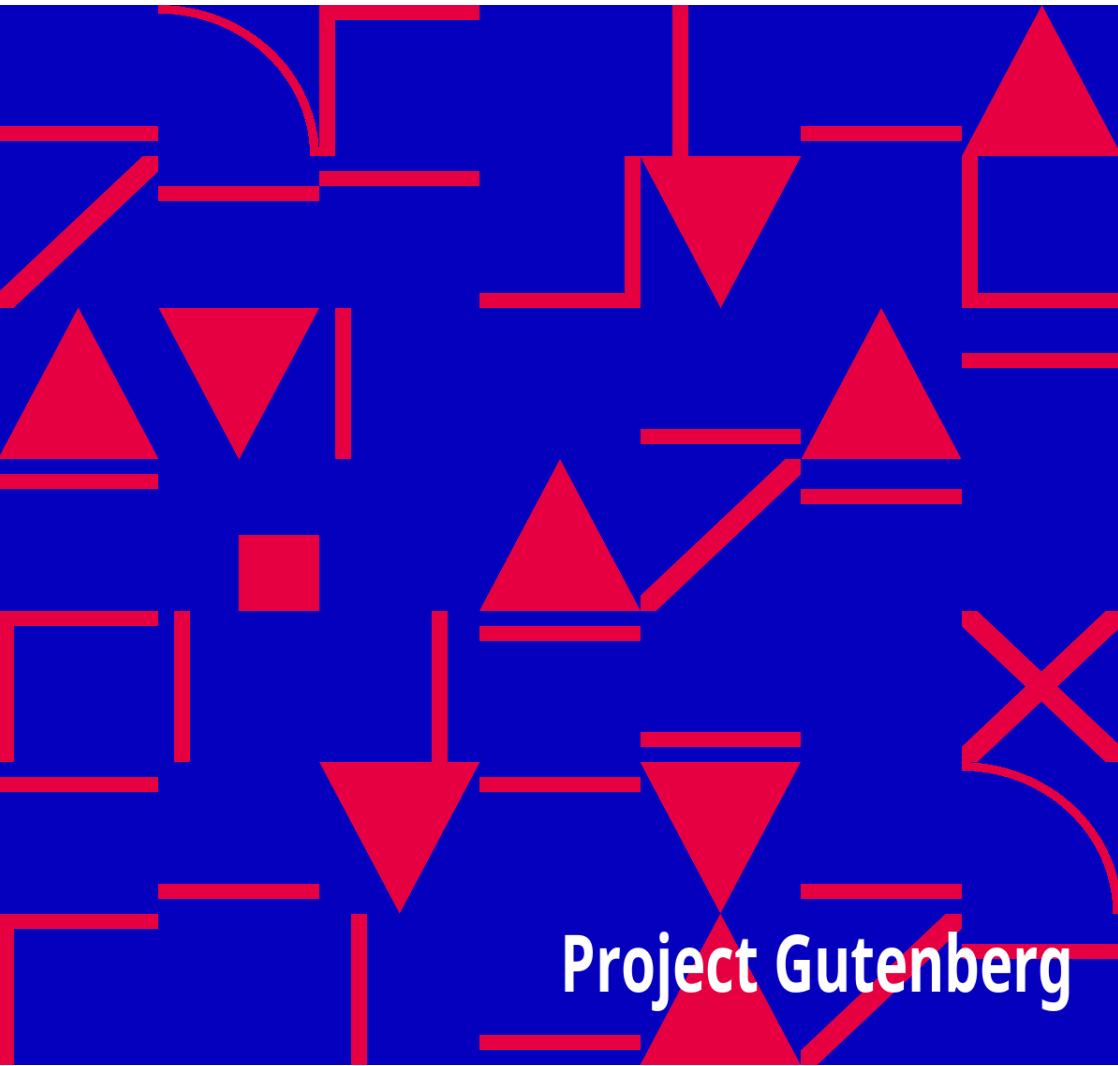


Rio Grande's Last Race, and Other Verses

A. B. Paterson

The background of the lower half of the image is a solid blue field. Overlaid on this field is a complex, abstract pattern of red geometric shapes. These shapes include various sizes of triangles (both pointing up and down), squares, rectangles, and lines. Some shapes are solid red, while others are outlined in red. The pattern is dense and non-repeating, creating a modern, graphic aesthetic.

Project Gutenberg

Table of Contents

RIO GRANDE'S LAST RACE AND OTHER VERSES

Original 1902 Sydney edition

Contents with First Lines:

RIO GRANDE'S LAST RACE AND OTHER VERSES

Rio Grande's Last Race

With the Cattle

Mulga Bill's Bicycle

The Pearl Diver

The City of Dreadful Thirst

Saltbush Bill's Gamecock

Hay and Hell and Booligal

A Walgett Episode

Father Riley's Horse

The Scotch Engineer

Song of the Future

[Anthony Considine](#)

[Song of the Artesian Water](#)

[A Disqualified Jockey's Story](#)

[The Road to Gundagai](#)

[Saltbush Bill's Second Fight](#)

[Hard Luck](#)

[Song of the Federation](#)

[The Old Australian Ways](#)

[The Ballad of the 'Calliope'](#)

[Do They Know](#)

[The Passing of Gundagai](#)

[The Wargeilah Handicap](#)

[Any Other Time](#)

[The Last Trump](#)

[Tar and Feathers](#)

[It's Grand](#)

[Out of Sight](#)

[The Road to Old Man's Town](#)

[The Old Timer's Steeplechase](#)

In the Stable

"He Giveth His Beloved Sleep"

Driver Smith

There's Another Blessed Horse Fell
Down

On the Trek

The Last Parade

With French to Kimberley

Johnny Boer

What Have the Cavalry Done

Right in the Front of the Army

That V.C.

Fed Up

Jock!

Santa Claus

From a section of Advertisements,
1909.

THE MAN FROM SNOWY RIVER,

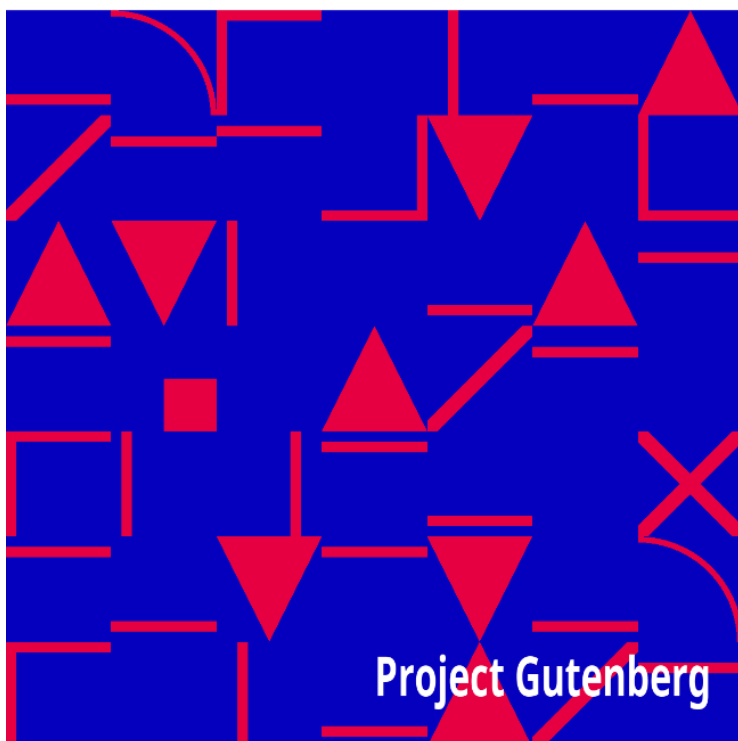
RIO GRANDE'S LAST RACE, AND OTHER
VERSES.

Biographical Note:

THE FULL PROJECT GUTENBERG
LICENSE

Rio Grande's Last Race, and Other Verses

A. B. Paterson



The Project Gutenberg eBook of Rio Grande's Last Race, and Other Verses

This ebook is for the use of anyone anywhere in the United States and most other parts of the world at no cost and with almost no restrictions whatsoever. You may copy it, give it away or re-use it under the terms of the Project Gutenberg License included with this ebook or online at www.gutenberg.org. If you are not located in the United States, you will have to check the laws of the country where you are located before using this eBook.

Title: Rio Grande's Last Race, and Other Verses

Author: A. B. Paterson

Release date: August 1, 1995 [eBook
#304]

Most recently updated: January 20,
2013

Language: English

Credits: Produced by A. Light, David M.
Medinets, and David Widger

*** START OF THE PROJECT GUTENBERG
EBOOK RIO GRANDE'S LAST RACE, AND
OTHER VERSES ***

**RIO GRANDE'S LAST
RACE
AND OTHER VERSES**

by A. B. Paterson

Original 1902 Sydney edition

*The verses in this collection have
appeared in papers in various parts
of the world—"Rio Grande" in London;
most of the war verses
in Bloemfontein; others in Sydney.
A. B. Paterson.*

CONTENTS

Contents with First Lines

RIO GRANDE'S LAST RACE AND OTHER VERSES

Rio Grande's Last Race

By the Grey Gulf-water

With the Cattle

Mulga Bill's Bicycle

The Pearl Diver

The City of Dreadful Thirst

Saltbush Bill's Gamecock

Hay and Hell and Booligal

A Walgett Episode

Father Riley's Horse

The Scotch Engineer

Song of the Future

Anthony Considine

Song of the Artesian Water

A Disqualified Jockey's Story

The Road to Gundagai

Saltbush Bill's Second Fight

Hard Luck

Song of the Federation

The Old Australian Ways

The Ballad of the 'Calliope'

Do They Know

The Passing of Gundagai

The Wargeilah Handicap

Any Other Time

The Last Trump

Tar and Feathers

It's Grand

Out of Sight

The Road to Old Man's Town

The Old Timer's Steeplechase

In the Stable

"He Giveth His Beloved Sleep"

Driver Smith

*There's Another Blessed Horse Fell
Down*

On the Trek

The Last Parade

With French to Kimberley

Johnny Boer

*What Have the Cavalry Done
Right in the Front of the Army
That V.C.*

Fed Up

Jock!

Santa Claus

*From a section of Advertisements,
1909.*

*THE MAN FROM SNOWY RIVER,
RIO GRANDE'S LAST RACE, AND
OTHER VERSES.*

Biographical Note:

Contents with First Lines:

Rio Grande's Last Race

Now this was what Macpherson told

By the Grey Gulf-water

Far to the Northward there lies a land,

With the Cattle

The drought is down on field and
flock,

The First Surveyor

'The opening of the railway line! -- the
Governor and all!

Mulga Bill's Bicycle

'Twas Mulga Bill, from Eaglehawk, that
caught the cycling craze;

The Pearl Diver

Kanzo Makame, the diver, sturdy and
small Japanee,

The City of Dreadful Thirst

The stranger came from Narromine
and made his little joke --

Saltbush Bill's Gamecock

'Twas Saltbush Bill, with his travelling
sheep, was making his way to town;

Hay and Hell and Booligal

'You come and see me, boys,' he said;

A Walgett Episode

The sun strikes down with a blinding
glare,

Father Riley's Horse

'Twas the horse thief, Andy Regan,
that was hunted like a dog

The Scotch Engineer

With eyes that searched in the dark,

Song of the Future

'Tis strange that in a land so strong,

Anthony Considine

Out in the wastes of the West
countrie,

Song of the Artesian Water

Now the stock have started dying, for
the Lord has sent a drought;

A Disqualified Jockey's Story

You see, the thing was this way --
there was me,

The Road to Gundagai

The mountain road goes up and down,

Saltbush Bill's Second Fight

The news came down on the
Castlereagh, and went to the world at
large,

Hard Luck

I left the course, and by my side

Song of the Federation

As the nations sat together, grimly
waiting --

The Old Australian Ways

The London lights are far abeam

The Ballad of the 'Calliope'

By the far Samoan shore,

Do They Know

Do they know? At the turn to the
straight

The Passing of Gundagai

'I'll introdooce a friend!' he said,

The Wargeilah Handicap

Wargeilah town is very small,

Any Other Time

All of us play our very best game --

The Last Trump

'You led the trump,' the old man said

Tar and Feathers

Oh! the circus swooped down

It's Grand

It's grand to be a squatter

Out of Sight

They held a polo meeting at a little
country town,

The Road to Old Man's Town

The fields of youth are filled with
flowers,

The Old Timer's Steeplechase

The sheep were shorn and the wool
went down

In the Stable

What! You don't like him; well, maybe
-- we all have our fancies, of course:

"He Giveth His Beloved Sleep"

The long day passes with its load of
sorrow:

Driver Smith

'Twas Driver Smith of Battery A was
anxious to see a fight;

There's Another Blessed Horse Fell
Down

When you're lying in your hammock,
sleeping soft and sleeping sound,

On the Trek

Oh, the weary, weary journey on the
trek, day after day,

The Last Parade

With never a sound of trumpet,
With French to Kimberley

The Boers were down on Kimberley
with siege and Maxim gun;

Johnny Boer

Men fight all shapes and sizes as the
racing horses run,

What Have the Cavalry Done

What have the cavalry done?

Right in the Front of the Army

'Where 'ave you been this week or
more,

That V.C.

'Twas in the days of front attack,

Fed Up

I ain't a timid man at all, I'm just as
brave as most,

Jock!

There's a soldier that's been doing of
his share

Santa Claus

Halt! Who goes there? The sentry's call

RIO GRANDE'S LAST RACE AND OTHER VERSES

Rio Grande's Last Race

*Now this was what Macpherson told
While waiting in the stand;
A reckless rider, over-bold,
The only man with hands to hold
The rushing Rio Grande.*

*He said, 'This day I bid good-bye
To bit and bridle rein,
To ditches deep and fences high,
For I have dreamed a dream, and I
Shall never ride again.*

*'I dreamt last night I rode this race
That I to-day must ride,
And cant'ring down to take my place
I saw full many an old friend's face
Come stealing to my side.*

*'Dead men on horses long since dead,
They clustered on the track;
The champions of the days long fled,
They moved around with noiseless
tread —
Bay, chestnut, brown, and black.*

*'And one man on a big grey steed
Rode up and waved his hand;
Said he, "We help a friend in need,
And we have come to give a lead
To you and Rio Grande.*

*"For you must give the field the slip,
So never draw the rein,
But keep him moving with the whip,
And if he falter — set your lip
And rouse him up again.*

"But when you reach the big stone

wall,

*Put down your bridle hand
And let him sail — he cannot fall —
But don't you interfere at all;
You trust old Rio Grande."*

*'We started, and in front we showed,
The big horse running free:
Right fearlessly and game he strode,
And by my side those dead men rode
Whom no one else could see.*

*'As silently as flies a bird,
They rode on either hand;
At every fence I plainly heard
The phantom leader give the word,
"Make room for Rio Grande!"*

*'I spurred him on to get the lead,
I chanced full many a fall;
But swifter still each phantom steed*

*Kept with me, and at racing speed
We reached the big stone wall.*

*'And there the phantoms on each side
Drew in and blocked his leap;
"Make room! make room!" I loudly
cried,
But right in front they seemed to ride*

I cursed them in my sleep.

*'He never flinched, he faced it game,
He struck it with his chest,
And every stone burst out in flame,
And Rio Grande and I became
As phantoms with the rest.*

*'And then I woke, and for a space
All nerveless did I seem;
For I have ridden many a race,
But never one at such a pace*

As in that fearful dream.

*'And I am sure as man can be
That out upon the track,
Those phantoms that men cannot see
Are waiting now to ride with me,
And I shall not come back.*

*'For I must ride the dead men's race,
And follow their command;
'Twere worse than death, the foul
disgrace
If I should fear to take my place
To-day on Rio Grande.'*

*He mounted, and a jest he threw,
With never sign of gloom;
But all who heard the story knew
That Jack Macpherson, brave and
true,
Was going to his doom.*

*They started, and the big black steed
Came flashing past the stand;
All single-handed in the lead
He strode along at racing speed,
The mighty Rio Grande.*

*But on his ribs the whalebone stung,
A madness it did seem!
And soon it rose on every tongue
That Jack Macpherson rode among
The creatures of his dream.*

*He looked to left and looked to right,
As though men rode beside;
And Rio Grande, with foam-flecks
white,
Raced at his jumps in headlong flight
And cleared them in his stride.*

But when they reached the big stone

wall,

*Down went the bridle-hand,
And loud we heard Macpherson call,
'Make room, or half the field will fall!
Make room for Rio Grande!'*

.

*'He's down! he's down!' And horse
and man*

*Lay quiet side by side!
No need the pallid face to scan,
We knew with Rio Grande he ran
The race the dead men ride.*

By the Grey Gulf-water

*Far to the Northward there lies a land,
A wonderful land that the winds blow
over,*

*And none may fathom nor understand
The charm it holds for the restless
rover;*

*A great grey chaos — a land half
made,*

*Where endless space is and no life
stirreth;*

*And the soul of a man will recoil afraid
From the sphinx-like visage that
Nature weareth.*

*But old Dame Nature, though scornful,
craves*

*Her dole of death and her share of
slaughter;*

*Many indeed are the nameless graves
Where her victims sleep by the Grey
Gulf-water.*

*Slowly and slowly those grey streams
glide,*

*Drifting along with a languid motion,
Lapping the reed-beds on either side,
Wending their way to the Northern
Ocean.*

*Grey are the plains where the emus
pass*

*Silent and slow, with their staid
demeanour;*

*Over the dead men's graves the grass
Maybe is waving a trifle greener.*

*Down in the world where men toil and
spin*

*Dame Nature smiles as man's hand
has taught her;*

Only the dead men her smiles can win

*In the great lone land by the Grey
Gulf-water.*

*For the strength of man is an insect's
strength*

*In the face of that mighty plain and
river,*

*And the life of a man is a moment's
length*

*To the life of the stream that will run
for ever.*

*And so it cometh they take no part
In small-world worries; each hardy
rover*

*Rideth abroad and is light of heart,
With the plains around and the blue
sky over.*

*And up in the heavens the brown lark
sings*

*The songs that the strange wild land
has taught her;*

*Full of thanksgiving her sweet song
rings —*

*And I wish I were back by the Grey
Gulf-water.*

With the Cattle

*The drought is down on field and flock,
The river-bed is dry;
And we must shift the starving stock
Before the cattle die.
We muster up with weary hearts
At breaking of the day,
And turn our heads to foreign parts,
To take the stock away.
And it's hunt 'em up and dog 'em,
And it's get the whip and flog 'em,
For it's weary work is droving when
they're dying every day;
By stock-routes bare and eaten,
On dusty roads and beaten,
With half a chance to save their lives
we take the stock away.*

*We cannot use the whip for shame
On beasts that crawl along;
We have to drop the weak and lame,
And try to save the strong;
The wrath of God is on the track,
The drought fiend holds his sway,
With blows and cries and stockwhip
crack*

*We take the stock away.
As they fall we leave them lying,
With the crows to watch them dying,
Grim sextons of the Overland that
fasten on their prey;
By the fiery dust-storm drifting,
And the mocking mirage shifting,
In heat and drought and hopeless pain
we take the stock away.*

*In dull despair the days go by
With never hope of change,
But every stage we draw more nigh*

*Towards the mountain range;
And some may live to climb the pass,
And reach the great plateau,
And revel in the mountain grass,
By streamlets fed with snow.
As the mountain wind is blowing
It starts the cattle lowing,
And calling to each other down the
dusty long array;
And there speaks a grizzled drover:
'Well, thank God, the worst is over,
The creatures smell the mountain
grass that's twenty miles away.'*

*They press towards the mountain
grass,
They look with eager eyes
Along the rugged stony pass,
That slopes towards the skies;
Their feet may bleed from rocks and
stones,*

*But though the blood-drop starts,
They struggle on with stifled groans,
For hope is in their hearts.*

*And the cattle that are leading,
Though their feet are worn and
bleeding,*

*Are breaking to a kind of run — pull
up, and let them go!*

*For the mountain wind is blowing,
And the mountain grass is growing,
They settle down by running streams
ice-cold with melted snow.*

.

