Hits! Skits! And Jingles!

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Hits! Skits! And Jingles!
The Oozlum Bird.

It was on the Diamantina
  Where the alligators grow,
And the natives' allegations
  Ain't particularly slow.
He was old and he was ugly,
  He was dirty, he was low;
He could lie like Ananias,
  And they called him “Ginger Joe.”

He was wood-and-water joey
  At the “Jackeroo's Retreat,”
Where the swagmen and the shearers
  And the bound'ry riders meet;
And he'd pitch 'em lots of “fairies;”
  But the best I ever heard
Was McPherson's trip to Sydney
  On the famous Oozlum Bird!

“You can talk about yer racehorse
  And the pace as he can go,
But it just amounts to crawlin',
  Nothink else!” said Ginger Joe.

“And these cycle blokes with pacers,
  You can take my bloomin' word,
They're a funeral procession
  To the blinded Oozlum Bird!

“Do yez know Marengo station?
  It's away beyond the Peak,
Over sixty miles from Birdsville
  As you go to Cooper's Creek,
Which the blacks call Kallokoopah,
  And they tell you that Lake Eyre
Was one time an inland ocean.
  Well, the Oozlum Bird is there!

“Bet yer boots it ain't no chicken,
  It's as big and wide across
As the bird what beats the steamships,
  What's it called? The albatross!
That's the bird! And old King Mulga
Used to tell the boys and me  
They were there when Central 'Stralia  
Was a roarin' inland sea!

“I was cook at old Marengo  
When McTavish had the run,  
And his missus died and left him  
With a boy—the only one.  
Jock McPherson was his nephew,  
Lately came from Scotland, too,  
Been sent out to get “experience”  
As a kind of Jackeroo!

“Well, this kid of old McTavish  
Was a daisy. Strike me blue!  
There was nothing, that was mischief,  
That the kiddy would n't do!  
But he was a kindly kinchen  
And a reg'lar little brick,  
And we all felt mighty sorry  
When we heard that he was sick!

But, McTavish! Well, I reckon  
I am something on the swear,  
But I never heard sich language  
As McTavish uttered there;  
For he cursed the blessed country,  
And the cattle and the sheep,  
And the station-hands and shearers  
Till yer blinded flesh would creep

“It was something like a fever  
That the little bloke had got,  
And McTavish he remembered  
(When he'd cursed and swore a lot),  
That a chemist down in Sydney  
Had a special kind of stuff  
Which would cure the kiddy's fever  
In a jiffy, right enough!

“So he sends me into Birdsville  
On the fastest horse we had,  
And I has to wire to Sydney  
For the medsin for the lad.  
They would send it by the railway,
And by special pack from Bourke;
It would take a week to do it
And be mighty slippery work.

“Well, I gallops into Birdsville
And I sends the wire all right;
And I looks around the township,
Meanin' stopping for the night.
I was waitin' in the bar-room—
This same bar-room—for a drink
When a wire comes from McPherson,
And from Sydney! Strike me pink!

“I had left him at Marengo
On the morning of that day!
He was talking to McTavish
At the time I came away!
And yet here's a wire from Sydney!
And it says: ‘Got here all right.
Got the medsin. Am just leaving.
Will be home again to-night!’

“Well, I thought I had the jim-jams,
Yes, I did; for, spare me days!
How in thunder had McPherson
Got to Sydney, anyways?
But he'd got there, that was certain,
For the wire was plain and clear.
I could never guess conundrums,
So I had another beer.

“In the morning, bright and early,
I was out and saddled up,
And away to break the record
Of old Carbine for the Cup.
And I made that cuddy gallop
As he'd never done before;
And, so-help-me-bob, McPherson
Was there waiting at the door!

“And the kid was right as ninepence,
Sleepin' peaceful in his bunk,
And McTavish that delighted
He'd made everybody drunk!
And McPherson says: ‘Well, Ginger,
You did pretty well, I heard;
But you must admit you're beaten,
    Joe—I rode the Oozlum Bird!

"Said he'd often studied science
    Long before he'd came out here,
And he'd struck a sort of notion,
    Which you'll think is mighty queer—
That the earth rolls round to eastward
    And that birds, by rising high,
Might just stop and travel westward,
    While the earth was rolling by!

"So he saddled up the Oozlum,
    Rose some miles above the plain,
_Let the Earth turn underneath him_  
_Till he spotted the Domain!
Then came down, and walked up George-street,
    Got the stuff and wired to me;
Rose again and reached Marengo
    Just as easy as could be!

" 'But,' says I, 'if you went westward
    Just as simple as you say,
How did you get back?' He answered:
    'Oh, I came the other way!'
So in six-and-twenty hours,
    Take the yarn for what it's worth,
Jock McPherson and the Oozlum
    Had been all around the earth!

"It's a curious bird, the Oozlum,
    And a bird that's mighty wise,
For it always flies tail-first to
    Keep the dust out of its eyes!
And I heard that since McPherson
    Did that famous record ride,
They won't let a man get near 'em,
    Could n't catch one if you tried!

"If you don't believe the story,
    And some people don't, yer know;
Why the blinded map'll prove it,
    Strike me fat!" said Ginger Joe.
"Look along the Queensland border,
On the South Australian side,
There's this township! christened Birdsville,
'Cause of Jock McPherson's ride!
Why?

The child is born, becomes a man,
   Is wise or foolish, rich or poor;
In any case 't is but a span,
   And life is o'er!

Will some philosopher who can
   Translate the writing on the wall
Of life, explain to us why man
   Is born at all!
The Baby.

When the baby's asleep there is calm,
   When the baby's asleep!
And a peaceful unspeakable charm
   Which is soothing and deep.
And the air has a beautiful balm,
Soft and sweet as the chant of a psalm,
When the baby's asleep there is calm,
   When the baby's asleep!

When the baby's awake there's a storm,
   When the baby's awake!
And he carries about in his form
   A perennial ache!
And the smothered-up adjectives swarm
And the air is decidedly warm,
When the baby's awake there's a storm,
   When the baby's awake!
Drifting Down The Darling.

It was in the early eighties,
   When a man could see some fun,
In the eighties when the pratties
   Stood at twenty pounds a ton,
And a working-man's resources
Would n't run to feeding horses,
That we started down the Darling with McGindy!
Now McGindy was a wonder,
   Though we'd often thought him daft,
And he worked away like thunder
   Till he made a sort of raft,
And a decent craft we thought her
When we launched her on the water,
And we drifted down the Darling to Menindie!

Drifting down the Darling on McGindy's rickety raft!
When the snags were all before us and the breeze was right abaft,
She was lumpy, rough, and ugly, and a cranky kind o' craft,
When we drifted down the Darling to Menindie!

And McGindy'd been a sailor,
   And of course he rigged the raft,
He'd been mate aboard a whaler,
   And he understood the graft.
Well you should have heard the cheering
And the borak and the jeering
When we started down the Darling with McGindy!
It was awful work to steer her,
   For she would n't come to port,
And whene'er a snag came near her
   You can bet the raft was caught;
But the laughter and the singing!
It was splendid, it was ringing,
When we drifted down the Darling to Menindie!
Drifting down the Darling, etc.!

Thompson came from Ena-Weena
   Where the wool he'd had to class,
And he played the concertina
   Pretty nearly up to Cass.
I was Mozart on the whistle,
And we made the welkin bristle
When we started down the Darling with McGindy!
Old McGindy, as a singer,
    Was the dandy of the West,
He was recognised the ringer,
    And the absolutely best;
And he'd simply made you shiver
If you'd heard him on the river
When we drifted down the Darling to Menindie!
Drifting down the Darling, etc.!
Socialism And Anarchy.

Her maiden name was Anna,
She'd a very charming manner,
  She was very fond of socials, so became a socialist;
Till one evening, in the mist, her
Sunday masher stooped and kissed her,
  And, despite her predilections, she became an Anna-kissed!
The Only Bank Not To Be Robbed.

“Oh, tell me,” said the man with cash
    To place at fixed deposit—
“Oh, tell me,” for I am not rash,
What bank has no absconder flash?
    No easy question, was it?

“Well,” we replied, “as things now go
    The query makes us shiver.
You want a bank that's safe? Just so!
The only bank of which we know,
    Is the bank beside the river!”
How We Drove The Trotter.

Oh, he was a handsome trotter, and he could n't be completer,
He had such a splendid action and he trotted to this metre,
Such a pace and such a courage, such a record-killing power,
That he did his mile in two-fifteen, his twenty in the hour.
When he trotted on the Bathurst-road the pace it was a panter,
But he broke the poet's rhythm when he broke out in a canter—

As we were remarking the pace was a panter,
But just as we liked it he broke in a canter,
And rattled along with a motion terrific,
And scattered the sparks with a freedom prolific;
He tugged at the bit and he jerked at the bridle,
We pulled like a demon, the effort was idle,
The bit in his teeth and the rein in the crupper,
We did n't much care to get home to our supper.

Then we went
Like the wind,
And our hands
They were skinned,
And we thought
With a dread
To go over his head,
And we tugged
And we strove,
Could n't say
That we drove
Till we found
It had stopped
And the gallop was dropped!

Then he dropped into a trot again as steady as a pacer,
And we thought we had a dandy that was sure to make a racer,
That would rival all the Yankees and was bound to beat the British,
Not a bit of vice about him though he was a trifle skittish;
Past the buggies and the sulkies on the road we went a-flying,
For the pace it was a clinker, and they had no chance of trying,
But for fear he'd start a canter we were going to stop his caper
When he bolted like a bullet at a flying piece of paper—

Helter skelter,
What a pelter!
Such a pace to win a welter!
   Rush,
   Race,
   Tear!
   Flying through the air!
Wind a-humming,
Fears benumbing,
Here's another trap a-coming!
   Shouts!
   Bash!
   Crash!
Moses, what a smash!
What Boots It?

“Down to the depths from whence he sprung, 
Unwept, unhonoured, and unsung!”
What recks he when he's in the grave 
If history calls him fool or knave?
Do men revere great Shakespere's name?
To Shakespere it is all the same!
Is Danton's memory detested?
Well, Danton is n't interested!
What praise or blame, what cheers or groans 
Affect a buried box of bones?
The Fool Who Means No Harm.

When Thomas Jenkins took the gun
   And pointed it at Jones,
The gun went off and Jones was done,
   And loud were Jenkins' groans;

His grief was dreadful for to see,
   They could n't make him calm,
And as he sobbed he said that he
   Had “meant to do no harm.”

When Jenkins took away the chair
   As Brown was going to sit,
He felt the keenest of despair
   ’Cause poor Brown's spine was split;

Poor Jenkins he was deeply pained,
   His grief caused much alarm,
But still he carefully explained
   He “meant to do no harm.”

Give me a burglar bold and bad
   Who'd shoot a man on sight,
Give me a murderer, begad,
   Who'd kill a man outright!

Give me a villain who is cool
   And finds in crime a charm,
But heaven save me from the fool
   Who “means to do no harm”!
A Love Song.

Ye talk of dames of high degree,
   With aspirations soary O!
Who thrill the university
   With economic glory O!
A proud possession such may be,
   And wordly wise and wary O!
But take the lot and give to me
   The curly hair o' Mary O!

Their mathematics may be sweet,
   Their propositions cheery O!
Philosophy may be a treat,
   And logic never dreary O!
But I prefer a style that's not
   Of nonsense quite so chary O!
I'd sooner have than all the lot,
   The winsome smile o' Mary O!

A doctor maiden may be fine,
   A lawyer maiden finer O!
A maid in politics may shine,
   And yet would I resign her O!
For I prefer the girly girl,
   Whose style is light and airy O!
The winsome smile, the rippling curl,
   The laughing eyes o' Mary O!
The Modern Woman.

She's taken our shirt and collar and tie,
   For a manly rig she reaches,
And really we are wondering why
   She has n't annexed our—overcoat!

She struts along with a manly stride
   Past stores and public-houses,
But, bless you, would n't she put on side
   If she only wore the—macintosh!
The Impressionist School.

I'd love to be an artist,
An artist free from guile,
   And wear long hair
   And a great big stare,
And a transcendental smile.

I'd love to paint a picture
A picture full of thrill,
   Of a knock-kneed horse
   On the Randwick course
And the moon behind the hill.

I'd love to paint a portrait
A portrait full of soul,
   Of the cross-eyed girl
   With her hair in curl
And a neck like a barber's pole.

I'd love to paint a landscape,
A landscape bold and free,
   With a Vandyck cliff
   And a crimson skiff
On a lilac-tinted sea.
Town And Country.

In the town it's all expense,  
    In the bush you're free from duns;  
In the town they run the rents,  
    In the bush they rent the runs!

In the town they walk or run,  
    In the bush they always ride;  
In the town they hide the sun,  
    In the bush they sun the hide!
Actress And Artist.

They both must draw if they would soar.
The Actress often “feints.”
The Artist is a party who
Must draw before he paints.

But there they part, though both for art
May have the same applause.
The Actress is a person who
Must paint before she draws!
The Day Of The Lovelorn Larrikin.

She's a proper all-right 'un, the donah,
   A lady she is, to the life,
And you bet as when I am her owner
   She'll make me a shying good wife.
Not a bloke in the push could look prouder
   When I toddles her down to the wharf,
For a trip down the 'Arbour to Chowder
   For a chazzy away at Clontarf!

Chorus:

With yer eyes like the stars that's above yer
   Which is set in the heavenly blue,
Well, spare me days, kleiner, I love yer!
   Oh, strike me pink, Sally, I do!
You can talk of your gentleman's daughters,
   And your knock-me-down aristocrats,
But compared to a gal like Sal Waters
   Well I reckon that lot has got rats!
When she smiles at me sweetly like Heaven
   Then I thinks with a sort of a choke
You could bet on me chuckin' the seven
   If she slung me for some other bloke!

Chorus:

So it's nark it now, Sal, or I'll shove yer!
   Don't be kiddin' a bloke as is true!
For it's no dicken pitch as I love yer,
   Oh, strike me pink, Sally, I do!
Though I've never been short of a fiver,
   Still I ain't what a bloke would call rich,
And I ain't got the style and the guiver
   Of them bank clerks and students and sich.
But if phrases polite I ain't pat in,
   You can cotton to me when I speak,
And a bloke can have love without Latin
   And a cove have a heart without Greek.

Chorus:
With yer eyes like the stars that's above yer
   As is set in the heavenly blue,
I'm the bloke, Sal, as really do love yer,
   Oh, strike me pink, Sally, I do!
Who Wrote The Shakespere Plays?

No lover of poetry, I,
   For the qualification is lacking,
And indeed it were vain to deny
   That I could n't tell Browning from Blacking.

But Shakespere's the author, I'll vow,
   And nothing my faith can be shakin',
For it would be ridiculous, now,
   If we talked about “Lamb's Tales of Bacon.”
On His Own.

You may see a man full of decorum
   Who preaches to foes and to friends,
With a face that's as long as a fiddle
   And a mouth that turns down at the ends,
And a general air of dejection
   And a sigh that approaches a groan,
   But you can't be too sure
   That he's perfectly pure
   Till you catch him “away on his own.”

For the family father of Britain
   Is a model of all that is good
When he's home in the family circle,
   And he always does just what he should,
And yet, at the close of the summer
   You'll find him in Paris alone
   Where he'll dance a quadrille
   With a fille at Mabille
   If you catch him away on his own!

And it sometimes occurs in this country
   That a man who is very sedate
And attends at his church on the Sunday
   And who, possibly, passes the plate,
May be sultry as sult in the city,
   When in different company thrown,
   And be equally bad
   As a sinner, begad,
   If you catch him away on his own!

There are men who will frown at “theayters,”
   And who think it is wicked to smile,
And who turn up their eyes to the ceiling
   At the hint or suspicion of guile;
Who are demons at pool and at billiards,
   Which at home they would never condone,
   And are awfully loud
   And will shout for the crowd
   If you catch 'em away on their own!

Oh, you can't take a horse by his colour,
   Nor a woman by what she may wear;
And you can't take a book by the cover,
    Nor a bard by the cut of his hair.
And although to all virtue and goodness
    Respect should be properly shown;
    Still you can't tell a man
    Till his actions you scan
When you catch him away on his own!
Ode To Maoriland.

Sweet land of the Maori
Where grows the tall kaori
And ferns grow in splendour in dells that are flaori,
Where the mountains are taori
And hot-springs are shaori,
And song-birds sing blithe in the land of the Maori.
“Shouting.”

Bill Jones went to the grocer's shop
To buy a pound of tea,
And said to Johnson, standing there,
“Will you have one with me?”

And Johnson said he didn't mind
(He loved Bill like a brother);
They had two pounds, then Johnson said,
“We better have another.”

Then Smith came in and Jones proposed
They'd have another pound;
And then they stood till Brown came in
And shouted tea all round.

And there they stayed for several hours
As happy as could be,
Till each one of the party had
Some fourteen pounds of tea.

And everyone who saw them said
“What fools these fellows be,
To stand around here all day long
A-shouting pounds of tea!”

Had they been shouting whiskey, schnapps,
And brandy, rum and beer,
Until they all got speechless drunk,
It would not seem so queer;

But things that they could cart away
And use some other time!
What absolute absurdity;
In fact, almost a crime!

True friendship can alone be shown
By wilful waste of wealth;
And as men hate to feel too well
They “drink each other's health.”
The Frog In The Well.

There was a frog dropped down a well,  
What time the well was dry,  
Who sat him down just where he fell,  
And looked up to the sky;  
And though the time was broad daylight  
There burst upon his view  
The sparkling stars all shining bright  
Upon the ether blue!

So froggie gazed in mute surprise,  
Till he found voice to say,  
“I scarcely can believe my eyes  
To see the stars by day;  
But now I know it must be so,  
And sages all agree  
That as the deeper down you go  
The more you learn and see!”
A Back-Block Settlement.

When the Mickety-Mulga Wholloper met the Cobbity shearsers' Cook,
   There was trouble upon the station, you can bet,
For the Cook he had a debt which he'd recorded in the book,
   And he swore the Wholloper had n't paid it yet.
And the Wholloper swore he did n't owe the Cook a blessed cent,
   For he always paid his shearing-shed account,
And in case the Cook did not perceive precisely what he meant
   He'd be pleased to fight his gills for the amount!

Then the Cook he cast reflections on the Wholloper's family tree,
   Said his male relations mostly lived in gaol,
All but Jimmy, hanged in Goulburn, as the rest deserved to be,
   While the ladies were particularly frail!
And the adjectives he used for illustration they were grand,
   And he coined 'em in his own especial mint,
But they were of such a nature, you will easy understand,
   As would hardly bear repeating here in print!

So we made a ring around 'em and the battle was begun,
   And the language it was forcible and free,
And a better mill was never seen before upon a run,
   Nor a better could a sportsman wish to see.
And the Cook he landed Wholloper a beauty on the jaw,
   Saying “Now, will you admit you owe them beans?”
But immediately afterwards the hash-constructors saw
   What the art of concentration really means!

For the Wholloper he countered with a daisy on the neck
   And he followed with another on the point,
And before the Cook recovered he became a perfect wreck
   With a Grecian nose completely out of joint;
Still they kept the fun a-going, and the blows were freely shared,
   And they made it very merry for a while,
But at length the Cook was beaten and the referee declared
   They had fought it in a gentlemanly style!

Now there's nothing could be nicer or more beautiful to see
   Than the meeting of them two upon the morn,
For with features bruised and swollen they were friendly as could be
   And shook hands as though the pair were brothers born.
And the shearers and the rouseabouts an edict they enforced,
   That the winner'd squared all overdue amounts,
And in terms of approbation, too, they cheerfully endorsed
Such a simple way of settling all accounts!
A Quatrain.

The humble mind let none despise,
   Of wit let none be vain,
The germ of genius dormant lies
   In every human brain!
Tobacco!

When sorrows gather, troubles crowd,
And when with grief the heart is bowed,
What solace in thy fragrant cloud!
   Immortal weed, tobacco!

Away with women and with wine!
What charms have they compared with thine?
Consoling, comforting, divine,
   Most excellent tobacco!

No sonsie lass or winsome girl
That sets the senses in a whirl
Can match the joyous upward curl
   Of gentle smoke, tobacco!

To Hades with the flowing bowl
That blights the mind and warps the soul!
But give me still my daily dole
   Of generous tobacco!

What hurts, what ills, what woes, what harms,
What worries, troubles, or alarms
Can c'er withstand thy wondrous charms,
   Sweet soothing weed, tobacco!
Two Fools.

There is the fool that spends his money fast,
Grows old and dies a pauper at the last.
There is the fool that hoards it to the end.
And leaves it for some other fool to spend.
The Rocking-Chair.

[English doctors now declare that the rocking-chair does harm by disturbing the equilibrium].

When I used to visit Mary
   On a Sunday afternoon,
She was shy and she was chary,
   But was not too shy to spoon.
Though she said I tried to shock her
   And had doubts if I was true,
She agreed with me the rocker
   Was convenient for two!

If the doctor had but faltered,
   Or the fact he hadn't found!
Now I s'pose the case is altered
   And we'll have to sit around
Like a pair of pupil-teachers
   At a mission Sunday-school,
And we'll bless all human creatures,
   Save the doctor. Hang the fool!

Now I quite agree with Mary,
   And she quite agrees with me,
That these doctors are too wary,
   And too 'cute for such as we.
But in spite of Mrs. Grundy,
   I'll be stroking Mary's hair,
And be holding her on Sunday
   In the good old rocking-chair!
They Went To Law.

Brown and Jones of Simpsonville
   They owned adjoining land.
       Yes!

   Owned adjoining land,
   And you can understand
That Brown and Jones of Simpsonville
Were cross enough to make them ill,
Their hatred it was fit to kill,
Undoubtedly they had the will,
Did Brown and Jones of Simpsonville,
   Who owned adjoining land!

Now Brown and Jones of Simpsonville
   Had one dividing fence.
       Yes!

   One dividing fence,
   But that was quite immense.
The fence was broke, and Lanky Bill,
The groom of Brown of Simpsonville,
Allowed the cows to roam at will
To Jones's barley paddock still
Through that dividing fence.

Then Mister Jones of Simpsonville
   He swore he'd go to law.
       Yes!

   Swore he'd go to law,
   For he was feeling sore.
And Quilp, the lawyer, famed for skill,
Discussed with Jones the harm and ill

The cows of Brown had done, until
The smallest Jack and youngest Jill
Within the town of Simpsonville
   Knew Jones had gone to law!

And Mister Brown of Simpsonville
He got a lawyer too.
   Yes!
Got a lawyer too,
    He meant to see it through!
And each one swore the legal mill
Would stop the other's cheek and “frill,”
And give his nibs a nasty pill
To swallow with his breakfast grill.
Oh, Brown and Jones of Simpsonville
    They meant to see it through!

The case came on at Simpsonville,
    The lawyers made it last.
      Yes!

      Lawyers made it last,
    They never work too fast.
But when the lawyers had their fill
Of Brown and Jones's safe and till,
Then Mr. Justice Candysquill
Nonsuited Jones, allowed him nil;
The trespass case of Simpsonville
      Had finished up at last!

When Brown received his lawyer's bill
      You should have heard his tones,
        Yes!

        Should have heard his tones,
    And those remarks of Jones!
And Mrs. Jones's voice was shrill,
And Mrs. Brown was simply ill,
And both the clients longed to kill
The lawyers and the Lanky Bill,
And pave the streets of Simpsonville
      With those attorneys’ bones!

So Brown and Jones of Simpsonville
    They owned adjoining land.
      Yes!

      Owned adjoining land,
    That is, you'll understand,
They owned the land, of course, until
They each received the lawyer's bill,
And then they sold to fill the till
Of those two lawyers, men of skill.
They're carting wood in Simpsonville,
The lawyers own the land!

Dear reader, I'm run out o' rhymes,
   A most unpleasant jar.
       Yes!

   Most unpleasant jar!
   But here the moral are:
(I should have said “here is;” but still
What odds?) Remember, if you will,
That lots of law means empty till.
The most successful clients still
Are like that pair at Simpsonville,
   They dunno where they are!
The Daffodil Dance.

My sweet was the belle of the Daffodil Dance
   And the smile of her welcome was thrilling.
When I asked for a dance at the very first chance
   She was sweetly, delightfully, willing.
There was love in her modest yet amorous glance,
   And the waltz was a poem, a dream, a romance!
My sweet was the belle of the Daffodil Dance
   And the smile of her welcome was thrilling!

Her violet eyes were as blue as the skies,
   And the bloom on her cheek like the roses!
And her hand like the lily that dreamily sighs
   When alone in the wild it reposes!
And her teeth like the snowdrop that tenderly lies
   'Neath the fronds of the fern when the summer winds rise.
Her violet eyes were as blue as the skies,
   And the bloom on her cheek like the roses.

She smiled as we danced at the Daffodil Dance
   To the swing of the rhythmical metre.
Oh, she smiled as she whispered, while peering askance,
   “Could your compliments be no completer?
You have spoken of roses and lilies; perchance
   There is one other flower that yet might enhance
What you've said.” Here she gave me a timorous glance—
   “Do n't you think that the two-lips are sweeter?”
Kerosene!

Matilda Jane of Lachlan Plain,
   The servant at the place,
Was country bred; her hair was red,
   And rosy was her face.
She'd never shirk her morning work,
   Was always neat and clean;
But I must admit she always lit
   The fire with kerosene!
   Sene!
   Sene!
   The kindling wood was green!
But deuce a bit she cared for it,
   She had the kerosene!

One morn at six she had to fix
   And set the fire aglow;
She grabbed the tin and poured it in
   And over went the show!
A sort of snort; a loud report,
   With screeches in between.
The roof was rent; away she went!
   (As did the kerosene!)
   Sene!
   Sene!
She left this earthly scene
For Kingdom-come upon a drum
   Of Mountain kerosene!
The Old Dutch Clock.

'T was a winter dull and dreary, in the evening I was weary,
When I sat before a bright and glowing fire.
As I sat alone and pondered, still my thoughts for ever wandered
On the folly of the human heart's desire;
Of the thirst for high position, of the cravings of ambition,
And the yearnings that our lives all interlock;
And the only sign or token that the stillness yet had broken
Was the ticking of the old Dutch clock!

Chorus:

With its tick tick, tick tick, ever on the go,
As I watched its heavy pendulum swinging to and fro;
How the highest of ambition still it ever seemed to mock,
The tick, tick, ticking of the old Dutch Clock!

As I listened to the ticking, and I watched the flames a-flicking,
Saw a mother with a child upon her knee;
She was laughing, she was happy as she kissed the little chappie,
And she whispered “what's my darling going to be?”
And the flames went on a-flicking, and the clock continued ticking
Till I saw the child a felon in the dock!
Oh, we know not what's before us, nor the fates that hover o'er us
As we listen to the old Dutch clock!

Chorus:

With its tick tick, tick tick, swaying to and fro,
So the seconds and the minutes and the years for ever go;
How our hopes and aspirations still it ever seems to mock;
The tick, tick, ticking of the old Dutch clock!

Then a scene of love and leisure, full of happiness and pleasure,
When the wedding bells rang out a happy chime,
But the clock ticked on the faster to a scene of deep disaster,
And of misery and hopelessness and crime;
And as happy scenes retreated and ambition was defeated,
And the highest hopes were ended with a shock,
Still I seemed to hear the laughter of the fates that follow after
In the ticking of the old Dutch clock!

Chorus:
With its tick tick, tick tick, ever on the go,
Time was flying as the pendulum was swinging to and fro;
And our weak attempts to cope with fate it ever seemed to mock;
The tick, tick, ticking of the old Dutch clock!
The Australian

His clothes are West of England tweed;
    His boots are from the Strand;
The bike which he propels with speed
    Was made in Yankeeland.
He drinks a glass of Belgian gin,
    Jamaica rum, perchance,
And smokes the “best Virginia” in
    A pipe that's “made in France.”
He looks at his imported watch to see the time of day,
And hurries, for he wants to see a new imported play.
The lamp is made in Germany that lights him on his way;
He's a patriotic thoroughbred Australian!

He's a patriotic thoroughbred Australian!
And he sticks up for his country like a man!
    For it's good for growing mutton
    But it could n't make a button
For the trousers of a true Australi-an!

    He comes up to his cottage where
    There's lager from the Rhine,
And seats himself upon a chair
    Of Austrian design.
    His English hat he places on the Chinese cheffonier
And drinks from his Italian glass his German lager beer;
He strikes Italian matches and he lights the German lamp;
He sees the jam and pickles with the real imported stamp;
He tries the Dutch piano for the latest foreign vamp;
He's a patriotic thoroughbred Australian!

He's a patriotic thoroughbred Australian!
And he sticks up for his country when he can.
    It's the champion for cricket
    When McKibbin beats the wicket.
That's sufficient for the true Australi-an!

    The Chinese washstand in his room
    Is near a Russian rug,
He fills the Yankee basin from
    The German water jug;
He takes his German razor and
    He shaves himself with ease;
He reaches for the towel-stand
(The latest Japanese!)
With Paris soap he washes off Australian dust and dirt,
Puts on an Irish collar and an English undershirt;
He laces up his London boots, which very seldom hurt
A patriotic thoroughbred Australian!

He's a patriotic thoroughbred Australian!
And he sticks up for his country like a man;
    And he buys of all creation,
    Bar the land of his location,
He's a thorough-going true Australi-an!
How We All Look At It.

No doubt that there are faults in all
   As laid to mankind's charge,
But let's be thankful ours are small
   While other folks' are large.
Who Stole The Ponies?

Away down the Darling by the Callewatta Forks
   In the dreary, weary desert where the stone is
On the right you find the region of the Raffertys and Rorkes;
   On the left you see the Learys and Maloneyes.
We were always pretty careful when the steamer anchored there,
   It was well indeed for strangers to be chary,
For the Learys and Maloneyes held the belt from County Clare,
   And the Raffertys and Rorkes from Tipperary!

They were all of them selectors on the Steelandummie run,
   And the owner of the run was named McPherson,
He was Scotch and he was clannish (and his clan was Number One)
   A sedate and very sober-sided person!
And he ran a lot of stock around adjacent to the Forks,
   And he lost, he said, a half-a-dozen ponies,
And he swore they had been stolen by the Raffertys and Rorkes,
   If they had'nt by the Learys and Maloneyes!

Then the Learys and Maloneyes said the men from County Clare
   Would n't even steal a pansy from the prairie!
And the Raffertys and Rorkes they quite accorded with them there,
   “But they often stole the pigs from Tipperary!”
Then the row it fairly started; there was murther at the Forks
   From the minute that McPherson lost the ponies
It was dangerous to come betwixt the Raffertys and Rorkes
   When they waited for the Learys and Maloneyes!

When the Learys crossed the river there was “wigs upon the green”
   And diversion for the men from Tipperary!
When a Rafferty or Rorke upon the other side was seen,
   He would find things just as willing and as scary!
But as you are not agoin' to the Callewatta Forks
   I can sell you half-a-dozen decent ponies,
But you had n't better show them to the Raffertys and Rorkes,
   Nor McPherson, nor the Learys and Maloneyes!
Station Life.

Oh, a station life is the life for me,
   And the cold baked mutton in the morning!
Oh, the glorious ride o'er the plains so free,
   And the cold baked mutton in the morning!
And the rising moon on the mountain's brow!
And the ringtailed 'possum on the gum tree bough!
And the leathery damper and the salted cow,
   And the cold baked mutton in the morning!
Come To Orange.

If you're roasting up at Dubbo, if you're boiling up at Bourke,
    Come to Orange, where the breezes are a-blowing!
If you're gasping on the Darling, where it's sudden death to work,
    Come to Orange, where the breezes are a-blowing!
If you live in any village on the other side of H—I,
Where the average thermometer's a hundred in the well,
    Come to Orange, where the breezes are a-blowing!

Chorus—

There is dew upon the daisies in the morning,
There's a freshness and a sweetness in the air,
    And you feel the balmy breezes
Come a-wafting through the treeses
As you could'n't feel 'em any other where!

If your tongue is like a cattle dog's and hanging out a foot,
    Come to Orange, where the breezes are a-blowing!
If you find the perspiration is a-filling of your boot,
    Come to Orange, where the breezes are a-blowing!
If the summer sun is withering the million-acre block,
And a-scorching all the wool off every wether in the flock,
    If you notice that the pendulum is melted off the clock,
    Come to Orange, where the breezes are a-blowing!

Chorus:

There is dew, etc.
Two Men And A Maid.

Two little dudes from the George-street block
   Up for a brief vacation!
One little girl in a neat print frock,
   Maid of the Mulga station!
Two little dudes with walking sticks,
Two little heads that the collars fix!
Two little hats at nine-and six,
   Two little dudes on a station!

One little maid with a bashful smile
   Given for a salutation;
Two little dudes of the nan-nan style
   Bent on a captivation.
One little maid with a smile so true,
Curly hair of a nut-brown hue;
Eyes of a liquid violet blue,
   One little maid on a station!

“Did n't she fear her walks to take
   Over the grassy clearing?”
“Did n't she fear some nasty snake
   His ugly head a-rearing?”
“Sirs,” she said, with an arching brow
And a smile that was hardly a smile somehow,
“There are so many jackasses ’round here now
   That the snakes are disappearing!”
King Whiskey.

King Whiskey's father down in Hell,
He rubbed his hands with glee,
“My son on earth is doing well,
    Extremely well,” said he;
“Pile up the logs upon the blaze
    And let the furnace roar,
Another batch of Whiskey's slaves
    Is hammering at the door.”

The flames shot up a brilliant red,
The grid was white with heat,
A basting pot of boiling lead
    Was placed on every seat.
“Ha, ha,” said Satan, “this is neat;
    We have no cause to fear
That they'll complain they did not meet
    A warm reception here.”

King Whiskey sat upon his throne,
His courtiers standing round,
All meek, subservient in tone,
    They bowed them to the ground.
In tribute then they handed up
Their stores of golden wealth,
And from the reeking poison cup
    They drank King Whiskey's health!

And out beyond the palace gates
    The wives and mothers stand,
And, breadless, loudly curse the fates
    That Whiskey rules the land.

The courtiers dimly hear the cry,
    But Whiskey dulls their ears,
“Fill up, let revelry run high,
    We'll drown these childish fears!”

And men there are in Whiskey's land
    Complaining times are bad
And money getting scarcer and
    But little to be had;
And yet however bad is trade
And things however flat,
King Whiskey's tribute must be paid,
    They can't go short of that!

King Whiskey's courtiers soon grow old,
    And tribute's falling short,
The strength is gone, the blood is cold
    The once clear mind distraught!
And demons, imps, and grinning apes.
    And glaring reptiles yell,
And loathsome forms and fearsome shapes
    All point the road to Hell!

But Whiskey's court is bright and gay.
    Nor do the ranks grow thin,
For as the old are borne away
    The younger ones come in.
King Whiskey's father down in Hell,
    He rubs his hands with glee,
“My son on earth is doing well,
    Extremely well,” says he.
How He Dyed.

By Von Jarrell.

His second name was Nabbage,
And his head was like a cabbage,
And his hair was growing gray
In a most annoying way;
He concluded that he'd toddle
To the chemist's, for a model,
For his antiquated noodle
Filled his bosom with dismay.

Mr. N. had been red-headed—
'Twas a color to be dreaded—
And for blue-black locks he sighed;
And he bought the dye with pride.

But his head (O wicked Mentor!)—
From circumference to centre
Was a blue-green-brown magenta;
That's the tale of “How He Dyed!”
Character And Reputation.

If worldly wisdom you prefer,
    Please mark this observation:
Don't mind about your character
    But watch your reputation.

For whether Fate shall make or mar,
    Or Fortune float or sink you
Depends much less on what you are
    Than on what people think you!
The Shearer's Life.

A shearer's life is the life for me,
    Hip, hip hurrah!
From care and trouble a shearer's free
As ever a man desired to be,
No worry to worry about has he,
    Hip, hip hurrah!

He mounts his horse, and away he'll go,
    Hip, hip hurrah!
(That's when he is n't on foot, you know,
And travels a hundred miles or so,
And then, perhaps, there is n't a show),
    Hip, hip hurrah!

A shearer's work is a noble work,
    Hip, hip hurrah!
The sort one is n't inclined to shirk,
You'll notice his cheerful, smiling smirk
With never a shed from here to Bourke,
    Hip, hip hurrah!

But give him a cut at a fleecy flock,
    Hip, hip hurrah!
With beef as tough as a Sydney crock,
And “brownie” dry and hard as rock,
And life is joy on a Western block,
    Hip, hip hurrah!

A pound is good with a decent score,
    Hip, hip hurrah!
With leathery necks and dags galore,
A bad machine and a slippery floor,
And how could a shearer want for more?
    Hip, hip hurrah!
The Way Of It.

When a man that's bad and bold has a wife, has a wife,
When a man that's bad and bold has a wife,
   When a man that's bad and bold
   Has a wife, though young or old,
   She is just as good as gold.
   Such is life!

When a man that's good and true has a wife, has a wife,
When a man that's good and true has a wife,
   When a man that's good and true
   Has a wife, she is a shrew
   With a temper all askew.
   Such is life!
The Melodious Bullocky.

'Tis of the Wild Colonial Boy [Come out of that saplin', Rat!]
Brought up by honest parents [Now, