, the old, old theme,  
Never stale, but never new,  
Floating like a pleasant dream,  
Back to me and back to you:

Since we rested on these slopes  
Seasons fierce have beaten down  
Ardent loves and blossoming hopes—  
Loves that lift, and hopes that crown.

But, believe me, still mine eyes  
Often fill with light that springs  
From divinity, which lies  
Ever at the heart of things.

Solace do I sometimes find  
Where you used to hear with me  
Songs of stream and forest wind,  
Tones of waves and harp-like tree.

Araluen ! home of dreams,  
Fairer for its flowerful glade  
Than the face of Persian streams  
Or the slopes of Syrian shade.

Why should I still love it so,  
Friend and brother far away ?  
Ask the winds that come and go  
What hath brought me here to-day.

Evermore of you I think,  
When the leaves begin to fall,  
Where our river breaks its brink,  
And a rest is over all.

Evermore in quiet lands,  
Friend of mine beyond the sea,  
Memory comes with cunning hands,  
Stays, and paints your face for me.

## BELL-BIRDS

BY channels of coolness the echoes are calling,  
And down the dim gorges I hear the creek  
falling ;

It lives in the mountain, where moss and the sedges  
Touch with their beauty the banks and the ledges ;  
Through brakes of the cedar and sycamore bowers  
Struggles the light that is love to the flowers.

And, softer than slumber, and sweeter than singing,

The notes of the bell-birds are running and ringing.

The silver-voiced bell-birds, the darlings of day-time,  
They sing in September their songs of the May-time.  
When shadows wax strong, and the thunder-bolts  
hurtle,

They hide with their fear in the leaves of the myrtle ;  
When rain and the sunbeams shine mingled together  
They start up like fairies that follow fair weather,  
And straightway the hues of their feathers unfold  
Are the green and the purple, the blue and the  
golden.

October, the maiden of bright yellow tresses,  
Loiters for love in these cool wildernesses ;

Loiters knee-deep in the grasses to listen,  
Where dripping rocks gleam and the leafy pools  
    glisten.

Then is the time when the water-moons splendid  
Break with their gold, and are scattered or blended  
Over the creeks, till the woodlands have warning  
Of songs of the bell-bird and wings of the morning.

Welcome as waters unkissed by the summers  
Are the voices of bell-birds to thirsty far-comers.  
When fiery December sets foot in the forest,  
And the need of the wayfarer presses the sorest,  
Pent in the ridges for ever and ever,  
The bell-bird directs him to spring and to river,  
With ring and with ripple, like runnels whose tor-  
    rents  
Are toned by the pebbles and leaves in the currents.

Often I sit, looking back to a childhood  
Mixt with the sights and the sounds of the wildwood,  
Longing for power and the sweetness to fashion  
Lyrics with beats like the heart-beats of passion—  
Songs interwoven of lights and of laughters  
Borrowed from bell-birds in far forest rafters ;  
So I might keep in the city and alleys  
The beauty and strength of the deep mountain  
    valleys,  
Charming to slumber the pain of my losses  
With glimpses of creeks and a vision of mosses.

## A DEATH IN THE BUSH

THE hut was built of bark and shrunken slabs,  
That wore the marks of many rains, and showed  
Dry flaws wherein had crept and nestled rot.  
Moreover, round the bases of the bark  
Were left the tracks of flying forest fires,  
As you may see them on the lower bole  
Of every elder of the native woods.

For, ere the early settlers came and stocked  
These wilds with sheep and kine, the grasses grew  
So that they took the passing pilgrim in  
And whelmed him, like a running sea, from sight.

And therefore, through the fiercer summer months,  
While all the swamps were rotten; while the flats  
Were baked and broken; when the clayey rifts  
Yawned wide, half-choked with herbage drifted past,  
Spontaneous flames would burst from thence and race  
Across the prairies all day long.

At night  
The winds were up, and then, with four-fold speed  
A harsh gigantic growth of smoke and fire



Would roar along the bottoms, in the wake  
Of fainting flocks of parrots, wallaroos,  
And 'wildered wild things, scattering right and left  
For safety vague, throughout the general gloom.

Anon the nearer hillside-growing trees  
Would take the surges ; thus from bough to bough  
Was borne the flaming terror ! Bole and spire,  
Rank after rank, now pillared, ringed, and rolled  
In blinding blaze, stood out against the dead,  
Down-smothered dark, for fifty leagues away.

For fifty leagues ! and when the winds were strong  
For fifty more ! But in the olden time  
These fires were counted as the harbingers  
Of life-essential storms, since out of smoke  
And heat there came across the midnight ways  
Abundant comfort, with upgathered clouds  
And runnels babbling of a plenteous fall.

So comes the southern gale at evenfall  
About the streets of Sydney, when the dust  
Lies burnt on glaring windows, and the men  
Look forth from doors of drouth and drink the change  
With thirsty haste, and that most thankful cry  
Of " Here it is—the cool, bright, blessed rain ! "

The hut, I say, was built of bark and slabs,  
And stood, the centre of a clearing, hemmed

By hurdle-yards, and ancients of the blacks ;  
These moped about their lazy fires, and sang  
Wild ditties of the old days, with a sound  
Of sorrow, like an everlasting wind  
Which mingled with the echoes of the moon  
And moaned amongst the noises of the night.

From thence a cattle track, with link to link,  
Ran off against the fish-pools to the gap  
Which sets you face to face with gleaming miles  
Of broad Orara,<sup>1</sup> winding in amongst  
Black, barren ridges, where the nether spurs  
Are fenced about by cotton scrub, and grass  
Blue-bitten with the salt of many droughts.

'Twas here the shepherd housed him every night,  
And faced the prospect like a patient soul,  
Borne up by some vague hope of better days,  
And God's fine blessing in his faithful wife,  
Until the humour of his malady  
Took cunning changes from the good to bad,  
And laid him lastly on a bed of death.

Two months thereafter, when the summer heat  
Had roused the serpent from his rotten lair;  
And made a noise of locusts in the boughs,  
It came to this, that as the blood-red sun

<sup>1</sup> A stream on the east coast of New South Wales, north of the Hunter.



Of one fierce day of many slanted down  
Obliquely past the nether jags of peaks  
And gulfs of mist, the tardy night came vexed  
By belted clouds and scuds that wheeled and whirled  
To left and right about the brazen cliffs  
Of ridges, rigid with a leaden gloom:

Then took the cattle to the forest camps  
With vacant terror, and the hustled sheep  
Stood dumb against the hurdles, even like  
A fallen patch of shadowed mountain snow ;  
And ever, through the curlew's call afar,  
The storm grew on, while round the stinted slabs  
Sharp snaps and hisses came, and went, and came,  
The huddled tokens of a mighty blast  
Which ran with an exceeding bitter cry  
Across the tumbled fragments of the hills,  
And through the sluices of the gorge and glen.

So, therefore, all about the shepherd's hut  
That space was mute, save when the fastened dog,  
Without a kennel, caught a passing glimpse  
Of firelight moving through the lighted chinks,  
For then he knew the hints of warmth within,  
And stood and set his great pathetic eyes,  
In wind and wet, imploring to be loosed.

Not often now the watcher left the couch  
Of him she watched, since in his fitful sleep  
His lips would stir to wayward themes, and close

With bodeful catches. Once she moved away,  
Half-deafened by terrific claps, and stooped  
And looked without: to see a pillar dim  
Of gathered gusts and fiery rain.

Anon

The sick man woke, and, startled by the noise,  
Stared round the room with dull, delirious sight,  
At this wild thing and that: for through his eyes  
The place took fearful shapes, and fever showed  
Strange crosswise lights about his pillow-head.  
He, catching there at some phantasmic help,  
Sat upright on the bolster with a cry  
Of "Where is Jesus? It is bitter cold!"  
And then, because the thunder-calls outside  
Were mixed for him with slanders of the past,  
He called his weeping wife by name, and said,  
"Come closer, darling! we shall speed away  
Across the seas, and seek some mountain home  
Shut in from liars and the wicked words  
That track us day and night and night and day."

So waned the sad refrain. And those poor lips,  
Whose latest phrases were for peace, grew mute,  
And into everlasting silence passed.

As fares a swimmer who hath lost his breath  
In 'wilderling seas afar from any help—  
Who, fronting Death, can never realize  
The dreadful Presence, but is prone to clutch

At every weed upon the weltering wave—  
So fared the watcher, poring o'er the last  
Of him she loved, with dazed and stupid stare ;  
Half conscious of the sudden loss and lack  
Of all that bound her life, but yet without  
The power to take her mighty sorrow in.

Then came a patch or two of starry sky,  
And through a reef of cloven thunder-cloud  
The soft moon looked : a patient face beyond  
The fierce impatient shadows of the slopes  
And the harsh voices of the broken hills !  
A patient face, and one which came and wrought  
A lovely silence, like a silver mist,  
Across the rainy relics of the storm.

For in the breaks and pauses of her light  
The gale died out in gusts : yet, evermore  
About the roof-tree on the dripping eaves,  
The damp wind loitered, and a fitful drift  
Sloped through the silent curtains, and athwart  
The dead:

There, when the glare had dropped behind  
A mighty ridge of gloom, the woman turned  
And sat in darkness, face to face with God,  
And said, " I know," she said, " that Thou art wise ;  
That when we build and hope, and hope and build,  
And see our best things fall, it comes to pass  
For evermore that we must turn to Thee !

And therefore, now, because I cannot find,  
The faintest tokens of Divinity  
In this my latest sorrow, let Thy light  
Inform mine eyes, so I may learn to look  
On something past the sight which shuts and blinds  
And seems to drive me wholly, Lord, from Thee.'

Now waned the moon beyond complaining depths,  
And as the dawn looked forth from showery woods  
(Whereon had dropped a hint of red and gold)  
There went about the crooked cavern-eaves  
Low flute-like echoes, with a noise of wings,  
And waters flying down far-hidden fells.  
Then might be seen the solitary owl  
Perched in the clefts; scared at the coming light,  
And staring outward (like a sea-shelled thing  
Chased to his cover by some bright, fierce foe),  
As at a monster in the middle waste.

At last the great kingfisher came, and called  
Across the hollows, loud with early whips,  
And lighted, laughing, on the shepherd's hut,  
And roused the widow from a swoon like death.

This day, and after it was noised abroad,  
By blacks, and stragglng horsemen on the roads,  
That he was dead "who had been sick so long,"  
There flocked a troop from far-surrounding runs,  
To see their neighbour, and to bury him;

And men who had forgotten how to cry  
(Rough, flinty fellows of the native bush)  
Now learned the bitter way, beholding there  
The wasted shadow of an iron frame,  
Brought down so low by years of fearful pain,  
And marking, too, the woman's gentle face,  
And all the pathos in her moaned reply  
Of "Masters, we have lived in better days."

One stooped—a stockman from the nearer hills—  
To loose his wallet-strings, from whence he took  
A bag of tea, and laid it on her lap;  
Then sobbing, "God will help you, missus, yet,"  
He sought his horse, with most bewildered eyes,  
And, spurring, swiftly galloped down the glen.

Where black Orara nightly chafes his brink,  
Midway between lamenting lines of oak  
And Warra's Gap, the shepherd's grave was built;  
And there the wild dog pauses, in the midst  
Of moonless watches, howling through the gloom  
At hopeless shadows flitting to and fro,  
What time the east wind hums his darkest hymn,  
And rains beat heavy on the ruined leaf.

There, while the autumn in the cedar trees  
Sat cooped about by cloudy evergreens  
The widow sojourned on the silent road,  
And mutely faced the barren mound, and plucked  
A straggling shrub from thence, and passed away,



Heart-broken, on to Sydney, where she took  
Her passage, in an English vessel bound  
To London, for her home of other years.

At rest! Not near, with Sorrow on his grave,  
And roses quickened into beauty—wrapt  
In all the pathos of perennial bloom ;  
But far from these, beneath the fretful clay  
Of lands within the lone perpetual cry  
Of hermit plovers and the night-like oaks,  
All moaning for the peace which never comes.

At rest! And she who sits and waits behind  
Is in the shadows ; but her faith is sure,  
And *one* fine promise of the coming days  
Is breaking, like a blessed morning, far  
On hills that "slope through darkness up to God."

## THE HUT BY THE BLACK SWAMP

NOW comes the fierce north-easter, bound  
About with clouds and racks of rain,  
And dry, dead leaves go whirling round  
In rings of dust, and sigh like pain  
Across the plain:

Now twilight, with a shadowy hand  
Of wild dominionship, doth keep  
Strong hold of hollow straits of land,  
And watery sounds are loud and deep  
By gap and steep.

Keen, fitful gusts, that fly before  
The wings of storm when day hath shut  
Its eyes on mountains, flaw by flaw,  
Fleet down by whistling box-tree butt,  
Against the hut.

And, ringed and girt with lurid pomp,  
Far eastern cliffs start up, and take  
Thick steaming vapours from a swamp  
That lieth like a great blind lake,  
Of face opaque;

The moss that, like a tender grief,  
 About an English ruin clings—  
 What time the wan autumnal leaf  
 Faints, after many wanderings  
 On windy wings—

That gracious growth, whose quiet green  
 Is as a love in days austere,  
 Was never seen—hath never been—  
 On slab or roof, deserted here  
 For many a year.

Nor comes the bird whose speech is song—  
 Whose songs are silvery syllables  
 That unto glimmering woods belong,  
 And deep, meandering mountain dells  
 By yellow wells.

But rather here the wild-dog halts,  
 And lifts the paw, and looks, and howls ;  
 And here, in ruined forest vaults,  
 Abide dim, dark, death-featured owls,  
 Like monks in cowls.

Across this hut the nettle runs,  
 And livid adders make their lair  
 In corners dank from lack of suns,  
 And out of fœtid furrows stare  
 The growths that scare.



Here Summer's grasp of fire is laid  
On bark and slabs that rot, and breed  
Squat ugly things of deadly shade,  
The scorpion, and the spiteful seed  
Of centipede:

Unhallowed thunders, harsh and dry,  
And flaming noontides, mute with heat,  
Beneath the breathless, brazen sky,  
Upon these rifted rafters beat  
With torrid feet:

And night by night the fitful gale  
Doth carry past the bittern's boom,  
The dingo's yell, the plover's wail,  
While lumbering shadows start, and loom,  
And hiss through gloom:

No sign of grace—no hope of green  
Cool-blossomed seasons marks the spot ;  
But chained to iron doom, I ween,  
'Tis left, like skeleton, to rot  
Where ruth is not.

For on this hut hath murder writ,  
With bloody fingers, hellish things ;  
And God will never visit it  
With flower or leaf of sweet-faced Springs,  
Or gentle wings:

## ILLA CREEK

A STRONG sea-wind flies up and sings  
Across the blown-wet border,  
Whose stormy echo runs and rings  
Like bells in wild disorder.

Fierce breath hath vexed the foreland's face,  
It glistens, glooms, and glistens ;  
But deep within this quiet place  
Sweet Illa lies and listens.

Sweet Illa of the shining sands,  
She sleeps in shady hollows,  
Where August flits with flowerful hands,  
And silver Summer follows.

Far up the naked hills is heard  
A noise of many waters,  
But green-haired Illa lies unstirred  
Amongst her star-like daughters.

The tempest, pent in moaning ways,  
Awakes the shepherd yonder,  
But Illa dreams unknown to days  
Whose wings are wind and thunder.

Here fairy hands and floral feet  
Are brought by bright October ;  
Here, stained with grapes and smit with heat,  
Comes Autumn, sweet and sober.

Here lovers rest, what time the red  
And yellow colours mingle,  
And daylight droops with dying head  
Beyond the western dingle.

And here, from month to month, the time  
Is kissed by peace and pleasure,  
While Nature sings her woodland rhyme  
And hoards her woodland treasure.

Oh, Illa Creek ! ere evening spreads  
Her wings o'er towns unshaded,  
How oft we seek thy mossy beds  
To lave our foreheads faded !

For, let me whisper, then we find  
The strength that lives, nor falters,  
In wood and water, waste and wind,  
And hidden mountain altars.

## COOGEE

SING the song of wave-worn Coogee, Coogee in  
the distance white,  
With its jags and points disrupted, gaps and frac-  
tures fringed with light ;  
Haunt of gledes, and restless plovers of the melan-  
choly wail,  
Ever lending deeper pathos to the melancholy gale.  
There, my brothers, down the fissures, chasms deep  
and wan and wild,  
Grows the sea-bloom, one that blushes like a  
shrinking, fair, blind child ;  
And amongst the oozing forelands many a glad  
green rock-vine runs,  
Getting ease on earthy ledges, sheltered from De-  
cember suns.

Often, when a gusty morning, rising cold and grey  
and strange,  
Lifts its face from watery spaces, vistas full with  
cloudy change,  
Bearing up a gloomy burden which anon begins to  
wane,  
Fading in the sudden shadow of a dark deter-  
mined rain,

Do I seek an eastern window, so to watch the  
breakers beat

Round the steadfast crags of Coogee, dim with  
drifts of driving sleet :

Hearing hollow mournful noises sweeping down a  
solemn shore,

While the grim sea-caves are tideless, and the  
storm strives at their core.

Often when the floating vapours fill the silent  
autumn leas,

Dreaming mem'ries fall like moonlight over silver  
sleeping seas,

Youth and I and Love together ! other times and  
other themes

Come to me unsung, unwept for, through the faded  
evening gleams.

Come to me and touch me mutely—I that looked  
and longed so well,

Shall I look and yet forget them ?—who may know  
or who foretell ?

Though the southern wind roams, shadowed with  
its immemorial grief,

Where the frosty wings of Winter leave their white-  
ness on the leaf.

Friend of mine beyond the waters, here and here  
these perished days

Haunt me with their sweet dead faces and their  
old divided ways.

You that helped and you that loved me take this  
song, and when you read  
Let the lost things come about you, set your  
thoughts, and hear and heed.  
Time has laid his burden on us—we who wear our  
manhood now,  
We would be the boys we have been, free of heart  
and bright of brow,  
Be the boys for just an hour, with the splendour  
and the speech  
Of thy lights and thunders, Coogee, flying up thy  
gleaming beach.

Heart's desire and heart's division! who would  
come and say to me,  
With the eyes of far-off friendship, "You are as  
you used to be" ?  
Something glad and good has left me here with  
sickening discontent,  
Tired of looking, neither knowing what it was or  
where it went.  
So it is this sight of Coogee, shining in the morning  
dew,  
Sets me stumbling through dim summers once on  
fire with youth and you—  
Summers pale as southern evenings when the year  
has lost its power  
And the wasted face of April weeps above the  
withered flower.



Not that seasons bring no solace, not that time  
lacks light and rest,

But the old things were the dearest, and the old  
loves seem the best.

We that start at songs familiar, we that tremble  
at a tone

Floating down the ways of music, like a sigh of  
sweetness flown,

We can never feel the freshness, never find again  
the mood

Left among fair-featured places, brightened of our  
brotherhood.

This and this we have to think of when the night  
is over all

And the woods begin to perish, and the rains begin  
to fall:

## GHOST GLEN

“SHUT your ears, stranger, or turn from Ghost  
Glen now,

For the paths are grown over, untrodden by men  
now ;

Shut your ears, stranger,” saith the grey mother,  
crooning

Her sorcery runic, when sets the half-moon in.

To-night the north-easter goes travelling slowly,  
But it never stoops down to that hollow unholy ;  
To-night it rolls loud on the ridges red-litten,  
But it cannot abide in that forest, sin-smitten.

For over the pitfall the moon-dew is thawing,  
And with never a body two shadows stand sawing—  
The wraiths of two sawyers (step under and under),  
Who did a foul murder and were blackened with  
thunder !

Whenever the storm-wind comes driven and driving,  
Through the blood-spattered timber you may see the  
saw striving—



You may see the saw heaving, and falling, and  
heaving,  
Whenever the sea-creek is chafing and grieving !

And across a burnt body, as black as an adder,  
Sits the sprite of a sheep-dog (was ever sight sadder ?)  
For, as the dry thunder splits louder and faster,  
The sprite of a sheep-dog howls for his master.

“ Oh, count your beads deftly,” saith the grey mother,  
crooning

Her sorcery runic, when sets the half-moon in.  
And well may she mutter, for the dark, hollow laughter  
You will hear in the sawpits and the bloody logs after.

Aye, count your beads deftly, and keep your ways  
wary,

For the sake of the Saviour and sweet mother Mary.  
Pray for your peace in these perilous places,  
And pray for the laying of horrible faces.

One starts, with a forehead all wrinkled and livid,  
Aghast at the lightnings sudden and vivid ;  
One telleth, with curses, the gold that they drew there  
(Ah ! cross your breast humbly) from him whom they  
slew there :

The stranger, who came from the loved, the romantic  
Island that sleeps on the moaning Atlantic,  
Leaving behind him a patient home, yearning  
For the steps in the distance—never returning ;

Who was left in the forest, shrunken and starkly,  
Burnt by his slayers (so men have said, darkly),  
With the half-crazy sheep-dog, who cowered beside  
there,

And yelled at the silence, and marvelled, and died  
there.

Yea, cross your breast humbly, and hold your breath  
tightly,

Or fly for your life from those shadows unsightly,  
From the set staring features (cold, and so young,  
too),

And the death on the lips that a mother hath clung  
to.

I tell you, that bushman is braver than most men  
Who even in daylight doth go through the Ghost  
Glen,

Although in that hollow unholy and lonely  
He sees the dank sawpits and bloody logs only.

## MOSS ON A WALL

DIM dreams it hath of singing ways,  
Of far-off woodland water-heads,  
And shining ends of April days  
Amongst the yellow runnel-beds.

Stoop closer to the ruined wall,  
Wherein the wilful wilding sleeps,  
As if its home were waterfall  
By dripping clefts and shadowy steps.

A little waif, whose beauty takes  
A touching tone because it dwells  
So far away from mountain lakes,  
And lily leaves, and lightening fells.

Deep hidden in delicious floss  
It nestles, sister, from the heat—  
A gracious growth of tender moss  
Whose nights are soft, whose days are sweet.

Swift gleams across its petals run  
With winds that hum a pleasant tune,  
Serene surprises of the sun,  
And whispers from the lips of noon:

The evening-coloured apple-trees  
Are faint with July's frosty breath.  
But lo! this stranger getteth ease,  
And shines amidst the strays of Death.

And at the turning of the year,  
When August wanders in the cold,  
The raiment of the nursling here  
Is rich with green, and glad with gold.

Oh, friend of mine, to one whose eyes  
Are vexed because of alien things,  
For ever in the wall moss lies  
The peace of hills and hidden springs.

From faithless lips and fickle lights  
The tired pilgrim sets his face,  
And thinketh here of sounds and sights  
In many a lovely forest-place.

And when by sudden fits and starts  
The sunset on the moss doth burn,  
He often dreams, and, lo! the marts  
And streets are changed to dells of fern.

For, let me say, the wilding placed  
By hands unseen amongst these stones,  
Restores a Past by Time effaced,  
Lost loves and long-forgotten tones !

As sometimes songs and scenes of old  
Come faintly unto you and me,  
When winds are wailing in the cold,  
And rains are sobbing on the sea.

## AT EUROMA

THEY built his mound of the rough red ground,  
By the dip of a desert dell,  
Where all things sweet are killed by the heat,  
And scattered o'er flat and fell ;  
In a burning zone they left him alone,  
Past the uttermost western plain,  
And the nightfall dim heard his funeral hymn  
In the voices of wind and rain.

The songs austere of the forests drear,  
And the echoes of cliff and cave,  
When the dark is keen where the storm hath been,  
Fleet over the far-away grave.  
And through the days when the torrid rays  
Strike down on a coppery gloom,  
Some spirit grieves in the perished leaves,  
Whose theme is that desolate tomb.

No human foot, or paw of brute,  
Halts now where the stranger sleeps ;  
But cloud and star his fellows are,  
And the rain that sobs and weeps.

The dingo yells by the far iron fells,  
The plover is loud in the range,  
But they never come near to the slumberer here,  
Whose rest is a rest without change.

Ah! in his life, had he mother or wife,  
To wait for his step on the floor?  
Did beauty wax dim while watching for him  
Who passed through the threshold no more?  
Doth it trouble his head? He is one with the dead;  
He lies by the alien streams;  
And sweeter than sleep is death that is deep  
And unvexed by the lordship of dreams.



CHARLES HARPUR

WHERE Harpur lies the rainy streams,  
And wet hill-heads, and hollows weeping,  
Are swift with wind, and white with gleams,  
And hoarse with sounds of storms unsleeping.

Fit grave it is for one whose song  
Was tuned by tones he caught from torrents,  
And filled with mountain breaths, and strong,  
Wild notes of falling forest currents.

So let him sleep! the rugged hymns  
And broken lights of woods above him!  
And let me sing how sorrow dims  
The eyes of those that used to love him.

As April in the wilted wold  
Turns faded eyes on splendours waning,  
What time the latter leaves are old,  
And ruin strikes the strays remaining;



So we that knew this singer dead,  
Whose hands attuned the harp Australian,  
May set the face and bow the head,  
And mourn his fate and fortunes alien:

The burthen of a perished faith  
Went sighing through his speech of sweetness,  
With human hints of time and death,  
And subtle notes of incompleteness.

But when the fiery power of youth  
Had passed away and left him nameless,  
Serene as light, and strong as truth,  
He lived his life, untired and tameless:

And far and free this man of men,  
With wintry hair and wasted feature,  
Had fellowship with gorge and glen,  
And learned the loves and runes of Nature.

Strange words of wind, and rhymes of rain,  
And whispers from the inland fountains  
Are mingled, in his various strain,  
With leafy breaths of piny mountains.

But as the undercurrents sigh  
Beneath the surface of a river,  
The music of humanity  
Dwells in his forest-psalms for ever.

No soul was he to sit on heights  
And live with rocks apart and scornful :  
Delights of men were his delights,  
And common troubles made him mournful.

The flying forms of unknown powers  
With lofty wonder caught and filled him ;  
But there were days of gracious hours  
When sights and sounds familiar thrilled him.

The pathos worn by wayside things,  
The passion found in simple faces,  
Struck deeper than the life of springs  
Or strength of storms and sea-swept places.

But now he sleeps, the tired bard,  
The deepest sleep ; and, lo ! I proffer  
These tender leaves of my regard,  
With hands that falter as they offer.

## MOUNTAIN MOSS

IT lies amongst the sleeping stones,  
Far down the hidden mountain glade ;  
And past its brink the torrent moans  
For ever in a dreamy shade.

A little patch of dark-green moss,  
Whose softness grew of quiet ways  
(With all its deep, delicious floss)  
In slumb'rous suns of summer days.

You know the place? With pleasant tints  
The broken sunset lights the bowers ;  
And then the woods are full with hints  
Of distant, dear, voluptuous flowers !

'Tis often now the pilgrim turns  
A faded face towards that seat,  
And cools his brow among the ferns ;  
The runnel dabbling at his feet.

There fierce December seldom goes,  
With scorching step, and dust, and drouth ;  
But, soft and low, October blows  
Sweet odours from her dewy mouth:

And Autumn, like a gipsy bold,  
Doth gather near it grapes and grain,  
Ere Winter comes, the woodman old,  
To lop the leaves in wind and rain.

O, greenest moss of mountain glen,  
The face of Rose is known to thee ;  
But we shall never share with men  
A knowledge dear to love and me !

For are they not between us saved,  
The words my darling used to say,  
What time the western waters laved  
The forehead of the fainting day ?

Cool comfort had we on your breast  
While yet the fervid noon turned mute  
O'er barley field and barren crest,  
And leagues of gardens flushed with fruit.

Oh ! sweet and low, we whispered so,  
And sucked the pulp of plum and peach ;  
But it was many years ago,  
When each, you know, was loved of each:

## THE GLEN OF ARRAWATTA

A SKY of wind! and while these fitful gusts  
Are beating round the windows in the cold,  
With sullen sobs of rain, behold I shape  
A settler's story of the wild old times :  
One told by camp-fires when the station drays  
Were housed and hidden, forty years ago ;  
While swarthy drivers smoked their pipes, and drew,  
And crowded round the friendly gleaming flame  
That lured the dingo, howling, from his caves,  
And brought sharp sudden feet about the brakes.

A tale of Love and Death. And shall I say  
A tale of love *in* death—for all the patient eyes  
That gathered darkness, watching for a son  
And brother, never dreaming of the fate—  
The fearful fate—he met alone, unknown,  
Within the ruthless Australasian wastes ?

For in a far-off sultry summer, rimmed  
With thundercloud and red with forest fires,  
All day, by ways uncouth and ledges rude,  
The wild men held upon a stranger's trail,

Which ran against the rivers and athwart  
The gorges of the deep blue western hills.

And when a cloudy sunset, like the flame  
In windy evenings on the Plains of Thirst  
Beyond the dead banks of the far Barcoo,  
Lay heavy down the topmost peaks, they came,  
With pent-in breath and stealthy steps, and crouched,  
Like snakes, amongst the grasses, till the night  
Had covered face from face, and thrown the gloom  
Of many shadows on the front of things.

There, in the shelter of a nameless glen,  
Fenced round by cedars and the tangled growths  
Of blackwood, stained with brown and shot with  
grey,  
The jaded white man built his fire, and turned  
His horse adrift amongst the water-pools  
That trickled underneath the yellow leaves  
And made a pleasant murmur, like the brooks  
Of England through the sweet autumnal noons.

Then, after he had slaked his thirst and used  
The forest fare, for which a healthful day  
Of mountain life had brought a zest, he took  
His axe, and shaped with boughs and wattle-forks  
A wurley, fashioned like a bushman's roof:  
The door brought out athwart the strenuous flame  
The back thatched in against a rising wind.

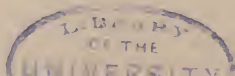


And while the sturdy hatchet filled the cliffs  
 With sounds unknown, the immemorial haunts  
 Of echoes sent their lonely dwellers forth,  
 Who lived a life of wonder : flying round  
 And round the glen—what time the kangaroo  
 Leapt from his lair and huddled with the bats—  
 Far scattering down the wildly startled fells.  
 Then came the doleful owl ; and evermore,  
 The bleak morass gave out the bittern's call,  
 The plover's cry, and many a fitful wail  
 Of chilly omen, falling on the ear  
 Like those cold flaws of wind that come and go  
 An hour before the break of day.

Anon

The stranger held from toil, and, settling down,  
 He drew rough solace from his well-filled pipe,  
 And smoked into the night : revolving there  
 The primal questions of a squatter's life ;  
 For in the flats, a short day's journey past  
 His present camp, his station yards were kept,  
 With many a lodge and paddock jutting forth  
 Across the heart of unnamed prairie-lands,  
 Now loud with bleating and the cattle bells,  
 And misty with the hut-fire's daily smoke.

Wide-spreading flats, and western spurs of hills  
 That dipped to plains of dim perpetual blue ;  
 Bold summits set against the thunder heaps ;  
 And slopes behacked and crushed by battling kine !



Where now the furious tumult of their feet  
 Gives back the dust, and up from glen and brake  
 Evokes fierce clamour, and becomes indeed  
 A token of the squatter's daring life,  
 Which, growing inland—growing year by year—  
 Doth set us thinking in these latter days,  
 And makes one ponder of the silent lands  
 Beyond the lonely tracks of Burke and Wills,  
 Where, when the wandering Stuart fixed his camps  
 In central wastes, afar from any home  
 Or haunt of man, and in the changeless midst  
 Of sullen deserts and the footless miles  
 Of sultry silence, all the ways about  
 Grew strangely vocal, and a marvellous noise  
 Became the wonder of the waxing glooms.

Now, after darkness, like a mighty spell  
 Amongst the hills and dim dispeopled dells,  
 Had brought a stillness to the soul of things,  
 It came to pass that, from the secret depths  
 Of dripping gorges, many a runnel-voice  
 Came, mellowed with the silence, and remained  
 About the caves, a sweet though alien sound :  
 Now rising ever, like a fervent flute  
 In moony evenings, when the theme is love ;  
 Now falling, as ye hear the Sunday bells  
 While hastening fieldward from the gleaming town.

Then fell a softer mood, and memory paused  
 With faithful love, amidst the sainted shrines



Of youth and passion in the valleys past  
 Of dear delights which never grow again.  
 And if the stranger (who had left behind  
 Far-anxious homesteads in a wave-swept isle,  
 To face a fierce sea-circle day by day,  
 And hear at night the dark Atlantic's moan)  
*Now* took a hope and planned a swift return,  
 With wealth and health and with a youth unspent,  
 To those sweet ones that stayed with want at home,  
 Say *who* shall blame him—though the years are long,  
 And life is hard, and waiting makes the heart grow  
 old ?

Thus passed the time, until the moon serene  
 Stood over high dominion like a dream  
 Of peace : within the white transfigured woods ;  
 And o'er the vast dew-dripping wilderness  
 Of slopes illumined with her silent fires.

Then, far beyond the home of pale red leaves  
 And silver sluices, and the shining stems  
 Of runnel blooms, the dreamy wanderer saw,  
 The wilder for the vision of the moon,  
 Stark desolation and a waste of plain,  
 All smit by flame and broken with the storms ;  
 Black ghosts of trees, and sapless trunks that stood  
 Harsh hollow channels of the fiery noise,  
 Which ran from bole to bole a year before,  
 And grew with ruin, and was like, indeed,  
 The roar of mighty winds with wintering streams

That foam about the limits of the land  
And mix their swiftness with the flying seas.

Now, when the man had turned his face about  
To take his rest, behold the gem-like eyes  
Of ambushed wild things stared from bole and  
brake

With dumb amaze and faint-recurring glance,  
And fear anon that drove them down the brush ;  
While from his den the dingo, like a scout  
In sheltered ways, crept out and cowered near  
To sniff the tokens of the stranger's feast  
And marvel at the shadows of the flame.

Thereafter grew the wind ; and chafing depths  
In distant waters sent a troubled cry  
Across the slumb'rous forest ; and the chill  
Of coming rain was on the sleeper's brow,  
When, flat as reptiles huddled in the scrub,  
A deadly crescent crawled to where he lay—  
A band of fierce fantastic savages  
That, starting naked round the faded fire,  
With sudden spears and swift terrific yells,  
Came bounding wildly at the white man's head,  
And faced him, staring like a dream of Hell !

Here let me pass ! I would not stay to tell  
Of hopeless struggles under crushing blows ;  
Of how the surging fiends, with thickening strokes,

Howled round the stranger till they drained his  
strength ;

How Love and Life stood face to face with Hate  
And Death ; and then how Death was left alone  
With Night and Silence in the sobbing rains.

So, after many moons, the searchers found  
The body mouldering in the mouldering dell,  
Amidst the fungi and the bleaching leaves,  
And buried it, and raised a stony mound  
Which took the mosses. Then the place became  
The haunt of fearful legends and the lair  
Of bats and adders.

There he lies and sleeps  
From year to year ; in soft Australian nights :  
And through the furnaced noons ; and in the times  
Of wind and wet ! Yet never mourner comes  
To drop upon that grave the Christian's tear  
Or pluck the foul, dank weeds of death away.

But while the English autumn filled her lap  
With faded gold, and while the reapers cooled  
Their flame-red faces in the clover grass,  
They looked for him at home : and when the frost  
Had made a silence in the mourning lanes  
And cooped the farmers by December fires,  
They looked for him at home : and through the days  
Which brought about the million-coloured Spring,  
With moon-like splendours, in the garden plots,

They looked for him at home : while Summer danced,  
A shining singer, through the tasselled corn,  
They looked for him at home. From sun to sun  
They waited. Season after season went,  
And Memory wept upon the lonely moors,  
And Hope grew voiceless, and the watchers passed,  
Like shadows, one by one away.

And he

Whose fate was hidden under forest leaves  
And in the darkness of untrodden dells  
Became a marvel. Often by the hearths  
In winter nights, and when the wind was wild  
Outside the casements, children heard the tale  
Of how he left their native vales behind  
(Where he had been a child himself) to shape  
New fortunes for his father's fallen house ;  
Of how he struggled—how his name became,  
By fine devotion and unselfish zeal,  
A name of beauty in a selfish land ;  
And then, of how the aching hours went by,  
With patient listeners praying for the step  
Which never crossed the floor again. So passed  
The tale to children ; but the bitter end  
Remained a wonder, like the unknown grave,  
Alone with God and Silence in the hills.

## ROSE LORRAINE

SWEET water-moons, blown into lights  
Of flying gold on pool and creek,  
And many sounds and many sights  
Of younger days are back this week.  
I cannot say I sought to face  
Or greatly cared to cross again  
The subtle spirit of the place  
Whose life is mixed with Rose Lorraine.

What though her voice rings clearly through  
A nightly dream I gladly keep,  
No wish have I to start anew  
Heart fountains that have ceased to leap.  
Here, face to face with different days,  
And later things that plead for love,  
It would be worse than wrong to raise  
A phantom far too vain to move.