*The days are done of heat and
drought*

*Upon the stricken plain;
The wind has shifted right about,
And brought the welcome rain;
The river runs with sullen roar,*

*All flecked with yellow foam,
And we must take the road once more,
To bring the cattle home.
And it's 'Lads! we'll raise a chorus,
There's a pleasant trip before us.'
And the horses bound beneath us as
we start them down the track;
And the drovers canter, singing,
Through the sweet green grasses
springing,
Towards the far-off mountain-land, to
bring the cattle back.*

*Are these the beasts we brought away
That move so lively now?
They scatter off like flying spray
Across the mountain's brow;
And dashing down the rugged range
We hear the stockwhip crack,
Good faith, it is a welcome change
To bring such cattle back.*

*And it's 'Steady down the lead
there!'*

*And it's 'Let 'em stop and feed
there!'*

*For they're wild as mountain eagles
and their sides are all afoam;*

*But they're settling down already,
And they'll travel nice and steady,
With cheery call and jest and song we
fetch the cattle home.*

*We have to watch them close at night
For fear they'll make a rush,
And break away in headlong flight
Across the open bush;
And by the camp-fire's cheery blaze,
With mellow voice and strong,
We hear the lonely watchman raise
The Overlander's song:*

*'Oh! it's when we're done with
roving,*

*With the camping and the droving,
It's homeward down the Bland we'll go,
and never more we'll roam;'*

*While the stars shine out above us,
Like the eyes of those who love us*

*The eyes of those who watch and wait
to greet the cattle home.*

*The plains are all awave with grass,
The skies are deepest blue;
And leisurely the cattle pass
And feed the long day through;
But when we sight the station gate,
We make the stockwhips crack,
A welcome sound to those who wait
To greet the cattle back:
And through the twilight falling
We hear their voices calling,
As the cattle splash across the ford
and churn it into foam;*

*And the children run to meet us,
And our wives and sweethearts
greet us,
Their heroes from the Overland who
brought the cattle home.*

The First Surveyor

*'The opening of the railway line! — the
Governor and all!*

*With flags and banners down the
street, a banquet and a ball.*

*Hark to 'em at the station now!
They're raising cheer on cheer!*

*"The man who brought the railway
through — our friend the engineer!"*

'They cheer HIS pluck and enterprise

and engineering skill!

*'Twas my old husband found the pass
behind that big Red Hill.*

*Before the engineer was grown we
settled with our stock*

*Behind that great big mountain chain,
a line of range and rock —*

*A line that kept us starving there in
weary weeks of drought,*

*With ne'er a track across the range to
let the cattle out.*

*"Twas then, with horses starved and
weak and scarcely fit to crawl,*

*My husband went to find a way across
that rocky wall.*

*He vanished in the wilderness, God
knows where he was gone,*

*He hunted till his food gave out, but
still he battled on.*

His horses strayed — 'twas well they

*did — they made towards the grass,
And down behind that big red hill they
found an easy pass.*

*'He followed up and blazed the trees,
to show the safest track,*

*Then drew his belt another hole and
turned and started back.*

*His horses died — just one pulled
through with nothing much to spare;*

*God bless the beast that brought him
home, the old white Arab mare!*

*We drove the cattle through the hills,
along the new-found way,*

*And this was our first camping-ground
— just where I live to-day.*

*'Then others came across the range
and built the township here,*

*And then there came the railway line
and this young engineer.*

*He drove about with tents and traps, a
cook to cook his meals,*

*A bath to wash himself at night, a
chain-man at his heels.*

*And that was all the pluck and skill for
which he's cheered and praised,*

*For after all he took the track, the
same my husband blazed!*

*'My poor old husband, dead and gone
with never feast nor cheer;*

*He's buried by the railway line! — I
wonder can he hear*

*When down the very track he marked,
and close to where he's laid,*

*The cattle trains go roaring down the
one-in-thirty grade.*

*I wonder does he hear them pass and
can he see the sight,*

*When through the dark the fast
express goes flaming by at night.*

*'I think 'twould comfort him to know
there's someone left to care,
I'll take some things this very night and
hold a banquet there!*

*The hard old fare we've often shared
together, him and me,
Some damper and a bite of beef, a
pannikin of tea:*

*We'll do without the bands and flags,
the speeches and the fuss,
We know who OUGHT to get the
cheers and that's enough for us.*

*'What's that? They wish that I'd come
down — the oldest settler here!*

*Present me to the Governor and that
young engineer!*

*Well, just you tell his Excellence and
put the thing polite,
I'm sorry, but I can't come down — I'm*

dining out to-night!'

Mulga Bill's Bicycle

*'Twas Mulga Bill, from Eaglehawk, that
caught the cycling craze;*

*He turned away the good old horse
that served him many days;*

*He dressed himself in cycling clothes,
resplendent to be seen;*

*He hurried off to town and bought a
shining new machine;*

*And as he wheeled it through the door,
with air of lordly pride,*

*The grinning shop assistant said,
'Excuse me, can you ride?'*

*'See, here, young man,' said Mulga
Bill, 'from Walgett to the sea,*

*From Conroy's Gap to Castlereagh,
there's none can ride like me.*

*I'm good all round at everything, as
everybody knows,*

*Although I'm not the one to talk — I
HATE a man that blows.*

*But riding is my special gift, my
chiefest, sole delight;*

*Just ask a wild duck can it swim, a wild
cat can it fight.*

*There's nothing clothed in hair or hide,
or built of flesh or steel,*

*There's nothing walks or jumps, or
runs, on axle, hoof, or wheel,*

*But what I'll sit, while hide will hold and
girths and straps are tight:*

*I'll ride this here two-wheeled concern
right straight away at sight.'*

*'Twas Mulga Bill, from Eaglehawk, that
sought his own abode,*

*That perched above the Dead Man's
Creek, beside the mountain road.*

*He turned the cycle down the hill and
mounted for the fray,*

*But ere he'd gone a dozen yards it
bolted clean away.*

*It left the track, and through the trees,
just like a silver streak,*

*It whistled down the awful slope,
towards the Dead Man's Creek.*

*It shaved a stump by half an inch, it
dodged a big white-box:*

*The very wallaroos in fright went
scrambling up the rocks,*

*The wombats hiding in their caves dug
deeper underground,*

*As Mulga Bill, as white as chalk, sat
tight to every bound.*

*It struck a stone and gave a spring
that cleared a fallen tree,*

*It raced beside a precipice as close as
close could be;*

*And then as Mulga Bill let out one last
despairing shriek*

*It made a leap of twenty feet into the
Dead Man's Creek.*

*'Twas Mulga Bill, from Eaglehawk, that
slowly swam ashore:*

*He said, 'I've had some narrer shaves
and lively rides before;*

*I've rode a wild bull round a yard to
win a five pound bet,*

*But this was the most awful ride that
I've encountered yet.*

*I'll give that two-wheeled outlaw best;
it's shaken all my nerve*

*To feel it whistle through the air and
plunge and buck and swerve.*

*It's safe at rest in Dead Man's Creek,
we'll leave it lying still;*

A horse's back is good enough

henceforth for Mulga Bill.'

The Pearl Diver

*Kanzo Makame, the diver, sturdy and
small Japanee,*

*Seeker of pearls and of pearl-shell
down in the depths of the sea,*

*Trudged o'er the bed of the ocean,
searching industriously.*

*Over the pearl-grounds, the lugger
drifted — a little white speck:*

*Joe Nagasaki, the 'tender', holding the
life-line on deck,*

*Talked through the rope to the diver,
knew when to drift or to check.*

*Kanzo was king of his lugger, master
and diver in one,*

Diving wherever it pleased him, taking

*instructions from none;
Hither and thither he wandered,
steering by stars and by sun.*

*Fearless he was beyond credence,
looking at death eye to eye:
This was his formula always, 'All man
go dead by-and-bye —
S'posing time come no can help it —
s'pose time no come, then no die.'*

*Dived in the depths of the Darnleys,
down twenty fathom and five;
Down where by law and by reason,
men are forbidden to dive;
Down in a pressure so awful that only
the strongest survive:*

*Sweated four men at the air pumps,
fast as the handles could go,
Forcing the air down that reached him*

*heated, and tainted, and slow —
Kanzo Makame the diver stayed
seven minutes below;*

*Came up on deck like a dead man,
paralysed body and brain;
Suffered, while blood was returning,
infinite tortures of pain:
Sailed once again to the Darnleys —
laughed and descended again!*

.

*Scarce grew the shell in the shallows,
rarely a patch could they touch;
Always the take was so little, always
the labour so much;
Always they thought of the Islands
held by the lumbering Dutch,*

Islands where shell was in plenty lying

*in passage and bay,
Islands where divers could gather
hundreds of shell in a day:
But the lumbering Dutch, with their
gunboats, hunted the divers away.*

*Joe Nagasaki, the 'tender', finding the
profits grow small,
Said, 'Let us go to the Islands, try for a
number one haul!
If we get caught, go to prison — let
them take lugger and all!'*

*Kanzo Makame, the diver — knowing
full well what it meant —
Fatalist, gambler, and stoic, smiled a
broad smile of content,
Flattened in mainsail and foresail, and
off to the Islands they went.*

Close to the headlands they drifted,

*picking up shell by the ton,
Piled up on deck were the oysters,
opening wide in the sun,
When, from the lee of the headland,
boomed the report of a gun.*

*Once that the diver was sighted
pearl-shell and lugger must go.
Joe Nagasaki decided — quick was
the word and the blow —
Cut both the pipe and the life-line,
leaving the diver below!*

*Kanzo Makame, the diver, failing to
quite understand,
Pulled the 'haul up' on the life-line,
found it was slack in his hand;
Then, like a little brown stoic, lay down
and died on the sand.*

Joe Nagasaki, the 'tender', smiling a

sanctified smile,

*Headed her straight for the gunboat —
throwing out shells all the while —*

*Then went aboard and reported, 'No
makee dive in three mile!*

*'Dress no have got and no helmet —
diver go shore on the spree;*

*Plenty wind come and break rudder —
lugger get blown out to sea:*

*Take me to Japanee Consul, he help a
poor Japanee!'*

.

*So the Dutch let him go, and they
watched him, as off from the Islands he
ran,*

*Doubting him much, but what would
you? You have to be sure of your man
Ere you wake up that nest-full of*

*hornets — the little brown men of
Japan.*

*Down in the ooze and the coral, down
where earth's wonders are spread,
Helmeted, ghastly, and swollen, Kanzo
Makame lies dead:
Joe Nagasaki, his 'tender', is owner
and diver instead.*

*Wearer of pearls in your necklace,
comfort yourself if you can,
These are the risks of the pearling —
these are the ways of Japan,
'Plenty more Japanee diver, plenty
more little brown man!'*

The City of Dreadful Thirst

*The stranger came from Narromine
and made his little joke —*

*'They say we folks in Narromine are
narrow-minded folk.*

*But all the smartest men down here
are puzzled to define*

*A kind of new phenomenon that came
to Narromine.*

*'Last summer up in Narromine 'twas
gettin' rather warm —*

*Two hundred in the water-bag, and
lookin' like a storm —*

*We all were in the private bar, the
coolest place in town,*

*When out across the stretch of plain a
cloud came rollin' down,*

*'We don't respect the clouds up there,
they fill us with disgust,
They mostly bring a Bogan shower —
three rain-drops and some dust;
But each man, simultaneous-like, to
each man said, "I think
That cloud suggests it's up to us to
have another drink!"*

*'There's clouds of rain and clouds of
dust — we'd heard of them before,
And sometimes in the daily press we
read of "clouds of war":
But — if this ain't the Gospel truth I
hope that I may burst —
That cloud that came to Narromine
was just a cloud of thirst.*

*'It wasn't like a common cloud, 'twas
more a sort of haze;*

*It settled down about the streets, and
stopped for days and days,
And not a drop of dew could fall and
not a sunbeam shine
To pierce that dismal sort of mist that
hung on Narromine.*

*'Oh, Lord! we had a dreadful time
beneath that cloud of thirst!
We all chucked-up our daily work and
went upon the burst.
The very blacks about the town that
used to cadge for grub,
They made an organised attack and
tried to loot the pub.*

*'We couldn't leave the private bar no
matter how we tried;
Shearers and squatters, union-men
and blacklegs side by side
Were drinkin' there and dursn't move,*

*for each was sure, he said,
Before he'd get a half-a-mile the thirst
would strike him dead!*

*'We drank until the drink gave out, we
searched from room to room,
And round the pub, like drunken
ghosts, went howling through the
gloom.*

*The shearers found some kerosene
and settled down again,
But all the squatter chaps and I, we
staggered to the train.*

*'And, once outside the cloud of thirst,
we felt as right as pie,
But while we stopped about the town
we had to drink or die.
But now I hear it's safe enough, I'm
going back to work
Because they say the cloud of thirst*

has shifted on to Bourke.

*'But when you see those clouds about
— like this one over here —*

*All white and frothy at the top, just like
a pint of beer,*

*It's time to go and have a drink, for if
that cloud should burst*

*You'd find the drink would all be gone,
for that's a cloud of thirst!'*

.

*We stood the man from Narromine a
pint of half-and-half;*

*He drank it off without a gasp in one
tremendous quaff;*

*'I joined some friends last night,' he
said, 'in what THEY called a spree;*

*But after Narromine 'twas just a
holiday to me.'*

*And now beyond the Western Range,
where sunset skies are red,
And clouds of dust, and clouds of
thirst, go drifting overhead,
The railway-train is taking back, along
the Western Line,
That narrow-minded person on his
road to Narromine.*

Saltbush Bill's Gamecock

*'Twas Saltbush Bill, with his travelling
sheep, was making his way to town;
He crossed them over the Hard Times
Run, and he came to the Take 'Em
Down;*

*He counted through at the boundary
gate, and camped at the drafting yard:
For Stingy Smith, of the Hard Times
Run, had hunted him rather hard.*

*He bore no malice to Stingy Smith —
'twas simply the hand of fate*

*That caused his waggon to swerve
aside and shatter old Stingy's gate;*

*And, being only the hand of fate, it
follows, without a doubt,*

*It wasn't the fault of Saltbush Bill that
Stingy's sheep got out.*

*So Saltbush Bill, with an easy heart,
prepared for what might befall,
Commenced his stages on Take 'Em
Down, the station of Rooster Hall.*

*'Tis strange how often the men out
back will take to some curious craft,
Some ruling passion to keep their
thoughts away from the overdraft;
And Rooster Hall, of the Take 'Em
Down, was widely known to fame
As breeder of champion fighting cocks
— his 'forte' was the British Game.
The passing stranger within his gates
that camped with old Rooster Hall
Was forced to talk about fowls all
night, or else not talk at all.
Though droughts should come, and
though sheep should die,
his fowls were his sole delight;
He left his shed in the flood of work to*

watch two gamecocks fight.

*He held in scorn the Australian Game,
that long-legged child of sin;*

*In a desperate fight, with the
steel-tipped spurs, the British Game
must win!*

*The Australian bird was a mongrel
bird, with a touch of the jungle cock;*

*The want of breeding must find him
out, when facing the English stock;*

*For British breeding, and British pluck,
must triumph it over all —*

*And that was the root of the simple
creed that governed old Rooster Hall.*

.

*'Twas Saltbush Bill to the station rode
ahead of his travelling sheep,*

*And sent a message to Rooster Hall
that wakened him out of his sleep —*

*A crafty message that fetched him out,
and hurried him as he came —*

*'A drover has an Australian Bird to
match with your British Game.'*

*'Twas done, and done in a half a trice;
a five-pound note aside;*

*Old Rooster Hall, with his champion
bird, and the drover's bird untried.*

*'Steel spurs, of course?' said old
Rooster Hall;*

'you'll need 'em, without a doubt!'

*'You stick the spurs on your bird!' said
Bill, 'but mine fights best without.'*

*'Fights best without?' said old Rooster
Hall; 'he can't fight best unspurred!*

*You must be crazy!' But Saltbush Bill
said, 'Wait till you see my bird!'*

*So Rooster Hall to his fowlyard went,
and quickly back he came,*

*Bearing a clipt and a shaven cock, the
pride of his English Game.*

*With an eye as fierce as an
eaglehawk, and a crow like a trumpet
call,*

*He strutted about on the garden walk,
and cackled at Rooster Hall.*

*Then Rooster Hall sent off a boy with
word to his cronies two,*

*McCrae (the boss of the Black Police)
and Father Donahoo.*

*Full many a cockfight old McCrae had
held in his empty Court,*

*With Father D. as a picker-up — a
regular all-round Sport!*

*They got the message of Rooster Hall,
and down to his run they came,*

*Prepared to scoff at the drover's bird,
and to bet on the English Game;*

*They hied them off to the drover's
camp, while Saltbush rode before —*

*Old Rooster Hall was a blithesome
man, when he thought of the treat in*

store.

