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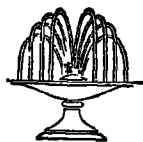
AN AUSTRALASIAN ANTHOLOGY

(Australian and New Zealand Poems)

Selected by
PERCIVAL SERLE

Assisted by
FRANK WILMOT and ROBERT H CROLL

(New Edition with Additional Poems)



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Nettie Palmer

The Flute

*I sat fluting,
Fluting on a fallen gum was I,
Fluting, then I sang; and one came by
Dragging wearied feet, but his eyes shone;
"Whence, my friend?" He rested, I played on,
"Whence my friend?" "I came," he slowly said,
"Where the shadowy gullies led;
Ah, that mazy twist and turn,
Where by banks of moss and fern
Still the creek runs cool!
There I bathed in pool and pool,
Nameless like the birds, now few,
Dropping notes as clear as dew,
Now a jargoning chorus, sweet and long,
In wild young saplings where the sun was strong."*

*I sat fluting,
Fluting, then I sang, "But cease," cried he,
"Your songs from lands outworn beyond the sea,
Your May-time full of nightingales,
Your roses, all your sunny dales,
Each rill berhymed these thousand years,
Each flower bedewed with lovers' tears,
Leave them all; come near and sing
This great nameless, new-found thing,
This Australu. . . . Feel the perfumes fling
Out across the gully and the height,
Sing of trees ashine in starry night,
Their light-hung leaves, their peace, their naked
might."*

*I sat fluting,
Fluting, but with heavy heart was I,
My songs went withering out against the sky,
They died: I sang no more;
But he with visage brighter than before,
Took my flute and played, then sang;
The hillside like a temple rang.
Ah, my heart, he knew, he knew!
The sunlit winds about him blew,
And he played on, the dappled shade,
That downward-drooping gumleaves made,
The creaking drag of loosened bark,
A far bird soaring like a lark,
All these he sang of, for he knew.
I saw a little crowd across the blue,
It paused to hear,
The wild bush hearkened near,
My soul was all one ear.*

*Fluting,
Fluting and singing after sundown still
He glorified the glorious virgin hill;
Then came the tide of evening chill,
Upon the eastern height
Trembled a sapphire light,
The shining of the summer moon to be,
I turned to him, "Ah, see!"
But he against the darkness of the West
Sang of his songs the last and loveliest;
Looming he rose, became a part
Of all that Bush whose key was in his heart!
Humbly alone his raptured songs I try,
Ah, must I lose them! Must their memories die!
Falter not, flute! Beneath the moonlit sky
I sit fluting.*

PUBLISHER'S PREFACE.

DURING the eighteen years which have passed since the first impression of this anthology many changes have come over the face of Australian literature and, in particular, of Australian verse, so that this book would, in its original form, no longer give "a new view of Australasian poetry." It has, however, established itself in the schools and universities of Australia, as well as with the general reading public, and the publishers in offering a new edition, printed in Australia, could have wished this to be a much enlarged and revised one, adequately covering the poetic development and history of the period between 1927 and the present. However, owing to the inability of either Mr. Percival Serle or Mr. Robert H. Croll, the survivors of the original editors, to undertake so large a literary labour at this time and to the prevailing war-shortage of paper, they have, after consultation with Mr. Serle and with the valuable advice of Mrs. Vance Palmer, added a short supplementary section at the close of the anthology which, while it does not pretend to cover the ground fully, should give, they hope, a reasonably accurate picture of the general development of poetry in Australia over the last twenty years.

No alterations have been made in the original text with the exception of the substitution of a later poem of Robert Fitzgerald for the early poem of his included in the first edition, when he had not published a volume of poetry. Some alterations have

been made in the biographical and bibliographical Index to bring this up to date, and details of work by authors now represented for the first time have been added, Entries of this kind, added by the publishers, have been marked with an asterisk.

No attempt has been made to select recent work by New Zealand poets

Acknowledgments for poems first included in the Australian Edition.

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Cut from Mulga, Melbourne University Press, 1940; T. Inglis Moore, Esq., for 'Emu Parade,' from *Emu Parade, Poems from Camp*, published by Messrs. Angus & Robertson Ltd.; Lieutenant S. H. O'Leary for 'Olive Trees,' from *Australian Poetry*, 1943, Messrs. Angus & Robertson Ltd.; Leonard Mann, Esq., for 'For War' and 'To the Reader'; Pte. Ian Mudie for 'Growth,' from *Corroboree to the Sun*, Hawthorn Press, 1940; Kenneth Slessor, Esq., for 'Country Towns,' from *Cuckooz Contrey*, published by Frank Johnson, Sydney; Douglas Stewart, Esq., for 'The Poplar Comes to My Window,' from *Sonnets to an Unknown Soldier*, published by Messrs. Angus & Robertson Ltd., and for 'Rock Carving,' first published in *The Bulletin*; C. B. Christesen, Esq., for 'My Love is a Golden Bough,' from *North Coast*, published by The Meanjin Press, Brisbane; Miss Judith Wright for 'Trapped Dingo,' first published in *The Bulletin*; Henri M. Picot, Esq., and C. B. Christesen, Esq., for the late James Picot's 'For it was Early Summer,' first published in *The Telegraph*, Brisbane.

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INTRODUCTION

AUSTRALIAN literary history covers a comparatively short period, nevertheless many thousands of volumes have been written and published. Of these, verse has formed a large proportion, and it has also proved to be better in quality than the work of the prose writers. Australian drama is almost negligible, few of the novelists are of high merit, there is little demand for the essay, and the possibilities of doing good work in history and biography are limited. The literature of New Zealand has an even shorter history, but the conditions and results have been similar. The writers of that Dominion will, however, be treated separately in this introduction.

"It is now 138 years since Australia was first settled, and during the early years conditions were against the production of literature. Indeed from the time of the arrival of the first fleet in 1788 until Governor Macquarie came in 1809, life was a mere struggle for existence. "I found," said Macquarie, "the colony . . . suffering from various privations and disabilities; the country impenetrable beyond forty miles from Sydney; agriculture in a yet languishing state; commerce in its early dawn; revenue unknown; threatened with famine——"

This is a depressing picture, but under Macquarie's rule great improvements in the conditions were made, and, when he left in 1821, there was

evidence that the people had sufficient leisure to begin to cultivate the graces of life.

The first verse published separately in Australia was the series of *Odes* by Michael Robinson, printed in the *Sydney Gazette* on the occasions of the King's and Queen's birthdays between 1810 and 1821, and afterwards published separately in the form of pamphlets of four pages each. It is interesting to find in one of the *Odes* evidence of the changes for the better which were taking place, when the author, looking forward, speaks of the time when Australia shall:—

“From her own Source her ample Produce pour
Thro’ Eastern Climes, and every peopled shore;
Whilst on the expansive Waste of Waters wide,
Commerce shall see her Treasur’d Navies ride,
And her full Marts, her busy Quays, proclaim
Her prosp’ring Course to Opulence and Fame.”

These *Odes*, of course, are not to be taken seriously as poetry, and the colony's next publication in verse, Baron Field's *First Fruits of Australian Poetry*, published in 1819, showed no improvement. In Wentworth's poem *Australasia*, however, we have something much better. William Charles Wentworth, who was destined to hold a distinguished place in his native land as a statesman, was born at Norfolk Island in 1793. In 1816 he went to Cambridge to continue his education, and in 1823 competed for the Chancellor's medal for a poem on “Australasia.” His poem, which was placed second to one by W. M. Praed, was a good piece of work, with some excellent rhetorical passages. Invoking *Celestial Poesy* he says:—

Still, gracious Pow'r, some kindling soul inspire
To wake to life my country's unknown lyre,
That from creation's date has slumbering lain,
Or only breath'd some savage uncouth strain—
And grant that yet an Austral Milton's song
Pactolus-like flow deep and rich along—
An Austral Shakespeare rise, whose living page
To Nature true may charm in ev'ry age;—
And that an Austral Pindar daring soar,
Where not the Theban Eagle reach'd before.

And, O Britannia! shouldst thou cease to ride
Despotic Empress of old Ocean's tide;—
Should thy tam'd Lion—spent his former might—
No longer roar, the terror of the fight;—
Should e'er arrive that dark, disastrous hour,
When, bow'd by luxury, thou yield'st to power;—
When thou, no longer freest of the free,
To some proud victor bend'st the vanquished
knee;—

May all thy glories in another sphere
Relume, and shine more brightly still than here:
May this—thy last-born infant—then arise,
To glad thy heart, and greet thy parent eyes;
And Australasia float, with flag unfurl'd,
A new Britannia in another world!

Wentworth apparently wrote no more verse; his poem seems to have been called forth by the special occasion. The same spirit of patriotism was shown in the next volume to appear, *Wild Notes from the Lyre of a Native Munstrel* by Charles Tompson, published in 1826, the author being then only twenty years old. His book was not without gleams of promise; there have, indeed,

been many worse volumes of juvenilia, but he published nothing further. In the same year the Reverend John Dunmore Lang, who had arrived from Scotland in 1823, published *Aurora Australis; or Specimens of Sacred Poetry for the Colonists of Australia*, which was reprinted with additions in 1873. Dr. Lang was a great man and did immense service to his adopted country. There is, however, little merit in his sacred verse, but in one or two passages in a poem called *A Voyage to New South Wales* he touches the fringe of Poetry. A few other volumes were issued during the eighteenth-thirties, which do not call for mention here, and in 1842 *Plays and Fugitive Pieces in Verse*, by David Burn was printed at Hobart. Burn was born toward the close of the eighteenth century, and arrived in Tasmania in about 1825. His blank verse is written with facility, and there is evidence of some knowledge of practical play-writing. One of the plays in this volume, *The Queen's Love*, was successfully produced at Sydney in 1845. The author subsequently went to New Zealand, became well known as a journalist, and died at Auckland in 1875. In 1842 *Stolen Moments*, the first of six volumes of verse written by Sir Henry Parkes, was published at Sydney. Parkes was born in 1815 and arrived in Australia in 1839. When he became famous as a politician, his poetical efforts were used to hold him up to ridicule, but it would be a mistake to attach importance to this, for Parkes was a great personality, though by no means a poet born. His verse had sufficient nervous strength to give it value; as he grew older he shed some of its worst faults; and many a poet of

greater pretensions would gladly have written his sonnet *Fourscore*, published towards the end of his life.

Fourscore

I count the mercifullest part of all
God's mercies, in this coil of eighty years,
Is that no sense of being disappears
Or fails,—I see the signal, hear the call,—
Can calmly estimate the rise and fall
Of moth-like mortals in this "vale of tears,"
And all His glorious works, the heavenly spheres,
The ocean, and the earth's unyielding wall
Remain for thought and wonder! Marvellous
Is God's creation, with its endless space,
And those inhabited, bright worlds, by law
Divinely govern'd, as they shine on us,
Still keeping through all time their ordered place;
I bow my head in rapture and in awe!

The advent of Parkes closes the first period. No selections from these writers appear in this Anthology, but many of the later authors will speak for themselves.

SECOND AUSTRALIAN PERIOD 1845-1880

In 1845 Charles Harpur (1817-1868), first native-born Australian worthy of being called a poet, published *Thoughts, A Series of Sonnets*. Harpur might have been quite a considerable poet if conditions had been favourable, but there was no other writer of the period against whom he could measure himself, or from whom he could draw the sympathy and encouragement for which the

normal man of artistic sensibilities craves. The best of his contemporaries, James Lionel Michael (1824-1868), a facile versifier who sometimes promised better things, was not a sufficiently strong personality to have any influence on him, and Henry Clarence Kendall (1841-1882), belonged to a younger generation. They did not meet until a year or two before Harpur's death. In comparison with Kendall and Gordon, Harpur is little read, but eventually Harpur's position will be higher than Gordon's in the roll of early Australian poets. He excelled in descriptive passages, and some of his sonnets are very good. Kendall, however, takes first place among nineteenth century Australian poets. His range is limited, but at his best he shows a fine lyrical faculty, and has touches of the magic that betokens the true poet. He was fortunate in receiving appreciation in his lifetime, for his work has little of the popular appeal of his well-known contemporary Adam Lindsay Gordon (1833-1870), whose tragic death, almost on the day of publication of his last volume, possibly led to his work being as much over-appreciated as it had been previously neglected. For Gordon was not a great poet. He wrote some manly vigorous verse, and had occasional passages of poetry, but his poems which really count would make a slender sheaf. He will be long remembered if only for one of his verses, a good example of what oft was thought but ne'er so well expressed:—

Question not, but live and labour
 Till yon goal be won,
 Helping every feeble neighbour,
 seeking help from none;

Life is mostly froth and bubble,
Two things stand like stone:
KINDNESS in another's trouble,
COURAGE in your own.

A contemporary and friend of Gordon, George Gordon McCrae, born in 1833 and still living, wrote much verse reflecting a charming personality. His poems on on Aboriginal themes are interesting, and his *Man in the Iron Mask* is a brave attempt to write a long epic poem. Much of the best of his verse remains buried in old newspapers. McCrae and Gordon were friendly with R. H. Horne, the English poet, who resided in Australia from 1852 to 1869. Horne published little during that period and does not appear to have had any influence on the work of the time.

James Brunton Stephens was the only other important man of this period. He was born in Scotland in 1835 and arrived in Queensland in 1866. In 1871 he published his narrative poem *Convict Once*, handling the long metre so well that the poem remains a lesson to many later Australians. Indeed, in all his work Stephens showed fine craftsmanship; though at times one could desire less restraint and more of the surge of emotion. He wrote many excellent humorous poems, and for twenty years before his death in 1902 was the representative Australian man of letters.

THIRD PERIOD 1880-1900

The publication of Kendall's last volume in 1880 closed the second period, and the next twenty years marked the rise and development of the "Bulletin" school of writers. Before, however,

dealing with the authors who made their reputation in that journal, a few must be mentioned who, although some of them may have contributed to the *Bulletin*, are not generally associated with the group. Mary Hannay Foott found time in a busy life to write a few interesting poems, and Ada Cambridge showed a clear-thinking spirit of revolt against conventions, remarkable in its period. In 1885 Philip J. Holdsworth published a carefully written volume showing some singing quality, and about the same time two well-known journalists, T. W. Heney and John Farrell, brought out volumes containing work of merit, Farrell's *Australia to England* being an excellent example of a good occasional poem. Robert Richardson did much graceful and finished verse, and the same epithets might be applied to the volumes which began to be published in the nineties by J. B. O'Hara, G. Essex Evans, E. B. Loughran and James L. Cuthbertson. These men showed admirable technique, and what they had to say was often beautifully said. There were good possibilities in the early work of Dowell O'Reilly, though it received little encouragement. He published no volume in verse after his twenty-fifth year, but after his death a few of his later poems were gathered together in a collected edition of his prose and verse. In Sydney Jephcott we have a thoughtful personality, who somehow remains not quite articulate, and if William Gay's early death prevented him from attaining the high position he promised to hold in Australian literature, he is still remembered by a few poignant and beautiful sonnets. A. A. Bayldon, a writer of some force, did good work on occasion.

The reputation of Victor Daley has perhaps waned a little in the last twenty years, but he remains a poet with a fine lyrical sense, and a power of wielding beautiful words. He wrote enormously for the *Bulletin* and other publications, and seems never to have had time to compress his work. It is, however, in A. B. Paterson, Henry Lawson, Will H. Ogilvie, E. J. Brady, Barcroft Boake and E. Dyson, that we find the true school of Australian popular poetry. These succeeded in writing verse which by its manliness, vigour and humour, became very popular, and although compilers of Anthologies may not find much of it suitable for their purposes, it would be a mistake to undervalue its interest and importance. Roderic Quinn, a writer influenced to some extent by the Celtic school, has also been a prolific contributor. His work is often beautiful, but one leaves it with a feeling that the gold has been beaten too thin. Some of these writers, reinforced by a younger generation, have carried on the tradition of good verse in the *Bulletin* well into the present century.

FOURTH PERIOD 1900-1925

The founding of the Commonwealth at the beginning of this century may be taken as starting a new period. Much Australian verse had hitherto been written in an easily running ballad form, often careless and loosely knit; while the work of other writers, although carefully wrought, had not been able to escape poetical conventions and echoes from older lands. New forces have been at work in present-day Australian poetry. With a general improvement in technique there will be

found more vision and imagination, more evidence of intellectual strength, and more variety of theme. The Australian lyre is no longer "strung with horse hair." It is, however, notoriously difficult to judge one's contemporaries, and it might be wise merely to give a list of authors who have attained some reputation in recent years. Such a list would include: L. H. Allen, E. J. Rupert Atkinson, J. Le Gay Brereton, C. J. Brennan, F. S. Burnell, William Baylebridge (Blocksidge), Elsie Cole, R. Crawford, Zora Cross, C. J. Dennis, Emd Derham, Louis Esson, M. Forrest, Mary Fullerton, Leon Gellert, Mary Gilmore, H. M. Green, J. Hebblethwaite, L. Lavater, R. H. Long, Louise Mack, Dorothea Mackellar, Hugh McCrae, F. T. Macartney, Nina Murdoch, J. Shaw Neilson, Bernard O'Dowd, Vance Palmer, Nettie Palmer, Marie E. J. Pitt, Winifred Shaw, C. H. Souter, Archibald Strong, F. Long as this list is, it does not include some of Williamson, and F. Wilmot (Furnley Maurice). the younger writers who have done good work. If one had to make a choice it would be impossible to deny the claims of Brennan, O'Dowd, McCrae and Neilson to high places among Australian poets. Work so charming as that of Dorothea Mackellar, so sincere and human as Mary Gilmore's, calls for mention too, and among the younger men the rhymed free verse of Macartney and Wilmot has many interesting possibilities. Nor must the remarkable poetry of William Baylebridge (Blocksidge) be overlooked, though his books are at present little known and difficult to procure. The limits of its introduction, however, forbid detailed criticism or the separate mention of the other writers in this list who have done good work. The

student may be referred to Mrs. Nettie Palmer's essay *Modern Australian Literature*, published in 1924, a capable survey of the period from 1900 onward. The omission of any reference in it to her husband's or her own poetry should not, however, lead to the work of either writer being neglected.

NEW ZEALAND 1840-1925

Although there is a general, and easily to be understood objection in New Zealand, to the use of the word "Australasian" as covering both that Dominion and the Commonwealth of Australia, there is some difficulty in keeping the literary work separate. Bracken, one of the best-known early New Zealand writers, had published two volumes before leaving Australia; Anne Glenney Wilson left Australia for New Zealand at the time of her marriage; Arthur Adams went from New Zealand to Australia as a young man and has done most of his work there; Hubert Church was born in Tasmania, spent the greater part of his life in New Zealand, but is now living in Melbourne; and both Dora Wilcox and David McKee Wright began their literary life in New Zealand, but now reside in Sydney. In this survey all these writers have been treated as New Zealanders.

During the first forty years of the nineteenth century a few traders settled in New Zealand, and at the date of formal annexation, 1840, their number did not exceed 3000. By 1861 the population had reached about 100,000, and is now 1,400,000, rather less than a fourth of the population of Australia. In literature, as in other things, the law of averages applies, and it will be found that the

number of writers who have come into prominence in these countries is in about the same ratio as their populations.

The earliest New Zealand writers of verse were Sir Charles C. Bowen (1830-1917), Sir Frederick N. Broome (1842-1896), Alfred Domett (1811-1886), and Thomas Bracken (1845-1898), and each made his mark in other fields than that of literature. Bowen, whose one volume appeared in 1861, had arrived in New Zealand in 1851, and subsequently took a leading part in the government of his adopted land. His verse was scholarly but not very distinguished, and he is chiefly known by a spirited patriotic poem *The Battle of the Free*, written during the Crimean War. Broome's work is similar in quality. He was born in Canada and spent twelve years of his young manhood in New Zealand, his *Poems from New Zealand* being published in 1868, the year before he left. He was subsequently appointed Governor of Western Australia and other Crown Colonies. Bracken for a time enjoyed a great reputation, now faded. His verse had a popular appeal largely based on the facile sentiment of one of his short poems *Not Understood*. He was a well-known journalist, and for a time was a member of the House of Representatives. Alfred Domett stands easily first among nineteenth century New Zealand writers. He was the "Waring" of Browning's poem, and had published two volumes before leaving England. In his new homeland he held many important positions, including a short term as Premier of the Colony, and shortly after his return to England he published his poem *Ranolf and Amohia*. It is very long, over 14,000 lines, and it is possible that a

good deal of the respect it has received is of the kind that is given to the unread; nevertheless it remains the most important poem of its class in New Zealand or Australia. It is impossible to represent it adequately in an Anthology; it must be read for its incidents, its light on Maori life, and its descriptive passages.

The four writers mentioned had all been born and educated away from New Zealand, and time was required before the native-born poets could arise. It seemed at first that they would be slow in coming. Until about the close of the century, the only new writers of interest were Anne Glenny Wilson (now Anne Lady Wilson) (1848), who published the earliest of her volumes in 1889, D. W. M. Burn (1862), Mary Colborne-Veel (1863-1923), David McKee Wright (1869), and C. J. O'Regan (1874-1895). Lady Wilson showed a very pleasant feeling for nature, Burn's volume had some strength, though showing a marked Browning influence, but Miss Veel's volume *The Fairest of the Angels*, published in 1894, was the best volume written by a native-born New Zealander up to that date. Miss Veel was destined to lead one of those busy selfless lives which leave little leisure for literature, and possibly she never reached her full height, although there is beautiful work in the selection from her later poems published after her death. David McKee Wright's early volumes belong to the same school as Paterson's and Lawson's in Australia. Many years later he was to do much more sophisticated work in that country, his volume *An Irish Heart* showing the possession of an excellent technique. O'Regan's volume had promise, but he died at twenty-one.

The year 1898 marks the beginning of a remarkable period in New Zealand. During about ten years from that date, notable volumes were published by Arthur H. Adams, Johannes C. Andersen, Blanche E. Baughan, Hubert Church, J. L. Kelly, Will Lawson, Jessie Mackay, Frank Morton, W. Pember Reeves, Mary E. Richmond, D. M. Ross, Arnold Wall, and Dora Wilcox. These, of course, varied in merit. Morton's verse, charming enough at times, is perhaps after all merely clever journalism. Kelly only did himself justice in a few sonnets, and although Ross has written beautiful things, some of his work is disappointing. Arthur H. Adams' first volume *Maoriland*, published in 1899, was more than promising, and in his later volume *London Streets* he fulfilled the hopes of his admirers. Arnold Wall unites with his other gifts a delightful feeling for humour and satire; Will Lawson's verse is interesting and vigorous; and sound, thoughtful and beautiful work is to be found in the volumes of Johannes C. Andersen, W. Pember Reeves, Mary Richmond and Dora Wilcox. The most original and arresting work, however, is that of Miss Baughan, Miss Mackay and Hubert Church. Miss Mackay's two early volumes were somewhat immature, but her *Land of the Morning*, which appeared in 1909, possessed true lyrical emotion and fervour; and Miss Baughan, in the title-poem of her *Shingle-Short* volume, showed such insight and sympathy in dealing with her unpromising subject, the reflections of a young half-witted farm hand, that it became true poetry. Miss Baughan has written other fine poems, but this piece of work stands alone in Australasian literature. In Hubert

Church we have a thoughtful poet who has not been fully appreciated. One feels the urge of a truly poetic mind behind the unhackneyed vocabulary of even his less successful poems, and nothing finer than his best has appeared in New Zealand.

During the past fifteen years comparatively few volumes of meritorious verse by new writers have been published in New Zealand. The most promising of the younger school appears to be Miss Eileen Duggan.

PERCIVAL SERLE.

*Church Street, Hawthorn,
Victoria
Australia.*

Charles Harpur

(1813-1868)

Fair as the Night

FAIR as the night—when all the astral fires
Of heaven are burning in the clear expanse,
My love is ; and her eyes like star-depths glance
Lustrous with glowing thoughts and pure desires,
And that mysterious pathos which inspires
All moods divine in mortal passion's trance—
All that its earthly music doth enhance
As with the rapture of seraphic lyres !
I gaze upon her till the atmosphere
Sweetens intensely, and to my charmed sight
All fair associated forms appear
Swimming in joy, as swim yon orbs in light—
And all sweet sounds, though common to mine ear,
Chime up like silver-wingèd dreams in flight.

A Midsummer Noon in the Australian Forest

Nor a sound disturbs the air,
There is quiet everywhere;
Over plains and over woods
What a mighty stillness broods!

All the birds and insects keep
Where the coolest shadows sleep;
Even the busy ants are found
Resting in their pebbled mound;
Even the locust clingeth now
Silent to the barky bough:
Over hills and over plains
Quiet, vast and slumbrous, reigns.

Only there's a drowsy humming
From yon warm lagoon slow coming:
'Tis the dragon-hornet—see!
All bedaubed resplendently,
Yellow on a tawny ground—
Each rich spot nor square nor round,
Rudely heart-shaped, as it were
The blurred and hasty impress there
Of a vermeil-crusted seal
Dusted o'er with golden meal.
Only there's a droning where
Yon bright beetle shines in air,
Tracks it in its gleaming flight
With a slanting beam of light,
Rising in the sunshine higher,
Till its shards flame out like fire.

Every other thing is still,
Save the ever-wakeful rill,
Whose cool murmur only throws
Cooler comfort round repose;
Or some ripple in the sea
Of leafy boughs, where, lazily,
Tired summer, in her bower
Turning with the noontide hour,
Heaves a slumbrous breath ere she
Once more slumbers peacefully.

O 'tis easeful here to lie
Hidden from noon's scorching eye,
In this grassy cool recess
Musing thus of quietness.

She loves me!

SHE loves me! From her own bliss-breathing lips
The live confession came, like rich perfume
From crimson petals bursting into bloom!
And still my heart at the remembrance skips
Like a young lion, and my tongue too trips
As drunk with joy; while every object seen
In life's diurnal round wears in its mien
A clear assurance that no doubts eclipse.
And if the common things of nature now
Are like old faces flushed with new delight,
Much more the consciousness of that rich vow
Deepens the beauteous, and refines the bright,
While throned I seem on love's divinest height
'Mid all the glories glowing round its brow.

Dora

It was, I well remember, the merry springtime when
Young Dora in the eventide came singing up the
glen,
And the song came up the glen, till one oft-repeated
part
In a subtle stream of melody ran glowing through
my heart.

A fond desire, long cherished, till then I might
control,
Till then—but oh! that witching strain swift drew
it from my soul;
Swift drew it from my soul, and she did not say
me nay,
And the world of love was all the world to us that
happy day.

I'm happy now in thinking how happy I was then,
When towards the glowing west my love went
homeward down the glen;
Went homeward down the glen, while my comfort
surer grew,
Till methought the old-faced hills all looked as they
were happy too.

All happy, for that Dora and I so happy were!
All happy, for that human love had breathed its
spirit there!
Had breathed its spirit there, and had made them
conscious grow
Of the part they bore in that sweet time, that happy
long ago.

From *The Creek of the Four Graves*

BEFORE them, thus extended, wilder grew
The scene each moment and more beautiful;
For when the sun was all but sunk below
Those barrier mountains, in the breeze that o'er
Their rough enormous backs deep-fleeced with wood
Came whispering down, the wide up-slanting sea
Of fanning leaves in the descending rays
Danced dazzlingly, tingling as if the trees
Thrilled to the roots for very happiness.

But when the sun had wholly disappeared
Behind those mountains—O what words, what
hues
Might paint the wild magnificence of view
That opened westward! Out extending, lo!
The heights rose crowding, with their summits all
Dissolving as it seemed, and partly lost
In the exceeding radiancy aloft;
And thus transfigured, for awhile they stood
Like a great company of archaëons, crowned
With burning diadems, and tented o'er
With canopies of purple and of gold.

Eastward at last
The glow was wasted into formless gloom,
Night's front; then westward the high massing
woods
Steeped in a swart but mellow Indian hue,
A deep dusk loveliness, lay ridged and heaped,
Only the more distinctly for their shade,
Against the twilight heaven—a cloudless depth

Yet luminous with sunset's fading glow;
And thus awhile in the lit dusk they seemed
To hang like mighty pictures of themselves
In the still chambers of some vaster world.

Meanwhile the cloudless eastern heaven had grown
More luminous, and now the moon arose
Above the hill, when lo! that giant cone
Erewhile so dark, seemed inwardly aglow
With her instilled irradiance, while the trees
That fringed its outline, their huge statures dwarfed
By distance into brambles and yet all
Clearly defined against her ample orb,
Out of its very disc appeared to swell
In shadowy relief, as they had been
All sculptured from its surface as she rose.
Then her full light in silvery sequence still
Cascading forth from ridgy slope to slope,
Chased mass by mass the broken darkness down
Into the dense-brushed valleys, where it crouched,
And shrank and struggled. . . .

James Lionel Michael

(1824-1868)

From John Cumberland

STROOP down and visit me from highest heaven,
Spirit of Poesy, that I may see
The visions, to the great old Deathless given,
And be, what they were priv'leged to be,
A voice to lead men up and on; a light,
To all the nations; through all time to shine;
A beacon set to cheer the wanderer's sight,
And guide him to a heaven-rest divine.
Show me the heart of beauty! For there rests
More beauty in the shadow of thy wings,
Than lies in Aphrodite's milk-white breasts;
More strength than gathers in the camps of
kings:
Give me the eye that sees, the voice that sings,
The burning words that to all time endure;
Give me to read, with spirit calm and pure,
The loveliness of all most lovely things,
I wander in the darkness—give me light,
And lead—oh! lead my doubting footsteps right!

Come, gentle Goddess, come!
From the green fountain-marge; where, lock'd in
sleep,
Their watch the songbirds o'er The Singer keep,
The waters murmuring to the wild bees' hum.
Come from the cloudy thunders of thy throne,
On the gray mountain-marches, far away,
Of Thessaly, or snowy Alpine cone,
Mystic, untravell'd, perilous, alone,

Where thou sitt'st, hymning at the gates of day;
Or verdant waving leafage; or the breast
Of placid waters; or the startled crest,
Dead-white on the black billow: or the nest
Of the sleek ringdove; from whatever rest,
Goddess! thou takest—fill me with thy light,
And lead—oh! lead my fainting feet aright!

Richard Rowe

(1828-1879)

The Angel of Life

LIFE's Angel watched a happy child at play,
Wreathing the riches of the blushing May:
His eye was cloudless as the heavens above,
But there was pity in her look of love.

The flowers he gathered bloomed their brief bright
hour,
Then rained their petals in a silent shower:
The boy looked up at her with strange surprise,
And sadder grew the pity in her eyes.

Daniel Henry Deniehy

(1828-1865)

To His Wife

O PURE of soul, and fond and deep of heart
For those who darkened be,
Lift up thy holy voice at morn and eve
And pray for me,—

For me, who for this thronging world's hot strife
A prize hath brought to be
Among the known—but sweet too dearly earned;
Ah, pray for me.

Not aye the scholar's path a track of peace,
Not from the dread sins free;
Hard by the Isles of Truth doth Circe prow!;
Oh, pray for me.

The spirit's hell-gloom and its hurricane
Round studious cells may be;
Thou patient Moon of Memory's dreary sky,
Oh, pray for me.

When through thy well-known window, oped
beneath
The uneasy, whispering tree,
Burn stars we children two have tried to count,
Then pray for me.

At hour of rest, and when the moon makes pleased
 The melancholy sea,
And noon's surcease of happy household toil,
 Yes, pray for me.

Some solace for this wrung and rifted heart,
 That, wheresoe'er thou be,
Thou wilt, God's holiest gift, thou woman pure,
 Yet pray for me.

George Gordon McCrae
(1833-1927)

From A Rosebud from the Garden of the Taj

I DREAM—the sum of life is dreams—
But how one dreams I never know,
Unless in sleep—my musing seems
To crystallise in flowers, like snow.

Oh! glamour'd soul! I lay and dreamed—
Grand panoramas rolling past—
Of turban'd hosts, whose sabres gleamed,
Whose clarions poured a warlike blast.

