


PR
9558
L722

LITTLE TRACK

A
A
0
0
1
4
1
6
4
4
0
4



UC SOUTHERN REGIONAL LIBRARY FACILITY



THE LIBRARY
OF
THE UNIVERSITY
OF CALIFORNIA
LOS ANGELES



AND OTHER
VERSES



Ex....
Libris

LYLE GILBERT °

2-1
The Little
Track

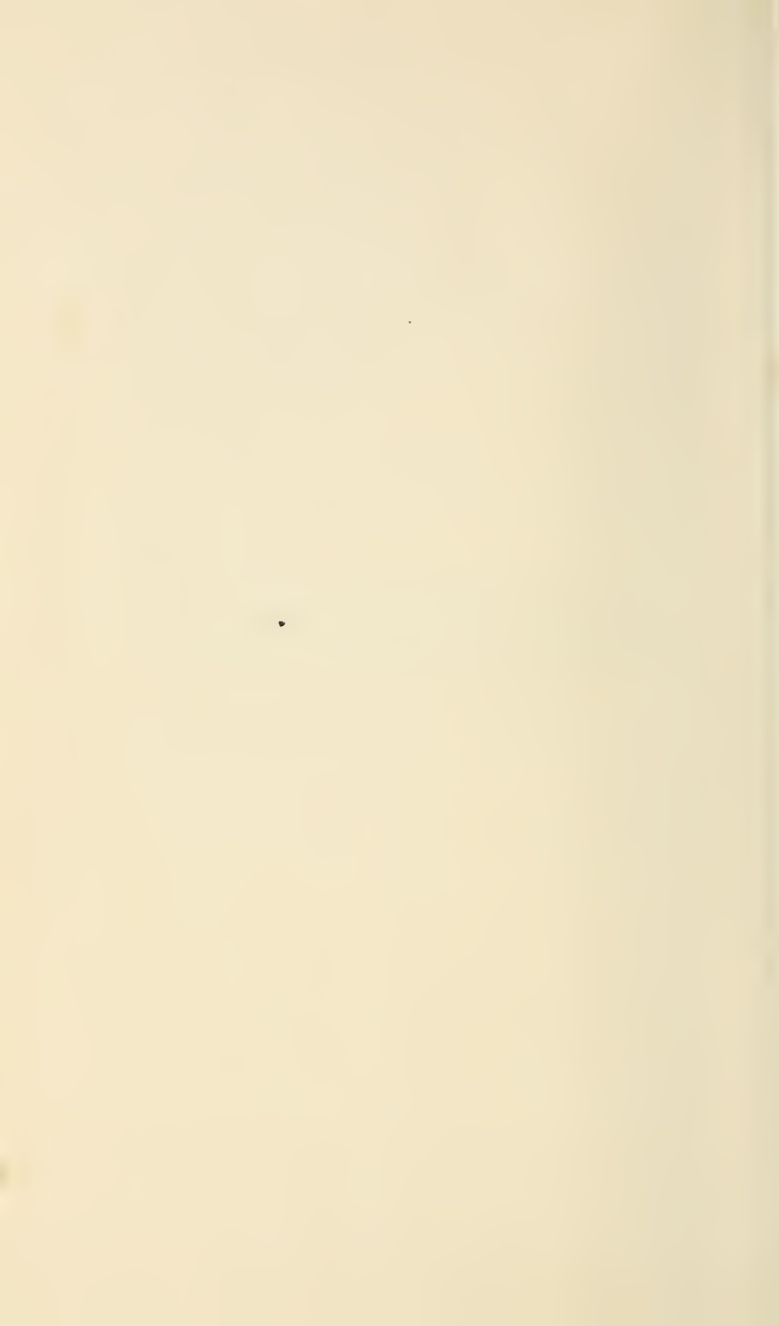
AND OTHER VERSES

1922

Robertson & Mullens Limited
113 Elizabeth Street, Melbourne

PR
7558
L 722

Acknowledgment is made to the
Proprietors of the Publications named herein, for
permission to republish.



THE LITTLE TRACK.

I see it when the moon is low,
I see it when the dawn is red;
A little, narrow, winding track,
Where all the dreams of youth have fled.

And often when the moon is full,
And all the world is very still,
I fancy haunted whispers come
Across the bracken-covered hill.

And in the sunny afternoons,
Half hidden by the long, long grass,
The track still keeps her secret way,
Where only you and I may pass.