*They reached the camp, where the
drover's cook, with countenance all
serene,*

*Was boiling beef in an iron pot, but
never a fowl was seen.*

*'Take off the beef from the fire,' said
Bill,*

*'and wait till you see the fight;
There's something fresh for the
bill-of-fare —*

*there's game-fowl stew to-night!
For Mister Hall has a fighting cock, all
feathered and clipped and spurred;*

*And he's fetched him here, for a bit of
sport, to fight our Australian bird.*

*I've made a match that our pet will win,
though he's hardly a fighting cock,*

*But he's game enough, and it's many a
mile*

*that he's tramped with the travelling
stock.'*

*The cook he banged on a saucepan
lid; and, soon as the sound was heard,
Under the dray, in the shadows hid, a
something moved and stirred:*

*A great tame Emu strutted out. Said
Saltbush, 'Here's our bird!'*

*But Rooster Hall, and his cronies two,
drove home without a word.*

*The passing stranger within his gates
that camps with old Rooster Hall
Must talk about something else than
fowls, if he wishes to talk at all.*

*For the record lies in the local Court,
and filed in its deepest vault,*

*That Peter Hall, of the Take 'Em Down,
was tried for a fierce assault*

*On a stranger man, who, in all good
faith, and prompted by what he heard,*

*Had asked old Hall if a British Game
could beat an Australian bird;*

*And old McCrae, who was on the
Bench, as soon as the case was tried,*

*Remarked, 'Discharged with a clean
discharge — the assault was justified!'*

Hay and Hell and Booligal

*'You come and see me, boys,' he said;
'You'll find a welcome and a bed
And whisky any time you call;
Although our township hasn't got
The name of quite a lively spot —
You see, I live in Booligal.*

*'And people have an awful down
Upon the district and the town —
Which worse than hell itself they call;
In fact, the saying far and wide
Along the Riverina side
Is "Hay and Hell and Booligal".*

*'No doubt it suits 'em very well
To say it's worse than Hay or Hell,
But don't you heed their talk at all;*

*Of course, there's heat — no one
denies —
And sand and dust and stacks of flies,
And rabbits, too, at Booligal.*

*'But such a pleasant, quiet place,
You never see a stranger's face —
They hardly ever care to call;
The drovers mostly pass it by;
They reckon that they'd rather die
Than spend a night in Booligal.*

*'The big mosquitoes frighten some —
You'll lie awake to hear 'em hum —
And snakes about the township crawl;
But shearers, when they get their
cheque,
They never come along and wreck
The blessed town of Booligal.*

'But down in Hay the shearers come

*And fill themselves with fighting-rum,
And chase blue devils up the wall,
And fight the snaggers every day,
Until there is the deuce to pay —
There's none of that in Booligal.*

*'Of course, there isn't much to see —
The billiard-table used to be
The great attraction for us all,
Until some careless, drunken curs
Got sleeping on it in their spurs,
And ruined it, in Booligal.*

*'Just now there is a howling drought
That pretty near has starved us out —
It never seems to rain at all;
But, if there SHOULD come any rain,
You couldn't cross the black-soil plain*

—

You'd have to stop in Booligal.'

.

*'WE'D HAVE TO STOP!' With bated
breath*

*We prayed that both in life and death
Our fate in other lines might fall:
'Oh, send us to our just reward
In Hay or Hell, but, gracious Lord,
Deliver us from Booligal!'*

A Walgett Episode

*The sun strikes down with a blinding
glare,*

*The skies are blue and the plains are
wide,*

*The saltbush plains that are burnt and
bare*

*By Walgett out on the Barwon side —
The Barwon river that wanders down
In a leisurely manner by Walgett Town.*

There came a stranger — a 'Cockatoo'
—

*The word means farmer, as all men
know*

*Who dwell in the land where the
kangaroo*

Barks loud at dawn, and the

white-eyed crow

*Uplifts his song on the stock-yard
fence*

*As he watches the lambkins passing
hence.*

*The sunburnt stranger was gaunt and
brown,*

*But it soon appeared that he meant to
flout*

*The iron law of the country town,
Which is — that the stranger has got
to shout:*

*'If he will not shout we must take him
down,'*

Remarked the yokels of Walgett Town.

*They baited a trap with a crafty bait,
With a crafty bait, for they held
discourse*

Concerning a new chum who of late

*Had bought such a thoroughly lazy
horse;*

*They would wager that no one could
ride him down*

The length of the city of Walgett Town.

*The stranger was born on a horse's
hide;*

*So he took the wagers, and made
them good*

*With his hard-earned cash — but his
hopes they died,*

*For the horse was a clothes-horse,
made of wood! —*

*'Twas a well-known horse that had
taken down*

Full many a stranger in Walgett Town.

The stranger smiled with a sickly smile
—

'Tis a sickly smile that the loser grins

*And he said he had travelled for quite
a while*

*In trying to sell some marsupial skins.
'And I thought that perhaps, as you've
took me down,
You would buy them from me, in
Walgett Town!'*

*He said that his home was at
Wingadee,
At Wingadee where he had for sale
Some fifty skins and would guarantee
They were full-sized skins, with the
ears and tail
Complete, and he sold them for
money down
To a venturesome buyer in Walgett
Town.*

Then he smiled a smile as he pouched

the pelf,

*'I'm glad that I'm quit of them, win or
lose:*

*You can fetch them in when it suits
yourself,*

*And you'll find the skins — on the
kangaroos!'*

*Then he left — and the silence settled
down*

*Like a tangible thing upon Walgett
Town.*

Father Riley's Horse

*'Twas the horse thief, Andy Regan,
that was hunted like a dog*

*By the troopers of the Upper Murray
side,*

*They had searched in every gully —
they had looked in every log,*

*But never sight or track of him they
spied,*

*Till the priest at Kiley's Crossing heard
a knocking very late*

*And a whisper 'Father Riley — come
across!'*

*So his Rev'rence in pyjamas trotted
softly to the gate*

*And admitted Andy Regan — and a
horse!*

*'Now, it's listen, Father Riley, to the
words I've got to say,*

*For its close upon my death I am
to-night.*

*With the troopers hard behind me I've
been hiding all the day*

*In the gullies keeping close and out of
sight.*

*But they're watching all the ranges till
there's not a bird could fly,*

*And I'm fairly worn to pieces with the
strife,*

*So I'm taking no more trouble, but I'm
going home to die,*

'Tis the only way I see to save my life.

*'Yes, I'm making home to mother's,
and I'll die o' Tuesday next*

*An' be buried on the Thursday — and,
of course,*

I'm prepared to meet my penance, but

with one thing I'm perplexed

And it's — Father, it's this jewel of a horse!

He was never bought nor paid for, and there's not a man can swear

To his owner or his breeder, but I know,

That his sire was by Pedantic from the Old Pretender mare

And his dam was close related to The Roe.

'And there's nothing in the district that can race him for a step,

He could canter while they're going at their top:

He's the king of all the leppers that was ever seen to lep,

A five-foot fence — he'd clear it in a hop!

So I'll leave him with you, Father, till

*the dead shall rise again,
'Tis yourself that knows a good 'un;
and, of course,
You can say he's got by Moonlight out
of Paddy Murphy's plain
If you're ever asked the breeding of
the horse!*

*'But it's getting on to daylight and it's
time to say good-bye,
For the stars above the East are
growing pale.
And I'm making home to mother —
and it's hard for me to die!
But it's harder still, is keeping out of
gaol!
You can ride the old horse over to my
grave across the dip
Where the wattle bloom is waving
overhead.
Sure he'll jump them fences easy —*

you must never raise the whip

Or he'll rush 'em! — now, good-bye!
and he had fled!

*So they buried Andy Regan, and they
buried him to rights,*

*In the graveyard at the back of Kiley's
Hill;*

*There were five-and-twenty mourners
who had five-and-twenty fights*

*Till the very boldest fighters had their
fill.*

*There were fifty horses racing from the
graveyard to the pub,*

*And their riders flogged each other all
the while.*

*And the lashins of the liquor! And the
lavins of the grub!*

*Oh, poor Andy went to rest in proper
style.*

*Then the races came to Kiley's — with
a steeplechase and all,*

*For the folk were mostly Irish round
about,*

*And it takes an Irish rider to be
fearless of a fall,*

*They were training morning in and
morning out.*

*But they never started training till the
sun was on the course*

*For a superstitious story kept 'em
back,*

*That the ghost of Andy Regan on a
slashing chestnut horse,*

*Had been training by the starlight on
the track.*

*And they read the nominations for the
races with surprise*

*And amusement at the Father's little
joke,*

*For a novice had been entered for the
steeplechasing prize,*

*And they found that it was Father
Riley's moke!*

*He was neat enough to gallop, he was
strong enough to stay!*

*But his owner's views of training were
immense,*

*For the Reverend Father Riley used to
ride him every day,*

*And he never saw a hurdle nor a
fence.*

*And the priest would join the laughter;
'Oh,' said he, 'I put him in,*

*For there's five and twenty sovereigns
to be won.*

*And the poor would find it useful, if the
chestnut chanced to win,*

*And he'll maybe win when all is said
and done!'*

*He had called him Faugh-a-ballagh,
which is French for clear the course,
And his colours were a vivid shade of
green:*

*All the Dooleys and O'Donnells were
on Father Riley's horse,
While the Orangemen were backing
Mandarin!*

*It was Hogan, the dog poisoner —
aged man and very wise,
Who was camping in the racecourse
with his swag,
And who ventured the opinion, to the
township's great surprise,
That the race would go to Father
Riley's nag.
'You can talk about your riders — and
the horse has not been schooled,
And the fences is terrific, and the rest!
When the field is fairly going, then ye'll*

*see ye've all been fooled,
And the chestnut horse will battle with
the best.*

*'For there's some has got condition,
and they think the race is sure,
And the chestnut horse will fall
beneath the weight,
But the hopes of all the helpless, and
the prayers of all the poor,
Will be running by his side to keep
him straight.
And it's what's the need of schoolin' or
of workin' on the track,
Whin the saints are there to guide him
round the course!
I've prayed him over every fence —
I've prayed him out and back!
And I'll bet my cash on Father Riley's
horse!'*

.

*Oh, the steeple was a caution! They
went tearin' round and round,*

*And the fences rang and rattled
where they struck.*

*There was some that cleared the
water — there was more fell in and
drowned,*

*Some blamed the men and others
blamed the luck!*

*But the whips were flying freely when
the field came into view,*

*For the finish down the long green
stretch of course,*

*And in front of all the flyers — jumpin'
like a kangaroo,*

*Came the rank outsider — Father
Riley's horse!*

Oh, the shouting and the cheering as

he rattled past the post!

*For he left the others standing, in the
straight;*

*And the rider — well they reckoned it
was Andy Regan's ghost,*

*And it beat 'em how a ghost would
draw the weight!*

*But he weighed it, nine stone seven,
then he laughed and disappeared,*

*Like a Banshee (which is Spanish for
an elf),*

*And old Hogan muttered sagely, 'If it
wasn't for the beard*

*They'd be thinking it was Andy
Regan's self!'*

*And the poor of Kiley's Crossing drank
the health at Christmastide*

*Of the chestnut and his rider dressed
in green.*

There was never such a rider, not

since Andy Regan died,

*And they wondered who on earth he
could have been.*

*But they settled it among 'em, for the
story got about,*

*'Mongst the bushmen and the people
on the course,*

*That the Devil had been ordered to let
Andy Regan out*

*For the steeplechase on Father
Riley's horse!*

The Scotch Engineer

*With eyes that searched in the dark,
Peering along the line,
Stood the grim Scotchman, Hector
Clark,
Driver of 'Forty-nine',
And the veldt-fire flamed on the hills
ahead,
Like a blood-red beacon sign.*

*There was word of a fight to the north,
And a column hard-pressed,
So they started the Highlanders forth,
Without food, without rest.*

*But the pipers gaily played,
Chanting their fierce delight,
And the armoured carriages rocked*

*and swayed,
Laden with men of the Scotch Brigade,
Hurrying up to the fight,
And the grim, grey Highland engineer,
Driving them into the night.*

*Then a signal light glowed red,
And a picket came to the track.
'Enemy holding the line ahead,
Three of our mates we have left for
dead,
Only we two got back.'
And far to the north through the still
night air,
They heard the rifles crack.*

*And the boom of a gun rang out,
Like the sound of a deep appeal,
And the picket stood in doubt
By the side of the driving-wheel.*

*But the Engineer looked down,
With his hand on the starting-bar,
'Ride ye back to the town,
Ye know what my orders are,
Maybe they're wanting the Scotch
Brigade
Up on those hills afar.*

*'I am no soldier at all,
Only an engineer,
But I could not bear that the folk
should say,
Over in Scotland — Glasgow way —
That Hector Clark stayed here
With the Scotch Brigade till the foe
were gone,
With ever a rail to run her on.
Ready behind! Stand clear!*

*'Fireman, get you gone
Into the armoured train,*

*I will drive her alone;
One more trip — and perhaps the last*

*With a well-raked fire and an open
blast —
Hark to the rifles again.'*

.

*On through the choking dark,
Never a lamp nor a light,
Never an engine spark,
Showing her hurried flight.
Over the lonely plain
Rushed the great armoured train,
Hurrying up to the fight.*

*Then with her living freight
On to the foe she came,
And the rifles snapped their hate,
And the darkness spouted flame.*

*Over the roar of the fray
The hungry bullets whined,
As she dashed through the foe that lay
Loading and firing blind,
Till the glare of the furnace burning
clear
Showed them the form of the
engineer,
Sharply and well defined.*

*Through! They were safely through!
Hark to the column's cheer!
Surely the driver knew
He was to halt her here;
But he took no heed of the signals red,
And the fireman found, when he
climbed ahead,
There on the floor of his engine —
dead,*

Lay the Scotch Engineer!

Song of the Future

*'Tis strange that in a land so strong,
So strong and bold in mighty youth,
We have no poet's voice of truth
To sing for us a wondrous song.*

*Our chiefest singer yet has sung
In wild, sweet notes a passing strain,
All carelessly and sadly flung
To that dull world he thought so vain.*

*'I care for nothing, good nor bad,
My hopes are gone, my pleasures
fled,
I am but sifting sand,' he said:
What wonder Gordon's songs were
sad!*

*And yet, not always sad and hard;
In cheerful mood and light of heart
He told the tale of Britomarte,
And wrote the Rhyme of Joyous
Guard.*

*And some have said that Nature's face
To us is always sad; but these
Have never felt the smiling grace
Of waving grass and forest trees
On sunlit plains as wide as seas.*

*'A land where dull Despair is king
O'er scentless flower and songless
bird!'*

*But we have heard the bell-birds ring
Their silver bells at eventide,
Like fairies on the mountain side,
The sweetest note man ever heard.*

The wild thrush lifts a note of mirth;

*The bronzewing pigeons call and coo
Beside their nests the long day
through;*

*The magpie warbles clear and strong
A joyous, glad, thanksgiving song,
For all God's mercies upon earth.*

*And many voices such as these
Are joyful sounds for those to tell,
Who know the Bush and love it well,
With all its hidden mysteries.*

*We cannot love the restless sea,
That rolls and tosses to and fro
Like some fierce creature in its glee;
For human weal or human woe
It has no touch of sympathy.*

*For us the bush is never sad:
Its myriad voices whisper low,
In tones the bushmen only know,*

Its sympathy and welcome glad.

*For us the roving breezes bring
From many a blossom-tufted tree —
Where wild bees murmur dreamily —
The honey-laden breath of Spring.*

.

*We have no tales of other days,
No bygone history to tell;
Our tales are told where camp-fires
blaze*

*At midnight, when the solemn hush
Of that vast wonderland, the Bush,
Hath laid on every heart its spell.*

*Although we have no songs of strife,
Of bloodshed reddening the land,
We yet may find achievements grand
Within the bushman's quiet life.*

*Lift ye your faces to the sky
Ye far blue mountains of the West,
Who lie so peacefully at rest
Enshrouded in a haze of blue;
'Tis hard to feel that years went by
Before the pioneers broke through
Your rocky heights and walls of stone,
And made your secrets all their own.*

*For years the fertile Western plains
Were hid behind your sullen walls,
Your cliffs and crags and waterfalls
All weatherworn with tropic rains.*

*Between the mountains and the sea,
Like Israelites with staff in hand,
The people waited restlessly:
They looked towards the mountains
old
And saw the sunsets come and go*

*With gorgeous golden afterglow,
That made the West a fairyland,
And marvelled what that West might
be*

*Of which such wondrous tales were
told.*

*For tales were told of inland seas
Like sullen oceans, salt and dead,
And sandy deserts, white and wan,
Where never trod the foot of man,
Nor bird went winging overhead,
Nor ever stirred a gracious breeze
To wake the silence with its breath —
A land of loneliness and death.*

*At length the hardy pioneers
By rock and crag found out the way,
And woke with voices of to-day,
A silence kept for years and years.*

*Upon the Western slope they stood
And saw — a wide expanse of plain
As far as eye could stretch or see
Go rolling westward endlessly.
The native grasses, tall as grain,
Were waved and rippled in the breeze;
From boughs of blossom-laden trees
The parrots answered back again.
They saw the land that it was good,
A land of fatness all untrod,
And gave their silent thanks to God.*

*The way is won! The way is won!
And straightway from the barren coast
There came a westward-marching
host,
That aye and ever onward prest
With eager faces to the West,
Along the pathway of the sun.*

The mountains saw them marching by:

*They faced the all-consuming drought,
They would not rest in settled land:
But, taking each his life in hand,
Their faces ever westward bent
Beyond the farthest settlement,
Responding to the challenge cry
Of 'better country further out.'*

*And lo a miracle! the land
But yesterday was all unknown,
The wild man's boomerang was
thrown*

*Where now great busy cities stand.
It was not much, you say, that these
Should win their way where none
withstood;*

*In sooth there was not much of blood
No war was fought between the seas.*

*It was not much! but we who know
The strange capricious land they trod*

—

*At times a stricken, parching sod,
At times with raging floods beset —
Through which they found their lonely
way,*

*Are quite content that you should say
It was not much, while we can feel
That nothing in the ages old,
In song or story written yet
On Grecian urn or Roman arch,
Though it should ring with clash of
steel,*

*Could braver histories unfold
Than this bush story, yet untold —
The story of their westward march.*

.