I saw the haughty Genghiz-Khan
Pavilioned round with purple silk,
O'er which the fire of jewels ran—
I saw his charger white as milk,

His Tartar guards, with glancing spears,
And steel caps glittering in the sun;
His chiefs, astrologers and seers,
And all the glories he had won.

Next, Tamerlane the Mighty, who,
A stern-browed, pale, imperial ghost,
Limped slowly past through mists of blue—
A scourge, a terror, and a boast!

And Sultan Babur all ablaze
With mingled fire of gold and gems,
Whose stolen suns of burning rays
Were snatched from fallen diadems.

Adam Lindsay Gordon
(1833-1870)

From Lightning and Tempest

THE spring-wind pass'd through the forest, and
whispered low in the leaves,
And the cedar toss'd her head, and the oak stood
firm in his pride;
The spring-wind pass'd through the town, through
the housetops, casements, and eaves,
And whisper'd low in the hearts of the men, and
the men replied,
Singing: "Let us rejoice in the light
Of our glory, and beauty, and might;
Let us follow our own devices, and foster our
own desires.
As firm as our oaks in our pride, as our cedars fair
in our sight,
We stand like the trees of the forest that brave
the frosts and the fires."

The storm went forth to the forest, the plague went
forth to the town,
And the men fell down to the plague, as the trees
fell down to the gale;
And their bloom was a ghastly pallor, and their
smile was a ghastly frown,
And the song of their hearts was changed to a
wild, disconsolate wail,
Crying: "God! we have sinn'd, we have sinn'd,
We are bruised, we are shorn, we are thinn'd,
Our strength is turn'd to derision, our pride laid
low in the dust,

Our cedars are cleft by Thy lightnings, our oaks
are strew'd by Thy wind,
And we fall on our faces seeking Thine aid,
though Thy wrath is just."

From The Rhyme of Joyous Garde

THE deep dusk fires in those dreamy eyes,
Like seas clear-coloured in summer skies,
Were guiltless of future treason;
And I stood watching her, still and mute,
Yet the evil seed in my soul found root,
And the sad plant throve, and the sinful fruit
Grew ripe in the shameful season.

Let the sin be mine as the shame was hers,
In desolate days of departed years
She had leisure for shame and sorrow—
There was light repentance and brief remorse,
When I rode against Saxon foes or Norse,
With clang of harness and clatter of horse,
And little heed for the morrow.

And now she is dead, men tell me, and I,
In this living death must I linger and lie
Till my cup to the dregs is drunken?
I look through the lattice, worn and grim,
With eyelids darken'd and eyesight dim,
And weary body and wasted limb,
And sinew slacken'd and shrunken.

She is dead! Gone down to the burial-place,
Where the grave-dews cleave to her faultless face;
Where the grave-sods crumble around her;

And that bright burden of burnish'd gold,
That once on those waxen shoulders roll'd,
Will it spoil with the damps of the deadly mould?
Was it shorn when the church vows bound her?

Would God I had slept with the slain men, long
Or ever the heart conceiv'd a wrong
That the innermost soul abhorrèd—
Or ever these lying lips were strained
To her lids, pearl-tinted and purple-vein'd,
Or ever those traitorous kisses stained
The snows of her spotless forehead.

And one trod softly with sandall'd feet—
Ah! why are the stolen waters sweet?
And one crept stealthily after;
I would I had taken him there and wrung
His knavish neck when the dark door swung,
Or torn by the roots his treacherous tongue,
And stifled his hateful laughter.

So the smouldering scandal blazed—but he,
My king, to the last put trust in me—
Aye, well was his trust requested!
Now priests may patter, and bells may toll,
He will need no masses to aid his soul;
When the angels open the judgment scroll,
His wrongs will be tenfold righted.

Had he lightly loved, had he trusted less,
I had sinn'd perchance with the sinfulness
That through prayer and penance is pardon'd.
Oh, love most loyal! Oh, faith most sure!
In the purity of a soul so pure
I found my safeguard—I sinn'd secure,
Till my heart to the sin grew harden'd.

We were glad together in gladsome meads,
When they shook to the strokes of our snorting
steeds;

We were joyful in joyous lustre
When it flush'd the coppice or fill'd the glade,
When the horn of the Dane or the Saxon bray'd,
And we saw the heathen banner display'd,
And the heathen lances cluster.

Then a steel-shod rush and a steel-clad ring,
And a crash of the spear staves splintering,
And the billowy battle blended.
Riot of chargers, revel of blows,
And fierce flush'd faces of fighting foes,
From croup to bridle, that reel'd and rose,
In a sparkle of sword-play splendid.

And the long, lithe sword in the hand became
As a leaping light, as a falling flame,
As a fire through the flax that hasted;
Slender and shining and beautiful,
How it shone through shivering casque and skull,
And never a stroke was void and null,
And never a thrust was wasted.

I have done for ever with all these things—
Deeds that were joyous to knights and kings,
In days that with songs were cherish'd
The songs are ended, the deeds are done,
There shall none of them gladden me now, not one;
There is nothing good for me under the sun,
But to perish as these things perish'd.

I would languish thus in some loathsome den,
As a thing of naught in the eyes of men,
In the mouths of men as a byword,

Through years of pain, and when God saw fit,
Singing His praises my soul shall fit
To the darkest depth of the nethermost pit,
If *hers* could be wafted skyward.

If ever I smote as a man should smite,
If I struck one stroke that seem'd good in Thy sight,
By Thy loving mercy prevailing,
Lord! let her stand in the light of Thy face,
Cloth'd with Thy love and crown'd with Thy grace,
When I gnash my teeth in the terrible place
That is fill'd with weeping and wailing.

Shall I comfort my soul on account of this?
In the world to come, whatsoever it is,
There is no more earthly ill-doing—
For the dusky darkness shall slay desire,
And the chaff may burn with unquenchable fire,
But for green wild growth of thistle and briar,
At least there is no renewing.

And this grievous burden of life shall change
In the dim hereafter, dreamy and strange
And sorrows and joys diurnal.
And partial blessings and perishing ills
Shall fade in the praise, or the pang that fills
The glory of God's eternal hills,
Or the gloom of His gulf eternal.

Yet if all things change to the glory of One
Who for all ill-doers gave His Own sweet Son,
. To his goodness so shall He change ill,
When the world as a wither'd leaf shall be,
And the sky like a shrivell'd scroll shall flee,
And the souls shall be summon'd from land and sea,
At the blast of His bright archangel.

From *The Sick Stockrider*

'Twas merry in the glowing morn among the
gleaming grass,
To wander as we've wandered many a mile,
And blow the cool tobacco cloud, and watch the
white wreaths pass,
Sitting loosely in the saddle all the while.

'Twas merry 'mid the blackwoods, when we spied
the station roofs,
To wheel the wild scrub cattle at the yard,
With a running fire of stock whips and a fiery run
of hoofs;
Oh! the hardest day was never then too hard!

In these hours when life is ebbing, how those days
when life was young
Come back to us; how clearly I recall
Even the yarns Jack Hall invented, and the songs
Jem Roper sung;
And where are now Jem Roper and Jack Hall?

I've had my share of pastime, and I've done my
share of toil,
And life is short—the longest life a span;
I care not now to tarry for the corn or for the oil,
Or for the wine that maketh glad the heart of man.

For good undone and gifts misspent and res-
olutions vain,
'Tis somewhat late to trouble. This I know—
I should live the same life over, if I had to live
again;
And the chances are I go where most men go.

The deep blue skies wax dusky, and the tall green
trees grow dim,
The sward beneath me seems to heave and fall;
And sickly, smoky shadows through the sleepy
sunlight swim,
And on the very sun's face weave their pall.

Let me slumber in the hollow where the wattle
blossoms wave,
With never stone or rail to fence my bed;
Should the sturdy station children pull the bush
flowers on my grave,
I may chance to hear them romping overhead.

James Brunton Stephens

(1835-1902)

The Dominion of Australia

(*A Forecast, 1877*)

SHE is not yet; but he whose ear
Thrills to that finer atmosphere
Where footfalls of appointed things,
Reverberant of days to be,
Are heard in forecast echoings
Like wave-beats from a viewless sea,
Hears in the voiceful tremors of the sky
Auroral heralds whispering, "She is nigh."

She is not yet; but he whose sight
Foreknows the advent of the light,
Whose soul to morning radiance turns
Ere night her curtain hath withdrawn,
And in its quivering folds discerns
The mute monitions of the dawn,
With urgent sense strained onward to descry
Her distant tokens, starts to find Her nigh.

Not yet her day. How long "not yet?" . . .
There comes the flush of violet!
And heavenward faces, all aflame
With sanguine imminence of morn,
Wait but the sun-kiss to proclaim
The Day of The Dominion born.
Prelusive baptism!—ere the natal hour
Named with the name and prophecy of power.

Already here to hearts intense,
A spirit-force, transcending sense,
In heights unscaled, in deeps unstirred,
Beneath the calm, above the storm,
She waits the incorporating word
To bid her tremble into form.
Already, like divining-rods, men's souls
Bend down to where the unseen river rolls;—

For even as, from sight concealed,
By never flush of dawn revealed,
Nor e'er illumed by golden noon,
Nor sunset-streaked with crimson bar,
Nor silver-spanned by wake of moon,
Nor visited of any star,
Beneath these lands a river waits to bless
(So men divine) our utmost wilderness,—

Rolls dark, but yet shall know our skies,
Soon as the wisdom of the wise
Conspires with nature to disclose
The blessing prisoned and unseen,
Till round our lessening wastes there glows
A perfect zone of broadening green,
Till all our land, Australia Felix called,
Become one Continent-Isle of Emerald;

So flows beneath our good and ill
A viewless stream of Common Will,
A gathering force, a present might,
That from its silent depths of gloom
At Wisdom's voice shall leap to light
And hide our barren feuds in bloom,
Till, all our sundering lines with love o'ergrown,
Our bounds shall be the girdling seas alone.

*Henry Kendall**(1839-1882)**Prefatory Sonnet*

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.

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
The 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!

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.

Orara

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 gray-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.

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 furled,
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 speaks 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.

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 !

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 beauty of old ways!
Then the man who so resembled
Lords of light unstained, unhumbled,
Touched the skirts of Christ, not 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!

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.

From The Glen of Arrawatta

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.

Patrick Moloney

(1843-1904)

Sonnets—Ad Innuptam

I

WHY dost thou like a Roman vestal make
The whole long year unmarriageable May,
And, like the phoenix, no companion take
To share the wasteful burthen of decay,
See the rich climate, where the airs that blow
Are heavenly suspirings, and the skies
Steep day from head to heel in summer glow,
And moons make mellow mornings as they
rise;
As brides white-veiled that come to marry earth,
Now each mist-morning sweet July attires,
Now moon-night mists are not of earthly birth,
But silver smoke blown down from heavenly
fires.
Skies kiss the earth, clouds join the land and sea,
All Nature marries, only thou art free.

II

O what an eve was that which ushered in
The night that crowned the wish I cherished
long!
Heaven's curtains oped to see the night begin,
And infant winds broke lightly into song;
Methought the hours in softly-swellng sound
Wailed funeral dirges for the dying light;
I seemed to stand upon a neutral ground
Between the confines of the day and night;

For o'er the east Night stretched her sable rod,
And ranked her stars in glittering array,
While, in the west, the golden twilight trod
With crimson sandals on the verge of day.
Bright bars of cloud formed in the glowing even
A Jacob-ladder joining earth and heaven.

III

O sweet Queen-city of the golden South,
Piercing the evening with thy star-lit spires,
Thou wert a witness when I kissed the mouth
Of her whose eyes outblazed the skyey fires.
I saw the parallels of thy long streets
With lamps like angels shining all a-row,
While overhead the empyrean seats
Of gods were steeped in paradisiic glow.
The Pleiades with rarer fires were tipt,
Hesper sat throned upon his jewelled chair,
The belted giant's triple stars were dipt
In all the splendour of Olympian air.
On high to bless, the Southern Cross did shine,
Like that which blazed o'er conquering Constantine.

Ada Cambridge

(1844-1926)

Honour

ME let the world disparage and despise—
The world, that hugs its soul-corroding chains,
The world, that spends for such ignoble gains.
Let foe or bigot wrap my name in lies;
Let Justice, blind and maimed and halt, chastise
The rebel-spirit surging in my veins;
Let the Law deal me penalties and pains;
Let me be outcast in my neighbours' eyes.

But let me fall not in my own esteem,
By poor deceit or petty greed debased;
Let me be clean from undetected shame;
Know myself true, though heretic I seem;
Know myself faithful, howsoe'er disgraced;
Upright and strong, for all the load of blame.

Faith

AND is the Great Cause lost beyond recall?
Have all the hopes of ages come to naught?
Is Life no more with noble meaning fraught?
Is Life but Death, and Love its funeral pall?
Maybe. But still on bended knees I fall,
Filled with a faith no preacher ever taught.
O God—*my* God by no false prophet wrought,
I believe still, in despite of it all!

Let go the myths and creeds of groping men.

 This clay knows nought—the Potter understands.

 I own that Power divine beyond my ken,
And still can leave me in His shaping hands.

 But, O my God, that madest me to feel,

 Forgive the anguish of the turning wheel!

Mary Hannay Foott

(1846-1918)

Where the Pelican Builds

THE horses were ready, the rails were down,
But the riders lingered still—
One had a parting word to say,
And one had his pipe to fill.
Then they mounted, one with a granted prayer,
And one with a grief unguessed.
“We are going,” they said, as they rode away—
“Where the pelican builds her nest!”

They had told us of pastures wide and green,
To be sought past the sunset’s glow;
Of rifts in the ranges by opal lit;
And gold ’neath the river’s flow.
And thirst and hunger were banished words
When they spoke of that unknown West,
No drought they dreaded, no flood they feared.
Where the pelican builds her nest!

The creek at the ford was but fetlock deep
When we watched them crossing there;
The rains have replenished it thrice since then,
And thrice has the rock lain bare.
But the waters of Hope have flowed and fled,
And never from blue hill’s breast
Come back—by the sun and the sands devoured
Where the pelican builds her nest!

Edward Tregear

(1846-1931)

Service

OAK on the ridge was I!
Tossing my boughs to the sky;
Princes should dwell in my shade;
Weapons from me be made;
Dead, I would flame afar,
A beacon-call to War!

God of my changed desire!
Make me a common fire;
Let my enkindled wood
Comfort the multitude,
Guiding to warmth and light
Souls a-grope in the night.

The Winter-sleep

HEEDLESS of outer frost and icy sleet,
Warm in his leaf-lined nest the dormouse rests,
Curled in the hollow tree-trunk sleeps the bear,
Till all the anguish of the Winter dies.
Wasted with fasting, keen with life renewed,
Forth to the fresh effulgence of the Spring
Emerge the furry darlings of the snow.

Thou that am I! perchance thou too wilt wake,
Gaunt with old slumber, hungry from the grave,
Wilt upward heave the poppied churchyard mould,
Wilt lift the eyelids dark with ancient' dust
To greet the splendour of essential day,
Where life, made perfect, blossoms into light,
Where, vivid with unutterable joy,
Spring sings for ever through the fields of God.

Anne Glenny Wilson

(1848-1930)

Travel Song

Come, before the Summer passes
Let us seek the mountain land:
So they called me, happy playmates,
And we left the dawn-lit strand:
Riding on till later sunbeams slanted
On 'dark hills and downward-plunging streams;
And the solemn forest softly chanted
Old. old dreams.

From the pass we saw in glory
Wave on purple wave unrolled
To the cloud-encircled summit
Floating high, alone and cold:
Like that altar-stone, by men of Athens
Dedicated to the Unknown God;
Waiting for some fire to touch his holy
White abode.

Then the mellow sunset dying
Passed in rosy fire away,
And the stars and planets journeyed
On their ancient unknown way.
Riders of th' illimitable heaven!
Moving on so far beyond our ken,
Do ye scorn the toiling, heavy-hearted
Sons of men?

Ere we slept we heard the torrents

 Rushing from that mighty hill

Join in deep melodious singing

 While the forest-land was still.

Music of forgotten wildernesses!

 Would that I could hear that song again!

Song of primal Earth's enchanted sweetness,

 Joy and pain.

John Liddell Kelly

(1850-1925)

Immortality

AT twenty-five I cast my horoscope,
And saw a future with all good things rife—
A firm assurance of eternal life
In worlds beyond, and in this world the hope
Of deathless fame. But now my sun doth slope
To setting, and the toil of sordid strife,
The care of food and raiment, child and wife,
Have dimmed and narrowed all my spirit's scope.

Eternal life—a river gulfed in sands!
Undying fame—a rainbow lost in clouds!
What hope of immortality remains
But this: "Some soul that loves and understands
Shall save thee from the darkness that en-
shrouds;"
And this: "Thy blood shall course in others'
veins"?

Robert Richardson

(1850-1901)

Nocturne

THE fine line makes a perfect arc
Above the level brows;
No lily mates the swift white throat
That e'er in garden blows;
The little parted lips make pale
The red heart of the rose.

Guerdon beyond all dreams were his
(Seeking no other prize)
Who'll kiss the violet-veined lids
That screen the twilight eyes,
And hear her heart leap on his heart,
And die there in faint sighs.

Her voice is like the wind-harp's voice,
Which the warm west wind guides;
Now floating low and tremulous
On passionate song-tides;
Now like the bell-bird's one dear note
That tells where the cool creek hides.

Sometimes at night, 'twixt dark and light,
She visits me in dreams;
About her, like a midnight robe,
Her dusk-gold hair down streams;
And the deep violet of her eyes
Softer than star-mist gleams.

And then my lady finds such words
As by day she may not speak;
And with lips grown cold for trembling
I kiss her mouth and cheek;
And my lady is no longer strange,
But maiden-sweet and meek.

All this in dream. By day my voice
Her still heart cannot stir;
And at this wayward geste of fate
I may make no demur—
Knowing aright nor day nor night
Can make me meet for her.

James Lister Cuthbertson

(1851-1910)

The Bush

GIVE us from dawn to dark
Blue of Australian skies,
Let there be none to mark
Whither our pathway lies

Give us when noontide comes
Rest in the woodland free—
Fragrant breath of the gums,
Cold, sweet scent of the sea.

Give us the wattle's gold
And the dew-laden air,
And the loveliness bold
Loneliest landscapes wear.

These are the haunts we love,
Glad with enchanted hours,
Bright as the heavens above,
Fresh as the wild bush flowers.

Wood Music

How golden was the hour we stood
Within the honeysuckle-wood,
When motionless above us lay
The under-leaves of silver-gray,

When from the belt of dreamy blue
The white sail trembled into view,
When all around there seemed to be
The scent and murmur of the sea!

I know not if the ocean air
Can dissipate the cloud of care,
Or if the wattle's bursting bud
Is potent to enchant the blood;
I only know the restless feet
Of time can give us seasons sweet,
I only know that all was fair
When thou wert standing by me there.

*James Hebblethwaite**(1857-1921)**Youth Dreams of Sepulchres*

WITH book and friend let me grow old,
And draw a quiet breath
As shadows lengthen, and the slope . .
Runs down to dusky death,
With open eyes for those pure forms
Haunting the heart of things,
And ears for secret charities
That float on Angel wings.

So pass my life until there come
From far the last sad call,
And understanding I will go
From library and stall,
From sunny pavement written o'er
With names of friends at rest,
To watch through forest dells the deer
Speed to the mountain breast. . . .

And after long farewell—the last!
And parting with the sun,
With bird and flower and noble tree,
In calm of labour done,
Within the solitary hills,
By lonely churchyard gate,
And low embattled tower and wall,
God's kindly time I'll wait.

There sheep would feed around my grave,
The scythe flame in the corn,

The lark rise singing to the blue,
The peewit call forlorn:
O nameless there would I be laid
In that green quiet place,
Not without tears—and so farewell,
Mute unresisting face.

Wanderers

As I rose in the early dawn,
While stars were fading white,
I saw upon a grassy slope
A camp-fire burning bright;
With tent behind and blaze before
Three loggers in a row
Sang all together joyously—
Pull up the stakes and go!

As I rode on by Eagle Hawk,
The wide blue deep of air,
The wind among the glittering leaves,
The flowers so sweet and fair,
The thunder of the rude salt waves,
The creek's soft overflow,
All joined in chorus to the words—
Pull up the stakes and go!

Now by the tent on forest skirt,
By odour of the earth,
By sight and scent of morning smoke,
By evening camp-fire's mirth,
By deep-sea call and foaming green,
By new stars' gleam and glow,
By summer trails in antique lands—
Pull up the stakes and go!

The world is wide and we are young,
The sounding marches beat,
And passion pipes her sweetest call
In lane and field and street;
So rouse the chorus, brothers all,
We'll something have to show
When death comes round and strikes our tent—
Pull up the stakes and go!

The Symbol

THUS pass the glories of the world!
He lies beneath the pall's white folds:
His sword is sheathed, his pennon furled,
Him silence holds.

The Pilgrim staff, the cockle shell,
The crown, the sceptre of his pride,
The simple flower from forest dell,
Heap at his side.

And add thereto the wild-heart lute,
The voice of love and twilight song;
Those passioned strings though he is mute
Remember long.

And move not thence his evening book,
The sifted grains of calm and storm;
And bow before that dust-strewn nook
And silent form.

To-morrow hath no hope for him,
No clasp of friend, no grip of foe:
Remember, love, with eyes tear-dim,
We too must go.

Perdita

THE sea-coast of Bohemia
Is pleasant to the view
When singing larks spring from the grass
To fade into the blue,
And all the hawthorn hedges break
In wreaths of purest snow,
And yellow daffodils are out,
And roses half in blow.

The sea-coast of Bohemia
Is sad as sad can be,
The prince has ta'en our flower of maids
Across the violet sea;
Our Perdita has gone with him,
No more we dance the round
Upon the green in joyous play,
Or wake the tabor's sound.

The sea-coast of Bohemia
Has many wonders seen,
The shepherd lass wed with a king,
The shepherd with a queen;
But such a wonder as my love
Was never seen before,
It is my joy and sorrow now
To love her evermore.

The sea-coast of Bohemia
Is haunted by a light
Of memory fair of lady's eyes,
And fame of gallant knight;
The princes seek its charmed strand,
But ah, it was our knell
When o'er the sea our Perdita
Went with young Florizel.

The sea-coast of Bohemia
Is not my resting-place,
For with her waned from out the day
A beauty and a grace:
O had I kissed her on the lips
I would no longer weep,
But live by that until the day
I fall to shade and sleep.

Dead Island
(*Port Arthur*)

It is the hour of sunset: on the hills
A rose-light slumbers, in the quiet west,
Deep in its heart, soft splendours roll and run,
And twilight falls upon the dead who rest
So thick beneath my feet. Farewell, O sun!
The far blue region fills
With starry lamps, an echo of the roar
Of distant wave adds to the solitude
Where, heaped together, gentle, fierce and rude,
The trumpet wait on this forgetful shore.

O sombre island grave! among thy shades
I stand on guard, the living with the dead,
And sadness infinite swells in my breast
For all man's generations that have fled
This lonely earth on which they found no rest:
Here as the slow light fades
How strange seems Life! we love, we strive, we
hate,
We weep and passion, grayed grows the day,
And one by one, friends, foeman, steal away,
And Death and Time in silence close the Gate.

Hubert Church

(1857-1932)

Rosalind

ROSALIND has come to town!
All the street's a meadow,
Balconies are beeches brown
With drowsy shadow,
And the long-drawn window panes
Are the foliage of her lanes.

Rosalind about me brings
Sunny brooks that quiver
Unto palpitating wings
Ere they kiss the river,
And her eyes are trusting birds
That do nestle without words.

Rosalind! to me you bear
Memories of a meeting
When the love-star smote the air
With a pulse's beating:
Does your Spirit love to pace
In the temple of that place?

Rosalind! be thou the fane
For my soul's uprising,
Where my heart may reach again
Thoughts of heaven's devising:
Be the solace self-bestowed
In the shrine of Love's abode!

A Vigil

ONE bird upon the roof,
A chorister forlorn,
Sings to the cloistered Morn
Hid in her cloudy woof
A song that doth unfold
Itself in plaited gold.

Sing what I ne'er can say—
The wave may love the shore,
The flowers the dews that pour,
The tired winds love to stay
On cliffs where moss has lain,
Spent with the toiling main.

Dearer to me one heart
Where I would love to dwell,
Woven with magic spell
Into its inner part,
Sunk in its secrecy
Like a star in the sea.

Ode

BREAK as all vows of love that unabides,
Roll on thy strand the slow, smooth arch that
gleams
With fettered magic of the girdling tides
And the ungathered glories of youth's dreams;
Pierce thy green depths on rocks that are a-cold,
Touch with thy rainbow curve this lonely shore,
But even as thou diest, oh! unfold
The voices I have heard, and hear no more.

O Sanctuary! whose eternal foam
Drapes for thanksgiving pedestals profound
Sunk in the depths—whose altar tops are home
For the white clouds—shed on me what was
wound
In the young years about my heart, and rolled
Through all my being, a celestial sense . . .
Love that still lips and shuttered eyes have
told,
Smiles that elude sad Memory's impotence!

Then thy too solemn dirge shall softly float
Upon the muted strings of Memory's pain,
As a tired wind that fades upon a moat
Too still to welcome its secluded rain;
And if one tremor shall recall a throb
Long buried in old graves, oh! Lord, how
sweet
To feel thy benediction in a sob,
And see thee in the tears about my feet.

Spring in New Zealand

THOU wilt come with suddenness,
Like a gull between the waves,
Or a snowdrop that doth press
Through the white shroud on the graves;
Like a love too long withheld,
That at last has over-welled.

What if we have waited long,
Brooding by the Southern Pole,

Where the towering iceberbs throng,
And the inky surges roll:
What can all their terror be
When thy fond winds compass thee?

They shall blow through all the land
Fragrance of thy cloudy throne,
Underneath the rainbow spanned
Thou wilt enter in thine own,
And the glittering earth shall shine
Where thy footstep is divine.

A Dirge

COME not with sundered flowers to strew her
grave;
Nor be there any curtain but the grass,
Dewed by the Night and by the winds that
pass
Tranced with the slumber of the level wave;
Or if one cloud of the empyrean nave
Shall float a shadow on her shrouded face,
Be it the shrine of this mysterious place,
Bestowing shelter she for ever gave:

And if the anthem of this holy rood
Fall from the throat of some forgotten bird,
Faint with the press of heaven upon his wings,
Be it the bruised fragrance that is stirred
In the sad heart, remembering happier things
That are the angels of this solitude.

To Old Sandhills, Hobart

OLD Sandhills, do you know my name,
Do you remember where my feet
Danced like a will-o'-the-wisp flame
As light as elfin heart could beat?
Behind me was the slumbering town,
About me was the father's hand;
Does ever wind of thistle down
Fall quite so soft upon your sand?

Old Sandhills, when we played together,
Chariot clouds and the jocund weather,
Whalers oozed beside the jetty
Odour of the spermaceti;
Mists were round them—ragged snows
From the dark South—sneaking flocs
Of hunger evermore
By a desolate shore.

Old Sandhills, you will stay,
Whatsoever the wind shall say
To the city. Parapets,
Towers and palaces, and nets
Of jangling streets, all, all shall go!
The old wind knows it, they can hear
A prophecy; the turret sheer
Shall scatter like a moorland snow,
And perish like a star that swam
Above a city of Abraham.

Old Sandhills, when a bark went down
Heavily in Dolomieu,
The gleam-gull marked the sailor drown,

But the undertow for you
Warped him with invisible kedge
To your rampart, and you knew
Many a bone within your ledge.
For you are old, and Tasman gazed
Athwart your smoothness, and his curse
Was over all when sunset blazed
This ragged end of the universe.

Old Sandhills, voices move about—
The wind-whipped funnel of your slope—
Would God my heart renewed the shout
Of forty years ago, when Hope
Peeped over every curling wave
To find a mermaid in its fall,
And thought its glowing arch her cave,
And all its music but her call.
I dare not turn a haunted glance—
Pale ghosts will glimmer thro' the waste,
Each Memory's golden circumstance,
With love and childhood interlaced,
Falls on me thro' a veil of tears
The dead's imagination hears
Come thou, dear presence of the past,
Forget with me the looping years
That link the joy that could not last
To the insufferable tears
Of days remembering thee—again
Pace with me that enchanted shore
Where we have watched the prisoned rain
Delight the sunbow evermore;
And where thy staff has written large
My name upon the woven sand
The jealous wave shuts in its marge—
Come with me till the breeze has fanned

Thy tired eyes that do but move
Thro' daily toil to daily love.

Oh dreary beat of waves that follow
Compelling winds, repeat no more
Your melancholy dirges hollow,
Full-fitted to this vacant shore.
My heart with thee, beloved, is sleeping—
If thou are here, my soul abides
In the eternal furrow sweeping
Above the spent breath of the tides;
Or, if the wind thy spirit carries
Athwart the Derwent's drifting foam
To love's own roof, my being tarries
With thee in its created home!

Victor Daley

(1858-1905)

Dreams

I HAVE been dreaming all a summer day
Of rare and dainty poems I would write;
Love-lyrics delicate as lilac-scent,
Soft idylls woven of wind, and flower, and stream,
And songs and sonnets carven in fine gold.

The day is fading and the dusk is cold;
Out of the skies has gone the opal gleam;
Out of my heart has passed the high intent
Into the shadow of the falling night—
Must all my dreams in darkness pass away?

I have been dreaming all a summer day:
Shall I go dreaming so until Life's light
Fades in Death's dusk, and all my days are spent?
Ah, what am I the dreamer but a dream!
The day is fading and the dusk is cold.

My songs and sonnets carven in fine gold
Have faded from me with the last day-beam
That purple lustre to the sea-line lent,
And flushed the clouds with rose and chrysolite;
So days and dreams in darkness pass away.

I have been dreaming all a summer day
Of songs and sonnets carven in fine gold;
But all my dreams in darkness pass away;
The day is fading and the dusk is cold.

The Woods of Dandenong

HIGH, clear and high, the soaring skylark sings
Love! Love! Love! the joy of life and
 woe:
Throbs, throbs his heart, as upward on thrilling
 wings
Far, far he soars from this dim world below.
Was it a skylark's voice or a soul's triumphant
 song
We heard in the days gone by in the woods of
Dandenong?

Rose, lovely rose—a fairer rose was she—
 Rose, white rose, I kiss your tender leaves!
Speak, speak, speak, O Soul-white rose for me,
 Say, say to her my heart in silence grieves.
Lonely and sad it grieves amidst the careless
 throng . . .
Ah, green are the waving trees in the woods of
Dandenong!

Star, crystal star, shining where angels be.
 Bright, bright star—yet brighter were her
 eyes—
Ai! Ai! Ai! Star of my life was she!
 Shine, gently shine, where low her bright head
 lies.
And ah, but the world is cold and the way is dark
 and long;
And oh, that we were once more in the woods of
Dandenong.

Anacreon

WE bought a volume of Anacreon,
Defaced, mishandled, little to admire,
And yet its rusty clasps kept guard upon
The sweetest songs, the songs of young desire
Like that great song once sung by Solomon,
My sweetheart's cheeks were peonies on fire:
We saw by the bright message of his eyes
That Eros served us in bookseller's guise.
I keep the volume still, but She has gone. . . .
Ah, for the poetry in Paradise!
There's Honey still and Roses on the earth,
And lips to kiss, and jugs to drain with mirth;
And lovers walk in pairs: but She has gone. . . .
Anacreon! Anacreon!

From Night

AH, Mother dear! broad-bosomed Mother Earth!
Mother of all our Joy, Grief, Madness, Mirth!—

Mother of flower and fruit, of stream and sea!—
We are thy children and must cling to thee.

I lay my head upon thy breast and hear—
Small, small and faint, yet strangely sweet and
clear—

The hum and clash of little worlds below,
Each on its own path moving, swift or slow.