But you who gladly went to die,
And now will nevermore return
Across the hill, along the track,
Close covered by the bracken fern.

I wonder did your smiling eyes
(Ere yet they whispered you were dead)
Behold a vision faint and fair—
The little track you used to tread?

But I—I dare not walk alone
The little track we used to know;
For thoughts of other days arise,
And memory, with her whisper low.

And calling here and whispering there,
And saying, "Here he used to go."
Ah! haunted is that dreamlike spot—
The little track you used to know.

But though you may not come again,
Perchance, when mine own heart is still,
You'll gently lead me by the hand
Along the track, beyond the hill.

Victoria. CAPEL BOAKE.
("Australasian.")

THE KINGDOM OF THE DEAD.

Down in the oozy deserts of the deep,
Crawling along its weedy, grottoed floor,
Where no unfettered sun nor moon dare creep,
The ocean's dead ransack its treasure store.
Far from the thundering breakers' ceaseless boom
They move within the green, unlighted gloom.

Amid the ribs of sunken ships they glide,
With hollow sockets and transparent hands;
They rattle out the winding ropes and ride
Upon the swaying masts that pierce the sands.
Along the coral-cruled hulls they cling,
And shroud the sterns with tattered wreaths they fling.

And when the echoing peals of far-off storms
March in upon their shadow-haunted caves,
They point with skinny hands—pale, crouching forms,
And, mingling with the scream of distant waves,
Their hollow voices, swollen into woe,
Rise upwards in a wild adagio.

Where roll the lines of thunder-throated surge,
Where grinning currents seeth and swirl and sweep,
Their shrill lament becomes a funeral dirge.
They see the driven wrecks divide the deep;
And clap their bony hands until the sea
Laughs with them in unfathomable glee.

An ever-restless crew, the merry dead,
Of whom the hungry sea has taken toll;
For them his lordly treasure-grounds are spread—
His thunder tuned to murmuring barcarolle!
For them the coral palaces that rim
The tide-stirred gardens swaying sweet and dim!

Pale pearls they find amid the slimy sedge,
And glittering coils their brightness ocean-kissed;
Gold, silver, flanks the rocky plateau-edge;
Turquoise and sapphire, heaped-up amethyst—
They crown their ghastly heads with diadems,
And grovel in the sand for buried gems.

They rifle in the holds of blackened ships,
And drag with hungry hands from gaping chests
Fair things that once have known the touch of lips
Light-pressed; pale stars that once have decked
proud breasts.

Oh, robber sea! What should these rovers dread
Who rob the mighty kingdom of the dead?

MYRA MORRIS.

Victoria.

("Bulletin.")

MEMORY.

I will forget—

What though you took and flung my heart
A broken thing beneath your feet;
Yet still to me the world is sweet.
Still drone the honey-heavy bees
About the blossoming almond trees;
Against the blue the swallows dart—
'Tis easy to forget!

I can forget—

The beauty of the world is mine.
'The great sky, arching to the plain,
The wild-flowers, springing in the rain.
The street-lamps swinging in a row,
Like fairy lanterns all aglow;
The wind-swept sea, the reckless pine—
How easy to forget!

I can forget—

Those last sweet hours with you—and
yet—
Stealing through the city street,
Subtle, alluring, piercing sweet,
The scent of boronia once again,
Reaching my heart with a stabbing pain,
And stinging to a wild regret—
O, God! Make me forget!

CAPEL BOAKE.

Victoria.

(“Australasian.”)

THE HOLDING OF THE TRAIL.

"It's only a Gipsy woman
Who can feel how the trail holds true."
—Song.

We have come from the land of the Pharaohs,
From the sun-washed Eastern lands;
Northward and westward and southward
You will find our nomad bands.
Moorland and fenland and mountain—
In the Old World—or the New—
I, who have come of the Gipsies,
Know how the trail holds true.

By the blackberry hedges of England,
In the land of the Magyar,
To the heart of the great pine forests,
We have followed our roving star;
Our walls stretch forth unbounded,
Our roof the star-splashed blue—
I, who have come of the Gipsies,
Know how the trail holds true.

Where the bowsprit ploughs the surges
And she rises with the swell,
The trail leads on for ever
Where the sea-bred horses dwell.
To the roaring, fierce Atlantic,
To the wide Pacific, too—
I, who have come of the Gipsies,
Know how the trail holds true.