*But times are changed, and changes
rung*

From old to new — the olden days,

*The old bush life and all its ways
Are passing from us all unsung.
The freedom, and the hopeful sense
Of toil that brought due recompense,
Of room for all, has passed away,
And lies forgotten with the dead.
Within our streets men cry for bread
In cities built but yesterday.*

*About us stretches wealth of land,
A boundless wealth of virgin soil
As yet unfruitful and untilled!
Our willing workmen, strong and
skilled
Within our cities idle stand,
And cry aloud for leave to toil.*

*The stunted children come and go
In squalid lanes and alleys black;
We follow but the beaten track
Of other nations, and we grow*

In wealth for some — for many, woe.

*And it may be that we who live
In this new land apart, beyond
The hard old world grown fierce and
fond*

*And bound by precedent and bond,
May read the riddle right and give
New hope to those who dimly see
That all things may be yet for good,
And teach the world at length to be
One vast united brotherhood.*

.

*So may it be, and he who sings
In accents hopeful, clear, and strong,
The glories which that future brings
Shall sing, indeed, a wond'rous song.*

Anthony Considine

*Out in the wastes of the West countrie,
Out where the white stars shine,
Grim and silent as such men be,
Rideth a man with a history —
Anthony Considine.*

*For the ways of men they are manifold
As their differing views in life;
For some are sold for the lust of gold
And some for the lust of strife:
But this man counted the world well
lost
For the love of his neighbour's wife.*

*They fled together, as those must flee
Whom all men hold in blame;
Each to the other must all things be*

*Who cross the gulf of iniquity
And live in the land of shame.*

*But a light-o'-love, if she sins with one,
She sinneth with ninety-nine:
The rule holds good since the world
began —
Since ever the streams began to run
And the stars began to shine.
The rule holds true, and he found it
true —
Anthony Considine.*

*A nobler spirit had turned in scorn
From a love that was stained with
mire;
A weaker being might mourn and
mourn
For the loss of his Heart's Desire:
But the anger of Anthony Considine
Blazed up like a flaming fire.*

*And she, with her new love, presently
Came past with her eyes ashine;
And God so willed it, and God knows
why,*

*She turned and laughed as they
passed him by —*

Anthony Considine.

*Her laughter stung as a whip might
sting;*

*And mad with his wounded pride
He turned and sprang with a panther's
spring*

*And struck at his rival's side:
And only the woman, shuddering,
Could tell how the dead man died!*

*She dared not speak — and the
mystery*

Is buried in auld lang syne,

*But out on the wastes of the West
countrie,*

*Grim and silent as such men be,
Rideth a man with a history —*

Anthony Considine.

Song of the Artesian Water

*Now the stock have started dying, for
the Lord has sent a drought;*

*But we're sick of prayers and
Providence — we're going to do
without;*

*With the derricks up above us and the
solid earth below,*

*We are waiting at the lever for the
word to let her go.*

Sinking down, deeper down,

Oh, we'll sink it deeper down:

*As the drill is plugging downward at a
thousand feet of level,*

*If the Lord won't send us water, oh,
we'll get it from the devil;*

*Yes, we'll get it from the devil deeper
down.*

*Now, our engine's built in Glasgow by
a very canny Scot,*

*And he marked it twenty horse-power,
but he don't know what is what:*

*When Canadian Bill is firing with the
sun-dried gidgee logs,*

*She can equal thirty horses and a
score or so of dogs.*

Sinking down, deeper down,

Oh, we're going deeper down:

*If we fail to get the water then it's ruin
to the squatter,*

*For the drought is on the station and
the weather's growing hotter,*

*But we're bound to get the water
deeper down.*

*But the shaft has started caving and
the sinking's very slow,*

And the yellow rods are bending in the

water down below,

*And the tubes are always jamming
and they can't be made to shift*

*Till we nearly burst the engine with a
forty horse-power lift.*

Sinking down, deeper down,

Oh, we're going deeper down

*Though the shaft is always caving,
and the tubes are always jamming,*

*Yet we'll fight our way to water while
the stubborn drill is ramming —*

*While the stubborn drill is ramming
deeper down.*

*But there's no artesian water, though
we've passed three thousand feet,*

*And the contract price is growing and
the boss is nearly beat.*

*But it must be down beneath us, and
it's down we've got to go,*

Though she's bumping on the solid

rock four thousand feet below.

Sinking down, deeper down,

Oh, we're going deeper down:

*And it's time they heard us knocking
on the roof of Satan's dwellin';*

*But we'll get artesian water if we cave
the roof of hell in —*

*Oh! we'll get artesian water deeper
down.*

*But it's hark! the whistle's blowing with
a wild, exultant blast,*

*And the boys are madly cheering, for
they've struck the flow at last,*

*And it's rushing up the tubing from four
thousand feet below*

*Till it spouts above the casing in a
million-gallon flow.*

And it's down, deeper down —

*Oh, it comes from deeper down;
It is flowing, ever flowing, in a free,*

unstinted measure

*From the silent hidden places where
the old earth hides her treasure —*

*Where the old earth hides her treasure
deeper down.*

*And it's clear away the timber, and it's
let the water run:*

*How it glimmers in the shadow, how it
flashes in the sun!*

*By the silent belts of timber, by the
miles of blazing plain*

*It is bringing hope and comfort to the
thirsty land again.*

Flowing down, further down;

It is flowing further down

*To the tortured thirsty cattle, bringing
gladness in its going;*

*Through the droughty days of summer
it is flowing, ever flowing —*

It is flowing, ever flowing, further

down.

A Disqualified Jockey's Story

*You see, the thing was this way —
there was me,
That rode Panoppoly, the Splendor
mare,
And Ikey Chambers on the Iron Dook,
And Smith, the half-caste rider, on
Regret,
And that long bloke from Wagga —
him what rode
Veronikew, the Snowy River horse.
Well, none of them had chances — not
a chance
Among the lot, unless the rest fell
dead
Or wasn't trying — for a blind man's
dog
Could see Enchantress was a certain*

cop,

And all the books was layin' six to four.

*They brought her out to show our lot
the road,*

*Or so they said; but, then, Gord's truth!
you know,*

*You can't believe 'em, though they
took an oath*

On forty Bibles that they'd tell the truth.

But anyhow, an amateur was up

*On this Enchantress, and so Ike and
me,*

*We thought that we might frighten him
a bit*

By asking if he minded riding rough —

'Oh, not at all,' says he, 'oh, not at all!

I learnt at Robbo Park, and if it comes

*To bumping I'm your Moses! Strike
me blue!"*

Says he, 'I'll bump you over either rail,

*The inside rail or outside — which you
choose*

*Is good enough for me' — which
settled Ike;*

*For he was shaky since he near got
killed*

*From being sent a buster on the rail,
When some chap bumped his horse
and fetched him down*

*At Stony Bridge, so Ikey thought it
best*

*To leave this bloke alone, and I
agreed.*

*So all the books was layin' six to four
Against the favourite, and the amateur
Was walking this Enchantress up and
down,*

*And me and Smithy backed him; for
we thought*

We might as well get something for

ourselves,

*Because we knew our horses couldn't
win.*

*But Ikey wouldn't back him for a bob;
Because he said he reckoned he was
stiff,
And all the books was layin' six to four.*

*Well, anyhow, before the start, the
news*

*Got round that this here amateur was
stiff,*

*And our good stuff was blued, and all
the books*

*Was in it, and the prices lengthened
out,*

*And every book was bustin' of his
throat,*

And layin' five to one the favourite.

*So there was we that couldn't win
ourselves,*

*And this here amateur that wouldn't
try,
And all the books was layin' five to
one.*

*So Smithy says to me, 'You take a
hold
Of that there moke of yours, and round
the turn
Come up behind Enchantress with the
whip
And let her have it; that long bloke and
me
Will wait ahead, and when she comes
to us
We'll pass her on and belt her down
the straight,
And Ikey'll flog her home, because his
boss
Is judge and steward and the Lord
knows what,*

*And so he won't be touched — and, as
for us,*

*We'll swear we only hit her by
mistake!'*

*And all the books was layin' five to
one.*

*Well, off we went, and comin' to the
turn*

*I saw the amateur was holding back
And poking into every hole he could
To get her blocked, and so I pulled
behind*

*And drew the whip and dropped it on
the mare —*

*I let her have it twice, and then she
shot*

*Ahead of me, and Smithy opened out
And let her up beside him on the rails,
And kept her there a-beltin' her like
smoke*

*Until she struggled past him pullin'
hard*

*And came to Ike; but Ikey drew his
whip*

*And hit her on the nose and sent her
back*

*And won the race himself — for, after
all,*

*It seems he had a fiver on the Dook
And never told us — so our stuff was
lost.*

*And then they had us up for ridin' foul,
And warned us off the tracks for
twelve months each,*

*To get our livin' any way we could;
But Ikey wasn't touched, because his
boss*

*Was judge and steward and the Lord
knows what.*

But Mister — if you'll lend us

half-a-crown,

*I know three certain winners at the
Park —*

*Three certain cops as no one knows
but me;*

*And — thank you, Mister, come an'
have a beer*

(I always like a beer about this time) . .

.

*Well, so long, Mister, till we meet
again.*

The Road to Gundagai

*The mountain road goes up and down,
From Gundagai to Tumut Town.*

*And branching off there runs a track,
Across the foothills grim and black,*

*Across the plains and ranges grey
To Sydney city far away.*

.

*It came by chance one day that I
From Tumut rode to Gundagai.*

*And reached about the evening tide
The crossing where the roads divide;*

*And, waiting at the crossing place,
I saw a maiden fair of face,*

*With eyes of deepest violet blue,
And cheeks to match the rose in hue*

*The fairest maids Australia knows
Are bred among the mountain snows.*

*Then, fearing I might go astray,
I asked if she could show the way.*

*Her voice might well a man bewitch —
Its tones so supple, deep, and rich.*

*'The tracks are clear,' she made reply,
'And this goes down to Sydney town,
And that one goes to Gundagai.'*

Then slowly, looking coyly back,

She went along the Sydney track.

*And I for one was well content
To go the road the lady went;*

*But round the turn a swain she met —
The kiss she gave him haunts me yet!*

.

*I turned and travelled with a sigh
The lonely road to Gundagai.*

Saltbush Bill's Second Fight

*The news came down on the
Castlereagh, and went to the world at
large,*

*That twenty thousand travelling sheep,
with Saltbush Bill in charge,*

*Were drifting down from a dried-out
run to ravage the Castlereagh;*

*And the squatters swore when they
heard the news,*

and wished they were well away:

*For the name and the fame of
Saltbush Bill were over the country side*

*For the wonderful way that he fed his
sheep,*

and the dodges and tricks he tried.

*He would lose his way on a Main
Stock Route,*

*and stray to the squatters' grass;
He would come to a run with the boss
away, and swear he had leave to pass;
And back of all and behind it all, as
well the squatters knew,
If he had to fight, he would fight all
day, so long as his sheep got through:
But this is the story of Stingy Smith,
the owner of Hard Times Hill,
And the way that he chanced on a
fighting man to reckon with Saltbush
Bill.*

.

*'Twas Stingy Smith on his stockyard
sat, and prayed for an early Spring,
When he stared at sight of a
clean-shaved tramp, who walked with
jaunty swing;
For a clean-shaved tramp with a*

*jaunty walk a-swinging along the track
Is as rare a thing as a feathered frog
on the desolate roads out back.*

*So the tramp he made for the
travellers' hut,*

*and asked could he camp the night;
But Stingy Smith had a bright idea,
and he said to him, 'Can you fight?'
'Why, what's the game?' said the
clean-shaved tramp,*

*as he looked at him up and down —
'If you want a battle, get off that fence,
and I'll kill you for half-a-crown!*

*But, Boss, you'd better not fight with
me, it wouldn't be fair nor right;*

*I'm Stiffener Joe, from the Rocks
Brigade, and I killed a man in a fight:*

*I served two years for it, fair and
square, and now I'm a trampin' back,*

*To look for a peaceful quiet life away
on the outside track ——'*

*'Oh, it's not myself, but a drover chap,'
said Stingy Smith with glee;*

*'A bullying fellow, called Saltbush Bill
— and you are the man for me.*

*He's on the road with his hungry
sheep, and he's certain to raise a row,
For he's bullied the whole of the
Castlereagh till he's got them under cow
—*

*Just pick a quarrel and raise a fight,
and leather him good and hard,
And I'll take good care that his
wretched sheep don't wander a half a
yard.*

*It's a five-pound job if you belt him well
— do anything short of kill,
For there isn't a beak on the
Castlereagh will fine you for Saltbush
Bill.'*

'I'll take the job,' said the fighting man;

*'and hot as this cove appears,
He'll stand no chance with a bloke like
me,*

*what's lived on the game for years;
For he's maybe learnt in a boxing
school, and sparred for a round or so,
But I've fought all hands in a ten-foot
ring each night in a travelling show;
They earned a pound if they stayed
three rounds,*

*and they tried for it every night —
In a ten-foot ring! Oh, that's the game
that teaches a bloke to fight,*

*For they'd rush and clinch, it was
Dublin Rules, and we drew no colour
line;*

*And they all tried hard for to earn the
pound, but they got no pound of mine:*

*If I saw no chance in the opening
round I'd slog at their wind, and wait
Till an opening came — and it*

*ALWAYS came — and I settled 'em,
sure as fate;*

*Left on the ribs and right on the jaw —
and, when the chance comes, MAKE
SURE!*

*And it's there a professional bloke like
me gets home on an amateur:*

*For it's my experience every day, and I
make no doubt it's yours,*

*That a third-class pro is an over-match
for the best of the amateurs ——'*

*'Oh, take your swag to the travellers'
hut,'*

*said Smith, 'for you waste your
breath;*

*You've a first-class chance, if you lose
the fight,*

of talking your man to death.

*I'll tell the cook you're to have your
grub, and see that you eat your fill,*

And come to the scratch all fit and well

to leather this Saltbush Bill.'

.

*'Twas Saltbush Bill, and his travelling
sheep were wending their weary way
On the Main Stock Route, through the
Hard Times Run,
on their six-mile stage a day;
And he strayed a mile from the Main
Stock Route, and started to feed along,
And, when Stingy Smith came up, Bill
said that the Route was surveyed
wrong;
And he tried to prove that the sheep
had rushed
and strayed from their camp at night,
But the fighting man he kicked Bill's
dog, and of course that meant a fight:
So they sparred and fought, and they
shifted ground*

*and never a sound was heard
But the thudding fists on their brawny
ribs, and the seconds' muttered word,
Till the fighting man shot home his left
on the ribs with a mighty clout,
And his right flashed up with a
half-arm blow — and Saltbush Bill 'went
out'.*

*He fell face down, and towards the
blow;*

*and their hearts with fear were filled,
For he lay as still as a fallen tree, and
they thought that he must be killed.*

*So Stingy Smith and the fighting man,
they lifted him from the ground,*

*And sent to home for a brandy-flask,
and they slowly fetched him round;*

*But his head was bad, and his jaw was
hurt —*

*in fact, he could scarcely speak —
So they let him spell till he got his wits,*

*and he camped on the run a week,
While the travelling sheep went here
and there, wherever they liked to stray,
Till Saltbush Bill was fit once more for
the track to the Castlereagh.*

.

*Then Stingy Smith he wrote a note,
and gave to the fighting man:
'Twas writ to the boss of the
neighbouring run, and thus the missive
ran:
'The man with this is a fighting man,
one Stiffener Joe by name;
He came near murdering Saltbush Bill,
and I found it a costly game:
But it's worth your while to employ the
chap,
for there isn't the slightest doubt
You'll have no trouble from Saltbush*

Bill while this man hangs about ——'

*But an answer came by the next
week's mail, with news that might well
appal:*

*'The man you sent with a note is not a
fighting man at all!*

*He has shaved his beard, and has cut
his hair, but I spotted him at a look;*

*He is Tom Devine, who has worked for
years for Saltbush Bill as cook.*

*Bill coached him up in the fighting
yarn, and taught him the tale by rote,*

*And they shammed to fight, and they
got your grass*

and divided your five-pound note.

*'Twas a clean take-in, and you'll find it
wise ——*

'twill save you a lot of pelf ——

*When next you're hiring a fighting
man, just fight him a round yourself.'*

.

*And the teamsters out on the
Castlereagh, when they meet with a
week of rain,*

*And the waggon sinks to its axle-tree,
deep down in the black soil plain,*

*When the bullocks wade in a sea of
mud, and strain at the load of wool,*

*And the cattle-dogs at the bullocks'
heels are biting to make them pull,*

*When the off-side driver flays the
team, and curses them while he flogs,*

*And the air is thick with the language
used,*

and the clamour of men and dogs —

*The teamsters say, as they pause to
rest and moisten each hairy throat,*

*They wish they could swear like Stingy
Smith*

when he read that neighbour's note.

Hard Luck

*I left the course, and by my side
There walked a ruined tout —
A hungry creature evil-eyed,
Who poured this story out.*

*'You see,' he said, 'there came a swell
To Kensington to-day,
And if I picked the winners well,
A crown at least he'd pay.*

*'I picked three winners straight, I did,
I filled his purse with pelf,
And then he gave me half-a-quid,
To back one for myself.*

*'A half-a-quid to me he cast,
I wanted it indeed.*

*So help me Bob, for two days past
I haven't had a feed.*

*'But still I thought my luck was in,
I couldn't go astray,
I put it all on Little Min,
And lost it straightaway.*

*'I haven't got a bite or bed,
I'm absolutely stuck,
So keep this lesson in your head:
Don't over-trust your luck!'*

*The folks went homeward, near and
far,*

*The tout, Oh! where was he?
Ask where the empty boilers are,
Beside the Circular Quay.*

Song of the Federation

*As the nations sat together, grimly
waiting —*

The fierce old nations battle-scarred

—

*Grown grey in their lusting and their
hating,*

*Ever armed and ever ready keeping
guard,*

*Through the tumult of their warlike
preparation*

*And the half-stilled clamour of the
drums*

*Came a voice crying, 'Lo! a new-made
nation,*

*To her place in the sisterhood she
comes!'*

*And she came — she was beautiful as
morning,*

*With the bloom of the roses in her
mouth,*

*Like a young queen lavishly adorning
Her charms with the splendours of the
South.*

*And the fierce old nations, looking on
her,*

*Said, 'Nay, surely she were quickly
overthrown,*

*Hath she strength for the burden laid
upon her,*

*Hath she power to protect and guard
her own?*

*Then she spoke, and her voice was
clear and ringing*

*In the ears of the nations old and
gray,*

Saying, 'Hark, and ye shall hear my

children singing

Their war-song in countries far away.

*They are strangers to the tumult of the
battle,*

*They are few but their hearts are very
strong,*

*'Twas but yesterday they called unto
the cattle,*

*But they now sing Australia's
marching song.'*

Song of the Australians in Action

*For the honour of Australia, our
mother,*

*Side by side with our kin from over
sea,*

We have fought and we have

*tested one another,
And enrolled among the
brotherhood are we.*

*There was never post of danger but
we sought it*

*In the fighting, through the fire, and
through the flood.*

*There was never prize so costly but
we bought it,*

*Though we paid for its purchase
with our blood.*

*Was there any road too rough for
us to travel?*

*Was there any path too far for us
to tread?*

*You can track us by the blood
drops on the gravel*

*On the roads that we milestoned
with our dead!*

*And for you, oh our young and
anxious mother,
O'er your great gains keeping
watch and ward,
Neither fearing nor despising any
other,
We will hold your possessions with
the sword.*

.

*Then they passed to the place of
world-long sleeping,
The grey-clad figures with their dead,
To the sound of their women softly
weeping
And the Dead March moaning at their
head:
And the Nations, as the grim
procession ended,*

*Whispered, 'Child! But ye have seen
the price we pay,
From War may we ever be defended,
Kneel ye down, new-made Sister —
Let us Pray!'*

The Old Australian Ways

*The London lights are far abeam
Behind a bank of cloud,
Along the shore the gaslights gleam,
The gale is piping loud;
And down the Channel, groping blind,
We drive her through the haze
Towards the land we left behind —
The good old land of 'never mind',
And old Australian ways.*

*The narrow ways of English folk
Are not for such as we;
They bear the long-accustomed yoke
Of staid conservancy:
But all our roads are new and strange,
And through our blood there runs
The vagabonding love of change*

*That drove us westward of the range
And westward of the suns.*

*The city folk go to and fro
Behind a prison's bars,
They never feel the breezes blow
And never see the stars;
They never hear in blossomed trees
The music low and sweet
Of wild birds making melodies,
Nor catch the little laughing breeze
That whispers in the wheat.*

*Our fathers came of roving stock
That could not fixed abide:
And we have followed field and flock
Since e'er we learnt to ride;
By miner's camp and shearing shed,
In land of heat and drought,
We followed where our fortunes led,
With fortune always on ahead*

And always further out.

*The wind is in the barley-grass,
The wattles are in bloom;
The breezes greet us as they pass
With honey-sweet perfume;
The parakeets go screaming by
With flash of golden wing,
And from the swamp the wild-ducks
cry
Their long-drawn note of revelry,
Rejoicing at the Spring.*

*So throw the weary pen aside
And let the papers rest,
For we must saddle up and ride
Towards the blue hill's breast;
And we must travel far and fast
Across their rugged maze,
To find the Spring of Youth at last,
And call back from the buried past*

The old Australian ways.

*When Clancy took the drover's track
In years of long ago,
He drifted to the outer back
Beyond the Overflow;
By rolling plain and rocky shelf,
With stockwhip in his hand,
He reached at last, oh lucky elf,
The Town of Come-and-help-yourself
In Rough-and-ready Land.*

*And if it be that you would know
The tracks he used to ride,
Then you must saddle up and go
Beyond the Queensland side —
Beyond the reach of rule or law,
To ride the long day through,
In Nature's homestead — filled with
awe
You then might see what Clancy saw*

And know what Clancy knew.

The Ballad of the 'Calliope'

*By the far Samoan shore,
Where the league-long rollers pour
All the wash of the Pacific on the
coral-guarded bay,
Riding lightly at their ease,
In the calm of tropic seas,
The three great nations' warships at
their anchors proudly lay.*

*Riding lightly, head to wind,
With the coral reefs behind,
Three Germans and three Yankee
ships were mirrored in the blue;
And on one ship unfurled
Was the flag that rules the world —
For on the old 'Calliope' the flag of
England flew.*

*When the gentle off-shore breeze,
That had scarcely stirred the trees,
Dropped down to utter stillness, and
the glass began to fall,
Away across the main
Lowered the coming hurricane,
And far away to seaward hung the
cloud wrack like a pall.*

*If the word had passed around,
'Let us move to safer ground;
Let us steam away to seaward' — then
this tale were not to tell!
But each Captain seemed to say
'If the others stay, I stay!'
And they lingered at their moorings till
the shades of evening fell.*

*Then the cloud wrack neared them
fast,*

*And there came a sudden blast,
And the hurricane came leaping down
a thousand miles of main!*

*Like a lion on its prey,
Leapt the storm fiend on the bay,
And the vessels shook and shivered
as their cables felt the strain.*

*As the surging seas came by,
That were running mountains high,
The vessels started dragging, drifting
slowly to the lee;*

*And the darkness of the night
Hid the coral reefs from sight,
And the Captains dared not risk the
chance to grope their way to sea.*

*In the dark they dared not shift!
They were forced to wait and drift;
All hands stood by uncertain would the
anchors hold or no.*

*But the men on deck could see
If a chance of hope might be —
There was little chance of safety for
the men who were below.*

*Through that long, long night of
dread,
While the storm raged overhead,
They were waiting by their engines,
with the furnace fires aroar.
So they waited, staunch and true,
Though they knew, and well they
knew,
They must drown like rats imprisoned
if the vessel touched the shore.*

*When the grey dawn broke at last,
And the long, long night was past,
While the hurricane redoubled, lest its
prey should steal away,
On the rocks, all smashed and*

strewn,

*Were the German vessels thrown,
While the Yankees, swamped and
helpless, drifted shorewards down the
bay.*

*Then at last spoke Captain Kane,
'All our anchors are in vain,
And the Germans and the Yankees
they have drifted to the lee!*

*Cut the cables at the bow!
We must trust the engines now!
Give her steam, and let her have it,
lads, we'll fight her out to sea!"*

*And the answer came with cheers
From the stalwart engineers,
From the grim and grimy firemen at
the furnaces below;*

*And above the sullen roar
Of the breakers on the shore*

*Came the throbbing of the engines as
they laboured to and fro.*

*If the strain should find a flaw,
Should a bolt or rivet draw,
Then — God help them! for the vessel
were a plaything in the tide!*

*With a face of honest cheer,
Quoth an English engineer,
'I will answer for the engines that were
built on old Thames side!*

*'For the stays and stanchions taut,
For the rivets truly wrought,
For the valves that fit their faces as a
glove should fit the hand.*

*Give her every ounce of power,
If we make a knot an hour
Then it's way enough to steer her and
we'll drive her from the land.'*

*Like a foam flake tossed and
thrown,*

*She could barely hold her own,
While the other ships all helplessly
were drifting to the lee.*

*Through the smother and the rout
The 'Calliope' steamed out —
And they cheered her from the Trenton
that was foundering in the sea.*

*Aye! drifting shoreward there,
All helpless as they were,
Their vessel hurled upon the reefs as
weed ashore is hurled.*

*Without a thought of fear
The Yankees raised a cheer —
A cheer that English-speaking folk
should echo round the world.*

Do They Know

*Do they know? At the turn to the
straight*

*Where the favourites fail,
And every atom of weight
Is telling its tale;*

*As some grim old stayer hard-pressed
Runs true to his breed,
And with head just in front of the rest
Fights on in the lead;*

*When the jockeys are out with the
whips,*

*With a furlong to go;
And the backers grow white to the lips*

—

Do you think THEY don't know?

Do they know? As they come back to

weigh

*In a whirlwind of cheers,
Though the spurs have left marks of
the fray,*

*Though the sweat on the ears
Gathers cold, and they sob with
distress*

*As they roll up the track,
They know just as well their success
As the man on their back.
As they walk through a dense human
lane,*

*That sways to and fro,
And cheers them again and again,
Do you think THEY don't know?*

The Passing of Gundagai

*'I'll introdooce a friend!' he said,
And if you've got a vacant pen
You'd better take him in the shed
And start him shearing straight ahead,
He's one of these here quiet men.*

*'He never strikes — that ain't his
game;
No matter what the others try
HE goes on shearing just the same.
I never rightly knew his name —
We always call him "Gundagai"!*

*Our flashest shearer then had gone
To train a racehorse for a race,
And while his sporting fit was on
He couldn't be relied upon,*

So 'Gundagai' shore in his place.

*Alas for man's veracity!
For reputations false and true!
This 'Gundagai' turned out to be,
For strife and all-round villainy,
The very worst I ever knew!*

*He started racing Jack Devine,
And grumbled when I made him stop.
The pace he showed was extra fine,
But all those pure-bred ewes of mine
Were bleeding like a butcher's shop.*

*He cursed the sheep, he cursed the
shed,
From roof to rafter, floor to shelf;
As for my mongrel ewes, he said,
I ought to get a razor blade
And shave the blooming things
myself.*

*On Sundays he controlled a 'school',
And played 'two-up' the livelong day;
And many a young confiding fool
He shore of his financial wool;
And when he lost he would not pay.*

*He organised a shearers' race,
And 'touched' me to provide the prize.
His packhorse showed surprising pace
And won hands down — he was The
Ace,
A well-known racehorse in disguise.*

*Next day the bruiser of the shed
Displayed an opal-tinted eye,
With large contusions on his head.
He smiled a sickly smile, and said
He'd 'had a cut at "Gundagai"!"*

But just as we were getting full

*Of 'Gundagai' and all his ways,
A telegram for 'Henry Bull'
Arrived. Said he, 'That's me — all
wool!*

*Let's see what this here message
says.'*

*He opened it, his face grew white,
He dropped the shears and turned
away.*

*It ran, 'Your wife took bad last night;
Come home at once — no time to
write,*

We fear she may not last the day.'

*He got his cheque — I didn't care
To dock him for my mangled ewes;
His store account — we 'called it
square'.*

*Poor wretch! he had enough to bear,
Confronted by such dreadful news.*

*The shearers raised a little purse
To help a mate, as shearers will,
'To pay the doctor and the nurse,
And if there should be something
worse —*

To pay the undertaker's bill.'

*They wrung his hand in sympathy,
He rode away without a word,
His head hung down in misery.
A wandering hawker passing by
Was told of what had just occurred.*

*'Well! that's a curious thing,' he said,
'I've known that feller all his life —
He's had the loan of this here shed!
I know his wife ain't nearly dead,
Because he HASN'T GOT A WIFE!'*

.

*You should have heard the whipcord
crack*

*As angry shearers galloped by,
In vain they tried to fetch him back.
A little dust along the track
Was all they saw of 'Gundagai'.*

The Wargeilah Handicap

*Wargeilah town is very small,
There's no cathedral nor a club,
In fact the township, all in all,
Is just one unpretentious pub;
And there, from all the stations round,
The local sportsmen can be found.*

*The sportsmen of Wargeilah side
Are very few but very fit:
There's scarcely any sport been tried
But what they held their own at it
In fact, to search their records o'er,
They held their own and something
more.*

*'Twas round about Wargeilah town
An English new-chum did infest:*

*He used to wander up and down
In baggy English breeches drest —
His mental aspect seemed to be
Just stolid self-sufficiency.*

*The local sportsmen vainly sought
His tranquil calm to counteract,
By urging that he should be brought
Within the Noxious Creatures Act.
'Nay, harm him not,' said one more
wise,
'He is a blessing in disguise!*

*'You see, he wants to buy a horse,
To ride, and hunt, and steeplechase,
And carry ladies, too, of course,
And pull a cart and win a race.
Good gracious! he must be a flat
To think he'll get a horse like that!*

'But since he has so little sense

*And such a lot of cash to burn,
We'll sell him some experience
By which alone a fool can learn.
Suppose we let him have The Trap
To win Wargeilah Handicap!'*

*And here, I must explain to you
That, round about Wargeilah run,
There lived a very aged screw
Whose days of brilliancy were done:
A grand old warrior in his prime —
But age will beat us all in time.*

*A trooper's horse in seasons past
He did his share to keep the peace,
But took to falling, and at last
Was cast for age from the Police.
A publican at Conroy's Gap
Then bought and christened him The
Trap.*

*When grass was good, and horses
dear,*

*He changed his owner now and then
At prices ranging somewhere near
The neighbourhood of two pound ten:
And manfully he earned his keep
By yarding cows and ration sheep.*

*They brought him in from off the grass
And fed and groomed the old horse
up;*

*His coat began to shine like glass —
You'd think he'd win the Melbourne
Cup.*

*And when they'd got him fat and flash
They asked the new-chum — fifty —
cash!*

*And when he said the price was high,
Their indignation knew no bounds.
They said, 'It's seldom you can buy*

*A horse like that for fifty pounds!
We'll refund twenty if The Trap
Should fail to win the handicap!*

*The deed was done, the price was
paid,*

*The new-chum put the horse in train:
The local sports were much afraid
That he would sad experience gain,
By racing with some shearer's hack,
Who'd beat him half-way round the
track.*

*So, on this guileless English spark
They did most fervently impress
That he must keep the matter dark,
And not let any person guess
That he was purchasing The Trap
To win Wargeilah Handicap.*

They spoke of 'spielers from The

*Bland',
And 'champions from the
Castlereagh',
And gave the youth to understand
That all of these would stop away,
And spoil the race, if they should hear
That they had got The Trap to fear.*

*'Keep dark! They'll muster thick as
flies*

*When once the news gets sent
around*

*We're giving such a splendid prize —
A Snowdon horse worth fifty pound!
They'll come right in from Dandaloo,
And find — that it's a gift to you!'*

.

*The race came on — with no display,
Nor any calling of the card,*

*But round about the pub all day
A crowd of shearers, drinking hard,
And using language in a strain
'Twere flattery to call profane.*

*Our hero, dressed in silk attire —
Blue jacket and a scarlet cap —
With boots that shone like flames of
fire,*

*Now did his canter on The Trap,
And walked him up and round about,
Until the other steeds came out.*

*He eyed them with a haughty look,
But saw a sight that caught his
breath!*

*It was! Ah John! The Chinee cook!
In boots and breeches! Pale as
death!*

*Tied with a rope, like any sack,
Upon a piebald pony's back!*

*The next, a colt — all mud and burrs!
Half-broken, with a black boy up,
Who said, 'You gim'me pair o' spurs,
I win the bloomin' Melbourne Cup!
These two were to oppose The Trap
For the Wargeilah Handicap!*

*They're off! The colt whipped down
his head,
And humped his back and gave a
squeal,
And bucked into the drinking shed,
Revolving like a Cath'rine wheel!
Men ran like rats! The atmosphere
Was filled with oaths and pints of beer!*

*But up the course the bold Ah John
Beside The Trap raced neck and
neck:
The boys had tied him firmly on,*

*Which ultimately proved his wreck,
The saddle turned, and, like a clown,
He rode some distance upside down.*

*His legs around the horse were tied,
His feet towards the heavens were
spread,
He swung and bumped at every stride
And ploughed the ground up with his
head!*

*And when they rescued him, The Trap
Had won Wargeilah Handicap!*

*And no enquiries we could make
Could tell by what false statements
swayed*

*Ah John was led to undertake
A task so foreign to his trade!
He only smiled and said, 'Hoo Ki!
I stop topside, I win all 'li!'*

*But never, in Wargeilah Town,
Was heard so eloquent a cheer
As when the President came down,
And toasted, in Colonial Beer,
'The finest rider on the course!
The winner of the Snowdon Horse!'*

*'You go and get your prize,' he said,
'He's with a wild mob, somewhere
round*

*The mountains near The Watershed;
He's honestly worth fifty pound,
A noble horse, indeed, to win,
But none of US can run him in!*

*'We've chased him poor, we've chased
him fat,*

*We've run him till our horses dropped,
But by such obstacles as that
A man like you will not be stopped,
You'll go and yard him any day,*

*So here's your health! Hooray!
Hooray!"*

.

*The day wound up with booze and
blow
And fights till all were well content,
But of the new-chum, all I know
Is shown by this advertisement —
'For Sale, the well-known racehorse
Trap,
He won Wargeilah Handicap!"*

Any Other Time

*All of us play our very best game —
Any other time.*

*Golf or billiards, it's all the same —
Any other time.*

*Lose a match and you always say,
'Just my luck! I was 'off' to-day!
I could have beaten him quite half-way*

—

Any other time!'

*After a fiver you ought to go —
Any other time.*

*Every man that you ask says 'Oh,
Any OTHER time.*

*Lend you a fiver! I'd lend you two,
But I'm overdrawn and my bills are
due,*

*Wish you'd ask me — now, mind you
do —*

Any other time!

Fellows will ask you out to dine —

Any other time.

'Not to-night, for we're twenty-nine —

Any other time.

Not to-morrow, for cook's on strike,

Not next day, I'll be out on the bike —

Just drop in whenever you like —

Any other time!

Seasick passengers like the sea —

Any other time.

*'Something . . I ate . . disagreed . .
with me!*

Any other time

Ocean-trav'ling is . . simply bliss,

Must be my . . liver . . has gone amiss

. .

*Why, I would . . . laugh . . . at a sea . .
like this —
Any other time.'*

.

*Most of us mean to be better men —
Any other time:
Regular upright characters then —
Any other time.
Yet somehow as the years go by
Still we gamble and drink and lie,
When it comes to the last we'll want to
die —
Any other time!*

The Last Trump

*'You led the trump,' the old man said
With fury in his eye,
'And yet you hope my girl to wed!
Young man! your hopes of love are
fled,
'Twere better she should die!*

*'My sweet young daughter sitting
there,
So innocent and plump!
You don't suppose that she would care
To wed an outlawed man who'd dare
To lead the thirteenth trump!*

*'If you had drawn their leading spade
It meant a certain win!
But no! By Pembroke's mighty shade*

*The thirteenth trump you went and
played*

And let their diamonds in!

'My girl! Return at my command

His presents in a lump!

Return his ring! For understand

No man is fit to hold your hand

Who leads a thirteenth trump!

'But hold! Give every man his due

And every dog his day.

Speak up and say what made you do

This dreadful thing — that is, if you

Have anything to say!"

He spoke. 'I meant at first,' said he,

'To give their spades a bump:

Or lead the hearts, but then you see

I thought against us there might be,

Perhaps, a fourteenth trump!"

.

*They buried him at dawn of day
Beside a ruined stump:
And there he sleeps the hours away
And waits for Gabriel to play
The last — the fourteenth — trump.*

Tar and Feathers

*Oh! the circus swooped down
On the Narrabri town,
For the Narrabri populace moneyed
are;*

*And the showman he smiled
At the folk he beguiled
To come all the distance from
Gunnedah.*

*But a juvenile smart,
Who objected to 'part',
Went in 'on the nod', and to do it he
Crawled in through a crack
In the tent at the back,
For the boy had no slight ingenuity.*

And says he with a grin,

*'That's the way to get in;
But I reckon I'd better be quiet or
They'll spiflicate me,'
And he chuckled, for he
Had the loan of the circus proprietor.*

*But the showman astute
On that wily galoot
Soon dropped, and you'll say that he
leathered him —
Not he; with a grim
Sort of humorous whim,
He took him and tarred him and
feathered him.*

*Says he, 'You can go
Round the world with a show,
And knock every Injun and Arab wry;
With your name and your trade,
On the posters displayed,
The feathered what-is-it from Narrabri.'*

*Next day for his freak,
By a Narrabri beak,
He was jawed with a deal of verbosity;
For his only appeal
Was 'professional zeal' —
He wanted another monstrosity.*

*Said his worship, 'Begob!
You are fined forty bob,
And six shillin's costs to the clurk!' he
says.*

*And the Narrabri joy,
Half bird and half boy,
Has a 'down' on himself and on
circuses.*

It's Grand

*It's grand to be a squatter
And sit upon a post,
And watch your little ewes and lambs
A-giving up the ghost.*

*It's grand to be a 'cockie'
With wife and kids to keep,
And find an all-wise Providence
Has mustered all your sheep.*

*It's grand to be a Western man,
With shovel in your hand,
To dig your little homestead out
From underneath the sand.*

*It's grand to be a shearer,
Along the Darling side,*

*And pluck the wool from stinking
sheep*

That some days since have died.

*It's grand to be a rabbit
And breed till all is blue,
And then to die in heaps because
There's nothing left to chew.*

*It's grand to be a Minister
And travel like a swell,
And tell the Central District folk
To go to — Inverell.*

*It's grand to be a Socialist
And lead the bold array
That marches to prosperity
At seven bob a day.*

*It's grand to be an unemployed
And lie in the Domain,*

*And wake up every second day
And go to sleep again.*

*It's grand to borrow English tin
To pay for wharves and Rocks,
And then to find it isn't in
The little money-box.*

*It's grand to be a democrat
And toady to the mob,
For fear that if you told the truth
They'd hunt you from your job.*

*It's grand to be a lot of things
In this fair Southern land,
But if the Lord would send us rain,
That would, indeed, be grand!*

Out of Sight

*They held a polo meeting at a little
country town,*

*And all the local sportsmen came to
win themselves renown.*

*There came two strangers with a
horse, and I am much afraid*

*They both belonged to what is called
'the take-you-down brigade'.*

*They said their horse could jump like
fun, and asked an amateur*

*To ride him in the steeplechase, and
told him they were sure,*

*The last time round, he'd sail away
with such a swallow's flight*

*The rest would never see him go —
he'd finish out of sight.*

*So out he went; and, when folk saw
the amateur was up,
Some local genius called the race 'the
dude-in-danger cup'.
The horse was known as 'Who's
Afraid', by Panic from 'The Fright'.
But still his owners told the jock he'd
finish out of sight.*

*And so he did; for 'Who's Afraid',
without the least pretence,
Disposed of him by rushing through
the very second fence;
And when they ran the last time round
the prophecy was right —
For he was in the ambulance, and
safely 'out of sight'.*

The Road to Old Man's Town

*The fields of youth are filled with
flowers,*

*The wine of youth is strong:
What need have we to count the
hours?*

The summer days are long.

*But soon we find to our dismay
That we are drifting down
The barren slopes that fall away
Towards the foothills grim and grey
That lead to Old Man's Town.*

*And marching with us on the track
Full many friends we find:
We see them looking sadly back
For those that dropped behind.*

*But God forbid a fate so dread —
ALONE to travel down
The dreary road we all must tread,
With faltering steps and whitening
head,
The road to Old Man's Town!*

The Old Timer's Steeplechase

*The sheep were shorn and the wool
went down*

*At the time of our local racing:
And I'd earned a spell — I was burnt
and brown —*

*So I rolled my swag for a trip to town
And a look at the steeplechasing.*

*'Twas rough and ready — an
uncleared course*

*As rough as the blacks had found it;
With barbed-wire fences, topped with
gorse,*

*And a water-jump that would drown a
horse,*

And the steeple three times round it.

*There was never a fence the tracks to
guard, —*

*Some straggling posts defined 'em:
And the day was hot, and the drinking
hard,*

*Till none of the stewards could see a
yard*

Before nor yet behind 'em!

*But the bell was rung and the nags
were out,*

*Excepting an old outsider
Whose trainer started an awful rout,
For his boy had gone on a drinking
bout*

And left him without a rider.

*'Is there not one man in the crowd,' he
cried,*

'In the whole of the crowd so clever,

*Is there not one man that will take a
ride*

*On the old white horse from the
Northern side*

That was bred on the Mooki River?'

*'Twas an old white horse that they
called The Cow,*

*And a cow would look well beside
him;*

*But I was pluckier then than now
(And I wanted excitement anyhow),
So at last I agreed to ride him.*

*And the trainer said, 'Well, he's
dreadful slow,*

*And he hasn't a chance whatever;
But I'm stony broke, so it's time to
show*

*A trick or two that the trainers know
Who train by the Mooki River.*

*'The first time round at the further side,
With the trees and the scrub about
you,
Just pull behind them and run out wide
And then dodge into the scrub and
hide,
And let them go round without you.*

*'At the third time round, for the final
spin
With the pace, and the dust to blind
'em,
They'll never notice if you chip in
For the last half-mile — you'll be sure
to win,
And they'll think you raced behind
'em.*

*'At the water-jump you may have to
swim —*

*He hasn't a hope to clear it —
Unless he skims like the swallows
skim*

*At full speed over, but not for him!
He'll never go next or near it.*

*'But don't you worry — just plunge
across,
For he swims like a well-trained
setter.*

*Then hide away in the scrub and
gorse*

*The rest will be far ahead of course —
The further ahead the better.*

*'You must rush the jumps in the last
half-round*

*For fear that he might refuse 'em;
He'll try to baulk with you, I'll be bound,
Take whip and spurs on the mean old
hound,*

And don't be afraid to use 'em.

*'At the final round, when the field are
slow*

*And you are quite fresh to meet 'em,
Sit down, and hustle him all you know
With the whip and spurs, and he'll
have to go —*

Remember, you've GOT to beat 'em!"

.

*The flag went down and we seemed to
fly,*

*And we made the timbers shiver
Of the first big fence, as the stand
flashed by,*

*And I caught the ring of the trainer's
cry:*

'Go on! For the Mooki River!"

*I jammed him in with a well-packed
crush,
And recklessly — out for slaughter —
Like a living wave over fence and
brush
We swept and swung with a flying
rush,
Till we came to the dreaded water.*

*Ha, ha! I laugh at it now to think
Of the way I contrived to work it.
Shut in amongst them, before you'd
wink,
He found himself on the water's brink,
With never a chance to shirk it!*

*The thought of the horror he felt,
beguiles
The heart of this grizzled rover!
He gave a snort you could hear for
miles,*

*And a spring would have cleared the
Channel Isles*

And carried me safely over!

*Then we neared the scrub, and I
pulled him back*

*In the shade where the gum-leaves
quiver:*

*And I waited there in the shadows
black*

*While the rest of the horses, round the
track,*

Went on like a rushing river!

*At the second round, as the field
swept by,*

I saw that the pace was telling;

*But on they thundered, and
by-and-bye*

*As they passed the stand I could hear
the cry*

Of the folk in the distance, yelling!

*Then the last time round! And the
hoofbeats rang!*

*And I said, 'Well, it's now or never!'
And out on the heels of the throng I
sprang,*

*And the spurs bit deep and the
whipcord sang*

As I rode! For the Mooki River!

*We raced for home in a cloud of dust
And the curses rose in chorus.
'Twas flog, and hustle, and jump you
must!*

*And The Cow ran well — but to my
disgust*

There was one got home before us.

*'Twas a big black horse, that I had not
seen*

*In the part of the race I'd ridden;
And his coat was cool and his rider
clean,
And I thought that perhaps I had not
been
The only one that had hidden.*

.

*And the trainer came with a visage
blue
With rage, when the race concluded:
Said he, 'I thought you'd have pulled
us through,
But the man on the black horse
planted too,
AND NEARER TO HOME THAN YOU
DID!'*

*Alas to think that those times so gay
Have vanished and passed for ever!*

*You don't believe in the yarn you say?
Why, man! 'Twas a matter of every
day
When we raced on the Mooki River!*

In the Stable

*What! You don't like him; well, maybe
— we all have our fancies, of course:*

*Brumby to look at you reckon? Well,
no: he's a thoroughbred horse;*

*Sired by a son of old Panic — look at
his ears and his head —*

*Lop-eared and Roman-nosed, ain't
he? — well, that's how the Panics are
bred.*

*Gluttonous, ugly and lazy, rough as a
tip-cart to ride,*

*Yet if you offered a sovereign apiece
for the hairs on his hide*

*That wouldn't buy him, nor twice that;
while I've a pound to the good,*

*This here old stager stays by me and
lives like a thoroughbred should:*

*Hunt him away from his bedding, and
sit yourself down by the wall,
Till you hear how the old fellow saved
me from Gilbert, O'Maley and Hall.*

.

*Gilbert and Hall and O'Maley, back in
the bushranging days,
Made themselves kings of the district
— ruled it in old-fashioned ways —
Robbing the coach and the escort,
stealing our horses at night,
Calling sometimes at the homesteads
and giving the women a fright:
Came to the station one morning —
and why they did this no one knows —
Took a brood mare from the paddock
— wanting some fun, I suppose —
Fastened a bucket beneath her, hung
by a strap round her flank,*

*Then turned her loose in the timber
back of the seven-mile tank.*

*Go! She went mad! She went tearing
and screaming with fear through the
trees,*

*While the curst bucket beneath her
was banging her flanks and her knees.*

*Bucking and racing and screaming
she ran to the back of the run,*

*Killed herself there in a gully; by God,
but they paid for their fun!*

*Paid for it dear, for the black-boys
found tracks, and the bucket, and all,*

*And I swore that I'd live to get even
with Gilbert, O'Maley and Hall.*

*Day after day then I chased them —
'course they had friends on the sly,*

*Friends who were willing to sell them
to those who were willing to buy.*

*Early one morning we found them in
camp at the Cockatoo Farm*

*One of us shot at O'Maley and
wounded him under the arm:*

*Ran them for miles in the ranges, till
Hall, with his horse fairly beat,*

*Took to the rocks and we lost him —
the others made good their retreat.*

*It was war to the knife then, I tell you,
and once, on the door of my shed,*

*They nailed up a notice that offered a
hundred reward for my head!*

*Then we heard they were gone from
the district;*

*they stuck up a coach in the West,
And I rode by myself in the paddocks,
taking a bit of a rest,*

*Riding this colt as a youngster —
awkward, half-broken and shy,
He wheeled round one day on a*

*sudden; I looked, but I couldn't see why,
But I soon found out why, for before
me, the hillside rose up like a wall,
And there on the top with their rifles
were Gilbert, O'Maley and Hall!*

*'Twas a good three-mile run to the
homestead —*

*bad going, with plenty of trees —
So I gathered the youngster together,
and gripped at his ribs with my knees.*

*'Twas a mighty poor chance to escape
them! It puts a man's nerve to the test*

*On a half-broken colt to be hunted by
the best mounted men in the West.*

*But the half-broken colt was a
racehorse! He lay down to work with a
will,*

*Flashed through the scrub like a
clean-skin —*

by Heavens we FLEW down the hill!

*Over a twenty-foot gully he swept with
the spring of a deer*

*And they fired as we jumped, but they
missed me —*

a bullet sang close to my ear —

*And the jump gained us ground, for
they shirked it:*

*but I saw as we raced through the
gap*

*That the rails at the homestead were
fastened —*

I was caught like a rat in a trap.

*Fenced with barbed wire was the
paddock —*

*barbed wire that would cut like a
knife —*

*How was a youngster to clear it that
never had jumped in his life?*

*Bang went a rifle behind me — the colt
gave a spring, he was hit;*

*Straight at the sliprails I rode him — I
felt him take hold of the bit;*

*Never a foot to the right or the left did
he swerve in his stride,*

*Awkward and frightened, but honest,
the sort it's a pleasure to ride!*

*Straight at the rails, where they'd
fastened*

*barbed wire on the top of the post,
Rose like a stag and went over, with
hardly a scratch at the most;*

*Into the homestead I darted, and
snatched down my gun from the wall,*

*And I tell you I made them step lively,
Gilbert, O'Maley and Hall!*

*Yes! There's the mark of the bullet —
he's got it inside of him yet*

*Mixed up somehow with his victuals,
but bless you he don't seem to fret!*

Gluttonous, ugly, and lazy — eats any

thing he can bite;

*Now, let us shut up the stable, and bid
the old fellow good-night:*

*Ah! We can't breed 'em, the sort that
were bred when we old 'uns were
young.*

*Yes, I was saying, these bushrangers,
none of 'em lived to be hung,*

*Gilbert was shot by the troopers, Hall
was betrayed by his friend,*

*Campbell disposed of O'Maley,
bringing the lot to an end.*

*But you can talk about riding — I've
ridden a lot in the past —*

*Wait till there's rifles behind you, you'll
know what it means to go fast!*

*I've steeplechased, raced, and 'run
horses',*

*but I think the most dashing of all
Was the ride when the old fellow
saved me from Gilbert, O'Maley and*

Hall!

"He Giveth His Beloved Sleep"

*The long day passes with its load of
sorrow:*

*In slumber deep
I lay me down to rest until to-morrow*

Thank God for sleep.

*Thank God for all respite from weary
toiling,*

*From cares that creep
Across our lives like evil shadows,
spoiling*

God's kindly sleep.

*We plough and sow, and, as the hours
grow later,*

*We strive to reap,
And build our barns, and hope to build
them greater
Before we sleep.*

*We toil and strain and strive with one
another
In hopes to heap
Some greater share of profit than our
brother
Before we sleep.*

*What will it profit that with tears or
laughter
Our watch we keep?
Beyond it all there lies the Great
Hereafter!
Thank God for sleep!*

*For, at the last, beseeching Christ to
save us,*

*We turn with deep
Heart-felt thanksgiving unto God, who
gave us
The Gift of Sleep.*

Driver Smith

*'Twas Driver Smith of Battery A was
anxious to see a fight;*

*He thought of the Transvaal all the
day, he thought of it all the night —*

*'Well, if the battery's left behind, I'll go
to the war,' says he,*

*'I'll go a-driving an ambulance in the
ranks of the A.M.C.*

*'I'm fairly sick of these here parades,
it's want of a change that kills*

*A-charging the Randwick Rifle Range
and aiming at Surry Hills.*

*And I think if I go with the ambulance
I'm certain to find a show,*

*For they have to send the Medical
men wherever the troops can go.*

*'Wherever the rifle bullets flash and
the Maxims raise a din,
It's there you'll find the Medical men
a-raking the wounded in —
A-raking 'em in like human flies — and
a driver smart like me
Will find some scope for his extra skill
in the ranks of the A.M.C.'*

*So Driver Smith he went to the war
a-cracking his driver's whip,
From ambulance to collecting base
they showed him his regular trip.
And he said to the boys that were
marching past, as he gave his whip a
crack,
'You'll walk yourselves to the fight,'
says he —
'Lord spare me, I'll drive you back.'*

*Now, the fight went on in the Transvaal
hills for the half of a day or more,*

*And Driver Smith he worked his trip —
all aboard for the seat of war!*

*He took his load from the stretcher
men and hurried 'em homeward fast*

*Till he heard a sound that he knew full
well — a battery rolling past.*

*He heard the clink of the leading
chains and the roll of the guns behind*
—

*He heard the crack of the drivers'
whips,*

*and he says to 'em, 'Strike me blind,
I'll miss me trip with this ambulance,
although I don't care to shirk,*

*But I'll take the car off the line to-day
and follow the guns at work.'*

Then up the Battery Colonel came

a-cursing 'em black in the face.

*'Sit down and shift 'em, you drivers
there, and gallop 'em into place.'*

*So off the Battery rolled and swung,
a-going a merry dance,*

*And holding his own with the leading
gun goes Smith with his ambulance.*

*They opened fire on the mountain
side, a-peppering by and large,*

*When over the hill above their flank
the Boers came down at the charge;*

*They rushed the guns with a daring
rush, a-volleying left and right,*

*And Driver Smith with his ambulance
moved up to the edge of the fight.*

*The gunners stuck to their guns like
men, and fought like the wild cats fight,*

*For a Battery man don't leave his gun
with ever a hope in sight;*

*But the bullets sang and the Mausers
cracked and the Battery men gave way,
Till Driver Smith with his ambulance
drove into the thick of the fray.*

*He saw the head of the Transvaal
troop a-thundering to and fro,
A hard old face with a monkey beard
— a face that he seemed to know;
'Now, who's that leader,' said Driver
Smith, 'I've seen him before to-day.
Why, bless my heart, but it's Kruger's
self,'
and he jumped for him straight away.*

*He collared old Kruger round the waist
and hustled him into the van.
It wasn't according to stretcher drill for
raising a wounded man;
But he forced him in and said, 'All
aboard, we're off for a little ride,*

*And you'll have the car to yourself,'
says he, 'I reckon we're full inside.'*

*He wheeled his team on the mountain
side and set 'em a merry pace,
A-galloping over the rocks and stones,
and a lot of the Boers gave chase;
But Driver Smith had a fairish start,
and he said to the Boers, 'Good-day,
You have Buckley's chance for to
catch a man that was trained in Battery
A.'*

*He drove his team to the hospital and
said to the P.M.O.,
'Beg pardon, sir, but I missed a trip,
mistaking the way to go;
And Kruger came to the ambulance
and asked could we spare a bed,
So I fetched him here, and we'll take
him home to show for a bob a head.'*

*So the word went round to the English
troops to say they need fight no more,
For Driver Smith with his ambulance
had ended the blooming war:
And in London now at the music halls
he's starring it every night,
And drawing a hundred pounds a
week to tell how he won the fight.*

There's Another Blessed Horse Fell Down

*When you're lying in your hammock,
sleeping soft and sleeping sound,*

*Without a care or trouble on your
mind,*

*And there's nothing to disturb you but
the engines going round,*

*And you're dreaming of the girl you
left behind;*

*In the middle of your joys you'll be
wakened by a noise,*

*And a clatter on the deck above your
crown,*

*And you'll hear the corporal shout as
he turns the picket out,*

*'There's another blessed horse fell
down.'*

*You can see 'em in the morning, when
you're cleaning out the stall,*

*A-leaning on the railings nearly dead,
And you reckon by the evening they'll
be pretty sure to fall,*

*And you curse them as you tumble
into bed.*

*Oh, you'll hear it pretty soon, 'Pass the
word for Denny Moon,*

*There's a horse here throwing
handsprings like a clown;*

*And it's 'Shove the others back or he'll
cripple half the pack,*

*There's another blessed horse fell
down.'*

*And when the war is over and the
fighting all is done,*

*And you're all at home with medals on
your chest,*

*And you've learnt to sleep so soundly
that the firing of a gun*

*At your bedside wouldn't rob you of
your rest;*

*As you lie in slumber deep, if your wife
walks in her sleep,*

*And tumbles down the stairs and
breaks her crown,*

*Oh, it won't awaken you, for you'll say,
'It's nothing new,*

It's another blessed horse fell down.'

On the Trek

*Oh, the weary, weary journey on the
trek, day after day,*

*With sun above and silent veldt
below;*

*And our hearts keep turning
homeward to the youngsters far away,*

*And the homestead where the
climbing roses grow.*

*Shall we see the flats grow golden
with the ripening of the grain?*

*Shall we hear the parrots calling on
the bough?*

*Ah! the weary months of marching ere
we hear them call again,*

For we're going on a long job now.

In the drowsy days on escort, riding

slowly half asleep,

*With the endless line of waggons
stretching back,*

*While the khaki soldiers travel like a
mob of travelling sheep,*

*Plodding silent on the never-ending
track,*

*While the constant snap and sniping of
the foe you never see*

*Makes you wonder will your turn
come — when and how?*

*As the Mauser ball hums past you like
a vicious kind of bee —*

Oh! we're going on a long job now.

*When the dash and the excitement
and the novelty are dead,*

*And you've seen a load of wounded
once or twice,*

*Or you've watched your old mate
dying — with the vultures overhead,*

*Well, you wonder if the war is worth
the price.*

*And down along Monaro now they're
starting out to shear,*

*I can picture the excitement and the
row;*

*But they'll miss me on the Lachlan
when they call the roll this year,*

For we're going on a long job now.

The Last Parade

*With never a sound of trumpet,
With never a flag displayed,
The last of the old campaigners
Lined up for the last parade.*

*Weary they were and battered,
Shoeless, and knocked about;
From under their ragged forelocks
Their hungry eyes looked out.*

*And they watched as the old
commander
Read out, to the cheering men,
The Nation's thanks and the orders
To carry them home again.*

And the last of the old campaigners,

*Sinewy, lean, and spare —
He spoke for his hungry comrades:
'Have we not done our share?*

*'Starving and tired and thirsty
We limped on the blazing plain;
And after a long night's picket
You saddled us up again.*

*'We froze on the wind-swept kopjes
When the frost lay snowy-white.
Never a halt in the daytime,
Never a rest at night!*

*'We knew when the rifles rattled
From the hillside bare and brown,
And over our weary shoulders
We felt warm blood run down,*

*'As we turned for the stretching gallop,
Crushed to the earth with weight;*

*But we carried our riders through it —
Carried them p'raps too late.*

*'Steel! We were steel to stand it —
We that have lasted through,
We that are old campaigners
Pitiful, poor, and few.*

*'Over the sea you brought us,
Over the leagues of foam:
Now we have served you fairly
Will you not take us home?*

*'Home to the Hunter River,
To the flats where the lucerne grows;
Home where the Murrumbidgee
Runs white with the melted snows.*

*'This is a small thing surely!
Will not you give command
That the last of the old campaigners*

Go back to their native land?'

.

*They looked at the grim commander,
But never a sign he made.
'Dismiss!' and the old campaigners
Moved off from their last parade.*

With French to Kimberley

*The Boers were down on Kimberley
with siege and Maxim gun;*

*The Boers were down on Kimberley,
their numbers ten to one!*

*Faint were the hopes the British had to
make the struggle good,*

*Defenceless in an open plain the
Diamond City stood.*

*They built them forts from bags of
sand, they fought from roof and wall,*

*They flashed a message to the south
'Help! or the town must fall!'*

*And down our ranks the order ran to
march at dawn of day,*

*For French was off to Kimberley to
drive the Boers away.*

*He made no march along the line; he
made no front attack*

*Upon those Magersfontein heights that
drove the Scotchmen back;*

*But eastward over pathless plains by
open veldt and vley,*

*Across the front of Cronje's force his
troopers held their way.*

*The springbuck, feeding on the flats
where Modder River runs,*

*Were startled by his horses' hoofs, the
rumble of his guns.*

*The Dutchman's spies that watched
his march from every rocky wall*

*Rode back in haste: 'He marches
east! He threatens Jacobsdal!'*

*Then north he wheeled as wheels the
hawk and showed to their dismay,*

*That French was off to Kimberley to
drive the Boers away.*

*His column was five thousand strong
— all mounted men — and guns:*

*There met, beneath the world-wide
flag, the world-wide Empire's sons;*

*They came to prove to all the earth
that kinship conquers space,*

*And those who fight the British Isles
must fight the British race!*

*From far New Zealand's flax and fern,
from cold Canadian snows,*

*From Queensland plains, where hot as
fire the summer sunshine glows;*

*And in the front the Lancers rode that
New South Wales had sent:*

*With easy stride across the plain their
long, lean Walers went.*

*Unknown, untried, those squadrons
were, but proudly out they drew*

*Beside the English regiments that
fought at Waterloo.*

From every coast, from every clime,

*they met in proud array,
To go with French to Kimberley to
drive the Boers away.*

*He crossed the Reit and fought his
way towards the Modder bank.*

*The foemen closed behind his march,
and hung upon the flank.*

*The long, dry grass was all ablaze,
and fierce the veldt fire runs;*

*He fought them through a wall of flame
that blazed around the guns!*

*Then limbered up and drove at speed,
though horses fell and died;*

*We might not halt for man nor beast
on that wild, daring ride.*

*Black with the smoke and parched
with thirst, we pressed the livelong day*

*Our headlong march to Kimberley to
drive the Boers away.*

*We reached the drift at fall of night,
and camped across the ford.*

*Next day from all the hills around the
Dutchman's cannons roared.*

*A narrow pass between the hills, with
guns on either side;*

*The boldest man might well turn pale
before that pass he tried,*

*For if the first attack should fail then
every hope was gone:*

*But French looked once, and only
once, and then he said, 'Push on!'*

*The gunners plied their guns amain;
the hail of shrapnel flew;*

*With rifle fire and lancer charge their
squadrons back we threw;*

*And through the pass between the
hills we swept in furious fray,*

*And French was through to Kimberley
to drive the Boers away.*

*Ay, French was through to Kimberley!
And ere the day was done*

*We saw the Diamond City stand, lit by
the evening sun:*

*Above the town the heliograph hung
like an eye of flame:*

*Around the town the foemen camped
— they knew not that we came;*

*But soon they saw us, rank on rank;
they heard our squadrons' tread;*

*In panic fear they left their tents, in
hopeless rout they fled;*

*And French rode into Kimberley; the
people cheered amain,*

*The women came with tear-stained
eyes to touch his bridle rein,*

*The starving children lined the streets
to raise a feeble cheer,*

*The bells rang out a joyous peal to say
'Relief is here!'*

Ay! we that saw that stirring march are

proud that we can say

*We went with French to Kimberley to
drive the Boers away.*

Johnny Boer

*Men fight all shapes and sizes as the
racing horses run,*

*And no man knows his courage till he
stands before a gun.*

*At mixed-up fighting, hand to hand,
and clawing men about*

*They reckon Fuzzy-wuzzy is the
hottest fighter out.*

*But Fuzzy gives himself away — his
style is out of date,*

*He charges like a driven grouse that
rushes on its fate;*

*You've nothing in the world to do but
pump him full of lead:*

*But when you're fighting Johnny Boer
you have to use your head;*

He don't believe in front attacks or

*charging at the run,
He fights you from a kopje with his
little Maxim gun.*

*For when the Lord He made the earth,
it seems uncommon clear,
He gave the job of Africa to some
good engineer,
Who started building fortresses on
fashions of his own —
Lunettes, redoubts, and counterscarps
all made of rock and stone.
The Boer needs only bring a gun, for
ready to his hand
He finds these heaven-built fortresses
all scattered through the land;
And there he sits and winks his eye
and wheels his gun about,
And we must charge across the plain
to hunt the beggar out.
It ain't a game that grows on us,*

there's lots of better fun

*Than charging at old Johnny with his
little Maxim gun.*

*On rocks a goat could scarcely climb,
steep as the walls of Troy,*

*He wheels a four-point-seven about as
easy as a toy;*

*With bullocks yoked and drag-ropes
manned, he lifts her up the rocks*

*And shifts her every now and then, as
cunning as a fox.*

*At night you mark her right ahead, you
see her clean and clear,*

*Next day at dawn — 'What, ho! she
bumps' — from somewhere in the rear.*

*Or else the keenest-eyed patrol will
miss him with the glass —*

*He's lying hidden in the rocks to let the
leaders pass;*

But when the main guard comes along

*he opens up the fun,
There's lots of ammunition for the little
Maxim gun.*

*But after all the job is sure, although
the job is slow,*

*We have to see the business through,
the Boer has got to go.*

*With Nordenfeldt and lyddite shell it's
certain, soon or late,*

*We'll hunt him from his kopjes and
across the Orange State;*

*And then across those open flats you'll
see the beggar run,*

*And we'll be running after with OUR
little Maxim gun.*

What Have the Cavalry Done

*What have the cavalry done?
Cantered and trotted about,
Routin' the enemy out,
Causin' the beggars to run!
And we tramped along in the blazin'
heat,
Over the veldt on our weary feet.
Tramp, tramp, tramp
Under the blazin' sun,
With never the sight of a bloomin'
Boer,
'Cause they'd hunted 'em long before*

That's what the cavalry done!

*What have the gunners done
Battlin' every day,*

*Battlin' any way.
Boers outranged 'em, but what cared
they?*

*'Shoot and be damned,' said the
R.H.A.!*

*See! when the fight grows hot,
Under the rifles or not,
Always the order runs,
'Fetch up the bloomin' guns!'*

*And you'd see them great gun-horses
spring*

*To the 'action front' — and around
they'd swing.*

*Find the range with some queer
machine*

*'At four thousand with fuse fourteen.
Ready! Fire number one!'
Handled the battery neat and quick!
Stick to it, too! How DID they stick!
Never a gunner was seen to run!*

*Never a gunner would leave his gun!
Not though his mates dropped all
around!*

*Always a gunner would stand his
ground.*

*Take the army — the infantry,
Mounted rifles, and cavalry,
Twice the numbers I'd give away,
And I'd fight the lot with the R.H.A.,
For they showed us how a corps
SHOULD be run,
That's what the gunners done!*

Right in the Front of the Army

*'Where 'ave you been this week or
more,*

'Aven't seen you about the war?

Thought perhaps you was at the rear

Guarding the waggons.' 'What, us?

No fear!

*Where have we been? Why, bless my
heart,*

*Where have we been since the
bloomin' start?*

Right in the front of the army,

Battling day and night!

Right in the front of the army,

Teaching 'em how to fight!"

Every separate man you see,

Sapper, gunner, and C.I.V.,

*Every one of 'em seems to be
Right in the front of the army!*

*Most of the troops to the camp had
gone,
When we met with a cow-gun toiling
on;*

*And we said to the boys, as they
walked her past,
'Well, thank goodness, you're here at
last!'*

*'Here at last! Why, what d'yer mean?
Ain't we just where we've always
been?*

*Right in the front of the army,
Battling day and night!
Right in the front of the army,
Teaching 'em how to fight!'
Correspondents and vets. in force,
Mounted foot and dismounted
horse,*

*All of them were, as a matter of
course,*

Right in the front of the army.

*Old Lord Roberts will have to mind
If ever the enemy get behind;
For they'll smash him up with a rear
attack,*

*Because his army has got no back!
Think of the horrors that might befall
An army without any rear at all!*

*Right in the front of the army,
Battling day and night!*

*Right in the front of the army,
Teaching 'em how to fight!*

*Swede attaches and German
counts,*

*Yeomen (known as De Wet's
remounts),*

*All of them were by their own
accounts*

Right in the front of the army!

That V.C.

*'Twas in the days of front attack,
This glorious truth we'd yet to learn it*

*That every 'front' had got a back,
And French was just the man to turn
it.*

*A wounded soldier on the ground
Was lying hid behind a hummock;
He proved the good old proverb sound*

An army travels on its stomach.

*He lay as flat as any fish,
His nose had worn a little furrow;
He only had one frantic wish,
That like an antbear he could burrow.*

*The bullets whistled into space,
The pom-pom gun kept up its braying,
The four-point-seven supplied the
bass —*

*You'd think the devil's band was
playing.*

*A valiant comrade crawling near
Observed his most supine behaviour,
And crept towards him, 'Hey! what
cheer?*

*Buck up,' said he, 'I've come to save
yer.*

*'You get up on my shoulders, mate,
And if we live beyond the firing,
I'll get the V.C. sure as fate,
Because our blokes is all retiring.*

'It's fifty pounds a year,' says he,

*'I'll stand you lots of beer and whisky.'
'No,' says the wounded man, 'not me,
I'll not be saved, it's far too risky.*

*'I'm fairly safe behind this mound,
I've worn a hole that seems to fit me;
But if you lift me off the ground,
It's fifty pounds to one they'll hit me.'*

*So back towards the firing line
Our friend crept slowly to the rear oh!
Remarking 'What a selfish swine!
He might have let me be a hero.'*

Fed Up

*I ain't a timid man at all, I'm just as
brave as most,
I'll take my chance in open fight and
die beside my post;
But riding round the 'ole day long as
target for a Krupp,
A-drawing fire from Koppies — well,
I'm fair fed up.*

*It's wonderful how few get hit, it's luck
that pulls us through;
Their rifle fire's no class at all, it
misses me and you;
But when they sprinkle shells around
like water from a cup
From that there blooming pom-pom
gun — well, I'm fed up.*

*We never get a chance to charge, to
do a thrust and cut,
I'll have to chuck the Cavalry and join
the Mounted Fut.*

*But after all — What's Mounted Fut? I
saw them t'other day,*

*They occupied a Koppie when the
Boers had run away.*

*The Cavalry went riding on and seen a
score of fights,*

*But there they kept them Mounted Fut
three solid days and nights —*

*Three solid starving days and nights
with scarce a bite or sup,*

*Well! after that on Mounted Fut I'm fair
fed up.*

*And tramping with the Footies ain't as
easy as it looks,*

They scarcely ever see a Boer except

in picture books.

*They do a march of twenty mile that
leaves 'em nearly dead,*

*And then they find the bloomin' Boers
is twenty miles ahead.*

*Each Footy is as full of fight as any
bulldog pup,*

*But walking forty miles to fight — well,
I'm fed up!*

*So after all I think that when I leave
the Cavalry*

*I'll either join the ambulance or else
the A.S.C.;*

*They've always tucker in the plate and
coffee in the cup,*

*But Bully Beef and Biscuits — well! I'm
fair fed up!*

Jock!

*There's a soldier that's been doing of
his share*

*In the fighting up and down and round
about.*

*He's continually marching here and
there*

*And he's fighting, morning in and
morning out.*

*The Boer, you see, he generally runs;
But sometimes when he hides behind
a rock,*

*And we can't make no impression with
the guns,*

*Oh, then you'll hear the order, 'Send
for Jock!'*

*Yes, it's Jock — Scotch Jock.
He's the fellow that can give or take a
knock.*

*For he's hairy and he's hard,
And his feet are by the yard,
And his face is like the face what's on
a clock.*

*But when the bullets fly you will mostly
hear the cry —
'Send for Jock!'*

*The Cavalry have gun and sword and
lance,
Before they choose their weapon, why,
they're dead.*

*The Mounted Fut are hampered in
advance
By holding of their helmets on their
head.*

And when the Boer has dug himself a

trench

*And placed his Maxim gun behind a
rock,*

*These mounted heroes — pets of
Johnny French —*

*They have to sit and wait and send for
Jock!*

*Yes, the Jocks — Scotch Jocks,
With their music that'd terrify an ox!
When the bullets kick the sand
You can hear the sharp command —
'Forty-Second! At the double! Charge
the rocks!'*

*And the charge is like a flood
When they've warmed the Highland
blood
Of the Jocks!*

Santa Claus

*Halt! Who goes there? The sentry's
call*

*Rose on the midnight air
Above the noises of the camp,
The roll of wheels, the horses' tramp.
The challenge echoed over all —
Halt! Who goes there?*

*A quaint old figure clothed in white,
He bore a staff of pine,
An ivy-wreath was on his head.
'Advance, oh friend,' the sentry said,
Advance, for this is Christmas night,
And give the countersign.'*

*'No sign nor countersign have I,
Through many lands I roam*

*The whole world over far and wide,
To exiles all at Christmastide,
From those who love them tenderly
I bring a thought of home.*

*'From English brook and Scottish burn,
From cold Canadian snows,
From those far lands ye hold most
dear
I bring you all a greeting here,
A frond of a New Zealand fern,
A bloom of English rose.*

*'From faithful wife and loving lass
I bring a wish divine,
For Christmas blessings on your
head.'*

*'I wish you well,' the sentry said,
But here, alas! you may not pass
Without the countersign.'*

*He vanished — and the sentry's tramp
Re-echoed down the line.
It was not till the morning light
The soldiers knew that in the night
Old Santa Claus had come to camp
Without the countersign.*

**From a section of
Advertisements, 1909.**

THE MAN FROM SNOWY RIVER, AND OTHER VERSES.

By A. B. Paterson.

* "The immediate success of this book of bush ballads is without parallel in Colonial literary annals, nor can any living English or American poet boast so wide a public, always excepting Mr. Rudyard Kipling."

* "These lines have the true lyrical cry in them. Eloquent and ardent verses."

* "Swinging, rattling ballads of ready humour, ready pathos, and crowding adventure. . . . Stirring and entertaining ballads about great rides,

in which the lines gallop like the very hoofs of the horses."

* "At his best he compares not unfavourably with the author of 'Barrack-Room Ballads'."

* Mr. A. Patchett Martin (London): "In my opinion, it is the absolutely un-English, thoroughly Australian style and character of these new bush bards which has given them such immediate popularity, such wide vogue, among all classes of the rising native generation."

* "Australia has produced in Mr. A. B. Paterson a national poet whose bush ballads are as distinctively characteristic of the country as Burns's poetry is characteristic of Scotland."

* "A book like this . . . is worth a dozen of the aspiring, idealistic sort, since it has a deal of rough laughter and a dash of real tears in its composition."

* "These ballads . . . are full of such go that the mere reading of them make the blood tingle. . . . But there are other things in Mr. Paterson's book besides mere racing and chasing, and each piece bears the mark of special local knowledge, feeling, and colour. The poet has also a note of pathos, which is always wholesome."

* "He gallops along with a by no means doubtful music, shouting his vigorous songs as he rides in pursuit of wild bush horses, constraining us to listen and applaud by dint of his manly tones and capital subjects . . . We turn to Mr. Paterson's roaring muse with instantaneous gratitude."

RIO GRANDE'S LAST RACE, AND OTHER VERSES.

By A. B. Paterson.

* "There is no mistaking the vigour of Mr. Paterson's verse; there is no difficulty in feeling the strong human interest which moves in it."

* "Every way worthy of the man who ranks with the first of Australian poets."

* "At once naturalistic and imaginative, and racy without being slangy, the poems have always a strong human interest of every-day life to keep them going. They make a book which should

give an equal pleasure to simple and to fastidious readers."

* "Now and again a deeper theme, like an echo from the older, more experienced land, leads him to more serious singing, and proves that real poetry is, after all, universal. It is a hearty book."

* "Mr. Paterson has powerful and varied sympathies, coupled with a genuine lyrical impulse, and some skill, which makes his attempts always attractive and usually successful."

* "These are all entertaining, their rough and ready wit and virility of expression making them highly acceptable, while the dash of satire gives point to the humour."

* "He catches the bush in its most joyous moments, and writes of it with

the simple charm of an unaffected lover."

* "Will be welcome to that too select class at home who follow the Australian endeavour to utter a fresh and genuine poetic voice."

* "Mr. Paterson now proves beyond question that Australia has produced at least one singer who can voice in truest poetry the aspirations and experiences peculiar to the Commonwealth, and who is to be ranked with the foremost living poets of the motherland."

* "Fine, swinging, stirring stuff, that sings as it goes along. The subjects are capital, and some of the refrains haunt one. There is always room for a book of unpretentious, vigorous verse of this sort."

* "These ballads make bright and easy reading; one takes up the book, and, delighted at the rhythm, turns page after page, finding entertainment upon each."

Biographical Note:

Andrew Barton Paterson was born at Narambla, in New South Wales, on 17 February 1864, but grew up at Buckenbah and Illalong. He became a lawyer but devoted much of his time to writing, and gained popularity especially for his poetry and ballads. His best known poems are *The Man from Snowy River* (1892) on which a motion picture was loosely based, and *Waltzing Matilda* (1895) which slowly became an Australian symbol and national song. The poems he wrote for a Sydney newspaper led him into reporting, and he went to South Africa to cover the Boer War. Always a fair man, he had his doubts about the war and was a little too vocal about it for the tastes of some of his readers.

During the First World War he served in Egypt as a Major in a Remount Unit, training horses for the war. This fit one of his main interests in life – horses – a preoccupation which is very evident in his poems, and even in his choice of pseudonym – "The Banjo" was a race-horse.

The works for which Paterson is famous were mostly written before the First World War, and are collected in three books of poems, *The Man from Snowy River and Other Verses* (1895), *Rio Grande's Last Race and Other Verses* (1902), and *Saltbush Bill, J.P. and Other Verses* (1917). His prose works include *An Outback Marriage* (1906), and *Three Elephant Power and Other Stories* (1917), the latter of which is a collection of tall tales and serious (but often humorous) reporting. In fact,

above all else it is perhaps Paterson's sense of humour that sets him apart from such balladists as Rudyard Kipling and Robert Service. It should also be noted that Paterson was writing his ballads before either of these became well-known, and there was little, if any, influence from either side. More likely, Paterson was influenced by the Scottish tradition of poetry (Paterson was of Scottish descent) which had been popularized in Australia by Adam Lindsay Gordon and others. Banjo Paterson died of a heart attack on 5 February, 1941.

A. Light, 1995.

*** END OF THE PROJECT GUTENBERG
EBOOK RIO GRANDE'S LAST RACE, AND
OTHER VERSES ***

Updated editions will replace the previous one—the old editions will be renamed.

Creating the works from print editions not protected by U.S. copyright law means that no one owns a United States copyright in these works, so the Foundation (and you!) can copy and distribute it in the United States without permission and without paying copyright royalties. Special rules, set forth in the General Terms of Use part of this license, apply to copying and distributing Project Gutenberg™

electronic works to protect the PROJECT GUTENBERG™ concept and trademark. Project Gutenberg is a registered trademark, and may not be used if you charge for an eBook, except by following the terms of the trademark license, including paying royalties for use of the Project Gutenberg trademark. If you do not charge anything for copies of this eBook, complying with the trademark license is very easy. You may use this eBook for nearly any purpose such as creation of derivative works, reports, performances and research. Project Gutenberg eBooks may be modified and printed and given away—you may do practically ANYTHING in the United States with eBooks not protected by U.S. copyright law. Redistribution is

subject to the trademark license,
especially commercial redistribution.

START: FULL LICENSE

THE FULL PROJECT GUTENBERG
LICENSE
PLEASE READ THIS BEFORE YOU
DISTRIBUTE OR USE THIS WORK

To protect the Project Gutenberg™ mission of promoting the free distribution of electronic works, by using or distributing this work (or any other work associated in any way with the phrase “Project Gutenberg”), you agree to comply with all the terms of the Full Project Gutenberg™ License available with this file or online at www.gutenberg.org/license.

**Section 1. General Terms of Use and
Redistributing Project Gutenberg™
electronic works**

1.A. By reading or using any part of this Project Gutenberg™ electronic

work, you indicate that you have read, understand, agree to and accept all the terms of this license and intellectual property (trademark/copyright) agreement. If you do not agree to abide by all the terms of this agreement, you must cease using and return or destroy all copies of Project Gutenberg™ electronic works in your possession. If you paid a fee for obtaining a copy of or access to a Project Gutenberg™ electronic work and you do not agree to be bound by the terms of this agreement, you may obtain a refund from the person or entity to whom you paid the fee as set forth in paragraph 1.E.8.

1.B. “Project Gutenberg” is a registered trademark. It may only be used on or associated in any way with

an electronic work by people who agree to be bound by the terms of this agreement. There are a few things that you can do with most Project Gutenberg™ electronic works even without complying with the full terms of this agreement. See paragraph 1.C below. There are a lot of things you can do with Project Gutenberg™ electronic works if you follow the terms of this agreement and help preserve free future access to Project Gutenberg™ electronic works. See paragraph 1.E below.

1.C. The Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation (“the Foundation” or PGLAF), owns a compilation copyright in the collection of Project Gutenberg™ electronic works. Nearly all the individual works in the collection are in the public domain in

the United States. If an individual work is unprotected by copyright law in the United States and you are located in the United States, we do not claim a right to prevent you from copying, distributing, performing, displaying or creating derivative works based on the work as long as all references to Project Gutenberg are removed. Of course, we hope that you will support the Project Gutenberg™ mission of promoting free access to electronic works by freely sharing Project Gutenberg™ works in compliance with the terms of this agreement for keeping the Project Gutenberg™ name associated with the work. You can easily comply with the terms of this agreement by keeping this work in the same format with its attached full

Project Gutenberg™ License when you share it without charge with others.

1.D. The copyright laws of the place where you are located also govern what you can do with this work. Copyright laws in most countries are in a constant state of change. If you are outside the United States, check the laws of your country in addition to the terms of this agreement before downloading, copying, displaying, performing, distributing or creating derivative works based on this work or any other Project Gutenberg™ work. The Foundation makes no representations concerning the copyright status of any work in any country other than the United States.

1.E. Unless you have removed all references to Project Gutenberg:

1.E.1. The following sentence, with active links to, or other immediate access to, the full Project Gutenberg™ License must appear prominently whenever any copy of a Project Gutenberg™ work (any work on which the phrase “Project Gutenberg” appears, or with which the phrase “Project Gutenberg” is associated) is accessed, displayed, performed, viewed, copied or distributed:

This eBook is for the use of anyone anywhere in the United States and most other parts of the world at no cost and with almost no restrictions whatsoever. You may copy it, give it away or re-use it under the terms of the Project Gutenberg License included with this eBook or online at www.gutenberg.org. If you are not located in the United States, you will

have to check the laws of the country where you are located before using this eBook.

1.E.2. If an individual Project Gutenberg™ electronic work is derived from texts not protected by U.S. copyright law (does not contain a notice indicating that it is posted with permission of the copyright holder), the work can be copied and distributed to anyone in the United States without paying any fees or charges. If you are redistributing or providing access to a work with the phrase “Project Gutenberg” associated with or appearing on the work, you must comply either with the requirements of paragraphs 1.E.1 through 1.E.7 or obtain permission for the use of the work and the Project Gutenberg™

trademark as set forth in paragraphs 1.E.8 or 1.E.9.

1.E.3. If an individual Project Gutenberg™ electronic work is posted with the permission of the copyright holder, your use and distribution must comply with both paragraphs 1.E.1 through 1.E.7 and any additional terms imposed by the copyright holder. Additional terms will be linked to the Project Gutenberg™ License for all works posted with the permission of the copyright holder found at the beginning of this work.

1.E.4. Do not unlink or detach or remove the full Project Gutenberg™ License terms from this work, or any files containing a part of this work or any other work associated with Project Gutenberg™.

1.E.5. Do not copy, display, perform, distribute or redistribute this electronic work, or any part of this electronic work, without prominently displaying the sentence set forth in paragraph 1.E.1 with active links or immediate access to the full terms of the Project Gutenberg™ License.

1.E.6. You may convert to and distribute this work in any binary, compressed, marked up, nonproprietary or proprietary form, including any word processing or hypertext form. However, if you provide access to or distribute copies of a Project Gutenberg™ work in a format other than “Plain Vanilla ASCII” or other format used in the official version posted on the official Project Gutenberg™ website (www.gutenberg.org), you must, at no

additional cost, fee or expense to the user, provide a copy, a means of exporting a copy, or a means of obtaining a copy upon request, of the work in its original “Plain Vanilla ASCII” or other form. Any alternate format must include the full Project Gutenberg™ License as specified in paragraph 1.E.1.

1.E.7. Do not charge a fee for access to, viewing, displaying, performing, copying or distributing any Project Gutenberg™ works unless you comply with paragraph 1.E.8 or 1.E.9.

1.E.8. You may charge a reasonable fee for copies of or providing access to or distributing Project Gutenberg™ electronic works provided that:

- You pay a royalty fee of 20% of the gross profits you derive from the use of

Project Gutenberg™ works calculated using the method you already use to calculate your applicable taxes. The fee is owed to the owner of the Project Gutenberg™ trademark, but he has agreed to donate royalties under this paragraph to the Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation. Royalty payments must be paid within 60 days following each date on which you prepare (or are legally required to prepare) your periodic tax returns. Royalty payments should be clearly marked as such and sent to the Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation at the address specified in Section 4, “Information about donations to the Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation.”

- You provide a full refund of any money paid by a user who notifies you

in writing (or by e-mail) within 30 days of receipt that s/he does not agree to the terms of the full Project Gutenberg™ License. You must require such a user to return or destroy all copies of the works possessed in a physical medium and discontinue all use of and all access to other copies of Project Gutenberg™ works.

- You provide, in accordance with paragraph 1.F.3, a full refund of any money paid for a work or a replacement copy, if a defect in the electronic work is discovered and reported to you within 90 days of receipt of the work.
- You comply with all other terms of this agreement for free distribution of Project Gutenberg™ works.

1.E.9. If you wish to charge a fee or distribute a Project Gutenberg™ electronic work or group of works on different terms than are set forth in this agreement, you must obtain permission in writing from the Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation, the manager of the Project Gutenberg™ trademark. Contact the Foundation as set forth in Section 3 below.

1.F.

1.F.1. Project Gutenberg volunteers and employees expend considerable effort to identify, do copyright research on, transcribe and proofread works not protected by U.S. copyright law in creating the Project Gutenberg™ collection. Despite these efforts, Project Gutenberg™ electronic works,

and the medium on which they may be stored, may contain “Defects,” such as, but not limited to, incomplete, inaccurate or corrupt data, transcription errors, a copyright or other intellectual property infringement, a defective or damaged disk or other medium, a computer virus, or computer codes that damage or cannot be read by your equipment.

1.F.2. LIMITED WARRANTY, DISCLAIMER OF DAMAGES - Except for the “Right of Replacement or Refund” described in paragraph 1.F.3, the Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation, the owner of the Project Gutenberg™ trademark, and any other party distributing a Project Gutenberg™ electronic work under this agreement, disclaim all liability to you for damages, costs and expenses, including legal fees. YOU

AGREE THAT YOU HAVE NO REMEDIES FOR NEGLIGENCE, STRICT LIABILITY, BREACH OF WARRANTY OR BREACH OF CONTRACT EXCEPT THOSE PROVIDED IN PARAGRAPH 1.F.3. YOU AGREE THAT THE FOUNDATION, THE TRADEMARK OWNER, AND ANY DISTRIBUTOR UNDER THIS AGREEMENT WILL NOT BE LIABLE TO YOU FOR ACTUAL, DIRECT, INDIRECT, CONSEQUENTIAL, PUNITIVE OR INCIDENTAL DAMAGES EVEN IF YOU GIVE NOTICE OF THE POSSIBILITY OF SUCH DAMAGE.

1.F.3. LIMITED RIGHT OF REPLACEMENT OR REFUND - If you discover a defect in this electronic work within 90 days of receiving it, you can receive a refund of the money (if any) you paid for it by sending a written explanation to the person you received the work from. If you received the work on a physical

medium, you must return the medium with your written explanation. The person or entity that provided you with the defective work may elect to provide a replacement copy in lieu of a refund. If you received the work electronically, the person or entity providing it to you may choose to give you a second opportunity to receive the work electronically in lieu of a refund. If the second copy is also defective, you may demand a refund in writing without further opportunities to fix the problem.

1.F.4. Except for the limited right of replacement or refund set forth in paragraph 1.F.3, this work is provided to you 'AS-IS', WITH NO OTHER WARRANTIES OF ANY KIND, EXPRESS OR IMPLIED, INCLUDING BUT NOT LIMITED

TO WARRANTIES OF MERCHANTABILITY OR FITNESS FOR ANY PURPOSE.

1.F.5. Some states do not allow disclaimers of certain implied warranties or the exclusion or limitation of certain types of damages. If any disclaimer or limitation set forth in this agreement violates the law of the state applicable to this agreement, the agreement shall be interpreted to make the maximum disclaimer or limitation permitted by the applicable state law. The invalidity or unenforceability of any provision of this agreement shall not void the remaining provisions.

1.F.6. INDEMNITY - You agree to indemnify and hold the Foundation, the trademark owner, any agent or employee of the Foundation, anyone

providing copies of Project Gutenberg™ electronic works in accordance with this agreement, and any volunteers associated with the production, promotion and distribution of Project Gutenberg™ electronic works, harmless from all liability, costs and expenses, including legal fees, that arise directly or indirectly from any of the following which you do or cause to occur: (a) distribution of this or any Project Gutenberg™ work, (b) alteration, modification, or additions or deletions to any Project Gutenberg™ work, and (c) any Defect you cause.

Section 2. Information about the Mission of Project Gutenberg™

Project Gutenberg™ is synonymous with the free distribution of electronic works in formats readable by the

widest variety of computers including obsolete, old, middle-aged and new computers. It exists because of the efforts of hundreds of volunteers and donations from people in all walks of life.

Volunteers and financial support to provide volunteers with the assistance they need are critical to reaching Project Gutenberg™'s goals and ensuring that the Project Gutenberg™ collection will remain freely available for generations to come. In 2001, the Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation was created to provide a secure and permanent future for Project Gutenberg™ and future generations. To learn more about the Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation and how your efforts and donations can help, see Sections 3 and

4 and the Foundation information page at www.gutenberg.org.

Section 3. Information about the Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation

The Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation is a non-profit 501(c)(3) educational corporation organized under the laws of the state of Mississippi and granted tax exempt status by the Internal Revenue Service. The Foundation's EIN or federal tax identification number is 64-6221541. Contributions to the Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation are tax deductible to the full extent permitted by U.S. federal laws and your state's laws.

The Foundation's business office is located at 809 North 1500 West, Salt

Lake City, UT 84116, (801) 596-1887. Email contact links and up to date contact information can be found at the Foundation's website and official page at www.gutenberg.org/contact

Section 4. Information about Donations to the Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation

Project Gutenberg™ depends upon and cannot survive without widespread public support and donations to carry out its mission of increasing the number of public domain and licensed works that can be freely distributed in machine-readable form accessible by the widest array of equipment including outdated equipment. Many small donations (\$1 to \$5,000) are particularly important to maintaining tax exempt status with the IRS.

The Foundation is committed to complying with the laws regulating charities and charitable donations in all 50 states of the United States. Compliance requirements are not uniform and it takes a considerable effort, much paperwork and many fees to meet and keep up with these requirements. We do not solicit donations in locations where we have not received written confirmation of compliance. To SEND DONATIONS or determine the status of compliance for any particular state visit www.gutenberg.org/donate.

While we cannot and do not solicit contributions from states where we have not met the solicitation requirements, we know of no prohibition against accepting unsolicited donations from donors in

such states who approach us with offers to donate.

International donations are gratefully accepted, but we cannot make any statements concerning tax treatment of donations received from outside the United States. U.S. laws alone swamp our small staff.

Please check the Project Gutenberg web pages for current donation methods and addresses. Donations are accepted in a number of other ways including checks, online payments and credit card donations. To donate, please visit:
www.gutenberg.org/donate.

Section 5. General Information About Project Gutenberg™ electronic works

Professor Michael S. Hart was the originator of the Project Gutenberg™ concept of a library of electronic works that could be freely shared with anyone. For forty years, he produced and distributed Project Gutenberg™ eBooks with only a loose network of volunteer support.

Project Gutenberg™ eBooks are often created from several printed editions, all of which are confirmed as not protected by copyright in the U.S. unless a copyright notice is included. Thus, we do not necessarily keep eBooks in compliance with any particular paper edition.

Most people start at our website which has the main PG search facility:
www.gutenberg.org.

This website includes information about Project Gutenberg™, including how to make donations to the Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation, how to help produce our new eBooks, and how to subscribe to our email newsletter to hear about new eBooks.