But, Rose Lorraine—ah! Rose Lorraine,  
I'll whisper now, where no one hears—  
If you should chance to meet again  
The man you kissed in soft, dead years,



Just say for once "He suffered much,"  
And add to this "His fate was worst  
Because of me, my voice, my touch"—  
There is no passion like the first!

If I that breathe your slow sweet name,  
As one breathes low notes on a flute,  
Have vexed your peace with word of blame,  
The phrase is dead—the lips are mute.  
Yet when I turn towards the wall,  
In stormy nights, in times of rain,  
I often wish you could recall  
Your tender speeches, Rose Lorraine.

Because, you see, I thought them true,  
And did not count you self-deceived,  
And gave myself in all to you,  
And looked on Love as Life achieved.  
Then came the bitter, sudden change,  
The fastened lips, the dumb despair:  
The first few weeks were very strange,  
And long, and sad, and hard to bear.

No woman lives with power to burst  
My passion's bonds, and set me free;  
For Rose is last where Rose was first,  
And only Rose is fair to me.

The faintest memory of her face,  
The wilful face that hurt me so,  
Is followed by a fiery trace  
That Rose Lorraine must never know.

I keep a faded ribbon string  
You used to wear about your throat ;  
And of this pale, this perished thing,  
I think I know the threads by rote.  
God help such love ! To touch your hand,  
To loiter where your feet might fall,  
You marvellous girl, my soul would stand  
The worst of hell—its fires and all !



## ARAKOON<sup>1</sup>

L O! in storms, the triple-headed  
Hill, whose dreaded  
Bases battle with the seas,  
Looms across fierce widths of fleeting  
Waters beating  
Evermore on roaring leas!

Arakoon, the black, the lonely!  
Housed with only  
Cloud and rain-wind, mist and damp;  
Round whose foam-drenched feet and nether  
Depths, together  
Sullen sprites of thunder tramp!

There the East hums loud and surly,  
Late and early,  
Through the chasms and the caves,  
And across the naked verges  
Leap the surges!  
White and wailing waifs of waves.

<sup>1</sup> A mountainous promontory on the coast of New South Wales.

Day by day the sea-fogs gathered—

    Tempest-fathered—

Pitch their tents on yonder peak,

Yellow drifts and fragments lying

    Where the flying

Torrents chafe the cloven creek !

And at nightfall, when the driven

    Bolts of heaven

Smite the rock and break the bluff,

Thither troop the elves whose home is

    Where the foam is,

And the echo, and the clough.

Ever girt about with noises,

    Stormy voices,

And the salt breath of the Strait,

Stands the steadfast Mountain Giant,

    Grim, reliant,

Dark as Death, and firm as Fate.

So when trouble treads, like thunder,

    Weak men under—

Treads and breaks the thews of these—

Set thyself to bear it bravely,

    Greatly, gravely,

Like the hill in yonder seas ;

Since the wrestling and endurance  
Give assurance  
To the faint at bay with pain,  
That no soul to strong endeavour,  
Yoked for ever,  
Works against the tide in vain.

## KING SAUL AT GILBOA

WITH noise of battle and the dust of fray,  
Half hid in fog, the gloomy mountain lay ;  
But Succoth's watchers, from their outer fields,  
Saw fits of flame and gleams of clashing shields ;  
For, where the yellow river draws its spring,  
The hosts of Israel travelled, thundering !  
There, beating like the storm that sweeps to sea  
Across the reefs of chafing Galilee,  
The car of Abner and the sword of Saul  
Drave Gaza down Gilboa's southern wall ;  
But swift and sure the spears of Ekron flew,  
Till peak and slope were drenched with bloody dew.  
" Shout, Timnath, shout ! " the blazing leaders  
cried,  
And hurled the stone and dashed the stave aside.  
" Shout, Timnath, shout ! Let Hazor hold the  
height,  
Bend the long bow and break the lords of fight ! "  
From every hand the swarthy strangers sprang,  
Chief leaped on chief, with buckler buckler rang !  
The flower of armies ! set in Syrian heat,

The ridges clamoured under labouring feet :  
Nor stayed the warriors till, from Salem's road,  
The crescent horns of Abner's squadrons glowed ;  
Then, like a shooting splendour on the wing,  
The strong-armed son of Kish came thundering ;  
And as in Autumn's fall, when woods are bare,  
Two adverse tempests meet in middle air,  
So Saul and Achish, grim with heat and hate,  
Met by the brook and shook the scales of Fate ;  
For now the struggle swayed, and, firm as rocks  
Against the storm-wind of the equinox,  
The rallied lords of Judah stood and bore,  
All day, the fiery tides of fourfold war.

But he that fasted in the secret cave  
And called up Samuel from the quiet grave,  
And stood with darkness and the mantled ghosts  
A bitter night on shrill Samarian coasts,  
Knew well the end—of how the futile sword  
Of Israel would be broken by the Lord ;  
How Gath would triumph, with the tawny line  
That bend the knee at Dagon's brittle shrine ;  
And how the race of Kish would fall to wreck,  
Because of vengeance stayed at Amalek :  
Yet strove the sun-like king, nor rested hand  
Till yellow evening filled the level land ;  
Then Judah reeled before a biting hail  
Of sudden arrows shot from Achor's vale,  
Where Libnah, lapped in blood from thigh to heel,  
Drew the tense string, and pierced the quivering steel.

There fell the sons of Saul ; and, man by man,  
The chiefs of Israel, up to Jonathan.  
And while swift Achish stooped and caught the spoil,  
Ten chosen archers, red with sanguine toil,  
Sped after Saul, who, faint, and sick, and sore  
With many wounds, had left the thick of war.  
He, like a baffled bull by hunters pressed,  
Turned sharp about, and faced the flooded west,  
And saw the star-like spears and moony spokes  
Gleam from the rocks and lighten through the oaks—  
A sea of splendour ! How the chariots rolled  
On wheels of blinding brightness manifold !  
While stumbling over spike and spine and spur  
Of sultry lands, escaped the son of Ner  
With smitten men: At this the front of Saul  
Grew darker than a blasted tower wall ;  
And seeing how there crouched upon his right,  
Aghast with fear, a black Amalekite,  
He called, and said : “ I pray thee, man of pain,  
Red from the scourge, and recent from the chain,  
Set thou thy face to mine, and stoutly stand  
With yonder bloody sword-hilt in thy hand,  
And fall upon me.” But the faltering hind  
Stood trembling, like a willow in the wind.  
Then further Saul : “ Lest Ashdod’s vaunting hosts  
Should bear me captive to their bleak-blown coasts,  
I pray thee, smite me ! seeing peace has fled,  
And rest lies wholly with the quiet dead.”  
At this a flood of sunset broke, and smote  
Keen blazing sapphires round a kingly throat,



Touched arm and shoulder, glittered in the crest,  
And made swift starlights on a jewelled breast.  
So, starting forward, like a loosened hound,  
The stranger clutched the sword and wheeled it  
round,

And struck the Lord's Anointed. Fierce and fleet  
Philistia came, with shouts and clattering feet ;  
By gaping gorges and by rough defile  
Dark Ashdod beat across a dusty mile ;  
Hot Hazor's bowmen toiled from spire to spire,  
And Gath sprang upwards, like a gust of fire ;  
On either side did Libnah's lords appear,  
And brass-clad Timnath thundered in the rear.

"Mark, Achish, mark!"—South-west and south  
there sped

A dabbled hireling from the dreadful dead.

"Mark, Achish, mark!"—The mighty front of  
Saul,

Great in his life and god-like in his fall !  
This was the arm that broke Philistia's pride,  
Where Kishon chafes his seaward-going tide ;  
This was the sword that smote till set of sun  
Red Gath, from Michmash unto Ajalon,  
Low in the dust. And Israel scattered far !  
And dead the trumps and crushed the hoofs of war.

So fell the king, as it was said by him  
Who hid his forehead in a mantle dim  
At bleak Endor, what time unholy rites  
Vexed the long sleep of still Samarian nights ;



For, bowed to earth before the hoary priest,  
Did he of Kish withstand the smoking feast,  
To fast, in darkness and in sackcloth rolled,  
And house with wild things in the biting cold,  
Because of sharpness lent to Gaza's sword,  
And Judah widowed by the angry Lord.

So silence came. As when the outer verge  
Of Carmel takes the white and whistling surge,  
Hoarse, hollow noises fill the caves, and roar,  
Along the margin of the echoing shore,  
Thus war had thundered ; but as evening breaks  
Across the silver of Assyrian lakes,  
When reapers rest, and through the level red  
Of sunset, peace, like holy oil, is shed,  
Thus silence fell. But Israel's daughters crept  
Outside their thresholds, waited, watched, and  
wept.

Then they that dwell beyond the flats and fens  
Of sullen Jordan, and in gelid glens  
Of Jabesh-Gilead—chosen chiefs and few—  
Around their loins the hasty girdle drew,  
And faced the forests, huddled fold on fold,  
And dells of glimmering greenness manifold.  
What time Orion in the west did set  
A shining foot on hills of wind and wet,  
These journeyed nightly till they reached the capes  
Where Ashdod revelled over heated grapes ;

And while the feast was loud, and scouts were turned  
From Saul's bound body, cord by cord they burned,  
And bore the king athwart the place of tombs,  
And hasted eastward through the tufted glooms,  
Nor broke the cake nor stayed the step, till morn  
Shot over Debir's cones and crags forlorn.

From Jabesh then the weeping virgins came,  
In Jabesh then they built the funeral flame ;  
With costly woods they piled the lordly pyre,  
Brought yellow oils and fed the perfect fire,  
While round the crescent stately elders spread  
The flashing armour of the mighty dead,  
With crown and spears, and all the trophies won  
From many wars by Israel's dreadful son ;  
Thence, when the feet of evening paused and stood  
On shadowy mountains and the roaring flood  
(As through a rushing twilight, full of rain,  
The weak moon looked athwart Gadara's plain),  
The younger warriors bore the urn, and broke  
The humid turf about a wintering oak,  
And buried Saul ; and, fasting, went their ways,  
And hid their faces seven nights and days.

## FAITH IN GOD

**H**AVE faith in God. For whosoever lists  
To calm conviction in these days of strife,  
Will learn that in this steadfast stand exists  
The scholarship severe of human life.

This face to face with doubt ! I know how strong  
His thews must be who fights, and falls, and bears,  
By sleepless nights and vigils lone and long,  
And many a woeful wraith of wrestling prayers.

Yet trust in Him ! Not in an old man throned  
With thunders on an everlasting cloud,  
But in that awful Entity enzoned  
By no wild wraths nor bitter homage loud.

When from the summit of some sudden steep  
Of speculation you have strength to turn  
To things too boundless for the broken sweep  
Of finer comprehension, wait and learn

That God hath been "His own interpreter"  
From first to last. So you will understand  
The tribe who best succeed, when men most err,  
To suck through fogs the fatness of the land.

One thing is surer than the autumn tints  
We saw last week in yonder river bend—  
That all our poor expression helps and hints,  
However vaguely, to the solemn end

That God is truth; and if our dim ideal  
Falls short of fact—so short that we must weep—  
Why shape specific sorrows, though the real  
Be not the song which erewhile made us sleep?

Remember, truth draws upward. This to us  
Of steady happiness should be a cause  
Beyond the differential calculus  
Or Kant's dull dogmas and mechanic laws.

A man is manliest when he wisely knows  
How vain it is to halt, and pule, and pine;  
Whilst under every mystery haply flows  
The finest issue of a love divine.

## TWELVE SONNETS

### I

#### A MOUNTAIN SPRING

PEACE hath an altar there. The sounding feet  
Of thunder and the 'wilderings wings of rain  
Against fire-rifted summits flash and beat,  
And through grey upper gorges swoop and strain,  
But round that hallowed mountain-spring remain,  
Year after year, the days of tender heat,  
And gracious nights, whose lips with flowers are  
sweet,  
And filtered lights, and lutes of soft refrain.  
A still, bright pool. To men I may not tell  
The secret that its heart of water knows,  
The story of a loved and lost repose ;  
Yet this I say to cliff and close-leaved dell :  
A fitful spirit haunts yon limpid well,  
Whose likeness is the faithless face of Rose.

## II

## LAURA

IF Laura—lady of the flower-soft face—

Should light upon these verses, she may take  
The tenderest line, and through its pulses trace  
What man can suffer for a woman's sake.

For in the nights that burn, the days that break,  
A thin pale figure stands in Passion's place,  
And peace comes not, nor yet the perished grace  
Of youth, to keep old faiths and fires awake.

Ah! marvellous maid. Life sobs, and sighing saith,  
“She left me, fleeting like a fluttered dove;

But I would have a moment of her breath,

So I might taste the sweetest sense thereof,

And catch from blossoming, honeyed lips of love  
Some faint, some fair, some dim, delicious death.”



## III

## BY A RIVER

BUT red-ripe mouth and brown luxurious eyes  
Of her I love, by all your sweetness shed  
In far fair days, on one whose memory flies  
To faithless lights, and gracious speech gainsaid,  
I pray you, when yon river-path I tread,  
Make with the woodlands some soft compromise,  
Lest they should vex me into fruitless sighs  
With visions of a woman's gleaming head!  
For every green and golden-hearted thing  
That gathers beauty in that shining place,  
Beloved of beams and wooed by wind and wing,  
Is rife with glimpses of her marvellous face;  
And in the whispers of the lips of Spring  
The music of her lute-like voice I trace.



## IV

## ATTILA

WHAT though his feet were shod with sharp, fierce  
flame,

And death and ruin were his daily squires,  
The Scythian, helped by Heaven's thunders, came :  
The time was ripe for God's avenging fires.

Lo ! loose, lewd trulls, and lean, luxurious liars  
Had brought the fair, fine face of Rome to shame,  
And made her one with sins beyond a name—

That queenly daughter of imperial sires !  
The blood of elders, like the blood of sheep,  
Was washed across the circus. Once, while din,  
And dust, and lightning, and a draggled heap  
Of beast-slain men made lords with laughter leap,  
Night fell, with rain. The earth, so sick of sin,  
Had turned her face into the dark to weep.

## v

## A REWARD

BECAUSE a steadfast flame of clear intent  
Gave force and beauty to full-acted life ;  
Because his way was one of firm ascent,  
Whose stepping-stones were hewn of change and  
strife ;  
Because as husband loveth noble wife  
He loved fair Truth ; because the thing he meant  
To do, that thing he did, nor paused, nor bent  
In face of poor and pale conclusions ; yea !  
Because of this, how fares the Leader dead ?  
What kind of mourners weep for him to-day ?  
What golden shroud is at his funeral spread ?  
Upon his brow what leaves of laurel, say ?  
*About his breast is tied a sackcloth grey,  
And knots of thorns deface his lordly head.*

## VI

TO \_\_\_\_\_

A HANDMAID to the genius of thy song  
Is sweet, fair Scholarship. 'Tis she supplies  
The fiery spirit of the passion'd eyes  
With subtle syllables, whose notes belong  
To some chief source of perfect melodies ;  
And glancing through a laurell'd, lordly throng  
Of shining singers, lo ! my vision flies  
To William Shakespeare ! He it is whose strong,  
Full, flute-like music haunts thy stately verse.  
A worthy Levite of his court thou art !  
One sent among us to defeat the curse  
That binds us to the Actual. Yea, thy part,  
Oh, lute-voiced lover ! is to lull the heart  
Of love repell'd, its darkness to disperse.

## VII

## THE STANZA OF CHILDE HAROLD

Who framed the stanza of Childe Harold? He  
It was who, halting on a stormy shore,  
Knew well the lofty voice which evermore,  
In grand distress, doth haunt the sleepless sea  
With solemn sounds. And as each wave did roll  
Till one came up, the mightiest of the whole,  
To sweep and surge across the vacant lea,  
Wild words were wedded to wild melody.  
This poet must have had a speechless sense  
Of some dead summer's boundless affluence;  
Else, whither can we trace the passioned lore  
Of Beauty, steeping to the very core  
His royal verse, and that rare light which lies  
About it, like a sunset in the skies?

## VIII

## A LIVING POET

HE knows the sweet vexation in the strife  
 Of Love with Time, this bard who fain would stray  
 To fairer place beyond the storms of life,  
 With astral faces near him day by day.  
 In deep-mossed dells the mellow waters flow  
 Which best he loves; for there the echoes rife,  
 With rich suggestions of his long ago,  
 Astarte, pass with thee. And, far away,  
 Dear southern seasons haunt the dreamy eye:  
 Spring, flower-zoned, and Summer, warbling low  
 In tasselled corn, alternate come and go,  
 While gypsy Autumn, splashed from heel to thigh  
 With vine-blood, treads the leaves; and, halting  
 nigh,  
 Wild Winter bends across a beard of snow.

## IX

## DANTE AND VIRGIL

WHEN lost Francesca sobbed her broken tale  
Of love, and sin, and boundless agony,  
While that wan spirit by her side did wail  
And bite his lips for utter misery—  
The grief which could not speak, nor hear, nor  
see—

So tender grew the superhuman face  
Of one who listened, that a mighty trace  
Of superhuman woe gave way, and pale  
The sudden light up-struggled to its place ;  
While all his limbs began to faint and fail  
With such excess of pity. But, behind,  
The Roman Virgil stood—the calm, the wise—  
With not a shadow in his regal eyes,  
The stately type of all his stately kind.

x

## REST

SOMETIMES we feel so spent from want of rest,  
We have no thought beyond. I know to-day,  
When tired of bitter lips and dull delay  
With faithless words, I cast mine eyes upon  
The shadows of a distant mountain-crest,  
And said "That hill must hide within its breast  
Some secret glen secluded from the sun."  
Oh, mother Nature! would that I could run  
Outside to thee; and, like a wearied guest,  
Half blind with lamps, and sick of feasting, lay  
An aching head on thee. Then down the streams  
The moon might swim, and I should feel her  
grace,  
While soft winds blew the sorrows from my face,  
So quiet in the fellowship of dreams.



## XI

## AFTER PARTING

I CANNOT tell what change hath come to you  
To vex your splendid hair. I only know  
*One* grief: the passion left betwixt us two,  
Like some forsaken watchfire, burneth low.  
'Tis sad to turn and find it dying so,  
Without a hope of resurrection! Yet,  
O radiant face that found me tired and lone!  
I shall not for the dear dead past forget  
The sweetest looks of all the summers gone.  
Ah! time hath made familiar wild regret;  
For now the leaves are white in last year's bowers,  
And now doth sob along the ruined leas  
The homeless storm from saddened southern seas,  
While March sits weeping over withered flowers.

## XII

## ALFRED TENNYSON

THE silvery dimness of a happy dream  
I've known of late. Methought where Byron  
moans,  
Like some wild gulf in melancholy zones,  
I passed tear-blinded. Once a lurid gleam  
Of stormy sunset loitered on the sea,  
While travelling, troubled like a straitened stream,  
The voice of Shelley died away from me.  
Still sore at heart I reached a lake-lit lea,  
And then the green-mossed glades with many a grove,  
Where lies the calm which Wordsworth used to love ;  
And lastly, Locksley Hall, from whence did rise  
A haunting song that blew, and breathed, and blew  
With rare delights. 'Twas *there* I woke and knew  
The sumptuous comfort left in drowsy eyes.

## AT DUSK

AT dusk, like flowers that shun the day,  
Shy thoughts from dim recesses break,  
And plead for words I dare not say  
For your sweet sake.

My early love! my first, my last,  
Mistakes have been that both must rue;  
But all the passion of the past  
Survives for you.

The tender message Hope might send  
Sinks fainting at the lips of speech,  
For, are you lover—are you friend,  
That I would reach?

How much to-night I'd give to win  
A banished peace—an old repose;  
But here I sit, and sigh, and sin  
When no one knows.

The stern, the steadfast reticence,  
Which made the dearest phrases halt,  
And checked a first and finest sense,  
Was not my fault:

I held my words because there grew  
About my life persistent pride;  
And you were loved, who never knew  
What love could hide!

This purpose filled my soul like flame:  
To win you wealth and take the place  
Where care is not, or any shame  
To vex your face.

I said "Till then my heart must keep  
Its secrets safe and unconfest";  
And days and nights unknown to sleep  
The vow attest:

Yet, oh! my sweet, it seems so long  
Since you were near; and fates retard  
The sequel of a struggle strong,  
And life is hard—

Too hard, when one is left alone  
To wrestle passion, never free  
To turn and say to you, "My own,  
Come home to me!"

## SEPTEMBER IN AUSTRALIA

**G**REY Winter hath gone, like a wearisome guest,  
And, behold, for repayment,  
September comes in with the wind of the West  
And the Spring in her raiment !  
The ways of the frost have been filled of the flowers,  
While the forest discovers  
Wild wings, with the halo of hyaline hours,  
And a music of lovers.

September, the maid with the swift, silver feet !  
She glides, and she graces  
The valleys of coolness, the slopes of the heat,  
With her blossomy traces ;  
Sweet month, with a mouth that is made of a rose,  
She lightens and lingers  
In spots where the harp of the evening glows,  
Attuned by her fingers.

The stream from its home in the hollow hill slips  
    In a darling old fashion ;  
And the day goeth down with a song on its lips  
    Whose key-note is passion ;  
Far out in the fierce, bitter front of the sea  
    I stand, and remember  
Dead things that were brothers and sisters of thee,  
    Resplendent September.

The West, when it blows at the fall of the noon  
    And beats on the beaches,  
So filled with a tender and tremulous tune  
    That touches and teaches ;  
The stories of Youth, of the burden of Time,  
    And the death of Devotion,  
Come back with the wind, and are themes of the  
    rhyme  
    In the waves of the ocean.

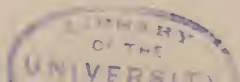
We, having a secret to others unknown,  
    In the cool mountain-mosses,  
May whisper together, September, alone  
    Of our loves and our losses.  
One word for her beauty, and one for the place  
    She gave to the hours ;  
And then we may kiss her, and suffer her face  
    To sleep with the flowers:



High places that knew of the gold and the white  
 On the forehead of Morning  
 Now darken and quake, and the steps of the Night  
 Are heavy with warning !  
 Her voice in the distance is lofty and loud  
 Through its echoing gorges ;  
 She hath hidden her eyes in a mantle of cloud,  
 And her feet in the surges !

On the tops of the hills, on the turreted cones—  
 Chief temples of thunder—  
 The gale, like a ghost, in the middle watch moans,  
 Gliding over and under,  
 The sea, flying white through the rack and the rain,  
 Leapeth wild at the forelands ;  
 And the plover, whose cry is like passion with pain,  
 Complains in the moorlands:

Oh, season of changes—of shadow and shine—  
 September the splendid !  
 My song hath no music to mingle with thine,  
 And its burden is ended ;  
 But thou, being born of the winds and the sun,  
 By mountain, by river,  
 Mayst lighten and listen, and loiter and run,  
 With thy voices for ever.





## EUROCLYDON

ON the storm-cloven Cape  
The bitter waves roll,  
With the bergs of the Pole,  
And the darks and the damp of the Northern Sea :  
For the storm-cloven Cape  
Is an alien Shape  
With a fearful face ! and it moans, and it stands  
Outside all lands  
Everlastingly !

When the fruits of the year  
Have been gathered in Spain,  
And the Indian rain  
Is rich on the evergreen lands of the Sun,  
There comes to this Cape  
To this alien Shape,  
As the waters beat in and the echoes troop forth,  
The Wind of the North,  
Euroclydon !

And the wilted thyme,  
And the patches past  
Of the nettles cast  
In the drift of the rift, and the broken rime,  
Are tumbled and blown  
To every zone  
With the famished glede, and the plovers thinned  
By this fourfold Wind—  
This Wind sublime!

On the wrinkled hills,  
By starts and fits,  
The wild Moon sits;  
And the rindles fill, and flash, and fall  
In the way of her light,  
Through the straitened night,  
When the sea-heralds clamour, and elves of the war,  
In the torrents afar,  
Hold festival!

From ridge to ridge  
The polar fires,  
On the naked spires,  
With a foreign splendour, flit and flow;  
And clough and cave  
And architrave  
Have a blood-coloured glamour on roof and on wall,  
Like a nether hall  
In the hells below!

The dead, dry lips  
Of the ledges, split  
By the thunder fit  
And the stress of the sprites of the forkèd flame,  
Anon break out,  
With a shriek and a shout,  
Like a hard, bitter laughter, cracked and thin,  
From a ghost with a sin  
Too dark for a name !

And, all thro' the year,  
The fierce seas run  
From sun to sun,  
Across the face of a vacant world !  
And the Wind flies forth  
From the wild, white North,  
That shivers and harries the heart of things,  
And shapes with its wings  
A chaos uphurled !

Like one who sees  
A rebel light  
In the thick of the night,  
As he stumbles and staggers on summits afar—  
Who looks to it still,  
Up hill and hill,  
With a steadfast hope (though the ways be deep,  
And rough, and steep),  
Like a steadfast star—

So I, that stand  
    On the outermost peaks  
    Of peril, with cheeks  
Blue with the salts of a frosty sea,  
    Have learnt to wait,  
    With an eye elate  
And a heart intent, for the fuller blaze  
    Of the Beauty that rays  
    Like a glimpse for me—

Of the Beauty that grows  
    Whenever I hear  
    The Winds of Fear  
From the tops and the bases of barrenness call ;  
    And the duplicate lore  
    Which I learn evermore,  
Is of Harmony filling and rounding the Storm,  
    And the marvellous Form  
    That governs all !

## ON A CATTLE TRACK

WHERE the strength of dry thunder splits  
hill-rocks asunder,  
And the shouts of the desert-wind break,  
By the gullies of deepness and ridges of steepness,  
Lo, the cattle track twists like a snake!  
Like a sea of dead embers, burnt white by Decem-  
bers,  
A plain to the left of it lies;  
And six fleeting horses dash down the creek courses  
With the terror of thirst in their eyes.

The false strength of fever, that deadly deceiver,  
Gives foot to each famishing beast;  
And over lands rotten, by rain-winds forgotten,  
The mirage gleams out in the east:  
Ah! the waters are hidden from riders and ridden  
In a stream where the cattle track dips;  
And Death on their faces is scoring fierce traces,  
And the drouth is a fire on their lips.

It is far to the station, and gaunt Desolation  
Is a spectre that glooms in the way ;  
Like a *red* smoke the air is, like a hell-light its glare  
is,  
And as flame are the feet of the day.  
The wastes are like metal that forges unsettle  
When the heat of the furnace is white ;  
And the cool breeze that bloweth when an English  
sun goeth,  
Is unknown to the wild desert night.

A cry of distress there ! a horseman the less there !  
The mock-waters shine like a moon !  
It is "Speed, and speed faster from this hole of  
disaster !  
And hurrah for yon God-sent lagoon !"  
Doth a devil deceive them ? Ah, now let us leave  
them—  
We are burdened in life with the sad :  
Our portion is trouble, our joy is a bubble,  
And the gladdest is never too glad.

From the pale tracts of peril, past mountain heads  
sterile,  
To a sweet river shadowed with reeds,  
Where Summer steps lightly, and Winter beams  
brightly,  
The hoof-rutted cattle track leads.



There soft is the moonlight, and tender the noon-  
light ;

There fiery things falter and fall ;  
And there may be seen, now, the gold and the green,  
now,  
And the wings of a peace over all.

Hush, bittern and plover ! Go, wind, to thy cover  
Away by the snow-smitten Pole !

The rotten leaf falleth, the forest rain calleth ;  
And what is the end of the whole ?

Some men are successful after seasons distressful  
[Now, masters, the drift of my tale] ;

But the brink of salvation is a lair of damnation  
For others who struggle yet fail.



## TO DAMASCUS

WHERE the sinister sun of the Syrians beat  
On the brittle, bright stubble,  
And the camels fell back from the swords of the  
heat,  
Came Saul, with a fire in the soles of his feet,  
And a forehead of trouble.

And terrified faces to left and to right,  
Before and behind him,  
Fled away with the speed of a maddening fright  
To the cloughs of the bat and the chasms of night,  
Each hoping the zealot would fail in his flight  
To find him and bind him.

For, behold you! the strong man of Tarsus came  
down  
With breathings of slaughter,  
From the priests of the city, the chiefs of the town  
(The lords with the sword, and the sires with the  
gown),  
To harry the Christians, and trample, and drown,  
And waste them like water.

He was *ever* a fighter, this son of the Jews—  
    A fighter in earnest ;  
And the Lord took delight in the strength of his  
    thews,  
For He knew he was one of the few He could choose  
To fight out His battles and carry His news  
Of a marvellous truth through the dark, and the  
    dews,  
    And the desert lands furnaced !

He knew he was one of the few He could take  
    For His mission supernal,  
Whose feet would not falter, whose limbs would  
    not ache,  
Through the waterless lands of the thorn and the  
    snake,  
And the ways of the wild—bearing up for the sake  
    Of a Beauty eternal.

And therefore the road to Damascus was burned  
    With a swift sudden brightness ;  
While Saul, with his face in the bitter dust, learned  
Of the sin which he did ere he tumbled, and turned  
    Aghast at God's whiteness !

Of the sin which he did ere he covered his head  
    From the strange revelation.  
But, thereafter, you know of the life that he led—

How he preached to the peoples, and suffered,  
and sped  
With the wonderful words which his Master had said,  
From nation to nation.

Now would we be like him, who suffer and see,  
If the Chooser should choose us !  
For I tell you, brave brothers, whoever you be,  
It is right, till all learn to look further, and see,  
That our Master should use us !

It is right, till all learn to discover and class,  
That our Master should task us :  
For now we may judge of the Truth through a glass ;  
And the road over which they must evermore pass,  
Who would think for the many, and fight for the  
mass,  
Is the road to Damascus.

## THE LAST OF HIS TRIBE

**H**E crouches, and buries his face on his knees,  
And hides in the dark of his hair ;  
For he cannot look up to the storm-smitten trees,  
Or think of the loneliness there—  
Of the loss and the loneliness there.

The wallaroos grope through the tufts of the grass,  
And turn to their covers for fear ;  
But he sits in the ashes and lets them pass  
Where the boomerangs sleep with the spear—  
With the nullah, the sling, and the spear.

Uloola, behold him ! The thunder that breaks  
On the tops of the rocks with the rain,  
And the wind which drives up with the salt of the  
lakes,  
Have made him a hunter again—  
A hunter and fisher again.

For his eyes have been full with a smouldering  
thought ;

But he dreams of the hunts of yore,  
And of foes that he sought, and of fights that he  
fought

With those who will battle no more—  
Who will go to the battle no more.

It is well that the water which tumbles and fills,  
Goes moaning and moaning along ;  
For an echo rolls out from the sides of the hills,  
And he starts at a wonderful song—  
At the sounds of a wonderful song.

And he sees through the rents of the scattering  
fogs,

The corroboree warlike and grim,  
And the lubra who sat by the fire on the logs,  
To watch, like a mourner, for him—  
Like a mother and mourner for him.

Will he go in his sleep from these desolate lands,  
Like a chief, to the rest of his race,  
With the honey-voiced woman who beckons and  
stands,  
And gleams like a dream in his face—  
Like a marvellous dream in his face ?

## THE VOYAGE OF TELEGONUS

ALL fares it with the man whose lips are set  
To bitter themes and words that spite the  
                                gods ;

For, seeing how the son of Saturn sways  
With eyes and ears for all, this one shall halt  
As on hard, hurtful hills ; his days shall know  
The plaintive front of sorrow ; level looks,  
With cries ill-favoured shall be dealt to him ;  
And *this* shall be that he may think of peace  
As one might think of alienated lips  
Of sweetness touched for once in kind, warm  
                        dreams.

Yea, fathers of the high and holy face,  
This soul thus sinning shall have cause to sob  
“ Ah, ah,” for sleep, and space enough to learn  
The wan, wild Hyrie's aggregated song  
That starts the dwellers in distorted heights,  
With all the meaning of perpetual sighs  
Heard in the mountained deserts of the world,  
And where the green-haired waters glide between  
The thin, lank weeds and mallows of the marsh:



But thou to whom these things are like to shapes  
 That come of darkness—thou whose life slips past  
 Regarding rather these with mute fast mouth—  
 Hear none the less how fleet Telegonus,  
 The brass-clad hunter, first took oar and smote  
 Swift eastward-going seas, with face direct  
 For narrowing channels and the twofold coasts  
 Past Colchis and the fierce Symplegades,  
 And utmost islands, washed by streams unknown.

For in a time when Phasis whitened wide  
 And drove with violent waters blown of wind  
 Against the bare salt limits of the land,  
 It came to pass that, joined with Cytherea,  
 The black-browed Ares, chafing for the wrong  
 Ulysses did him on the plains of Troy,  
 Set heart against the king; and when the storms  
 Sang high in thunder and the Thracian rain,  
 The god bethought him of a pale-mouthed priest  
 Of Thebæ, kin to ancient Chariclo,  
 And of an omen which the prophet gave  
 That touched on death and grief to Ithaca;  
 Then, knowing how a heavy-handed fate  
 Had laid itself on Circe's brass-clad son,  
 He pricked the hunter with a lust that turned  
 All thoughts to travel and the seas remote;  
 But chiefly now he stirred Telegonus  
 To longings for his father's exiled face,  
 And dreams of rest and honey-hearted love  
 And quiet death with much of funeral flame



Far in the mountains of a favoured land  
Beyond the wars and wailings of the waves.

So, past the ridges where the coast abrupt  
Dips greyly westward, Circe's strong-armed son  
Swept down the foam of sharp-divided straits  
And faced the stress of opening seas. Sheer out  
The vessel drave; but three long moons the gale  
Moaned round; and swift strong streams of fire  
revealed

The labouring rowers and the lightening surf,  
Pale watchers deafened of sonorous storm,  
And dripping decks and rents of ruined sails.  
Yea, when the hollow ocean-driven ship  
Wheeled sideways, like a chariot cloven through  
In hard hot battle, and the night came up  
Against strange headlands lying east and north,  
Behold a black wild wind with death to all  
Ran shoreward, charged with flame and thunder  
smoke,

Which blew the waters into wastes of white,  
And broke the bark, as lightning breaks the pine;  
Whereat the sea in fearful circles showed  
Unpitied faces turned from Zeus and light—  
Wan swimmers wasted with their agony,  
And hopeless eyes and moaning mouths of men.  
But one held by the fragments of the wreck,  
And Ares knew him for Telegonus,  
Whom heavy-handed Fate had chained to deeds  
Of dreadful note with sin beyond a name.

So, seeing this, the black-browed lord of war,  
 Arrayed about by Jove's authentic light,  
 Shot down amongst the shattered clouds and called  
 With mighty strain, betwixt the gaps of storm  
 "Oceanus! Oceanus!" Whereat  
 The surf sprang white, as when a keel divides  
 The gleaming centre of a gathered wave;  
 And, ringed with flakes of splendid fire of foam,  
 The son of Terra rose half-way and blew  
 The triple trumpet of the water-gods,  
 At which great winds fell back and all the sea  
 Grew dumb, as on the land a war-feast breaks  
 When deep sleep falls upon the souls of men.  
 Then Ares of the night-like brow made known  
 The brass-clad hunter of the facile feet,  
 Hard clinging to the slippery logs of pine,  
 And told the omen to the hoary god  
 That touched on death and grief to Ithaca;  
 Wherefore Oceanus, with help of hand,  
 Bore by the chin the warrior of the North,  
 A moaning mass, across the shallowing surge,  
 And cast him on the rocks of alien shores  
 Against a wintry morning shot with storm:

Hear also, thou, how mighty gods sustain  
 The men set out to work the ends of Fate,  
 Which fill the world with tales of many tears  
 And vex the sad face of humanity:  
 Six days and nights the brass-clad chief abode  
 Pent up in caverns by the straitening seas

And fed on ferns and limpets ; but the dawn,  
 Before the strong sun of the seventh, brought  
 A fume of fire and smells of savoury meat  
 And much rejoicing, as from neighbouring feasts  
 At which the hunter, seized with sudden lust,  
 Sprang up the crags, and, like a dream of fear,  
 Leapt, shouting, at a huddled host of hinds  
 Amongst the fragments of their steaming food ;  
 And as the hoarse wood-wind in autumn sweeps  
 To every zone the hissing latter leaves,  
 So fleet Telegonus, by dint of spear  
 And strain of thunderous voice, did scatter these  
 East, south, and north. 'Twas then the chief had  
 rest,

Hard by the outer coast of Ithaca,  
 Unknown to him who ate the spoil and slept.  
 Nor stayed he hand thereafter ; but when noon  
 Burned dead on misty hills of stunted fir,  
 This man shook slumber from his limbs and sped  
 Against hoar beaches and the kindled cliffs  
 Of falling waters. These he waded through,  
 Beholding, past the forests of the west,  
 A break of light and homes of many men,  
 And shining corn, and flowers, and fruits of flowers.  
 Yea, seeing these, the facile-footed chief  
 Grasped by the knot the huge Ææan lance  
 And fell upon the farmers ; wherefore they  
 Left hoe and plough, and crouched in heights  
 remote,

Companioned with the grey-winged fogs ; but he

Made waste their fields and throve upon their toil—  
As throve the boar, the fierce four-footed curse  
Which Artemis did raise in Calydon  
To make stern mouths wax white with foreign fear,  
All in the wild beginning of the world.  
So one went down and told Laertes' son  
Of what the brass-clad stranger from the straits  
Had worked in Ithaca ; whereat the King  
Rose, like a god, and called his mighty heir,  
Telemachus, the wisest of the wise ;  
And these two, having counsel, strode without,  
And armed them with the arms of warlike days—  
The helm, the javelin, and the sun-like shield,  
And glancing greaves and quivering stars of steel !  
Yea, stern Ulysses, rusted not with rest,  
But dread as Ares, gleaming on his car  
Gave out the reins ; and straightway all the lands  
Were struck by noise of steed and shouts of men,  
And furious dust, and splendid wheels of flame.  
Meanwhile the hunter (starting from a sleep  
In which the pieces of a broken dream  
Had shown him Circe with most tearful face),  
Caught at his spear, and stood like one at bay  
When Summer brings about Arcadian horns  
And headlong horses mixt with maddened hounds ;  
Then huge Ulysses, like a fire of fight,  
Sprang sideways on the flying car, and drave  
Full at the brass-clad warrior of the North  
His massive spear ; but fleet Telegonus  
Stooped from the death, but heard the speedy lance

Sing like a thin wind through the steaming air ;  
 Yet he, dismayed not by the dreadful foe—  
 Unknown to him—dealt out his strength, and  
     aimed

A strenuous stroke at great Laertes' son,  
 Which missed the shield, but bit through flesh and  
     bone,

And drank the blood, and dragged the soul from  
     thence !