By the blood and sweat on the rowels,
By the foam-flecks on the reins,
By the roar of a thousand "scrubbers"
As they're swung to the open plains;
By the ashes of long-dead camp fires,
From Barwon to Barcoo—
I, who have come of the Gipsies,
Know how the trail holds true.

CECIL DOYLE.

N.S.W.

("Red Funnel.")

THE OLD BUSH TRACK.

There's a swaying bough that beckons, where a magpie
flits and sings,
Calling from the busy highway to a solitude most
sweet;

There is golden sunshine-laughter, that the babbling
river brings
As it slips o'er amber pebbles, gliding merrily and
fleet;

Roads a-many, eastward, westward, running forward
—running back—

There's a luring dream-spell lingering on the old bush
track!

It will lead you, if you follow, to a grey-green twilight
land,

Where the bleached, white trunks are sentries,
standing tall, and thick and straight;

There the spirit of the bush-world waits to take you
by the hand,

And, ere yet you know her purpose, you are
through the magic gate:

Moss-grown boulder, stretch of bracken touched by
Autumn's russet tone,

Violet haze on distant ranges, seen through op'nings
in the trees;

All the sweet wide space of bushland you may take
and hold your own

As you go the way that wanders with the fitful
mountain breeze—

Roads a-many, westward, eastward, luring forward
—stretching back—

You may find your long-lost childhood on the old
bush track.

There's a sudden turn that takes you round the
shoulder of the hill,

And an old brown hut, with window gaps that
stare like blinded eyes;

There are dreams in every shingle; you may find
them if you will
While the sunset flares burn redly and the daylight
slowly dies:
Ashes on the wide old hearthstone; silence in the
lonely room,
You shall hear, like muted music, trembling echoes
of dead days,
Till the ruddy glow of firelight scatters all the
gathering gloom,
And lost visions throng and bless you with the
leaping, kindly blaze—
Roads a-many, northward, southward, beck'ning
forward—luring back—
Still the witching, dream-spell lingers on the old bush
track!

GERTRUDE HART.

Victoria.

(“Australasian.”)

THE NORTH WIND.

Born of the desert's endless drouth, 'neath the spell
of a flaming sky,
Where the heat waves prance in a devil's dance, and
the white sands madly fly;
Nurs'd on the lap of the tortured days, alert to the
call of death,
I turn my mouth to the cringing South with a long-
drawn, snarling breath.
Before the swing of my fledgling wing, the rippling
sand dune leaps,
And whirls aloft in a smoking spray that gleams
blood-red in the glare of day,
And flashes a warning far away, where the green
earth vigil keeps.
Beware, for the days of grace are past; look well
to the hearth and home,
For the great North Wind is roused at last,
The hot North Wind is come, is come;
The dread North Wind is come!
To stem the tide of my quick'ning breath the tall
grass leaps in vain;
I blaze a trail o'er hill and dale, as red as the hand
of Cain.
The hot air rings with my ghoulish laugh, I gloat o'er
the sights I see,
For to drink my fill of the green earth's ill was ever
delight for me.
In stealth I come to the bushman's home, set deep in
the forest proud;
I wreck his hearth in a sudden ire, and fan the flames
to my heart's desire,
Till the land runs red with the demon Fire, and
the bush folk cry aloud:
"O God, as it was in days now past, take care of
our hearth and home,
For the great North Wind is roused at last,
The hot North Wind is come, is come;
The dread North Wind is come."

Faster and faster yet I fly, and never a hand to stay.
The song of the bird no more is heard, and hushed
is the joy of day;
The tall trees bend in a sullen hate, the gay flowers
wilt and die;
All life is brought to a single thought when I am
passing by.
With savage swing of my mighty wing, flung wide
o'er the trembling ground,
I break at last on the wide sea shore, where the green
spume flies and the breakers roar
As the waves go up from the ocean's core, where the
dead men circle round.
And the Furies join in a mighty shout: "Make way,
for the KING is come!
Make way, for the world is sad without."
But the great North Wind is home, is home;
The dread North Wind is home.

BERNARD CRONIN.

Victoria.

("Bulletin.")

WOMAN.