And listening, ever with intenter ear,
Through din of wars invisible I hear

A Homer—genius is not gauged by mass—
Singing his Iliad on a blade of grass.

And nations hearken: his great song resounds
Unto the tussock's very utmost bounds.

States rise and fall, each blade of grass upon,
But still his song from blade to blade rolls on

Through all the tussock-world, and Helen still
Is Fairest Fair, and Ajax wild of will—

An Ajax whose huge size, when measured o'er,
Is full ten-thousandth of an inch or more—

Still hurls defiance at the gods whose home
Is in the distant, awful, dew-drop dome

That trembling hangs, suspended from a spray,
An inch above him—worlds of space away.

Old prophecies foretell—but Time proves all—
The day will come when it, like Troy, shall fall.

Lo! through this small great wondrous song there
 runs
The marching melody of stars and suns.

John Bernard O'Hara

(1862-1927)

Spring

NATURE awakens from her sleep. The old
 Grey-hearted earth requickens, and again
 Life flows to flood in each regenerate vein,
As all her green ranks rally in the wold,
And all her flute-like singers. There is rolled
 Down every hill, new washen with the rain,
 A river of bloom that sweeps the dappled plain
With green waves flashing out with crests of gold.
The songs reiterate of sea and sky
 Ring rapture. In the green enchanted wood
The wild delirium of spring goes by, •
 The pageant of the year's glad interlude,
The masque of Love's triumphal revelry,
 And the old miracle of life renewed.

A. G. Stephens

(1865-1933)

Babylon

BABYLON has fallen! Ay; but Babylon endures
Wherever human wisdom shines or human folly
lures;
Where lovers linger side by side, and happy children
play,
Is Babylon! Babylon! ever and for aye.
The plan is rudely fashioned, the dream is unful-
filled,
Yet all is in the archetype if but a builder willed;
And Babylon is calling us, the microcosm of men,
To raise her walls in majesty and lift her spires
again;
The sternest walls, the proudest spires, that ever
sun shone on
Halting a space his burning race to gaze on
Babylon.

Babylon is fallen! Ay; but Babylon shall stand:
The mantle of her sovereignty is over sea and land:
Hers is the name of challenge flung, a watchword
in the fight
To grapple grim eternities and win the old delight;
And in the word the dream is hid, and in the dream
the deed,
And in the deed the mastery for those who dare to
lead.
Surely her day shall come again, surely her breed
be born
To urge the hopes of humankind and scale the peaks
of morn—

To fight as they who fought till death their bloody
field upon
And kept the gate against the Fate frowning on
Babylon.

Babylon is fallen! Nay; for Babylon falls
never;
Her spirit lives in dauntless minds, in hearts of
bold endeavour;
Upon her shining pinnacles Prometheus still is
throned,
And still his ravished spark is caught wherever
manhood's owned.
All vices, crimes, and mutinies were Babylon's;
and then
All honours, prides, and ecstasies—for in her
streets were Men;
And Man with Man must freedom hold, and Man
by Man must thrive,
And Man from Man must snatch the torch that
lights to race alive;
Yea, here and now her citizens, as in the years far
gone
Stone by stone, and laugh with groan, upbuild
Babylon.

On the Life-Mask of Keats

Look on this face all languishing with love;
Eyes of closed glory where the kisses came,
Lips that have ravished from the god above
A living torch to light immortal flame.

Here is the nymph slain by the adoring dart,
Broken with blisses, blind with ecstasy,
Listening the stammering footfalls at her heart
Babble an oracle of life to be.

Spring dreaming Autumn: slow withdrawing
tides
Still clamouring to the sky, We shall return:
The young moon promises of royal brides
Faint with begotten beauty while they burn:

Face where the mother in the lover meets:
Seed of delight, joy's harvester, JOHN KEATS.

Arthur W. Jose

(1863-1934)

The Sum of Things

THIS is the sum of things . . . that we
A moment live, a little see,
Do somewhat, and are gone; for so
The eternal currents ebb and flow.

This is the sum of work—that man
Does, while he may, the best he can,
Nor greatly cares, when all is done,
What praise or blame his toils have won.

This is the sum of fight—to find
The links of kin with all our kind,
And know the beauty Nature folds
Even in the simplest form she moulds.

This is the sum of life—to feel
Our handgrip on the hilted steel,
To fight beside our mates, and prove
The best of comradeship and love.

This is the sum of things—that we
A lifetime live greatheartedly,
See the whole best that life has meant,
Do out our work, and go content.

Mary Colborne-Veel

(c 1863-1923)

Song of the Trees

WE are the Trees.

Our dark and leafy glade
Bands the bright earth with softer mysteries.
Beneath us changed and tamed the seasons run:
In burning zones, we build against the sun
Long centuries of shade.

We are the Trees

Who grow for man's desire,
Heat in our faithful hearts, and fruits that please.
Dwelling beneath our tents, he lightly gains
The few sufficiencies his life attains—
Shelter, and food, and fire.

We are the Trees

That by great waters stand,
By rills that murmur to our murmuring bees.
And where in tracts all desolate and waste
The palm-foot stays, man follows on, to taste
Spring in the desert sand.

We are the Trees

Who travel where he goes
Over the vast, inhuman, wandering seas;
His tutors we, in that adventure brave—
He launched with us upon the untried wave,
And now its mastery knows.

We are the Trees

Who bear him company
In life and death, His happy sylvan ease
He wins through us; through us his cities spread,
That like a forest guard his unfenced head
'Gainst storm and bitter sky.

We are the Trees.

On us the dying rest
Their strange, sad eyes, in farewell messages.
And we, his comrades still, since earth began,
Wave mournful boughs above the grave of man,
And coffin his cold breast.

The Stranger's Corner

In play-time merriment the children meet;
Lovers' sweet silences are overhead:
There stays no lingering tread of mourners' feet
Where I lie dead.

And since He doeth all in equity,
So laid asleep where the low grasses wave,
I thank my God at last for life's decree—
A friendless grave.

Well that no slender dole of earth's delight
One moment for my loss is turned aside,
And no man's arm goes feebler to the fight,
That one hath died.

"Resurgam"

(Autumn Song)

CHILL breezes moaning are
Where leaves hang yellow;
O'er the grey hills afar
Flies the last swallow;
To come again, my love, to come again
Blithe with the summer.
But ah! the long months ere we welcome then
That bright new comer.

Cold lie the flowers and dead
Where leaves are falling.
Meekly they bowed and sped
At Autumn's calling.
To come again, my love, to come again
Blithe with the swallow.
Ah! might I dreaming lie at rest till then,
Or rise and follow!

The summer blooms are gone,
And bright birds darting;
Cold lies the earth forlorn;
And we are parting.
To meet again, my love, to meet again
In deathless greeting,
But ah! what wintry bitterness of pain
Ere that far meeting!

Cotswold Hills

I SHALL die on Cotswold hills
Where'er my body dies,
For space and time grow futile things
As man's free spirit flies;
One keen desire may touch the moon
Denied to living eyes.

My last breath shall meet the breeze
That blows o'er high, chill downs,
Where the slow-coming barley's gold
Each rippling summit crowns;
Or I shall tread the pleasant lanes
That lead 'twixt little towns.

Fountain and swift-falling stream
Shall greet my dying ears.
The brave stone cottages set firm
Through centuries of years,
The English flowers, the English fields
Win my last smiles and tears.

Cotswold slopes shall speak farewell
In murmuring of bees,
In wafts of sweet-leaf'd eglantine
Or fruitful apple-trees,
And so, content at last, my soul
May wander on from these.

I shall die on Cotswold hills
Where'er my body dies.
That moment, on the climbing road,
A Cotsal school-child cries,
"Who passes yonder up our ways?
Look, what strange, glad, grey eyes!"

Charles Henry Souter

(1864-1944)

Irish Lords

THE clover burr was two feet high, and the billa-
bongs were full;
The brolgas danced a minuet, and the world seemed
made of wool;
The nights were never wearisome, and the days
were never slow,
When first we came to Irish Lords, on the road to
Ivanhoe.

The rime was on the barley-grass as we passed the
homestead rails;
A Darling jackass piped us in, with his trills and
turns and scales;
And youth and health and carelessness sat on the
saddle-bow—
And Mary lived at Irish Lords, on the road to
Ivanhoe.

On every hand was loveliness, and the Fates were
fair and kind;
We drank the very wine of life, and we never
looked behind;
And Mary! Mary, everywhere, went flitting to and
fro,
When first we came to Irish Lords, on the road to
Ivanhoe.

.

The window of her dainty bower, where the golden
banksia grew,
Stared like a dead man's glazing eye, and the roof
had fallen through.
No violets in her garden bed. And her voice—
hushed, long ago!
When last we camped at Irish Lords, on the road
to Ivanhoe.

Jessie Mackay

(1864-1938)

A Folk Song

I CAME to your town, my love,
And you were away, away!
I said "She is with the Queen's maidens:
They tarry long at their play.
They are stringing her words like pearls
To throw to the dukes and earls."

But O the pity!
I had but a morn of windy red
To come to the town where you were bred,
And you were away, away!

I came to your town, my love,
And you were away, away!
I said "She is with the mountain elves
And misty and fair as they.
They are spinning a diamond net
To cover her curls of jet."

But O the pity!
I had but a noon of searing heat
To come to your town, my love, my sweet,
And you were away, away!

I came to your town, my love,
And you were away, away!
I said "She is with the pale white saints,
And they tarry long to pray.

They give her a white lily-crown,
And I fear she will never come down."
 But O the pity!
I had but an even grey and wan
To come to your town and plead as man,
 And you were away, away!

October in New Zealand

O JUNE has her diamonds, her diamonds of
 sheen,
Meet for a queen's neck, if Death had e'er a
 queen!
June has her blue days, jewels of delight,
Set in the ivory of Alp-land white,—
But October, October's the lady o' the year!

O January's garland is redder than the rose,
And the wine-red ruby of January glows
All the way to madness and half the way to
 sin,
When sleep is in the poppy and fire is in the
 whin!
But October, October's the lady o' the year!

October will ride in a mantle o' the vair,
With the flower o' the quince in her dew-wet
 hair;
October will ride to the gates of the day,
With the bluebells ringing on her maiden way;—
For October, October's the lady o' the year!

The Grey Company

O THE grey, grey, company
Of the pallid dawn!
O the ghostly faces
Ashen-like and drawn!
The Lord's lone sentinels
Dotted down the years—
The little grey company
Before the pioneers!

Dreaming of Utopias
Ere the time was ripe,
They awoke to jeering
The dungeon and the stripe.
Dreaming of millenniums
In a world of wars,
They awoke to shudder
At a flaming Mars.

Never was a Luther
But a Huss was first—
A fountain unregarded
In the primal thirst.
Never was a Newton
Crowned and honoured well,
But first a lone Galileo
Wasted in a cell.

In each other's faces
Looked the pioneers;
Drank the wine of courage
All their battle years.

For their weary sowing
Through the world wide,
Green they saw the harvest
Ere the day they died.

But the grey, grey company
Stood every man alone
In the chilly dawnlight:
Scarcely had they known
Ere the day they perished
That their beacon star
Was not glint of marshlight
In the shadows far.

The brave white witnesses
To the truth within
Took the dart of folly,
Took the jeer of sin.
Crying, "Follow, follow
Back to Eden-gate!"
They trod the Polar desert—
Met the desert fate.

Be laurel to the victor,
And roses to the fair;
And asphodel Elysian
Let the hero wear:
But lay the maiden lilies
Upon their narrow biers—
The lone grey company
Before the pioneers!

For Love of Appin

THE hand is to the plough an' the e'e is to the trail;
The river-boatie dances wi' her heid to the gale;

But she'll never ride to Appin;

We'll see nae mair o' Appin;

For ye ken we crooned "Lochaber" at the saut
sea's gate.

It's a land o' giantrie;

Its lochs are like the sea:

But it's no a desert fairly,

The corn's fu' an' early;

Ye'll hear the laddies daffing;

Ye'll hear the lasses laughing;

But we—we canna tane

What lies ayont the brine:

When we sang "Lochaber" then,

We were grey, grey men.

We'll smile nae mair for ever

By the prairie or the river,

Lest ony think perchance that we forget

The rainy road to Appin,—

East awa' to Appin,—

The rainy road to Appin that the leal men went.

They tore us oot o' Scotland, they flang us in the west
Like a bairn's thread o' beads, an' we downa look
for rest.

But it's O to lie in Appin,—

I' the haly sod o' Appin,—

It's O to lie in Appin where the mist haps a'!

Cauld is this to live or die on,

But we brought the tents o' Zion;

An' weel the mark is seen

Where the martyr-blood hath been

That will clear us to the Lord
When the Angel wi' the sword
Gangs nightly up the land
O' an Egypt that is banned.
But God do sae an' mair
To us, gin we cast a care,
Or smile again for ever
By the prairie or the river,
Lest ony think perchance that we forget
The red road to Appin,—
East awa' to Appin,—
The red road to Appin that the heart's blood
tracked!

It's no a desert fairly, it's grand an' young an' fine;
Here the sons o' Anak might live an' press the wine;
But it's O for hame an' Appin,
The heather hills o' Appin,—
The thousand years o' Appin where the leal men lie!
Oor face is set as stane,
But we'll thank the Lord again,—
Gang saftly a' oor days;
An' wark shall be oor praise,
The bairns will tak' a root
By the mighty mountain foot;
But we—we canna sever;
It's no for us whatever;
We hear nae earthly singing
But it sets "Lochaber" ringing.
An' we'll never smile again
I' the sunlight or the rain
Till oor feet are on the lang last trail,—
The siller road to Appin,—
East awa' to Appin,—
The siller road to Appin rinnin' a' the way to God!

Sydney Jephcott

(1864)

Home Woe

THE wreckage of some name-forgotten barque
Half-buried by a dolorous shore
Whereto the living waters nevermore
Their urgent billows pour,
But the salt spray can reach and cark—

So lies my spirit, lonely and forlorn
On Being's strange and perilous strand,
And rusted sword and fleshless hand
Point from the smothering sand,
And anchor chainless and outworn.

But o'er what deep unconquered and uncharted,
And steering by that vanished star,
Where dim-imagined consorts are,
Or hidden harbour far,
For whence my sails, unblessed, departed—

Can memory, nor still intuition teach.
And so I watch with alien eyes
This world's remote and unremembered skies;
While round me weary rise
The babblings of a foreign speech.

William Gay

(1865-1897)

To M.

IF in the summer of thy bright regard
For one brief season these poor rhymes shall
live
I ask no more, nor think my fate too hard
If other eyes but wintry looks should give;
Nor will I grieve though what I here have writ
O'erburdened Time should drop among the ways,
And to the unremembering dust commit
Beyond the praise and blame of other days:
The song doth pass, but I who sing, remain,
I pluck from Death's own heart a life more deep,
And as the Spring, that dies not, in her train
Doth scatter blossoms for the winds to reap,
So I, immortal, as I fare along,
Will strew my path with mortal flowers of song.

Australian Federation

FROM all division let our land be free,
For God has made her one: complete she lies
Within the unbroken circle of the skies,
And round her indivisible the sea
Breaks on her single shore; while only we,
Her foster children, bound with sacred ties
Of one dear blood, one storied enterprise,
Are negligent of her integrity.—
Her seamless garment, at great Mammon's nod,

With hands unfilial we have basely rent,
With petty variance our souls are spent,
And ancient kinship underfoot is trod:
O let us rise, united, penitent,
And be one people—mighty, serving God!

Io Triumphe!

I HAD a mirror brought to me to-day,
Wherein I scanned for long what there appeared—
The haggard lines and hues of slow decay,
The hollow cheek, the thin, dishevelled beard,
The sunken weary eye, the pillowed head—
Then looked beyond and saw, where all was stilled,
The faithful mourning ones by death's white
bed,
And still beyond, and saw a grave new filled:
Then had I brought to me a pen, and wrote
Of man immortal, free and uncreate,
In whose wide realm is death but as a mote
In heaven's great sunshine, and whom hostile fate
No more from heights eternal can debar
Than petulant winds can bind the morning star.

The Crazy World

THE World did say to me,
"My bread thou shalt not eat,
I have no place for thee
In house nor field nor street.

"I have no land nor sea
For thee, nor home nor bread;
I scarce can give to thee
A grave when thou art dead."

"O crazy World," said I,
"What is it thou canst give,
Which wanting, I must die,
Or having, I shall live?"

"When thou thy all hast spent,
And all thy harvests cease,
I still have nutriment
That groweth by decrease.

"Thy streets will pass away,
Thy towers of steel be rust,
Thy heights to plains decay,
Thyself be wandering dust;

"But I go ever on
From prime to endless prime,
I sit on Being's throne,
A lord o'er space and time.

"Then, crazy World," said I,
"What is it thou canst give,
Which wanting, I must die,
Or having, I shall live?"

David Macdonald Ross

(1865)

Love's Treasure House

I WENT to Love's old Treasure-house last night,
Through soundless halls of the great Tower of Time,
And saw the miser Memory, grown grey
With years of jealous counting of his gems,
At his old task within the solitude.
By a faint taper the deep-furrowed face,
Heavy with power, lay shadowed on the wall—
Shadow and shadowy face communing there—
While the lean flame a living spear-point leaped
With menace at the night's dark countenance.

“And this,” he said, “is gold from out her hair,
And this the moonlight that she wandered in,
With here a rose enamelled by her breath,
That bloomed in glory 'tween her breasts, and here
The brimming sun-cup that she quaffed at noon,
And here the star that cheered her in the night;
In this great chest see curiously wrought,
Are purest of Love's gems” A ruby key,
Enclasped upon a golden ring, he took,
With care, from out some secret hiding-place,
And delicately touched the lock, whereat
I staggered, blinded by the light of things
More luminous than stars, and questioned thus—
“What are these treasures, miser Memory?”
And slowly bending his grey head, he spoke:
“These are the multitude of kisses sweet
Love gave so gladly, and I treasure here.”

Arthur Albert Bayldon

(1865)

Marlowe

WITH Eastern banners flaunting in the breeze,
Royal processions, sounding fife and gong
And showering jewels on the jostling throng,
March to the tramp of Marlowe's harmonies.
He drained life's brimming goblet to the lees:
He recked not that a peer superb and strong
Would tune great notes to his impassioned song
And top his cannonading lines with ease.
To the wild clash of cymbals we behold
The tragic ending of his youthful life;
The revelry of kisses bought with gold,
The jest and jealous rival and the strife,
A harlot weeping o'er a corpse scarce cold,
A scullion fleeing with a bloody knife.

Dowell O'Reilly

(1865-1923)

Faith, Love and Death

GREY dawn—and lucent star that slowly paled
Beyond the breaking splendour of the years,
When boyhood's heart looked up to Heaven,
through tears
Of joy, to see the glory of God unveiled:
High noon—and bridal earth, whose footsteps
failed
For very love, when passionate hopes and fears
Dazzled the flowers, made music in the ears,
And through the tranced wood their rapture trailed.

Calm eventide—afar the lonely west
Dreams of the wondrous day, and dreaming, lies
With folded hands, still lips, and weary eyes
Searching the shadows of eternal rest:
Childhood—and youth—and age, for each a prize
Faith—Love and Death—I know not which is best.

Sea-Grief

ALONG the serried coast the Southerly raves,
Grey birds scream landward through the distance
hoar,
And, swinging from the dim, confounded shore,
The everlasting boom of broken waves
Like muffled thunder rolls about the graves
Of all the wonder-lands and lives of yore,
Whose bones asunder bleach for evermore,
In sobbing chasms and under choking caves:

O breaking heart—whose only rest is rage,
White tossing arms, and lips that kiss and part
In lonely dreams of love's wild ecstasy,
Not the mean earth thy suffering can assuage
Nor highest heaven fulfil thy hungry heart,
O fair full-bosomed passionate weeping sea.

Mary Gilmore

(1865)

Marri'd

It's singin' in an' out,
An' feelin' full of grace;
Here 'n' there, up an' down,
An' round about th' place.

Its rollin' up your sleeves,
An' whit'nin' up the hearth,
An' scrubbin' out th' floors,
An' sweepin' down th' path;

It's bakin' tarts an' pies,
An' shinin' up th' knives;
An' feelin' 's if some days
Was worth a thousand lives.

It's watchin' out th' door,
An' watchin' by th' gate;
An' watchin' down th' road,
An' wonderin' why he's late;

An' feelin' anxious-like,
For fear there's something wrong;
An' wonderin' why he's kep',
An' why he takes so long.

It's comin' back inside
An' sittin' down a spell,
To sort o' make believe
You're thinkin' things is well.

It's gettin' up again
An' wand'rin' in an' out;
An' feelin' wistful-like,
Not knowin' what about;

An' flushin' all at once,
An' smilin' just so sweet,
An' feelin' real proud
The place is fresh and neat.

An' feelin' awful glad
Like them that watch'd Silo'm;
An' everything because
A man is comin' Home!

Lost Arches of the Sun

TURN the brown mare and let her amble on;
Straight is the road and little thereupon;
East and West it goes, and never knows a hill,—
Dull as a pond, or a tide that is still.

Turn the brown mare, jog along, jog!
There is mystery in shadow, and magic in fog;
There is wonder in the sunrise, and in the sunset-
arch,
But the level road has nothing but the black day's
march.

Turn the brown mare—however wistful-eyed
For hopes that beckoned onward as laughter leapt
beside;

For Young Adventure calling, with his bugle to the
sun—
The narrow road is yours, the merry days are done.

Turn the brown mare—no use to look behind,
Longing for the wild things flying like the wind.
Too late to dream of hill-tops and valleys deep in
shade
When the road is set before us, and the long choice
made.

Turn to the Grass

TURN to the grass
And put away fears;
Over earth it marches
With its thin green spears;
Yet where it goes
River never flows
Wider than its army
Of thin green spears.

Turn to the grass
And put away tears;
The grass knows no leader,
No captain to its spears;
Yet where it goes
Plough never ploughs
Wider than its army
Of thin green spears.

Turn to the grass
And put away grief;
The grass is not fearful
Its swords are in sheaf;

Lovely are its swords
And its spears towards heaven;
Loveliest of all
In the low sun of even.

Praise God for the grass
That covers up tears,
Marching through the land
With its thin green spears.

Thackaringa's Lament

"Am on final leave; and, then, farewell Sydney,
farewell you. . ."

I SHALL be far from you
And from the land that sheltered me;
And there will gather fitfully,
Fleecings of cloud against the blue,
And I shall hear again
The long roll of a Bondi sea,
And winds that tempered me.

I shall be far from you
And from the land that sheltered me;
And there will come a slant of rain,
And I, through sudden tears, shall see again
The cattle winding o'er the plain,
And hear the slow bell of the herd
Like the deep calling of a bird,
And dream a Penrith wind sweeps by,
Under an alien sky.

I shall remember how the moon
Lifted her horn above the hill;
Or shone, full-faced and very still,
Making the lesser noon.
And I shall fill with longing, deep
As her deep waters at their tide,
Seeing again our City's lamps of pride
Shining above her streets asleep,
Upon her waves the shadowed spars,
The gleaming splendour of her stars.
And I shall turn me in that stranger land—
For all its nightingale is sweet!—
Dreaming her sun is on my face,
Her waters at my feet.

Frank S. Williamson

(1865-1936)

She Comes as Comes the Summer Night

SHE comes as comes the summer night,
Violet perfumed, clad with stars,
To heal the eyes hurt by the light
Flung by Day's brandish'd scimitars;
The parted crimson of her lips
Like sunset clouds that slowly die,
When twilight with cool finger-tips
Unbraids her tresses in the sky.

The melody of waterfalls
Is in the music of her tongue,
Low chanted in dim forest halls
Ere Dawn's loud bugle call has rung;
And as a bird with hovering wings
Halts o'er her young one in the nest,
Then droops to still his flutterings,
She takes me to her fragrant breast.

O star and bird at once thou art,
And Night, with purple-petal'd charm,
Shining and singing to my heart,
And soothing with a dewy calm.
Let Death assume this lovely guise,
So darkly beautiful and sweet,
And, gazing with those starry eyes,
Lead far away my weary feet.

And that strange sense of valleys fair
With birds and rivers making song
To lull the blossoms gleaming there—
Be with me as I pass along.
Ah! lovely sisters, Night and Death,
And lovelier Woman—wondrous three,
“Givers of Life,” my spirit saith,
Unfolders of the mystery!

Ah! only Love could teach me this,
In memoried springtime long since flown;
Red lips that trembled to my kiss,
That sighed farewell, and left me lone.
O Joy and Sorrow intertwined,
A kiss, a sigh, and blinding tears—
Yet ever after in the wind,
The bird-like music of the spheres!

Dirge

STREW the flowers at Love's behest
Meet for such a lovely guest;
Coronal the sapling weaves,
Rainbows wrought by Spring of leaves;
Blackwood blossom hither bring
To perfume her slumbering.

Heap above the mountain tomb
Scarlet eucalyptus bloom,
Wreath of starry clematis,
Visited by Artemis;
Bluebell garlands hither bear—
All the flowers she loved to wear.

Here the magpies love to croon
From the dawn, to rising moon;
Flutes the sweet harmonious thrush
In the early morning hush;
Shyly sings the oriole,
All the day the bell-birds toll.

Softly moves the wind that blows
When the Day's red petals close,
And, remembering past delight,
Dream of her the stars of night;
Though no more the stars arise,
Set within her darkened eyes.

Whisper wind, and glimmer star,
Blossom breathe thy sweet afar;
"Love intones the master word"
Is the song of every bird;
Here he stands with Death in thrall,
Keeping Beauty's festival.

The Magpie's Song

WHERE the dreaming Tiber wanders by the haunted
Appian Way,
Lo! the nightingale is uttering a sorrow-burdened
lay;
While the olive trees are shaking and the cypress
boughs are stirred,
Palpitates the moon's white bosom to the sorrow of
the bird;
Sobbing, sobbing, sobbing; yet a sweeter song I
know:
'Tis the magpie's windblown music where the
Gippsland rivers flow.

Oh, I love to be by Bindi where the fragrant
pastures are,
And the Tambo to his bosom takes the trembling
Evening Star—

Just to hear the magpies warble in the blue-gums
on the hill

When the frail green flower of twilight in the sky
is lingering still;

Calling, calling, calling to the abdicating day:

Oh, they fill my heart with music as I loiter on my
way.

Oh, the windy morn of Matlock when the last snow-
wreath had gone,

And the blackwoods robed by tardy Spring with
starlike beauty shone;

When the lory showed his crimson to the golden
blossomed spread

And the Goulburn's grey-green mirror showed the
loving colours wed:

Chiming, chiming, chiming in the pauses of the
gale—

How the magpies' notes came ringing down the
mountain, o'er the vale.

Oh, the noon beside the ocean, when the spring tide
landward set

Cast ashore the loosened silver from the waves of
violet,

As the seagod sang a lovesong and the she-oak
answer made,

Came the magpie's carol wafted down the piny
colonnade,

Trolling, trolling, trolling in a nuptial melody,

As it floated from the moaning pine to charm the
singing sea.

And the dark hour in the city, when my Love had
 silent flown,
Nesting in some far-off valley to the seraphs only
 known,
When the violet had no odour and the rose no
 purple bloom,
And the grey-winged vulture, Sorrow, came rustling
 through the gloom;
Crooning, crooning, crooning on the swaying
 garden bough:
Oh, the song of hope you uttered then my heart is
 trilling now.

Voice of happy shepherd chanting by a stream in
 Arcady
Seems thy song this blue-eyed morning over lilac
 borne to me;
In his arms again Joy takes me, Hope with dimpling
 cheek appears,
And my life seems one long lovely vale where grow
 the rosy years:
Lilting, liltng, liltng; when I slumber at the last,
Let your music in the joyous wind be ever wandering
 past.

Bernard O'Dowd

(1866)

Australia

LAST sea-thing dredged by sailor Time from Space,
Are you a drift Sargosso, where the West
In halcyon calm rebuilds her fatal nest?
Or Delos of a coming Sun-God's race?
Are you for Light, and trimmed, with oil in place,
Or but a Will o' Wisp on marshy quest?
A new demesne for Mammon to infest?
Or lurks millennial Eden 'neath your face?

The cenotaphs of species dead elsewhere
That in your limits leap and swim and fly,
Or trail uncanny harp-strings from your trees,
Mix omens with the auguries that dare
To plant the Cross upon your forehead sky,
A virgin helpmate Ocean at your knees.

God in History

WHEN Egypt's secret science solved
The mysteries of God,
When wonders of the world evolved
To every Pharaoh's nod,

Sad Israel, with tasks o'erweighed,
A wormwood chalice drank,
Or, toys of luxury and trade,
To slow perdition sank.

The Pharaohs now are fellaheen—
Bond-bled 'neath Hebrew sway,
Where cycles saw their glory green,
Simoom and desert play.

Tho' Athens lured from Silence Song,
And Form from Chaos graved;
Through centuries of Turkish wrong,
Unpitied, robbed, enslaved,

She penance did for cities sacked,
For slavery allowed,
For sea-kissed Syracuse, attacked
On clamour of the crowd.

Tho' Greece in light the old world laved
(By tidal Homer's song
Love-linked), and Europe's pastures saved
From Xerxes' locust throng;

Tho' Greater Greece in majesty
From Gaul to Ganges swayed.
Their age-long vice and tyranny
With age-long bonds were paid.

Rome gave us Lore and Law, and sowed
Great norms of Liberty;
But dawning peoples overrode
With callous usury.

She held them sponges but to squeeze,
And not her trust from God—
The maid for foul adulteries
The man for tax and rod.

Too wide she would at height of pride
Her loose-held confines spread,
So Goth and Parthian myriads died
That Roman greed be fed.

She sickened so, she could not breed
Upholders of her might;
She armed the stranger in her need,
She hired her foes to fight.

Then, to such tint as Verres bled
The flesh of Sicily
Paled fatted Rome, when Etzel fed
His Hunnish chivalry.

Lethargic grew her vitals, sucked
By parasites she bare,
The vulture Goths this eagle plucked,
"And cawed the Vandals "There!"

.
And those great Empires of the Seas—
Tyre, Carthage, Holland, Spain—
Developed golden gluttonies,
Grew bandits of the main.

The trade they found so deft a tool
At last they made their goal,
And for the maxims of its school
Each lost its very soul.

While smugly on their gods they fawned,
Whole realms their wars would blight
To sell a drug, exact a bond,
Acquire an Ophir site.

A vassal or a daughter State
They sowed 'neath every sky,
But goaded them into the hate
That mothers Liberty.

To-day Oblivion's mask, Decay,
Bemoans their old renown;
The mermaids of the silent Bay
Have dragged those sailors down.

The Cow

THIS is a rune I ravelled in the still,
Arrogant stare of an Australian cow—
"These prankt intruders of the hornless
brow,
Puffed up with strange illusions of their skill
To fence, to milk, to fatten and to kill,
Once worshipped me with temple, rite and
vow,
Crowned me with stars, and bade rapt millions
bow
Before what abject guess they called my will!

"To-day, this flunkey of my midden, Man,
Throws child-oblations in my milking byre,
Stifes in slums to spare me lordly fields,
Flatters with spotless consorts my desire,
And for a pail of cream his birth-right yields,
As once in Egypt, Hellas, Ind, Iran!"

Love and Sacrifice

CAN we not consecrate
To man and God above
This volume of our great
Supernal tide of love?

'Twere wrong its wealth to waste
On merely me and you,
In selfish touch and taste,
As other lovers do.

This love is not as theirs:
It came from the Divine,
Whose glory still it wears,
And print of Whose design.

The world is full of woe,
The time is blurred with dust,
Illusions breed and grow,
And eyes' and flesh's lust.

The mighty league with Wrong
And stint the weakling's bread;
The very lords of song
With Luxury have wed.

Fair Art deserts the mass,
And loiters with the gay;
And only gods of brass
Are popular to-day.

Two souls with love inspired,
Such lightning love as ours,
Could spread, if we desired,
Dismay among such powers:

Could social stables purge
Of filth where festers strife:
Through modern baseness surge
A holier tide of life.

Yea, two so steeped in love
From such a source, could draw
The angels from above
To lead all to their Law.

We have no right to seek
Repose in rosy bower,
When Hunger thins the cheek
Of childhood every hour:

Nor while the tiger, Sin,
'Mid youths and maidens roams,
Should Duty skulk within
These selfish cosy homes.

Our place is in the van
With those crusaders, who
Maintain the rights of man
'Gainst despot and his crew.

If sacrifice may move
Their load of pain from men,
The greatest right of Love
Is to renounce It then.

Ah, Love, the earth is woe's
And sadly helpers needs:
And, till its burden goes,
Our work is—where it bleeds.

From *The Bush*

WHEN, now, they say "The Bush!" I see the top
Delicate amber leafings of the gum
Flutter, or flocks of screaming green leeks drop
Silent, where, in the shining morning, hum
The gleaning bees for honey-scented hours
'Mid labyrinthine leaves and white gum flowers.
Cantering midnight hoofs are nearing, nearing,
The straining bullocks flick the harpy flies,
The "hatter" weeds his melancholy clearing,
The distant cow-bell tinkles o'er the rise.

Homers are waiting in the gum trees now,
Far driven from the tarnished Cyclades:
More Druids to your green enchantment bow
Than 'neath unfaithful Mona's vanished trees:
A wind hath spirited from ageing France
To our fresh hills the carpet of Romance:
Heroes and maids of old with young blood tingling
In ampler gardens grow their roses new:
And races long apart their manas mingling
Prepare the cradle of an Advent due.

.

All that we love in olden lands and lore
Was signal of her coming long ago!
Bacon foresaw her, Campanella, More,
And Plato's eyes were with her star aglow!
Who toiled for Truth, whate'er their countries were,
Who fought for Liberty, they yearned for her!
No corsair's gathering ground, nor tryst for
schemers,
No chapman Carthage to a huckster Tyre,
She is the Eldorado of old dreamers,
The Sleeping Beauty of the world's desire!

She is the scroll on which we are to write

Mythologies our own and epics new:

She is the port of our propitious flight

From Ur idolatrous and Pharaoh's crew.

She is our own, unstained, if worthy we,

By dream, or god, or star we would not see:

Her crystal beams all but the eagle dazzle.

Her wind-wide ways none but the strong-winged
sail:

She is Eutopia, she is Hy-Brasil,

The watchers on the tower of morning hail!

Yet she shall be as we, the Potter, mould:

Altar or tomb, as we aspire, despair:

What wine we bring shall she, the chalice, hold:

What word we write shall she, the script, declare:

Bandage our eyes, she shall be Memphis, Spain:

Barter our souls, she shall be Tyre again:

And if we pour on her the red oblation

All o'er the world shall Asshur's buzzards throng:

Love-lit, her Chaos shall become Creation:

And dewed with dream, her silence flower in
song.

Michael J. Tully

(1866)

The Wanton

OUR marriage-bond was sealed at birth
With God's fair seal and sign,
Thou daughter of dark Eve, the earth,
I, son of Light divine.
Whom God hath joined but death shall part,
One through all weal and woe,
Then since death comes anon, O heart,
Why dost thou plague me so?

The fleshpots dost thou still desire,
That, panting night and day,
Thou burnest like a raging fire
Seas cannot quench nor stay?
Can no remorse thy spirit tame,
No prayer allegiance win,
That thus thou steepest me in shame
Before my starry kin?

O wayward heart, with love of thee,
Sore-hungered, still I yearn;
No longer passion's bonds slave be,
But home to me return.
Make not of love too rash demands,
Lest, for mine own self's sake,
I seize thee in hate-frenzied hands,
And thee, thou wanton, break!

Henry Lawson

(1867-1922)

The Sliprails and the Spur

THE colours of the setting sun
Withdrew across the Western land—
He raised the sliprails, one by one,
And shot them home with trembling hand;
Her brown hands clung—her face grew pale—
Ah! quivering chin and eyes that brim!—
One quick, fierce kiss across the rail,
And, "Good-bye, Mary!" "Good-bye, Jim!"
*Oh, he rides hard to race the pain
Who rides from love, who rides from home;
But he rides slowly home again,
Whose heart has learnt to love and roam.*

A hand upon the horse's mane,
And one foot in the stirrup set,
And, stooping back to kiss again,
With "Good-bye, Mary! don't you fret!
When I come back"—he laughed for her—
"We do not know how soon 'twill be;
I'll whistle as I round the spur—
You let the sliprails down for me."

She gasped for sudden loss of hope,
As, with a backward wave to her,
He cantered down the grassy slope
And swiftly round the darkening spur,
Black-pencilled panels standing high,
And darkness fading into stars,
And, blurring fast against the sky,
A faint white form beside the bars.

And often at the set of sun,
In winter bleak and summer brown,
She'd steal across the little run,
And shyly let the shprails down,
And listen there when darkness shut
The nearer spur in silence deep,
And when they called her from the hut
Steal home and cry herself to sleep.
*And he rides hard to dull the pain
Who rides from one that loves him best . . .
And he rides slowly back again
Whose restless heart must rove for rest.*

Louis Lavater

(1867)

Day-dream

ALWAYS I see those hills, the lake, the little town
That dips one foot in, like an undecided swimmer
Stirring his mirrored counterpart to tremulous
motion;

Always the grassy path that wanders up and down,
Threading the forest, dimmer grown and dimmer,
Till—blue beyond—the ocean;

The blue, the ever-changing, nay, the changeless
sea,

With the blue everlasting fields of heaven above . . .
And at my feet this green mortality
Of life and death and love!

Ballad of Cona's Daughter

FAIR was the face of Cona's daughter,

And she was white and red;

And her laugh was tinkling water

Above a pebbly bed.

Bazon, the Wicked King, would have her

To be his paramour;

But she gave him no answer

Nor came unto his door.

Joyous the eyes of Cona's daughter

Shone through her windblown hair;

And her words were running water,

As swift and as fair.

With tender ruth her white truth
Chose one among men all—
King Bazon slew the comely youth
And nailed him to a wall.

Wan grew the cheeks of Cona's daughter,
And waxen her sweet bones;
And her heart, a frozen water,
Died on the cruel stones.
And the King's falcon in his jess
Fretted from that hour;
The maid became a Queen; nathless
She drooped like a flower.

Faint is the wraith of Cona's daughter
(So long she hath been dead),
Faint as the shadow of water
Upon a pebbly bed;
But streams in murmurous dreams yet sing
Ballads of old wrongs,
And weeds about white ankles cling
As once brute leathern thongs.

Dirge for a Dumb Comrade

TURN the sod gently,
And not so deep
But the sounds of the Bush
May soothe him
To sleep!

If courage and a great love
Be virtues beyond all,

This body, once their garment,
Should have due burial.
Devoutly, then, lay him
Not over-deep;
That the scents of the Bush
May come to him
In sleep.

His last unspoken message
Lies wet upon my face;
The Grey Gum stoops to scatter
Leaves o'er his resting-place—
So
Cover him softly,
And not too deep,
That my thoughts
May sometimes find him
Here
Asleep!

Evening

THE evening comes up silently
In a pale-blue kirtle drest,
With a grey cloud on her shoulder
—And a white moon at her breast;
And it's O my heart, beat loud and fast,
And joyous thoughts go free,
For in this happy hush-time
My darling waits for me.

Go—go before me, thoughts of mine,
Nor wait for wordy gowns;
My love can speak that olden tongue
Which is forgot in towns.

Be quick, my thoughts, and when you find
My dear one in her nest
Be softness on her shoulder
And passion at her breast.

Miles are many between us yet,
And many the hills and dales,
But they shall be as a smooth sea,
And I a boat with sails;
The forest trees may swing and sing
And curdle their green foam,
But a spread sail and a fair wind
And I shall soon be home.

The Branches

As I walked one day under the branches
I met an odd creature;
Odd was his tattered coat, his speech,
Odd every feature:
And he had grown to be like the branches,
Crooked as they,
And the rags of him were mould-green,
And he was grey.

By day he wandered under the branches,
At night would lie,
Ever afraid of the clear spaces
Where heaven is high;
For God, he told me, lives in the branches
Of the green trees,
And he had heard Him talking there
Like a loud breeze.

Poor soul! For all his vagrancy
'Neath forest eaves,
For all his music was but rain
Pattering on leaves,
And his soul's garment like the rags
Itself wore,
I would walk with him under the branches
Once—once more.

But I shall meet him under the branches
Never again:
He fell asleep in a bough's elbow
In a storm of rain,
Fell asleep with the great gum-trees
Weeping around him—
He had been looking for God in the branches
And, so, found Him.

Robert Crawford
(1868-1930)

An Australian Morning

LORD of the amber morn, the leafy bliss,
Lord of my own heart for a little while,
I hear the dreamy wind the flowers kiss
And see the heavenly light upon them smile;
As if once more Pan took his pipe and played
That magical sweet music on the hill,
While nymph and faun came running through the
glade,
And old Damoteas stood to listen still.
All is so like an old-world story told
To an Arcadian forester, when he
Looked up to see the sun through heaven rolled,
Looked down to gaze upon the golden sea;
Then took his staff, and through the forest went
To spy the wood folk at their merriment.

Shadow Song

God in the world has made some sing,
Some sigh, but all uncertain is;
The half-light is in everything,
And near is Nemesis.
There is so much forbidden us
Who strive and cry, like leaves that thrill
Upon a bough so tremulous
It will be swaying still.

And God behind the shadow dim
Is swaying too; we only see
The colouring that comes of Him
(And dyes humanity.

And evermore in cloudy moods
We hear His voice—so like the cry
Of a bird that in the starry woods
Is wounded and must die.

Yet He remains, our hope, our fear—
The Vision which we dimly scan,
That has its consecration here
Within the heart of man.

Frustration

I HAVE toiled in the light
Of a disastrous day;
Now in dark night
I fling my heart away.

Like a dead man empty,
His grief done,
I walk beyond the mountains,
I lie beyond the sun.

The Ghost Ship

BEHOLD her on the silent sea,
Yon vessel like a spirit there!
Moved in a dream's reality,
As if she trod the air.
None knows from out what creek or bay
It was she sailed by night or day:
We watch her like a vision gone
Over the sea's oblivion.

And, lo! she fades a spectre thin,
Part of the moonlight and the sea;
As if the waves and stars met in
A moment's phantasy!
Or is it they stand hushed apart
And listen to her beating heart—
Mysterious music, like that heard
In the song of a faery bird?

A bird that chaunts somewhere between
The waters and the starry skies
A mystic song of what has been
Seen not of human eyes
Since the young World grew into birth,
And the white moon enamoured Earth;
And she, as in a vision gone,
Moves to the music on—and on.

Mary E. Fullerton

(1868)

The Skull

O BOWL that held the hot imprisoned fire,
Cup where the sacred essence used to burn—
That fluent essence that shall ne'er return—
Old home of Aspiration and Desire:
What art thou now to honour and admire?
A thing inconsequential one might spurn,
Thou art not e'en the scattered ashes' urn;—
Husk of the spirit that shall not expire.

Thou cage and shell of ancient busy Thought,
Nurse-house of Soul, the domicile of him
Long fled thy osseous walls that Nature wrought
To please proud Time's caprice and passing whim;
'Twixt two eternities a moment caught,
He rose from thee to join the seraphim.

Roderic Quinn

(1869)

The Camp Within the West

O DID you see a troop go by
Way-weary and oppressed,
Dead kisses on the drooping lip
And a dead heart in the breast?

*Yea, I have seen them one by one
Way-weary and oppressed;
And when I asked them, "Whither speed?"
They answered, "To the West!"*

And were they pale as pale could be,
Death-pale, with haunted eyes?
And did you see the hot white dust
Range round their feet and rise?

*O they were pale as pale could be,
And pale as an embered leaf;
The hot white dust had risen, but
They laid it with their grief.*

Did no one say "The way is long,"
And crave a little rest?
O no, they said, "The night is nigh,
Our camp is in the West!"

And did pain pierce their feet, as though
The way with thorns were set,
And were they visited by strange
Dark angels of regret?

*O yea; and some were mute as death,
Though, shot by many a dart,
With them the salt of inward tears
Went stinging through the heart.*

And how are these wayfarers called,
And whither do they wend?
*The Weary-Hearted—and their road
At sunset hath an end.* ,

Shed tears for them . . . *Nay, nay, no tears!*
*They yearn for endless rest,
Perhaps large stars will burn above
Their camp within the West.*

The Fisher

ALL night a noise of leaping fish
Went round the bay,
And up and down the shallow sands
Sang waters at their play.

The mangroves drooped on salty creeks,
And through the dark,
Making a pale patch in the deep,
Gleamed, as it swam, a shark.

In streaks and twists of sudden fire
Among the reeds '
The bream went by, and where they passed
The bubbles shone like beads.

All night the full deep drinking-song
Of Nature stirred,
And nought beside, save leaping fish
And some forlorn night-bird.

No lost wind wandered down the hills
To tell of wide
Wild waterways; on velvet moved
The silky, sucking tide.

Deep down there sloped in shadowy mass
A giant hill;
And midway, mirrored in the tide,
The stars burned large and still.

The fisher, dreaming on the rocks,
Heard Nature say
Strange, secret things that none may hear
Upon the beaten way;

And whisperings and wonder stirred,
And hopes and fears,
And sadness touched his heart, and filled
His eyes with star-stained tears:

And so, thrilled through with joy and love
And sweet distress,
He stood entranced, enchained by her
Full-breasted loveliness.

Will H. Ogilvie

(1869)

Bowmont Water

O, we think we're happy roving!
But the stars that crown the night,
They are only ours for loving
When the moon is lost to sight!
And my hopes are fleeting forward
With the ships that sail the sea,
And my eyes are to the Nor'ward
As an exile's well may be,
And my heart a shrine has sought her
Where the lights and shadows play,
At the foot of Bowmont Water,
Bowmont Water—far away!

O, it's fair in summer weather
When the red sun dropping low
Sets a lustre on the heather
And the Cheviot peaks aglow;
When the hares come down the meadows
In the gloaming clear and still,
And the flirting lights and shadows
Play at hidies on the hill;
When the wild duck's mate has sought her
And the speckled hill-trout play
At the foot of Bowmont Water,
Bowmont Water—far away!

O, it's grand when Winter's creeping
And the rime is on the trees,
And the giant hills are sleeping
With the grey clouds on their knees,

When the autumn days are ended
And the glens are deep with snow,
And the grips are dark and splendid
Where the mountain eagles go;
Then the strath is a king's daughter,
In her purple robes and grey,
At the foot of Bowmont Water,
Bowmont Water—far away!

We have wandered down the valley
In the days of buried time,
Seen the foxgloves dip and dally,
Heard the fairy blue-bells chime;
Seen the brier-roses quiver
When the West-wind crossed the dell,
Heard the music of the river
And the tale it had to tell,
Where the melody Love taught her
Is the laverock's only lay,
At the foot of Bowmont Water,
Bowmont Water—far away!

I have tried the spots, in order,
Where the brightest sunbeams fall,
But the land upon the Border
Is my own land after all,
And I would not take the glory
Of the whole world's golden sheen
For the white mists down the corrie
And the naked scaurs between;
And my heart a shrine has sought
her
That will last her little day—
At the foot of Bowmont Water,
Bowmont Water—far away!

*E. J. Brady**(1869)**Lost and Given Over*

A MERMAID's not a human thing,
An' courtin' sich is folly;
Of flesh an' blood I'd rather sing,
What ain't so melancholy.
Oh, Berta! Loo! Juanita! Sue!
Here's good luck to me and you—
Sing rally! ri-a-rally!
The seas is 'deep; the seas is wide;
But this I'll prove whate'er betide,
I'm bully in thē alley!
I'm bull-ee in our al-lee!

The Hoogli gal 'er face is brown;
The Hilo gal is lazy;
The gal that lives by 'Obart town
She'd drive a dead man crazy;
Come, wet your lip, and let it slip!
The *Gretna Green's* a tidy ship—
Sing rally!
The seas is deep; the seas is blue;
But 'ere's good 'ealth to me and you!
Ho, rally!

The Lord may drop us off our pins
To feed 'is bloomin' fishes;
But Lord forgive us for our sins—
Our sins is most delicious!
Come, drink it up and fill yer cup!
The world it owes us bite and sup,

And Mimi, Ju-Ju, Sally;
The seas is long; the winds is strong;
The best of men they *will* go wrong—
 Hi, rally! ri-a-rally!

The Bowery gal she knows 'er know;
The Frisco gal is silly;
The Hayti gal ain't white as snow—
 They're whiter down in Chili.
Now what's the use to shun the booze?
They'll flop yer bones among the ooze
 Sou'-west-by-Sou' the galley.
The seas is green; the seas is cold;
The best of men they must grow old—
 Sing rally! ri-a-rally!

All round the world, where'er I roam,
 This lesson I am learnin'.
If you've got sense you'll stop at home
 And save the bit yer earnin'.
So hang the odds! It's little odds,
When every 'eathen 'as 'is gods,
 An' neither two will tally:
When black and white drink, wimmin, fight—
In these three things they're all alright—
 Sing rally! ri-a-rally!

When double bunks, fo'castle end,
 Is all the kind that's carried,
Our manners they will likely mend—
 Most likely we'll be married.
But till sich time as that be done,
We'll take our fun as we've begun—
 Sing rally!

The flesh is weak; the world is wide;
The dead man 'e goes overside—

Sing rally! rally!

We're given and lost to the girls that wait

From Trinity to Whitsund'y,

From Sunda Strait to the Golden Gate

An' back to the Bay o' Fundy;

Oh, it's Mabel, Loo, an' it's Nancy-Poo,

An' 'ere's good luck, an' I love you—

Sing rally!

Oh, it's cents and dollars an' somebody hollers

The sun comes up an' the mornin' follers—

Sing rally!

We're given an' lost to the octoroon,

The Portuguese cruiser painty,

The Chunkie gal with 'er eyes 'arf-moon,

An' the Japanee darlin' dainty.

Oh, it's Tokio-town when the sun goes down

It's 'arf-a-pint and it's 'arf-a-crown—

Sing rally!

'Er spars may lift an' 'er keel can shift,

When a man is done 'e's got to drift—

Sing rally! Ho, rally!

The Hoogh gal 'er face is brown,

The Hilo gal's a daisy,

The gal that lives by 'Obart town

She'd drive a dead man crazy.

So, pretty an' plain, it's Sarah Jane

'Uggin' an' kissin' an' "Come again!"

Sing rally! ri-a-rally!

The seas is deep; the seas is wide;

But this I'll prove what else betide,

I'm bully in the alley,

Ho! Bullee in the Al-lee.

Arnold Wall'

(1869)

A Parable of Fiddles

SEEING we are as viols to His hand,
I know not whether we should hope or fear
That He should smite a music out of us,
As out of Lear, or Goriot, or Satan—
A tangled wisp of music as from bells
Wind-swung and angry, or a comet-blaze
Of hell-hot harmonies grown slowly cool.

All round His workshop we hang, dusty, silent;
Will it be wild caprice, or deep design,
Shall move His hand toward this brother or that,
Toward you or me?

Will He, like fierce old Saul,
Meshed in a toil of cross desires and fears,
Smooth out the ragged discord of His soul
With some sweet elvish moonlight melody,
As of a lost breeze in the elms of Heaven,
Then break His instrument in ape-like fury,
So that we shriek once and are still for ever?

Or will He, toying with a single string,
While we lie yet half-made, draw out crude trills,
Mad turns and sweeps, and soulless tremolos,
A hideous parody of music sweet,
Then dash us to the floor as all unfit
For airs divine and themes of Paradise?

Or shall we meekly pray that we may hang
Mellowing, peaceable, voiceless to the end,
Gathering dust upon the workshop wall?

Quarryman Going Home

ALL day he stoops toiling in tinkling shale,
Deep in the quarry's belly. And at eve
He groans erect and shoulders tools and walks;
And coming from the grisly deeps he sees
Sharp crimson mountains marching as to rest,
Etched on the bronze of sunset. (He saw, too,
Whenas he left his home, and workward plodded,
The new-forged morning scarlet on the anvil.)
No more he hacks and hews and piles the shale:
Large destinies, horizons infinite,
Run out before him. He will lean and stretch
His hands out, seeking Laws; bruises and shale
He leaves behind "Man and the gods"—indeed,
Man and his yoke and driver,—what are they?
A nobly stupid giant toiling in darkness
For evilly wise gods thronged in the upper air?
Or a dull, groaning beast in peaceful pastures
Beneath reclining gods on thymy slopes,
Who jest and doze, yet on their placid knees
Smooth with smooth hands our ravelled destinies
out?

David McKee Wright

(1869-1928)

From Dark Rosaleen

MY LOVE is the voice of a song
 Out of green leaves,
Blown in the dusk along,
 Over hedges and sheaves,
Down to a quiet place
 Below the hill
Where the darkening water's face
 Is very still.

My Love is a light and a sign;
 For all through the heavy night,
When never a star will shine,
 Her hand is white,
Leading me, leading me
 Over the misty hollow
And hill to the sea. . . .
 Heart, let me follow!

My Love is the grace of God.
 With bare feet will I walk
To her over the black sod
 And the bruised flower on its stalk;
For she has the pity of years,
 And my heart goes clean,
Washed with her holy tears,
 Of dark things seen.

My love is a white girl
With lips like a June rose;
And under a brown curl
I whisper what no one knows.
For, oh, woman of mine,
'Tis all the world I would miss
If daylight and night-shine
Were not in your kiss.

Haunted Memory

I WILL go on to the sunrise, taking the road as it
winds
Beyond three trees and a broken gate and a
great house that cannot see—
Because the windows are shuttered over the
ragged blinds
And there is none within it to open the door to
me.

But there is a hedge in blossom, and a scent of
honey is blown
Always out of the garden if one should loiter
and pass;
And it seems like a place that sometimes at
evening I must have known,
Walking with shining feet when the dew was
wet on the grass.

But I will go on to the sunrise, for over the hills
is the sea,
Making a murmur on rocks and lifting the salt
brown weed,

And a yellow flower on the cliff that is flaunting
a petal free,
While the stem below the blossom is heavy with
ripening seed.

I never have looked from the hill, but I know how
the headland runs,
Caved and crumbling, to shelter a small boat
near to the sand;
And the quiet water flashes a thousand swift little
suns
That the breeze chases out to the ocean and
hurries back to the land.

I will come back from the sunrise, taking the road
past the door,
By the rusted gate that is broken and the hedge
and the silent trees;
For surely a ghost walks with me who has been
here too often before,
Hearing a sob in the water and a grief in the
moan of the bees.

Robert Henderson Croll

(1869)

Night in the Tea-tree

DEEP, deep the shadows, Little pools of light,
Spilled from the living lake high overhead,
Are solids to the eye. One opal star
Peeps in. . . .

Dim twisted trunks fade down the darkened ways,
The narrow winding ways that seek the shore,
And lose themselves, and turn, and turn again,
Made by the heedless feet of lovers.
Peace broods upon the world; the listening sea,
Far-ebbed, with finger at her lip, says
"Hush!" and softly "Hush!"
Scarce stirring Silence in her swoon.

Is this Eternity? Has grey old Time
Put down his glass and watched the last sand run?
No life at all? . . . Yet closer, heart of mine,
We two alone are overlooked of Death.

Marie E. J. Pitt

Doherty's Corner

THERE's no bush to-day at Doherty's Corner,
Only strange green hills and the glint of a far
bay;
Time has come like a thief and stolen the wonder
and magic of yesterday.

There are no fairies now at Doherty's Corner,
Where dusky spider-orchids and wild white
daisies grew;
Time that stilled the heart of the singing forest
Has stolen her fairies too.

Henderson's hill is green at Doherty's Corner,
But no fairy trips in the dawn or the dusk
thereon,
Perhaps they died when the old black log and the
bracken
And the box bushes were gone.

They only lived, maybe, in a child's dreaming,
For children walk in a twilight world of their own,
And the grown folk were ever too wise to listen
To pipes by the fairies blown.

They used to say it was wind and the bees thrum-
ming
Through billows of bean blossom as white as
driven foam;
But I knew it was not the wind or the brown bees
humming
Heavily hiving home;

For I had heard such music there by the river
When never a reed-head rustled and every sense
was a-leap—
Under the darkened hillside . . . the little people
Singing the world to sleep!

For I had heard such piping there in the low light,
The queer half-light before the light of the
moon,
All the pipes of Faery playing together
Down by the old lagoon.

O Green Hills, O hills with your alien faces,
Fresh as August flowers on the grass of an old
grave,
Your witch gold has gone with the fairy pipers'
Wood-song and elfin stave!

You are sad, O ye hills, with your faces lifted,
Lit with a young delight to the ache of the far
skies!
Yea, you are sad as the faith of little children
And the sorrow of old eyes.

There's no bush to-day at Doherty's Corner,
No pipers will come with pipes skirling again
To dance for me on Henderson's hill in the moon-
light,
Or cry in the fairy rain.

It's a kind green land at Doherty's Corner,
And new, fair children frolic its hills upon;
But once . . . once in the years that are half
forgotten . . .
Once it was Avalon.

Ode to a Pallid Cuckoo

AT what black tarn of unavailing tears,
 Rock-bound, remote,
 Hast thou deep drunken through the iron years
 Till, note by note,
 Its mortal anguish falls like molten spears
 Of trembling music from thy golden throat?

There is no grief in this young land to break
 Her singing gold
 With mournful minor wrung from hidden ache,
 Old, ages old;
 Yet singest thou for some old sorrow's sake
 The saddest story song hath ever told.

Bringest thou still from some mysterious place
 Of asphodels,
 And tideless beaches of an older race,
 And long-breathed spells
 Whose ecstasy and anguish interlace
 Like drifting desolate tones of wind-blown bells,

Some broken legend homeless winds have keened,
 Some odyssey
 Of baffled ships in bitter seas careened
 Eternally—
 Salt-bitten sails and battered bulwarks greened
 With the cold creeping gardens of the sea?

Or where dark-limbed magnolias, hushed and filled
 With peace divine,
 Lift ivory bowls from which great winds have
 spilled
 The magian wine,

From harp aeolian some dire tempest stilled
Plucked thou the enchanted song and made its
sorrow thine?

When drowned Atlantis foundered steep by steep,
Nor kindly Noon
Nor Dawn nor Dusk could break her weed-wound
sleep,
Nor the white moon,
Swelled first o'er that forlorn and empty deep
The haunting notes of thine immortal rune?

Or did some lovely Trojan woman's soul,
From Ilium
Travailing toward her dark predestined goal,
Splendid but dumb,
Conjure thee from the gods' inscrutable scroll,
Her templar and her troubadour to come?

Or when the dying Prince of David's stem
Bade the triced thief
To sup with Him in Heaven, nor condemn
Man's vengeance brief . . .
On that wan hill by walled Jerusalem
Caught'st thou some cosmic chord of sempiternal
grief?

The ache of all the ages that have run
Whence none dare ask,
The moan of dreadful wheels of Being, spun
In endless task,
For amnesty of blind oblivion . . .
The wail behind Creation's smiling mask?

What ages wrought with cunning sorceries
The thing thou art?
As isle and isle set wide in sundering seas
We are apart,
Yet thou, clear calling in these Summer trees,
Hast told the sorrow lying next my heart.

Ah Summer trees! Ah Bird-song bitter-sweet
With human loss,
Here where but now was fern and cool retreat
Of flower and moss,
I see a vision of pale piercèd feet,
And Mary crying underneath the Cross.

Christopher J. Brennan

(1870-1932)

I am Shut Out of Mine Own Heart

I AM shut out of mine own heart
because my love is far from me,
nor in the wonders have I part
that fill its hidden empery:

the wildwood of adventurous thought
and lands of dawn my dream had won
the riches out of Faery brought
are buried with our bridal sun.

And I am in a narrow place,
and all its little streets are cold,
because the absence of her face
has robb'd the sullen air of gold.

My home is in a broader day:
at times I catch it glistening
thro' the dull gate, a flower'd play
and odour of undying spring:

the long days that I lived alone,
sweet madness of the springs I miss'd,
are shed beyond, and thro' them blown
clear laughter, and my lips are kiss'd:

—and here, from mine own joy apart,
I wait the turning of the key:—
I am shut out of mine own heart
because my love is far from me.

Of old, on her Terrace at Evening

OF old, on her terrace at evening
—not here—in some long-gone kingdom
oh, folded close to her breast!

Our gaze dwelt wide on the blackness
(was it trees? or a shadowy passion
the pain of an old-world longing
that it sobb'd, that it swell'd, that it shrank?)
—the gloom of the forest
blurr'd soft on the skirt of the night-skies
that shut in our lonely world.

Not here—in some long-gone world—

Close-lock'd in that passionate arm-clasp
no word did we utter, we stirr'd not;
the silence of Death, or of Love.
Only, round and over us,
that tearless infinite yearning,
and the Night with her spread wings rustling,
folding us with the stars.

Not here—in some long-gone kingdom
of old, on her terrace at evening,
oh, folded close to her heart!

O White Wind numbing the World

O WHITE wind, numbing the world
to a mask of suffering hate!
and thy goblin pipes have skirl'd
all night, at my broken gate.

O heart, be hidden and kept
in a half-light colour'd and warm,
and call on thy dreams that have slept
to charm thee from hate and harm.

They are gone, for I might not keep;
my sense is beaten and dinn'd:
there is no peace but a grey sleep
in the pause of the wind.

My Heart was Wandering in the Sands

My heart was wandering in the sands,
a restless thing, a scorn apart;
Love set his fire in my hands,
I clasp'd the flame unto my heart.

Surely, I said, my heart shall turn
one fierce delight of pointed flame;
and in that holocaust shall burn
its old unrest and scorn and shame:

surely my heart the heavens at last
shall storm with fiery orisons,
and know, enthroned in the vast,
the fervid peace of molten suns.

The flame that feeds upon my heart
fades or flares, by wild winds controll'd:
my heart still walks a thing apart,
my heart is restless as of old.

The Pangs that Guard the Gates of Joy

THE pangs that guard the gates of joy,
the naked sword that will be kist,
how distant seem'd they to the boy,
white flashes in the rosy mist!

Ah, not where tender play was screen'd
in the light heart of leafy mirth
of that obdurate might we ween'd
that shakes the sure repose of earth.

And sudden, 'twixt a sun and sun,
the veil of dreaming is withdrawn:
lo, our disrupt dominion
and mountains solemn in the dawn;

hard paths that chase the dayspring's white,
and glooms that hold the nether heat:
oh, strange the world upheaved from night,
oh, dread the life before our feet!

I said, This Misery must End

I SAID, This misery must end:
Shall I, that am a man and know
that sky and wind are yet my friend,
sit huddled under any blow?
so speaking left the dismal room
and stept into the mother-night
all fill'd with sacred quickening gloom
where the few stars burn'd low and bright,
and darkling on my darkling hill

heard thro' the beaches' sullen boom
heroic note of living will
rung trumpet-clear against the fight;
so stood and heard, and rais'd my eyes
erect, that they might drink of space,
and took the night upon my face,
till time and trouble fell away
and all my soul sprang up to feel
as one among the stars that reel
in rhyme on their rejoicing way,
breaking the elder dark, nor stay
but speed beyond each trammelling gyre,
till time and sorrow fall away
and night be wither'd up, and fire
consume the sickness of desire.

How old is my Heart

How old is my heart, how old, how old is my
heart,
and did I ever go forth with song when the morn
was new?
I seem to have trod on many ways: I seem to have
left
I know not how many homes; and to leave each
was still to leave a portion of mine own heart,
of my old heart whose life I had spent to make that
home
and all I had was regret, and a memory.
So I sit and muse in this wayside harbour and wait
till I hear the gathering cry of the ancient winds
and again
I must up and out and leave the embers of the
hearth

to crumble silently into white ash and dust,
and see the road stretch bare and pale before me:
again
my garment and my home shall be the enveloping
winds
and my heart be fill'd wholly with their old pitiless
cry.

O Desolate Eves

O DESOLATE eves along the way, how oft
despite your bitterness, was I warm at heart!
not with the glow of remember'd hearths, but
warm
with the solitary unquenchable fire that burns
a flameless heat deep in his heart who has come
where he formless winds plunge and exult for aye
among the naked spaces of the world,
far past the circle of the ruddy hearths
and all their memories, Desperate eves,
when the wind-bitten hills turn'd violet
along their rims, and the earth huddled her
heat
within her niggard bosom, and the dead stones
lay battle-strewn before the iron wind
that, blowing from the chill west, made all its way
a loneliness to yield its triumph room;
yet in that wind a clamour of trumpets rang,
old trumpets, resolute, stark, undaunted,
singing to battle against the eternal foe,
the wronger of this world, and all his powers
in some last fight, foredoom'd disastrous,
upon the final ridges of the world:

a war-torn note, stern fire in the stricken eve
and fire thro' all my ancient heart, that sprang
towards that last hope of a glory won in defeat,
whence, knowing not sure if such high grace befall
at the end, yet I draw courage to front the way.

Blanche Edith Baughan

(1870)

On the Just and the Unjust

OUTCAST, a horror to his kind,
At night he to the forest fled.
There, the birch-bark made fire for him,
The brown fern made a bed.

The river murmured lullaby,
The moisty mosses breathed of balm,
The clean stars carried light to him,
Unterrified and calm.

Aye, as they would have served a saint,
Freely all served the guilty guest.
They only saw their Father's son,
And brought their brother rest.

God's Acre

'NEATH the spiring of spruces
Above the blue sea,
Lo, a field of white crosses,
A garden of grief!
—And a riot of roses,
Of red and white roses,
Rich Death! all in blossom,
Fair Loss! all in leaf.

Aye, their warm cherub-cheeks
To cold marble they press;
With sweet summer-kisses
Dead names they caress;
Yon tomb, see, all garlands,
All roses this cross!
—So breathe, my lamenting!
So bloom, O my loss!

Five Prayers

To taste
Wild wine of the mountain-spring, fresh, living,
strong,
Running and rushing like a triumph-song
Round hearts new-braced:

To smell
A growing cowslip, some glad morn of Spring,
And breathe the breath of every fragrant thing
From every bell:

To touch
A sliding wavelet, supple, smooth and thin,
Just ere the pois'd and perfect crests begin
To bend too much:

To hear
Amid May twilight, by the murmuring sea,
Some blackbird warbling from a budded tree,
Tender and clear:

To see

Down young rose-petals how the deepening light
Glides gradually, till, somewhere out of sight,
What light must be!—

O Thou, intense

Rapture of Beauty! All-pervading Lord!
Is not this worship? So art Thou ador'd
By every sense!

From Shingle-Short

TIME to notify up at the house,
An' start caressin' them jolly cows,
—Hullo, Sun! You're the bestest friend!
Dull's the dinginess you can't mend,
Burstin' out with your kind old face,
Chuckin' cheeriness round the place.
Ain't the rain got the paddicks green?
—"If rain was honey, mud 'ud be money"—
Don' the back o' the logs look clean?
Dandy, them puddles in between!
Each a-winkin' his bright blue eye—
Little run-away bits o' sky.
Minahs fossickin' round about,
Thrush a-turrun' his song-box out—
Feels so jolly, he's got to shout.
Reckon the wet's a-polish'd the air—
Such a shininess everywhere!
Webs a-twinkelin' on the rails,
An' even them mean old milkin'-pails
Sunny as silver. . . . S'pose they were!

S'pose I'd ha' milk'd 'em all they'd hold,
An' Snap! the two of 'em turn'd to gold,
An' these old duds to satin an' silk,
Drippin' with di'mon's, instead o' milk!
Wouldn't the folk at the fact'ry stare,
An' Boss palaver about his share?
—Was that some one a-callin'? . . .

Ay;

Comin' O, Comin'!

Ain't that fine,
'Twixt that wattle an' old black pine?
Deep's o' the Bush all dark below,
Points o' the mountain bright aloft,
Sharp an' solemn with sun, an' snow;
An', 'twixt an' 'tween of 'em curly-curl'd,
Mists o' the mornin', rosy-soft.
—Ain't it the beautifulest world?

Helen Power

(1870)

The Almond Tree

A WREATH of driven chimney smoke,
Across a gaunt and leafless oak;
Storm-laden clouds that hurry by
Against a torn and restless sky;
And steel-grey pools upon the road
Scored by the lumbering wagon's load.
The sullen day draws darkling in,
The heart sinks low, the blood runs thin,
When sudden ' by a turn revealed,
Beyond a brown and barren field,
A drift of white amid the gloom,
One slender almond tree in bloom!
So purely pale, so unafraid,
So sure of sunnier days ahead,
That hope and gladness wake and sing
For joy to see the lovely thing!

Trees in Winter

BEYOND my window's square, the trees
Stand out in delicate traceries
Of branch and stem, so fine, sometimes
So lightly etched, one scarcely sees
Their tips against the wintry sky.
The oaks are sturdier, but the elms
And sentinel poplars hardly seem
More real than magic pencillings
Drawn in an artist's world of dream
To deck the halls of fairy kings.

I know not how I love them best—
Against a red and windy west
Or when in mists of pearl and grey
The silent silvery world is drest.
Their summer pomp and pageantry
Lack what these naked boughs attest,
For though this setting sun may show
Them bare of bough or stirring wing—
Look close to-morrow morn, and lo!
The apprehension of the Spring!

John Le Gay Brereton
(1871-1933)

The Sea Maid

IN what pearl-paven mossy cave
By what green sea
Art thou reclining, virgin of the wave,
In realms more full of splendid mystery
Than that strong northern flood whence came
The rise and fall of music in thy name—
Thy waiting name, Oithona!

The magic of the sea's own change
In depth and height,
From where the eternal order'd billows range
To unknown regions of sleep-weary night,
Fills, like a wonder-waking spell
Whispered by lips of some lone-murmuring shell,
Thy dreaming soul, Oithona.

In gladness of thy reverie
What gracious form
Will fly the errand of our love to thee,
By ways with winged messengers aswarm
Through dawn of opalescent skies,
To say the time is come and bid thee rise
And be our child, Oithona?

The Robe of Grass

HERE lies the woven garb he wore
Of grass he gathered by the shore
Whereon the phantom waves still fret and foam
And sigh along the visionary sand.
"Where is he now?" you cry; "What desolate land
Gleams round him in dull mockery of home?"

You knew him by the robe he cast
About him, grey and worn at last.
"It fades," you murmur, "changes, lives and dies.
Why has he vanished? Whither is he fled?
And is there any light among the dead?
Can any dream come singing where he lies?"

Ah peace! lift up your clouded eyes,
Nor where this curious relic lies
Grope in the blown dust for the print of feet
Dim, twittering, ghastly sounds are these; but he
Laughs now as ever, still aloof and free,
Eager and wild and passionate and fleet.

Because he has dropped the part he played,
Shall love be baffled and dismayed?
Let the frail earth and all its visions melt,
And let the heart that loves, the eye that sees,
Seek him amid immortal mysteries,
For lo, he dwells where he has ever dwelt,

Samuel Rowe Simmons "Oswald Gray"
(1871)

A Sonnet of Sleep

So let me drift on silent seas of sleep
To that far isle of dreams beyond this world,
Where the white sails of ships, for ever furled,
Swing soundless to the skies, and the great deep
Is hushed and still; where Time no scroll doth
 keep,
And no loud wave with hoary head upcurled
On trembling beach is shattered; no ship hurled
On ravenous rock; nor ever mortals weep.
So let me drift as down the Western sky
Glides the wan sun, that his last dying beams
May light my way. Low now the far surge sings,
And soft warm shadows through the darkness fly;
While hushed on seas of sleep I drift in dreams—
Slow to the measured beat of sea-birds' wings.

Arthur H. Adams

(1872-1936)

The Pleiades

LAST night I saw the Pleiades again,
Faint as a drift of steam ~
From some tall chimney-stack;
And I remembered you as you were then:
Awoke dead worlds of dream,
And Time turned slowly back.

I saw the Pleiades through branches bare,
And close to mine your face
Soft glowing in the dark;
For Youth and Hope and Love and You were there
At our dear trysting-place
In that bleak London park.

And as we kissed the Pleiades looked down
From their immeasurable
Aloofness in cold Space.
Do you remember how a last leaf brown
Between us flickering fell
Soft on your upturned face?

Last night I saw the Pleiades again,
Here in the alien South,
Where no leaves fade at all;
And I remembered you as you were then,
And felt upon my mouth
Your leaf-light kisses fall!

The Pleiades remember and look down
On me made old with grief,
Who then a young god stood,
When you—now lost and triampled by the Town,
A lone wind-driven leaf,—
Were young and sweet and good!

The Temple

It is a heart of silence in
The city's heart. Slip from the din,
Knock at a little hidden door,
And peace and solitude begin!

Fleet Street's long echoes fade away,
The cool, wide shadows drift and stay—
Staid pigeons dreaming on the flags,
And large green leaves against the grey!

About its feet the city brawls;
But deep within high sheltering walls
The shadows dawdle listlessly,
Reluctantly the fountain falls.

For this an isle of silence seems,
A cloistered peace between two streams,
For Fleet Street here goes swirling past,
And here the Thames remembering dreams.

The city man the imminence
Of this grave silence feels, and thence
His loitering soul, enthralled, drifts on
From reverie to reverence.

So like a shadow, cool, benign.
Here quiet dwells, and I divine
That one turned from the noisy road
To rear to peace this hidden shrine.

So the loud city has its deeps
Of solitude, as though it keeps
The silence of the country-side
About the place where Goldsmith sleeps.

It is as though the silence leant
Above the cloisters to prevent
Hurt to the heart that holds the heart
Of that old Vicar of Content!

To You

So you have come at last!
And we nestle, each in each,
As leans the phant sea in the clean-curved limbs
of her lover, the beach;
Merged in each other quite,
Clinging, as in the tresses of trees dallies the
troubadour Night;
Faint as a perfume, sweet as wine,
Yielding as moonlight—mine, all mine:
So I have found you at last!

I dreamed: we dare not meet:
The time is yet too soon.
Swept with the tumult of our great love, our souls
from this life would swoon.
For the fusion of our lives
Is the one far goal to which the vast creation vaguely
drives;

And only when I kiss your face
Shall the final trumpet shatter Space.
I dreamed: we dare not meet.

Yet somewhere, hungry-eyed,
You wait and listen with tears,
Clogged with the flesh and dulled with the sodden
heritage of the years.
And I am distant, lone,
Hedged with the palisades of Self, shut in—a soul
unknown
You, fashioned for me from Time's first day,
I, made for you ere that dawn was grey,
Wait, hidden and hungry-eyed.

I lie in the lonely night.
And you? Perhaps so near
That if I should whisper your sweet soul-name you
would thrill and wake and hear!
And yet perchance so far,
Drowned in the cosmic mist beyond the swirl of the
farthest star.
But over the frozen void between
With wistful eyes you wait and lean,
Alone in the lonely night.

Perhaps your passionate arms
Some stranger-youth entwine;
And you will yield him, then, faint kisses, thinking
his lips are mine;
He, dreaming that unawares
He has caught, as once in a dream he caught, that
miracle-glance of hers.
For each the piteous thing that seems—
Each clasping memories, clasping dreams
In lax and widowed arms.

Or, starving and craving still,
To your soul you were bravely true;
You told the Night your secret dream, and he
 laughed back at you.
And even in your sleep
His laughter woke you, and you could not even the
 dear dream keep;
Till Age kissed you with a kiss that sears,
And you faded and withered with the years,
 A-hungred and craving still.

But hush! I had almost heard!
Last night I dreamed your name:
Beneficent like a white, cool cloud to my desolate
 sky it came!
Like a moth it drifted away,
And into the flame of the dawn it fluttered, dying
 into the day.
Yet in the wind in the whispering leaves
The voice of your sobbing weaves—
 Hush! I had almost heard!

Yet I should know your face.
As mine, all mine, I claim
That coil of hair that over you smoulders like a
 golden flame,
And the strange, dim-curtained eyes,
The crescent of your imperious chin, and the little
 moist mouth that cries.
Your voice, with its tincture of tears,
I have heard through a thousand years. . . .
 Yes, I remember your face.

Once in a drifting crowd
I thought I had found a clue:
A pale face pealed like an organ-note, and yet—
 oh, my heart!—not you!
She had your look, the same
Grave gladness of a child's young eyes; but all the
 rest was shame
Perhaps she saw—for her eyes were wet—
In me the soul she had one time met
 In eternity's drifting crowd.

Perhaps 'tis the desert of years
That severs each from each;
And out of the cavernous centuries to each other
 we blindly reach.
You blossomed so long ago
That only the dawn and the Spring remember—
 and little, so little, they know!
You wait on the hill of the first white morn,
Straining dead eyes to me, unborn,
 Across the desert of years.

Or when I am dead, at last,
And my sovereignty have won,
As, merged in the dust of the gradual Past, unliving,
 I yet live on,
You will rise with some far-off Spring,
And back to the old dead days that were mine your
 piteous glance will fling.
But, hush! I shall come in the rain-kissed night
And whisper the words of our marriage-rite—
 We shall find each other at last!

Yet if we met . . .
I dreamed: we dare not meet. . . .

Nemesis

ALL things must fade. There is for cities tall
The same to-morrow as for daffodils:
Time's wind, that casts the seed, the petal spills.
Grim London's ruined arches yet shall fall
Back to the arms of Earth. A quiet pall
The mother draws o'er those she loves—and kills;
And though brief nations vaunt their upstart wills,
The nemesis of grass shall cover all.

So—from a caravan to Mecca bound
Getting no more than one incurious glance—
Tremendous Babylon, thrice-girt with walls,
Sick of her thousand years of arrogance,
With a few tamarisks upon a mound
Her epitaph upon the desert scrawls.

Shaw Neilson

(1872-1942)

Song be Delicate

LET your song be delicate.
The skies declare
No war—the eyes of lovers
Wake everywhere.

Let your voice be delicate.
How faint a thing
Is Love, little Love crying
Under the Spring.

Let your song be delicate.
The flowers can hear:
Too well they know the tremble
Of the hollow year.

Let your voice be delicate.
The bees are home:
All their day's love is sunken
Safe in the comb.

Let your song be delicate.
Sing no loud hymn:
Death is abroad . . . oh, the black season!
The deep—the dim.

The Orange Tree

THE young girl stood beside me. I
Saw not what her young eyes could see:
—A light, she said, not of the sky
Lives somewhere in the Orange Tree.

—Is it, I said, of east or west?
The heartbeat of a luminous boy
Who with his faltering flute confessed
Only the edges of his joy?

Was he, I said, borne to the blue
In a mad escapade of Spring
Ere he could make a fond adieu
To his love in the blossoming?

—Listen! the young girl said. There calls
No voice, no music beats on me;
But it is almost sound: it falls
This evening on the Orange Tree.

—Does he, I said, so fear the Spring
Ere the white sap too far can climb?
See in the full gold evening
All happenings of the olden time?

Is he so goaded by the green?
Does the compulsion of the dew
Make him unknowable but keen
Asking with beauty of the blue?

—Listen! the young girl said. For all
Your hapless talk you fail to see
There is a light, a step, a call,
This evening on the Orange Tree.

- Is it, I said, a waste of love
Imperishably old in pain,
Moving as an affrighted dove
Under the sunlight or the rain?
- Is it a fluttering heart that gave
Too willingly and was reviled?
Is it the stammering at a grave,
The last word of a little child?
- Silence! the young girl said. Oh, why,
Why will you talk to weary me?
Plague me no longer now, for I
Am listening like the Orange Tree.

Love's Coming

QUIETLY as rosebuds
Talk to the thin air,
Love came so lightly
I knew not he was there.

Quietly as lovers
Creep at the middle moon,
Softly as players tremble
In the tears of a tune;

Quietly as lilies
Their faint vows declare
Came the shy pilgrim;
I knew not he was there.

Quietly as tears fall
On a wild sin,
Softly as griefs call
In a violin;

Without hail or tempest,
Blue sword or flame,
Love came so lightly
I knew not that he came.

May

SHYLY the silver-hatted mushrooms make
Soft entrance through,
And undelivered lovers, half awake,
Hear noises in the dew.

Yellow in all the earth and in the skies,
The world would seem
Faint as a widow mourning with soft eyes
And falling into dream.

Up the long hill I see the slow plough leave
Furrows of brown . . .
Dim is the day and beautiful: I grieve
To see the sun go down.

But there are suns a many for mine eyes
Day after day
Delightful in grave greenery they rise,
Red oranges in May.

Show Me the Song

It is of Love and lovers—all the old dream in
me—

Weary am I of Hate and Pride and its finery:
Summer is soon behind and the Autumn stays not
long:

Is it of Love that you sing, sing, sing?
Show me the Song!

Love is not soiled for all they would sully his pretty
name:

Blood that is good and red is on every soil the
same:

Love will be loud as the sunlight, quiet as the moon,
Sweet as the sigh of a little child that shall waken
soon.

Is there a singer would waste his breath in singing
Pride

When little Love can follow wherever a man may
bide?

I would be listening, listening, out on the green,
But my heart could never come up to tell that my
eyes have seen.

Weary am I of Hate that withers the heart of a
man:

I can only dream in a heavy way as a peasant can:
Summer is gone so soon and the Autumn stays not
long:

Is it of Love that you sing, sing, sing?
Show me the Song!

Heart of Spring

O HEART of Spring!
Spirit of light and love and joyous day,
So soon to faint beneath the fiery Summer:
Still smiles the Earth, eager for thee alway:
Welcome art thou, soever short thy stay,
Thou bold, thou blithe newcomer!
Whither, oh whither this thy journeying,
O Heart of Spring?

O Heart of Spring!
After the stormy days of Winter's reign,
When the keen winds their last lament are sighing,
The Sun shall raise thee up to life again:
In thy dim death thou shalt not suffer pain:
Surely thou dost not fear this quiet dying?
Whither, oh whither blithely journeying,
O Heart of Spring?

O Heart of Spring!
Youth's emblem, ancient as unchanging light,
Uncomprehended, unconsumed, still burning:
Oh that we could, as thee, rise from the night
To find a world of blossoms lilac-white
And long-winged swallows unafraid returning . . .
Whither, oh whither this thy journeying,
O Heart of Spring?

Johannes Carl Andersen

(1873)

Summer

AND sleeps thy heart when flower and tree
Adorn the summer stillness?
And did young Spring pass over thee
In chillness?

Their scent delights and pleases,
On petalled breezes blown,
But in their beauty-freezes
Thine own.

The flower awakes, the tree is leafed,
Yet love in thee is dumb,—
Flowers fall, fruits ripen, corn is sheafed,
Ho! Winter's cold will come.

When wakens some November morn
Dew-soft, around thee brightly,
And blossoms on the grey hawthorn
Lie whitely,

Come thou, thy bosom beating,
And learn, through new-found bliss,
No time so joyous, fleeting,
As this.

Come thou, with shadows in thine eyes,
And singing in thy heart,
And learn, 'mid trees, with flowers and skies
How young and dear thou art.

Dora Wilcox

(1873)

Onawe

PEACEFUL it is. the long light glows and glistens
On English grass;
Sweet are the sounds upon the ear that listens;—
The winds that pass.

Rustle the tussock, and the birds are calling,
The sea below
Murmurs, upon its beaches rising, falling,
Soft, soft, and slow.

All undisturbed the Pakeha's herds are creeping
Along the hill;
On lazy tides the Pakeha's sails are sleeping,
And all is still.

Here once the mighty Atua had his dwelling
In mystery
And hence weird sounds were heard at midnight,
swelling
Across the sea.

Here once the Haka sounded; and din of battle
Shook the grey crags,
Triumphant shout, and agonised death-rattle
Startled the shags.

And now such peace upon this isthmus narrow,
 With Maori blood
Once red!—these heaps of stones,—a greenstone
 arrow
 Rough-hewn and rude!

Gone is the Atua, and the hillsides lonely,
 The warriors dead;
No sight, no sound! the weird wild wailing only
 Of gull instead.

Come not the Rangatira hither roaming
 As once of yore,
To dance a ghostly Haka in the gloaming,
 And feast once more?

Tena koe Pakeha! within this fortification
 Grows English grass—
Tena koe! subtle conquerer of a nation
 Doomed, doomed to pass!

In London

WHEN I look out on London's teeming streets,
On grim grey houses, and on leaden skies,
My courage fails me, and my heart grows sick,
And I remember that fair heritage
Barter'd by me for what your London gives.
This is not Nature's city: I am kin
To whatsoever is of free and wild,
And here I pine between these narrow walls,
And London's smoke hides all the stars from me,
Light from mine eyes, and Heaven from my heart.

For in an island of those Southern seas
That lie behind me, guarded by the Cross
That looks all night from out our splendid skies
I know a valley opening to the East,
There, hour by hour, the lazy tide creeps in
Upon the sands I shall not pace again—
Save in a dream,—and, hour by hour, the tide
Creeps lazily out, and I behold it not,
Nor the young moon slow sinking to her rest
Behind the hills; nor yet the dead white trees
Glimmering in the starlight: they are ghosts
Of what has been, and shall be never more.
No, never more!

Nor shall I hear again
The wind that rises at the dead of night
Suddenly, and sweeps inward from the sea,
Rustling the tussock, nor the wekas' wail
Echoing at evening from the tawny hills.

In that deserted garden that I lov'd
Day after day, my flowers drop unseen;
And as your Summer slips away in tears,
Spring wakes our lovely Lady of the Bush,
The kowhai, and she hastes to wrap herself
All in a mantle wrought of living gold;
Then come the birds, who are her worshippers,
To hover round her; this swift of wing,
And bell-birds flashing sudden in the sun,
Carolling: Ah! what English nightingale,
Heard in the stillness of a summer eve,
From out the shadow of historic elms,
Sings sweeter than our bell-bird of the bush?
And Spring is here: now the veronica,
Our koromiko, whitens on the cliff,
The honey-sweet manuka buds, and bursts

In bloom, and the divine convolvulus,
Most fair and frail of all our forest flowers,
Stars every covert, running riotous
O quiet valley, opening to the East,
How far from this thy peacefulness am I!
Ah me, how far! and far this stream of Life
From thy clear creek fast falling to the sea!

Yet let me not lament that these things are
In that lov'd country I shall see no more;
All that has been is mine inviolate,
Lock'd in the secret book of memory.
And though I change, my valley knows no change.
And when I look on London's teeming streets,
On grim grey houses, and on leaden skies,
When speech seems but the babble of a crowd,
And music fails me, and my lamp of life
Burns low, and Art, my mistress, turns from me,—
Then do I pass beyond the Gate of Dreams
Into my kingdom, walking unconstrained
By ways familiar under Southern skies;
Nor unaccompanied; the dear dumb things
I lov'd once, have their immortality.
There too is all fulfilment of desire:
In this the valley of my Paradise
I find again lost ideals, dreams too fair
For lasting; there I meet once more mine own
Whom Death has stolen, or Life estranged from
me,—
And thither, with the coming of the dark,
Thou comest, and the night is full of stars.

R. H. Long

(1874)

The Super-Lark

A POET heard a skylark sing,
But ere it ceased its preluding
His own harmonious soul was stirred,
And Shelley's song outsoared the bird.
The lark sank twittering to the ground,
The astral strain yet circles round.
Alas, to few the power is given
To poise a theme 'twixt earth and heaven!

City of God

THE Prophet's vision leaves me cold:
I seek no city paved with gold
And decked with gems: my soul awaits
No jasper walls and pearly gates,
For I am out of love with towns,
And long for hills and breezy downs,
Where I may wander far and wide
Over the open countryside.
Whatever Calm and Peace have brought
Into my life was never sought
In city streets—but when I trod
The quiet, country roads of God.

Archibald T. Strong

(1876-1930)

Grey

I

LADY of sorrow! What though laughing Blue
Thy sister, mock men's anguish, and the sun
Glare like an angry judge on many a one
That longs for night his bitter shame to rue?
Yet dost thou grant thy mercy of mist and dew,
Thy cloudy grace, ere day's revenge be done,
Weaving over the moor's red malison
Thy veil of peace with pity trembling through.

When all light loves and all brave hues are flown,
When beaten hope falls from the reeling fight,
And life is lone upon her desolate way,
And noon is fierce, and no men see aright,
Then weary eyes turn unto thee, their own,
Lady of Grief, the soul's madonna, Grey.

II

Yet not in sorrow only art thou fair:
For joy may know and love thee in the pall
Of spray that slumbers on the waterfall,
Or in low cottage-smoke in evening air,
Or in brave stone carven in glory rare,
Or when the tender mists of autumn fall
Dappling the mead with beauty, and the tall
Stark dreaming oaks thine ancient livery wear.

Yet none hath known thy loveliness aright
Save him who, gazing in his lady's eyes,
Sees dim lists tossing with plumes of many a knight.
And woods where elfin waters glint and glance,
And all the vision and faith of old romance,
And the great dream of youth that never dies.

Hugh McCrae

(1876)

I Blow My Pipes

I BLOW my pipes, the glad birds sing,
The fat young nymphs about me spring,
The sweaty centaur leaps the trees
And bites his dryad's splendid knees;
The sky, the water, and the earth
Repeat aloud our noisy mirth. . . .
Anon, tight-bellied Bacchanals,
With ivory from the vineyard walls,
Lead out and crown with shining glass
The wine's red baby on the grass.

.

I blow my pipes, the glad birds sing,
The fat young nymphs about me spring . . .
I am the lord,
I am the lord,
I am the lord of everything!

Poetae et Reges

To be a poet is to stand
Upon the dais and right hand
Of war-like Cæsar. Gods and kings
Were but the very dust of things,
Did not old Homer (and his crew
Of lesser measure) grandly strew
Their fitful progress with the bays
Of deathless triumph-songs of praise.

Each deed of martial enterprise,
Of royal bounty, straightway dies,
Save only when the magic fire
Of genius gives it to his lyre . . .
A king is but a mess of clay
Set i' the light, then put away;
A house of worms, a wealth of dearth,
His tomb a pock-mark on the earth . . .
But he who drinks of Helicon
Has life eternal surely won.
He is the scabbard to that sword
Which, left alone, without its ward,
Would rust its inches meanly down,
While fatted fools enjoy the crown
It once had fought for in the steam
Of heavy battles. . . Ah, the gleam
Is fresh as ever, underneath
The scrolling bay-leaves of its sheath,
And men shall tremble at the name
"Excalibur." . . Such is the fame
That poets hold and poets give—
To live in making others live!

Fantasy

I LOVE to lie under the lemon
That grows by the fountain;
To see the stars flutter and open
Along the blue mountain.
To hear the last wonderful piping
That rises to heaven
(Six quavers to sum up delight in,
And sorrow in seven).

To dream that the mythic wood-women—
Each brown as the honey
The bees took their toll of from Hybla,
On days that were sunny—

Come parting the hedge of my garden
To dance a light measure
With soft little feet on the green sward,
Peak-pointed for pleasure.

While Pan, on a leopard reclining,
And birds on his shoulder,
Gives breath to a flute's wanton sighing
Until their eyes smoulder.

Then, lo, in the pool of the valley
Cries centaur to centaur,
As, plashing, they leapt the white moonbuds
The goddess had leant o'er.

They climb the steep sides of the chasm
With hollowy thunder—
Whole cliffs at the stroke of their hoof-beats
Split, tumbling asunder!

They climb the steep sides of the chasm,
And rush through the thicket
That chokes up the pathways that lead to
My green garden wicket.

They seize on the dancing wood-women,
And kick poor Pan over
The back of his fat spotted leopard
Amid the lush clover.

So I wake, and eagerly listen—
But only the fountain,
Still sleeping and sobbing, complains at
The foot of the mountains.

Song of the Witless Boy

BELOW my pretty love I lie . . .
She, nakedly, upon the sky,
White like a swan,
With blue eyes open to the air
Floats in the cradle of her hair;
Hey nonny non!
Death hath no fear for me,
Life hath no care for me,
Merry and glad;
Who would change place with me,
Laugh and gain grace with the
Sky-witch's lad?

The old ewe runs among the thorns,
The young ram itches in the horns,
Winter is gone;
The mumping priests go down the way
Where Meg and Katie stook the hay,
Hey nonny non!
So let's sing cheerily,
Dance, and be verily
Merry and glad . . .
Who would change place with me,
Laugh and gain grace with the
Sky-witch's lad? . . .

My darling on a cloudy steed
Rode in December, and, indeed,
Her glances shone
Yellow like lightning up above,
But never hotter than my love;
Hey nonny non!
Spring has come back again,
Nothing to lack or gain—
Still we are glad;
Who would change place with me,
Laugh and gain grace with the
Sky-witch's lad?

O you who throw your tend'rest trust
Upon a maiden got from dust,
Go sigh, grow wan . . .
And learn, tho' late, no woman yet
Of earthly stamp was worth a fret,
Hey nonny non!
(Betsy and Josephine,
Poll, Doll, and Eveline).
Folly run mad! . . .
I would not change with ye,
Drop 'em, and range with the
Sky-witch's lad. -

Ambuscade
(*Fragment*)

OR the black centaurs, statuesquely still,
Whose moving eyes devour the snuffing mares,
And watch with baneful rage their nervous strides
Whip the dark river white, lest unawares
Some danger seize them. . . . Statuesquely still

Behind the waving trellises of cane,
The centaurs feel their hearts (besieged with blood)
Stagger like anvils when the sled-blows rain
Shower on shower in persistent flood. . . .

Now Cornus, he, the oldest of the group,
With many wounds, strong arms, and clay-rolled
hair,
Coughs for a signal to his dreadful troop,
And springs, wide-fingered, from the crackling
lair.
Loudly the victims neigh, they thrash the stream,
They tear their foemen's beards with frothy
teeth,
And fill the banks with sparkling spires of steam
That heavenward roll in one tumultuous wreath.

Within the branches of an ancient oak,
A Mother-Satyr, sleeping with her young,
Smit by a sudden stone, upbraids the stroke;
Then turns to see from whence it has been flung.
Scarce does she mark the cursed Centaur pack,
Than, standing clear, she blows a whistle shrill,
While, like an echo, straight comes flying back
Louder and louder down the empty hill

A roar of hooves, a lightning view of eyes
Redder than fire, of long, straight, whistling
manes,
Stiff crests, and tails drawn out against the skies,
Of angry nostrils webbed with leaping veins.
The stallions come! . . .

Metamorphosis

ADOWN into the pool she stapt
As deep as her white thigh;
No lotus lily ever slept,
No swan-drawn cloud on high
(Sailing between the coasts of heaven
Upon a painted sea)
But held her chiefest of the seven
Bright stars of faery.

And where she walked a rippling wreath
Of bubbles swept the stream,
Like garlands, flung by Triton 'neath
A sculptor's marble dream;
And-on her shadow water-wings
Of golden fish were sown
That flamed and fluttered through the rings
Of sun-kissed pumice-stone.

The powdery blossoms of a vine
Dropped honey in her hair,
And chequered leaves spread out to twine
Green awnings, pricked with rare
Pale patterns; while between her breasts,
Grown sleepy at his play,
A panting Jack-o'-lanthorn rests
In sensual delay.

There was no sound (such reverie
Possessed that thoughtful nook) . . .
The music of a moving tree
Which rose beside the brook

And drank its water—that alone
 (Like some great sonnet read,
Hushed to a whisper) . . . made a tone
 Of gold on silver thread.

But lo, beyond a row of hives
 Twelve heart-beats from the place,
A rain-black statue cursed the gyves
 That chained him to his base,
Till Jove, through pity for such plight,
 Sent Mercury to give
Fire to his soul—empyrean light—
 To make the statue live.

Down from his pedestal he sprang
 Between the young sweet rods . . .
His twisted anklets clashed and rang
 Up to the startled gods!

Through musk-rose and through marjoram
 He sped upon the breeze
To where the bannered lilies swam
 About her lovely knees.

u-
ba

His breath, caught quickly, drew her eyes'
 Slow petals open, till
It seemed the air drank sacrifice
 Of some rich-flowered hill;
And, through the leafage, like a dove,
 Her frightened heart took wing
To Dian on a cloud above—
 The Queen of Evening.

No prayer was ever answered yet
More swift or freely free;
No demi-devil, black as jet,
More baulked of villainy.

.
For, though he hold, he may not win—
O see . . . What potent charms!
A lifeless statue clasped within
A living statue's arms,

Never Again

SHE looked on me with sadder eyes than Death,
And, moving through the large, autumnal trees,
Failed like a phantom on the bitter breath
Of midnight; and the unilluminated seas
Roared in the darkness out of centuries.

Never on earth, or in the holy sky,
Beyond the limits of the secret ring
God walls about His Kingdom jealously,
Has ever been a fairer, sweeter thing
Than she: more fair than all imagining.

Never again! though I should waste the hours
To search the galleries of angels thro',
Or, in the exhalation of the flowers,
Gaze for her spirit, tremulous as dew,
To reascend the unfathomable blue.

I seek her in the labyrinthine maze
Of stars unravelling their golden chain,
And, from my cavern, mark the lightning blaze
A pathway for her down the singing rain.
In vain, in vain: she cannot come again.

Kalendar

WITH many murmuring voices there,
Lo, maids, more beautiful than be
On earth, with patient hands prepare
The seasons for futurity.

Full eagerly, new-wakened Spring
Upholds within his kirtle spread,
The seeds of life that he shall fling,
So man, and failing world, be fed.

For this is he (the very wight)
Who fills the nest, or, where the plough
Goes sliding in, doth plant delight,
And quicken leaves on ev'ry bough.

Next, in his turn, brown Summer walks,
With beer and bread to build his strength,
When he the wealthy oaten stalks
By steel brings down their pride at length.

Man of his meat, he cares not when
The toil is hard so that it ends;
Clear trills the cloudy choir then
While he, to love, from labour bends.

Comes quiet Autumn, like a sleep,
To ancient folk, whose honoured eyes
Find peace between the earth and deep
Long visionings of Paradise.

Till Winter show his knotted whips,
And cunning-filèd keys to pen
Sunshine his prisoner; then trips
Dead to the boy-child Spring agen.

-
Louis Esson

(1879-1943)

Cradle Song

BABY, O baby, fain you are for bed,
Magpie to mopoke busy as the bee;
The little red calf's in the snug cow-shed,
An' the little brown bird's in the tree.

Daddy's gone a-shearin', down the Castlereagh,
So we're all alone now, only you an' me.
All among the wool-O, keep your wide blades full-O!
Daddy thinks o' baby, wherever he may be.

Baby, my baby, rest your drowsy head,
The one man that works here, tired you must be.
The little red calf's in the snug cow-shed,
An' the little brown bird's in the tree.

L. H. Allen

(1879)

The Reaper

UNDER the dying sun
And the moon's frail shell,
The fields are clear as glass:
I love them well.

A horse's amber flanks
Shine in the grain.
The wheel of the reaper cleaves
A yellow lane.

The reaper is ruddy gold
Unearthly bright,
Driving an amber cloud,
Touched with its light.

They say the earth's a stone
Wrinkled and old,
Yet she has steeds of fire
And men of gold!

Will Dyson

(1880-1938)

Death is but Death

THERE is no soft beatitude in Death:
Death is but Death;
Nor can I find
Him pale and kind
Who set that endless silence on her breath.
Death is but Death!

There is no hidden comeliness in grief:
Grief is but Grief;
Nor for thy ill
Canst thou distil
An unguent from the laurel's bitter leaf.
Grief is but Grief!

There is no potent anodyne in tears:
Tears are but Tears;
Nor can the woe
Of green wounds grow
Less green for their salt kindness through the years.
Tears are but Tears!

H. C. McKay

(1880)

The Witch Mistress

I FOUND a shadowy land 'twixt sleep and waking,
And an autumn tempest, blown through the
midnight, stirred
A dusty music with leaf and petal-drift through it
And creeper buds, and a rustling quiver of trees
And broken pools and streams, but never a bird.
I found you, poised on a path by a mere of blackness
Where dark reeds sang like a lyre;
I took your hands, but your eyes were starry with
distance—
I kissed your lips, but Dreams had stolen your fire.
Gipsy eyes and a dark gaze soft as music,
Had Dreams such power?
Did they reive your love as flame for their water-
lanterns,
Did they steal your grace to weave in the poise of
a flower?
I sought your moveless lips, but they made not
answer,
Kiss or a murmuring word;
I drew your hand till I held you against me a
captive,
No heart-beat stirred,
But the mocking voice of Dreams through the leaf
I heard,
Leave her—and wake; love her—and at her kiss
You become but a shade-between-worlds as we,
Dreams, made this.

The land blurs grey;
I wake at dying taper and breaking day
To wander blind at dawn through the streets of
 waking,
An alien land—
Mad for a shadow, deaf to the lips that loved me,
Cold to the honeyed kiss, to the seeking hand,
All for the dream of a wild wind, petal-blowing,
Soft eyes by an ebony mirror in midnight flower,
And certain doom—that, brave to its own undoing,
My soul must spire to the vision that robs its
 power,
A living dream for a prize—and the price, eternal,
Eternal night between worlds . . . for a captured
 hour.

H. M. Green

(1881)

Birth

I HEARD a voice in the night, the green night, the
warm night:

“Wake, for the earth wakes; hear its birth.”

I listened, and hark, through the thick dark, the
quick dark,

I heard the green sprouts sprouting all over the
earth.

As I crept, soft-stepped, while the world slept,

Lo, from her grey dream, heavy and cold

Earth broke, and the hills woke, and the plains
woke,

And out of the swelling seas in the east, light
rolled.

Then like a child the day smiled, and the year
smiled, and my heart smiled,

For over the tomb of buried gloom

Spring ran wild.

The Enchanted Orchard

THERE'S an enchanted orange orchard
Beyond green Richmond, on the Kurrájong,
Orange and mandarin and swelling citron,
Glowing upon the shoulder of the mountain,
Up to the forest.

Ripe are the fields, astir with the wind's wavings,
The wind's soft wavings, that surround that
orchard,
Forests of maize and green lagoons of barley;
Winding the long road filled with dust and sunlight
That leads towards it.

Out of the eucalyptine stillness fringing
The grey dust of the roadway, wandering shadows
Warn and allure in the likeness of birds' voices,
Rubbings of boughs and the dry drone of cicadas,
All the long journey.

There drugged and drowsy bees tell sleepy stories
Of the mysterious stirrings of far blossoms
On blue and golden noons, and the earth, turned
over
By the steel of the plough, strains up till the air
trembles
With its spirit escaping.

There, in the golden middle of September
The breeze that blows among the blossoming acres,
Blossoming acres, O besieging acres,
Rich with bewildering magic of strange rumours,
Stabs with its keenness.

And having stabbed and overwhelmed, relentless,
Drowsy enchantment, like a fine mist breathing,
Dims and dissolves to a half-imagined murmur
All those old pleasures and regrets and longings,
Pains and achievements,

Until at last the world is far and far off,
And I, drowned, drowned deeper than countless
 fathoms,
Resolved into the bosom of the wonder,
 Share its existence.

Frank Wilmot "Furnley Maurice"

(1881-1942)

The Wells Unfailing

BEYOND the starlight, past where any wind
Wanders, yet nearer than this air is near,
Beyond where any eyes of angels peer
Wistfully o'er the walls of heaven that bind
All hours to orisons, the Earnest find
The strength that holds a man against his fear,
The glow that warms the heart to wonder, here
All hope, all good, all effort to be kind.

Here from these wells faint-hearted men have
drawn
Their faith's inflexible; hither no dawn
Approaches, but their souls, when days oppress,
Find in this dusk where Joy white-footed goes,
Serenity more deep than mortal knows
And loveliness too perfect to possess.

Song

GIVE me rivers to cool my hands,
Give me hills for stay!
I have a fear an' a little fear
I hurt my love to-day.

There was no word, only those eyes
Looked dim with smothered pain;
A little thing an' a little thing,
But it breaks my heart in twain!

He Bringeth them Unto His Love

He bringeth them unto his love,
New flesh and smoking panther skins,
Nets that strong fingers deftly wove,
And his stout heart of hoarded sins.

He bringeth them unto his love,
Word melodies and fairy spells;
Songs from the ocean, dreamers rove
In old courageous caravels.

He bringeth them unto his love,
Curved swords and spears of Bedouins;
Plumes, and his oft-thrown mailed glove,
And jewelled spurs that prowess wins.

He bringeth them his love unto,
Dreary accounts of broken ships,
Arms limp, a bruised heart—*and you—*
And you—you kissed my bloodless lips.

1914

THE sparrow has gone home into the tree;
And the belled cattle, vague and pensive-eyed,
Drowse in the twilight, to the red cliffside
Comes but a faded murmur of the sea.
Comes down the night; comes down reluctantly
The mist upon the hill whence soon shall guide
A pale and bashful moon; with arms spread wide
Affrighted pixies seek the dark from me.

These shall return: the mountains and the haze,
The blue lobelias ledging all the lawns,
The pixies, the lost roads and the sun-blaze,
These waters surge to-morrow to this shore—
All these things shall return with other dawns
But pity to the hearts of men no more.

Plunder

THE fisherman leans backward on his cord;
The shallows wash his footprints clean away.
His beard is stuck with scales; without a word
He hauls and hauls, dreaming upon his prey.

No thought of coffers jewelled band and latch,
Nor of white, bleeding mermaidens that sprawl
Gasping in suffocation 'midst the catch
Disturbs his thrifty brooding on the haul.

Spill out your netted hoard, your toll of scales,
The snared amazement that your gulleys pull
From the drowned gardens where slow water-gales
Wash unknown jungles and world-weary hulls.

Fishes moustached, spotted and spikey-finned,
Flash terror-struck and burst upon the sands!
Now, from your slippery mass, toll of the wind,
Sort the slim pike with eager, callused hands!

Beauty of the World

Nor what men see,
Not what they draw from the spread
Of hills looming in cloud—
Not this make them proud;
But what they can hold in fee
With difficulty and dread
To tell to their hearts in pain
Over and over again.
The terror of Beauty is this:
That something may find the abyss,
Some fact of miracle that you have seen
And no one ever know it ever has been
Nor what its miracle would mean.
The spacious suns
Flow through the heart as water runs,
Known and not held,
Leaving no trace.
O'er Earth's wind-ruffled face
Goes the sun-shuddering air . . .
Of all the Beauty that rides
Violent or velvet-footed everywhere,
So little abides—
The hunger of life's unquelled!

Languid upon their slopes of silvery death
Dead giants sway to the noon breezes' breath;
How these things torture the soul!
Moonlight that loiters on a mossy bole;
Sunglow that makes a pillow of stone;
The drifts of forest light;
Trees in a stormy night;
Bush echoes; ocean's unresolving tone;

Or groups of falling chords melting to one;
The softness of a kookaburra's crown
The wind puts softly up and softly down;
His eyes of love that almost humanly speak
Peering in softness o'er that murderous beak!

Gardens will blossom forever, breaking the spirit,
All your endeavour be guerdonless, trammelled with
dross;

Vain the accomplishing ardours the races inherit
Till true men open their mouths, confessing their
loss.

Beauty strides like a warrior, tortures the passions,
Troubles the soul with its mountainous loveliness;
Vain what we yearn toward, vain all the deft hand
fashions,

Till, turning toward the ranges, men confess
That they shall trouble overmuch
For things they'll never touch;
That forests they move among
Shall always elude their yearning
And all their passion be as the returning
Silence when the thrush has sung.

When, folded on gully and crown,
The west light spreads the shadows down.
And daylight dies on unapproachable hills,
The breathing silence storms us, the heart fills,
We're sated with sublimity . . .
But, having tramped those tracks and crossed those
rills
Nearing their slopes, the mountains cease to be.

Full well we know
Must pass, must pass away

This joy, that woe;
And learn full well in quiet dismay
That Beauty cannot stay.
But this content for which we vainly grope,
This desperate reach for miracle may give place,
Through an intenser waiting, a more passionate
 hope,
To nobleness in small things, acts of grace.

Dead Heart

WHAT if my heart should die and I did not know!
If I saw the nodding dahlias come and go
With no delighted start—
Went cold in September's sun where the swallows
 dart
Close to my face
In their aery race—
Whom, whom should I curse for my dying heart?

If in the windy pools along the shore,
The sun its silver dapples made no more!
If the slow-falling shuffle of the sea
Made no unspeakable yearning move in me!
And, when the dawn came loaded with new fate
For flowers and clouds and men, should my high
 gait
Spurn in its pride the hedges that I pass?
The white geraniums near the green lawn grass?

Did I spurn the jewels that a wet night leaves
Swung from web-wheels that the spider weaves—
If I lost my faith in a late sun ray,
If the glory of daffodils slipt away;

If I looked on romping dogs without a move
Saying that in that there was nothing to love;
If I dreamed I saw
What revealeth now, but saw it not, and awe
Stole from my soul through some constituent flaw.

If dark gleams of the cliffs where turns the creek
Harboured but darkness and no gnomes that speak
Truth and delight!
And oh, the night!
What if I lost
The steel-blue colour of a night of frost!

If the gleam of lighted windows on the hill
Found this heart steady still;
If a tall white house on a pine-clad rise
Probed a cold heart through unresponsive eyes,
If the dawn-trot of an early market load
Broke me no joy from out its hidden road,
From the song of its sleepy men—
I should die gladly then.

Enid Derham

(1882-1941)

Farewell

I LEAVE the world to-morrow,-
What news for Fairyland
I'm tired of dust and sorrow
And folk on every hand.

A moon more calm and splendid
Moves there through deeper skies,
By maiden stars attended
She paces goddess-wise.

And there no wrath oppresses,
And there no tear-drops start,
There cool winds breathe caresses
That soothe the weary heart.

The wealth the mad world follows
Turns ashes in the hand
Of him who sees the hollows
And glades of Fairyland.

And pine boughs sigh no sorrow
Where fairy rotas play,—
I leave the world to-morrow
For ever and a day.

The Suburbs

MILES and miles of quiet houses, every house a
harbour,

Each for some unquiet soul a haven and a home.
Pleasant fires for winter nights, for sun the trellised
arbour,

Earth the solid underfoot, and heaven for a dome.

Washed by storms of cleansing rain, and sweetened
with affliction,

The hidden wells of Love are heard in one low-
murmuring voice

That rises from this close-meshed life so like a
benediction

That, listening to it, in my heart I almost dare
rejoice.

O City, Look the Eastward Way

O CITY, look the Eastward way!

Beyond thy roofs of shadowy red and grey

Floats like a lily on the airy stream,

Radiant and vast, a cloud,

Around whose billowy head

Splendour from out the glooming West is shed.

As if it were not ever to take flight,—

And on its edge of gleam

In the clear blue of waning afternoon,

Faint as a spirit slipping from the shroud,

Faint, and yet gathering light,

The Moon.

O city, dream and pray!

This is thy evensong at close of day.

Security

You judged me with the judgment of the worldly,
You went into your house and shut the door,
And left my poor ghost crying on the threshold
Like the wave on a lonely shore.

And you have the warm and dancing firelight
That shines on a pleasant home,
On bookshelves and tea-cups and an arm-chair
Where no poor ghost can come.

But I have the moonlight and the starlight
And waters running cold,
And I and the stars and the waters
Are as old as Death is old.

You know not their austere high beauty,
You know not the language they speak,
You hear no thin voice calling,
You feel no wind on your cheek.

You hear no poor ghost saying
How lonely, lonely you will lie
In the day when your roof-tree withers,
Who know not how to die.

Bartlett Adamson

(1884)

Adventure

THE world is charted out from Pole to Pole,
Measured and docketed and filed away;
And old Adventure, portly grown and gray,
Sits in his office. But his fiery soul
Yearns for the magic seas that used to roll,
The dragon-terrors that were once to slay,
The perilous journeys past the rim of day
In joyous quest of some forbidden goal.

Yet there remains to him one land untrod,
One venture beckoning still, one keen surmise
To fan the wanderlust and fire his eyes,
To spur his pulses and to rouse his breath,
One vision still to stir his rover-blood:
The panorama from the peaks of Death.

Boyce Bowden

(1885)

The Hat

THEY'VE carried him up, they have laid him down,
With the smell of the harbour upon his clothes;
The strange little man who was born to drown,
With the little blue face that nobody knows.

The point of the chin and the curve of the throat
Are hidden from view by a brave cravat;
And he's buttoned up close in an overcoat;
But his head is bald—and he's lost his hat!

Somewhere or other beneath the quay,
Bobbing about within easy touch,
Yet hiding away so that none may see,
Is the little black hat that he needs so much.

The old black bowler that went with him
When he walked out under the midnight skies;
The sheltering crown and the pulled-down brim
That hid the purpose within his eyes.

The little black hat which I fain would place,
Since he may not wear it upon his head,
Across the eyes and the little blue face,
And grant him the privacy of the dead.

Vance Palmer

(1885)

Visitant

I SAW the moon come floating, faint and white
Over the hill, and soft as spreading snow
The dark bush blossomed in a flower of light
That shone with silvery glow.

No secret was revealed: nothing was said,
But quietly in the hush
A grave within my heart opened, and one long dead
Walked with me through the bush.

The Farmer Remembers the Somme

WILL they never fade or pass!
The mud, and the misty figures endlessly coming
In file through the foul morass,
And the grey flood-water lipping the reeds and
grass,
And the steel wings drumming.

The hills are bright in the sun:
There's nothing changed or marred in the well-
known places;
When work for the day is done
There's talk, and quiet laughter, and gleams of fun
On the old folks' faces.

I have returned to these:
The farm, and the kindly Bush, and the young
calves lowing;
But all that my mind sees
Is a quaking bog in a mist—stark, snapped trees,
And the dark Somme flowing.

The Snake

I KILLED a snake this morning in the grass,
A lovely, sinister thing of gleaming jet:
I see it yet!
Gliding across the place my feet would pass,
In effortless motion, fluid as molten glass,
Yet live as fire, and evilly aware
Of all the magic in its jewelled stare,
The founts of poison in its being set.

I struck with savage force, and now it lies
With small ants swarming round its mangled
head,
Surely it's dead!
Yet in the sunlight myriad shapes arise
And flow in rhythm before my dazzled eyes;
Each black stick melts in curves, each tussock holds
Its crimson belly and its shining folds,
Till mind and sense recoil in nameless dread.

Who dragged this creature from the nether streams
And on an innocent world its presence thrust?
Its eyes hold lust
And evil will beyond man's darkest dreams;
Yet when it moves a baleful beauty gleams,

The shy birds flutter and shriek, each lyric note
Turned to a bat's cry in the quivering throat
By this insidious dragon of the dust.

O slender vial filled with poisoned wine!
If all the subtle alchemy you hold
To turn men cold
Had been denied you in that first design,
Would harmonies of form, and colour, and line
Fill all my being now with life intense?
Or would I pass with unawakened sense
. A coloured worm that wriggled in the mould?

Nettie Palmer

Unsung

WHEN shall I make a song for you, my love?
When you are nigh me?
Not so, for then the hours unnamed go by me,
Flocking like dove on dove.

When shall that song for you be found, my mate?
When I wait lonely?
Not so, for then am I a mourner only,
Begging without a gate.

Never in words that happy song will rise,
Yet you will feel it,—
Through days your love makes glad I shall reveal
it,
Through years your love makes wise.

F. S. Burnell

(1886)

The Pool

BESIDE the pale water
Linger chapman and churl;
Prince, poet; boy and girl;
Harlot and King's daughter.

Over the dark hedge climb
White stars like roses;
Dark hedge that encloses
The dusty road of Time.

Herein all men
Gaze, as in a glass,
Awhile; they pass
Down the long road again,

Murmuring a vague surmise,
A bitter word, or a jest;
With chin on sunken breast;
Or erect, with shining eyes. . . .

For, as upon their way
They stoop to drink
Beside the reedy brink,
They see in the water grey,

Some, their own idle faces;
Some, ripples that die
Stilly, mysteriously,
Of an unseen wind that traces;

Some, but the slime below,
Black and rotting; some,
Only the idle scum
Drifting to and fro.

But some, with clearer view,
In the pool's heart behold
Bright stars manifold,
And God's arched heaven blue. . . .

To the grey pool all men
Come, one by one, to drink
Awhile at its reedy brink,
And tread the road again. . . .

Clarice G. Crosbie

A Vision of Fountains

HERE where the earth is brown and barren,
Where trees are stunted and skies are pale,
Where dust from the dry plains, wind-tormented,
Hangs in air like a stifling veil—
Here I am dreaming of snowy columns
That up through the wide boughs leap and sway,
A glittering vision, fountains playing—
Fountains playing on a windy day.

The water flower swiftly budding,
Blooming, fading, and still renewed,
And ever the petals falling, falling,
Till the tangled grasses are thickly dewed,
And the waving roses are jewel strewn,
And the low green boughs are hung with pearls:
And ever the central shaft of splendour,
Wind-maddened, musical, sparkling, whirls
Broken in rainbow-misted mazes,
Scattering, flying drifts of spray.
This is my vision of fountains playing,
Splashing, swaying—
Fountains playing on a windy day.

The wind that ferries the white clouds over
Snatches the blossoms and strews them wide,
And veils itself in the fine-spun gauzes,
Laughing low like an eager bride;
And the fountains' laughter is sweet with singing
As they rise and fall in fantastic play;

A delicate vision that hangs displayed
In quivering plume and swift cascade,
A lovely vision of fountains playing—
Fountains playing on a windy day.

Spinning poised like joyous dancers,
Tossing their slim, white arms aloft;
Bending, bowing in rhythmic measure
To the pattering crystal drumming soft
On the spread of the silver, singing pools,
While the trees a-nodding clap to time,
And wind and water twirl together
To the lilting beat of a happy rime,
Sweeping ever away, away.
This is my vision of fountains blowing,
The path of the breeze with diamonds sowing;
A vision of fountains flashing, flowing—
Fountains playing on a windy day.

*Dorothea Mackellar**My Country*

THE love of field and coppice,
Of green and shaded lanes,
Of ordered woods and gardens
Is running in your veins;
Strong love of grey-blue distance,
Brown streams and soft, dim skies—
I know but cannot share it,
My love is otherwise.

I love a sunburnt country,
A land of sweeping plains,
Of ragged mountain ranges,
Of droughts and flooding rains;
I love her far horizons,
I love her jewel-sea,
Her beauty and her terror—
The wide brown land for me.

The tragic ring-barked forests
Stark white beneath the moon,
The sapphire-misted mountains,
The hot gold hush of noon.
Green tangle of the brushes
Where lithe lianas coil,
And orchids deck the tree-tops
And ferns the crimson soil.

Core of my heart, my country!
Her pitiless blue sky,
When sick at heart around us
We see the cattle die—

But then the grey clouds gather
And we can bless again
The drumming of an army,
The steady, soaking rain.

Core of my heart, my country!
Land of the Rainbow Gold,
For flood and fire and famine,
She pays us back threefold;
Over the thirsty paddocks,
Watch, after many days,
The filmy veil of greenness
That thickens as we gaze.

An opal-hearted country,
A wilful, lavish land—
All you who have not loved her,
You will not understand—
Though earth holds many splendours,
Wherever I may die,
I know to what brown country
My homing thoughts will fly.

An Old Song

THE almond bloom is overpast, the apple blossoms
blow
I never loved but one man, and I never told him so.

My flowers will never come to fruit, but I have kept
my pride—
A little, cold, and lonely thing, and I have naught
beside.

The spring-wind caught my flowering dreams, they
lightly blew away,
I never had but one true love, and he died yesterday.

Heritage

THOUGH on the day your hard blue eyes met mine
I did not know I had a heart to keep,
All the dead women in my soul
Stirred in their shrouded sleep.

There were strange pulses beating in my throat,
I had no thought of love: I was a child:
But the dead lovers in my soul
Awoke and flushed and smiled;

And it was years before I understood
Why I had been so happy at your side
With the dead woman in my soul
Teaching me what to hide.

For it was not the springtime that had come,
Only one strong flower thrusting through the
snows,
But the dead women in my soul
Knew all that summer knows.

Vestal

THE kisses that she did not take
Pass unregarded to a common grave,
But through the black nights she is all one ache
For those she never gave.

She had so many in her gift
So many different kisses—quick and kind,
Passionate, tender—aimlessly they drift
Like woodsmoke down the wind.

Frail sweet-pea kisses caught a-wing;
Kisses wine-crimson, troubling soul and wit:
Wasted, not spent; the rich wine perishing
And no one glad of it.

Lover and husband, mother-lore
Renounced she, living as she chose to live,
And not for all of these she mourns, but for
Her woman's right to give.

Waste

SWAYING-MOONFLOWER, the potter's daughter,
Went to fill her pitcher with water,
Stooped her slenderness to the well—
O fair as the dream that we never tell!
Kings and Princes and Potentates
From thirty lands and three hundred states
East from Aleppo to great Pekin
Sent her gifts her favour to win.
Down at her delicate feet were laid
Sherry-brown amber and apple-green jade;
Great star-sapphires like tropic night;
Leopard-skins, tiger-skins, fox-skins white;
Silken sarongs from Trengganu
(Woven wonders of gold-shot blue,
Crimsons, purples and parrot-greens);
Persian praying-mats, carved screens,

Marvellous mirrors in blackwood and pearl
Brought from Shanghai to the marvellous girl.
Swaying-Moonflower stood in a trance,
Gave not even the mirrors a glance,
For she had soared to a Higher Plane,
She knew the things of this world are vain.

All the Sultans and Rajas redoubled
Efforts and gifts, for their hearts were troubled.
They brought her turquoise from Kashmir snows
And great tall vases of *famille rose*;
They sent her elephants rocking slow,
Tigers led in a sinister row;
And piles of silks beyond all our words
Embroidered with stories of dragons and birds;
Heaped ivory carven in subtle lines
And the yield of seven great ruby mines—
But she spurned the peculiar treasure of kings,
Her mind being set on Celestial things.

All the Rajas and Sultans went
Home with their disillusionment,
All the presents she scorned were hurled
(Tigers included) about the world;
They mostly flung them into the sea—
But not even a turquoise was offered to me!
I wish it had been—I hate all waste,
And nourish an earthly contemptible taste
For peacock-shimmers and vanities . . .
But Swaying-Moonflower was doubtless wise.

Frederick T. Macartney

(1887)

Remembrance for Rosemary

I WAS almost forgetting the little hedge that went
Round about the flower-beds to make the flowers
content.
My greybeard great-grandfather always kept it
trim.
He had an old-world wisdom that I lost in losing
him.
He built a queer house with porches and gables
Where a boy could hide, or sit and listen to old
fables.
He planted an orchard with apricots and plums.
He had more love for oaks and elms than wattle
trees and gums;
But most he loved the rosemary, clipping it
neat,
While I walked behind him, crushing with my
feet
The tiny sprigs that fell, for the sweet smell they
had,
But now I would forget again; it all makes me
sad;
Though then I scoffed to find he loved flowers
more than games,
And laughed to hear him calling them by their
familiar names.
If he had not been old or I had not been young,
He might have rued my manners, and I might have
feared his tongue.

From *Earthen Vessels*

GROVES where the laughter-bird makes dawn a
 jest;
 Silence, like fragrance of a rose in bloom,
 Pervading the calm midnight; the grave plume
 Of pines, where the long sand-ridge shows its
 crest;
 Cloud-couches, royal to the east, the west;
 All things that in the changing year assume
 Life's little phases, joy, and peace, and gloom:—
 These are old kindred, lodging me as guest.
 I leave them, if not wiser, yet renewed:
 Their sturdy tenderness about me clings
 Like homely warmth of eyes where humour plays.
 Though there be little worship in this mood,
 There is affinity: instinctive things
 Pertain to contact rather than to praise.

Everlastings

THOUGH you flatter them
 With a name,
 The wind shall scatter them
 Just the same!
 The future need
 Is the seed.

Life has its worth
 In all that lies
 Above the earth
 And under the skies.

It weakens when it clings
To hopes beyond
The joyful bond
Of sweet terrestrial things.

O I have watched (and have not you?)
The tinselled dawn-dance of the dew,
When the first lark sings where the last star shone
I have slipped to sleep from the thoughts that
 swoon

When the somnolent yellow of afternoon
Is glazed with gauze where a bee goes on
Begging at the porch of each flower for honey
In a paddock sorrel-flushed and sunny.
I have lain in love, and alone have lain,
In a lap of grass on the knoll-kneed plain,
Biting a blade for the taste of its tang,
When the first star shines where the last lark sang.

(Love is a rose, and each pulse a bud,
And the sap of the rose is the heartward blood,
Which moons of remembrance sway to sigh
In stertorous caves that the ebb left dry.
Ah' sorrow for life's dear lost sweethearting,
When a single tear at the hour of parting
Trailed through spaces of time afar
Like the sweep of a catastrophic star.)

And I have sought, in the noisy towns,
Where puckered application frowns,
Mean pence of profit: these suffice
To weight the dead lids of stark eyes.

I worship wisdom well enough
To know the worth of knowledge vast.
I watch the pedant present cuff
The stupid errors of the past,

While the wise future waits to whip
The present for bad scholarship.

Delights of the field, the flesh, the mind,
In one brain focussed and combined,
Are as the petals of one bloom:
How shall a flower pass to be
A disembodied symmetry,
Surpassing in its faded doom
The shape, the substance, the fine plan
In which its purposed life began?

Doubt not: for mortals yet may gain
An immortality of earth
In race perfected to contain
Love, beauty, wisdom, and all worth
Of nature: you and I,
We die,
Dizzy with time's
Recurring rhymes;
But they—
Gods with no child's hour for a day,
Or a youth's month for a year,
Or a man's time speeding to his fear—
For them sun, moon, and stars would strew
One instant with eternal dew,
And all we dream of realise
The vision of their actual eyes.

Though, everlastings, you should be
A symbol of immortality,
You are plucked from the song and the breath
Of paddocks where you love to wave.
Our dreams are tribute unto death,
I found these flowers on a grave.

William Baylebridge

(c 1883-1942)

The Unburied Past

Not seldom, on the silent ways
Of thought, full piteously
The ghosts of dead remembered days
Gather to plead for thee.

Thou'rt gone for ever! Shall I then
Look nevermore on thee?
For ever!—Wretched wraiths, why can
You plead so piteously?

Love's Refuge

O WHY art thou so fair? I see
Too fair, alas, thou art for me!
Such grace is thine and virtue such
How, tell, may I approach and touch?
Some imperfection—do but so—
Some trivial incompleteness show!
I have no sanction in me, Sweet,
Else to attain thee, too complete.

And yet one hope, ay one, there is,
If, shamed so, I dare whisper this:
Could but thy love as perfect be
As, Dear, I deem the rest in thee,
My dross hid in that fire divine—
O marvellous!—all might yet be mine.

From *Love Redeemed*

I

LOVE lives on deeds; on too much thought love dies.

THIS blood, in intellectual bouts allayed,
Or in steep mysteries of the mind, denies
Its office; and the heart's truth is betrayed.
O has not thought, in calculation cold,
Measured the heavens, weighed the eternal stars,
Stripped the divinity from gods, and told
All magic into fact? Thus love it mars.
On deeds, then, nourish love; let blood be doing.
Yet, strange, if thought a separate use employs,
Thence turned, may not its eye, love's riches wooing
Know raptures love unthoughted not enjoys?

Is most in knowledge, oft, in love not most?

And, most in love, her crown doth Knowledge
boast.

II

As fire, unfound ere pole approaches pole,
Leaps into splendour as their needles twin,
So heavenly flame when soul is drawn to soul
To radiance breaks—illuming all within.
Perception then is summed: love only crowns it:
Spirit is kingly then; inspired is sense:
In this gross earth a god inhabits, gowns it—
Dowered with that new and charged intelligence.
Then eyes will plumb to what profound in eyes!
And lip, to lip betrothed, how sagely burn!
Lo, even these hands, grown intimate, devise
A subtler speech than tongues, so moved not, learn;
Blood towers in hailing who hath made it strong;
Yea, flesh itself is bursting into song!

III

Who questions if the punctual sun unbars
Earth's pageant, and flings gold upon the east?
If the pale intercessions of high stars
Make beautiful the night, with magic pieced?
Who asks if grass springs on this populous earth?
If leaves put forth their flourish upon trees?
If buds on waking sprays have comeliest birth?
And who, that scans, inquires the why of these?
Who questions, tell, man's breath or blood, that
comes
We know not whence, yet is, and dates his day?
These set things, being, have sanction past all sums
Of more and less, and prompt nor yea or nay.
A certitude sublime they have, above
Belief and non-belief. So has our love.

The Ampler Circumscription

Who, not to trifle with his days or blood,
Would set the seal of purpose on his soul
And gather up his parts to amplitude,
Must turn and dedicate him to a goal.
Then, lest he swerve and waste the little light
Or multiply the labour of his load,
So that he come not home before the night,
His feet must know, and straightly tread, the road.
What needeth next? The skill to see what needs,
The power to put impertinence away,
The strength to lift what serveth into deeds—
The auditors of effort, yea and nay.
The All-wise no offering takes till man hath writ
The goal, the road, the yea and nay, on it.

From Life's Testament

FROM universal throes, immense
Past the accompt of reeling sense,
By primal forces space that cleave
In their ungripped velocities,
Through cataclysmic gurge and heave
Across whole Chaos, through vast seas
Of fire, through transformations blind,
Abysmal, to amaze the mind,
The Earth was hurled, its charge begun,
Into the harness of the sun.

Through dizzying epochs dread it rolled,
Unformed, with hot convulsed or cold.
Great eddying cataracts of fire
Across its slag whirl and retire;
Or frost binds up its rind in ice.
Lava and rock in ridges rise
Stupendous, sucked within, they roar
In blazing rings, till ooze explore
Those wildering whirlpools. Thus and thus
Prepared for me my dwelling was;
Till, tempered in the waste of time,
It shook off spasm, and fire, and slime;
And I, through further æons vast,
Was worked whole into flesh at last.

Now, later come, do I not climb
Upon the shoulders of all time?
I, mastering its idea, do
Inherit and transcend it too.

II

ALL that I am to Earth belongs;
This Heaven does me violent wrongs.
My fight from fitful loins, my birth,
Are fashioned to the mode of Earth—
Deliberate things, not swiftly given
As some report it falls in Heaven.
This mind is slow to work, this will,
This hand to act them tardier still—
Not dowered with that immediate sense
Deemed in celestial excellence.
True earth am I, of earth I'm knit—
O let me be at peace with it!

*Jean Bird**The Comforter*

He drew me from the horrid pit,
He set me on my feet.
He warmed me from my mortal cold,
He cooled me from my heat.

He put me on my way again
And showed me how to go;
Was gentle when I went too fast—
Patient when I was slow.

He spoke in anger never once—
This is the way He took:
He broke me with a word of love,
He bound me with a look.

He heard my cry before I called,
Seeing I had no speech;
He handled with a mother-touch
The hurt I could not reach.

He made the mountain tops come down,
He made the valleys rise;
He made the holy highway plain
Before my very eyes.

He led me through the whelming flood;
He led me through the fire;
He fed me in a wealthy place
With honey of desire.

It's love like this that wakens life
In the very breast of death,
And fashions in the formless void
An image quick with breath.

This is the magnet that compels
My spirit's secret tide
Deep calls to deep; love answers love,
And both are satisfied.

Rest

Who has repose? .
Not Judas, doing ill;
Not Peter, weak of will;
Not Thomas, doubting still;
Who understands? Who knows?

John has repose;
The Bosom is his right.
Yet all the others might
Know that supreme delight.
John understands. John knows.

Love is repose.
Faith eyes a future rest;
Hope waiteth still the best;
Love leans upon the Breast.
Love understands. Love knows.

Asleep

CALL me not back from my dreamless slumber
To want again, hope again, lose again;
Consciousness bleeds in wounds without number.
Waking is pain.

See, I have cast all the useless lumber
Of buds that die, blooms that die, fruits that die,
In a deep sea of forgetting slumber.
There let them die.

There let me lie in oblivious slumber,
To want no more, hope no more, lose no more;
I am well rid of all useless lumber,
Well-escaped, I, from wounds without number.
Call me no more.

*Zora Cross**From Elegy on an Australian Schoolboy*

YOUR face, yet not yourself, looks down on
me

From this old, quiet wall.

Your eyes are mirrored in eternity,

Knowing the end and all.

Brother, too beautiful in death, most free,

The light leaves fall without;

The fading flower is dreaming of the bee

And the young children shout.

One that is you in clean-limbed ease and
grace,

Frank, tender, loving, wise,

Shouts with the rest, and in his eager face

I see your gentle eyes.

His little, sunburnt feet run round my heart,

As yours did long ago;

His moods, his dreams, his play are as a part

Of that we used to know.

Beloved, that my little child-arms rocked,

My child-voice sang to sleep,

In what lone prison, by what far key locked,

Do the high warders keep

A watch, implacable, unyielding still

Lest your dreams mix with mine?

Are you made one with the eternal will—

One with all things divine?

Be still. I would not, grown so meek and old
In hushed humility,
Question and probe, too ignorant and bold,
The ways that sever me
From that large restlessness that harbours you
Unanchored in God's heart—
That breathless sleep that may not be less true
For being false in part.

And now you sleep, a sleep that wakens not
With the glad morning sun.
You dream, if dreams may haunt the voiceless spot
Where no live deeds are done.
You sleep. You dream among old heroes tall
Beneath your England's grass;
Hearing, maybe, the light, brown elm-leaves fall
As the dawn breezes pass.

I have not heard the Channel waters roar
Nor seen old Thames go by
Brown-barged and shouting from full shore to shore
Her hoarse commercial cry;
But I can hear the waters of the creek
Where we played Nelson's fight,
And all the memories of our childhood speak
To me this blue, still night.

England! Her name is as a knell to me
And shall be till I die.
Outside, the gum-leaves whisper wistfully
And the faint night-winds sigh.
Brother, I know how utterly she keeps
The souls of her great men.
And are there greater than her starlight sweeps
Than you by field or fen?

What's great or greater, what is more or most,
In the mere mood of time?
All that was best in her proud island boast
You bore her from this clime
Who gave her youth, unscarred as stars above,
High heart and clean, frank mind—
A boy's first passion for a school-girl love,
Strong as the chastening wind.

Hear how I make a boast myself of you
Who gave so much for this—
Love, fatherhood and dreams the years pursue
For England's cold, brown kiss.
For this our land you held but as a child
Of that stern Mother land,
Staunch to her faiths and lover-reconciled
Unto her least command.

England! Though all her vaunted heroes rise
From Nile to Flanders red
Calling you from the long, red sunset skies
You shall remain still dead.
You shall not touch her woods and flowers again,
You shall not sail her Thames,
You shall not see in her soft April rain
The fairy diadems.

She cannot honour you. You do not feel
Her tears and pity deep.
Though all her multitudes in homage kneel,
That cannot break your sleep,
That cannot give you back the dew of earth,
The light upon the sea,
The soft, sweet ripple of your child's first mirth—
Your immortality.

*Elsie Cole**The Slayers*

WHEN we loved, between us two
How the cloudy glamour grew!—
Thoughts unspoken, rainbow tears,
Sweet reserves, and darling fears,
Exquisite imaginings,
Shyly preening untried wings—
All in one dim radiance blent.
Could we not have been content?

But we judged too daringly
Nought must stand 'twixt You and Me.
Reticence, and secret pride,
What were they but mists that hide?
Break the sundering barrier frail,
Rend the rosy-golden veil!
So we labored, till at last
Eye to eye we stood, aghast.

The veil was riven shred from shred
All for love . . . and love lay dead.

Anemone

THE sad and faithful tide has drawn far out
In slow pursuance of its anguished quest;
Beyond the reef the chafing breakers shout,
Foam-dust blown backward from each wrathful
crest,
Imperious, implacable, white foes of rest.

But here in the great pool
Rock-rimmed from turmoil, crystal-dark and cool
A thousand fates are silently fulfilled
As the First Impulse willed.
The brown breadths of the kelp turn languidly,
Mingle, and slide apart;
The barred bright fishes dart
Hither and thither where the delicate weeds
With purple fronds and strings of water beads
Shadow the hues of lesser folk that be.
Crouched back from all,
Coiled in a hollow of the mantled wall,
The sharp-eyed octopus, from the sea-flowers,
Watches and watches through the tranquil hours

All these I see,
I the anemone, the furled anemone.
Red as live blood, pursed like the lips of pride,
I glow on the dim ledge, and, water free,
Wait in a trance of patience the returning tide,
Small, smooth and motionless, fettered supine;
Yet not the ship-spilled rubies that may shine
Among the rose and pearl of unknown shells
In the pellucid depths where quiet dwells
Hold richer fire than mine.

And evening slants across me, till at last
The pool is troubled in its sleep profound,
Dreams of an echoing sigh, the phantom of a sound,
A tremor of awakening, swelling fast
To gurgling triumph; the news comes yearningly
Through secret channels from the mother sea.
Now in despair and hope, singing with pain,
The tide sweeps home again.

Now the pool fills, and the green water heaves
And writhes impassioned till the prisoning rock
Is overflowed; and now the giant leaves,
The kelp's torn streamers, fight and interlock
Like drowning things; at the sonorous call
The starfish and the mottled limpet crawl
Slowly, grotesquely, their appointed way.

Now I, at the first cold kiss of the spray,
Open my treasures to the waning day.
I, the anemone, the closed anemone,
That captured tear of crimson clarity,
Tasting the bitter water, burst afresh
Into a braver beauty, and outshake
The net of my long tresses to enmesh
The sea-gifts of the ripples as they break.

I blossom like a flower of the dry earth;
Strange longings have their birth
And drive through every fairy filament
The hunger of ecstatic discontent.
These hours are mine!
Ere yet once more a moveless jewel I shine,
Left by the failing waves to thirst above,
These hours are mine!

Mine the tide-throbs that bring me life and love
And with love life's renewing! Joy divine
Thrills through and through my tiny entity
Till the almighty, moon-tormented sea—
Nay, that remote wild brilliancy of sky—
Is not more rapturous than I! •

Nina Murdoch

The Camphor Laurel Tree

I SAID to you: "I wonder why
So many Springs have passed me by,
And yet till now my eyes have been
Blind to the lovely leaping green
That crowns the camphor-laurel tree!"
And you laughed out and answered me
As one who sings his true love's praise:
"This is the dearest of her ways.
To show to those that love her, Spring
Has every year some lovelier thing.
And though we could with joy remember
A thousand years, with each September
Spring would bring one beauty more
That we had never marked before."

Lesbia V. Harford

(1891-1927)

Flowering Plum

O LITTLE plum tree in the garden you're
Aflower again,
With memories of a million springs and my
Brief years of pain.

O little tree you have the power to find
Your youth again.
Grow young while I grow old in tenderness
And wise in pain.

Lovers Parted

OLD memories waken old desires
Infallibly. While we're alive
With eye or ear or sense at all,
Sometimes, must Love revive.

But we'll not think, when some stray gust
Relumes the flicker of desire,
That fuel of circumstance could make
A furnace of our fire.

The past is gone. We must believe
It has no power to change our lives.
Yet still our constant hearts rejoice
Because the past survives.

Tree Wisdom

O you, dear trees, you have learned so much of
beauty

You must have studied this only the ages long!
Men have thought of God and laughter and duty,
And of love. And of song.

But you, dear trees, from your birth to your hour
of dying,

Have cared for this one way only of being wise
Lovely, lovely, lovely, the sapling sighing.
Lovely the dead tree lies.

Leon Gellert

(1892)

These Men

MEN moving in a trench, in the clear noon,
 Whetting their steel within the crumbling earth;
Men, moving in a trench 'neath a new moon
 That smiles with a slit mouth and has no mirth;
Men moving in a trench in the grey morn,
 Lifting bodies on their clotted frames;
Men with narrow mouths thin-carved in scorn
 That twist and fumble strangely at dead names.

These men know life—know death a little more.
 These men see paths and ends, and see
Beyond some swinging open door
 Into eternity.

July, 1915.

Marian H. Weigall

Friendship

WHAT have you done, O friend of my life, that I
should desert you,
Now that you seek me no more, here in the hour
of your pride?
Nay, since I bled for you, lied for you, strove with
the world that would hurt you,
Surely our Fate is one, though you may cast me
aside.
So, if here's your ambition achieved, and no soul
to gainsay you,
I, too, put up the sword, weary, and glad of an
end—
Yet from my solitude watchful, for fear that the
future betray you,
Bringing some darker hour, when you shall call on
your friend.

J. D. Burns

(1895-1915)

For England

THE bugles of England were blowing o'er the sea,
As they had called a thousand years, calling now
to me;
They woke me from dreaming in the dawning of
the day,
The bugles of England—and how could I stay?

The banners of England, unfurled across the sea,
Floating out upon the wind, were beckoning to me,
Storm-rent and battle-torn, smoke-stained and
grey,
The banners of England—and how could I stay?

O England, I heard the cry of those that died for
thee,
Sounding like an organ-voice across the winter sea;
They lived and died for England and gladly went
their way,
England, O England—how could I stay?

Eileen Duggan

The Dead Queen

THEY said she had strange ways and fed the poor,
That she could read old books and cross the wise,
And that she held much speech with serf and boor,
For clog and shoe were equal in her eyes.

They said that her young robes could awe the Nine,
And set the proudest embassy to school;
Yet she would close the charters of her line
To melt in tender laughter at her fool.

They said she did not end her grace with men,
But honoured from her birth until her death
The smallest stirring thing within its den
That shared with her the magic beat of breath.

All this, and more, they said about her there,
And I—what was their murmuring to me,
Who could remember but her knot of hair,
Her eyes like Spanish shells that stoup the sea?

Rosa Luxembourg

FOR some the shuttle leaping in the sun,
Laburnum leaves above the quiet door,
And song that drips like water, cool and slow,
And when the hands are still and day is done,
The swaying crib upon the firelit floor,
Ah how could you those gentle things forego?

Wild heart that beat beneath its tattered shawl,
Wild voice that broke upon its ceaseless cry
For those whose lips are dumb beneath the sky,
Whose feet beneath the stars must stumbling fall,
Whose hands must turn in toil until they die!
Which is the nobler task? God knows, not I.

For you no threaded spool, no singing time,
No young bees flying through laburnum boughs,
No little rolling head upon the breast,
But now, beyond the bourn of flower or chime,
May He who set the storm between your brows
Pity your broken bones and give them rest.

Ross Francis Gollan

(1902)

The Trees

TREES I have seen, now sunset scatters gold
Along deserted pathways; trees that throw
Calm spells where Beauty walks, secure, and show
The elusive as their guest, to have and hold;
Trees that stand up, magnificently old,
Fronting all rains that weep, all winds that blow,
With quietude that calls on man to know
His grief a tale, forgotten soon as told.

If, ere their union with the Eternal One,
Our souls pass on in other forms of being,
I think the trees must hold them last of all
Before they end their pilgrimage, that, seeing
All things as good they may await the call,
Contented comrades of the moon and sun.

Winifred Shaw

Fine Clay

O WHITE clay, O fine clay of the earth cold,
Him I fashion cunningly surely will be sweet.
Godlike am I moulding him in the god's mould,
Hands, lips, feet.

Him I fashion delicate surely is more dear
Than all the strength of Heaven, strength of
night and day,
More than all the mirrored stars in pools still and
clear,
Him that I am fashioning of fine white clay.

Him I fashion cunningly surely will be fair.
Oh the fine white clay that in the earth lies!
As the gods I fashion him, lips, hands, hair,
Hands, lips, eyes.

Ah, alas, I wonder, now that Evening's shade
Like a purple shadow on earth's grass is spread,
Will the gods love him, made as they are made,
Hands, lips, head?

Ah, shall they, the flower-crowned gods, whose
eyes are bright,
Take him as their play-thing to break in their
play?
More is he than all the gods who watch day and
night,
Him that I am fashioning of fine white clay.

Epitaph

HERE lies one, the Dancer he
Was called. The blue Summer sea
Was in his eyes, and his light feet
Were carved of ivory.
His voice as honeycomb was sweet,
That now is hushed eternally,
And on his tomb the poppies lone
Spring through the cracked and broken stone.

ADDITIONAL POEMS

James Devaney

(1890)

Dusk

How beautiful over the eastern hills,
Over the twilight-gentled sea
She comes at cool dewfall, stealing
So quietly.

It is the spirit-healing hour
Between the sunset and the stars,
Like Benediction in a world-wide fane
Where no stir mars.

Silence and peace come down upon a world
Haunted with beauty at the end of day;
The river is dimmed silver under darkening skies,
And the wind's away.

Now vainly my old whisperer:
"Beauty is comforting but truth is stark."
After so gracious sign I pass unfearing
To the kind dark.

Peter Hopegood

(1891)

Spring in Flanders

WHEN, in my Golden Treasury,
Our wholesome Wordsworth's lines I see,
Writ, half in jest, half pensively
To a sweet daisy flower,
And how, he says, she strewed his mind
With similes of every kind—
"Loose types of things," his verse confined
During an idle hour—
Of battlefields, swept bare, forlorn,
Of landscapes, war-and-winter-shorn,
I think and how, one tender morn
Of Spring's thrice-welcome days,
With what immeasurable delight
The daisies, sprung up overnight,
Masking some crater's jagged plight,
Filled our mud-weary gaze!
 Symbols of Beauty, Peace and Home,
 These messengers of Hope were come
 To dim the sternest eye:
 What simile could then express,
In that stark-riven wilderness,
Drab dreariness and dull duresse,
Our bitter ecstasy?

Leonard Mann

(1895)

For War

WE will sow yellow grain
Where shells do the plowing,
And pluck flowers that bloom
Bright in the bomb's flash.

Take new joy of death
Lest joy perish from earth,
Sing pastoral songs
To flocks shepherded by tigers.

In the red paddocks
Young lovers shall wander,
Blood touch blood on the lips,
And sighs breathe in barrage.

Gay in their gas masks
Children shall be merry,
Playing old games
In the dust of destruction.

To this new environment
We will adapt ourselves
Lest the human soul die
As did the primitive creatures.

'Tis death will preserve us
In the steel of this storm;
So come then, let us arm,
Let us go into battle.

To the Reader

THESE times dictate our song;
Our words must reply to shells,
Our lines shall assault new ills
Entrenched in ancient wrong.

Yet standing to I've seen
The pale flower of dawn expand
Full blown from a darkened land,
Where day could show no green.

And I have heard left over,
When the morning strafe was done,
A bird like a violin
Stilled brass and bass discover;

Standing in trench of mud
A man saying with grim grin,
"As opposite to this sin
Perhaps there is a God."

This then gives leave or duty
To sing of imagined good,
From the mask of fortitude
To give a voice to beauty.

Ernest G. Moll

(1900)

Under Gum Trees at Sunset

ONCE in ten years, or maybe never again
Shall I see gum trees let the red sun down
As now from branch to branch across the plain.

They ease him by his clinging hands of light
As I have seen a mother slip her own
Child from her bosom to its bed at night.

And what warmth lingers at that quiet breast
I think I know. Ah, softly overhead
The tree-heart opens to the fading west!

There will be other sunsets on this plain,
But what I think or feel were better said
Once in ten years, or maybe never again.

Kenneth Slessor

(1901)

Country Towns

COUNTRY towns, with your willows and squares,
And farmers bouncing on barrel mares
To public-houses of yellow wood
With "1860" over their doors,
And that mysterious race of Hogans
Which always keeps General Stores . . .

At the School of Arts, a broadsheet lies
Sprayed with the sarcasm of flies:
"The Great Golightly Family
Of Entertainers Here To-night"—
Dated a year and a half ago,
But left there, less from carelessness
Than from a wish to seem polite.

Verandahs baked with musky sleep,
Mulberry faces dozing deep,
And dogs that lick the sunlight up
Like paste of gold—or, roused in vain
By far, mysterious buggy-wheels,
Lower their ears, and drowse again . . .

Country towns with your schooner bees,
And locusts burnt in the pepper-trees,
Drown me with syrups, arch your boughs,
Find me a bench, and let me snore,
Till, charged with ale and unconcern,
I'll think it's noon at half-past four!

Tom Inglis Moore

(1901)

Emu Parade

Rust in the world's stained wheat, fly in the rotting
fruit!
White ants of greed in our faith's hollowed fences!
Where the long drought of disbelief had dried each
root
Stripped udders of the age gave no responses;
Till the storm crashed, with tanks cataracting in
flood
Over the broken nations, ruin spuming wider,
While the mad English hurled a bomb-typhooned
Armada
Home to their Ararat above the Dunkirk blood.
Sharp as the gull's scream, voices of disaster cried
Over the air, across the oceans, calling
For help, cracking the catastrophic whip impelling
Hearts in defeat to leap in challenged pride
To ancient honour, strength reborn in air rinsed
clean
By the black storm. No hate or splendour warmed
our quarrel,
But men, in the cold grimness, took the track of
peril,
And courage, withered long, burst into shoots of
green .
Not with enraptured banners and the trumpets
blown
By singers of the past, the exultations

Of the high dream and the white cause—gleams
 thrown
To fire the devotees of holy missions—
Not with such spurs pricking our faith, we manned
 the guns;
For we have known too many lies, too harsh
 betrayals,
We are the unbelievers, mockers of denials,
Noting how cant knocks up its score of stolen runs!

Yet we have torn a truth out of conspiracies:
That men, undaunted by the odds, can suffer
No faint surrender to a life on subject knees;
That still, in epic hazards, we must offer
Hand, will, and blood to grievous fight with the
 strong foe
And myrmidons of darkness, going out to battle
In the old way, in evil's dragon heart to settle
The sword swung by the fighting Anzacs years ago.

So, emu-bobbing, bending, down the line of huts
We march at morning, picking up the litter—
Scavengers of dead matches, unhygienic butts
Of cigarettes, and papers in the gutter.
Strangling our ardour, halters of futility
Drag us upon emu parades, the Army wasting
Prodigal hours while soldiers, eager for the fighting,
Billions of butts in hand, bob on to victory!

Was it for this we yielded unachieved careers,
Snipping the tangled threads half-woven, wrestling
With knotted loyalties, and felt the burning tears
Wet on the cheeks of her we kissed in hustling
Farewell, running to leap on the last train to camp?
Are we but fools who thought by braveries redeem-
 ing

To turn the breaking herd of horned defeats, our
flaming
Spirits the frustrate victims of a martial ramp?

Such questionings infect the skin; sound is the core,
Since irking duties are but first shots ranging
Far from the distant target to triumphal war,
Ever bracketing shorter, till expunging
The enemy from earth with the last dooming rounds
Fired from our calibrated purpose; each small
action

Like coral polyps, mounts towards the slow erection
Of reefs holding the ocean's turbulence in bounds.

So here I stoop and gather up my oddments cast
By hands of the camp hours, salvage struck matches
From memory, pick butts or ironies from past
Contempts, find pictures that enjoyment etches
Deep on the heart—adventurings in mateship
shown

By men removed from greed; our drinking and our
singing;

Joy in the earth regained; fulfilment of love's
longing;

And wonderings that welcome shores of the
unknown.

Robert D. Fitzgerald

(1902)

The Fall of Evening

THE fall of evening is the rebirth of knowing:

it is then the body looks up and is not alone;
for an old thought mingled with a newer thought
swells, breaks the dam and sets the whole tide
flowing.

The tropic light over the sugarcane
was weary daylong; and the eyes only sought
to escape its colour, running from tuft to tuft;

but with evening a lost eagerness we regain
and watch how yellow of sunset will impress
its strength upon native green, how the green,
rebuffed,

climbs helter-skelter to palm-tops, where they stoop,
weighed under feather-branches, their headdress.
All day though body walked upright, mind lay
numb;

but as in the cool the gathering shadows group
so now some energies return from straying.
Back to our startled universe they come

and have zest for listening, seeing and marking
down—

but yonder a song and a ukulele playing:
island airs sing in the heart its bitter truth. . . .

It is easier to let vague longings possess their own,
stretch and relax, though almost we know some urge
to take up again the dropped threads of our youth.

J. A. R. McKellar

(1904-1931)

Night Wind

TEN paces South, ten paces North,
Ten paces back, ten paces forth.
The stars are low in the sky to-night, Sentinel.
You have not seen them look more bright, Sentinel,
Never at all——
Never so clear, and never so cold,
Never so pitiless, never so old,
Never, never at all.
Fall and fail, or stand and fight,
There's no mercy in their light,
Fall, soldier, fall.

Ten paces East, ten paces West,
Ten paces more on the road to rest.
The night is deep and the stars are low, Sentinel,
And death is mounting sentry go, Sentinel,
On your right hand.
Pale in the starlight, pitch in the black,
Muster the foe for the swift attack.
Courage; your soul command;
Stare the stars, and think, and know,
Ruth, nor malice in them show.
Stand, soldier, stand,

Ernest Briggs

(1905)

While Immortality Endures

"Eternity is in love with the productions of Time."—

WILLIAM BLAKE.

TIME takes the summer's loveliness
Away,
The green
Turns gold,
The fading gold turns sere;
The miracle of flesh
Returns to clay
Snared in the cycle of the falling year;
Dream falls to nothingness;
Hours fall like dream;
And all things pass like leaves upon the stream.

But while the raving wind
Of autumn grieves,
Gathered before the fire, the questing mind
Redeems the wreck of time,
Repairs decay,
Rebuilds anew
In fresh and springing rhyme
The green fabulous tracery
Of leaves,
And brings again the incorruptible few,
Aloof and proud,
As though grave-diggers' toil had never been,
Till Helen stems the crowd
Upon the street,
And hand clasps hand
Across the centuries;

God-crowned Olympus towers above the plains;
The dust returns miraculous ivories;
The golden bees of Phidias
Immortal stand;
While fresh
And clear,
Fixed in eternity,
The dream remains.

James Picot

(1906-1943)

For It Was Early Summer

MADELINE came running up the stair . . .
Not where the surf breaks, not in the glare, but
under,
Anemones were warm in their green chamber . . .
Is the leaf a tendril or a finger?

A jacaranda many jacarandas
Rocked lightly to the asphalt, all in purple
Cradle clothes, beside a camphor-laurel.
Shades a delicious pool this coolabah!
Brown serpents mated in the mown alfalfa . . .

And birds? Their many notes trouble my spelling
With ecstasy: the dove,
Intolerably mellow:
Call, fall, trill, whistle, water-tumble telling
Love . . . to his fellow.

And Madeline, running up the stair . . .
Racket and dress, brown face, became her hair!

Donovan Clarke

(1907)

Rebuilding in Progress

SILENTLY, the edifice of an age, shuffling, falls;
The wrecker Time is about the staring walls.
The upturned faces of people in the street
Silently, without comment, the same tale repeat.
The broken stones of a once most noble hope,
Serrated like a discarded envelope,
Grove by a haggard staircase to the upper air
To find a landing now no longer there.
Behind a tottering wall there reappears
A faint display of outworn panaceas—
Vestigial remnants of Man's credulity,
Mutely stuttering some past hyperbole.
Windows that none can see through any more,
Give light to nothingness without a floor:
While the roof girders grin across the sky,
Silently screaming to heaven, "Crucify!"

Ian Mudie

(1911)

Growth

I GREW here. From this earth this air,
these few remaining trees,
from the night winds from the hill gullies,
I took growth.

Here was I born. Before birth
among the ghosts of the yuccas
I hovered like brown butterfly
waiting to alight.

As I grew I wandered, unknowing,
to the ancient camping places
of the vanished people that,
despite all flesh,
were my people.

I grew here. There was none to tell me
the stories of this earth, nor tell
the names of the sacred places, but,
unknowingly, I found the camp-sites and the sacred
places,
and there in the shadow of the memory of the
ancient
Red-Kangaroo-time,
drew my strength.

Olive Hopegood

Letter for Summer

THE trees clash
leaves of metal
in the bright wind.
The leaves are a shout
of delicate steel
in the frail skies' powder
now summer has taken root
in the land with a hunger
to be feared by the blood.

And now I know the winter
has not swept you
with floods from my senses.
Nor has the spring,
urgent of pulse,
wanton of mists and illusions,
concealed my need
for you only.

No word comes of you
through the bright void's thunder
and the stone of my patience
burns to a dust,
white on the yellow grasses,
white and unresting
on the scarred white roads.

The cicadas fray
the dark silk of the night
to a febrile surface.
The parched leaves whisper.
By Venus!
I am brought low
for my laughter.

Eve Langley

Native-Born

In a white gully among fungus red
Where serpent logs lay hissing at the air,
I found a kangaroo. Tall, dewy, dead,
So like a woman, she lay silent there.
Her ivory hands, black-nailed, crossed on her
 breast,
Her skin of sun and moon hues, fallen cold.
Her brown eyes lay like rivers come to rest
And death had made her black mouth harsh and
 old.
Beside her in the ashes I sat deep
And mourned for her, but had no native song
To flatter death, while down the ploughlands
 steep
Dark young Camelli whistled loud and long,
"Love, liberty and Italy are all."
Broad golden was his breast against the sun.
I saw his wattle whip rise high and fall
Across the slim mare's flanks, and one by one
She drew the furrows after her as he
Flapped like a gull behind her, climbing high,
Chanting his oaths and lashing soundingly,
While from the mare came once a blowing sigh.
The dew upon the kangaroo's white side
Had melted. Time was whirling high around,
Like the thin wommera, and from heaven wide
He, the bull-roarer, made continuous sound.
Incarnate, lay my country by my hand:

Her long hot days, bushfires and speaking rains,
Her mornings of opal and the copper band
Of smoke around the sunlight on the plains.
Globed in fire bodies the meat-ants ran
To taste her flesh and linked us as we lay,
For ever Australian, listening to a man
From careless Italy, swearing at our day.
When, golden-lipped, the eagle-hawks came down
Hissing and whistling to eat of lovely her,
And the blowflies with their shields of purple
brown
Phied hatching to and fro across her fur,
I burnt her with the logs, and stood all day
Among the ashes, pressing home the flame
Till woman, logs and dreams were scorched away,
And native with night, that land from where they
came.

C. B. Christesen

(1912)

My Love Is a Golden Bough

THE red road on the hill
is my love for you:
the warm earth among the green
upwinding to the blue.

These fields are patches from my heart;
this lake, crane haunted,
holds your last smile, cup-wise.

My thought of you is like
a wedge against the night
of wild geese flying.

My love is a golden bough
whereon a bird is nesting;
break heart, crack doom,
here is my resting.

Douglas Stewart

(1913)

Rock Carving

THE lines grow slack in our hands at full high-water.
The midnight rears in the sky; and beneath the boat
Another midnight, dwarfing the flare of a match
Or flare of a mind, expands and deepens. We float
Abandoned as driftwood on a tide that drowns all
speech,

Where movement of hand or keel can make no mark
That will stand in space or endure one moment in
time.

Flashing in shallows or hiding in murderous dark.

The fish live out their lives in weeds and silence,
And, locked like them in some alien struggle or
peace,

No business of ours, from the moon to the water's
edge,

Looming above us, tower the gigantic trees.

Among those rocks where time has ravaged the
ridge,

In all that pattern cold and inhuman as the tide's,
Where shall the mind make camp? How in that
darkness

Shall the mind ride tranquil with light as the high
moon rides?

Shine the torch on the rock; we are not the first
Alone and lost in this world of water and stone.

See, though the maker's life has vanished like a
leaf's,

The carvings living a hard, strange life of their own
Above the water, beneath the tormented cliffs!
They glow with immortal being, as though the stone
fish
May flap and slither to the tide, as though the great
'roo
May bound from the rock and crash away through
the bush.

The moon lights a thousand candles upon the water,
But none for the carver of stone; and nobody comes
Of his own long-scattered tribe to remember him
With dance and song and firelight under the gums;
But he walks again for me at the water's rim
And works at his rock, and a light begins to glow
Clear for his sake among the dark of my mind
Where the branches reach and the silent waters
flow.

I watch him working through a summer afternoon,
Patient as the stone itself while his tribesmen sleep;
The children jostle, the girls cry out in the sun,
And first the fish and then the great 'roo takes
shape,
The work is crude, and he knows it; but now it is
done;
And whoever laughs is a little afraid in the end,
For here is a swimmer in stone, and a 'roo that
leaps
Nowhere for ever, and both can be touched with the
hand.

I could have sat down with that man and talked
about fishing,
How the bream are fish of the night, and they take
the bait

With a run before you are ready; of the fabulous
catches
For which we always got there a week too late,
And of how a man in the lonely midnight watches
Becomes himself a part of night and the tide
And, lost in the darkness, has need of a wife or a
dog
Or a blackfellow's ghost to sit in peace by his side.

Centuries dead perhaps. But night and the water,
And a 'roo and a fish on a rock have brought us
together,
Fishermen both, and carvers both, old man!
I know as you how the work goes naked to the
weather,
How we cut our thought into stone as best we can,
Laugh at our pain, and leave it to take its chance.
Maybe it's all for nothing, for the sky to look at,
Or maybe for us the distant candles dance.

The boat tugs at the kellick as it feels the ebb.
Goodbye, old wrath, and good luck! You did what
you could
To leave your mark upon stone like a mark on time,
That the sky in the mind and the midnight sea in
the blood
Should be less of a desolation for the men to come;
And who can do more than you? Gone, you are
gone;
But, dark a moment in the moonlight, your hand
hovers,
And moves like the shadow of a bird across the
stone.

The Poplar Comes to My Window

THE poplar comes to my window,
And my lover comes to the door,
And the dark-haired girl and the green are
One shadowy visitor.

Leaf by leaf the poplar
Leans nearer to the pane,
Night by night the other
Enters my earth like rain.

What is a man but midnight,
A dark and solemn space
Where a tree may set her branches,
A girl her being's grace?

At the deep-leafed core of the poplar
He leans and drinks his fill,
And a lover tastes of shadows
As secretive and as still.

So in my silent spaces
The gracious phantoms gleam,
Dear in that hollow midnight
Where all is vague as dream.

Rex Ingamells

(1913)

Black Children

WHERE now uninterrupted sun
Is shrivelling the sheaves,
Black children leap and laugh and run
Beneath a sky of leaves;
And where the farmer thrashes wheat
With steel machinery,
Go glimmerings of their little feet,
If he could only see.

Captain William Bligh

Look for an iron soul to bear the piled
anathema of time, to take, without
abjectness, scorn of every human rout,
colossal though by all the world defiled!

Discovering such in Bligh, instruct your child
on burning shame that one man, walled about
with rigid purpose, so should feel the flout
of History's rogues through Legend running wild.

The suffering soul of Bligh bends not to shame
but, as the sand-heavy hills wait greening grass,
hoists high the lie till truth shall square the score.

His soul is innocent.. Watch! It will flame,
superb, when gritty storms of falsehood pass,
and, by humanity, will tower the more.

Shawn O'Leary

(1914)

The Olive Trees

(Garden of Gethsemane 1940)

THESE are the old men
Of by-gone glory,
Tottering on twisted feet,
Their backs bent
And their limbs gnarled.
When the night comes,
And the moon see the Garden bare,
Save for the ancient gaffers,
The winds hear them mumble
And repeat the old story
Each to peevish other
'Here He stood . . .'
'No, here He stood . . .'
But the moon and the wind,
Having heard it all before
Turn a cold shoulder.
Besides, they were there at the time.

Judith Wright

(1915)

Trapped Dingo

So here, twisted in steel, and spoiled with red
your sunlight hide, smelling of death and fear,
they crushed out of your throat the terrible song
you sang in the dark ranges. With what crying
you mourned him, the drinker of blood, the swift
death-bringer

who ran with you many a night; and the night was
long.

I heard you, desperate poet. Did you hear
my silent voice take up the cry? replying
Achilles is overcome, and Hector dead,
and clay stops many a warrior's mouth, wild singer

Voice from the hills and the river drunken with
rain,

for your lament the long night was too brief.

Hurling your woes at the moon, that old cleaned
bone

till the white shorn mobs of stars on the hill of the
sky

huddled and trembled, you tolled him, the rebel one.

Insane Andromache, pacing your towers alone,
death ends the verse you chanted; here you lie.

The lover, the maker of elegies, is slain,
and veiled with blood her body's stealthy sun.

John Streeter Manifold

(1915)

"Heureux qui comme Ulysse . . ."

Lucky like Cook to travel and return
Or like MacArthur of the golden fleece
Is he who drops his bluey and in peace
Lives out among his mates the rest of his time.

For me, I can't remember what we burn
In open hearths at home that smells so sweet—
Only recall the scent; and incomplete
I fight in foreign lands for what I earn.

No, not the Rhine, the Niger or the Thames,
Sluggish with history and reflected flames,
Is worth a drop of Yarra. Till time ends

Nothing of Europe holds a hope for me,
Nor is the mistral worth the wind that blends
Redgum and cordite with the southern sea.

David Campbell

(1916)

Harry Pearce

I SAT beside the red stock route
And chewed a blade of bitter grass
And saw in mirage on the plain
A bullock wagon pass.
Old Harry Pearce was with his team.
"The flies are bad," I said to him.

The leaders felt his whip.. It did
Me good to hear old Harry swear,
And in the heat of noon it seemed
His bullocks walked on air.
Suspended in the amber sky
They hauled the wool to Gundagai.

He walked in Time across the plain,
An old man walking in the air.
For years he wandered in my brain;
And now he lodges here.
And he may drive his cattle still
When Time with us has had his will.

James McAuley

(1917)

Envoi

THERE the blue-green gums are a fringe of remote disorder,
And the brown sheep poke at my dreams along the hillsides;
And there in the soil, in the season, in the shifting airs,
Comes the faint sterility that disheartens and derides.

Where once was a sea is now a salty sunken desert,
A futile heart within a fair periphery;
The people are hard-eyed, kindly, with nothing inside them,
The men are independent, but you could not call them free.

And I am fitted to that land as the soul is to the body,
I know its contractions, waste, and sprawling indolence:
They are in me, and its triumphs are my own,
Hard won and thin in the bitter years without pretence.

Beauty is order and good chance in the artesian heart
And does not wholly fail, though we impede;
Though the reluctant and uneasy land resent
The gush of waters, the lean plough, the fretful seed.

INDEX OF AUTHORS AND SELECT BIBLIOGRAPHY¹

(Only books of verse are included)

ADAMS, ARTHUR HENRY (1872-1936) Born in New Zealand, came to Australia about 1898, lived chiefly at Sydney. *Maoriland* Sydney, 1889, The Bulletin Co; *The Nazarene*. London, 1902, Philip Wellby, *London Streets* London, 1906, T N Foulis, *Collected Verses* Melbourne, 1913, Whitcombe & Tombs

ADAMSON, BARTLETT (1884) Born in Tasmania, now living at Sydney *Twelve Sonnets* Auckland, 1918, Whitcombe & Tombs

ALLEN, LESLIE HOLDSWORTH (1879). Born in Victoria, now lecturer in English and Classics at Canberra University College *Phaedia* London, 1921, Eiskine Macdonald, *Araby*. Sydney, 1924, Dymock *Patra* Melbourne, 1941, Melbourne University Press

ANDERSEN, JOHANNES CARL (1873) Born in Denmark, brought to New Zealand in his second year, Librarian. The Turnbull Library, Wellington *Songs Unsung* Christchurch, 1903, Whitcombe & Tombs; *The Lamp of Psyche* Melbourne, 1908, T C Lothian

BAUGHAN, BLANCHE EDITH (1870) Born in England, arrived in New Zealand in 1900. Now living near Christchurch. *Verses* London, 1898, Constable, *Reuben* London, 1903, Constable, *Shingle-Short* Christchurch, 1908, Whitcombe & Tombs, *Poems from the Port Hills* Auckland, 1923, Whitcombe & Tombs.

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BAYLEBRIDGE WILLIAM (WILLIAM BLOCKSIDE) (1883-1942) Born in Queensland Has published many volumes mostly privately printed, and not now procurable *Love Redeemed*, Sydney, 1934, Gallabala Press, *The Vital Flesh* Sydney, 1939, Gallabala Press, *Selected Poems* Brisbane, 1919

BIRD, JEAN Born in Australia, now in U S A. Has not published a volume

BOWDEN, GEORGE WILLIAM BOYCE (1885) Born at Sydney and went to New Zea and in 1912 After serving in the war, returned to Sydney *Wellington Verses* Wellington, 1917, Whitcombe & Tombs, *Roads and Faires*, Wellington, 1918, Whitcombe & Tombs.

BRADY, EDWIN JAMES (1869) Born in N.S.W.; in recent years has lived mostly in Victoria *The Way of Many Waters* Sydney, 1899, The Bulletin Co, *The Earthen Floor* Grafton, 1902, Grip Newspaper Co; *Bells and Hobbies*, Melbourne 1911, Geo Robertson & Co, *The House of the Winds*, London, 1919, G G Harrap & Co, Ltd, *Wardens of the Seas* Sydney, 1933, The Endeavour Press

BRENNAN, CHRISTOPHER JOHN (1870-1932) Born at Sydney For some time Associate Professor of Comparative Literature at Sydney University *XXI Poems* Sydney, 1897, Angus & Robertson, *Poems*, Sydney, 1914, G B Philip & Son, *A Chant of Doom* Sydney, 1918, Angus & Robertson

BRENTON, JOHN LE GAY (1871-1933) Born at Sydney, was Professor of English Literature at Sydney University *Sea and Sky* Melbourne, 1908, T. C. Lothian, *To-morrow*, Sydney, 1910, Angus & Robertson; *The Burning Marl* Melbourne, 1919, Fellowship *Swags Up* London, 1938, Dent

*BRIGGS, ERNEST (1905) Born in Sydney. Has been resident in Brisbane since 1931, where he is Programme Director of stations 4BK-4AK *The Merciless Beauty* Brisbane 1943, The Meanjin Press; has completed a volume of translations of Rainer Maria Rilke, two book length poems.

BURNELL, FREDERICK SPENCER (1886) Born at Sydney. *Before Dawn* Sydney, 1912, W Brooks & Co ; *A Sallet of Songs* London, 1920, Holden & Hardingham.

BURNS, JAMES DRUMMOND (1895-1915) Born at Geelong, Victoria, killed in action at Gallipoli *In the Dawning of the Day* Melbourne, 1916, Brown, Piiol

CAMBRIDGE, ADA (Mis G F Cross) (1844-1926). Born in Eng and, arrived in Australia in 1870. Died at Melbourne. *Unspoken Thoughts* London, 1887, Kegan Paul, *The Hand in the Dark* London, 1913, Wm Heinemann.

*CAMPBELL, DAVID (1916). Born N S W Squadron-Leader in R A A F Has contributed poems to *The Bulletin*, but has not published a volume

*CHRISTENSEN, C B (1912) Born Townsville. Travelled widely throughout Australia and abroad Is editor and proprietor of *Meanjin Papers* (which first appeared in 1940). *North Coast* Brisbane, 1943, The Meanjin Press; *South Coast* Brisbane, 1944, The Meanjin Press

CHURCH, HUBERT NEWMAN WIGMORE (1857- 1932) Born in Tasmania, went to New Zealand in 1873, and spent most of his life there Died at Melbourne *The West Wind*. Sydney, 1902, The Bulletin Co , *Poems* Wellington, 1904, Whitcombe & Tombs, *Edmont* Melbourne, 1908, T C Lothian; *Poems* Melbourne, 1912, T C Lothian

*CLARKE, DONOVAN (1907) Born Bristol, Eng'and B A Schoolmaster, University Tutor and Journalist Residing in Sydney *Ritual Dance* Melbourne, 1939, Robertson & Mullens, *Blue Prints* Melbourne, 1942, Robertson & Mullens; In preparation, *Rum Rudge*. Melbourne University Press; *Out of a Fold in Time*, privately printed at The Beacon Press, Sydney

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CROSBIE, MRS CLARICE G Born and lives at Melbourne. Has not published a volume

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DENIEHY, DANIEL HENRY (1828-1865) Born at Sydney Did not publish a volume

DERHAM, ENID (1882-1941) Born at Melbourne Lecturer in English at Melbourne University. *The Mountain Road* Melbourne, 1912, Osboldstone & Co

*DEVANEY, JAMES MARTIN (1890) Born Bendigo, Victoria Went to Queensland for health reasons in 1921, freelance journalist, nature writer ("Fabian" literary critic, president, Qld Authors and Artists' Association) *Fabian* Melbourne, 1923, Lothian; *Earth Kindred* Melbourne, 1931, Frank Wilmot, *Where the Wind Goes* Sydney, 1939, Angus & Robertson, *Dark Road* Melbourne, 1939, Hawthorn Press

DUGGAN, EILEEN Born in New Zealand, now living at Wellington *Poems* Dunedin, 1920, N Z Tablet Co *New Zealand Bird Songs*, Art in New Zealand, *Poems* London, 1939, Allen & Unwin Ltd, *New Zealand Poems* London, 1940, Allen & Unwin Ltd

DYSON, WILLIAM HENRY (1880-1938) Well-known black and white artist Born in Victoria, went to London in 1909, returned to Melbourne in 1925 *Poems in Memory of a Wife* London, 1919, Cecil Palmer

ESSON, THOMAS LOUIS BUVELOT (1879-1943). Born at Edinburgh and was brought to Victoria when a child *Bells and Bees* Melbourne, 1910, T C Lothian, *Red Gums* Melbourne, 1912, Fraser & Jenkinson

FITZGERALD, ROBERT DAVID (1902) Born and lives at Sydney *To Meet the Sun* Sydney, 1929, Angus & Robertson; *Moonlight Acre* Melbourne, 1938, Melbourne University Press

FOOTT, MRS MARY HANNAY (1846-1918) Born at Glasgow and arrived in Victoria in 1853 From 1874 lived in Queensland *Where the Pelican Builds* Brisbane, 1885, Gordon & Gotch, *Morna Lee* London, 1890, Gordon & Gotch

FULLERTON, MARY ELIZABETH (1868). Born in Victoria Since 1921 has been in London *Moods and Melodies* Melbourne, 1908, T C Lothian, *The Breaking Furrow* Melbourne, 1921, S J Endacott

GAY, WILLIAM (1865-1897) Born in Scotland, arrived in New Zealand in 1885 In 1888 went to Victoria and lived there until his death *Sonnets and Other Verses* Melbourne, 1894, E A Petherick & Co; *Christ on Olympus*. Bendigo, 1896, Wm. Gay; *Poetical Works*. Melbourne, 1911, T C Lothian

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GOLLAN, ROSS FRANCIS (1902) Born at Bowral, N S W. Now at Sydney Has not published a volume

GORDON, ADAM LINDSAY (1833-1870) Born at Fayal in the Azores, educated in England, arrived in South Australia in 1853 He spent the last two or three years of his life at Melbourne and died there *Ashturoth* Melbourne, 1867, Clarson Massina & Co, *Sea Spray and Smoke Drift*. Melbourne. 1867, George Robertson; *Bush Ballads and Galloping Rhymes* Melbourne, 1870, Clarson Massina & Co Many collected editions

"GRAY, OSWALD," see SIMMONS, S R

GREEN, HENRY MACKENZIE (1881) Born at Sydney, where he is now University Librarian *The Happy Valley* Sydney, 1925, Dymock, *The Book of Beauty* London, 1929, Dent.

HARFORD, MRS. LESBIA VENNER (1891-1927) Born at Melbourne. *Poems*. Melbourne, 1941, Melbourne University Press

HARPUR, CHARLES (1813-1868) Born at Windsor, N S W, where his father was master of the Government District School *Thoughts* Sydney, 1845, W. A. Duncan, *The Bush-rangers* Sydney, 1853, W. R. Piddington, *Poems* Melbourne, 1883, George Robertson, *Selected Poems* Melbourne, 1944, Arua Whiteis

HEBBLETHWAITE, REV JAMES (1857-1921) Born in England and arrived in Tasmania in 1890 *Verse* Hobart, 1896, Mercury Office, *A Rose of Regret*, Sydney, 1900, Bulletin Co., *Meadow and Bush* Sydney, 1911, The Bookfellow, *Poems* Melbourne, 1920, E. A. Vidler, *New Poems* Melbourne, 1921, E. A. Vidler

*HOPEGOOD, OLIVE Wife of Peter Hopegood, little of her work has yet been published Contributor to *Manyon Papers*.

*HOPEGOOD, PETER (1891) Born in England Served in 1914-1918 war Came to Australia March, 1924 *Austral Pan.* Perth, 1933, The Imperial Press, *Thirteen from Oahu*, Sydney, 1940, Frank Johnson; *Circus at World's End* Sydney, Angus & Robertson, awaiting publication

*INGAMELLS, REX (1913) Born at Orléans, S A School-teacher; Founded Jindyworobak Club, 1938 *Verse* publications include *Gumtaps* Adelaide, 1935, F. W. Preece Ltd; *Forgotten People* Adelaide, 1936, F. W. Preece Ltd; *News of the Sun* Adelaide, 1942, a Jindyworobak publication, *Content are the Quiet Ranges* Adelaide, 1943, a Jindyworobak publication, *Selected Poems* Melbourne, 1944, Georgian House Pty Ltd

*INGLIS MOORE, TOM (1901) Born Glenmore, N S W Author, journalist, and former University Professor Now in Army Education Scheme *Adagio in Blue* Sydney, 1938, Angus & Robertson; *Emu Parade*, *Poems from Camp* Sydney, 1942, Angus & Robertson

JEPHCOTT, SYDNEY WHEELER (1864) Born in Victoria *The Secrets of the South* London, 1892, Wm. Reeves; *Pentria* Melbourne, 1912, T. C. Lothian

JOSE, ARTHUR WILBERFORCE (1863-1934) Born in England and arrived in Australia in 1882 *Sun and Cloud on River and Sea* Sydney, 1888, Angus & Robertson.

KELLY, JOHN LIDDELL (1850-1925) Born in Scotland, arrived in New Zealand in 1880 *Heather and Fern* Wellington, 1902, N Z Times Co

KENDALL, HENRY CLARENCE (1839-1882) Born at Ulladulla, N S W, died at Sydney *Poems and Songs* Sydney, 1862, J R Clarke, *Leaves from Australian Forests*, Melbourne, 1869, Geo Robertson; *Songs from the Mountains*, Sydney, 1880, William Maddock; *The Poems of Henry Kendall* Sydney, 1920, Angus & Robertson, *Selected Poems*, Sydney, 1923, Angus & Robertson

LANGLEY, EVE Born New South Wales Has been living in New Zealand for some years. Her verses have appeared in the anthology *New Zealand Poems* and her novel *The Pea-Pickers* was awarded the S H. Prior Memorial Prize

LAVATER, LOUIS (1867) Born at Melbourne, has lived all his life in Victoria *Blue Days and Grey Days* Melbourne, 1915, S J Endacott; *A Lover's Ephemeris*, Melbourne, 1917, S J Endacott, *This Green Mortality* Melbourne, 1922, S. J. Endacott

LAWSON, HENRY ARCHIBALD (1867-1922). Born in N S W. Lived mostly at Sydney, and died there *In the Days when the World was Wide* Sydney, 1896, Angus & Robertson (several other volumes published during the following twenty years); *Winnowed Verse*, Sydney, 1924, Angus & Robertson, *Poetical Works* Sydney, 1925, Angus & Robertson. New Edition, 1933

LONG, RICHARD HOOPFELL (1874) Born in England, arrived in Australia in 1879 Now living near Melbourne *Verses* Adelaide, 1917, H E Stone

MACARTNEY, FREDERICK THOMAS BENNETT (1887) Born at Melbourne *Earthen Vessels* Melbourne, 1913, The Speciality Press, *Poems* Melbourne, 1920, S. J. Endacott; *Something for Tokens* Melbourne, 1922, S. J. Endacott; *A Sweep of Late Strings* Melbourne, 1929, Galleon Press; *Hard Light and Other Verses* Melbourne, 1933, Galleon Press; *Preferences* Sydney, 1942, Angus & Robertson

*MCAULEY, JAMES (1917) Born in Sydney Graduate of Sydney University Schoolteacher before the war, at present A I F No publications Contributor to *Meanjin Papers*

MCCRAE, GEORGE GORDON (1833-1927). Born in Scotland, arrived in Melbourne in 1841 *The Story of Balladeadro* Melbourne, 1867, H T Dwight, *Mamba* Melbourne, 1867,

H T DWIGHT; *The Man in the Iron Mask*. Melbourne, 1873, George Robertson, *The Fleet and Convoy* Melbourne, 1915, Lothian.

MCCRAE, HUGH RAYMOND (1876) Born at Melbourne, son of George Gordon McCrae Now at Sydney. *Satyr's and Sunlight*. Sydney, 1909, John Sands, 2nd Ed Melbourne, 1911, Lothian; *Colombine*. Sydney, 1920, Angus & Robertson, *Idylls* Sydney, 1922, N L Piess; *Poems*. Sydney, 1939, Angus & Robertson; *Forests of Pdn* Brisbane, 1944, The Meanjin Piess

MCKAY, HUGH CLELAND (1880) Born at Melbourne, now at Sydney *In the Changing Crystal* Melbourne, 1909 Privately printed.

*MCKELLAR, J A R (1904-1931) Born in Sydney Served on staff of Bank of N S W *Twenty-Six* Sydney, 1931, Frank C. Johnson, and left much unpublished manuscript

MACKAY, JESSIE (1864-1938) Born in New Zealand *The Spirit of the Rangitira* Melbourne, 1889, Geo Robertson & Co, *The Sitter on the Rail*. Christchurch, 1891, Simpson & Williams; *Land of the Morning* Christchurch, 1909, Whitcombe & Tombs

MACKELLAR, ISOBEL MARION DOROTHEA. Born and lives at Sydney *The Closed Door* Melbourne, 1911, Australasian Authors' Agency, *The Witch-Maid* London, 1914, J. M. Dent, *Dreamharbour* London, 1923, Longmans, *Fancy Dress and Other Verses* Sydney, 1926, Angus & Robertson

¹MANIFOLD, JOHN STREETER (1915) Born Victoria Studied at Cambridge Included in Masfield's *44 Poems, a Cambridge Anthology* The sonnet here published, also included in Faber's *More Poems from the Forces*, is from *The Death of Ned Kelly and Other Poems* London, Favil Piess

¹MANN, LEONARD (1895) Born Melbourne LL B (Melb) At present Industrial and Staff Manager, Commonwealth Department of Aircraft Production Served infantry and engineers, A.I.F., 1914-1918 war *The Plumed Voice* Sydney, 1938, Angus & Robertson; *Poems from the Mask* Melbourne, 1941, Hawthorn Press; *To the Delectable Mountains*, in preparation

"MAURICE FURNLEY," see WILMOT, F L. T.

MICHAEL, JAMES LIONEL (1824-1868) Born in England, arrived at Sydney in 1853 *Songs Without Music*. Sydney, 1857, John Cumberland Sydney, 1860, J R Clarke

*MOLL, ERNEST GEORGE (1900) Born Victoria Professor of English, University of Oregon, U.S.A. *Sedge Fire* Boston, U.S.A., 1929, H Vinal Ltd; *Native Moments and Other Poems* Portland, U.S.A., 1931, Metropolitan Press; *Blue Interval* Portland, 1934, Metropolitan Press; *Cut from Mulga* Melbourne, 1940, Melbourne University Press.

MOLONEY, PATRICK (1843-1904) Born at Melbourne, where he became well known as a physician Died in England Did not publish a volume

*MUDIE, IAN (1911). Born Hawthorn, S.A. Member of Jindyworobaks W J Miles Memorial Prize Winner, 1943 Now a gunner in A.M.F. *Corroboree to the Sun* Melbourne, 1940, Hawthorn Press, *This is Australia* Adelaide, 1941, Frank E Coik *Then Seven Stars Unseen* Adelaide, 1943, a Jindyworobak Publication; *Poems* Melbourne, 1945, Georgian House Pty Ltd

MURDOCH, NINA (Mrs. J. D Brown) Born in Victoria, educated in N.S.W. *Songs of the Open Air* Sydney, 1915 Wm Brooks & Co, *More Songs of the Open Air* Melbourne, 1922, Robertson & Mullens

NEILSON, JOHN SHAW (1872-1942) Born in South Australia Lived mostly in Victoria *Heart of Spring* Sydney, 1919, The Bookfellow, *Ballad and Lyrical Poems* Sydney, 1923, The Bookfellow, *New Poems* Sydney, 1927, The Bookfellow, *Collected Poems* Melbourne, 1934, Lothian, *Beauty Imposes* Sydney, 1938, Angus & Robertson

O'DOWD, BERNARD PATRICK (1866) Born in Victoria, has lived at Melbourne for many years *Dawnward?* Sydney, 1903, The Bulletin Co, *The Silent Land* Melbourne, 1906, T C Lothian, *Dommons of the Boundary* Melbourne, 1907, Lothian, *The Seven Deadly Sins* Melbourne, 1909, Lothian; *The Bush* Melbourne, 1912, Lothian; *Alma Venus!* Melbourne, 1921, Lothian, *Poems, Collected Edition* Melbourne, 1941, Lothian

OGILVIE, WILLIAM HENRY (1869) Born in Scotland, arrived in New South Wales in 1889 and stayed about 12 years Now in Scotland *Fair Girls and Gray Horses* Sydney, 1898, The Bulletin Co, *Hearts of Gold* Sydney, 1903, The Bulletin Co; *The Australian* Sydney, 1916, Angus & Robertson Has since published several volumes of Hunting Verse in England.

O'HARA, JOHN BERNARD (1862-1927). Born at Bendigo *Songs of the South* London, 1891, Waid Lock & Co (five volumes in following twenty years); *The Poems of J. B. O'Hara A Selection* Melbourne, 1918, E. A. Vidler; *At Eventide* Melbourne, 1922, E. A. Vidler

*O'LEARY, SHAWN (1914) Born Ipswich, Queensland Of Scottish ancestry Journalist Overseas four years with R.A.N. *Spikenard and Bayonet* Melbourne, 1941, Bread and Cheese Club

O'REILLY, DOWELL PHILIP (1865-1923) Born at Sydney, and lived there all his life *A Pedlar's Pack*. Sydney, 1888, W. M. MacLardy, *The Prose and Verse of Dowell O'Reilly* Sydney, 1924, Angus & Robertson

PALMER, MRS JANET GERTRUDE (NETTIE PALMER) Born in Victoria, now living at Melbourne *The South Wind* London, 1914, J. G. Wilson; *Shadowy Paths* London, 1915, The Euston Press

PALMER, EDWARD VANCE (1885) Born in Queensland, now living at Melbourne *The Forerunners* London, 1915, The Euston Press; *The Camp*. Melbourne, 1920, S. J. Endacott.

*PICOT, JAMES (1906-1943) Born England, of English and French parentage Came to Australia as a boy Joined A.I.F. as signaller. Died a prisoner in Japanese hands Has not published a volume of verse One of the original contributors to *Meanjin Papers*.

PITT, MRS MARIE ELIZABETH JOSEPHINE Born in Victoria, lived for some time in Tasmania, now at Melbourne *The Horses of the Hills* Melbourne, 1911, T. C. Lothian; *Poems* Melbourne, 1925, E. A. Vidler, *Selected Poems* Melbourne, 1944, Lothian.

*POWER, HELEN (1870) Born in Tasmania, now living at Hobart *Poems* Hobart, 1934, Critic Press

QUINN, RODERICK JOSEPH (1869). Has lived all his life at Sydney *The Hidden Tide* Sydney, 1899, The Bulletin Co; *The Circling Hearths* Sydney, 1901, The Bulletin Co; *Poems* Sydney, 1920, Angus & Robertson

RICHARDSON, ROBERT (1850-1901). Born in N.S.W., lived in England for some years before his death. *Willow and Wattle* Edinburgh, 1893, John Grant

ROSS, DAVID MACDONALD (1865). Born in New Zealand *The Afterglow*. Auckland, 1904, Wilson & Horton; *Morning Red* Auckland, 1916, Wildman & Arey.

ROWE, RICHARD (1828-1879) Born in England, was in Sydney in 1857 and returned to England before 1870 *Peter Possum's Portfolio* Sydney, 1858, J. R. Clarke

SHAW, WINIFRED MAITLAND Born and lives at Singleton, N S W *The Aspen Tree* Sydney, 1920, Tyrrell's, *The Yellow Cloak* Sydney, 1922, Angus & Robertson; *Babylon* Sydney, 1924, *Art in Australia*

SIMMONS, SAMUEL ROWE, "OSWALD GRAY" (1871) Was born and lives at Melbourne *Sonnets and Other Verses* Melbourne, 1925, S. R. Simmons.

*SLESSOR, KENNETH (1901) Born Orange N S W Official War Correspondent with Second AIF *Cuckooz Contrey*. Sydney, 1932, Frank C. Johnson, *Five Bells* Sydney, 1939, Frank C. Johnson *One Hundred Poems* Sydney, 1944, Angus & Robertson, and others

SOUTER, CHARLES HENRY (1864) Born in Scotland and came to Australia when a boy Lives at Adelaide *Irish Lords* Sydney, 1912, The Bookfellow, *To Many Ladies*. Adelaide, 1917, G. Hassell; *The Mallee Fire* Sydney, 1923, Angus & Robertson

STEPHENS, ALFRED GEORGE (1865-1933) Born in Queensland, lived at Sydney for many years *Oblation* Sydney, 1902, *The Pearl and the Octopus* Melbourne, 1911, Geo. Robertson & Co

STEPHENS, JAMES BRUNTON (1835-1902) Born near Edinburgh, arrived in Queensland in 1866 *Convict Once* London, 1871, Macmillan & Co, *Miscellaneous Poems* Brisbane, 1880, Watson Ferguson & Co, *Poetical Works* Sydney, 1912, Angus & Robertson

*STEWART, DOUGLAS (1913) Born New Zealand Came to Australia several years ago, now Assistant Editor *The Bulletin* Red Page, represented in New Zealand and Australian poetry anthologies *Green Lions* New Zealand, 1937, Whitcombe & Tombs, *Elegy for an Aviator* Sydney, 1940, Frank C. Johnson, *Sonnets to the Unknown Soldier* Sydney, 1941, Angus & Robertson

STRONG, SIR ARCHIBALD THOMAS (1876-1930) Born in Melbourne, and educated in England *Sonnets and Songs* Edinburgh, 1905, Blackwood; *The Ballades of Theodore de Banville* London, 1913, Macmillan; *Sonnets of the Empire* London, 1915, Macmillan; *Poems*. Melbourne, 1918, James Ingram & Son.

TREGGAR, EDWARD (1846-1931) Born in England, but spent most of his life in New Zealand "*Shadows*" and *Other Verses* Wellington, 1919, Whitcombe & Tombs.

TULLY, MICHAEL JOSEPH (1866) Was born and lives at Melbourne *Verses from a Pocket Book* Melbourne, 1909, McGill's Agency, *A Prodigal Soul* Melbourne, 1912, Advocate Press, *Melbourne City* Melbourne, 1918.

VEEL, MARY CAROLINE COLBORNE (c 1863-1923) Born at Christchurch, New Zealand, and spent her life there *The Fairest of Angels* London, 1894, Horace Cox; *A Little Anthology of Mary Colborne-Veel* Christchurch, 1924, Whitcombe & Tombs.

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