So fell the King ! and one cried " Ithaca !  
 Ah, Ithaca ! " and turned his face and wept.

Then came another—wise Telemachus—  
 Who knelt beside the man of many days  
 And pored upon the face ; but lo, the life  
 Was like bright water spilt in sands of thirst,  
 A wasted splendour swiftly drawn away.

Yet held he by the dead : he heeded not  
 The moaning warrior who had learnt his sin—  
 Who waited now, like one in lairs of pain,  
 Apart with darkness, hungry for his fate ;  
 For had not wise Telemachus the lore  
 Which makes the pale-mouthed seer content to  
     sleep

Amidst the desolations of the world ?

So therefore he, who knew Telegonus,  
 The child of Circe by Laertes' son,  
 Was set to be a scourge of Zeus, smote not,  
 But rather sat with moody eyes, and mused,  
 And watched the dead. For who may brave the  
     gods ?



Yet, O my fathers, when the people came,  
 And brought the holy oils and perfect fire,  
 And built the pile, and sang the tales of Troy—  
 Of desperate travels in the olden time,  
 By shadowy mountains and the roaring sea,  
 Near windy sands and past the Thracian snows—  
 The man who crossed them all to see his sire,  
 And had a loyal heart to give the king,  
 Instead of blows—this man did little more  
 Than moan outside the fume of funeral rites,  
 All in a rushing twilight full of rain,  
 And clap his palms for sharper pains than swords:  
 Yea, when the night broke out against the flame,  
 And lonely noises loitered in the fens,  
 This man nor stirred, nor slept, but lay at wait,  
 With fastened mouth. For who may brave the  
     gods ?

## GOD HELP OUR MEN AT SEA

THE wild night comes like an owl to its lair,  
The black clouds follow fast,  
And the sun-gleams die, and the lightning's glare  
And the ships go heaving past, past, past—  
The ships go heaving past!

Bar the doors, and higher, higher  
Pile the faggots on the fire :  
Now abroad, by many a light,  
Empty seats there are to-night—  
Empty seats that none may fill,  
For the storm grows louder still :  
How it surges and swells through the gorges and  
dells,  
Under the ledges and over the lea,  
Where a watery sound goeth moaning around—  
God help our men at sea !

Oh ! never a tempest blew on the shore  
But that some heart did moan  
For a darling voice it would hear no more  
And a face that had left it lone, lone, lone—  
A face that had left it lone !



I am watching by a pane  
 Darkened with the gusty rain,  
 Watching, through a mist of tears,  
 Sad with thoughts of other years,  
 For a brother I did miss  
 In a stormy time like this.

Ah! the torrent howls past, like a fiend on the blast,  
 Under the ledges and over the lea;  
 And the pent waters gleam, and the wild surges  
 scream—

God help our men at sea!

Ah, Lord! they may grope through the dark to find  
 Thy hand within the gale;

And cries may rise on the wings of the wind  
 From mariners weary and pale, pale, pale—  
 From mariners weary and pale!

'Tis a fearful thing to know,  
 While the storm-winds loudly blow,  
 That a man can sometimes come  
 Too near to his father's home;  
 So that he shall kneel and say,  
 "Lord, I would be far away!"

Ho! the hurricanes roar round a dangerous shore,  
 Under the ledges and over the lea;

And there twinkles a light on the billows so white—  
 God help our men at sea!

## SONG OF THE CATTLE-HUNTERS

WHILE the morning light beams on the fern-  
matted streams,  
And the water-pools flash in its glow,  
Down the ridges we fly, with a loud ringing cry—  
Down the ridges and gullies we go!  
And the cattle we hunt, they are racing in front,  
With a roar like the thunder of waves,  
As the beat and the beat of our swift horses' feet  
Start the echoes away from their caves—  
As the beat and the beat  
Of our swift horses' feet  
Start the echoes away from their caves!

Like a wintry shore that the waters ride o'er,  
All the lowlands are filling with sound:  
For swiftly we gain where the herds on the plain,  
Like a tempest, are tearing the ground!  
And we'll follow them hard to the rails of the yard,  
Over gulches and mountain-tops grey,  
Where the beat and the beat of our swift horses' feet  
Will die with the echoes away—  
Where the beat and the beat  
Of our swift horses' feet  
Will die with the echoes away!

## SUTHERLAND'S<sup>1</sup> GRAVE

[*The first white man buried in Australia.*]

ALL night long the sea out yonder—all night  
long the wailful sea,  
Vext of winds and many thunders, seeketh rest un-  
ceasingly !  
Seeketh rest in dens of tempest, where, like one dis-  
traught with pain,  
Shouts thè wild-eyed sprite, Confusion—seeketh  
rest, and moans in vain :  
Ah ! but you should hear it calling, calling when  
the haggard sky  
Takes the darks and damps of Winter with the  
mournful marsh-fowl's cry ;  
Even while the strong, swift torrents from the  
rainy ridges come  
Leaping down and breaking backwards—million-  
coloured shapes of foam !  
Then, and then, the sea out yonder chiefly looketh  
for the boon  
Portioned to the pleasant valleys and the grave  
sweet summer moon :

<sup>1</sup> A seaman of Captain Cook's first voyage, who died shortly after the *Endeavour* anchored in Botany Bay, 1770.

Boon of Peace, the still, the saintly spirit of the  
dew-dells deep—

Yellow dells and hollows haunted by the soft, dim  
dreams of sleep.

All night long the flying water breaks upon the  
stubborn rocks—

Ooze-filled forelands burnt and blackened, smit and  
scarred with lightning shocks ;

But above the tender sea-thrift, but beyond the  
flowering fern,

Runs a little pathway westward—pathway quaint  
with turn on turn—

Westward trending, thus it leads to shelving shores  
and slopes of mist :

Sleeping shores, and glassy bays of green and gold  
and amethyst !

*There* tread gently—*gently*, pilgrim ; *there* with  
thoughtful eyes look round ;

Cross thy breast and bless the silence : lo, the place  
is holy ground !

Holy ground for ever, stranger ! All the quiet  
silver lights

Dropping from the starry heavens through the soft  
Australian nights—

Dropping on those lone grave-grasses—come serene,  
unbroken, clear,

Like the love of God the Father, falling, falling,  
year by year !

Yea, and like a Voice supernal, *there* the daily wind  
doth blow

In the leaves above the sailor buried ninety years ago.

## SYRINX

A HEAP of low, dark, rocky coast,  
Unknown to foot or feather !  
A sea-voice moaning like a ghost ;  
And fits of fiery weather !

The flying Syrinx turned and sped  
By dim, mysterious hollows,  
Where night is black, and day is red,  
And frost the fire-wind follows.

Strong, heavy footfalls in the wake  
Came up with flights of water :  
The gods were mournful for the sake  
Of Ladon's lovely daughter.

For when she came to spike and spine,  
Where reef and river gather,  
Her feet were sore with shell and chine ;  
She could not travel farther:

Across a naked strait of land  
Blown sleet and surge were humming ;  
But trammelled with the shifting sand,  
She heard the monster coming !

A thing of hoofs, and horns, and lust :  
A gaunt, goat-footed stranger !  
She bowed her body in the dust  
And called on Zeus to change her ;

And called on Hermes, fair and fleet,  
And her of hounds and quiver,  
To hide her in the thickets sweet  
That sighed above the river.

So he that sits on flaming wheels,  
And rules the sea and thunder,  
Caught up the satyr by the heels  
And tore his skirts in sunder.

While Arcas, of the glittering plumes,  
Took Ladon's daughter lightly,  
And set her in the gracious glooms  
That mix with moon-mist nightly ;

And touched her lips with wild-flower wine,  
And changed her body slowly,  
Till, in soft reeds of song and shine,  
Her life was hidden wholly.



## ON THE PAROO

AS when the strong stream of a wintering sea  
Rolls round our coast, with bodeful breaks  
of storm,

And swift salt rain, and bitter wind that saith  
Wild things and woeful of the White South Land  
Alone with God and silence in the cold—  
As when this cometh, men from dripping doors  
Look forth, and shudder for the mariners  
Abroad, so we for absent brothers looked  
In days of drought, and when the flying floods  
Swept boundless ; roaring down the bald, black plains  
Beyond the farthest spur of western hills.

For where the Barwan cuts a rotten land,  
Or lies unshaken, like a great blind creek,  
Between hot mouldering banks, it came to this,  
All in a time of short and thirsty sighs,  
That thirty rainless months had left the pools  
And grass as dry as ashes : then it was  
Our kinsmen started for the lone Paroo,



From point to point, with patient strivings, sheer  
Across the horrors of the windless downs,  
Blue gleaming like a sea of molten steel.

But never drought had broke them : never flood  
Had quenched them : they with mighty youth and  
health,

And thews and sinews knotted like the trees—  
*They*, like the children of the native woods,  
Could stem the strenuous waters, or outlive  
The crimson days and dull, dead nights of thirst  
Like camels : yet of what avail was strength  
Alone to them—though it was like the rocks  
On stormy mountains—in the bloody time  
When fierce sleep caught them in the camps at rest,  
And violent darkness gripped the life in them  
And whelmed them, as an eagle unawares  
Is whelmed and slaughtered in a sudden snare.

All murdered by the blacks ! smit while they lay  
In silver dreams, and with the far, faint fall  
Of many waters breaking on their sleep :  
Yea, in the tracts unknown of any man  
Save savages—the dim-discovered ways  
Of footless silence or unhappy winds—  
The wild men came upon them, like a fire  
Of desert thunder ; and the fine firm lips  
That touched a mother's lips a year before,  
And hands that knew a dearer hand than life,  
Were hewn like sacrifice before the stars,

And left with hooting owls, and blowing clouds,  
And falling leaves, and solitary wings !  
Aye, you may see their graves—you who have toiled,  
And tripped, and thirsted, like these men of ours ;  
For, verily, I say that *not* so deep  
Their bones are that the scattered drift and dust  
Of gusty days will never leave them bare.

O dear, dead, bleaching bones ! I know of those  
Who have the wild strong will to go and sit  
Outside all things with you, and keep the ways  
Aloof from bats, and snakes, and trampling feet  
That smite your peace and theirs—who have the  
heart,

Without the lusty limbs, to face the fire,  
And moonless midnights, and to be, indeed,  
For very sorrow, like a moaning wind  
In wintry forests with perpetual rain.

Because of this—because of sisters left  
With desperate purpose and dishevelled hair,  
And broken breath, and sweetness quenched in tears—  
Because of swifter silver for the head,  
And furrows for the face—because of these  
That should have come with age, that come with pain,  
O Master ! Father ! Sitting where our eyes  
Are tired of looking, say for once are we—  
Are *we* to set our lips with weary smiles  
Before the bitterness of Life and Death,  
And call it honey, while we bear away  
A taste like wormwood ?

Turn thyself, and sing—  
Sing, Son of Sorrow! Is there any gain  
For breaking of the loins, for melting eyes,  
And knees as weak as water?—any peace,  
Or hope, for casual breath, and labouring lips,  
For clapping of the palms, and sharper sighs  
Than frost; or any light to come for those  
Who stand and mumble in the alien streets  
With heads as grey as Winter?—any balm  
For pleading women, and the love that knows  
Of nothing left to love?

They sleep a sleep  
Unknown of dreams, these darling friends of ours.  
And *we* who taste the core of many tales  
Of tribulation—*we* whose lives are salt  
With tears indeed—we therefore hide our eyes  
And weep in secret, lest our grief should risk  
The rest that hath no hurt from daily racks  
Of fiery clouds and immemorial rains.

## EUTERPE

CHILD of Light, the bright, the bird-like ! wilt  
thou float and float to me,

Facing winds, and sleets, and waters, flying glimpses  
of the sea ?

Down amongst the hills of tempest, where the elves  
of tumult roam—

Blown wet shadows of the summits, dim sonorous  
sprites of foam ?

Here, and here, my days are wasted, shorn of leaf  
and stript of fruit :

Vexed because of speech half spoken, maiden with  
the marvellous lute !

Vexed because of songs half-shapen, smit with fire  
and mixed with pain :

Part of thee, and part of Sorrow, like a sunset pale  
with rain.

Child of Light, the bright, the bird-like ! wilt thou  
float and float to me

Facing winds and sleets, and waters, flying glimpses  
of the sea ?

All night long, in fluent pauses, falling far, but full,  
but fine,

Faultless friend of flowers and fountains, do I hear  
that voice of thine.

All night long, amidst the burden of the lordly  
storm, that sings  
High above the tumbled forelands, fleet and fierce  
with thunderings !  
Then, and then, my love, Euterpe, lips of life re-  
plete with dreams  
Murmur for thy sweet, sharp fragments dying down  
Lethean streams :  
Murmur for thy mouth's marred music, splendid  
hints that burn and break,  
Heavy with excess of beauty : murmur for thy  
music's sake,  
All night long in fluent pauses, falling far, but full,  
but fine,  
Faultless friend of flowers and fountains, do I hear  
that voice of thine.

In the yellow flame of evening sound of thee doth  
come and go  
Through the noises of the river, and the drifting  
of the snow :  
In the yellow flame of evening—at the setting of  
the day—  
Sound that lightens, falls, and lightens, flickers,  
faints, and fades away.  
I am famished of thy silence—broken for the ten-  
der note  
Caught with its surpassing passion—caught and  
strangled in thy throat !



We have nought to help thy trouble—nought for  
that which lieth mute  
On the harpstring and the lutestring and the spirit  
of the lute:  
In the yellow flame of evening sound of thee doth  
come and go  
Through the noises of the river and the drifting of  
the snow.

Daughter of the dead red summers ! men that laugh  
and men that weep  
Call thee Music—shall I follow, choose their name,  
and turn, and sleep ?  
What thou art, behold, I know not ; but thy honey  
slakes and slays  
Half the want which whitens manhood in the stress  
of alien days !  
Even as a wondrous woman struck with love and  
great desire  
Hast thou been to me, Euterpe ! half of tears and  
half of fire.  
But thy joy is swift and fitful ; and a subtle sense  
of pain  
Sighs through thy melodious breathing, takes the  
rapture from thy strain,  
Daughter of the dead red summers ! men that laugh  
and men that weep  
Call thee Music—shall I follow, choose their name,  
and turn, and sleep ?

## SAFI

**S**TRONG pinions bore Safi, the dreamer,  
Through the dazzle and whirl of a race,  
And the earth, raying up in confusion,  
Like a sea thundered under his face!

And the earth, raying up in confusion,  
Passed flying and flying afar,  
Till it dropped like a moon into silence,  
And waned from a moon to a star.

Was it light, was it shadow he followed,  
That he swept through those desperate tracts  
With his hair beating back on his shoulders  
Like the tops of the wind-hackled flax?

"I come," murmured Safi, the dreamer,  
"I come, but thou fliest before:  
But thy way hath the breath of the honey,  
And the scent of the myrrh evermore!"

His eyes were the eyes of a watcher  
Held on by luxurious faith,  
And his lips were the lips of a longer  
Amazed with the beauty of Death:



“For ever and ever,” he murmured,  
“My love, for the sweetness with thee,  
Do I follow thy footsteps,” said Safi,  
“Like the wind on a measureless sea.”

And, fronting the furthestmost paces,  
He kept through the distances dim,  
Till the days, and the years, and the cycles,  
Were lost and forgotten by him.

---

When he came to the silver star-portals,  
The Queen of that wonderful place  
Looked forth from her towers resplendent,  
And started, and dreamed in his face.

And one said, “This is Safi the Only,  
Who lived in a planet below,  
And housed him apart from his fellows,  
A million of ages ago.

“He erred, if he suffers, to clutch at  
High lights from the wood and the street ;  
Not caring to see how his brothers  
Were content with the things at their feet.”

---

But she whispered, “Ah, turn to the stranger !  
He looks like a lord of the land ;  
For his eyes are the eyes of an angel,  
And the thought on his forehead is grand !

“ Is there never a peace for the sinner  
Whose sin is in this, that he mars  
The light of his worship of Beauty,  
Forgetting the flower for the stars.”

---

“ Behold him, my Sister immortal,  
And doubt that he knoweth his shame,  
Who raves in the shadow for sweetness,  
And gloats on the ghost of a flame !

“ His sin is his sin, if he suffers,  
Who wilfully straitened the truth ;  
And his doom is his doom, if he follows  
A lie without sorrow or ruth.”

---

And another from uttermost verges  
Ran out with a terrible voice—  
“ Let him go—it is well that he goeth,  
Though he break with the lot of his choice.’

---

“ I come,” murmured Safi, the dreamer,  
“ I come, but thou fliest before :  
But thy way hath the breath of the honey,  
And the scent of the myrrh evermore.”

---

“ My Queen,” said the first of the Voices,  
“ He hunteth a perilous wraith,  
Arrayed with voluptuous fancies  
And ringed with tyrannical faith.

“ Wound up in the heart of his error  
He must sweep through the silences dire,  
Like one in the dark of a desert  
Allured by fallacious fire.”

---

And she faltered, and asked, like a doubter,  
“ When he hangs on those Spaces sublime  
With the Terror that knoweth no limit,  
And holdeth no record of Time—

“ Forgotten of God and the demons—  
Will he keep to his fancy amain ?  
Can he live for that horrible chaos  
Of flame and perpetual rain ? ”

---

But an answer as soft as a prayer  
Fell down from a high hidden land,  
And the words were the words of a language  
Which none but the gods understand:

## IN MEMORIAM

DANIEL HENRY DENIEHY

TAKE the harp, but very softly for our brother  
touch the strings :  
Wind and wood shall help to wail him, waves and  
mournful mountain-springs.  
Take the harp, but very softly, for the friend who  
grew so old  
Through the hours we would not hear of—nights we  
would not fain behold !  
Other voices—sweeter voices—shall lament him  
year by year,  
Though the morning finds us lonely, though we sit  
and marvel here :  
Marvel much while Summer cometh, trammelled  
with November wheat,  
Gold about her forehead gleaming, green and gold  
about her feet ;  
Yea, and while the land is dark with plover, gull,  
and gloomy glede,  
Where the cold, swift songs of Winter fill the inter-  
lucent reed.

Yet, my heart—and oh, my fathers, never look for  
 Sorrow's lay,  
 Making life a mighty darkness in the patient noon  
 of day ;  
 Since he resteth whom we loved so, out beyond  
 these fleeting seas,  
 Blowing clouds and restless regions paved with old  
 perplexities,  
 In a land where thunder breaks not, in a place un-  
 known of snow,  
 Where the rain is mute for ever, where the wild  
 winds never go :  
 Home of far-forgotten phantoms—genii of our peace-  
 ful prime,  
 Shining by perpetual waters past the ways of Change  
 and Time :  
 Haven of the harried spirit, where it folds its wearied  
 wings,  
 Turns its face and sleeps a sleep with deep forget-  
 fulness of things.

His should be a grave by mountains, in a cool and  
 thick-mossed lea,  
 With the lone creek falling past it—falling ever to  
 the sea.  
*His* should be a grave by waters, by a bright and  
 broad lagoon,  
 Making steadfast splendours hallowed of the quiet,  
 shining moon.

There the elves of many forests—wandering winds  
 and flying lights—  
 Born of green, of happy mornings, dear to yellow  
 summer nights,  
 Full of dole for him that loved them, then might  
 halt, and then might go,  
 Finding fathers of the people to their children speak-  
 ing low—  
 Speaking low of one who, failing, suffered all the  
 poet's pain,  
 Dying with the dead leaves round him—hopes which  
 never grow again:



## MEROPE

FAR in the ways of the hyaline wastes—in the  
face of the splendid  
Six of the sisters—the star-dowered sisters ineffably  
bright,  
Merope sitteth, the shadow-like wife of a monarch  
unfriended  
Of Ades—of Orcus, the fierce, the implacable god of  
the night.  
Merope—fugitive Merope! lost to thyself and thy  
lover,  
Cast, like a dream, out of thought, with the moons  
which have passed into sleep,  
What shall avail thee? Alcyone's tears, or the  
sight to discover  
Of Sisyphus pallid for thee by the blue, bitter lights  
of the deep—  
Pallid, but patient for sorrow? Oh, thou of the  
fire and the water,  
Half with the flame of the sunset, and kin to the  
streams of the sea,  
Hast thou the songs of old times for desire of thy  
dark-featured daughter,



Sweet with the lips of thy yearning, O Æthra : with  
tokens of thee !  
Songs that would lull her, like kisses forgotten of  
silence where speech was  
Less than the silence that bound it as passion is  
bound by a ban ;  
Seeing we know of thee, Mother, *we* turning and  
hearing how each was  
Wrapt in the other ere Merope faltered and fell for  
a man ?  
Mortal she clave to, forgetting her birthright, for-  
getting the lordlike  
Sons of the many-winged Father, and chiefs of the  
plume and the star,  
Therefore, because that her sin was the grief of the  
grand and the godlike,  
Sitteth thy child than a morning-moon bleaker, the  
faded, and far.  
Ringed with the flower-like Six of the Seven, arrayed  
and anointed  
Ever with beautiful pity, she watches, she weeps,  
and she wanes,  
Blind as a flame on the hills of the Winter in hours  
appointed  
For the life of the foam and the thunder—the strength  
of the imminent rains:  
Who hath a portion, Alcyone, like her ? Asterope,  
fairer  
Than sunset on snow, and beloved of all brightness,  
say what is there left

Sadder and paler than Pleione's daughter, discon-  
solate bearer  
Of trouble that smites like a sword of the gods to  
the break of the heft ?  
Demeter, and Dryope, known to the forests, the  
falls, and the fountains,  
Yearly, because of their walking, and wailing, and  
wringing of hands,  
*Are* they as one with this woman ? or Hyrie wild  
in the mountains,  
Breaking her heart in the frosts and the fires of  
the uttermost lands ?  
*These* have their bitterness. This, for Persephone,  
that for Æchalian  
Homes, and the lights of a kindness blown out with  
the stress of her shame :  
One for her child, and one for her sin ; but thou  
above all art an alien,  
Girt with the halos that vex thee, and wrapt in a  
grief beyond name.  
Yet sayeth Sisyphus—Sisyphus, stricken and chained  
of the minioned  
Kings of great darkness, and trodden in dust by  
the feet of the Fates—  
“ Sweet are the ways of thy watching, and pallid  
and perished, and pinioned,  
Moon amongst maidens, I leap for thy love like a  
god at the gates—  
Leap for the dreams of a rose of the heavens, and  
beat at the portals

Paved with the pain of unsatisfied pleadings for  
thee and for thine ;  
But Zeus is immutable Master, and these are the  
walls the immortals  
Build for our sighing, and who may set lips at the  
lords and repine ?  
Therefore," he saith, " I am sick for thee, Merope,  
faint for the tender  
Touch of thy mouth, and the eyes like the lights of  
an altar to me ;  
But, lo, thou art far ; and thy face is a still and a  
sorrowful splendour !  
And the storm is abroad with the rain on the  
perilous straits of the sea."

## AFTER THE HUNT

UNDERNEATH the windy mountain walls  
Forth we rode, an eager band,  
By the surges, and the verges, and the gorges,  
Till the night was on the land—  
On the hazy, mazy land !  
Far away the bounding prey  
Leapt across the ruts and logs,  
But we galloped, galloped, galloped on !  
Till we heard the yapping of the dogs:

Oh, it was a madly merry day  
We shall not so soon forget,  
And the edges, and the ledges, and the ridges  
Haunt us with their echoes yet—  
Echoes, echoes, echoes yet !  
While the moon is on the hill  
Gleaming through the streaming fogs,  
Don't you gallop, gallop, gallop still ?  
Don't you hear the yapping of the dogs ?

## THE WARRIGAL (WILD DOG OF AUSTRALIA)

THE warrigal's lair is pent in bare  
Black rocks at the gorge's mouth ;  
It is set in ways where summer strays  
With the sprites of flame and drouth ;  
But, when the heights are touched with lights  
Of hoar-frost, sleet, and shine,  
His bed is made of the dead grass-blade  
And the leaves of the windy pine.

Through forest boles the storm-wind rolls,  
Vext of the sea-driv'n rain ;  
And, up in the clift, through many a rift,  
The voices of torrents complain.  
The sad marsh-fowl and the lonely owl  
Are heard in the fog-wreaths grey,  
When the warrigal wakes, and listens, and takes  
To the woods that shelter the prey:

In the gully-deeps the blind creek sleeps,  
And the silver, showery moon  
Glides over the hills, and floats, and fills,  
And dreams in the dark lagoon ;

While halting hard by the station yard,  
Aghast at the hut-flame nigh,  
The warrigal yells, and flats and fells  
Are loud with his dismal cry.

On the topmost peak of the mountains bleak  
The south wind sobs, and strays  
Through moaning pine and turpentine,  
And the rippling runnel ways ;  
And strong streams flow, and dank mists go,  
Where the warrigal starts to hear  
The watch-dog's bark break sharp in the dark,  
And flees like a phantom of fear !



## A SPANISH LOVE SONG

FROM Andalusian gardens  
I bring the rose and rue,  
And leaves of subtle odour,  
To weave a gift for you.  
You'll know the reason wherefore  
The sad is with the sweet!  
My flowers may lie, as I would,  
A carpet for your feet.

The heart—the heart is constant;  
It holds its secret, Dear!  
But often in the night time  
I keep awake for fear.  
I have no hope to whisper,  
I have no prayer to send,  
God save you from such passion!  
God help you from such end!

You first, you last, you false love!  
In dreams your lips I kiss,  
And thus I greet your Shadow,  
“Take this, and this, and this!”

When dews are on the casement,  
And winds are in the pine,  
I have you close beside me—  
In sleep your mouth is mine.

I never see you elsewhere ;  
You never think of me ;  
But fired with fever for you  
Content I am to be.  
You will not turn, my Darling,  
Nor answer when I call ;  
But yours are soul and body  
And love of mine and all !

You splendid Spaniard ! Listen—  
My passion leaps to flame  
For neck, and cheek, and dimple,  
And cunning shades of shame !  
I tell you, I would gladly  
Give Hell myself to keep,  
To cling to, half a moment,  
The lips I taste in sleep.



## SONGS FROM THE MOUNTAINS



## TO A MOUNTAIN

TO thee, O father of the stately peaks,  
Above me in the loftier light—to thee,  
Imperial brother of those awful hills  
Whose feet are set in splendid spheres of flame,  
Whose heads are where the gods are, and whose  
sides  
Of strength are belted round with all the zones  
Of all the world, I dedicate these songs.  
And if, within the compass of this book,  
There lives and glows *one* verse in which there beats  
The pulse of wind and torrent—if *one* line  
Is here that like a running water sounds,  
And seems an echo from the lands of leaf,  
Be sure that line is thine. Here, in this home,  
Away from men and books and all the schools,  
I take thee for my Teacher. In thy voice  
Of deathless majesty, I, kneeling, hear  
God's grand authentic Gospel! Year by year,  
The great sublime cantata of thy storm  
Strikes through my spirit—fills it with a life  
Of startling beauty! Thou my Bible art  
With holy leaves of rock, and flower, and tree,  
And moss, and shining runnel. From each page  
That helps to make thy awful volume, I



Have learned a noble lesson. In the psalm  
Of thy grave winds, and in the liturgy  
Of singing waters, lo! my soul has heard  
The higher worship; and from thee, indeed,  
The broad foundations of a finer hope  
Were gathered in; and thou hast lifted up  
The blind horizon for a larger faith!  
Moreover, walking in exalted woods  
Of naked glory, in the green and gold  
Of forest sunshine, I have paused like one  
With all the life transfigured: and a flood  
Of light ineffable has made me feel  
As felt the grand old prophets caught away  
By flames of inspiration; but the words  
Sufficient for the story of my Dream  
Are far too splendid for poor human lips!  
But thou, to whom I turn with reverent eyes—  
O stately Father, whose majestic face  
Shines far above the zone of wind and cloud,  
Where high dominion of the morning is—  
Thou hast the Song complete of which my songs  
Are pallid adumbrations! Certain sounds  
Of strong authentic sorrow in this book  
May have the sob of upland torrents—these,  
And only these, may touch the great World's heart;  
For, lo! they are the issues of that grief  
Which makes a man more human, and his life  
More like that frank exalted life of thine:  
But in these pages there are other tones  
In which thy large, superior voice is not—

Through which no beauty that resembles thine  
Has ever shone. *These* are the broken words  
Of blind occasions, when the World has come  
Between me and my Dream. No song is here  
Of mighty compass; for my singing robes  
I've worn in stolen moments. All my days  
Have been the days of a laborious life,  
And ever on my struggling soul has burned  
The fierce heat of this hurried sphere. But thou,  
To whose fair majesty I dedicate  
My book of rhymes—thou hast the perfect rest  
Which makes the heaven of the highest gods!  
To thee the noises of this violent time  
Are far, faint whispers; and, from age to age,  
Within the world and yet apart from it,  
Thou standest! Round thy lordly capes the sea  
Rolls on with a superb indifference  
For ever; in thy deep, green, gracious glens  
The silver fountains sing for ever. Far  
Above dim ghosts of waters in the caves,  
The royal robe of morning on thy head  
Abides for ever! Evermore the wind  
Is thy august companion; and thy peers  
Are cloud, and thunder, and the face sublime  
Of blue mid-heaven! On thy awful brow  
Is Deity; and in that voice of thine  
There is the great imperial utterance  
Of God for ever; and thy feet are set  
Where evermore, through all the days and years,  
There rolls the grand hymn of the deathless wave:

## MARY RIVERS

PATH beside the silver waters, flashing in October's  
sun—

Walk, by green and golden margins where the sister  
streamlets run,

Twenty shining springs have vanished, full of flower,  
and leaf, and bird,

Since the step of Mary Rivers in your lawny dell was  
heard.

Twenty white-haired Junes have left us—grey with  
frost and bleak with gale—

Since the hand of her we loved so plucked the blossoms  
in your dale.

Twenty summers, twenty autumns, from the grand  
old hills have passed,

With their robes of royal colour, since we saw the  
darling last.

Morning comes—the blessed morning! and the slow  
song of the sea,

Like a psalm from radiant altars, floats across a rose.  
red lea ;

Then the fair, strong noonday blossoms, and the  
reaper seeks the cool  
Valley of the moss and myrtle, and the glimmering  
waterpool.  
Noonday flames and evening follows ; and the lordly  
mountains rest  
Heads arrayed with tenfold splendour on the rich  
heart of the West.  
Evening walks with moon and music where the higher  
life has been ;  
But the face of Mary Rivers *there* will nevermore be  
seen.

Ah ! when autumn dells are dewy, and the wave is  
very still,  
And that grey ghost called the Twilight passes from  
the distant hill—  
Even in the hallowed nightfall, when the fathers  
sit and dream,  
And the splendid rose of heaven sees a sister in the  
stream—  
Often do I watch the waters gleaming in a starry  
bay,  
Thinking of a bygone beauty, and a season far  
away ;  
Musing on the grace that left us in a time of singing  
rain,  
On the lady who will never walk amongst these  
heaths again.

Four there were, but two were taken ; and this  
darling we deplore,

She was sweetest of the circle—she was dearest of  
the four !

In the daytime and the dewtime comes the phantom  
of her face :

None will ever sit where she did—none will ever fill  
her place.

With the passing of our Mary, like a sunset out of  
sight,

Passed away our pure first passion—all its life and  
all its light !

All that made the world a dreamland—all the glory  
and the glow

Of the fine fresh morning feeling vanished twenty  
years ago.

Girl, whose strange, unearthly beauty haunts us  
ever in our sleep,

Many griefs have worn our hearts out—we are now  
too tired to weep !

Time has tried us, years have changed us ; but the  
sweetness shed by you

Falls upon our spirits daily, like divine, immortal  
dew.

Shining are our thoughts about you—of the blossoms  
past recall,

You are still the rose of lustre—still the fairest of  
them all ;

In the sleep that brings the garland gathered from  
the bygone hours,  
You are still our Mary Rivers—still the queen of  
all the flowers:

Let me ask, where none can hear me—When you  
passed into the shine,  
And you heard a great love calling, did you know  
that it was mine?

In your life of light and music, tell me did you ever  
see,

Shining in a holy silence, what was as a flame in  
me?

Ah, my darling! no one saw it. Purer than un-  
trodden dew

Was that first unhappy passion buried in the grave  
with you.

Bird and leaf will keep the secret—wind and wood  
will never tell

Men the thing that I have whispered. Mary Rivers,  
fare you well!



## BEYOND KERGUELEN

**D**OWN in the South, by the waste without sail  
on it—

Far from the zone of the blossom and tree—  
Lieth, with winter and whirlwind and wail on it,  
Ghost of a land by the ghost of a sea.  
Weird is the mist from the summit to base of it ;  
Sun of its heaven is wizened and grey ;  
Phantom of light is the light on the face of it—  
Never is night on it, never is day !  
Here is the shore without flower or bird on it ;  
Here is no litany sweet of the springs—  
Only the haughty, harsh thunder is heard on it,  
Only the storm, with a roar in its wings !

Shadow of moon is the moon in the sky of it—  
Wan as the face of a wizard, and far !  
Never there shines from the firmament high of it  
Grace of the planet or glory of star.  
All the year round, in the place of white days on it—  
All the year round where there never is night—



Lies a great sinister, bitter, blind haze on it :  
Growth that is neither of darkness nor light !  
Wild is the cry of the sea in the caves by it—  
Sea that is smitten by spears of the snow ;  
Desolate songs are the songs of the waves by it—  
Down in the South, where the ships never go.

Storm from the Pole is the singer that sings to it  
Hymns of the land at the planet's grey verge.  
Thunder discloses dark, wonderful things to it—  
Thunder, and rain, and the dolorous surge.  
Hills with no hope of a wing or a leaf on them,  
Scarred with the chronicles written by flame,  
Stare through the gloom of inscrutable grief on them,  
Down on the horns of the gulfs without name.  
Cliffs with the records of fierce flying fires on them—  
Loom over perilous pits of eclipse ;  
Alps, with anathema stamped in the spires on them—  
Out by the wave with a curse on its lips.

Never is sign of soft, beautiful green on it—  
Never the colour, the glory of rose !  
Neither the fountain nor river is seen on it,  
Naked its crags are, and barren its snows !  
Blue as the face of the drowned is the shore of it—  
Shore, with the capes of indefinite cave.  
Strange is the voice of its wind, and the roar of it  
Startles the mountain and hushes the wave.  
Out to the south and away to the north of it,  
Spectral and sad are the spaces untold !

All the year round a great cry goeth forth of it—  
Sob of this leper of lands in the cold.

No man hath stood, all its bleak, bitter years on it—

Fall of a foot on its wastes is unknown :

Only the sound of the hurricane's spears on it

Breaks with the shout from the uttermost zone.

Blind are its bays with the shadow of bale on them ;

Storms of the nadir their rocks have uphurled ;

Earthquake hath registered deeply its tale on them—

Tale of distress from the dawn of the world !

*There* are the gaps, with the surges that seethe in  
them—

Gaps in whose jaws is a menace that glares !

*There* the wan reefs, with the merciless teeth in  
them,

Gleam on a chaos that startles and scares !

Back in the dawn of this beautiful sphere, on it—

Land of the dolorous, desolate face—

Beamed the blue day ; and the bountiful year on it

Fostered the leaf and the blossom of grace.

Grand were the lights of its midsummer noon on it—

Mornings of majesty shone on its seas :

Glitter of star and the glory of moon on it

Fell, in the march of the musical breeze.

Valleys and hills, with the whisper of wing in them,

Dells of the daffodil—spaces imperaled,

Flowered and flashed with the splendour of Spring  
in them—

Back in the morn of this wonderful world.

Soft were the words that the thunder then said to it—

Said to this lustre of emerald plain ;

Sun brought the yellow, the green, and the red to it—

Sweet were the songs of its silvery rain.

Voices of water and wind in the bays of it

Lingered, and lulled like the psalm of a dream.

Fair were the nights and effulgent the days of it—

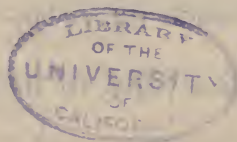
Moon was in shadow and shade in the beam.

Summer's chief throne was the marvellous coast of it,

Home of the Spring was its luminous lea :

Garden of glitter ! but only the ghost of it

Moans in the South by the ghost of a sea.



## HY-BRASIL

“DAUGHTER,” said the ancient father, pausing  
by the evening sea,

“Turn thy face towards the sunset—turn thy face  
and kneel with me!

Prayer and praise and holy fasting, lips of love and  
life of light,

These and these have made thee perfect—shining  
saint with seraph’s sight!

Look towards that flaming crescent—look beyond  
that glowing space—

Tell me, sister of the angels, what is beaming in thy  
face?”

And the daughter, who had fasted, who had spent  
her days in prayer,

Till the glory of the Saviour touched her head and  
rested there,

Turned her eyes towards the sea-line—saw beyond  
the fiery crest,

Floating over waves of jasper, far Hy-Brasil in the  
West.

All the calmness and the colour—all the splendour  
and repose,

Flowing where the sunset flowered, like a silver-  
hearted rose!

There indeed was singing Eden, where the great gold  
river runs

Past the porch and gates of crystal, ringed by strong  
and shining ones !

There indeed was God's own garden, sailing down the  
sapphire sea—

Lawny dells and slopes of summer, dazzling stream  
and radiant tree !

Out against the hushed horizon—out beneath the  
reverent day,

Flamed the Wonder on the waters—flamed, and  
flashed, and passed away.

And the maiden who had seen it felt a hand within  
her own,

And an angel that we know not led her to the lands  
unknown.

Never since hath eye beheld it—never since hath  
mortal, dazed

By its strange, unearthly splendour, on the floating  
Eden gazed !

Only once since Eve went weeping through a throng  
of glittering wings,

Hath the holy seen Hy-Brasil where the great gold  
river sings !

Only once by quiet waters, under still, resplendent  
skies,

Did the sister of the seraphs kneel in sight of Paradise !  
She, the pure, the perfect woman, sanctified by patient  
prayer,

Had the eyes of saints of Heaven, all their glory in  
her hair :

Therefore God the Father whispered to a radiant  
spirit near—

“ Show Our daughter fair Hy-Brasil—show her this,  
and lead her here.”

But beyond the halls of sunset, but within the won-  
drous West,

On the rose-red seas of evening, sails the Garden of  
the Blest.

Still the gates of glassy beauty, still the walls of  
glowing light,

Shine on waves that no man knows of, out of sound  
and out of sight.

Yet the slopes and lawns of lustre, yet the dells of  
sparkling streams,

Dip to tranquil shores of jasper, where the watching  
angel beams.

But, behold, our eyes are human, and our way is  
paved with pain,

We can never find Hy-Brasil, never see its hills  
again !

Never look on bays of crystal, never bend the reverent  
knee

In the sight of Eden floating—floating on the sapphire  
sea !



## MOONI

AH, to be by Mooni now !  
Where the great dark hills of wonder,  
Scarred with storm and cleft asunder  
By the strong sword of the thunder,  
Make a night on morning's brow !  
Just to stand where Nature's face is  
Flushed with power in forest places—  
Where of God authentic trace is—  
Ah, to be by Mooni now !

Just to be by Mooni's springs !  
There to stand, the shining sharer  
Of that larger life, and rarer  
Beauty caught from beauty fairer  
Than the human face of things !  
Soul of mine from sin abhorrent  
Fain would hide by flashing current  
Like a sister of the torrent,  
Far away by Mooni's springs.



He that is by Mooni now,  
 Sees the water-sapphires gleaming  
 Where the River Spirit, dreaming  
 Sleeps by fall and fountain streaming  
     Under lute of leaf and bough !  
 Hears, where stamp of storm with stress is,  
 Psalms from unseen wildernesses  
 Deep amongst far hill-recesses—  
     He that is by Mooni now:

Yea, for him by Mooni's marge  
 Sings the yellow-haired September  
 With the face the gods remember  
 When the ridge is burnt to ember,  
     And the dumb sea chains the barge !  
 Where the mount like molten brass is,  
 Down beneath fern-feathered passes,  
 Noonday dew in cool green grasses  
     Gleams on him by Mooni's marge:

Who that dwells by Mooni yet,  
 Feels, in flowerful forest arches,  
 Smiting wings and breath that parches  
 Where strong Summer's path of march is  
     And the suns in thunder set ?  
 Housed beneath the gracious kirtle  
 Of the shadowy water myrtle,  
 Winds may hiss with heat, and hurtle—  
     He is safe by Mooni yet !

Days there were when he who sings  
 (Dumb so long through passion's losses)  
 Stood where Mooni's water crosses  
 Shining tracts of green-haired mosses,  
     Like a soul with radiant wings ;  
 Then the psalm the wind rehearses—  
 Then the song the stream disperses  
 Lent a beauty to his verses—  
     Who to-night of Mooni sings:

Ah, the theme—the sad, grey theme !  
 Certain days are not above me,  
 Certain hearts have ceased to love me,  
 Certain fancies fail to move me

    Like the affluent morning dream:  
 Head whereon the white is stealing,  
 Heart whose hurts are past all healing,  
 Where is now the first pure feeling ?

    Ah, the theme—the sad, grey theme !

Sin and shame have left their trace !  
 He who mocks the mighty, gracious  
 Love of Christ, with eyes audacious,  
 Hunting after fires fallacious,

    Wears the issue in his face:  
 Soul that flouted gift and Giver,  
 Like the broken Persian river,  
 Thou hast lost thy strength for ever !

    Sin and shame have left their trace.

In the years that used to be,  
 When the large, supreme occasion  
 Brought the life of inspiration  
 Like a god's transfiguration,  
     Was the shining change in me:  
 Then, where Mooni's glory glances,  
 Clear diviner countenances  
 Beamed on me like blessed chances,  
     In the years that used to be:

Ah, the beauty of old ways!  
 Then the man who so resembled  
 Lords of light unstained, unhumbled,  
 Touched the skirts of Christ, nor trembled  
     At the grand benignant gaze!  
 Now he shrinks before the splendid  
 Face of Deity offended,  
 All the loveliness is ended!  
     All the beauty of old ways!

Still to be by Mooni cool—  
 Where the water-blossoms glisten,  
 And, by gleaming vale and vista,  
 Sits the English April's sister  
     Soft, and sweet, and wonderful:  
 Just to rest beyond the burning  
 Outer world—its sneers and spurning—  
 Ah! my heart—my heart is yearning  
     Still to be by Mooni cool:

Now, by Mooni's fair hill heads,  
Lo, the gold green lights are glowing,  
Where, because no wind is blowing,  
Fancy hears the flowers growing  
    In the herby watersheds !  
Faint it is—the sound of thunder  
From the torrents far thereunder,  
Where the meeting mountains ponder—  
    Now, by Mooni's fair hill heads:

Just to be where Mooni is,  
Even where the fierce fall races  
Down august unfathomed places,  
Where of sun or moon no trace is,  
    And the streams of shadow hiss !  
Have I not an ample reason  
So to long for—sick of treason—  
Something of the grand old season,  
    Just to be where Mooni is ?

## THE VOICE IN THE WILD OAK

TWELVE years ago, when I could face  
High heaven's dome with different eyes—  
In days full-flowered with hours of grace,  
And nights not sad with sighs—  
I wrote a song in which I strove  
To shadow forth thy strain of woe,  
Dark widowed sister of the grove—  
Twelve wasted years ago.

But youth was then too young to find  
Those high authentic syllables,  
Whose voice is like the wintering wind  
By sunless mountain fells ;  
Nor had I sinned and suffered then  
To that superlative degree  
That I would rather seek, than men,  
Wild fellowship with thee.

But he who hears this autumn day  
Thy more than deep autumnal rhyme,  
Is one whose hair was shot with grey  
By Grief instead of Time.

He has no need, like many a bard,  
 To sing imaginary pain,  
 Because he bears, and finds it hard,  
 The punishment of Cain.

No more he sees the affluence  
 Which makes the heart of Nature glad ;  
 For he has lost the fine first sense  
 Of Beauty that he had.

The old delight God's happy breeze  
 Was wont to give, to Grief has grown ;  
 And therefore, Niobe of trees,  
 His song is like thine own.

But I, who am that perished soul,  
 Have wasted so these powers of mine,  
 That I can never write that whole,  
 Pure, perfect speech of thine.  
 Some lord of words august, supreme,  
 The grave, grand melody demands ;  
 The dark translation of thy theme  
 I leave to other hands.

Yet here, where plovers nightly call  
 Across dim melancholy leas—  
 Where come by whistling fen and fall  
 The moan of far-off seas—  
 A grey old Fancy often sits  
 Beneath thy shade with tired wings,  
 And fills thy strong, strange rhyme by fits  
 With awful utterings.



Then times there are when all the words  
 Are like the sentences of one  
 Shut in by fate from wind and birds  
 And light of stars and sun !  
 No dazzling dryad, but a dark  
 Dream-haunted spirit doomed to be  
 Imprisoned, cramped in bands of bark,  
 For all eternity.

Yea, like the speech of one aghast  
 At Immortality in chains,  
 What time the lordly storm rides past  
 With flames and arrowy rains :  
 Some wan Tithonus of the wood,  
 White with immeasurable years—  
 An awful ghost in solitude  
 With moaning moors and meres !

And when high thunder smites the hill  
 And hunts the wild dog to his den,  
 Thy cries, like maledictions, shrill  
 And shriek from glen to glen,  
 As if a frightful memory whipped  
 Thy soul for some infernal crime  
 That left it blasted, blind, and stript—  
 A dread to Death and Time !

But when the fair-haired August dies,  
 And flowers wax strong and beautiful,  
 Thy songs are stately harmonies  
 By wood-lights green and cool—



Most like the voice of one who shows  
Through sufferings fierce, in fine relief,  
A noble patience and repose—  
A dignity in grief.

But, ah! conceptions fade away,  
And still the life that lives in thee—  
The soul of thy majestic lay—  
Remains a mystery!  
And he must speak the speech divine—  
The language of the high-throned lords—  
Who 'd give that grand old theme of thine  
Its sense in faultless words.

By hollow lands and sea-tracts harsh,  
With ruin of the fourfold gale,  
Where sighs the sedge and sobs the marsh,  
Still wail thy lonely wail ;  
And, year by year, one step will break  
The sleep of far hill-folded streams,  
And seek, if only for thy sake  
Thy home of many dreams.

## ARALUEN

[*The Poet's Daughter.*]

TAKE this rose, and very gently place it on the  
tender, deep  
Mosses where our little darling, Araluen, lies asleep:  
Put the blossom close to baby—kneel with me, my  
love, and pray ;  
We must leave the bird we've buried—say good-bye  
to her to-day ;  
In the shadow of our trouble we must go to other  
lands,  
And the flowers we have fostered will be left to other  
hands.  
Other eyes will watch them growing—other feet will  
softly tread  
Where two hearts are nearly breaking, where so  
many tears are shed.  
Bitter is the world we live in : life and love are mixed  
with pain ;  
We will never see these daisies—never water them  
again.

Ah! the saddest thought in leaving baby in this  
bush alone

Is that we have not been able on her grave to place  
a stone :

We have been too poor to do it ; but, my darling,  
never mind—

God is in the gracious heavens, and His sun and rain  
are kind :

They will dress the spot with beauty, they will  
make the grasses grow ;

Many winds will lull our birdie, many songs will  
come and go.

Here the blue-eyed Spring will linger, here the  
shining month will stay,

Like a friend, by Araluen, when we two are far away ;

But, beyond the wild, wide waters, we will tread  
another shore—

We will never watch this blossom, never see it any  
more.

Girl, whose hand at God's high altar in the dear,  
dead year I pressed,

Lean your stricken head upon me—this is still your  
lover's breast !

She who sleeps was first and sweetest—none we have  
to take her place !

Empty is the little cradle—absent is the little face.  
Other children may be given ; but this rose beyond  
recall,

But this garland of your girlhood, will be dearest of  
them all.

None will ever, Araluen, nestle where you used to be,  
In my heart of hearts, you darling, when the world  
was new to me ;

We were young when you were with us, life and love  
were happy things

To your father and your mother ere the angels gave  
you wings.

You that sit and sob beside me—you, upon whose  
golden head

Many rains of many sorrows have from day to day  
been shed ;

Who, because your love was noble, faced with me  
the lot austere

Ever pressing with its hardship on the man of letters  
here—

Let me feel that you are near me, lay your hand  
within mine own ;

You are all I have to live for, now that we are left  
alone.

Three there were, but one has vanished. Sins of  
mine have made you weep ;

But forgive your baby's father now that baby is  
asleep.

Let us go, for night is falling, leave the darling with  
her flowers ;

Other hands will come and tend them—other friends  
in other hours.

## NAMES UPON A STONE

A CROSS bleak widths of broken sea  
A fierce north-easter breaks,  
And makes a thunder on the lea—  
A whiteness of the lakes.  
Here, while beyond the rainy stream  
The wild winds sobbing blow,  
I see the river of my dream  
Four wasted years ago.

Narrara of the waterfalls,  
The darling of the hills,  
Whose home is under mountain walls  
By many-luted rills!  
Her bright green nooks and channels cool  
I never more may see;  
But, ah! the Past was beautiful—  
The sights that used to be:

There was a rock-pool in a glen  
Beyond Narrara's sands;  
The mountains shut it in from men  
In flowerful fairy lands;

But once we found its dwelling-place—  
The lovely and the lone—  
And, in a dream, I stooped to trace  
Our names upon a stone.

Above us, where the star-like moss  
Shone on the wet, green wall  
That spanned the straitened stream across,  
We saw the waterfall—  
A silver singer far away,  
By folded hills and hoar ;  
Its voice is in the woods to-day—  
A voice I hear no more.

I wonder if the leaves that screen  
The rock-pool of the past  
Are yet as soft and cool and green  
As when we saw them last !  
I wonder if that tender thing,  
The moss, has overgrown  
The letters by the limpid spring—  
Our names upon the stone !

Across the face of scenes we know  
There may have come a change—  
The places seen four years ago  
Perhaps would now look strange.  
To you, indeed, they cannot be  
What, haply, once they were :  
A friend beloved by you and me  
No more will greet us there.



Because I know the filial grief  
That shrinks beneath the touch—  
The noble love whose words are brief—  
I will not say too much ;  
But often when the night-winds strike  
Across the sighing rills,  
I think of him whose life was like  
The rock-pool's in the hills:

A beauty like the light of song  
Is in my dreams, that show  
The grand old man who lived so long  
As spotless as the snow.

A fitting garland for the dead  
I cannot compass yet ;  
But many things he did and said  
I never will forget.

In dells where once we used to rove  
The slow, sad water grieves ;  
And ever comes from glimmering grove  
The liturgy of leaves.  
But time and toil have marked my face,  
My heart has older grown  
Since, in the woods, I stooped to trace  
Our names upon the stone.

## COORANBEAN

YEARS fifty, and seven to boot, have smitten  
the children of men

Since sound of a voice or a foot came out of the head  
of that glen.

The brand of black devil is there—an evil wind  
moaneth around—

There is doom, there is death in the air: a curse  
groweth up from the ground!

No noise of the axe or the saw in that hollow unholy  
is heard,

No fall of the hoof or the paw, no whirr of the wing  
of the bird;

But a grey mother down by the sea, as wan as the  
foam on the strait,

Has counted the beads on her knee these forty-nine  
winters and eight.

Whenever an elder is asked—a white-headed man  
of the woods—

Of the terrible mystery masked where the dark  
everlastingly broods,

Be sure he will turn to the bay, with his back to the  
glen in the range,  
And glide like a phantom away, with a countenance  
pallid with change:  
From the line of dead timber that lies supine at the  
foot of the glade,  
The fierce-featured eaglehawk flies—afraid as a dove  
is afraid ;  
But back in that wilderness dread are a fall and the  
forks of a ford—  
*Ah ! pray and uncover your head, and lean like a  
child on the Lord:*

A sinister fog at the wane—at the change of the moon  
cometh forth  
Like an ominous ghost in the train of a bitter, black  
storm of the North !  
At the head of the gully unknown, it hangs like a  
spirit of bale,  
And the noise of a shriek and a groan strikes up in  
the gusts of the gale.  
In the throat of a feculent pit is the beard of a bloody-  
red sedge ;  
And a foam like the foam of a fit sweats out of the  
lips of the ledge.  
But down in the water of death, in the livid, dead  
pool at the base—  
*Bow low, with inaudible breath, beseech with the hands  
to the face !*

A furlong of fetid, black fen, with gelid green patches  
of pond,

Lies dumb by the horns of the glen—at the gates  
of the horror beyond ;

And those who have looked on it tell of the terrible  
growths that are there—

The flowerage fostered by hell, the blossoms that  
startle and scare.

If ever a wandering bird should light on Gehennas  
like this

Be sure that a cry will be heard, and the sound of  
the flat adder's hiss.

But, hard by the jaws of the bend, is a ghastly  
Thing matted with moss—

*Ah, Lord! be a father, a friend, for the sake of the  
Christ of the Cross.*

Black Tom, with the sinews of five—that never a  
hangman could hang—

In the days of the shackle and gyve, broke loose  
from the guards of the gang:

Thereafter, for seasons a score, this devil prowled  
under the ban ;

A mate of red talon and paw, a wolf in the shape of  
a man:

But, ringed by ineffable fire, in a thunder and wind  
of the North,

The sword of Omnipotent ire—the bolt of high  
Heaven went forth !

But, wan as the sorrowful foam, a grey mother waits  
by the sea  
For the boys that have never come home these  
fifty-four winters and three.

From the folds of the forested hills there are ravelled  
and roundabout tracks,  
Because of the terror that fills the strong-handed  
men of the axe !  
Of the workers away in the range there is none that  
will wait for the night,  
When the storm-stricken moon is in change and the  
sinister fog is in sight:  
And later and deep in the dark, when the bitter  
wind whistles about,  
There is never a howl or a bark from the dog in the  
kennel without,  
But the white fathers fasten the door, and often and  
often they start,  
At a sound like a foot on the floor and a touch like  
a hand on the heart.

## BOB

SINGER of songs of the hills—  
Dreamer, by waters unstirred,  
Back in a valley of rills,  
Home of the leaf and the bird—  
Read in this fall of the year  
Just the compassionate phrase,  
Faded with traces of tear,  
Written in far-away days :

*“Gone is the light of my lap  
(Lord, at Thy bidding I bow),  
Here is my little one’s cap,  
He has no need of it now,  
Give it to somebody’s boy—  
Somebody’s darling”*—she wrote.  
Touching was Bob in his joy—  
Bob without boots or a coat:

Only a cap ; but it gave  
Capless and comfortless one  
Happiness, bright as the brave,  
Beautiful light of the sun:



Soft may the sanctified sod  
Rest on the father who led  
Bob from the gutter, unshod—  
Covered his cold little head!

Bob from the foot to the crown  
Measured a yard, and no more—  
Baby alone in the town,  
Homeless, and hungry, and sore!  
Child that was never a child,  
Hiding away from the rain,  
Draggled, and dirty, and wild,  
Down in a pipe of the drain:

Poor little beggar was Bob—  
Couldn't afford to be sick!  
Getting a penny a job;  
Sometimes a curse and a kick:  
Father was killed by the drink,  
Mother was driven to shame;  
Bob couldn't manage to think—  
He had forgotten their name:

God was in heaven above,  
Flowers illumined the ground,  
Women of infinite love  
Lived in the palaces round—  
Saints with the character sweet  
Found in the fathers of old,  
Laboured in alley and street—  
Baby slept out in the cold:

Nobody noticed the child—  
Nobody knew of the mite  
Creeping about like a wild  
Thing in the shadow of night.  
Beaten by drunkards and cowed—  
Frightened to speak or to sob—  
How could he ask you aloud,  
“*Have you a penny for Bob?*”

Few were the pennies he got—  
Seldom could hide them away,  
Watched by the ravenous sot  
Ever at wait for his prey:  
Poor little man! He would weep  
Oft for a morsel of bread;  
Coppers he wanted to keep  
Went to the tavern instead.

This was his history, friend—  
Ragged, unhoused, and alone;  
How could the child comprehend  
Love that he never had known?  
Hunted about in the world,  
Crouching in crevices dim,  
Crust with a curse at him hurled  
Stood for a kindness with him.

Little excited his joy—  
Bun after doing a job;  
Mother of bright-headed boy,  
Think of the motherless Bob!

High in the heavens august  
 Providence saw him, and said—  
 “*Out of the pits of the dust*  
*Lift him, and cover his head.*”

Ah, the ineffable grace,  
 Father of children, in Thee!  
 Boy in a radiant place,  
 Fanned by the breeze of the sea—  
 Child on a lullaby lap  
 Said, in the pause of his pain,  
 “*Mother, don't bury my cap—*  
*Give it to Bob in the lane.*”

Beautiful bidding of Death!  
 What could she do but obey,  
 Even when suffering Faith  
 Hadn't the power to pray?  
 So, in the fall of the year,  
 Saint with the fatherly head  
 Hunted for somebody's dear—  
 “*Somebody's darling,*” he said:

Bob, who was nobody's child,  
 Sitting on nobody's lap,  
 Draggled, and dirty, and wild—  
 Bob got the little one's cap.  
 Strange were compassionate words!  
 Waif of the alley and lane  
 Dreamed of the music of birds  
 Floating about in the rain.

White-headed father in God,  
Over thy beautiful grave  
Green is the grass of the sod,  
Soft is the sound of the wave.  
Down by the slopes of the sea  
Often and often will sob  
Boy who was fostered by thee—  
This is the story of Bob.

## NARRARA CREEK

FROM the rainy hill-heads, where, in starts and  
in spasms,

Leaps wild the white torrent from chasms to chasms—  
From the home of bold echoes, whose voices of  
wonder

Fly out of blind caverns struck black by high thun-  
der—

Through gorges august, in whose nether recesses  
Is heard the far psalm of unseen wildernesses—  
Like a dominant spirit, a strong-handed sharer  
Of spoil with the tempest, comes down the Narrara.

Yea, where the great sword of the hurricane cleaveth  
The forested fells that the dark never leaveth—  
By fierce-featured crags, in whose evil abysses  
The clammy snake coils, and the flat adder hisses—  
Past lordly rock temples, where Silence is riven  
By the anthems supreme of the four winds of heaven—  
It speeds, with the cry of the streams of the fountains  
It chained to its sides, and dragged down from the  
mountains !

But when it goes forth from the slopes with a sally—  
 Being strengthened with tribute from many a valley—  
 It broadens, and brightens, and thereupon marches  
 Above the stream sapphires, and under green arches,  
 With the rhythm of majesty—careless of cumber—  
 Its might in repose, and its fierceness in slumber—  
 Till it beams on the plains, where the wind is a bearer  
 Of words from the sea to the stately Narrara !

Narrara ! grand son of the haughty hill torrent,  
 Too late in my day have I looked at thy current—  
 Too late in my life to discern and inherit  
 The soul of thy beauty, the joy of thy spirit !  
 With the years of the youth and the hairs of the  
     hoary,

I sit like a shadow outside of thy glory ;  
 Nor look with the morning-like feelings, O river,  
 That illumined the boy in the days gone for ever.

Ah ! sad are the sounds of old ballads which borrow  
 One-half of their grief from the listener's sorrow ;  
 And sad are the eyes of the pilgrim who traces  
 The ruins of Time in revisited places ;  
 But sadder than all is the sense of his losses  
 That cometh to one when a sudden age crosses  
 And cripples his manhood. So, stricken by fate, I  
 Felt older at thirty than some do at eighty.

Because I believe in the beautiful story—  
 The poem of Greece in the days of her glory—



That the high-seated Lord of the woods and the  
waters

Has peopled His world with His deified daughters—  
That flowerful forests, and waterways streaming,  
Are gracious with goddesses glowing and gleaming—  
I pray that thy singing divinity, fairer  
Than wonderful women, may listen, Narrara !

O spirit of sea-going currents—thou being  
The child of immortals, all-knowing, all-seeing—  
Thou hast at thy heart the dark truth that I borrow  
For the song that I sing thee, no fanciful sorrow ;  
In the sight of thine eyes is the history written  
Of Love smitten down as the strong leaf is smitten ;  
And before thee there goeth a phantom beseeching  
For faculties forfeited—hopes beyond reaching.

\* \* \* \* \*

Thou knowest, O sister of deities blazing  
With splendour ineffable, beauty amazing,  
What life the gods gave me—what largess I tasted—  
The youth thrown away, and the faculties wasted.  
I might, as thou seest, have stood in high places,  
Instead of in pits where the brand of disgrace is,  
A byword for scoffers—a butt, and a caution,  
With the grave of poor Burns and Maginn for my  
portion.

But the heart of the Father Supreme is offended,  
And my life in the light of His favour is ended ;

And, whipped by inflexible devils, I shiver,  
With a hollow "*Too late*" in my hearing for ever ;  
But thou—being sinless, exalted, supernal,  
The daughter of diademed gods, the eternal—  
Shalt shine in thy waters when time and existence  
Have dwindled, like stars, in unspeakable distance.

But the face of thy river—the torrented power  
That smites at the rock while it fosters the flower—  
Shall gleam in my dreams with the summer-look  
splendid,  
And the beauty of woodlands and waterfalls blended ;  
And often I'll think of far-forested noises,  
And the emphasis deep of grand sea-going voices,  
And turn to Narrara the eyes of a lover,  
When the sorrowful days of my singing are over:

## PERSIA

I AM writing this song at the close  
Of a beautiful day of the spring  
In a dell where the daffodil grows,  
By a grove of the glimmering wing ;  
From glades where a musical word  
Comes ever from luminous fall,  
I send you the song of a bird  
That I wish to be dear to you all:

I have given my darling the name  
Of a land at the gates of the day,  
Where morning is always the same,  
And spring never passes away.  
With a prayer for a lifetime of light,  
I christened her Persia, you see ;  
And I hope that some fathers to-night  
Will kneel in the spirit with me:

She is only commencing to look  
At the beauty in which she is set ;  
And forest, and flower, and brook,  
To her are all mysteries yet.

I know that to many my words  
 Will seem insignificant things ;  
 But *you* who are mothers of birds  
 Will feel for the father who sings:

For all of you doubtless have been  
 Where sorrows are many and wild ;  
 And you *know* what a beautiful scene  
 Of this world can be made by a child:  
 I am sure, if they listen to this,  
 Sweet women will quiver, and long  
 To tenderly stoop to and kiss  
 The Persia I've put in a song:

And I'm certain the critic will pause,  
 And excuse, for the sake of my bird,  
 My sins against critical laws—  
 The slips in the thought and the word.  
 And, haply, some dear little face  
 Of his own to his mind will occur—  
 Some Persia who brightens his place—  
 And I'll be forgiven for her.

A life that is turning to grey  
 Has hardly been happy, you see ;  
 But the rose that has dropped on my way  
 Is morning and music to me:  
 Yea, she that I hold by the hand  
 Is changing white winter to green,  
 And making a light of the land—  
 All fathers will know what I mean :

All women and men who have known  
The sickness of sorrow and sin,  
Will feel—having babes of their own—  
My verse and the pathos therein:  
For that must be touching which shows  
How a life has been led from the wild  
To a garden of glitter and rose,  
By the flower-like hand of a child:

She is strange to this wonderful sphere ;  
One summer and winter have set  
Since God left her radiance here—  
Her sweet second year is not yet:  
The world is so lovely and new  
To eyes full of eloquent light,  
And, sisters, I'm hoping that you  
Will pray for my Persia to-night:

For I, who have suffered so much,  
And know what the bitterness is,  
Am sad to think sorrow must touch  
Some day even darlings like this !  
But sorrow is part of this life,  
And, therefore, a father doth long  
For the blessing of mother and wife  
On the bird he has put in a song:

## ORARA<sup>1</sup>

THE strong sob of the chafing stream  
That seaward fights its way  
Down crags of glitter, dells of gleam,  
Is in the hills to-day:

But far and faint, a grey-winged form  
Hangs where the wild lights wane—  
The phantom of a bygone storm,  
A ghost of wind and rain:

The soft white feet of afternoon  
Are on the shining meads,  
The breeze is as a pleasant tune  
Amongst the happy reeds:

The fierce, disastrous, flying fire,  
That made the great caves ring,  
And scarred the slope, and broke the spire,  
Is a forgotten thing:

<sup>1</sup> A tributary of the Clarence River.



The air is full of mellow sounds,  
The wet hill-heads are bright,  
And, down the fall of fragrant grounds,  
The deep ways flame with light:

A rose-red space of stream I see,  
Past banks of tender fern ;  
A radiant brook, unknown to me  
Beyond its upper turn:

The singing silver life I hear,  
Whose home is in the green,  
Far-folded woods of fountains clear,  
Where I have never been:

Ah, brook above the upper bend,  
I often long to stand  
Where you in soft, cool shades descend  
From the untrodden land !

Ah, folded woods, that hide the grace  
Of moss and torrents strong,  
I often wish to know the face  
Of that which sings your song !

But I may linger, long, and look  
Till night is over all :  
My eyes will never see the brook,  
Or sweet, strange waterfall.

The world is round me with its heat,  
And toil, and cares that tire ;  
I cannot with my feeble feet  
Climb after my desire:

But, on the lap of lands unseen,  
Within a secret zone,  
There shine diviner gold and green  
Than man has ever known:

And where the silver waters sing  
Down hushed and holy dells,  
The flower of a celestial Spring—  
A tenfold splendour, dwells:

Yea, in my dream of fall and brook  
By far sweet forests furred,  
I see that light for which I look  
In vain through all the world—

The glory of a larger sky  
On slopes of hills sublime,  
That speak with God and morning, high  
Above the ways of Time !

Ah ! haply, in this sphere of change  
Where shadows spoil the beam,  
It would not do to climb that range  
And test my radiant Dream.

The slightest glimpse of yonder place,  
Untrodden and alone,  
Might wholly kill that nameless grace  
The charm of the unknown:

And therefore, though I look and long,  
Perhaps the lot is bright  
Which keeps the river of the song  
A beauty out of sight:

## PYTHEAS

GAUL, whose keel in far, dim ages ploughed  
wan widths of polar sea—

Gray old sailor of Massilia, who hath woven wreath  
for thee ?

Who amongst the world's high singers ever breathed  
the tale sublime

Of the man who coasted England in the misty  
dawn of time ?

Leaves of laurel, lights of music—these and these  
have never shed

Glory on the name unheard of, lustre on the van-  
ished head !

Lords of song, and these are many, never yet have  
raised the lay

For the white, wind-beaten seaman of a wild,  
forgotten day !

Harp of shining son of Godhead still is as a voice  
august ;

But the man who first saw Britain sleeps beneath  
unnoticed dust:

From the fair, calm bays Hellenic, from the crescents  
and the bends,  
Round the wall of crystal Athens, glowing in gold  
evening-ends,  
Sailed abroad the grand, strong father, with his  
face towards the snow  
Of the awful northern mountains, twenty centuries  
ago!  
On the seas that none had heard of, by the shores  
where none had furl'd  
Wing of canvas, passed this elder to the limits of  
the world!  
Lurid limits, loud with thunder and the roar of  
flaming cone,  
Ghastly tracts of ice and whirlwind lying in a dim,  
blind zone,  
Bitter belts of naked region, girt about by cliffs  
of fear,  
Where the Spirit of the Darkness dwells in heaven  
half the year!

Yea, against the wild, weird Thule, steered the  
stranger through the gates  
Opened by a fire eternal, into tempest-trampled  
straits—  
Thule, lying like a nightmare on the borders of the  
Pole:  
Neither land, nor air, nor water, but a mixture of  
the whole!

Dumb, dead chaos, grey as spectre, now a mist  
and now a cloud,  
Where the winds cry out for ever, and the wave  
is always loud:  
Here the lord of many waters, in the great exalted  
years,  
Saw the sight that no man knows of—heard the  
sound that no man hears!  
Felt that God was in the Shadow ere he turned  
his prow and sped  
To the sweet green fields of England with the sun-  
shine overhead:

In the day when pallid Persia fled before the  
Thracian steel,  
By the land that now is London passed the strange  
Hellenic keel:  
Up the bends of quiet river, hard by banks of grove  
and flower,  
Sailed the father through a silence in the old majestic  
hour.  
Not a sound of fin or feather, not a note of wave  
or breeze,  
Next the face of sleeping streamlets, broke the rest  
of stirless trees!  
Not a foot was in the forest, not a voice was in the  
wood,  
When the elder from Massilia over English waters  
stood!



All was new, and hushed; and holy—all was pure  
untrodden space,

When the lord of many oceans turned to it a rever-  
ent face:

Man who knew resplendent Athens, set and framed  
in silver sea,

Did not dream a dream of England—England of  
the years to be!

Friend of fathers like to Plato—bards august and  
hallowed seers—

Did not see that tenfold glory, Britain of the future  
years!

Spirit filled with Grecian music, songs that charm  
the dark away;

On that large, supreme occasion, did not note diviner  
lay!

Did not hear the voice of Shakespeare—all the  
mighty life was still;

Down the slopes that dipped to seaward, on the  
shoulders of the hill;

But the gold and green were brighter than the  
bloom of Thracian springs;

And a strange, surpassing beauty shone upon the  
face of things:

In a grave that no man thinks of—back from far-  
forgotten bays—

Sleeps the grey, wind-beaten sailor of the old  
exalted days:

He that coasted Wales and Dover, he that first  
saw Sussex plains,  
Passed away with head unlaurelled in the wild  
Thessalian rains !  
In a space by hand untended, by a fen of vapours  
blind,  
Lies the king of many waters—out of sight and out  
of mind !  
No one brings the yearly blossom—no one culls the  
flower of grace,  
For the shell of mighty father buried in that lonely  
place !  
But the winds are low and holy, and the songs of  
sweetness flow,  
Where he fell asleep for ever, twenty centuries ago.

## LEICHHARDT

**L**ORDLY harp, by lordly master wakened from  
majestic sleep,

Yet shall speak and yet shall sing the words which  
make the fathers weep !

Voice surpassing human voices—high, unearthly  
harmony—

Yet shall tell the tale of hero, in exalted years to  
be !

In the ranges, by the rivers, on the uplands, down  
the dells,

Where the sound of wind and wave is, where the  
mountain anthem swells,

Yet shall float the song of lustre, sweet with tears  
and fair with flame,

Shining with a theme of beauty, holy with our  
Leichhardt's name !

Name of him who faced for science thirsty tracts of  
bitter glow,

Lurid lands that no one knows of—two-and-thirty  
years ago:

Born by hills of hard grey weather, far beyond the  
northern seas,

German mountains were his "sponsors," and his  
mates were German trees ;

Grandeur of the old-world forests passed into his  
radiant soul,

With the song of stormy crescents, where the  
mighty waters roll:

Thus he came to be a brother of the river and the  
wood—

Thus the leaf, the bird, the blossom, grew a gracious  
sisterhood ;

Nature led him to her children, in a space of light  
divine :

Kneeling down, he said—" My mother, let me be as  
one of thine ! "

So she took him—thence she loved him, lodged him  
in her home of dreams,

Taught him what the trees were saying, schooled  
him in the speech of streams.

For her sake he crossed the waters—loving her, he  
left the place

Hallowed by his father's ashes, and his human  
mother's face—

Passed the seas and entered temples domed by  
skies of deathless beam,

Walled about by hills majestic, stately spires and  
peaks supreme !

Here he found a larger beauty—here the lovely  
lights were new  
On the slopes of many flowers, down the gold-green  
dells of dew:  
In the great august cathedral of his holy lady, he  
Daily worshipped at her altars, nightly bent the  
reverent knee—  
Heard the hymns of night and morning; learned  
the psalm of solitudes;  
Knew that God was very near him—felt His pre-  
sence in the woods!

But the starry angel, Science, from the home of  
glittering wings,  
Came one day and talked to Nature by melodious  
mountain springs:  
“Let thy son be mine,” she pleaded; “lend him  
for a space,” she said,  
“So that he may earn the laurels I have woven  
for his head!”  
And the lady, Nature, listened; and she took her  
loyal son  
From the banks of moss and myrtle—led him to  
the Shining One!  
Filled his lordly soul with gladness—told him of a  
spacious zone  
Eye of man had never looked at; human foot had  
never known:

Then the angel, Science, beckoned, and he knelt  
and whispered low—

“ I will follow where you lead me ”—two-and-  
thirty years ago:

On the tracts of thirst and furnace—on the dumb,  
blind, burning plain,

Where the red earth gapes for moisture, and the  
wan leaves hiss for rain,

In a land of dry, fierce thunder, did he ever pause  
and dream

Of the cool green German valley and the singing  
German stream ?

When the sun was as a menace, glaring from a sky of  
brass,

Did he ever rest, in visions, on a lap of German  
grass ?

Past the waste of thorny terrors, did he reach a  
sphere of rills,

In a region yet untravelled, ringed by fair untrodden  
hills ?

Was the spot where last he rested pleasant as an old-  
world lea ?

Did the sweet winds come and lull him with the  
music of the sea ?

Let us dream so—let us hope so ! Haply in a cool  
green glade,

Far beyond the zone of furnace, Leichhardt's  
sacred shell was laid !



Haply in some leafy valley, underneath blue,  
gracious skies,

In the sound of mountain water, the heroic traveller  
lies !

Down a dell of dewy myrtle, where the light is  
soft and green,

And a month like English April sits, an immemorial  
queen,

Let us think that he is resting—think that by a  
radiant grave

Ever come the songs of forest, and the voices of  
the wave !

*Thus* we want our sons to find him—find him under  
floral bowers,

Sleeping by the trees he loved so, covered with his  
darling flowers !

## CHRISTMAS CREEK

PHANTOM streams were in the distance—  
mocking lights of lake and pool—  
Ghosts of trees of soft green lustre—groves of  
shadows deep and cool!  
Yea, some devil ran before them changing skies  
of brass to blue,  
Setting bloom where curse is planted, where a grass-  
blade never grew.  
Six there were, and high above them glared a wild  
and wizened sun,  
Ninety leagues from where the waters of the singing  
valleys run.  
There before them, there behind them, was the great,  
stark, stubborn plain,  
Where the dry winds hiss for ever, and the blind  
earth moans for rain!  
Ringed about by tracks of furnace, ninety leagues  
from stream and tree,  
Six there were, with wasted faces, working north-  
wards to the sea!

\* \* \* \* \*

Ah, the bitter, hopeless desert ! Here these broken  
human wrecks

Trod the wilds where sand of fire is with the spiteful  
spinifex,

Toiled through spheres that no bird knows of, where  
with fiery emphasis

Hell hath stamped its awful mint-mark deep on  
every thing that is !

Toiled and thirsted, strove and suffered ! *This*  
was where December's breath

As a wind of smiting flame is on weird, haggard  
wastes of death !

*This* was where a withered moan is, and the gleam  
of weak, wan star,

And a thunder full of menace sends its mighty  
voices far !

*This* was where black execrations, from some dark  
tribunal hurled,

Set the brand of curse on all things in the morning  
of the world !

\* \* \* \* \*

One man yielded—then another—then a lad of  
nineteen years

Reeled and fell, with English rivers singing softly  
in his ears,

English grasses started round him—then the grace  
of Sussex lea

Came and touched him with the beauty of a green  
land by the sea !

Old-world faces thronged about him—old-world  
voices spoke to him ;  
But his speech was like a whisper, and his eyes were  
very dim.  
In a dream of golden evening, beaming on a quiet  
strand,  
Lay the stranger till a bright One came and took  
him by the hand.  
England vanished, died the voices ! but he heard  
a holier tone,  
And an angel that we know not led him to the lands  
unknown !

\* \* \* \* \*

Six there were, but three were taken ! Three were  
left to struggle still ;  
But against the red horizon flamed a horn of  
brindled hill !  
But beyond the northern skyline, past a wall of  
steep austere,  
Lay the land of light and coolness in an April-  
coloured year !  
“ Courage, brothers ! ” cried the leader. “ On the  
slope of yonder peak  
There are tracts of herb and shadow, and the  
channels of the creek ! ”  
So they made one last great effort—haled their  
beasts through brake and briar—  
Set their feet on spurs of furnace—grappled spikes  
and crags of fire—

Fought the stubborn mountain forces, smote down  
naked, natural powers,  
Till they gazed from thrones of Morning on a sphere  
of streams and flowers.

Out behind them was the desert, glaring like a sea  
of brass !

Here before them were the valleys, fair with moon-  
light-coloured grass !

At their backs were haggard waste-lands, bickering  
in a wicked blaze !

In their faces beamed the waters, marching down  
melodious ways !

Touching was the cool, soft lustre over laps of lawn  
and lea ;

And majestic was the great road Morning made  
across the sea.

On the sacred day of Christmas, after seven months  
of grief,

Rested three of six who started, on a bank of moss  
and leaf—

Rested by a running river, in a hushed, a holy week ;  
And they named the stream that saved them—  
named it fitly—"Christmas Creek."

## JIM THE SPLITTER

THE bard who is singing of Wollombi Jim  
Is hardly just now in the requisite trim  
To sit on his Pegasus fairly ;  
Besides, he is bluntly informed by the Muse  
That Jim is a subject no singer should choose ;  
For Jim is poetical rarely.

But being full up of the myths that are Greek—  
Of the classic, and noble, and nude, and antique,  
Which means not a rag but the pelt on ;  
This poet intends to give Daphne the slip,  
For the sake of a hero in moleskin and kip  
With a jumper and snake-buckle belt on.

No party is Jim of the Pericles type—  
He is modern right up from the toe to the pipe ;  
And being no reader or roamer,  
He hasn't Euripides much in the head ;  
And let it be carefully, tenderly said,  
He never has analyzed Homer.



He can roar out a song of the twopenny kind ;  
But, knowing the beggar so well, I'm inclined  
    To believe that a "par." about Kelly,  
The rascal who skulked under shadow of curse,  
Is more in his line than the happiest verse  
    On the glittering pages of Shelley.

You mustn't, however, adjudge him in haste,  
Because a red robber is more to his taste  
    Than Ruskin, Rossetti, or Dante !  
You see, he was bred in a bangalow wood,  
And bangalow pith was the principal food  
    His mother served out in her shanty.

His knowledge is this—he can tell in the dark  
What timber will split by the feel of the bark ;  
    And rough as his manner of speech is,  
His wits to the fore he can readily bring  
In passing off ash as the genuine thing  
    When scarce in the forest the beech is.

In girthing a tree that he sells in the round,  
He assumes, as a rule, that the body is sound,  
    And measures, forgetting to bark it !  
He may be a ninny, but still the old dog  
Can plug to perfection a pipe of a log  
    And palm it away on the market.

He splits a fair shingle, but holds to the rule  
Of his father's, and, haply, his grandfather's school ;  
Which means that he never has blundered,  
When tying his shingles, by slinging in more  
Than the recognized number of ninety and four  
To the bundle he sells for a hundred !

When asked by the market for ironbark red,  
It always occurs to the Wollombi head  
To do a "mahogany" swindle.  
In forests where never the ironbark grew,  
When Jim is at work, it would flabbergast you  
To see how the ironbarks dwindle.

He can stick to the saddle, can Wollombi Jim,  
And when a buckjumper dispenses with him,  
The leather goes off with the rider.  
And, as to a team, over gully and hill  
He can travel with twelve on the breadth of a quill  
And boss the unlucky offsider.

He shines at his best at the tiller of saw,  
On the top of the pit, where his whisper is law  
To the gentleman working below him.  
When the pair of them pause in a circle of dust,  
Like a monarch he poses—exalted, august—  
There's nothing this planet can show him !

For a man is a *man* who can sharpen and set,  
And *he* is the only thing masculine yet  
    According to sawyer and splitter—  
Or rather according to Wollombi Jim ;  
And nothing will tempt me to differ from him,  
    For Jim is a bit of a hitter.

But, being full up, we'll allow him to rip,  
Along with his lingo, his saw, and his whip—  
    He isn't the classical notion.  
And, after a night in his humpy, you see  
A person of orthodox habits would be  
    Refreshed by a dip in the ocean.

To tot him right up from the heel to the head,  
He isn't the Grecian of whom we have read—  
    His face is a trifle too shady.  
The nymph in green valleys of Thessaly dim  
Would never jack up her old lover for him,  
    For she has the tastes of a lady.

So much for our hero ! A statuesque foot  
Would suffer by wearing that heavy-nailed boot—  
    Its owner is hardly Achilles.  
However, he's happy ! He cuts a great fig  
In the land where a coat is no part of the rig—  
    In the country of damper and billies.

## KINGSBOROUGH

A WAVING of hats and of hands,  
The voices of thousands in one,  
A shout from the ring and the stands,  
And a glitter of heads in the sun!  
“*They are off—they are off!*” is the roar,  
As the cracks settle down to the race,  
With the “yellow and black” to the fore,  
And the Panic blood forcing the pace.

At the back of the course, and away  
Where the running-ground home again wheels,  
Grubb travels in front on the “bay,”  
With a feather-weight hard at his heels.  
But Yeomans, you see, is “about,”  
And the wily New Zealander waits,  
Though the high-blooded flyer is out,  
Whose rider and colours are Tait’s:

Look! Ashworth comes on with a run  
To the head of the Levity colt;  
And the fleet—the magnificent son  
Of Panic is “shooting his bolt.”

Hurrah for the Weatherbit strain !

A Fireworks is first in the straight ;  
And "*A Kelpie will win it again!*"

Is the roar from the ring to the gate.

The leader must have it—but no !

For see, full of running, behind  
A beautiful, wonderful foe

With the speed of the thunder and wind !  
A flashing of whips, and a cry,

And Ashworth sits down on his horse,  
With Kingsborough's head at his thigh  
And the "field" scattered over the course !

In a clamour of calls and acclaim

The pair race away from the "ruck" :  
The horse to the last of it game—

A marvel of muscle and pluck !  
But the foot of the Sappho is there,  
And Kingston's invincible strength ;  
And the numbers go up in the air—

The colt is the first by a length !

The first, and the favourite too !

The terror that came from his stall,  
With the spirit of fire and of dew,  
To show the road home to them all ;  
From the back of the field to the straight

He has come, as is ever his wont,  
And carried his welter-like weight,  
Like a tradesman, right through to the front.

No wonder at cheering a whit,  
For this is the popular horse,  
That never was beaten when "fit"  
By any four hoofs on the course;  
To starter for Leger and Cup,  
Has he ever shown feather of fear  
When saddle and rider were up  
And the case to be argued was clear?

No! rather the questionless pluck  
Of the blood unaccustomed to yield,  
Preferred to "spread-eagle" the ruck,  
And make a long tail of the "field."  
Bear witness, ye lovers of sport,  
To races of which he can boast,  
When flyer by flyer was caught,  
And beaten by lengths on the post!

Lo! this is the beautiful bay—  
Of many, the marvellous one  
Who showed us last season the way  
That a Leger should always be won.  
There was something to look at and learn,  
Ye shrewd irreproachable "touts,"  
When the Panic colt tired at the turn,  
And the thing was all over—but shouts!

Aye, that was the "spin," when the twain  
Came locked by the bend of the course,  
The Zealander pulling his rein,  
And the veteran hard on his horse!



When Ashworth was "riding" 'twas late  
For his friends to applaud on the stands,  
And the Sappho colt entered the straight  
With the race of the year in his hands.

Just look at his withers, his thighs!  
And the way that he carries his head!  
Has Richmond more wonderful eyes,  
Or Melbourne that spring in his tread?  
The grand, the intelligent glance  
From a spirit that fathoms and feels,  
Makes the heart of a horse-lover dance  
Till the warm-blooded life in him reels.

What care have I ever to know  
His owner by sight or by name?  
The horse that I glory in so  
Is still the magnificent same.  
I own I am proud of the pluck  
Of the sportsman that never was bought;  
But the nag that "spread-eagled the ruck"  
Is bound to be first in my thought:

For who that has masculine flame,  
Or who that is thorough at all,  
Can help feeling joy in the fame  
Of this king of the kings of the stall?  
What odds if assumption has sealed  
His soulless hereafter abode,  
So long as he shows to his "field"  
The gleam of his hoofs, and the road?

## BILL THE BULLOCK-DRIVER

THE leaders of millions, the lords of the lands,  
Who sway the wide world with their will  
And shake the great globe with the strength of  
their hands,  
Flash past us—unnoticed by Bill.

The elders of science who measure the spheres  
And weigh the vast bulk of the sun—  
Who see the grand lights beyond æons of years,  
Are less than a bullock to *one*.

The singers that sweeten all time with their song—  
Pure voices that make us forget  
Humanity's drama of marvellous wrong—  
To Bill are as mysteries yet.

By thunders of battle and nation uphurled,  
Bill's sympathies never were stirred :  
The helmsmen who stand at the wheel of the world  
By him are unknown and unheard.

What trouble has Bill for the ruin of lands,  
 Or the quarrels of temple and throne,  
 So long as the whip that he holds in his hands,  
 And the team that he drives, are his own ?

As straight and as sound as a slab without crack,  
 Our Bill is a king in his way :  
 Though he camps by the side of a shingle track,  
 And sleeps on the bed of his dray.

A whip-lash to him is as dear as a rose  
 Would be to a delicate maid ;  
 He carries his darlings wherever he goes,  
 In a pocket-book tattered and frayed.

The joy of a bard when he happens to write  
 A song like the song of his dream  
 Is nothing at all to our hero's delight  
 In the pluck and the strength of his team.

For the kings of the earth, for the faces august  
 Of princes, the millions may shout ;  
 To Bill, as he lumbers along in the dust,  
 A bullock's the grandest thing out.

His four-footed friends are the friends of his choice—  
 No lover is Bill of your dames ;  
 But the cattle that turn at the sound of his voice  
 Have the sweetest of features and names.

A father's chief joy is a favourite son,  
When he reaches some eminent goal,  
But the pride of Bill's heart is the hairy-legged one  
That pulls with a will at the pole.

His dray is no living, responsible thing,  
But he gives it the gender of life ;  
And, seeing his fancy is free in the wing,  
It suits him as well as a wife.

He thrives like an Arab. Between the two wheels  
Is his bedroom, where, lying up-curved,  
He thinks for himself, like a sultan, and feels  
That his home is the best in the world.

For, even though cattle, like subjects, will break  
At times from the yoke and the band,  
Bill knows how to act when his rule is at stake,  
And is therefore a lord of the land.

Of course he must dream ; but be sure that his dreams,  
If happy, must compass, alas !  
Fat bullocks at feed by improbable streams,  
Knee-deep in improbable grass.

No poet is Bill, for the visions of night  
To him are as visions of day ;  
And the pipe that in sleep he endeavours to light  
Is the pipe that he smokes on the dray.

To the mighty, magnificent temples of God,  
 In the hearts of the dominant hills,  
 Bill's eyes are as blind as the fire-blackened clod  
 That burns far away from the rills.

Through beautiful, bountiful forests that screen  
 A marvel of blossoms from heat—  
 Whose lights are the mellow and golden and green—  
 Bill walks with irreverent feet.

The manifold splendours of mountain and wood  
 By Bill like nonentities slip ;  
 He loves the black myrtle because it is good  
 As a handle to lash to his whip.

And thus through the world, with a swing in his  
 tread,  
 Our hero self-satisfied goes ;  
 With his cabbage-tree hat on the back of his head,  
 And the string of it under his nose.

Poor bullocky Bill ! In the circles select  
 Of the scholars he hasn't a place ;  
 But he walks like a *man*, with his forehead erect,  
 And he looks at God's day in the face.

For, rough as he seems, he would shudder to wrong  
 A dog with the loss of a hair ;  
 And the angels of shine and superlative song  
 See his heart and the deity there.

Few know him, indeed ; but the beauty that glows  
In the forest is loveliness still ;  
And Providence helping the life of the rose  
Is a Friend and a Father to Bill:



## BILLY VICKERS

NO song is this of leaf and bird,  
And gracious waters flowing ;  
I'm sick at heart, for I have heard  
Big Billy Vickers "blowing."

He'd never take a leading place  
In chambers legislative :  
This booby with the vacant face—  
This hoddy-doddy native !

Indeed, I'm forced to say aside,  
To you, O reader, solely,  
He only wants the horns and hide  
To be a bullock wholly.

But, like all noodles, he is vain ;  
And when his tongue is wagging,  
I feel inclined to copy Cain,  
And drop him for his bragging.

He, being Bush-bred, stands, of course,  
Six feet his dirty socks in ;  
His lingo is confined to horse,  
And plough, and pig, and oxen.

Two years ago he'd less to say  
Within his little circuit ;  
But now he has, besides a dray,  
A team of twelve to work it.

No wonder is it that he feels  
Inclined to clack and rattle  
About his bullocks and his wheels—  
He owns a dozen cattle.

In short, to be exact and blunt,  
In his own estimation  
He's "out and out" the head and front  
Top-sawyer of creation !

For, mark me, he can "sit a buck"  
For hours and hours together ;  
And never horse has had the luck  
To pitch him from the leather.

If ever he should have a "spill"  
Upon the grass or gravel,  
Be sure of this, the saddle will  
With Billy Vickers travel.

At punching oxen you may guess  
There's nothing out can "camp" him :  
He has, in fact, the slouch and dress  
Which bullock-driver stamp him.

I do not mean to give offence,  
But I have vainly striven  
To ferret out the difference  
'Twixt driver and the driven.

Of course, the statements herein made  
In every other stanza  
Are Billy's own ; and I'm afraid  
They're stark extravaganza.

I feel constrained to treat as trash  
His noisy fiddle-faddle  
About his doings with the lash,  
His feats upon the saddle.

But grant he " knows his way about,"  
Or grant that he is silly,  
There cannot be the slightest doubt  
Of Billy's faith in Billy.

Of all the doings of the day  
His ignorance is utter ;  
But he can quote the price of hay,  
The current rate of butter.

His notions of our leading men  
Are mixed and misty very :  
He knows a cochin-china hen—  
He never speaks of Berry.

As you'll assume, he hasn't heard  
Of Madame Patti's singing ;  
But I will stake my solemn word  
He knows what maize is bringing.

Surrounded by majestic peaks,  
By lordly mountain ranges,  
Where highest voice of thunder speaks  
His aspect never changes.

The grand Pacific there beyond  
His dirty hut is glowing :  
He only sees a big salt pond,  
O'er which his grain is going.

The sea that covers half the sphere,  
With all its stately speeches,  
Is held by Bill to be a mere  
Broad highway for his peaches.

Through Nature's splendid temples he  
Plods, under mountains hoary ;  
But he has not the eyes to see  
Their grandeur and their glory.

A bullock in a biped's boot,  
I iterate, is Billy!  
He crushes with a careless foot  
The touching water-lily.

I've said enough—I'll let him go!  
If he could read these verses,  
He'd pepper me for hours, I know,  
With his peculiar curses.

But this is sure, he'll never change  
His manners loud and "flashy,"  
Nor learn with neatness to arrange  
His clothing, cheap and trashy.

Like other louts, he'll jog along,  
And swig at shanty liquors,  
And chew and spit. Here ends the song  
Of Mr. Billy Vickers.

## IN MEMORY OF JOHN FAIRFAX

[Written after reading a touching poem by Mrs. Browning.]

BECAUSE this man fulfilled his days,  
Like one who walks with steadfast gaze  
Averted from forbidden ways  
With lures of fair, false flowerage deep,  
Behold the Lord whose throne is dim  
With fires of flaming seraphim—  
The Christ that suffered sent for him :  
“ He giveth His beloved sleep.”

Think not that souls whose deeds august  
Put sin to shame and make men just  
Become at last the helpless dust  
That wintering winds through waste-lands sweep !  
The higher life within us cries,  
Like some fine spirit from the skies,  
“ The Father’s blessing on us lies—  
‘ He giveth His beloved sleep.’ ”

Not human sleep—the fitful rest  
With evil shapes of dreams distressed,—  
But perfect quiet, unexpressed  
By any worldly word we keep.



The dim Hereafter framed in creeds  
 May not be this ; but He who reads  
 Our lives, sets flowers on wayside weeds—  
 “ He giveth His beloved sleep.”

Be sure this hero who has passed  
 The human space—the outer vast—  
 Who worked in harness to the last,  
 Doth now a hallowed harvest reap.  
 Love sees his grave, nor turns away—  
 The eyes of faith are like the day,  
 And grief has not a word to say—  
 “ He giveth His beloved sleep.”

That fair rare spirit, Honour, throws  
 A light, which puts to shame the rose,  
 Across his grave, because she knows  
 The son whose ashes it doth keep ;  
 And, like far music, *this* is heard—  
 “ Behold the man who never stirred,  
 By word of his, an angry word !—  
 ‘ He giveth His beloved sleep.’ ”

He earned his place. Within his hands,  
 The power which counsels and commands,  
 And shapes the social life of lands,  
 Became a blessing pure and deep.<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> The Press.

Through thirty years of turbulence  
 Our thoughts were sweetened with a sense  
 Of his benignant influence—

“ He giveth His beloved sleep.”

No splendid talents, which excite  
 Like music, songs, or floods of light,  
 Were his ; but, rather, all those bright,  
     Calm qualities of soul which reap  
 A mute, but certain, fine respect,  
 Not only from a source elect,  
 But from the hearts of every sect—

“ He giveth His beloved sleep.”

He giveth His beloved rest !  
 The faithful soul that onward pressed,  
 Unswerving, from Life's east to west,  
     By paths austere and passes steep,  
 Is past all toil ; and, over Death,  
 With reverent hands and prayerful breath,  
 I plant this flower, alive with faith—

“ He giveth His beloved sleep.”

## THE SYDNEY INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION

*[A prize poem, published with the kind permission of the proprietors of the "Sydney Morning Herald."]*

NOW, while Orion, flaming south, doth set  
A shining foot on hills of wind and wet—  
Far haughty hills beyond the fountains cold  
And dells of glimmering greenness manifold—  
While August sings the advent of the Spring,  
And in the calm is heard September's wing,  
The lordly voice of song I ask of thee,  
High, deathless radiance—crowned Calliope !  
What though we never hear the great god's lays  
Which made all music the Hellenic days—  
What though the face of thy fair heaven beams  
Still only on the crystal Grecian streams—  
What though a sky of new, strange beauty shines  
Where no white Dryad sings within the pines :  
Here is a land whose large, imperial grace  
Must tempt thee, goddess, in thine holy place !  
Here are the dells of peace and plenilune,  
The hills of morning and the slopes of noon ;  
Here are the waters dear to days of blue,

And dark-green hollows of the noontide dew ;  
Here lies the harp, by fragrant wood-winds fanned,  
That waits the coming of thy quickening hand !  
And shall Australia, framed and set in sea,  
August with glory, wait in vain for thee ?  
Shall more than Tempe's beauty be unsung  
Because its shine is strange—its colours young ?  
No ! by the full, live light which puts to shame  
The far, fair splendours of Thessalian flame—  
By yonder forest psalm which sinks and swells  
Like that of Phocis, grave with oracles—  
By deep prophetic winds that come and go  
Where whispering springs of pondering mountains  
flow—

By lute-like leaves and many-languaged caves,  
Where sounds the strong hosanna of the waves,  
This great new majesty shall not remain  
Unhonoured by the high immortal strain !  
Soon, soon, the music of the southern lyre  
Shall start and blossom with a speech like fire !  
Soon, soon, shall flower and flow in flame divine  
Thy songs, Apollo, and Euterpe, thine !  
Strong, shining sons of Delphicus shall rise  
With all their father's glory in their eyes ;  
And then shall beam on yonder slopes and springs  
The light that swims upon the light of things.  
And therefore, lingering in a land of lawn,  
I, standing here, a singer of the dawn,  
With gaze upturned to where wan summits lie  
Against the morning flowing up the sky—

Whose eyes in dreams of many colours see  
 A glittering vision of the years to be—  
 Do ask of thee, Calliope, one hour  
 Of life pre-eminent with perfect power,  
 That I may leave a song whose lonely rays  
 May shine hereafter from these songless days.

For now there breaks across the faint grey range  
 The rose-red dawning of a radiant change.  
 A soft, sweet voice is in the valleys deep,  
 Where darkness droops and sings itself to sleep.  
 The grave, mute woods, that yet the silence hold  
 Of dim, dead ages, gleam with hints of gold.  
 Yon eastern cape that meets the straitened wave—  
 A twofold tower above the whistling cave—  
 Whose strength in thunder shields the gentle lea,  
 And makes a white wrath of a league of sea,  
 Now wears the face of peace ; and in the bay  
 The weak, spent voice of Winter dies away.  
 In every dell there is a whispering wing,  
 On every lawn a glimmer of the Spring ;  
 By every hill are growths of tender green—  
 On every slope a fair, new life is seen ;  
 And lo ! beneath the morning's blossoming fires,  
 The shining city of a hundred spires,  
 In mists of gold, by countless havens furled,  
 And glad with all the flags of all the world !

These are the shores where, in a dream of fear,



Cathay saw darkness dwelling half the year! <sup>1</sup>  
 These are the coasts that old fallacious tales  
 Chained down with ice and ringed with sleepless  
 gales!

This is the land that, in the hour of awe,  
 From Indian peaks the rapt Venetian saw! <sup>2</sup>  
 Here is the long grey line of strange sea wall  
 That checked the prow of the audacious Gaul,  
 What time he steered towards the southern snow,  
 From zone to zone, four hundred years ago! <sup>3</sup>  
 By yonder gulf, whose marching waters meet  
 The wine-dark currents from the isles of heat,  
 Strong sons of Europe, in a far dim year,  
 Faced ghastly foes, and felt the alien spear!  
 There, on a later dawn, by shipless waves,  
 The tender Grasses found forgotten graves.<sup>4</sup>  
 Far in the west, beyond those hills sublime,  
 Dirk Hartog anchored in the olden time;

<sup>1</sup> According to that eminent authority, Mr. R. H. Major, and others, the Great Southern Land is referred to in old Chinese records as a polar continent, subject to the long polar nights.

<sup>2</sup> Marco Polo mentions a large land called by the Malays Lochac. The northern coast was supposed to be in latitude 10° S. (*Vide* Bennett, and others.)

<sup>3</sup> Mr. R. H. Major has discovered a map of Terra Australis dated A.D. 1555, and bearing the name of Le Testu, a French pilot. Le Testu must have visited these coasts some years before the date of the chart.

<sup>4</sup> The sailors of the *Duyfhen*, a Dutch vessel which entered the Gulf of Carpentaria in A.D. 1606, were attacked by the natives. In the fray some of the whites were killed. No doubt these unlucky adventurers were the first Europeans to fall in Australia. (*Vide* Woods, and others.)



There, by a wild-faced bay, and in a cleft,  
 His shining name the fair-haired Northman left;<sup>1</sup>  
 And, on those broad imperial waters, far  
 Beneath the lordly occidental star,  
 Sailed Tasman down a great and glowing space  
 Whose softer lights were like his lady's face.  
 In dreams of her he roved from zone to zone,  
 And gave her lovely name to coasts unknown;<sup>2</sup>  
 And saw, in streaming sunset everywhere,  
 The curious beauty of her golden hair,  
 By flaming tracts of tropic afternoon,  
 Where in low heavens hangs a fourfold moon.  
 Here, on the tides of a resplendent year,  
 By capes of jasper, came the buccaneer.<sup>3</sup>  
 Then, then, the wild men, flying from the beach,  
 First heard the clear, bold sounds of English speech;  
 And then first fell across a Southern plain  
 The broad, strong shadows of a Saxon train.  
 Near yonder wall of stately cliff, that braves  
 The arrogance of congregated waves,  
 The daring son of grey old Yorkshire stood  
 And dreamed in a majestic solitude,  
 What time a gentle April shed its showers,  
 Aflame with sunset, on the Bay of Flowers.<sup>4</sup>  
 The noble seaman who withheld the hand,  
 And spared the Hector of his native land—

<sup>1</sup> Dirk Hartog left a tin plate, bearing his name, in Shark Bay, Western Australia. It was last seen in A.D. 1803.

<sup>2</sup> Abel Tasman's love for Maria Van Dieman is well known.

<sup>3</sup> Dampier.

<sup>4</sup> Botany Bay.

The single savage, yelling on the beach  
 The dark, strange curses of barbaric speech.  
 Exalted sailor ! whose benignant phrase  
 Shines full of beauty in these latter days ;  
 Who met the naked tribes of fiery skies  
 With great, divine compassion in his eyes ;  
 Who died, like Him of hoary Nazareth,  
 That death august—the radiant martyr's death ;  
 Who in the last hour showed the Christian face  
 Whose crumbling beauty shamed the alien race.  
 In peace he sleeps where deep eternal calms  
 Lie round the land of heavy-fruited palms.  
 Lo ! in that dell, behind a singing bar,  
 Where deep, pure pools of glittering waters are,  
 Beyond a mossy, yellow, gleaming glade,  
 The last of Forby Sutherland was laid—  
 The blue-eyed Saxon from the hills of snow  
 Who fell asleep a hundred years ago.  
 In flowerful shades, where gold and green are rife,  
 Still rests the shell of his forgotten life.  
 Far, far away, beneath some northern sky  
 The fathers of his humble household lie ;  
 But by his lonely grave are sapphire streams,  
 And gracious woodlands, where the fire-fly gleams ;  
 And ever comes across a silver lea  
 The hymn sublime of the eternal sea.

On that bold hill, against a broad blue stream,  
 Stood Arthur Phillip in a day of dream :  
 What time the mists of morning westward rolled,

And heaven flowered on a bay of gold !  
Here, in the hour that shines and sounds afar,  
Flamed first old England's banner like a star ;  
Here, in a time august with prayer and praise,  
Was born the nation of these splendid days ;  
And here this land's majestic yesterday  
Of immemorial silence died away.

Where are the woods that, ninety summers back,  
Stood hoar with ages by the water-track ?  
Where are the valleys of the flashing wing,  
The dim green margins and the glimmering spring ?  
Where now the warrior of the forest race,  
His glaring war-paint and his fearless face ?  
The banks of April, and the groves of bird,  
The glades of silence, and the pools unstirred,  
The gleaming savage, and the whistling spear,  
Passed with the passing of a wild old year !  
A single torrent singing by the wave,  
A shadowy relic in a mountain cave,  
A ghost of fire in immemorial hills,  
The whittled tree by folded wayside rills,  
The call of bird that hides in hollows far,  
Where feet of thunder, wings of winter are—  
Of all that pass, these wrecks of wind and rain,  
These touching memories—these alone remain !

What sun is this that beams and broadens west ?  
What wonder this, in deathless glory dressed ?  
What strange, sweet harp of highest god took flame

And gave this Troy its life, its light, its name ?  
What awful lyre of marvellous power and range  
Upraised this Ilion—wrought this dazzling change ?  
No shining singer of Hellenic dreams  
Set yonder splendour by the morning streams !  
No god who glimmers in a doubtful sphere  
Shed glory there—created beauty here !  
This is the city that our fathers framed—  
These are the crescents by the elders named !  
The human hands of strong, heroic men  
Broke down the mountain, filled the gaping glen,  
Ran streets through swamp, built banks against the  
foam,

And bent the arch and raised the lordly dome !  
Here are the towers that the founders made !  
Here are the temples where these Romans prayed !  
Here stand the courts in which their leaders met !  
Here are their homes, and here their altars yet !  
Here sleep the grand old men whose lives sublime  
Of thought and action shine and sound through  
time !

Who worked in darkness—onward fought their ways  
To bring about these large majestic days—  
Who left their sons the hearts and high desires  
Which built this city of the hundred spires !

A stately Morning rises on the wing,  
The hills take colour, and the valleys sing:  
A strong September flames beyond the lea—  
A silver vision on a silver sea;

A new Age, "cast in a diviner mould,"  
Comes crowned with lustre, zoned and shod with  
gold!

What dream is this on lawny spaces set?  
What miracle of dome and minaret?  
What great mute majesty is this that takes  
The first of morning ere the song-bird wakes?  
Lo, this was built, to honour gathering lands,  
By Celtic, Saxon, Australasian hands!  
These are the halls where all the flags unfurled  
Break into speech that welcomes all the world.  
And lo, our friends are here from every zone—  
From isles we dream of and from tracts unknown!  
Here are the fathers from the stately space  
Where Ireland is and England's sacred face!  
Here are the Norsemen from their strong sea-wall,  
The grave, grand Teuton and the brilliant Gaul!  
From green, sweet groves the dark-eyed Lusians  
sail,

And proud Iberia leaves the grape-flushed vale.  
Here are the lords whose starry banner shines  
From fierce Magellan to the Arctic pines.  
Here come the strangers from the gates of day—  
From hills of sunrise and from white Cathay.  
The spicy islands send their swarthy sons,  
The lofty North its mailed and mighty ones.  
Venetian keels are floating on our sea;  
Our eyes are glad with radiant Italy!  
Yea, north and south, and glowing west and east,  
Are gathering here to grace our splendid feast!



The chiefs from peaks august with Asian snow,  
The elders born where regal roses grow,  
Come hither, with the flower of that fair land  
That blooms beyond the fiery tracts of sand  
Where Syrian suns their angry lustres fling  
Across blind channels of the bygone spring.  
And, on this great, auspicious day, the flowers  
Of labour glorify majestic hours.

The singing angel from the starry sphere  
Of dazzling Science shows his wonders here ;  
And Art, the dream-clad spirit, starts, and brings  
From Fairyland her strange, sweet, glittering things.  
Here are the works man did, what time his face  
Was touched by God in some exalted place ;  
Here glows the splendour—here the marvel wrought  
When Heaven flashed upon the maker's thought !  
Yea, here are all the miracles sublime—  
The lights of Genius and the stars of Time !  
And, being lifted by this noble noon,  
Australia broadens like a tropic moon:  
Her white, pure lustre beams across the zones ;  
The nations greet her from their awful thrones:  
From hence the morning beauty of her name  
Will shine afar, like an exceeding flame.  
Her place will be with mighty lords, whose sway  
Controls the thunder and the marching day :  
Her crown will shine beside the crowns of kings  
Who shape the seasons, rule the course of things:  
The fame of her across the years to be  
Will spread like light on a surpassing sea ;



And graced with glory, girt with power august,  
Her life will last till all things turn to dust:

To Thee the face of song is lifted now,  
O Lord! to whom the awful mountains bow:  
Whose hands, unseen, the tenfold storms control;  
Whose thunders shake the spheres from pole to pole;  
Who from Thy highest heaven lookest down,  
The sea Thy footstool, and the sun Thy crown;  
Around whose throne the deathless planets sing  
Hosannas to their high, eternal King—  
To Thee the soul of prayer this morning turns,  
With faith that glitters, and with hope that burns!  
And, in the moments of majestic calm  
That fill the heart in pauses of the psalm,  
She asks Thy blessing for this fair young land  
That flowers within the hollow of Thine hand!  
She seeks of Thee that boon, that gift sublime,  
The Christian radiance, for this hope of Time!  
And Thou wilt listen! and Thy face will bend  
To smile upon us—Master, Father, Friend!  
The Christ to whom pure pleading heart hath crept  
Was human once, and in the darkness wept;  
The gracious love that helped us long ago  
Will on us like a summer sunrise flow;  
And be a light to guide the nation's feet  
On holy paths—on sacred ways and sweet:

# THE MELBOURNE INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION

[*Written for Music.*]

## I

**B**ROTHERS from far-away lands,  
Sons of the fathers of fame,  
Here are our hearts and our hands—  
This is our song of acclaim.  
Lords from magnificent zones,  
Shores of superlative sway,  
Awful with lustre of thrones,  
This is our greeting to-day:  
Europe and Asia are here—  
Shining they enter our ports!  
She that is half of the sphere  
Beams like a sun in our courts:  
Children of elders whose day  
Shone to the planet's white ends,  
Meet, in the noble old way,  
Sons of your forefathers' friends:

## II

Dressed is the beautiful city—the spires of it  
 Burn in the firmament stately and still ;  
 Forest has vanished—the wood, and the lyres of it,  
 Lutes of the sea-wind, and harps of the hill:  
 This is the region, and here is the bay by it,  
 Collins, the deathless, beheld in a dream :  
 Flinders and Fawkner, our forefathers grey, by it  
 Paused in the hush of a season supreme:  
 Here, on the waters of majesty near to us,  
 Lingered the leaders by towers of flame :  
 Elders who turn from the lordly old year to us  
 Crowned with the lights of ineffable fame:

## III

Nine and seventy years ago,  
 Up the blaze of yonder bay,  
 On a great exalted day,  
 Came from seas august with snow—  
 Waters where the whirlwinds blow—  
 First of England's sons who stood  
 By the deep green bygone wood  
 Where the wild song used to flow  
 Nine and seventy years ago:

Five and forty years ago,  
 On a grand auspicious morn  
 When the South Wind blew his horn,  
 Where the splendid mountains glow—  
 Peaks that God and Sunrise know—

Came the fearless, famous band,  
 Founders of our radiant land,  
 From the lawns where roses grow,  
 Five and forty years ago.

## IV

By gracious slopes of fair green hills,  
 In shadows cool and deep,  
 Where floats the psalm of many rills,  
 The noble elders sleep.  
 But while their children's children last,  
 While seed from seedling springs,  
 The print and perfume of their past  
 Will be as deathless things.

Their voices are with vanished years,  
 With other days and hours ;  
 Their homes are sanctified by tears—  
 They sleep amongst the flowers.  
 They do not walk by street or stream,  
 Or tread by grove or shore,  
 But, in the nation's highest dream,  
 They shine for evermore.

## V

By lawny slope and lucent strand  
 Are singing flags of every land ;  
 On streams of splendour—bays impearled—  
 The keels are here of all the world.  
 With lutes of light and cymbals clear  
 We waft goodwill to every sphere:

The links of love to-day are thrown  
From sea to sea—from zone to zone ;  
And, lo ! we greet, in glory drest,  
The lords that come from east and west,  
And march like noble children forth  
To meet our fathers from the North !

VI

To Thee be the glory, All-Bountiful Giver !

The song that we sing is an anthem to Thee,  
Whose blessing is shed on Thy people for ever,  
Whose love is like beautiful light on the sea.

Behold, with high sense of Thy mercy unsleeping,

We come to Thee, kneel to Thee, praise Thee, and  
pray,

O Lord, in whose hand is the strength that is keeping  
The storm from the wave and the night from the  
day !

## ON A SPANISH CATHEDRAL<sup>1</sup>

DEEP under the spires of a hill, by the feet of  
the thunder-cloud trod,

I pause in a luminous, still, magnificent temple of  
God!

At the steps of the altar august—a vision of angels  
in stone—

I kneel, with my head to the dust, on the floors by  
the seraphim known:

No father in Jesus is near, with the high, the com-  
passionate face,

But the glory of Godhead is here—its presence trans-  
figures the place!

Behold, in this beautiful fane, with the lights of blue  
heaven impearled,

I think of the Elders of Spain, in the deserts—the  
wilds of the world!

I think of the wanderers poor who knelt on the  
flints and the sands,

When the mighty and merciless Moor was lord of  
the Lady of Lands:

<sup>1</sup> Every happy expression in these stanzas may fairly be  
claimed by the Hon. W. B. Dalley (*Author's note*).



Where the African scimitar flamed, with a swift,  
 bitter death in its kiss,  
 The fathers, unknown and unnamed, found God in  
 cathedrals like this !  
 The glow of the Spirit—the beam of His blessing—  
 made lords of the men  
 Whose food was the herb of the stream, whose roof  
 was the dome of the den:  
 And, far in the hills by the sea, these awful hiero-  
 phants prayed  
 For Rome and its temples to be—in a temple by  
 Deity made.

Who knows of their faith—of its power ? Perhaps,  
 with the light in their eyes,  
 They saw, in some wonderful hour, the marvel of  
 centuries rise !  
 Perhaps in some moment supreme, when the moun-  
 tains were holy and still,  
 They dreamed the magnificent dream that came to  
 the monks of Seville !  
 Surrounded by pillars and spires whose summits  
 shone out in the glare  
 Of the high, the omnipotent fires, who knows what  
 was seen by them there ?  
 Be sure, if they saw, in the noon of their faith, some  
 ineffable fane,  
 They looked on the church like a moon dropped  
 down by the Lord into Spain:

And the Elders who shone in the time when Christ  
 over Christendom beamed  
 May have dreamed at their altars sublime the dream  
 that their fathers had dreamed,  
 By the glory of Italy moved—the majesty shining in  
 Rome—  
 They turned to the land that they loved, and prayed  
 for a church in their home ;  
 And a soul of unspeakable fire descended on them,  
 and they fought  
 And laboured a life for the spire and tower and dome  
 of their thought !  
 These grew under blessing and praise, as morning in  
 summertime grows—  
 As Troy in the dawn of the days to the music of  
 Delphicus rose:

In a land of bewildering light, where the feet of the  
 season are Spring's,  
 They worked in the day and the night, surrounded  
 by beautiful things.  
 The wonderful blossoms in stone—the flower and  
 leaf of the Moor,  
 On column and cupola shone, and gleamed on the  
 glimmering floor:  
 In a splendour of colour and form, from the mar-  
 vellous African's hands  
 Yet vivid and shining and warm, they planted the  
 Flower of Lands.

Inspired by the patience supreme of the mute, the  
 magnificent past,  
 They toiled till the dome of their dream in the  
 firmament blossomed at last !

Just think of these men—of their time—of the days  
 of their deed, and the scene !

How touching their zeal—how sublime their sup-  
 pression of self must have been !

In a city yet hacked by the sword and scarred by  
 the flame of the Moor,

They started the work of their Lord, sad, silent,  
 and solemnly poor:

These fathers, how little they thought of themselves,  
 and how much of the days

When the children of men would be brought to  
 pray in their temple, and praise !

Ah ! full of the radiant, still, heroic old life that  
 has flown,

The merciful monks of Seville toiled on, and died  
 bare and unknown.

The music, the colour, the gleam, of their mighty  
 cathedral will be

Hereafter a luminous dream of the heaven I never  
 may see ;

To a spirit that suffers and seeks for the calm of a  
 competent creed,

This temple, whose majesty speaks, becomes a  
religion indeed ;  
The passionate lights—the intense, the ineffable  
beauty of sound,  
Go straight to the heart through the sense, as a song  
would of seraphim crowned:  
And lo ! by these altars august, the life that is highest  
we live,  
And are filled with the infinite trust and the peace  
that the world cannot give.

They have passed, have the elders of time ; they  
have gone, but the work of their hands,  
Pre-eminent, peerless, sublime, like a type of eternity  
stands !

They are mute, are the fathers who made this  
church in the century dim ;  
But the dome with their beauty arrayed remains, a  
perpetual hymn:

Their names are unknown ; but so long as the humble  
in spirit and pure

Are worshipped in speech and in song, our love for  
these monks will endure ;

And the lesson by sacrifice taught will live in the  
light of the years

With a reverence not to be bought, and a tenderness  
deeper than tears.

## ROVER

NO classic warrior tempts my pen  
To fill with verse these pages—  
No lordly-hearted man of men  
My Muse's thoughts engages.

Let others choose the mighty dead,  
And sing their battles over !  
My champion, too, has fought and bled—  
My theme is one-eyed Rover.

A grave old dog, with tattered ears  
Too sore to cock up, reader—  
A four-legged hero, full of years,  
But sturdy as a cedar.

Still age is age ; and if my rhyme  
Is dashed with words pathetic,  
Don't wonder, friend ; I've seen the time  
When Rove was more athletic.

He lies coiled up before me now,  
A comfortable crescent:  
His night-black nose and grizzled brow  
Fixed in a fashion pleasant:

But ever and anon he lifts  
The one good eye I mention,  
And tries a thousand doggish shifts  
To rivet my attention.

Just let me name his name, and up  
You'll see him start, and patter  
Towards me, like a six-months' pup  
In point of speed, but fatter.

He pokes his head upon my lap,  
Nor heeds the whip above him ;  
Because he knows, the dear old chap,  
His human friends all love him.

Our younger dogs cut off from hence  
At sight of lash uplifted ;  
But Rove, with grand indifference,  
Remains, and can't be shifted.

And, ah ! the set upon his phiz  
At meals defies expression ;  
For I confess that Rover is  
A cadger by profession.



The lesser favourites of the place  
At dinner keep their distance ;  
But by my chair one grizzled face  
Begs on with brave persistence:

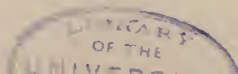
His jaws present a toothless sight,  
But still my hearty hero  
Can satisfy an appetite  
Which brings a bone to zero:

And while Spot barks and pussy mews,  
To move the cook's compassion,  
He takes his after-dinner snooze  
In genuine biped fashion:

In fact, in this, our ancient pet  
So hits off human nature  
That I at times almost forget  
He's but a dog in feature:

Between his tail and bright old eye  
The swift communications  
Outstrip the messages which fly  
From telegraphic stations.

And, ah ! that tail's rich eloquence  
Conveys too clear a moral,  
For men who have a grain of sense  
About its drift to quarrel.



At night, his voice is only heard  
When it is wanted badly ;  
For Rover is too cute a bird  
To follow shadows madly:

The pup and Carlo in the dark  
Will start at crickets chirring ;  
But when we hear the old dog bark  
We know there's *something* stirring:

He knows a gun, does Rover here ;  
And if I cock a trigger,  
He makes himself from tail to ear  
An admirable figure:

For, once the fowling piece is out,  
And game is on the *tapis*;  
The set upon my hero's snout  
Would make a cockle happy.

And as for horses, why, betwixt  
Our chestnut mare and Rover  
The mutual friendship is as fixed  
As any love of lover:

And when his master's hand resigns  
The bridle for the paddle,  
His dogship on the grass reclines,  
And stays and minds the saddle:

Of other friends he has no lack ;  
Grey pussy is his crony,  
And kittens mount upon his back,  
As youngsters mount a pony.

They talk of man's superior sense,  
And charge the few with treason  
Who think a dog's intelligence  
Is very like our reason:

But though Philosophy has tried  
A score of definitions,  
'Twixt man and dog it can't decide  
The relative positions:

And I believe upon the whole  
(Though you my creed deny, sir),  
That Rove's entitled to a soul  
As much as you or I, sir:

Indeed, I fail to see the force  
Of your derisive laughter  
Because I will not say my horse  
Has not some horse-hereafter.

A fig for dogmas—let them pass !  
There's much in life to grieve us ;  
And what most grieves is *this*, alas !  
That all our best friends leave us.

## ROVER

And when I sip my nightly grog,  
And watch old Rover blinking,  
This royal ruin of a dog  
Calls forth some serious thinking.

For, though he's lightly touched by Fate,  
I cannot help remarking  
The step of age is in his gait,  
Its hoarseness in his barking.

He still goes on his rounds at night  
To keep off forest prowlers !  
But, ah ! he has no teeth to bite  
The cunning-hearted howlers.

Not like the Rover that, erewhile,  
Gave droves of dingoes battle,  
And dashed through flood and fierce defile—  
The friend, but dread, of cattle !

Not like to him that, in past years,  
Won fight by fight, and scattered  
Whole tribes of dogs with rags of ears  
And tail-ends torn and tattered !

But while time tells upon our pet,  
And makes him greyer daily,  
He is a noble fellow yet,  
And wears his old age gaily.

Still, dogs must die ; and in the end,  
When he is past caressing,  
We'll mourn him like some human friend  
Whose presence was a blessing:

Till then, be bread and peace his lot—  
A life of calm and clover !  
The pup may sleep outside with Spot—  
We'll keep the nook for Rover:

## BY THE CLIFFS OF THE SEA

[*In Memory of Samuel Bennett.*]

I N a far-away glen of the hills,  
Where the bird of the night is at rest,  
Shut in from the thunder that fills  
The fog-hidden caves of the west—  
In a sound of the leaf, and the lute  
Of the wind on the quiet lagoon,  
I stand, like a worshipper, mute  
In the flow of a marvellous tune !  
And the song that is sweet to my sense  
Is, " Nearer, my God, unto Thee ;"  
But it carries me sorrowing hence,  
To a grave by the cliffs of the sea:

So many have gone that I loved—  
So few of the fathers remain,  
That where in old seasons I moved  
I could never be happy again:  
In the breaks of this beautiful psalm,  
With its deep, its devotional tone,  
And hints of ineffable calm,  
I feel like a stranger, alone.



No wonder my eyes are so dim—  
 Your trouble is heavy on me,  
 O widow and daughter of him  
 Who sleeps in the grave by the sea!

The years have been hard that have pressed  
 On a head full of premature grey,  
 Since Stenhouse went down to his rest,  
 And Harpur was taken away:  
 In the soft yellow evening-ends,  
 The wind of the water is faint  
 By the home of the last of my friends—  
 The shrine of the father and saint:  
 The tenderness touching—the grace  
 Of Ridley no more is for me;  
 And flowers have hidden the face  
 Of the brother who sleeps by the sea.

The vehement voice of the South  
 Is loud where the journalist lies;  
 But calm hath encompassed his mouth,  
 And sweet is the peace in his eyes:  
 Called hence by the Power who knows  
 When the work of a hero is done,  
 He turned at the message, and rose  
 With the harness of diligence on.  
 In the midst of magnificent toil,  
 He bowed at the holy decree;  
 And green is the grass on the soil  
 Of the grave by the cliffs of the sea.

I knew him, indeed ; and I knew,  
     Having suffered so much in his day,  
 What a beautiful nature and true  
     In Bennett was hidden away.  
 In the folds of a shame without end,  
     When the lips of the scorner were curled,  
 I found in this brother a friend—  
     The last that was left in the world:  
 Ah ! under the surface austere  
     Compassion was native to thee ;  
 I send from my solitude here  
     This rose for the grave by the sea:

To the high, the heroic intent  
     Of a life that was never at rest,  
 He held, with a courage unspent,  
     Through the worst of his days and the best:  
 Far back in the years that are dead  
     He knew of the bitterness cold  
 That saddens with silver the head  
     And makes a man suddenly old:  
 The dignity gracing his grief  
     Was ever a lesson to me ;  
 He lies under blossom and leaf  
     In a grave by the cliffs of the sea:

Above him the wandering face  
     Of the moon is a loveliness now,  
 And anthems encompass the place  
     From lutes of the luminous bough.

The forelands are fiery with foam  
Where often and often he roved ;  
He sleeps in the sight of the home  
That he built by the waters he loved.  
The wave is his fellow at night,  
And the sun, shining over the lea,  
Sheds out an unspeakable light  
On this grave by the cliffs of the sea:

## GALATEA

A SILVER slope, a fall of firs, a ledge of gleaming  
grasses,  
And fiery cones, and sultry spurs, and swarthy pits  
and passes !

\* \* \* \* \*

The long-haired Cyclops bated breath, and bit his  
lip and hearkened,  
And dug and dragged the stone of death, by ways  
that dipped and darkened:

Across a tract of furnaced flints there came a wind  
of water,  
From yellow banks with tender hints of Tethys  
white-armed daughter.

She sat amongst wild singing weeds, by beds of  
myrrh and moly ;  
And Acis made a flute of reeds, and drew its accents  
slowly ;

And taught its spirit subtle sounds that leapt beyond  
suppression,  
And paused and panted on the bounds of fierce and  
fitful passion:

Then he who shaped the cunning tune, by keen  
desire made bolder,  
Fell fainting, like a fervent noon; upon the sea-  
nymph's shoulder:

Sicilian suns had laid a dower of light and life about  
her:  
Her beauty was a gracious flower—the heart fell  
dead without her:

“ Ah, Galatê,” said Polypheme, “ I would that I  
could find thee  
Some finest tone of hill or stream, wherewith to lull  
and bind thee !

“ What lyre is left of marvellous range, whose subtle  
strings, containing  
Some note supreme, might catch and change, or set  
thy passion waning ?—

“ Thy passion for the fair-haired youth whose fleet  
light feet perplex me  
By ledges rude, on paths uncouth, and broken  
ways that vex me ?

“Ah, turn to me! else violent sleep shall track  
the cunning lover;  
And thou wilt wait and thou wilt weep when I his  
haunts discover.”

But golden Galatea laughed, and Thôsa's son, like  
thunder,  
Broke through a rifted rannel shaft, and dashed its  
rocks asunder,

And poised the bulk, and hurled the stone, and  
crushed the hidden Acis,  
And struck with sorrow drear and lone the sweetest  
of all faces:

To Zeus, the mighty Father, she, with plaint and  
prayer, departed:  
Then from fierce Ætna to the sea a fountained water  
started—

A lucent stream of lutes and lights—cool haunt of  
flower and feather,  
Whose silver days and yellow nights made years of  
hallowed weather.

Here Galatea used to come, and rest beside the  
river;  
Because, in faint, salt, blowing foam, her shepherd  
lived for ever.



## AFTER MANY YEARS

THE song that once I dreamed about,  
The tender, touching thing,  
As radiant as the rose without,  
The love of wind and wing :  
The perfect verses, to the tune  
Of woodland music set,  
As beautiful as afternoon,  
Remain unwritten yet:

It is too late to write them now—  
The ancient fire is cold ;  
No ardent lights illumine the brow,  
As in the days of old.  
I cannot dream the dream again ;  
But, when the happy birds  
Are singing in the sunny rain,  
I think I hear its words.

I think I hear the echo still  
Of long-forgotten tones,  
When evening winds are on the hill  
And sunset fires the cones ;  
But only in the hours supreme,  
With songs of land and sea,  
The lyrics of the leaf and stream,  
This echo comes to me:

No longer doth the earth reveal  
Her gracious green and gold ;  
I sit where youth was once, and feel  
That I am growing old.  
The lustre from the face of things  
Is wearing all away ;  
Like one who halts with tired wings,  
I rest and muse to-day:

There is a river in the range  
I love to think about ;  
Perhaps the searching feet of change  
Have never found it out:  
Ah ! oftentimes I used to look  
Upon its banks, and long  
To steal the beauty of that brook  
And put it in a song:

I wonder if the slopes of moss,  
In dreams so dear to me—  
The falls of flower, and flower-like floss—  
Are as they used to be !  
I wonder if the waterfalls,  
The singers far and fair,  
That gleamed between the wet, green walls,  
Are still the marvels there !

Ah ! let me hope that in that place  
Those old familiar things  
To which I turn a wistful face  
Have never taken wings.  
Let me retain the fancy still  
That, past the lordly range,  
There always shines, in folds of hill,  
One spot secure from change !

I trust that yet the tender screen  
That shades a certain nook,  
Remains, with all its gold and green,  
The glory of the brook:  
It hides a secret to the birds  
And waters only known :  
The letters of two lovely words—  
A poem on a stone.

Perhaps the lady of the past  
Upon these lines may light,  
The purest verses, and the last,  
That I may ever write:  
She need not fear a word of blame:  
Her tale the flowers keep—  
The wind that heard me breathe her name  
Has been for years asleep.

But in the night, and when the rain  
The troubled torrent fills,  
I often think I see again  
The river in the hills;  
And when the day is very near,  
And birds are on the wing,  
My spirit fancies it can hear  
The song I cannot sing:

## LILITH

STRANGE is the song, and the soul that is  
singing

Falters, because of the vision it sees ;  
Voice that is not of the living is ringing,  
Down in the depths where the darkness is clinging,  
Even when Noon is the lord of the leas,  
Fast, like a curse, to the ghosts of the trees !

Here is a mist that is parted in sunder,  
Half with the darkness and half with the day ;  
Face of a woman, but face of a wonder,  
Vivid and wild as a flame of the thunder,  
Flashes and fades, and the wail of the grey  
Water is loud on the straits of the bay !

Father, whose years have been many and weary—  
Elder, whose life is as lovely as light  
Shining in ways that are sterile and dreary—  
Tell me the name of the beautiful peri,  
Flashing on me like the wonderful white  
Star, at the meeting of morning and night.

Look to thy Saviour, and down on thy knee, man,  
 Lean on the Lord, as the Zebedee leaned ;  
 Daughter of hell is the neighbour of thee, man—  
 Lilith, of Adam the luminous leman !  
 Turn to the Christ to be succoured and screened,  
 Saved from the eyes of a marvellous fiend !

Serpent she is in the shape of a woman,  
 Brighter than woman, ineffably fair !  
 Shelter thyself from the splendour, and sue, man ;  
 Light that was never a loveliness human  
 Lives in the face of this sinister snare,  
 Longing to strangle thy soul with her hair !

Lilith, who came to the father and bound him  
 Fast with her eyes in the first of the spring ;  
 Lilith she is, but remember she drowned him,  
 Shedding her flood of gold tresses around him—  
 Lulled him to sleep with the lyric she sings :  
 Melody strange with unspeakable things !

Low is her voice, but beware of it ever,  
 Swift bitter death is the fruit of delay ;  
 Never was song of its beauty—ah ! never—  
 Heard on the mountain, or meadow, or river,  
 Not of the night is it, not of the day—  
 Fly from it, stranger, away and away.



Back on the hills are the blossom and feather,  
    Glory of noon is on valley and spire ;  
Here is the grace of magnificent weather,  
Where is the woman from gulfs of the nether ?  
    Where is the fiend with the face of desire ?  
    Gone, with a cry, in miraculous fire !

Sound that was not of the world, or the spacious  
    Splendid blue heaven, has passed from the lea ;  
Dead is the voice of the devil audacious :  
Only a dream is her music fallacious,  
    Here, in the song and the shadow of tree,  
    Down by the green and the gold of the sea.



EARLY POEMS



## THE MUSE OF AUSTRALIA

WHERE the pines with the eagles are nestled  
in rifts,

And the torrent leaps down to the surges,  
I have followed her, clambering over the cliffs,  
By the chasms and moon-haunted verges.  
I know she is fair as the angels are fair,  
For have I not caught a faint glimpse of her there ;  
A glimpse of her face, and her glittering hair,  
And a hand with the Harp of Australia ?

I never can reach you, to hear the sweet voice  
So full with the music of fountains !  
Oh ! when will you meet with that soul of your  
choice,  
Who will lead you down here from the moun-  
tains ?

A lyre-bird lit on a shimmering space ;  
It dazzled mine eyes and I turned from the place,  
And wept in the dark for a glorious face,  
And a hand with the Harp of Australia !

## THE FATE OF THE EXPLORERS

SET your face toward the darkness — tell of  
deserts weird and wide,  
Where unshaken woods are huddled, and low languid  
waters glide ;  
Turn and tell of deserts lonely, lying pathless, deep  
and vast,  
Where in utter silence ever Time seems slowly  
breathing past—  
Silence only broken when the sun is flecked with  
cloudy bars,  
Or when tropic squalls come hurtling underneath  
the sultry stars !  
Deserts thorny, hot, and thirsty, where the feet of  
men are strange,  
And eternal Nature sleeps in solitudes which know  
no change.  
Weakened with their lengthened labours, past long  
plains of stone and sand,  
Down those trackless wilds they wandered, travel-  
lers from a far-off land,



Seeking now to join their brothers, struggling on  
 with faltering feet,  
 For a glorious work was finished, and a noble task  
 complete ;  
 And they dreamt of welcome faces—dreamt that  
 soon unto their ears  
 Friendly greetings would be thronging, with a  
 nation's well-earned cheers ;  
 Since their courage never failed them, but with high,  
 unflinching soul  
 Each was pressing forward, hoping, trusting all  
 should reach the goal.

\*       \*       \*       \*       \*

Though he rallied in the morning, long before the  
 close of day  
 He had sunk, the worn-out hero, fainting, dying by  
 the way !  
 But with Death he wrestled hardly ; three times  
 rising from the sod,  
 Yet a little further onward o'er the weary waste he  
 trod.  
 Facing fate with heart undaunted, still the chief  
 would totter on  
 Till the evening closed about him—till the strength  
 to move was gone ;  
 Then he penned his latest writing, and, before the  
 life was spent,  
 Gave the records to his comrade—gave the watch  
 he said was lent—

Gave them with his last commandments, charging  
 him that night to stay  
 And to let him lie unburied when the soul had  
 passed away.

Through that night he uttered little, rambling were  
 the words he spoke :  
 And he turned, and died in silence, when the tardy  
 morning broke.

Many memories come together whilst in sight of  
 death we dwell,  
 Much of sweet and sad reflection through the weary  
 mind must well.

As those long hours glided past him, till the east  
 with light was fraught,  
 Who may know the mournful secret—who can tell  
 us what he thought ?

Very lone and very wretched was the brave man  
 left behind,  
 Wandering over leagues of waste-land, seeking,  
 hoping help to find ;  
 Sleeping in deserted wurleys, fearful many night-  
 falls through  
 Lest unfriendly hands should rob him of his hoard  
 of wild nardoo.

\* \* \* \* \*

Ere he reached their old encampment—ere the well-  
 know spot he gained,  
 Something nerved him—something whispered that  
 his other chief remained.  
 So he searched for food to give him, trusting they  
 might both survive  
 Till the aid so long expected from the cities should  
 arrive ;  
 So he searched for food and took it to the gunyah  
 where he found  
 Silence broken by his footfalls—death and darkness  
 on the ground:

Weak and wearied with his journey, there the lone  
 survivor stooped,  
 And the disappointment bowed him and his heart  
 with sadness drooped,  
 And he rose and raked a hollow with his wasted,  
 feeble hands,  
 Where he took and hid the hero, in the rushes and  
 the sands ;  
 But he, like a brother, laid him out of reach of wind  
 and rain,  
 And for many days he sojourned near him on that  
 wild-faced plain ;  
 Whilst he stayed beside the ruin, whilst he lingered  
 with the dead,  
 Oh ! he must have sat in shadow gloomy as the  
 tears he shed.

Where our noble Burke was lying—where his sad  
 companion stood,  
 Came the natives of the forest—came the wild men  
 of the wood ;  
 Down they looked, and saw the stranger—he who  
 there in quiet slept—  
 Down they knelt, and o'er the chieftain bitterly they  
 moaned and wept :  
 Bitterly they mourned to see him all uncovered to  
 the blast—  
 All uncovered to the tempest as it wailed and  
 whistled past ;  
 And they shrouded him with bushes, so in death  
 that he might lie,  
 Like a warrior of their nation, sheltered from the  
 stormy sky.

\* \* \* \* \*

Ye must rise and sing their praises, O ye bards with  
 souls of fire,  
 For the people's voice shall echo through the wail-  
 ings of your lyre ;  
 And we'll welcome back their comrade, though our  
 eyes with tears be blind  
 At the thoughts of promise perished, and the shadow  
 left behind ;  
 Now the leaves are bleaching round them—now the  
 gales above them glide,  
 But the end was all accomplished, and their fame  
 is far and wide,

Though this fadeless glory cannot hide a grateful  
nation's grief,  
And their laurels have been blended with a gloomy  
cypress wreath.

Let them rest where they have laboured ! but, my  
country, mourn and moan ;  
We must build with human sorrow grander monu-  
ments than stone.

Let them rest, for oh ! remember, that in long here-  
after time

Sons of Science oft shall wander o'er that solitary  
clime !

Cities bright shall rise about it, Age and Beauty  
there shall stray,

And the fathers of the people, pointing to the  
graves, shall say :

“ Here they fell, the glorious martyrs ! when these  
plains were woodlands deep ;

Here a friend, a brother, laid them ; here the wild  
men came to weep.”

## KOOROORA

THE gums in the gully stand gloomy and stark,  
A torrent beneath them is leaping,  
And the wind goes about like a ghost in the dark  
Where a chief of Wahibbi lies sleeping !  
He dreams of a battle—of foes of the past,  
But he hears not the whooping abroad on the blast,  
Nor the fall of the feet that are travelling fast.  
Oh, why dost thou slumber, Kooroora ?

They come o'er the hills in their terrible ire,  
And speed by the woodlands and water ;  
They look down the hills at the flickering fire,  
All eager and thirsty for slaughter.  
Lo ! the stormy moon glares like a torch from the  
vale,  
And a voice in the beela grows wild in its wail,  
As the cries of the Wanneroos swell with the gale—  
Oh ! rouse thee, and meet them, Kooroora.



He starts from his sleep, and he clutches his spear,  
 And the echoes roll backward in wonder,  
 For a shouting strikes into the hollow woods near,  
 Like the sound of a gathering thunder.  
 He clammers the ridge, with his face to the light,  
 The foes of Wahibbi come full in his sight—  
 The waters of Mooki will redden to-night.  
 Go! and glory awaits thee, Kooroora.

Lo! yeelamans splinter, and boomerangs clash,  
 And a spear in the darkness is driven—  
 It whizzes along like a wandering flash  
 From the heart of a hurricane riven:  
 They turn to the mountains, that gloomy-browed  
 band;  
 The rain droppeth down with a moan to the land,  
 And the face of a chieftain lies buried in sand—  
 Oh, the light that was quenched in Kooroora!

To-morrow the Wanneroo dogs will rejoice,  
 And feast in this desolate valley;  
 But where are his brothers—the friends of his  
 choice,  
 And why art thou absent, Ewalli?  
 Now silence draws back to the forest again,  
 And the wind, like a wayfarer, sleeps on the plain,  
 But the cheeks of a warrior bleach in the rain.  
 Oh! where are thy mourners, Kooroora?

## KIAMA

TOWARDS the hills of Jamberoo  
Some few fantastic shadows haste,  
Uplit with fires,  
Like castle spires  
Outshining through a mirage waste.  
Behold, a mournful glory sits  
On feathered ferns and woven brakes,  
Where sobbing wild like restless child  
The gusty breeze of evening wakes !  
Methinks I hear on every breath  
A lofty tone go passing by  
That whispers—" Weave,  
Though wood winds grieve,  
The fadeless blooms of Poesy ! "

A spirit hand has been abroad—  
An evil hand to pluck the flowers—  
A world of wealth,  
And blooming health  
Has gone from fragrant seaside bowers :  
The twilight waxeth dim and dark,  
The sad waves mutter sounds of woe,

But the evergreen retains its sheen,  
And happy hearts exist below.  
And pleasure sparkles on the sward,  
And voices utter words of bliss,  
And while my bride  
Sits by my side,  
Oh ! where's the scene surpassing this ?

Kiama slumbers robed in mist,  
All glittering in the dewy light,  
That brooding o'er  
The shingly shore,  
Lies resting in the arms of Night ;  
And foam-flecked crags with surges chill,  
And rocks embraced of cold-lipped spray,  
Are moaning loud where billows crowd  
In angry numbers up the bay.  
The holy stars come looking down  
On windy heights and swarthy strand,  
And Life and Love—  
The cliffs above—  
Are sitting fondly hand in hand.

I hear a music, inwardly,  
That floods my soul with thoughts of joy ;  
Within my heart  
Emotions start  
That Time may still but ne'er destroy.  
An ancient Spring revives itself,  
And days which made the past divine ;

And rich warm gleams from golden dreams,  
All glorious in their summer shine ;  
And songs of half forgotten hours,  
And many a sweet melodious strain  
Which still shall rise  
Beneath the skies  
When all things else have died again.

A white sail glimmers out at sea—  
A vessel walking in her sleep ;  
Some Power goes past  
That bends the mast,  
While frightened waves to leeward leap.  
The moonshine veils the naked sand  
And ripples upward with the tide,  
As underground there rolls a sound  
From where the caverned waters glide.  
A face that bears affection's glow,  
The soul that speaks from gentle eyes,  
And joy which slips  
From loving lips  
Have made this spot my Paradise !

## THE BARCOO

FROM the runs of the Narran, wide-dotted with  
sheep,

And loud with the lowing of cattle,

We speed for a land where the strange forests sleep

And the hidden creeks bubble and prattle !

Now call on the horses, and leave the blind courses

And sources of rivers that all of us know ;

For, crossing the ridges, and passing the ledges,

And running up gorges, we'll come to the verges

Of gullies where waters eternally flow.

Oh ! the herds they will rush down the spurs of the  
hill

To feed on the grasses so cool and so sweet ;

And I think that my life with delight will stand  
still

When we halt with the pleasant Barcoo at our  
feet.

Good-bye to the Barwan, and brigalow scrubs,

Adieu to the Culgoä ranges,

But look for the malga and salt-bitten shrubs,

Though the face of the forest-land changes.

The leagues we may travel down beds of hot gravel,  
And clay-crusted reaches where moisture hath  
    been,  
While searching for waters, may vex us or thwart  
    us,  
Yet who would be quailing, or fainting or failing ?  
Not you, who are men of the Narran, I ween !  
When we leave the dry channels away to the south,  
And reach the far plains we are journeying to,  
We will cry, though our lips may be glued with the  
    drouth,  
Hip, hip, and hurrah for the pleasant Barcoo !



## FAINTING BY THE WAY

**S**WARTHY wastelands, wide and woodless, glittering miles and miles away,  
Where the south wind seldom wanders, and the winters will not stay ;  
Lurid wastelands, pent in silence, thick with hot and thirsty sighs,  
Where the scanty thorn-leaves twinkle with their haggard, hopeless eyes ;  
Furnaced wastelands, hunched with hillocks, like to stony billows rolled,  
Where the naked flats lie swirling, like a sea of darkened gold ;  
Burning wastelands, glancing upward with a weird and vacant stare,  
Where the languid heavens quiver o'er red depths of stirless air !  
“ Oh, my brother, I am weary of this 'wildering waste of sand ;  
In the noontide we can never travel to the promised land !

Lo, the desert broadens round us, glaring wildly in  
my face !  
With long leagues of sunflame on it,—oh ! the  
barren, barren place !  
See, behind us gleams a green plot, shall we thither  
turn and rest  
Till a cold wind flutters over, till the day is down  
the west ?  
I would follow, but I cannot ! Brother, let me here  
remain,  
For the heart is dead within me, and I may not rise  
again.”

“ Wherefore stay to talk of fainting ?—rouse thee  
for awhile, my friend ;  
Evening hurries on our footsteps, and the journey  
soon will end.  
Wherefore stay to talk of fainting, when the sun,  
with sinking fire,  
Smites the blocks of broken thunder, blackening  
yonder craggy spire ?  
Even now the far-off landscape broods and fills with  
coming change,  
And the withered moon grows brighter bending o’er  
that shadowed range ;  
At the feet of grassy summits sleeps a water calm  
and clear—  
There is surely rest beyond it ! Comrade, wherefore  
falter here ?

" Yet a little longer struggle ; we have walked a  
 wilder plain,  
 And have met more troubles, trust me, than we e'er  
 shall meet again !  
 Can you think of all the dangers you and I are  
 living through  
 With a soul so weak and fearful, with the doubts *I*  
 never knew ?  
 Dost thou not remember that the thorns are clus-  
 tered with the rose,  
 And that every Zin-like border may a pleasant land  
 enclose ?  
 Oh, across these sultry deserts many a fruitful scene  
 we'll find,  
 And the blooms we gather shall be worth the wounds  
 they leave behind."

" Ah, my brother, it is useless ! See, o'erburdened  
 with their load,  
 All the friends who went before us fall or falter by  
 the road !  
 We have come a weary distance, seeking what we  
 may not get,  
 And I think we are but children, chasing rainbows  
 through the wet:  
 Tell me not of vernal valleys ! Is it well to hold a  
 reed  
 Out for drowning men to clutch at in the moments  
 of their need ?

Go thy journey on without me ; it is better I should  
stay,  
Since my life is like an evening, fading, swooning  
fast away !

“ Where are all the springs you talked of ? Have  
I not with pleading mouth  
Looked to Heaven through a silence stifled in the  
crimson drouth ?  
Have I not, with lips unsated, watched to see the  
fountains burst,  
Where I searched the rocks for cisterns ? And they  
only mocked my thirst !  
Oh, I dreamt of countries fertile, bright with lakes  
and flashing rills  
Leaping from their shady caverns, streaming round  
a thousand hills !  
Leave me, brother, all is fruitless, barren, measure-  
less, and dry,  
And my God will *never* help me, though I pray, and  
faint, and die.”

“ Up ! I tell thee this is idle ! Oh, thou man of  
little faith !  
Doubting on the verge of Aidenn, turning now to  
covet death !  
By the fervent hopes within me, by the strength  
which nerves my soul,  
By the heart that yearns to help thee, we shall live  
and reach the goal !

Rise and lean thy weight upon me. Life is fair,  
 and God is just,  
 And He yet will show us fountains, if we only look  
 and trust !  
 Oh, I know it, and He leads us to the glens of stream  
 and shade,  
 Where the low sweet waters gurgle round the banks  
 which cannot fade."

Thus he spake, my friend and brother ! and he took  
 me by the hand,  
 And I think we walked the desert till the night was  
 on the land ;  
 Then we came to flowery hollows, where we heard  
 a far-off stream  
 Singing in the moony twilight, like the rivers of my  
 dream.  
 And the balmy winds came tripping softly through  
 the pleasant trees,  
 And I thought they bore a murmur like a voice  
 from sleeping seas.  
 So we travelled, so we reached it, and I never more  
 will part  
 With the peace, as calm as sunset, folded round my  
 weary heart.

## THE OLD YEAR

IT passed like the breath of the night-wind away,  
It fled like a mist at the dawn of the day ;  
It lasted its moment, then backward was hurled,  
Another increase to the age of the world.

It passed with its shadows, its smiles and its tears,  
It passed as a stream to the ocean of years ;  
Years that were coming—were here—and are o'er,  
The ages departed to visit no more.

It passed, but the bark on its billowy track  
Leaves an impression on waters aback :  
The glow of the gloaming remains on the sky,  
Unwilling to leave us—unwilling to die.

It fled ; but away and away in its wake  
There lingers a something that time cannot break.  
The past and the future are joined by a chain,  
And memories live that must ever remain.



## EVENING HYMN

THE crag-pent ridges sob and moan, where  
hidden waters glide ;  
And twilight wanders round the earth with slow and  
shadowy stride.  
The gleaming clouds, above the brows of western  
steeps uphurled,  
Look like the spires of some fair town that bound  
a brighter world.  
So, from the depths of yonder wood, where many a  
blind creek strays,  
The pure Australian moon comes forth, enwreathed  
in silver haze.  
The rainy mists are trooping down the folding hills  
behind,  
And distant torrent-voices rise like bells upon the  
wind.  
The echeu's songs are dying, with the flute-bird's  
mellow tone,  
And night recalls the gloomy owl to roam the woods  
alone.

Night, holy night! in robes of blue, with golden  
stars encrowned,  
Ascending mountains like to walls that hem an  
Eden round.

Oh, lovely moon! oh, holy night! how good your  
God must be,  
That, through the glory of your height, He stoops  
to look on me!  
Oh, glittering clouds and silvery shapes, that vanish  
one by one!  
Is not the kindness of our Lord too great to think  
upon?  
If human song could flow as free as His created  
breeze,  
When, sloping from some hoary height, it sweeps  
the vacant seas,  
Then should my voice to heaven ascend, my tune-  
ful lyre be strung,  
And music sweeter than the winds should roam  
these glens among.  
Go by, ye golden-footed hours, to your mysterious  
bourne,  
And hide the sins ye bear from hence, so that they  
ne'er return.  
Teach me, ye beauteous stars, to kiss kind Mercy's  
chastening rod,  
And, looking up from Nature's face, to worship  
Nature's God.

## GERALDINE

MY head is filled with olden rhymes, beside  
this moaning sea,

But many and many a day has gone since I was  
dear to thee !

I know my passion fades away, and therefore oft  
regret

That some who love indeed can part and in the years  
forget.

Ah ! through the twilights when we stood the wattle-  
trees between,

We did not dream of such a time as this, fair  
Geraldine.

I do not say that all has gone of passion and of pain ;  
I yearn for many happy thoughts I shall not think  
again !

And often when the wind is up, and wailing round  
the eaves,

You sigh for withered Purpose shred and scattered  
like the leaves,

The Purpose blooming when we met each other on  
the green ;

The sunset heavy in your curls, my golden Geraldine.

I think we lived a loftier life through hours of Long  
Ago,  
For in the largened evening earth our spirits seemed  
to grow.  
But that has passed, and here I stand, upon a  
lonely place,  
While Night is stealing round the land, like Time  
across my face;  
But I can calmly recollect our shadowy parting  
scene,  
And swooning thoughts that had no voice—no  
utterance, Geraldine.

## THE BALLAD OF TANNA

SHE knelt by the dead, in her passionate grief,  
Beneath a weird forest of Tanna ;

She kissed the stern brow of her father and chief,  
And cursed the dark race of Alkana.

With faces as wild as the clouds in the rain,  
The sons of Kerrara came down to the plain,  
And spoke to the mourner and buried the slain.

Oh, the glory that died with Deloya !

“ Wahina,” they whispered, “ Alkana lies low,  
And the ghost of thy sire hath been gladdened,  
For the men of his people have fought with the foe  
Till the rivers of Warra are reddened ! ”

She lifted her eyes to the glimmering hill,  
Then spoke, with a voice like a musical rill,

“ The time is too short ; can I sojourn here still ? ”

Oh, the Youth that was sad for Deloya !

“ Wahina, why linger,” Annatanam said,

“ When the tent of a chieftain is lonely ?

There are others who grieve for the light that has  
fled,

But one who exists for you only ! ”

“Go—leave me!” she cried. “I would fain be  
 alone ;  
 I must stay where the trees and the wild waters  
 moan ;  
 For my heart is as cold as a wave-beaten stone.”  
 Oh, the Beauty that mourned for Deloya !

“Wahina, why weep o'er a handful of dust,  
 When the souls of the brave are approaching ?  
 Oh ! look to the fires that are lit for the just,  
 And the mighty who sleep in Arrochin !”  
 But she turned from the glare of the flame-smitten  
 sea,  
 And a cry, like a whirlwind, came over the lea—  
 “Away to the mountains and leave her with me !”  
 Oh, the heart that was broke for Deloya !



## LURLINE

[*Inscribed to Madame Lucy Escott, Singer.*]

AS you glided and glided before us that time,  
A mystical magical maiden,  
We fancied we looked on a face from the clime  
Where the poets have builded their Aidenn !  
And oh, the sweet shadows ! And oh, the warm  
gleams  
Which lay on the land of our beautiful dreams,  
While we walked by the margins of musical streams  
And heard your wild warbling around us !

We forgot what we were, when we stood with the  
trees

Near the banks of those silvery waters ;  
As ever in fragments they came on the breeze,  
The songs of old Rhine and his daughters !  
And then you would pass with those radiant eyes  
Which flashed like a light in the tropical skies—  
And ah ! the bright thoughts that would sparkle  
and rise

When we heard your wild warbling around us.

Will you ever fly back to this city of ours,  
With your harp and your voice and your beauty?  
God knows we rejoice when we meet with such  
flowers,  
On the hard road of Life and of Duty!  
Oh! come as you did, with that face and that tone,  
For we wistfully look to the hours which have  
flown,  
And long for a glimpse of the gladness that shone  
When we heard your wild warbling around us.

## AT LONG BAY

1863.

FIVE years ago ! you cannot choose  
But know the face of change,  
Though July sleeps and spring renews  
The gloss in gorge and range.

Five years ago ! I hardly know  
How they have slipped away,  
Since here we watched at ebb and flow  
The waters of the Bay ;

And saw, with eyes of little faith,  
From cambered summits fade  
The Rainbow and the Rainbow wraith,  
That *shadow* of a shade.

For Love and Youth were vext with doubt,  
Like ships on driving seas,  
And in those days the heart gave out  
Unthankful similes.

But let it be! I've often said  
His lot was hardly cast  
Who never turned a happy head  
To an unhappy Past—

Who never turned a face of light  
To cares beyond recall:  
He only fares in sorer plight  
Who hath no Past at all!

So take my faith, and let it stand  
Between us for a sign  
That five bright years have known the land  
Since yonder tumbled line

Of seacliff took our troubled talk—  
The words at random thrown,  
And Echo lived about this walk  
Of gap and slimy stone:

Here first we learned the Love which leaves  
No lack or loss behind,  
The dark, sweet Love which woos the eves  
And haunts the morning wind,

And roves with runnels in the dell,  
And houses by the wave  
What time the storm hath struck the fell  
And Terror fills the cave—

A Love, you know, that lives and lies  
For moments past control,  
And mellows through the Poet's eyes  
And sweetens in his soul:

Here first we faced a briny breeze,  
What time the middle gale  
Went shrilling over whitened seas  
With flying towers of sail:

And here we heard the plovers call  
As shattered pauses came,  
When Heaven showed a fiery wall  
With sheets of wasted flame.

Here grebe and gull and heavy glede  
Passed eastward far away,  
The while the wind, with slackened speed,  
Drooped with the dying Day:

And here our friendship, like a tree,  
Perennial grew and grew,  
Till you were glad to live for me,  
And I to live for you.

## THE OPOSSUM-HUNTERS

**H**EAR ye not the waters beating, where the  
rapid rivers meeting

With the winds above them fleeting hurry to  
the distant seas,  
And a smothered sound of singing from old Ocean  
upwards springing,  
Sending hollow echoes ringing like a wailing on  
the breeze ?  
For the tempest, round us brewing, cometh with  
the clouds pursuing,  
And the bright Day like a ruin, crumbles from  
the mournful trees:

When the thunder ceases pealing, and the stars up  
heaven are stealing,  
And the Moon above us wheeling throws her  
pleasant glances round,  
From our homes we boldly sally 'neath the tryst-  
ing tree to rally,  
For a night-hunt up the valley, with our bro-  
thers and the hound !



Through a wild-eyed Forest staring at the light  
above it glaring,  
We will travel, little caring for the dangers  
where we bound:

Twisted boughs shall tremble o'er us, hollow woods  
shall moan before us,  
And the torrents like a chorus down the gorges  
dark shall sing ;  
And the vines shall shake and shiver, and the  
startled grasses quiver,  
Like the reeds beside a river in the gusty days  
of Spring ;  
While we forward haste delighted, through a region  
seldom lighted—  
Souls impatient, hearts excited — like a wind  
upon the wing !

Oh ! the solemn tones of Ocean, like the language of  
devotion,  
Or a voice of deep emotion, wander round the  
evening scene.  
Oh ! the ragged shadows cluster where, my brothers,  
we must muster  
Ere the warm moon lends her lustre to the cedars  
darkly green ;  
And the lights like flowers shall blossom, in high  
Heaven's kindly bosom,  
While we hunt the wild opossum, underneath its  
leafy screen ;

Underneath the woven bowers, where the gloomy  
night-hawk cowers,

Through a lapse of dreamy hours, in a stirless  
solitude !

And the hound—that close beside us still will stay  
whate'er betide us—

Through a 'wilderling waste shall guide us—through  
a maze where few intrude,  
Till the game is chased to cover, till the stirring  
sport is over,

Till we bound, each happy rover, homeward,  
through the laughing wood.

Oh, the joy in wandering thither, when fond  
friends are all together

And our souls are like the weather—cloudless,  
clear, and fresh, and free !

Let the sailor sing the story of the ancient ocean's  
glory,

Forests golden, mountains hoary — can he look  
and love like we ?

Sordid worldling, haunt thy city with that heart  
so hard and gritty !

There are those who turn with pity, when they  
turn to think of thee !

OTHER POEMS



## IN MEMORY OF EDWARD BUTLER

A VOICE of grave, deep emphasis  
Is in the woods to-night ;  
No sound of radiant day is this,  
No cadence of the light.  
Here, in the fall and flights of leaves  
Against grey widths of sea,  
The spirit of the forests grieves  
For lost Persephone.

The fair divinity that roves  
Where many waters sing  
Doth miss her daughter of the groves—  
The golden-headed spring:  
She cannot find the shining hand  
That once the rose caressed ;  
There is no blossom on the land,  
No bird in last year's nest.

Here, where this strange Demeter weeps—  
     This large, sad life unseen—  
 Where July's strong, wild torrent leaps  
     The wet hill-heads between,  
 I sit and listen to the grief,  
     The high, supreme distress,  
 Which sobs above the fallen leaf  
     Like human tenderness !

Where sighs the sedge and moans the marsh,  
     The hermit plover calls ;  
 The voice of straitened streams is harsh  
     By windy mountain walls ;  
 There is no gleam upon the hills  
     Of last October's wings ;  
 The shining lady of the rills  
     Is with forgotten things.

Now where the land's worn face is grey  
     And storm is on the wave,  
 What flower is left to bear away  
     To Edward Butler's grave ?  
 What tender rose of song is here  
     That I may pluck and send  
 Across the hills and seas austere  
     To my lamented friend ?



There is no blossom left at all !  
But this white winter leaf,  
Whose glad green life is past recall,  
Is token of my grief ;  
Where love is tending growths of grace,  
The first-born of the spring,  
Perhaps there may be found a place  
For my pale offering.

For this heroic Irish heart,  
We miss so much to-day,  
Whose life was of our lives a part,  
What words have I to say ?  
Because I know the noble woe  
That shrinks beneath the touch—  
The pain of brothers stricken low—  
I will not say too much.

But often in the lonely space  
When night is on the land,  
I dream of a departed face—  
A gracious, vanished hand.  
And when the solemn waters roll  
Against the outer step,  
I see a great, benignant soul  
Beside me in my sleep.

Yea, while the frost is on the ways  
 With barren banks austere,  
 The friend I knew in other days  
 Is often very near.

I do not hear a single tone ;  
 But where this brother gleams,  
 The elders of the seasons flown  
 Are with me in my dreams:

The saintly face of Stenhouse turns—  
 His kind old eyes I see ;  
 And Pell and Ridley from their urns  
 Arise and look at me.  
 By Butler's side the lights reveal  
 The father of his fold,  
 I start from sleep in tears, and feel  
 That I am growing old.

Where Edward Butler sleeps the wave  
 Is hardly ever heard ;  
 But now the leaves above his grave,  
 By August's songs are stirred:  
 The slope beyond is green and still,  
 And in my dreams I dream  
 The hill is like an Irish hill  
 Beside an Irish stream.

## BLUE MOUNTAIN PIONEERS

THE dauntless three! for twenty days and  
nights

These heroes battled with the haughty heights ;  
For twenty spaces of the star and sun  
These Romans kept their harness buckled on ;  
By gaping gorges, and by cliffs austere,  
These fathers struggled in the great old year ;  
Their feet they set on strange hills scarred by fire,  
Their strong arms forced a path through brake and  
briar ;

They fought with Nature till they reached the  
throne

Where morning glittered on the great UNKNOWN !  
There, in a time with praise and prayer supreme,  
Paused Blaxland, Lawson, Wentworth, in a dream ;  
There, where the silver arrows of the day  
Smote slope and spire, they halted on their way.  
Behind them were the conquered hills—they faced  
The vast green West, with glad, strange beauty  
graced ;

And every tone of every cave and tree  
Was as a voice of splendid prophecy.

## INTAGLIO—FRANK DENZ

I N the roar of the storm, in the wild bitter voice  
of the tempest-whipped sea,  
The cry of my darling, my child, comes ever and  
ever to me ;  
And I stand where the haggard-faced wood stares  
down on a sinister shore,  
But all that is left is the hood of the babe I can  
cherish no more.

A little blue hood, with the shawl of the girl that I  
took for my wife,  
In a happy old season, is all that remains of the  
light of my life ;  
The wail of a woman in pain, and the sob of a  
smothering bird,  
They come through the darkness again—in the wind  
and the rain they are heard.

Oh, women and men who have known the perils of  
weather and wave,  
It is sad that my sweet ones are blown under sea  
without shelter of grave ;  
I sob like a child in the night, when the gale on the  
waters is loud—  
My darlings went down in my sight, with neither a  
coffin nor shroud.

In the whistle of wind, and the whirl of ominous  
fragments of wreck,  
The wife, with her poor little girl, saw death on the  
lee of the deck ;  
But, sirs, she depended on me—she trusted my  
comforting word ;  
She is down in the depths of the sea—my love, with  
her beautiful bird.

In the boat I was ordered to go—I was not more  
afraid than the rest,  
But a husband will falter, you know, with the love  
of his life at his breast ;  
My captain was angry a space, but soon he grew  
tender in tone—  
Perhaps there had flashed by his face a wife and a  
child of his own.

I was weak for some moments, and cried ; but only  
one hope was in life ;  
The hood upon baby I tied—I fastened the shawl  
on my wife.  
The skipper took charge of the child—he stuck to  
his word till the last ;  
But only this hood on the wild, bitter shore of the  
sea had been cast.

In the place of a coward, who shook like a leaf in  
the quivering boat,  
A seat on the rowlocks I took ; but the sea had me  
soon by the throat,  
The surge gripped me fast by the neck—in a ring,  
and a roll, and a roar,  
I was cast like a piece of the wreck, on a bleak,  
beaten, shelterless shore.

And there were my darlings on board for the rest  
of that terrible day,  
And I watched and I prayed to the Lord, as never  
before I could pray.  
The windy hills stared at the black, heavy clouds  
coming over the wave ;  
My girl was expecting me back, but where was my  
power to save ?



Ah! where was my power, when Death was glaring  
at me from the reef?

I cried till I gasped for my breath, aloof with a  
maddening grief.

We couldn't get back to the deck: I wanted to go;  
but the sea

Dashed over the sides of the wreck, and carried my  
darling from me:

Oh, girl that I took by the hand to the altar two  
summers ago,

I would you were buried on land—my dear, it would  
comfort me so!

I would you were sleeping where grows the grass  
and the musical reed!

For how can you find a repose in the toss of the  
tangle and weed?

The night sped along, and I strained to the shadow  
and saw to the end

My captain and bird—he remained to the death, a  
superlative friend:

In the face of the hurricane wild, he clung with the  
babe to the mast;

To the last he was true to my child—he was true to  
my child to the last:

The wind, like a life without home, comes mocking  
at door and at pane  
In the time of the cry of the foam—in the season  
of thunder and rain,  
And, dreaming, I start in the bed, and feel for my  
little one's brow !  
But lost is the beautiful head ; the cradle is tenant-  
less now.

My home was all morning and glow when wife and  
her baby were there,  
But, ah ! it is saddened, you know, by dresses my  
girl used to wear.  
I cannot re-enter the door ; its threshold can never  
be crossed,  
For fear I should see on the floor the shoes of the  
child I have lost.

There were three of us once in the world ; but two  
are deep down in the sea,  
Where waif and where tangle are hurled—the two  
that were portions of me ;  
They are far from me now, but I hear, when hushed  
are the night and the tide,  
The voice of my little one near—the step of my  
wife by my side.

## HOW THE MELBOURNE CUP WAS WON

I N the beams of a beautiful day,  
    Made soft by a breeze from the sea,  
The horses were started away,  
    The fleet-footed thirty and three ;  
Where beauty, with shining attire,  
    Shed more than a noon on the land,  
Like spirits of thunder and fire  
    They flashed by the fence and the stand.

And the mouths of pale thousands were hushed  
    When Somnus, a marvel of strength,  
Past Bowes like a sudden wind rushed,  
    And led the bay colt by a length ;  
But a chestnut came galloping through,  
    And, down where the river-tide steals,  
O'Brien, on brave Waterloo,  
    Dashed up to the big horse's heels.

But Cracknell still kept to the fore,  
And first by the water bend wheeled,  
When a cry from the stand, and a roar,  
Ran over green furlongs of field ;  
Far out by the back of the course—  
A demon of muscle and pluck—  
Flashed onward the favourite horse,  
With his hoofs flaming clear of the ruck.

But the wonderful Queenslander came,  
And the thundering leaders were three ;  
And a ring, and a roll of acclaim,  
Went out, like a surge of the sea :  
“ An Epigram ! Epigram wins ! ”—  
“ The colt of the Derby ”—“ The bay ! ”  
But back where the crescent begins  
The favourite melted away.

And the marvel that came from the North,  
With another, was heavily thrown ;  
And here at the turning flashed forth  
To the front a surprising unknown ;  
By shed and by paddock and gate  
The strange, the magnificent black,  
Led Darebin a length in “ the straight,”  
With thirty and one at his back.

But the Derby colt tired at the rails,  
And Ivory's marvellous bay  
Passed Burton, O'Brien, and Hales,  
As fleet as a flash of the day.  
But Gough on the African star  
Came clear in the front of his "field,"  
Hard followed by Morrison's Czar  
And the blood unaccustomed to yield.

Yes, first from the turn to the end,  
With a boy on him paler than ghost,  
The horse that had hardly a friend  
Shot flashing like fire by the post.  
When Graham was "riding" 'twas late  
For his friends to applaud on the stands,  
The black, through the bend and "the straight,"  
Had the race of the year in his hands.

In a clamour of calls and acclaim,  
He landed the money—the horse  
With the beautiful African name,  
That rang to the back of the course.  
Hurrah for the Hercules race,  
And the terror that came from his stall,  
With the bright, the intelligent face,  
To show the road home to them all!

ON A BABY BURIED BY THE  
HAWKESBURY

[*Lines sent to a Young Mother.*]

A GRACE that was lent for a very few hours,  
By the bountiful Spirit above us ;  
She sleeps like a flower in the land of the flowers,  
She went ere she knew how to love us ;  
Her music of Heaven was strange to this sphere,  
Her voice is a silence for ever ;  
In the bitter, wild fall of a sorrowful year,  
We buried our bird by the river.

But the gold of the grass, and the green of the  
vine,  
And the music of wind and of water,  
And the torrent of song and superlative shine,  
Are close to our dear little daughter ;  
The months of the year are all gracious to her,  
A winter breath visits her never ;  
She sleeps like a bird in a cradle of myrrh,  
By the banks of the beautiful river.



## AT HER WINDOW

TO-NIGHT a strong south wind in thunder sings  
Across the city. Now by salt wet flats,  
And ridges perished with the breath of drought,  
Comes up a deep, sonorous, gulf-like voice—  
Far-travelled herald of some distant storm—  
That strikes with harsh gigantic wings the cliff,  
Where twofold Otway meets his straitened surf,  
And makes a white wrath of a league of sea.

To-night the fretted Yarra chafes its banks,  
And dusks and glistens ; while the city shows  
A ring of windy light. From street to street  
The noise of labour, linked to hurrying wheels,  
Rolls off, as rolls the stately sound of wave,  
When he that hears it hastens from the shore.

To-night beside a moody window sits  
A wife who watches for her absent love ;  
Her home is in a dim suburban street,  
In which the winds, like one with straitened breath,  
Now fleet with whispers dry and short half-sobs,  
Or pause and beat against the showery panes  
Like homeless mem'ries seeking for a home.

There, where the plopping of the guttered rain  
Sounds like a heavy footstep in the dark,  
Where every shadow thrown by flickering light  
Seems like her husband halting at the door,  
I say a woman sits, and waits, and sits,  
Then trims her fire, and comes to wait again.

The chapel clock strikes twelve! He has not come.  
The night grows wilder, and the wind dies off  
The roads, now turned to thoroughfares of storm,  
Save when a solitary, stumbling foot  
Breaks through the clamour. Then the watcher starts,  
And trembles, with her hand upon the key,  
And flutters, with the love upon her lips—  
Then sighs, returns, and takes her seat once more.  
Is this the old, old tale? Ah! do not ask,  
My gentle reader, but across your doubts  
Throw shining reasons on the happier side;  
Or, if you cannot choose but doubt the man—  
If you do count him in your thoughts as one  
Who leaves a good wife by a lonely hearth  
For more than half the night, for scenes (we'll say)  
Of revelry—I pray you think of how  
That wretch must suffer in his waking times  
(If he be human), when he recollects  
That through the long, long hours of evil feasts  
With painted sin, and under glaring gas,  
His brightest friend was at a window-sill  
A watcher, seated in a joyless room,  
And haply left without a loaf of bread.

I, having learnt from sources pure and high,  
From springs of love that make the perfect wife,  
Can say how much a woman will endure  
For one to whom her tender heart has passed:  
When fortune fails, and friends drop off, and time  
Has shadows waiting in predestined ways—  
When shame that grows from want of money comes,  
And sets its brand upon a husband's brow,  
And makes him walk an alien in the streets:  
One faithful face, on which a light divine  
Becomes a glory when vicissitude  
Is in its darkest mood—one face, I say,  
Marks not the fallings-off that others see,  
Seeks not to know the thoughts that others think,  
Cares not to hear the words that others say:  
But, through her deep and self-sufficing love,  
She only sees the bright-eyed youth that won  
Her maiden heart in other, happier days,  
And not the silent, gloomy-featured man  
That frets and shivers by a sullen fire.

And, therefore, knowing this from you, who've  
shared

With me the ordeal of most trying times,  
I sometimes feel a hot shame flushing up,  
To think that there are those among my sex  
Who are so cursed with small-souled selfishness  
That they do give to noble wives like you,  
For love—that first and final flower of life—  
The dreadful portion of a drunkard's home.

## WILLIAM BEDE DALLEY

THAT love of letters which is as the light  
Of deathless verse, intense, ineffable,  
Hath made this scholar's nature like the white,  
Pure Roman soul of whom the poets tell.

He having lived so long with lords of thought,  
The grand hierophants of speech and song,  
Hath from the high, august communion caught  
Some portion of their inspiration strong.

The clear, bright atmosphere through which he  
looks  
Is one by no dim, close horizon bound ;  
The power shed as flame from noble books  
Hath made for him a larger world around.

And he, thus strengthened with the fourfold force  
Which scholarship to genius gives, is one  
That liberal thinkers, pausing in their course,  
With fine esteem are glad to look upon.

He, with the faultless intuition born  
Of splendid faculties, sees things aright,  
And all his strong, immeasurable scorn  
Falls like a thunder on the hypocrite.

But for the sufferer and the son of shame  
On whom remorse—a great, sad burden—lies,  
His kindness glistens like a morning flame,  
Immense compassion shines within his eyes.

Firm to the Church by which his fathers stood,  
But tolerant to every form of creed,  
He longs for universal brotherhood,  
And is a Christian gentleman indeed.

These in his honour. May his life be long,  
And, like a summer with a brilliant close,  
As full of music as a perfect song,  
As radiant as a rich unhandled rose.

## ON A STREET

I DREAD that street—its haggard face  
I have not seen for eight long years ;  
A mother's curse is on the place  
(There's blood, my reader, in her tears).  
No child of man shall ever track,  
Through filthy dust, the singer's feet—  
A fierce old memory drags me back ;  
I hate its name—I dread that street:

Upon the lap of green, sweet lands,  
Whose months are like your English Mays,  
I try to hide in Lethe's sands  
The bitter old Bohemian days.  
But sorrow speaks in singing leaf,  
And trouble talketh in the tide ;  
The skirts of a stupendous grief  
Are trailing ever at my side:



I will not say who suffered there,  
'Tis best the name aloof to keep,  
Because the world is very fair—  
Its light should sing the dark to sleep.  
But, let me whisper, in that street  
A woman, faint through want of bread,  
Has often pawned the quilt and sheet  
And wept upon a barren bed.

How gladly would I change my theme,  
Or cease the song and steal away,  
But on the hill and by the stream  
A ghost is with me night and day!  
A dreadful darkness, full of wild,  
Chaotic visions, comes to me:  
I seem to hear a dying child,  
Its mother's face I seem to see.

Here, surely, on this bank of bloom,  
My verse with shine would ever flow;  
But ah! it comes—the rented room,  
With man and wife who suffered so!  
From flower and leaf there is no hint—  
I only see a sharp distress—  
A lady in a faded print,  
A careworn writer for the press.

I only hear the brutal curse  
Of landlord clamouring for his pay ;  
And yonder is the pauper's hearse  
That comes to take a child away.  
Apart, and with the half-grey head  
Of sudden age, again I see  
The father writing by the dead,  
To earn the undertaker's fee.

No tear at all is asked for him—  
A drunkard well deserves his life ;  
But voice will quiver, eyes grow dim,  
For her, the patient, pure young wife,  
The gentle girl of better days,  
As timid as a mountain fawn,  
Who used to choose untrodden ways,  
And place at night her rags in pawn.

She could not face the lighted square,  
Or show the street her poor, thin dress ;  
In one close chamber, bleak and bare,  
She hid her burden of distress.  
Her happy schoolmates used to drive,  
On gaudy wheels, the town about ;  
The meat that keeps a dog alive  
She often had to go without.

I tell you, this is not a tale  
Conceived by me, but bitter truth ;  
Bohemia knows it, pinched and pale,  
Beside the pyre of burnt-out youth:  
These eyes of mine have often seen  
The sweet girl-wife, in winters rude,  
Steal out at night, through courts unclean,  
To hunt about for chips of wood.

Have I no word at all for him  
Who used down fetid lanes to slink,  
And squat in tap-room corners grim,  
And drown his thoughts in dregs of drink ?  
This much I'll say, that when the flame  
Of reason reassumed its force,  
The hell the Christian fears to name,  
Was heaven to his fierce remorse.

Just think of him—beneath the ban,  
And steeped in sorrow to the neck,  
Without a friend—a feeble man,  
In failing health—a human wreck.  
With all his sense and scholarship,  
How could he face his fading wife ?  
The devil never lifted whip  
With strings like those that scourged his life.

But He in whom the dying thief  
    Upon the Cross did place his trust,  
Forgets the sin and feels the grief,  
    And lifts the sufferer from the dust.  
And now, because I have a dream,  
    The man and woman found the light ;  
A glory burns upon the stream,  
    With gold and green the woods are bright.

But still I hate that haggard street,  
    Its filthy courts, its alleys wild ;  
In dreams of it I always meet  
    The phantom of a wailing child.  
The name of it begets distress—  
    Ah, song, be silent ! show no more  
The lady in the perished dress,  
    The scholar on the tap-room floor.

AUTHOR'S NOTE.—The few who know the story of poor W—— of Melbourne will perhaps see force in these uncoloured verses.

## HYMN OF PRAISE

*[Closing of Exhibition.]*

ENCOMPASSED by the psalm of hill and stream,  
By hymns august with their majestic theme,  
Here in the evening of exalted days  
To Thee, our Friend, we bow with breath of praise.

The great sublime hosannas of the sea  
Ascend on wings of mighty winds to Thee,  
And mingled with their stately words are tones  
Of human love, O Lord of all the zones !

Ah ! at the close of many splendid hours,  
While falls Thy gracious light in radiant showers,  
We seek Thy face, we praise Thee, bless Thee, sing  
This song of reverence, Master, Maker, King !

To Thee, from whom all shining blessings flow,  
All gifts of lustre, all the joys we know,  
To Thee, O Father, in this lordly space,  
The great world turns with worship in its face.

For that glad season which will pass to-day  
With light and music like a psalm away  
The gathered nations with a grand accord,  
In sight of Thy high heaven, thank Thee, Lord !

All praise is Thine—all love that we can give  
Is also Thine, in whose large grace we live,  
In whom we find the *One* long-suffering Friend,  
Whose immemorial mercy has no end.



## ROBERT PARKES

HIGH travelling winds by royal hill  
Their awful anthem sing,  
And songs exalted flow and fill  
The caverns of the spring.

To-night across a wild wet plain  
A shadow sobs and strays ;  
The trees are whispering in the rain  
Of long departed days.

I cannot say what forest saith—  
Its words are strange to me :  
I only know that in its breath  
Are tones that used to be.

Yea, in these deep dim solitudes  
I hear a sound I know—  
The voice that lived in Penrith woods  
Twelve weary years ago.

And while the hymn of other years  
Is on a listening land,  
The Angel of the Past appears  
And leads me by the hand ;

And takes me over moaning wave,  
And tracts of sleepless change,  
To set me by a lonely grave  
Within a lonely range.

The halo of the beautiful  
Is round the quiet spot ;  
The grass is deep, and green, and cool,  
Where sound of life is not.

Here in this lovely lap of bloom,  
The grace of glen and glade,  
That tender days and nights illumine,  
My gentle friend was laid.

I do not mark the shell that lies  
Beneath the touching flowers ;  
I only see the radiant eyes  
Of other scenes and hours.

I only turn, by grief inspired,  
Like some forsaken thing,  
To look upon a life retired  
As hushed Bethesda's spring.

The glory of unblemished days  
Is on the silent mound—  
The light of years, too pure for praise ;  
I kneel on holy ground !

Here is the clay of one whose mind  
Was fairer than the dew,  
The sweetest nature of his kind  
I haply ever knew.

This Christian, walking on the white  
Clear paths apart from strife,  
Kept far from all the heat and light  
That fills his father's life.

The clamour and exceeding flame  
Were never in his days :  
A higher object was his aim  
Than thrones of shine and praise.

Ah! like an English April psalm,  
That floats by sea and strand,  
He passed away into the calm  
Of the Eternal Land:

The chair he filled is set aside  
Upon his father's floor ;  
In morning hours, at eventide,  
His step is heard no more.

No more his face the forest knows ;  
His voice is of the past ;  
But from his life of beauty flows  
A radiance that will last.

Yea, from the hours that heard his speech  
High shining mem'ries give  
That fine example which will teach  
Our children how to live.

Here, kneeling in the body, far  
From grave of flower and dew,  
My friend beyond the path of star,  
I say these words to you:

Though you were as a fleeting flame  
Across my road austere,  
The memory of your face became  
A thing for ever dear.

I never have forgotten yet  
The Christian's gentle touch ;  
And, since the time when last we met,  
You know I've suffered much:

I feel that I have given pain  
By certain words and deeds,  
But stricken here with Sorrow's rain  
My contrite spirit bleeds.

For your sole sake I rue the blow,  
But this assurance send :  
I smote, in noon, the public foe,  
But not the private friend:

I know that once I wronged your sire,  
But since that awful day  
My soul has passed through blood and fire,  
My head is very grey.

Here let me pause ! From years like yours  
There ever flows and thrives  
The splendid blessing which endures  
Beyond our little lives.

From lonely lands across the wave  
Is sent to-night by me  
This rose of reverence for the grave  
Beside the mountain lea.

## THE AUSTRAL MONTHS

### JANUARY

THE first fair month! In singing Summer's  
sphere

She glows, the eldest daughter of the year.  
All light, all warmth, all passion, breaths of myrrh,  
And subtle hints of rose-lands, come with her.  
She is the warm, live month of lustre—she  
Makes glad the land and lulls the strong sad sea.  
The highest hope comes with her. In her face  
Of pure, clear colour lives exalted grace;  
Her speech is beauty, and her radiant eyes  
Are eloquent with splendid prophecies.



## FEBRUARY

THE bright-haired, blue-eyed last of Summer. Lo,  
Her clear song lives in all the winds that blow ;  
The upland torrent and the lowland rill,  
The stream of valley and the spring of hill,  
The pools that slumber and the brooks that run  
Where dense the leaves are, green the light of sun,  
Take all her grace of voice and colour. She,  
With rich warm vine-blood splashed from heel to  
knee,  
Comes radiant through the yellow woodlands. Far  
And near her sweet gifts shine like star by star.  
She is the true Demeter. Life of root  
Glow under her in gardens flushed with fruit ;  
She fills the fields with strength and passion—makes  
A fire of lustre on the lawn-ringed lakes ;  
Her beauty awes the great wild sea ; the height  
Of grey magnificence takes strange delight  
And softens at her presence, at the dear  
Sweet face whose memory beams through all the  
year.

## MARCH

CLEAR upland voices, full of wind and stream,  
Greet March, the sister of the flying beam  
And speedy shadow. She, with rainbow crowned,  
Lives in a sphere of songs of many sound.  
The hymn of waters and the gale's high tone,  
With anthems from the thunder's mountain throne,  
Are with her ever. This, behold, is she  
Who draws its great cry from the strong sad sea ;  
She is the month of majesty. Her force  
Is power that moves along a stately course,  
Within the lines of order, like no wild  
And lawless strength of winter's fiercest child.  
About her are the wind-whipped torrents ; far  
Above her gleams and flies the stormy star,  
And round her, through the highlands and their  
rocks,  
Rings loud the grand speech from the equinox.

## APRIL

THE darling of Australia's Autumn—now  
Down dewy dells the strong, swift torrents flow !  
This is the month of singing waters—here  
A tender radiance fills the Southern year ;  
No bitter winter sets on herb and root,  
Within these gracious glades, a frosty foot ;  
The spears of sleet, the arrows of the hail,  
Are here unknown. But down the dark green dale  
Of moss and myrtle, and the herby streams,  
This April wanders in a home of dreams ;  
Her flower-soft name makes language falter. All  
Her paths are soft and cool, and runnels fall  
In music round her ; and the woodlands sing,  
For evermore, with voice of wind and wing,  
Because this is the month of beauty—this  
The crowning grace of all the grace that is.

## MAY

Now sings a cool, bland wind, where falls and flows  
The runnel by the grave of last year's rose ;  
Now, underneath the strong perennial leaves,  
The first slow voice of wintering torrent grieves.  
Now in a light like English August's day,  
Is seen the fair, sweet, chastened face of May ;  
She is the daughter of the year who stands  
With Autumn's last rich offerings in her hands ;  
Behind her gleams the ghost of April's noon,  
Before her is the far, faint dawn of June ;  
She lingers where the dells and dewy leas  
Catch stormy sayings from the great bold seas ;  
Her nightly raiment is the misty fold  
That zones her round with moonlight-coloured gold ;  
And in the day she sheds, from shining wings,  
A tender heat that keeps the life in things.

## JUNE

Nor like that month when, in imperial space,  
The high, strong sun stares at the white world's face ;  
Not like that haughty daughter of the year  
Who moves, a splendour, in a splendid sphere ;  
But rather like a nymph of afternoon,  
With cool, soft sunshine, comes Australian June.  
She is the calm, sweet lady, from whose lips  
No breath of living passion ever slips ;  
The wind that on her virgin forehead blows  
Was born too late to speak of last year's rose ;  
She never saw a blossom, but her eyes  
Of tender beauty see blue, gracious skies ;  
She loves the mosses, and her feet have been  
In woodlands where the leaves are always green ;  
Her days pass on with sea-songs, and her nights  
Shine, full of stars, on lands of frosty lights.

## JULY

HIGH travelling winds, filled with the strong storm's  
soul,  
Are here, with dark, strange sayings from the Pole ;  
Now is the time when every great cave rings  
With sharp, clear echoes caught from mountain  
springs ;  
This is the season when all torrents run  
Beneath no bright, glad beauty of the sun.  
Here, where the trace of last year's green is lost,  
Are haughty gales, and lordships of the frost ;  
Far down, by fields forlorn and forelands bleak,  
Are wings that fly not, birds that never speak ;  
But in the deep hearts of the glens, unseen,  
Stand grave, mute forests of eternal green ;  
And here the lady, born in wind and rain,  
Comes oft to moan and clap her palms with pain ;  
This is our wild-faced July, in whose breast  
Is never faultless light or perfect rest.



## AUGUST

ACROSS the range, by every scarred black fell,  
Strong Winter blows his horn of wild farewell ;  
And in the glens, where yet there moves no wing,  
A slow, sweet voice is singing of the Spring.  
Yea, where the bright, quick woodland torrents run,  
A music trembles under rain and sun.  
The lips that breathe it are the lips of her  
At whose dear touch the wan world's pulses stir—  
The nymph who sets the bow of promise high  
And fills with warm life-light the bleak grey sky.  
She is the fair-haired August. Ere she leaves  
She brings the woodbine blossom round the eaves ;  
And where the bitter barbs of frost have been  
She makes a beauty with her gold and green ;  
And, while a sea-song floats from bay and beach,  
She sheds a mist of blossoms on the peach.

SEPTEMBER—*See page 79.*

## OCTOBER

WHERE fountains sing and many waters meet,  
October comes with blossom-trammelled feet.  
She sheds green glory by the wayside rills  
And clothes with grace the haughty-featured hills.  
This is the queen of all the year. She brings  
The pure chief beauty of our Southern springs.  
Fair lady of the yellow hair! Her breath  
Starts flowers to life, and shames the storm to death;  
Through tender nights and days of generous sun  
By prospering woods her clear strong torrents run;  
In far deep forests, where all life is mute,  
Of leaf and bough she makes a touching lute.  
Her life is lovely. Stream, and wind, and bird  
Have seen her face—her marvellous voice have  
heard;  
And, in strange tracts of wildwood, all day long,  
They tell the story in surpassing song.

## NOVEMBER

Now beats the first warm pulse of Summer—now  
There shines great glory on the mountain's brow.  
The face of heaven in the western sky,  
When falls the sun, is filled with Deity !  
And while the first light floods the lake and lea,  
The morning makes a marvel of the sea ;  
The strong leaves sing ; and in the deep green zones  
Of rock-bound glens the streams have many tones ;  
And where the evening-coloured waters pass,  
Now glides November down fair falls of grass.  
She is the wonder with the golden wings,  
Who lays one hand in Summer's—one in Spring's ;  
About her hair a sunset radiance glows ;  
Her mouth is sister of the dewy rose ;  
And all the beauty of the pure blue skies  
Has lent its lustre to her soft bright eyes.

## DECEMBER

THE month whose face is holiness ! She brings  
With her the glory of majestic things.  
What words of light, what high resplendent phrase  
Have I for all the lustre of her days ?  
She comes, and carries in her shining sphere  
August traditions of the world's great year ;  
The noble tale which lifts the human race  
Has made a morning of her sacred face.  
Now in the emerald home of flower and wing  
Clear summer streams their sweet hosannas sing ;  
The winds are full of anthems, and a lute  
Speaks in the listening hills when night is mute ;  
And through dim tracks where talks the royal tree  
There floats a grand hymn from the mighty sea ;  
And where the grey, grave, pondering mountains  
stand  
High music lives—the place is holy land !

## JOHN DUNMORE LANG

THE song that is last of the many  
Whose music is full of thy name,  
Is weaker, oh, father ! than any,  
Is fainter than flickering flame.  
But far in the folds of the mountains  
Whose bases are hoary with sea,  
By lone immemorial fountains  
This singer is mourning for thee.

Because thou wert chief and a giant  
With those who fought on for the right ;  
A hero determined ! defiant  
As flame was the sleep of thy might ;  
Like Stephen in days that are olden,  
Thy lot with a rabble was cast,  
But seasons came on that were golden,  
And Peace was thy mother at last.

I knew of thy fierce tribulation,  
Thou wert ever the same in my thought—  
The father and friend of a nation  
Through good and through evil report.  
At Ephesus, fighting in fetters,  
Paul drove the wild beasts to their pen ;  
So thou with the lash of thy letters  
Whipped infamy back to its den.

The noise of thy battle is over,  
Thy sword is hung up in its sheath ;  
Thy grave has been decked by its lover  
With beauty of willow wreath.  
The winds sing about thee for ever,  
The voices of hill and of sea ;  
But the cry of the conflict will never  
Bring sorrow again unto thee:



## SONG OF THE SHINGLE-SPLITTERS

I N dark wild woods, where the lone owl broods  
And the dingoes nightly yell—  
Where the curlew's cry goes floating by,  
We splitters of shingles dwell:  
And all day through, from the time of the dew  
To the hour when the mopoke calls,  
Our mallets ring where the woodbirds sing  
Sweet hymns by the waterfalls.  
And all night long we are lulled by the song  
Of gales in the grand old trees ;  
And in the breaks we can hear the lakes  
And the moan of the distant seas.  
For afar from heat and dust of street,  
And hall and turret, and dome,  
In forest deep, where the torrents leap,  
Is the shingle-splitter's home.

The dweller in town may lie upon down,  
And own his palace and park :  
We envy him not his prosperous lot,  
Though we slumber on sheets of bark.

Our food is rough, but we have enough ;  
 Our drink is better than wine :  
 For cool creeks flow wherever we go,  
 Shut in from the hot sunshine.  
 Though rude our roof, it is weather-proof,  
 And at the end of the days  
 We sit and smoke over yarn and joke,  
 By the bush-fire's sturdy blaze.  
 For away from din, and sorrow and sin,  
 Where troubles but rarely come,  
 We jog along, like a merry song,  
 In the shingle-splitter's home.

What though our work be heavy, we shirk  
 From nothing beneath the sun ;  
 And toil is sweet to those who can eat  
 And rest when the day is done.  
 In the Sabbath-time we hear no chime,  
 No sound of the Sunday bells ;  
 But yet Heaven smiles on the forest aisles,  
 And God in the woodland dwells.  
 We listen to notes from the million throats  
 Of chorister birds on high,  
 Our psalm is the breeze in the lordly trees,  
 And our dome is the broad blue sky.  
 Oh ! a brave frank life, unsmitten by strife,  
 We live wherever we roam,  
 And our hearts are free as the great strong sea,  
 In the shingle-splitter's home.

## HEATH FROM THE HIGHLANDS

**H**ERE, where the great hills fall away  
To bays of silver sea,  
I hold within my hand to-day  
A wild thing, strange to me.

Behind me is the deep green dell  
Where lives familiar light ;  
The leaves and flowers I know so well  
Are gleaming in my sight.

And yonder is the mountain glen,  
Where sings in trees unstirred  
By breath of breeze or axe of men  
The shining satin-bird.

The old weird cry of plover comes  
Across the marshy ways,  
And here the hermit hornet hums,  
And here the wild bee strays.

No novel life or light I see,  
On hill, in dale beneath :  
All things around are known to me  
Except this bit of heath.

This touching growth hath made me dream—  
It sends my soul afar  
To where the Scottish mountains gleam  
Against the Northern star.

It droops—this plant—like one who grieves ;  
But, while my fancy glows,  
There is that glory on its leaves  
Which never robed the rose.

For near its wind-blown native spot  
Were born, by crags uphurled,  
The ringing songs of Walter Scott  
That shook the whole wide world:

There, haply, by the sounding streams,  
And where the fountains break,  
He saw the darling of his dreams,  
The Lady of the Lake:

And on the peaks where never leaf  
Of lowland beauty grew,  
Perhaps he met Clan Alpine's chief,  
The rugged Roderick Dhu:

Not far, perchance, this heather throve  
    (Above fair banks of ferns),  
From that green place of stream and grove  
    That knew the voice of Burns.

Against the radiant river ways  
    Still waves the noble wood,  
Where in the old majestic days  
    The Scottish poet stood:

Perhaps my heather used to beam  
    In robes of morning frost,  
By dells which saw that lovely dream—  
    The Mary that he lost.

I hope, indeed, the singer knew  
    The little spot of land  
On which the mountain beauty grew  
    That withers in my hand.

A Highland sky my vision fills ;  
    I feel the great, strong North—  
The hard grey weather of the hills  
    That brings men-children forth.

The peaks of Scotland, where the din  
    And flame of thunders go,  
Seem near me, with the masculine,  
    Hale sons of wind and snow.

348 HEATH FROM THE HIGHLANDS

So potent is this heather, here,  
That under skies of blue,  
I seem to breathe the atmosphere  
That William Wallace knew.

And under windy mountain wall,  
Where breaks the torrent loose,  
I fancy I can hear the call  
Of grand old Robert Bruce:



## ABORIGINAL DEATH-SONG

FEET of the flying, and fierce  
Tops of the sharp-headed spear,  
Hard by the thickets that pierce,  
Lo! they are nimble and near.

Women are we, and the wives  
Strong Arrawatta hath won ;  
Weary because of our lives,  
Sick of the face of the sun.

Koola, our love and our light,  
What have they done unto you ?  
Man of the star-reaching sight,  
Dipped in the fire and the dew.

Black-headed snakes in the grass  
Struck at the fleet-footed lord—  
Still is his voice at the pass,  
Soundless his step at the ford.

Far by the forested glen,  
Starkly he lies in the rain ;  
Kings of the council of men  
Shout for their leader in vain.

Yea, and the fish-river clear  
Never shall blacken below  
Spear and the shadow of spear,  
Bow and the shadow of bow.

Hunter, and climber of trees,  
Now doth his tomahawk rust  
(Dread of the cunning wild bees),  
Hidden in hillocks of dust.

We, who were followed and bound,  
Dashed under foot by the foe,  
Sit with our eyes to the ground,  
Faint from the brand and the blow.

Dumb with the sorrow that kills,  
Sorrow for brother and chief,  
Terror of thundering hills,  
Having no hope in our grief.

Seeing the fathers are far  
Seeking the spoils of the dead  
Left on the path of the war,  
Matted and mangled and red.

# EUTERPE<sup>1</sup>

## A CANTATA

### ARGUMENT.

Hail to thee, Sound!—The power of Euterpe in all the scenes of life—In religion ; in works of charity ; in soothing troubles by means of music ; in all humane and high purposes ; in war ; in grief ; in the social circle ; the children's lullaby ; the dance ; the ballad ; in conviviality ; when far from home ; at evening—the whole ending with an allegorical chorus, rejoicing at the building of a mighty hall erected for the recreation of a nation destined to take no inconsiderable part in the future history of the world.

### OVERTURE

#### No. I *Chorus*

ALL hail to thee, Sound ! Since the time  
Calliope's son took the lyre,  
And lulled in the heart of their clime  
The demons of darkness and fire ;  
Since Eurydice's lover brought tears  
To the eyes of the Princes of Night,  
Thou hast been, through the world's weary years,  
A marvellous source of delight—  
Yea, a marvellous source of delight !

<sup>1</sup> Set to music by C. E. Horsley, and sung at the opening of the Melbourne Town Hall, 1870.

In the wind, in the wave, in the fall  
Of the water, each note of thine dwells ;  
But Euterpe hath gathered from all  
The sweetest to weave into spells.  
She makes a miraculous power  
Of thee with her magical skill ;  
And gives us, for bounty or dower,  
The accents that soothe us or thrill !  
Yea, the accents that soothe us or thrill !

All hail to thee, Sound ! Let us thank  
The great Giver of light and of life  
For the music divine that we've drank.  
In seasons of peace and of strife,  
Let us gratefully think of the balm  
That falls on humanity tired,  
At the tones of the song or the psalm  
From lips and from fingers inspired—  
Yea, from lips and from fingers inspired.

*No. 2 Quartette and Chorus*

When, in her sacred fanes  
God's daughter, sweet Religion, prays,  
Euterpe's holier strains  
Her thoughts from earth to heaven raise.  
The organ notes sublime  
Put every worldly dream to flight ;  
They sanctify the time,  
And fill the place with hallowed light.

*No. 3 Soprano Solo*

Yea, and when that meek-eyed maiden  
 Men call Charity, comes fain  
 To raise up spirits, laden  
 With bleak poverty and pain :  
 Often, in her cause enlisted,  
 Music softens hearts like stones ;  
 And the fallen are assisted  
 Through Euterpe's wondrous tones.

*No. 4 Orchestral Intermezzo**No. 5 Chorus*

Beautiful is Sound devoted  
 To all ends humane and high ;  
 And its sweetness never floated,  
 Like a thing unheeded, by.  
 Power it has on souls encrusted  
 With the selfishness of years ;  
 Yea, and thousands Mammon rusted,  
 Hear it, feel it, leave in tears.

*No. 6 Choral Recitative**(Men's voices only)*

When on the battlefield, and in the sight  
 Of tens of thousands bent to smite and slay  
 Their human brothers, how the soldier's heart  
 Must leap at sounds of martial music, fired

With all that spirit that the patriot loves  
Who seeks to win, or nobly fall, for home !

*No. 7 Triumphal March*

*No. 8 Funeral Chorus*

Slowly and mournfully moves a procession,  
Wearing the signs  
Of sorrow, through loss, and it halts like a shadow  
Of death in the pines.  
Come from the fane that is filled with God's presence,  
Sad sounds and deep ;  
Holy Euterpe, she sings of our brother,  
We listen and weep.  
Death, like the Angel that passed over Egypt,  
Struck at us sore ;  
Never again shall we turn at our loved one's  
Step at the door.

*No. 9 Chorus*

*(Soprano voices only)*

But, passing from sorrow, the spirit  
Of Music—a glory—doth rove  
Where it lightens the features of beauty,  
And burns through the accents of love  
The passionate accents of love.



*No. 10 Lullaby Song—Contralto*

The night-shades gather, and the sea  
Sends up a sound, sonorous, deep ;  
The plover's wail comes down the lea ;  
By slope and vale the vapours weep ;  
And dew is on the tree ;  
And now where homesteads be,  
The children fall asleep,  
Asleep.

A low-voiced wind amongst the leaves,  
The sighing leaves that mourn the Spring,  
Like some lone spirit, flits and grieves,  
And grieves and flits on fitful wing.  
But where Song is a guest,  
A lulling dreamy thing,  
The children fall to rest,  
To rest.

*No. 11 Waltz Chorus*

When the summer moon is beaming  
On the stirless waters dreaming,  
And the keen grey summits gleaming,  
Through a silver starry haze ;  
In our homes to strains entrancing  
To the steps, the quickly glancing  
Steps of youths and maidens dancing,  
Maidens light of foot as fays.

Then the waltz, whose rhythmic paces  
 Make melodious happy places,  
 Brings a brightness to young faces,  
     Brings a sweetness to the eyes.  
 Sounds that move us like enthralling  
 Accents, where the runnel falling,  
 Sends out flute-like voices calling,  
     Where the sweet wild moss-bed lies.

*No. 12 Ballad—Tenor*

When twilight glides with ghostly tread  
     Across the western heights,  
 And in the east the hills are red  
     With sunset's fading lights ;  
 Then music floats from cot and hall  
     Where social circles met,  
 By sweet Euterpe held in thrall—  
     Their daily cares forget.

What joy it is to watch the shine  
     That hallows beauty's face  
 When woman sings the strains divine,  
     Whose passion floods the place !  
 Then how the thoughts and feelings rove  
     At song's inspiring breath,  
 In homes made beautiful by love,  
     Or sanctified by death.

What visions come, what dreams arise,  
What Edens youth will limn,  
When leaning over her whose eyes  
Have sweetened life for him !  
For while she sings and while she plays,  
And while her voice is low,  
His fancy paints diviner days  
Than any we can know.

No. 13 *Drinking Song*

*(Men's voices only)*

But, hurrah ! for the table that heavily groans  
With the good things that keep in the life ;  
When we sing, and we dance, and we drink to the  
tones

That are masculine, thorough and blithe:

Good luck to us all ! Over walnuts and wine  
We hear the rare songs that we know,  
Are as brimful of mirth as the spring is of shine,  
And as healthy and hearty, we trow.

Then our glasses we charge to the ring of the stave  
That the flush to our faces doth send ;  
For though life is a thing that winds up with the  
grave,

We'll be jolly, my boys, to the end:

Hurrah ! Hurrah !

Yes, jolly, my boys, to the end !

*No. 14 Recitative—Bass*

When far from friends, and home, and all the things  
 That bind a man to life, how dear to him  
 Is any old familiar sound that takes  
 Him back to spots where Love and Hope  
 In past days used to wander hand in hand  
 Across high-flowered meadows, and the paths  
 Whose borders shared the beauty of the spring,  
 And borrowed splendour from autumnal suns.

*No. 15 Chorus*

*(The voices accompanied only by the violins playing  
 "Home, Sweet Home.")*

Then at sea, or in wild wood,  
 Then ashore or afloat,  
 All the scenes of his childhood  
 Come back at a note ;  
 At the turn of a ballad,  
 At the tones of a song,  
 Cometh Memory, pallid  
 And speechless so long ;  
 And she points with her finger  
 To phantom-like years,  
 And loveth to linger  
 In silence, in tears.

*No. 16 Solo—Bass*

In the yellow flame of evening sounds of music come  
and go,  
Through the noises of the river, and the drifting of  
the snow ;  
In the yellow flame of evening, at the setting of the  
day,  
Sounds that lighten, fall, and lighten, flicker, faint,  
and fade away ;  
What they are, behold, we know not, but their honey  
slakes and slays  
Half the want which whitens manhood in the stress  
of alien days.  
Even as a wondrous woman, struck with love and  
great desire,  
Hast thou been to us, EUTERPE, half of tears and  
half of fire ;  
But thy joy is swift and fitful, and a subtle sense  
of pain  
Sighs through thy melodious breathings, takes the  
rapture from thy strain.  
In the yellow flame of evening sounds of music  
come and go,  
Through the noises of the river, and the drifting of  
the snow.

*No. 17 Recitative—Soprano*

And thus it is that Music manifold,  
In fanes, in Passion's sanctuaries, or where

The social feast is held, is still the power  
 That bindeth heart to heart ; and whether Grief,  
 Or Love, or Pleasure form the link, we know  
 'Tis still a bond that makes Humanity,  
 That wearied entity, a single whole,  
 And soothes the trouble of the heart bereaved,  
 And lulls the beatings in the breast that yearns,  
 And gives more gladness to the gladdest things.

No. 18 *Finale—Chorus*

Now a vision comes, O brothers, blended  
 With supremest sounds of harmony—  
 Comes, and shows a temple, stately, splendid,  
 In a radiant city by the sea.  
 Founders, fathers of a mighty nation,  
 Raised the walls, and built the royal dome,  
 Gleaming now from lofty, lordly station,  
 Like a dream of Athens, or of Rome !  
 And a splendour of sound,  
 A thunder of song,  
 Rolls sea-like around,  
 Comes sea-like along.

The ringing, and ringing, and ringing,  
 Of voices of choristers singing,  
 Inspired by a national joy,



Strike through the marvellous hall,  
Fly by the aisle and the wall,  
    While the organ notes roam  
    From basement to dome—  
    Now low as a wail,  
    Now loud as a gale,  
And as grand as the music that builded old Troy.

## TO THE SPIRIT OF MUSIC

### I

THE cool grass blowing in a breeze  
Of April valleys sooms and sways;  
On slopes that dip to quiet seas  
Through far faint drifts of yellowing haze.  
I lie like one who, in a dream  
Of sounds and splendid coloured things,  
Seems lifted into life supreme  
And has a sense of waxing wings.  
For through a great arch-light which floods,  
And breaks, and spreads, and swims along  
High royal-robed autumnal woods,  
I hear a glorious sunset song.  
But, ah, Euterpe! I that pause  
And listen to the strain divine  
Can never learn its words, because  
I am no son of thine.

How sweet is wandering where the west  
Is full of thee, what time the morn  
Looks from his halls of rosy rest  
Across green miles of gleaming corn!

How sweet are dreams in shady nooks,  
 When bees are out, and day is mute  
 While down the dell there floats the brook's  
 Fine echo of thy marvellous lute !

And oh, how sweet is that sad tune  
 Of thine, within the evening breeze,  
 Which roams beneath the mirrored moon  
 On silver-sleeping summer seas !

How blest are they whom thou hast crowned,  
 Thy priests—the lords who understand  
 The deep divinity of sound,  
 And live their lives in Wonderland !

These stand within thy courts and see  
 The light exceeding round thy throne,  
 But I—an alien unto thee—  
 I faint afar off, and alone.

## II

In hills where the keen Thessalonian  
 Made clamour with horse and with horn,  
 In oracular woods the Dodonian,  
 The mystical maiden was born.  
 And the high, the Olympian seven  
 Ringed round with ineffable flame,  
 Baptized her in halos of heaven,  
 And gave her her beautiful name.  
 And Delphicus, loving her, brought her  
 Immutable dower of dreams,

And clothed her with glory, and taught her  
The words of the winds and the streams.

She dwelt with the echoes that dwell  
In far immemorial hills ;  
She wove of their speeches a spell—  
She borrowed the songs of the rills ;  
And anthems of forest and fire,  
And passionate psalms of the rain  
Had life in the life of the lyre,  
And breath in its infinite strain.  
In a fair, in a floral abode,  
Of purple and yellow and red,  
The voice of her floated and flowed,  
The light of her lingered and spread,  
And ever there slipt through the bars  
Of the leaves of her luminous bowers,  
Syllables splendid as stars,  
And faultless as moon-litten flowers.

## III

Lady of a land of wonder,  
Daughter of the hills supernal,  
Far from frost and far from thunder  
Under sons and moons eternal !  
Long ago the strong Immortals  
Took her hence on wheels of fire,  
Caught her up and shut their portals,  
Floral maid with fervent lyre.

But stray fallen notes of brightness  
Yet within our world are ringing,  
Floating on the winds of lightness  
Glorious fragments of her singing.

Bud of light, she shines above us ;  
But a few of starry pinions—  
Passioned souls who are her lovers—  
Dwell in her divine dominions.  
Few they are, but in the centric  
Fanes of Beauty hold their station ;  
Kings of music, lords authentic,  
Of the worlds of Inspiration.  
These are they to whom are given  
Eyes to see the singing stream-land,  
Far from earth and near to heaven,  
Known to gods and men as Dreamland.

Mournful humanity, stricken and worn,  
Toiling for peace in undignified days,  
Set in a sphere with the shadows forlorn,  
Seeing sublimity dimmed by a haze—  
Mournful humanity wearing the sign  
Of trouble with time and unequable things,  
Long alienated from spaces divine,  
Sometimes remembers that once it had wings.  
Chiefly it is when the song and the light  
Sweeten the heart of the summering west,  
Music and glory that lend to the night  
Glimpses of marvellous havens of rest.

Chiefly it is when the beautiful day  
Dies with a sound on its lips like a psalm—  
Anthem of loveliness drifting away  
Over a sea of unspeakable calm.

Then Euterpe's harmonies  
In the ballad rich and rare,  
Freighted with old memories,  
Float upon the evening air—  
Float, like shine in films of rain,  
Full of past pathetic themes,  
Tales of perished joy and pain,  
Frail and faint as dreams in dreams:  
Then to far-off homes we rove,  
Homes of youth, and hope, and faith,  
Beautiful with lights of love—  
Sanctified by shrines of death.

Ah! and in that quiet hour  
Soul by soul is borne away  
Over tracts of leaf and flower,  
Lit with a supernal day;  
Over Music-world serene,  
Spheres unknown to woes and wars,  
Homes of wildernesses green,  
Silver seas and golden shores;  
Then, like spirits glorified,  
Sweet to hear and bright to see,  
Lords in Eden they abide  
Robed with strange new majesty.



ADAM LINDSAY GORDON

A MEMORIAL ODE.

AT rest! Hard by the margin of that sea  
Whose sounds are mingled with his noble  
verse

Now lies the shell that never more will house  
The fine strong spirit of my gifted friend.  
Yea, he who flashed upon us suddenly,  
A shining soul with syllables of fire,  
Who sang the first great songs these lands can claim  
To be their own; the one who did not seem  
To know what royal place awaited him,  
Within the Temple of the Beautiful,  
Has passed away; and we who knew him sit  
Aghast in darkness, dumb with that great grief  
Whose stature yet we cannot comprehend;  
While over yonder churchyard, hearsed with pines,  
The night wind sings its immemorial hymn,  
And sobs above a newly-covered grave.  
The bard, the scholar, and the man who lived,  
That frank, that open-hearted life which keeps  
The splendid fire of English chivalry  
From dying out; the one who never wronged

A fellow man ; the faithful friend who judged  
The many, anxious to be loved of him,  
By what he saw, and not by what he heard,  
As lesser spirits do ; the brave, great soul  
That never told a lie, or turned aside  
To fly from danger—he, as I say, was one  
Of that bright company this sin-stained world  
Can ill afford to lose.

They did not know,  
The hundreds who had read his sturdy verse  
And revelled over ringing major notes,  
The mournful meaning of the undersong  
Which runs through all he wrote, and often takes  
The deep autumnal, half-prophetic tone  
Of forest winds in March ; nor did they think  
That on that healthy-hearted man there lay  
The wild specific curse which seems to cling  
For ever to the Poet's twofold life !

To Adam Lindsay Gordon, I who laid  
Two years ago on Lionel Michael's grave  
A tender leaf of my regard ; yea, I  
Who culled a garland from the flowers of song  
To place where Harpur sleeps ; I, left alone,  
The sad disciple of a shining band,  
Now gone—to Adam Lindsay Gordon's name  
I dedicate these lines ; and if 'tis true  
That, past the darkness of the grave, the soul

Becomes omniscient, then the bard may stoop  
 From his high seat to take the offering,  
 And read it with a sigh for human friends,  
 In human bonds, and grey with human griefs.

And having wove and proffered this poor wreath,  
 I stand to-day as lone as he who saw  
 At nightfall, through the glimmering moony mist,  
 The last of Arthur on the wailing mere,  
 And strained in vain to hear the going voice,

## SYDNEY HARBOUR

WHERE Hornby, like a mighty fallen star,  
Burns through the darkness with a splendid  
ring

Of tenfold light, and where the awful face  
Of Sydney's northern headland stares all night  
O'er dark determined waters from the east,  
From year to year a wild, Titanic voice,  
Of fierce aggressive sea shoots up and makes,  
When storm sails high through drifts of driving sleet,  
And in the days when limpid waters glass  
December's sunny hair and forest face,  
A roaring down by immemorial caves—  
A thunder in the everlasting hills.

But calm and lucid as an English lake,  
Beloved by beams and wooed by wind and wing,  
Shut in from tempest—trampled wastes of wave  
Shelterèd from white wraths of surge by walls—  
Grand ramparts founded by the hand of God,  
The lordly harbour gleams. Yea, like a shield  
Of marvellous gold dropped in his fiery flight  
By some lost angel in the elder days,

When Satan faced and fought Omnipotence,  
It shines amongst fair flowering hills, and flows  
By dells of glimmering greenness manifold,  
And all day long when soft-eyed Spring comes round  
With gracious gifts of bird, and leaf, and grass ;  
And through the noon, when sumptuous Summer  
sleeps

By yellowing runnels under beetling cliffs,  
This royal water blossoms far and wide  
With ships from all the corners of the world.

And while sweet Autumn with her gipsy face  
Stands in the gardens splashed from heels to thigh  
With spinning vine-blood—yea, and when the mild  
Wan face of our Australian Winter looks  
Across the congregated southern fens,  
Then low melodious shell-like songs are heard  
Beneath proud hulls and pompous clouds of sail,  
By yellow beaches under lispig leaves  
And hidden nooks to Youth and Beauty dear,  
And where the ear may catch the counter-voice  
Of Ocean travelling over far blue tracts.

Moreover, when the moon is gazing down  
Upon her lovely reflex in the wave  
(What time she, sitting in the Zenith makes  
A silver silence over stirless woods),  
Then, where its echoes start at sudden bells,  
And where its waters gleam with flying light,

The haven lies, in all its beauty clad,  
 More lovely even than the golden lakes  
 The poet saw, while dreaming splendid dreams  
 Which showed his soul the fair Hesperides.



## A BIRTHDAY TRIFLE

HERE in this gold-green evening end,  
While air is soft and sky is clear,  
What tender message shall I send  
To her I hold so dear ?  
What rose of song with breath like myrrh,  
And leaf of dew and fair pure beams  
Shall I select and give to her—  
The lady of my dreams ?

Alas ! the blossom I would take,  
The song as sweet as Persian speech,  
And carry for my lady's sake,  
Is not within my reach.  
I have no perfect gift of words,  
Or I would hasten now to send  
A ballad full of tunes of birds  
To please my lovely friend.

But this pure pleasure is my own,  
 That I have power to waft away  
 A hope as bright as heaven's zone  
 On this her natal day.  
 May all her life be like the light  
 That softens down in spheres divine,  
 As lovely as a Lapland night,  
 All grace and chastened shine !

# SYDNEY EXHIBITION CANTATA

## PART I

### *Chorus*

SONGS of morning, with your breath  
Sing the darkness now to death ;  
Radiant river, beaming bay,  
Fair as Summer, shine to-day ;  
Flying torrent, falling slope,  
Wear the face as bright as Hope ;  
Wind and woodland, hill and sea,  
Lift your voices—sing for glee !  
Greet the guests your fame has won—  
Put your brightest garments on :

### *Recitative and Chorus*

Lo, they come—the lords unknown,  
Sons of Peace, from every zone !  
See above our waves unfurled  
All the flags of all the world !  
North and south and west and east  
Gather in to grace our Feast.

Shining nations ! let them see  
 How like England we can be.  
 Mighty nations ! let them view  
 Sons of generous sires in you.

*Solo—Tenor*

By the days that sound afar,  
 Sound, and shine like star by star ;  
 By the grand old years aflame  
 With the fires of England's fame—  
 Heirs of those who fought for right  
 When the world's wronged face was white—  
 Meet these guests your fortune sends,  
 As your fathers met their friends ;  
 Let the beauty of your race  
 Glow like morning in your face.

PART II

*Solo—Bass*

Where now a radiant city stands,  
 The dark oak used to wave,  
 The Elfin harp of lonely lands  
 Above the wild man's grave ;  
 Through windless woods, one clear, sweet stream  
 (Sing soft and very low)  
 Stole like the river of a dream  
 A hundred years ago.

*Solo—Alto*

Upon the hills that blaze to-day  
 With splendid dome and spire,  
 The naked hunter tracked his prey,  
 And slumbered by his fire.  
 Within the sound of shipless seas  
 The wild rose used to blow  
 About the feet of royal trees,  
 A hundred years ago.

*Solo—Soprano*

Ah! haply on some mossy slope,  
 Against the shining springs,  
 In those old days the angel Hope  
 Sat down with folded wings ;  
 Perhaps she touched in dreams sublime,  
 In glory and in glow,  
 The skirts of this resplendent time,  
 A hundred years ago.

## PART III

*Children*

A gracious morning on the hills of wet  
 And wind and mist her glittering feet has set ;  
 The life and heat of light have chased away  
 Australia's dark mysterious yesterday.  
 A great, glad glory now flows down and shines  
 On gold green lands where waved funereal pines.

## 378 SYDNEY EXHIBITION CANTATA

### *Solo—Soprano*

And hence a fair dream goes before our gaze,  
And lifts the skirts of the hereafter days,  
And sees afar, as dreams alone can see,  
The splendid marvel of the years to be.

### PART IV

### *Basses and Chorus*

Father, All-Bountiful, humbly we bend to Thee ;  
Heads are uncovered in sight of Thy face.  
Here, in the flow of the Psalms that ascend to Thee,  
Teach us to live for the light of Thy grace.  
Here, in the pause of the anthems of praise to Thee,  
Master and Maker—pre-eminent Friend—  
Teach us to look to Thee—give all our days to Thee,  
Now and for evermore, world without end !



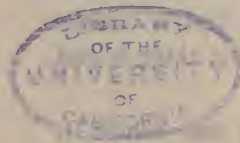
## OUTRE MER

I SEE, as one in dreaming,  
A broad, bright, quiet sea ;  
Beyond it lies a haven—  
The only home for me.  
Some men grow strong with trouble,  
But all my strength is past,  
And tired and full of sorrow,  
I long to sleep at last.  
By force of chance and changes  
Man's life is hard at best ;  
And, seeing rest is voiceless,  
The dearest thing is rest:

Beyond the sea—behold it,  
The home I wish to seek,  
The refuge of the weary,  
The solace of the weak !  
Sweet angel fingers beckon,  
Sweet angel voices ask  
My soul to cross the waters ;  
And yet I dread the task.

God help the man whose trials  
Are tares that he must reap!  
He cannot face the future—  
His only hope is sleep.

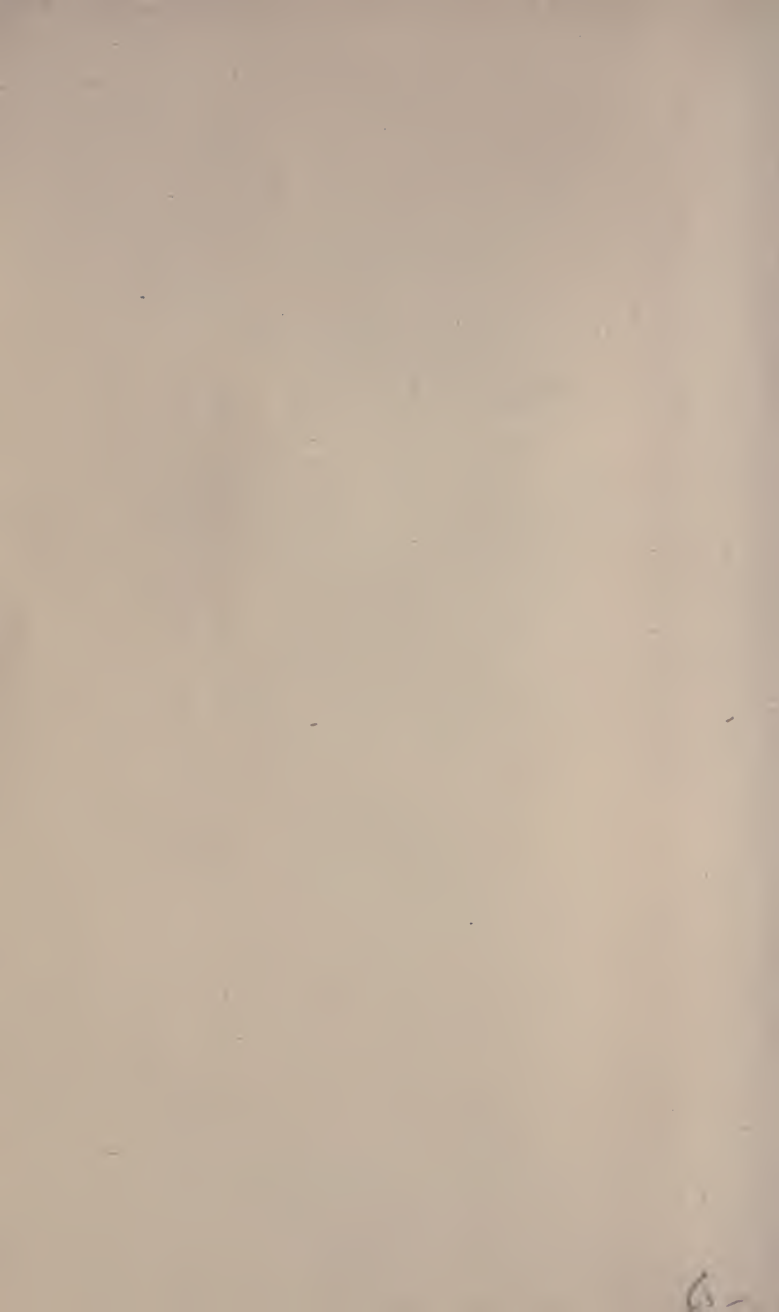
Across the main a vision  
Of sunset coasts, and skies,  
And widths of waters gleaming,  
Enchant my human eyes:  
I, who have sinned and suffered,  
Have sought—with tears have sought—  
To rule my life with goodness,  
And shape it to my thought.  
And yet there is no refuge  
To shield me from distress,  
Except the realm of slumber  
And great forgetfulness.















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