Such little things I love, I love!
The silver bark on poplar-trees,
A broken boat beside faint seas,
And amber shells;
The sound of bells,
At noon the drone of summer bees;
A Wedgwood jug, a garnet hoop,
Red hops aflame upon a hill,
And leaping fires. But, better still,
 The little children, strong and brown,
 That come from school, and dance a-down
The road that loops before my sill!
I love their loosened hair that streams
Behind them on the romping breeze;
The down upon their dimpled knees,
Their laughter high,
Their voices shy,
As they play 'neath the almond trees;
And just the way they kneel beside
The sunny, grass-embroidered pool
And splash among the waters cool
 To make the shining rushes shake.
And yet I think my heart will break
As they come laughing out from school.
For most of all I love, I love,
The dream-child I would call my own.
So brown her cheeks, her hair how blown!
Sometimes I feel
Her fingers steal
Along my throat when I lie lone;
And fancy ere my pulse has stilled
That in her starry eyes I see
The sky, and sun and wind set free.
 I had this moment rather die
 Than think that child could never lie
Against my heart and laugh with me!

MYRA MORRIS.

Victoria.

(“Bulletin.”)

SPRING—THE LAGGARD.

This the Winter Spirit's passing,
He whose breath was white with hoar-frost,
He whose mantle was the storm-wind
From the frozen polar regions,
Where the foot of man ne'er echoes,
Where the long peace broods unbroken.
This the manner of his passing,
Racing scud and lowering storm-cloud,
Rolling dirge of ocean breaker
Dashing high in restless passion
Where the dark reef cuts the coastline:
In the whirl of stinging hail-blast,
In the blinding rain and tempest,
Thus the manner of his passing;
None to mourn him at his going!

Came the Spirit of the Springtime,
Wistful, shy as timid maiden
Loitering with footsteps faltering
In an unfamiliar region.
Kept her veil about her tresses,
Gazed with eyes distressful, grieving,
On a world grown sad with rigour:
Stood, and halted indecisive,
While the Winter Spirit gibed her,
Called her Laggard: Promise-breaker.

Then a bird sang, wildly, sweetly,
Till his notes so liquid-tender
Drowned the vaunting boasts of Winter,
Turning back to mock at Springtime:
And the maiden, grown a woman,
With a woman's wealth of giving,
Set her to her task of healing,
While the birds came near and blessed her:
Touched the bushes till they blossomed,
Gave the hills the gold of wattle,
And the river banks made yellow:

Passed with footsteps firm and joyous
From the mountain to the city,
Scattering her gifts of bounty,
Breathing out her words of comfort:
She, with no new tale to utter,
Only promise of fulfilment;
Caring not, when Winter, mocking,
Called her Dreamer—Languor-Maiden!

GERTRUDE HART.

Victoria.

(“Australasian.”)

STITCHIN' SEAMS.

I sit close ter the winder pane, an' stitch away at
seams;

The winder pane is cracked an' broke, but still the
sunlight streams

Across the sill, and on my cheek its golden glory
gleams—

I hate it, 'cos it makes me think, when I am stitchin'
seams.

I must not think, I will not think, fer that's a silly
game;

The other girls they laugh and joke—I uster do the
same.

But now I stitch an' stitch an' stitch, and bright the
needle gleams;

I've got no time fer silly thoughts when I am stitchin'
seams.

One day the soldiers all passed by, home-comin'
from the war;

I loved ter see the soldiers once, but that was long
before.

They called ter me ter see them pass, an' laughed
an' cheered an' cried—

I couldn't see the seams that day, no matter how I
tried.

Gawd! Work the treadle fast agin, the thoughts is
comin' quicker;

I almost thought of him again—oh, Gawd! they're
crowdin' thicker.

Fast, fast the treadle flies, and faster; bright the
needle gleams.

Thank Gawd, the thoughts are gone again—for I
am stitchin' seams.

The seams I've done, the seams I've stitched, they're
mountin' up so high;

I sometimes think, if I go on, they'll almost touch
the sky,

For all day long I stitch an' stitch, and keep on
stitchin' seams,

And when at last the day is done, I stitch them in
my dreams.

My life is changed—oh, Gawd! it's queer, I don't
know what it means!

I only know that Bill is dead, and I am stitchin'
seams.

CAPEL BOAKE.
("Australasian.")

Victoria.

INTRUDING DEATH.

As I came up the highway,
I saw the dreaming sea,
With dust-brown sails beside it,
Spread out in front of me.

As I looked o'er the sea-wall,
The sheeted mists moved by;
The blue-bells in my hand were
No bluer than the sky.

