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BY

CARINA THORNE

# LEAVES

FROM THE

# AUSTRALIAN BUSH

A LITTLE COLLECTION OF  
ODD VERSES, DEDICATED  
TO AUSTRALIAN GIRLS—  
YOUNG AND OLD



CARINA THORNE

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### THE HEART.

---

Thine eyes with tears may lose their light,  
Thy hair turn grey with woe,  
And on thy human face of clay  
Time's scathing hand may go.  
But tho' thy feet may cease to tread  
Earth's fairest flowers among;  
Though thy human frame may wreck.  
The heart is ever young.

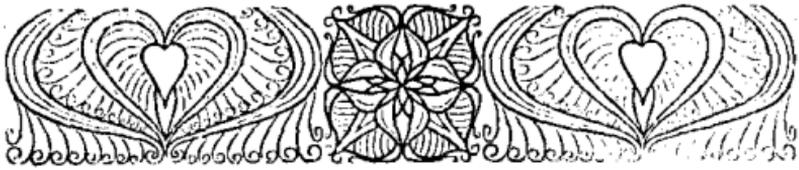
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## To Australian Girls.

---

OH, versatile Australian girl, what other girl compares with you?  
Free in your noble continent, with mind untrammelled  
clear and true.  
Let Europe's fair their lineage boast, let Africa's  
maids of riches prate,  
Poor Asia's daughters strive at last, to throw aside  
their servile state;  
America, your nearest kin, can truly claim her  
beauty's dower,  
But you shall equal, nay, surpass: Australian  
maiden, trust your hour.

The fresher life 'neath brighter skies, shall, to your  
Anglo-Saxon blood,  
A grand development insure, for you are free and  
fair and good.  
Daughter of all the pioneers, your words are some-  
times blunt and plain,  
Your actions by censorious prudes might not prim  
approbation gain.  
But can we chain the morning star to light some  
dingy attic room?  
Or can we tame the soul of those who've found the  
sunshine after gloom?

My pen can never write my trust in your career on  
hist'ry's page;  
Your dauntless courage, never crushed, fit you for  
some heroic age.  
Advance to claim the fuller power, that wider  
education gives;  
Advance to greet that better hour, that in that greater  
future lives;  
Advance for ever to the new, and make it better than  
the o'd,  
Take all that God has meant for you, Australian girl  
with heart of gold.

## Lost Years.

### *A New Year Poem of Other Years.*

I STOOD one night on a shadowy shore,  
And I watched the sun go down ;  
I thought of the long and busy day,  
And the shadows grew deep and brown.  
The sun that sank was the dying year,  
And it sank in the mystic sea,  
That washes the shores of our narrow life  
And is called Eternity.

I watched for the New Year's rising sun,  
As I've watched so many years,  
The New Year's sun that heralds in  
Unthought of joys and tears.  
And I prayed for strength for future days,  
And I sadly thought of the past,  
That with all its bliss was lost for aye  
In that Ocean's deepness vast.

I longed for the bygone suns that set  
In that waveless, awful sea,  
The years that we love and prize so well,  
That never again can be.  
But an angel seemed to be standing near,  
And a solace to me was given,  
For the suns that set in Eternity  
Are shining for aye in Heaven.

## *Into the Depths.*

UPON the waste of waters drear,  
The dark'ning clouds hang black with storm,  
The wild tornado's boom we hear  
Across the leaden waters borne.

But far beneath those yawning waves,  
We know the bed of ocean lies,  
And in its thousand coral caves,  
Are found the pearls of greatest prize

Oh, heart, upon thy sullen seas,  
The dark'ning storms may rise and swell ;  
But do not fear to battle these,  
Beneath those deeps what treasures dwell.

Below the unfathomed yawning waves,  
If we their depths would bravely dare,  
And search amid those hidden caves,  
Oh, heart, the pearls are surely there.

## The Drover.

---

**I**NTO the bush once more,  
With a shake of the bridle rein,  
And a plunge and a dash, like a meteor flash—  
Out from the sandy plain.  
The sound of a thousand leaves,  
And the satin bird's tuneful scale,  
Greeted my ears, after years and years,  
It seems, for the town is stale.

There is a fresh, fresh feel  
In this air like to none on earth ;  
With the ti-trees dust and the ironbark rust,  
And the insects' wild, mad mirth.  
Then I seem to ride in a dream,  
That led 'neath the blue gum's shade,  
Where the daylight dim seems but night's whim,  
Till I came to the wattle tree glade.