The flower was on the tea-tree,
The gold was on the grass,
And deep among the scrub I heard
A crooning seagull pass.

Oh, scent of sun-parched places!
Oh, shining morning sea!
My soul broke into singing,
That so much joy should be.

I looked along the highway,
I heard the death-bell toll;
I heard the prancing horses
Prance right into my soul.

The bell tolled on and ever,
And through the branching blooms
I saw the silken top-hats,
I saw the sable plumes.

The black plumes they went dancing,
Went dancing joyfully,
As though old Death made merry
Right there beside the sea!

I heard the clicking horses,
The far-flung echoes wake. . . .
God! Death on such a morning!
I thought my heart would break!

MYRA MORRIS.

Victoria.

("Bulletin.")

DREAM HORSES.

To-night the brave dream horses
Came whinnying through the rain—
Dream horses I have bitted,
And shall not ride again.

Old "Playboy" and the chestnut,
The prancer and the black,
Who won a glorious record
On many a racing track.

Once more I press the leather,
And hear the stirrups ring,
And the glad roar of the stockwhips,
As thro' the air they sing.

I hear the gravel crunching
Along the mountain side,
And the bellow of the scrubbers
As the whip-lash meets the hide.

From the scrubs of Little Oakey,
From the cedar brush, they come,
And the whips give ceaseless warning
That the battle has begun.

Down to the flats they swing 'em—
There's a heart-throb in the sight;
And—then I wake in darkness,
And so the dream takes flight!

CECIL DOYLE.

New South Wales. ("Australian Magazine.")

TIDE-WAY.

Dusk—and the quiet stars;
The wind sobs in from the sea
With the sting of memory that mars,
And a hint of sorrow to be
That comes with the wind's spent breath,
With the leap of waves on the shore,
With the moon-rays, wan as death,
On the path—and the trysting is o'er!
Night—and the ebb-tide's rush
Back to the heart of the sea;
Moonlight, and starlight and hush,
Calling the soul of me.
Calling the heart of me,
Empty of all but its pain;
Breath of the wind and the sea,
And the fugitive drops of rain!
Noon—and a splash of sun-gold,
Mellow, and laughing, and free—
The light in your eyes as of old,
And the need of your deep heart for me!

GERTRUDE HART.

Victoria.

(“Australasian.”)

THE NARROW STREET.

I went down the narrow street,
And all alone went I;
Between the craning buildings hung
A patch of windy sky,
And far above the chimney-tops
A crooked moon rode high.

I went down the narrow street,
And went in craven fear;
The shuttered windows in the gloom
Propped up their lids to peer,
And sprawling o'er the squat grey walls
Were hieroglyphics queer.

Dusky shapes from unlit doors
Moved grey and shadow-fleet,
And I could hear beneath the dark
The stealthy pad of feet—
The shuffling tread of yellow men
Along that narrow street.

Eastern eyes aslant I saw,
A slinking cat or two,
And, where a light sent up its glare,
A woman dressed in blue,
Who stood and hugged her breast before
The shop of old Fin Loo.

Lifeless stared the stony eyes
Beneath her yellow hair;
I thought to take her hand in mine,
And yet I did not dare—
Sweet God, I stole away and left
A sister standing there!

On nights when all the blinds are down,
And moonbeams flicker through,
I think I stand again before
The shop of old Fin Loo,
And watch her waiting, white and still,
That woman dressed in blue!

MYRA MORRIS.

Victoria.

("Bulletin.")

THE ROAD TO DANDENONG.

As I went down by Lilydale,
On the road to Dandenong,
I saw the dappled shadows dance,
I heard the blackbird's song.

It sent me singing on my way,
Beneath the windy skies,
And the country people smiled at me
With calm, quiescent eyes.

The road, the road to Dandenong,
'Tis pleasant to the feet;
And blue the hills and white the gums,
And green the springing wheat.

It takes the golden afternoon,
Till day begins to pale,
To come at last to Dandenong,
By way of Lilydale.

But when you come to Dandenong,
There's all that you desire—
The kettle singing on the hob,
A chair beside the fire.

So I went singing on my way,
Nor found the road too long—
The quaint old road, the Whitehorse road,
That runs to Dandenong.

CAPEL BOAKE.

Victoria.

("Australasian.")

ON THE ROAD.

From Stanley to the Pieman, I've teamed the nor'-
west road,
With three good yoke of cattle, and near a ton o'
load;
Man and boy, for ten years I've tramped beside the
dray,
Scratching up the sandhills, or sloshing through the
clay,
Dodging through the tea-tree, bumping up and down,
(*Now, then! Gee, then!*)
Fourteen working hours a day, and . . . (*Come
here, Brown!*)

There's fixings for the cockies, and timber for the
mine,
And now and then for Jones' pub a load of beer or
wine;
When winter hits the country, and things are fairly
slack,
To dodge the bits of pot-holes, I take the inland track,
For bullocks' bones are brittle—I've seen a foreleg go
(*Now, then, Ranger!*)
As easy as a gum-twigg in a . . . (*Gee back,
Snow!*)

Maybe you think it hard work, and lonely, too, for
me,
But then I've got the lads here to keep me company;
I've always got the coastlands, the blue skies and the
grey;
I've always got my own voice to sing the miles away;
And when the wind comes west'ard it brings me
from afar
(*Ranger, Rover!*)
The shouting of the breakers on the . . . (*Hold
up, Star!*)

There's many a man and better has drove a team
 this way,
And yet, of all the old hands, there's only me
 to-day,
For Jackson turned religious, and Nosey Smith is
 dead
(They sold his team of Devons to buy his fam'ly
 bread);
And Casey, from Detention, the smartest of the lot,
 (*Now, then! Gee, then!*)
Was pinched for duffing poddies, and it's . . .
 (*Whoa back, Spot!*)

No longer, like the old days, are we the country's
 pride;
The motors and the railways are pushing us aside;
You couldn't do without us a dozen years ago,
But now it's "Oh, the bullocks! AIN'T they *very*
 slow!"
All right, I'll sell the damn team, and go and settle
 down.
 (*Pull, you blighters!*)
Blast the lazy lot of 'em . . . (*Gee! Whoa back,*
 Brown!)

BERNARD CRONIN.

Victoria.

("Bulletin.")

WANDERING BLOOD.

I am the child of the wind and the sea,
The sport of the long, straight rain;
And the wild, wet breeze from the roaring south,
And the creaming tide in the harbour mouth,
Shall never call me in vain!

The East calls, and the West calls,
From the skies that touch the plain;
And my feet are hot for the roads that take
The empurpled wastes where the rainbows break,
Where the foxes bark and the wild birds wake,
And the bracken browns on the hill.

Ho, ho, for the scud in the wintry morn!
Ho, ho, for the sleet and the clouds all torn!

Heigho for the tempest's thrill!
The rain calls, and the wind calls,
And my feet are never still!

For my fathers came from over the sea,
And their wandering blood runs red in me;
And as long as there's salt in the windy South,
And the fresh tides cream in the harbour mouth,
As long as the sap sings sweet in the tree,
The wanderer's heart will beat in me!

Deep in the womb of the blossoming earth
No grave could imprison me,
For I'd hear the drone of the sea-winds pass,
And I'd breathe the scent of the sun-warmed grass,
And Death should set me free.

O green day, O glad day,
I should wake to bird and tree.
And I'd steal where the waves broke clear and cold,
And shake out the dust from each white grave-fold,
And untie my hair on those sands of gold,
Where the pig-face trailed to the deep!
And, oh, none should know that the dead ran wild,
And dance with the bees on the cliffs gorse-tiled,
And laughed on the windy steep!
The mad earth, the glad earth,
Would never let me sleep!

For my fathers came from over the sea,
And their wandering blood runs red in me,
And as long as the tea-tree boughs are stripped,
And the magpie trolls in the eucalypt,
As long as the seagull calls from the sea,
The wanderer's heart will beat in me!

MYRA MORRIS.

Victoria.

(“Bulletin.”)

FORGETFULNESS.

I said: "I never will forget;
Life cannot hold an hour for me
Without a pang of wild regret
For you who died beyond the sea."

I said: "You cannot ever die,
For you will be a part of me;
Fast, fast within my heart I'll keep
Your sweet and hallowed memory."

And as the seasons came and went,
I kept you close within my heart,
So tenderly, so passionately,
I thought that we could never part.

Was mine the fault? With desperate hands
I strove to hold your memory fast;
But time, with ever-darkening wing,
Was blotting out the dying past.

Your voice, your smile, the wonted way
You looked and laughed, and turned your head;
All, all were gone; my faithless heart
Forgot, and whispered, "He is dead."

Your books, the quiet things you loved,
They still remain. Your dog lies near,
And at the sound of one loved name
He starts, and turns, and pricks his ear.

He knows. More faithful far than mine,
His loving heart remembers yet.
Oh, you who died beyond the sea,
Forgive me—I forget.

CAPEL BOAKE.

Victoria.

("Australasian.")

NOREEN O'SHEA.

Silent is the old home, and sad beyond seeming;
The dawn is bitter, and lonely goes the day;
Empty is the white cot that knew your shy dreaming
When sleep confessed you, Noreen O'Shea.

City gods have called you, yet how shall they hold
you,

You with your bush heart and eyes of honest
grey?

Only for a jest has their wanton song cajol'd you—
Would I not know it, Noreen O'Shea?

By the river reaches the cattle are grazing;
Clear sounds the magpie his golden roundelay;
Underneath the blackwoods the old mare is lazing,
Wondering to miss you, Noreen O'Shea.

Apples in the orchard are rosy with longing;
The west wind laughs as he wings the spicy day,
Scattering the ripe leaves like butterflies thronging
Under the blue sky, Noreen O'Shea.

Soon across the dear earth shall night come creeping,
His breath sweet with the scent of Mallee hay;
God be very watchful to guard your far sleeping,
Noreen Mavourneen—Noreen O'Shea.

BERNARD CRONIN.

Victoria.

("Australasian.")

THE PALE MOURNERS.

Far in the forest, night-entwined,
I hear the wailing mourners go;
I see the pale procession wind
Among the tree-trunks, dim and slow.

Why have I risen from my bed
To watch them threading out and in?
The fireflies flicker overhead,
In webs the watching spiders spin.

Each pointed shoe with gems is set,
All ashen white each ghostly gown.
Each wears a jewelled carcanet
To match her elderberry crown.

Why weep they in these woods of green,
And fill the running dark with fear?
They chant their melancholy threne
Above the trappings of a bier!

"No more he'll hunt the bee," they sing.
"No more he'll hear the fairy horn;
No more the flower-bells will ring
For him along the edge of morn.

For him no more brown gypsies brush
The fallen leaves of gold and red;
No magic beasts move in the lush,
Green grass, for he that played—is dead."

Whom mourn they, as they onward glide,
With death-flowers blowing to the knee?
I watch them like a rising tide
Among the trunks of ebony.

The moon has left her murky cloud;
The phantom mourners pass me by;
Ah, woe! Beneath the lifted shroud
I see the child that once was I.

MYRA MORRIS.

Victoria.

("Bulletin.")

MY PRAYER.

“A short life in the saddle, Lord,
Not long life by the fire.”—Song.

For ten years by the fireside,
In the saddle give me one,
And a gallant steed that I may ride
Through shadow to the sun.

And care not I how brief it be—
A twelvemonth or a day—
For in the space there is for me
I'll live while yet I may.

Let the hounds ring out my death mass,
Let the dawn light be my guide,
And, with the reins, I'll gladly pass
Out to the other side!

CECIL DOYLE.

New South Wales.

(“Australian Magazine.”)

UNDERTONE.

Grey of the clouds, and grey of the sea,
A light that flashes, fitful and bright—
Thoughts that steal o'er the miles to me,
While the stars prick through and the moon shines
white—

And the waves toss restless lullaby
To the blinking lamp in the lighthouse high.

Shadows that fall in my quiet room,
Dusk, and the distance that lies between—
Fancies that weave in a fairy loom
Colours such as may never be seen;
Till the grey is pearl, and the pearl is rose,
And the dawn is fair at the long night's close.

The shadows quiver to rippling light,
A song that is half a laugh floats by,
And day is growing before my sight,
Faint, with a touch of gold in the sky,
And a rose-flush, sweet as a flower's heart,
When the light wind flutters the petals apart.

Was it your face in the fragrant gloom?
Was it your voice in a lilt of song,
Bringing the dawn to my lonely room,
Lifting the night, and making me strong—
Or only a dream, while the waves soft croon,
And the white light streams from the pallid moon?

GERTRUDE HART.

Victoria.

("Australasian.")

UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA LIBRARY

Los Angeles

This book is DUE on the last date stamped below.

UCLA-Young Research Library

PR9558 .L722

yr



L 009 557 586 6

UC SOUTHERN REGIONAL LIBRARY FACILITY



A A

001 416 440

4