There in the great gold gleam,  
With hum of the native bee,  
I stopped to rest—this place was the best,  
And I lay 'neath the wattle tree.  
Is this a land of sin ?  
Is this a world of crime ?  
Ride, man, with me, then thou shalt see  
God's own sweet Eden clime.

## The Home-coming.

---

**D**ON'T you hear the tempest, Mother,  
As it rushes through the trees ?  
Close the wooden shutters tightly,  
Keep away the wintry breeze.  
The roof is only bark, Mother,  
But we're safe, whate'er befall,  
For the old slab house in Dagoona  
Is the dearest after all.

I've been across the hills, Mother,  
And I've been so far away ;  
The city was grand at first, dear,  
But the glamour passed away.  
When I was married that August  
I thought my life was to come,  
But I found that my real life, Mother,  
Was spent in this old bush home.

Yet he was kind at first, Mother ;  
I suppose he soon grew tired  
Of the bush girl he had married  
And had once—yes, once admired.  
I hadn't learned the art, Mother,  
Of keeping a husband true ;  
I thought that to love him more than life  
Was all that I'd have to do.

It's been a sad mistake, Mother,  
But I'll never once complain ;  
I know he never meant the half—  
Are you listening to the rain ?  
The roof is only bark, Mother,  
But we're safe whate'er befall,  
For the old slab house in Dagoona  
Is the dearest after all.

### *The Shepherd of Tarooga.*

“WELL, you see, sir, I doesn't mind, tho' it's kinder lonely too ;

There's natures as likes the calm—an' the downs, an' the sky so blue.

Was I allus a shepherd ?—No ; I mind when I lived down east,

And wur lively an' spry—and of all the lives I expected this here the least.

I mind, tho' my memory a'int what it wur nigh ten year ago,

I mind my home—I was stockman then—jus' wedded little Flo.

Ah, she was a rare 'un too, tho' she came from the smoky town,

A little girl with a face like snow—an' large eyes deep an' brown.

I mind one time when the blacks was bad—they chased me home that day ;

I had foolishly left my gun behind when I went away.

As I neared my shanty, sir—there stood little Flo at the door,

And them beggars was hard behind—I think that flustered me more.

I jumped from my old grey horse, an' I shouted to go inside,

But she watched them wretches follerin' me, her eyes was large and wide ;

An' jus' as I got to the doorway, she made a sorter spring,

I heard her give a kind o' gasp—poor little tender thing.

She fell on the ground beside me, with one of them poisoned spears

Sticking hard in her heart. My Flo, sir—don't mind an old man's tears ;

I just got my gun, an' them beggars soon afterwards cleared away ;

But my Flo had died to save me—we buried her late next day.

So, you see, sir, I doesn't mind, tho' it's kinder lonely too ;

There's natures as likes the calm—an' the downs, an' the sky so blue.

I allus seems to have her beside me wherever I go,  
A little girl with big dark eyes, a girl with a face like snow.”

## A Colonial Retrospect.

---

THE great gums hemmed me all around, their very  
breath was joy ;  
The rifle-birds were all my friends, a wild Australian  
boy,  
I never saw the glad sun rise, to mark a long hot day,  
But to the parrot's shriek I sent a shriek as glad as  
they.  
Across the wild unmeasured flat, where yellow ti-tree  
bloom  
Shed benisons upon my head, I rode till evening  
gloom,  
Untamed my ardent heart, and, oh, untainted with a  
stain,  
I often ride in dreams at night across the bush again.  
I measured from the frowning steep, with young and  
longing eyes,  
The distance o'er the waving gums to where the sun  
would rise,  
For there I knew the ocean rolled, that on its billows  
wide  
Could bear me to the busy world, the world that was  
outside ;  
The world beyond the wattle wall—beyond the  
frowning hill,  
Where eager hands were making gold, and gold was  
working ill.  
I tossed my clanking bridle rein, and galloped off  
with joy,  
One day—some day—I'd join the throng ; but then I  
was a boy.

. . . . .  
And now—but no, I will not tell of youth's unended  
tale,  
The dreams of boyhood unfulfilled, and plans but  
made to fail ;  
Perhaps when walking down the street I seem to hear  
a sigh,  
The she-oak did not breathe it now, or bush wind  
passing by.  
For never o'er the sloping plain my bounding horse  
I guide ;  
I have to pander to the world, and Fortune's  
" hobby " ride ;  
The life I longed for in my youth is mine, but not  
the joy,  
So think of me, and love me best, as when I was a  
boy.

## *Out on the Central Downs.*

---

CARRY me up on the hill, Tommy,  
Let me look on the sky;  
The sun is nearly setting, old man,  
And I know I am going to die.  
I didn't think in the olden days  
It would ever come like this;  
But now I seem to think somehow  
Of all I will have to miss.

I dreamt of the coming days, Tommy,  
The days when I'd made my pile,  
And go to some of the southern towns,  
And live in the southern style.  
I know how its done and all, old man;  
I can picture it up and down;  
I know how they think and talk and live  
In a gay and busy town.

I see instead of the tree-tops, Tommy,  
Vast towers and slender spires,  
And endless lines of hurrying men,  
Till the vision almost tires.  
It's strange I should think like this, Tommy,  
When my course is almost done;  
Of all the things I can never see  
Here under the setting sun.

It's strange when I longed for the busy life,  
That life I shall never see,  
That I should be taken away like this,  
And I'm only twenty-three;  
And strange that the things I've read about  
That come to other men,  
Should have to remain unknown to me,  
And always beyond my ken.

But I've had the horses and the downs, Tommy,  
And that is more, it is true,  
Than some poor beggars happen on  
Their long existence through;  
But somehow when I've read, Tommy,  
Of the pageants, processions, and crowds,  
There's risen a longing in my heart  
That all the blessing clouds.

But, there! it's not to be, Tommy,  
I'll never visit the towns,  
And I'll have to die where I was born,  
And stay on the silent downs.  
But I hear the murmur of commerce, Tommy,  
The triumphs of science and art  
Seem pressing around me as I die,  
Perhaps they are in my heart.

Lift my head upon your knee, Tommy,  
Let me look at the sky ;  
Give me your hand, my trusty pal,  
For Teddie is going to die --  
Going to say " Good-bye " to the downs,  
Not as I meant to do,  
But I think it will come to the same somehow,  
There's another city, too.

And perhaps I shall see a lot, Tommy,  
That we cannot understand,  
Far out over the waving gums,  
And the undulating land ;  
There may be visions of greatness  
I shall see as I pass them by,  
And all the glory of all the lands,  
For Tommy—I'm going to die.

### *When the Night Grows Colder.*

---

**W**HEN the night grows colder and the sighing  
breeze  
Stirs the little songsters nestling in the trees,  
Closer draw the curtains, let the lights burn low,  
Do you feel my presence, passing to and fro ?  
When the night grows colder.

There I see you sitting, in your lonely room,  
Hearing not my sigh, that answers in the gloom.  
And your bowed head trembles, in the fading light,  
But your lost one cometh, and will come to-night.  
When the night grows colder.

All the past forgetting, all the griefs and tears ;  
And we clasp each other, as in other years ;  
And my unbound tresses mingle with your own,  
Naught to come between us as we sit alone.  
When the night grows colder.

But there falls a shadow on the carpet floor,  
You, a voice seems calling through the open door ;  
And it parts us darling, hands grow cold and stark,  
And I say good bye, love ; pass into the dark.  
And the night grows colder.

## Tragedy of Warrego Heights.

---

THE trackers have found Horace Wentworth now,  
As much as they well can see ;  
His horse had careered down the dizzy cliff,  
And dashed him from tree to tree.  
The " Warrego Heights " is a steep decline  
Of three hundred feet or more ;  
It would make your heart turn sick at the sight,  
*But I thought of my Elinore.*

How oft we have gazed from that steep decline,  
On the tree tops far beneath ;  
And I've heard him laugh in his reckless way,  
And little we thought of death.  
While the eagle soared in the blue above,  
And he bared his heated brow ;  
Letting breezes play with his raven curls,  
And they lie in the valley now.

He had ridden away in the dawning light,  
My companion (and once my friend) ;  
And little he recked on his restive bay,  
How his morning ride would end.  
The horse must have bolted adown that height,  
The think of it makes one cold ;  
And the horse and rider were dashed to bits,  
In the valley to which they rolled.

And I thought of his handsome boyish face,  
Being dashed from tree to tree ;  
And the reckless heart that will beat no more,  
But it does not trouble me.  
And yet there was once I had well nigh wept,  
And my heart would have grieved to its core ;  
But I thought of my sister who died last night,  
*Was it vengeance for Elinore ?*

## The Symptoms.

---

(On reading that large sums had been collected in England  
to found schools among the Chinese.)

---

MOTHER BRITANNIA gathered her robes  
around her with many a fold,  
Though she wouldn't admit to the rest of the world  
she was growing a trifle old.  
Her starving children plucked at her gown, they  
were faint for the want of bread,  
But she brushed them aside with impatient touch,  
and these were the words she said :—

" Afar away at the gates of day there are hordes of  
the poor Chinese,  
Who are quite unable to read and write, I must  
really attend to these ;  
What if my children grow stunted and weak and are  
dying of hunger now ;  
What are the rights of the British born, compared to  
the rights of the Chow ? "

The rusty hinge of the factory door distresses her  
nerves we know,  
And where once flourished the waving wheat—the  
weeds in abundance grow,  
Yet why plant crops in the British soil, they can  
cultivate over the sea,  
Or bother to manufacture things that are "made in  
Germany."

Mother Britannia donates her gold to the far  
Armenian poor,  
And frantically fills subscription lists for some  
cannibal island shore.

If there isn't a flood in far Japan, or an earthquake  
in Timbuctoo,  
There is always something that cries for funds, and  
any old thing will do.

Mother Britannia complacently smiles at the thought  
of her fighting power,  
Though she never troubles to keep it up in spite of  
the clouds that lower.

There are doting signs in these actions strange, and  
her symptoms so they say,  
And we with a juvenile clearness read, Britannia's  
senile decay.

## *At the Sliprails.*

### *The Last Look.*

I MUST go back to the sliprails—I must put them  
up once more,  
And look at the red bark humpy, as so many times  
before

I have looked at the dear old homestead, through  
sunshine, fog or damp,  
Before father found the nugget, prospecting at Lucky  
Camp.

I may never put up these saplings, across the buggy  
track,  
And the long Australian summers may never again  
come back:

For I'm going across the ocean to stay at a ladies'  
school,  
And they'll mould my wild hoyden manners to bend  
to fashion's rule.

There are only three to think of—there's father and  
Ben and me—

They are going to make him a doctor, and a lady  
polite I'll be;

But when I think of the humpy, and the old camp  
oven and all,

The sun that always entered through the chink in the  
rough slab wall.

The meals on the one-legged table, and the poverty  
grim we fought,

I suppose I shall know the value of the luxuries gold  
has bought;

So I look my last on the dwelling, that has sheltered  
from shine and damp,

Before father found the nugget, prospecting at Lucky  
Camp.

## *Lost in the Bush.*

---

RIDING over the hills when the day is calm and  
still,

And the buzz of the insects drives me mad,  
The stifling heat of the day has clouded mind and  
will,

For I'm lost.

Lost in the trackless wild.

And the sound of the waving leaves like a falling rill  
Keeps repeating the same dread words; repeating  
them still.

Lost, and the great white gums like skeletons watch  
me by,

And seem to be pointing their waving arms;  
Pointing along the untrodden road—the road to die,

For I'm lost,

The words burn in my brain.

I think of the countless men, lost in the days gone by;  
Men who have never returned, nobler men than I.

Will she ever know how I died, in years to come?

Will anyone tell her that I was lost —

The girl that I loved so well, yet had to be dumb?

Yes, I'm lost.

And I hardly can care.

She has married dear old Jim, and gone to his home;  
I am riding without my mate, my brain is numb.

Lost! Am I really lost, or is it I cannot mind?

For all that I prize is lost to me now,

And my life and aims all seem to be left behind;

For I'm lost.

Lost in the wilds of despair.

I seem to be riding on, but my eyes are blind;

There are things that when we have lost we can  
never find.

## \* Tallahassee.

---

OH! the mule bells tinkle down the citron-scented air,

And the niggers call across the blue lagoon.  
The flowers of Florida are exquisite and rare  
In the languid breezes of the noon.  
Oh! sunbeams throb in Tallahassee,  
And the roads are white with heat,  
But my heart's to-night in Tallahassee,  
Where the Spring and the Summer meet.

Deep the midnight shadows in the high walled  
gardens hide,  
And the lattice seems to gleam like fretted gold,  
For moonlight is a perfume where the scented  
creepers glide,  
When the passion flower and rose unfold.  
Oh! eyes flash bright in Tallahassee,  
Like stars in the velvet night,  
And Love is love in Tallahassee,  
And hearts yield a heart's delight.

\*Tallahassee is the capital of Florida, the  
garden of the States.

## *There Can Be No Farewell.*

---

HOW can I say "Good-bye" ?  
The dancing waves that part us seem to  
sigh,  
I clasp thy hand in bitter pain,  
How can it be *good-bye* ?

But if we sever, grief must tell  
Its tale —through tears that rise and swell  
And though I leave you, love, my own,  
I cannot say "Farewell."

Ah, not "good-bye" and not "farewell,"  
My heart is with you still to tell  
Its fond affection, and I know  
Till death there can be no "Farewell."

## The Dumping Ground.

---

WHEN the youngest son's a waster,  
Or a free and frequent taster  
Of the alcoholic liquid that is vile,  
There is always the plantation,  
Or the sheep or cattle station,  
Where the black sheep may be sent to make his pile  
Yes or drink himself to glory,  
And so end the sordid story  
That has brightened up the English morning teas.  
"Here's your Black Sheep! take and brand him  
For you seem to understand him!"  
*That's* how he's presented to "the Colonies."

If a singer's voice is failing,  
And her highly-cultured wailing  
Doesn't take in wearied London any more,  
It is hinted by the cables  
She is packing up her sables  
For a brief descent on some colonial shore;  
And the populace are blinded  
By the fact that absent-minded  
Kings applauded her their gaudy suites to please.  
When the press had ceased its raptures,  
Then the diva goes and captures  
Gilded adulation in "the Colonies."

If you've got an ancient cruiser,  
Like a forty-year-old bruiser,  
And it's hardly fit to float on any sea,  
Take it gently from the Channel,  
Wrap it up in paint or flannel,  
And retail it to a helpless Colony;  
For the dead ducks of the Navy,  
That by rights belong to Davy,  
Can be made to earn the easy subsidies,  
If not treated too unkindly  
By the Islanders, who blindly  
Swing their war-clubs in the sunny Southern Seas.

Listen, listen ev'rybody,  
Naval Lords, and Kings of Shoddy—  
You will fill the far dominions with your trash!  
For the good things we have waited,  
With the rubbish we are sated,  
And we mean to have the value of our cash;  
So we beg to give you warning  
We are starting in the morning  
To do something for ourselves now, if you please!  
And you'll take this intimation  
That we've started as a nation,  
And no longer are the dust-bin "Colonies."

## A Servant.

---

"A SERVANT," and the words were said not  
scathingly in tones of scorn,  
Not as the feudal lords of old spoke of the peasant  
vassal born,  
But just enough of tolerant pride, infused to give the  
name a sting,  
A sense that condescension bland can to an intonation  
bring.

"A servant." with no greater aims than earning  
bread for those beloved,  
"A servant," but what greater praise than this  
"Oh faithful servant" proved?  
Tis all a question of degrees. What little lives ours  
really are.  
And after all what little aims even our fancied  
greatness mar.

The mind that holds a cottage home and one pure  
love the highest worth,  
May be a mind we pitying scorn, and ours the  
greatest mind on earth.  
But somehow there may often seem, a greater cause  
for greater pride  
In duty done devotedly, than name and fame and  
wealth beside.

The plaudits of a cheering mob, those varying gusts  
that swirl and veer,  
Vista of popularity, the grand horizon of career,  
Can only last for certain years, however high we  
struggle, then  
The gilded grandeur may glow on, scarce more than  
three score years and ten.

And yet our lives, though like a flash, they glare  
across the skies of fame,  
Though all the world our actions note, and nations  
wondering laud our name,  
Can only last till in the dust, we lie at last in dust  
innate.  
Victims of circumstance at best, the veriest servants  
of our fate.

## The Tide of Love.

---

OH! the years may come and the years may go,  
And the ocean of life may ebb and flow ;  
The waves may eddy of passion and pain,  
Or rise to the zenith of greed and gain ;  
But the greatest ecstasy man can attain  
Is when from the depths of Destiny's main  
The tide of love flows back again.

We shall stand, mayhap at the rainbow's base,  
Or dwell at last in our castles in Spain,  
And our dreams come true, and our ships come in,  
When the tide of love flows back again.

Little we dreamed it could fade or die  
As its silvery ripples went tumbling by,  
And we sailed the crest of that shimmering sea  
With the filmy sails of Mystacy ;  
The ambient sunbeams danced with glee,  
And the tide of love rose full and free—  
High tide of life for you and me.

Now we stand affrighted beside the shore,  
Dreading flood-tides of anguish and pain,  
And our hopes are dreams, and our dreams the  
prayer,  
That the tide of love flows back again.

### *The Garden of Forgetfulness.*

A WAY beyond the haunts of men,  
Afar from toil and daily strife,  
There stood a garden dim with mist,  
Untouched by earth or earthly life.  
Its paths were like the paths we see  
In wild dream gardens, when the night  
Has fallen on our weary brain—  
Half darkness and half silvery light.

No sound e'er echoed o'er those lawns,  
No song of bird or hum of bee ;  
The leaves ne'er fell or fluttered past.  
No murmuring rustle stirred a tree.  
But silence, silence deep and vast,  
Prevailed 'mid those strange, unreal flowers,  
Which drooped with heavy beads of dew,  
And never felt life's mid-day hours.

The Garden of Forgetfulness —  
And those who entered, so 'twas said —  
Never remembered sorrows past :  
All thought of yore and memory fled  
This garden's tempting spell had lured  
Full many a mortal to its shade,  
For who on earth would not forget  
Some haunting sceptre's stabbing blade.

For life is full of care and pain,  
And here was ease for ever found ;  
No past remorse, no present woe,  
No funeral dirge's mournful sound  
And countless numbers, so I thought,  
This garden sought for peace and joy  
With hopeful faces ; here at least  
Was perfect bliss without alloy.

They soon returned to earth again,  
A wiser, more contented crew,  
With woe forgot, they said. "'Tis sweet  
But we forgot our pleasures too.  
Those golden days, those days of mirth,  
Those nights of joy and revelry,  
That lit life's path—they are too sweet  
To be forgotten utterly."

#### ENVOI.

And here I thought a lesson is,  
Though we have sorrow, care, and strife,  
What heart can be so desolate  
That has no pleasure all through life ?

## *Be Steadfast.*

---

WHEN come the cares of life,  
And fill thy heart,  
And thou forget'st to live  
That better part.

Then comes a still, small voice,  
It says to thee :  
" God will provide, if thou, but steadfast be."

When stormy clouds arise,  
And tempests lower  
And thou would'st trembling fall  
In that dark hour.

Then comes a still, small voice,  
It says to thee :  
" God will uphold, if thou, but steadfast be."

When riches lure the eye  
With all their spell,  
And thou would'st turn aside  
In ease to dwell.

Then comes a still, small voice.  
It says to thee :  
" God will reward, if thou, but steadfast be."

When sights of earth shall fail  
To charm the eye,  
When life is emptiness,  
And death is nigh.

When glory round thee falls  
In golden sheen,  
" God will exalt, if thou, hast steadfast been."

## *He will Heal.*

---

HE healeth our diseases,  
'Tis His own promise true,  
Whate'er the wound or sorrow,  
He binds it up anew.

Is thy heart bowed with anguish which it can scarcely  
bear ?  
His heart can share thy sorrows, oh ! take thy sorrows  
there.

As one his mother comforts,  
So comforteth the Lord ;  
'Tis not mere human fancy,  
But His unbroken word.

So take thy burden to Him, poor doubting, troubled  
heart ;  
Have faith—and for thy trusting the sorrow will  
depart.

## Ode to Morning!

---

OH, morning! could I tell what is the charm  
That breathes in all thy soft grey vapours blown  
Across the sordid and the common place,  
Like mantle o'er some shabby garment thrown?

I should be able then, I know, to read  
The riddle of the universe in part,  
And understand (enigma greater still)  
The mystery of the wayward human heart.

For morning! only those who love you well  
Can understand the spell you exercise  
On weary souls, oppressed with work or care,  
On aching hearts, and dreary, tired eyes.

The little song-birds sing with strange new notes,  
That brighter noon and evening never knows,  
The long, mysterious shadows lie athwart,  
The dewy emerald grass in shadowy rows.

Oh, morning! how you seem to build up dreams  
Among the throbbing distances of haze;  
And sounds, all limpid, tinkle through the leaves,  
And glittering jewels bright enchant the gaze.

There is no hour all the gladest day,  
So glad as that first hour that greets the sun;  
With myriad softest tinkling chimes of sound,  
The herald of life's melodies begun.

We sometimes find this world is hard with toil,  
And harder still with factions bitter strife;  
Then some sweet, silvery morning melody  
Can charm away the discords dire of life.

And then we feel, however long the day—  
However hard the burden bravely born—  
When the last night has soothed us down to sleep,  
We'll wake to greet an endless golden morn.



## FARMER DIGGUM SERIES.

### *Farmer Diggum's Darter.*

**M**Y darter Dolly's a cute 'un,  
 She thinks the old man is a coon,  
 When she and young Jimmy Juggens  
 Goes out to gaze at the moon.

Whenever Jim ust to cum here  
 (He cum pretty frequent in June),  
 I'd arst them, "Wat's you 'uns doin'?"  
 "Only lookin' at the moon."

But the other night 'twas funny,  
 Though I didn't quite like to chaff;  
 But tho' I tried ter smother up,  
 I had ter give in an' laff.

Young Jimmy was here as usual,  
 They went in the porch pretty soon;  
 "Oh," sez Doll to my inquiry,  
 "We're lookin' at the moon."

"It's so nice an' bright this evenin',  
 We're jus' goin' down the road."  
 Well, I sot up in my settle,  
 And I thot I wood explode.

"Oh, what's the matter?" sez Dolly,  
 "Whatever's the matter with you?"  
 "Oh, nothing," sez I, "wuth rekconin'  
 But the 'moon' won't rise till two."

### *Facts wuth Nuttice.*

**Y**ES, there's sum things quite wuth nuttice,  
 Yu needn't think I'm chaffin,  
 It's the gal as has the whitest teeth  
 Is the gal that's allus laffin.

Then jus' take young ladies feelin's  
 (Now yer needn't set and grin),  
 But they pass the handsome feller by  
 For the one as has the tin.

Another sartin truthful fak,  
 Plain to any green galoot;  
 It's yore futer father-in-law, my boy,  
 As takes the biggest boot.

There's one more little fak to tell,  
 An' then I'll hev ter jog:  
 The place they grow the nicest fruit  
 They keep the biggest dog.

## *That Yaller Lily.*

---

**Y**OU know mi darter Dolly,  
You've heered on her before ;  
Well, she has a yaller lily,  
Grow'n jus' outside the door.

It has a scent jus' splendid ;  
Oh, my, it suits me quite ;  
I's allers smelling on that flower,  
Mornin' an' noon an' night.

How'me'er it wern't about that  
That I have got to tell,  
We're goin' in fer 'lections now,  
Down here in Mudcum Dell.

I'm great at makin' speeches,  
You hear how I can talk ;  
Why, if my 'ponent comes in sight,  
I simply make him walk.

I had er meetin' lately,  
My ! you should heered my speech.  
I am the one to put things right,  
There's nothin' I can't teach.

I fired up 'bout the country,  
By gum ! I spoke jus' grand ;  
I told them how I'd worked an' slaved  
For this 'ere glorious land.

I jus' was endin' el'quent  
When some rude feller rose,  
And 'mid a laff all round, he ses,  
" You've got a yaller nose."

## *Farmer Diggum on the Bike.*

---

**D**OLL had gone off to the town one day,  
With eggs and sich to sell,  
And I was bringing up the rear  
When this adventure fell.

I met a feller with a bike,  
Just outside of the farm,  
He had the instrument for sale,  
To try I thot no harm.

He fixed me up on that 'ere bike,  
An' tole me how to go,  
" An' when you get upon a slope,  
' Dhear bhoy,' jus' let her go."

My feet loked like two fryin' pans,  
I tell yer I went flyin' ;  
My ole umbrella of a hat,  
Sot all the hosses shyin'.

At fust I went quite comf'table,  
Jus' easy like an' slow ;  
Then wen I got to the hill top,  
On course I let 'er go."

The wind jus' whustled past me,  
 As down the hill I flew ;  
 Of all the landscape round about,  
 I cot a burd's-eye view.  
 I sighted Dolly down the hill.  
 A ploddin' steady on,  
 The werry next thing thot I knew  
 I thot the world was gone.  
 I felt a crash, I heered a screech,  
 As into Doll I flew ;  
 Oh ! golly, how them eggs did pop,  
 An' all the chickens crew.  
 I don't think any cirkus  
 Can with that ride compare,  
 Wuth the milk a rinsing round me,  
 An' the butter in me hair.  
 Tork about " tar and feathers,"  
 Why I was black an' blue ;  
 Thot ole bike was all spikes an' spokes,  
 And so wus Dolly too.  
 The eggs wus tricklin' down mi socks,  
 The spokes had skewered a fowl,  
 An' all that Dolly she could do.  
 Was jus' to set an' howl.  
 Then that young feller he turned up,  
 Amid this awful splutter,  
 An' calmly said in dandy drawl  
 " I feah you've lost your buttah."  
 I " buttered " him I tell yer,  
 I guess I made him roar ;  
 Then started home quite satisfied.  
 I won't ride bikes no more.

### *Farmer Diggum's Tall Skeeter Story.*

**P**OOH ! the skeeters here are nuthin'  
 Side of those where I wus born ;  
 Whi, the werry buzzin' of 'em  
 Was jus' like a blowin' horn.  
 Bite ! wall—I jus' reckon—did they ?  
 Why they'd bite throo any wood ;  
 But I'll tell a yarn about 'em,  
 What wull reely do you good.  
 Where a man I know'd was workin',  
 Helping to put up a house,  
 Fixin' on the roof and sich like —  
 Skeeters big as any mouse.  
 Wall, one night he thought he'd do 'em—  
 Give the jolly birds a sell—  
 So he got inside a tank there,  
 Rec'nin' that would fix 'em well.  
 Hardly had he got inter it  
 When, like lots of little spokes,  
 All the skeeters sets their noses,  
 Throo " the iron tank they pokes."

Think that's tall? No—that's reel gospel;  
That man's gumption never fails.  
With a hammer he clinched each sting tip,  
Like the nob on lead-head nails.

Now they're settled, ses my feller,  
With their noses safely tied;  
Wood you bleeve it, they flew miles,  
With the tank and man inside.

### “ Pore Us Uns. ”

THERE'S many a trial an' trouble, along on our  
weary way;  
Times we think on it all an' ses, “ Wot's the use of  
it, anyway? ”  
For people is strivin' an' fightin' fer money they'll  
never spend,  
And strugglin' to get a place on earth an' wot's the  
good in the end?

An' I ses as I sits by the firelight,  
An' watches the sparks go by,  
“ I'm awful sorry fer folks ” I ses;  
“ Pore us uns, ” I ses, ses I.

There's folks wot is always weary, an' life seems a  
goodish load;  
An' there's folks as does nought but grumble an'  
squabble along the road;  
An' there's them as is pore and haughty, an' them  
as is meek an' pore,  
An' them as is rich an' would drive a man a-starvin'  
from the door,

An' I ses, &c.

An' I thinks on the folks wot's happy, an' I thinks  
how soon it'll go,  
An' folks wot ain't expectin' but trouble an' want an'  
woe;  
An' the ones that's young an' hopeful, an' never a  
thought of care;  
An' I ses, “ Ole man, if yer frettin', yer ain't alone in  
it there. ”

An' I ses, &c.

An' I thinks on all these notions, an' somehow it  
makes me sigh  
To think we're so hard on each other, as the time is  
slippin' by.  
Let's try an' make someone happy, for this world  
aint much of a show  
If we can't do a bit to cheer folk up an' please 'em  
'fore we go.

An' I ses as I sits by the firelight,  
An' watches the sparks go by,  
“ I'm awful sorry for folks. ” I ses,  
“ Pore us uns, ” I ses, ses I.

## To Bohemians I Have Known.

---

THEY have filled their sparkling glasses,  
They've chatted and laughed with the best  
When day claimed the toiling masses,  
They've taken their tardy rest.

And yet for a sight of their faces,  
I'd go through some troubles again,  
Though "the gravity of their cases,"  
Would cause a moralist pain.

For they live in Bohemia's section,  
That land from the rest apart,  
Where the password in affection,  
And the test of a friend is—Heart.

They've gambolled, bet, and raffled,  
From restrictions of cant they're freed;  
Theology holds them baffled,  
And they haven't much of a creed.

As they live for the present only,  
And the joys of a little while,  
When adversity leaves them lonely,  
They are ready to gamely smile.

For they live in Bohemia's borders,  
That land that the good folk shun,  
And only the angel recorders  
Know the noble deeds they have done.

The music they play is sweeter,  
Their songs have a mellower tone,  
The pleasure they give is completer,  
For it speaks to the heart alone.

Yet I'd be sadly disappointed  
If He whom they tell us is Love,  
Hadn't some little corner appointed,  
For Bohemians taken above.

## A Parting.

---

A TOUCH of hands—  
A look—a sigh,  
And then we turn away.  
Good-bye.

A memory  
Of by-gone years  
Of long forgotten smiles  
And tears.

Sad thoughts of things  
That might have been  
If through the future we  
Had seen.

A touch of hands—  
A look—a sigh  
And thus we end a dream—  
Good-bye.

## *Yesterday.*

---

**P**ULL down the curtain, shut the shrouding gloom  
From fearful eyes away :  
Turn up the glaring flame to light the room,  
And banish yesterday.

Yes, for the solemn clock beats midnight's chime  
In cadence clear and shrill ;  
All that which was to-night is passed—and time  
Is passing—dawn comes chill.

We sing and dance, and let our laughter light  
Flow ever gaily on ;  
Then pause affrighted, as the morning bright  
Steals round, and night is gone.

What is this fleeting show but just a span  
Of passing nights and days,  
The window of our life from which we scan  
Night's gloom or morning rays ?

We wake to hope for futures fair and true,  
And trust to-morrow's way ;  
Then gloom has deepened, and we find our view,  
Alas, is yesterday.

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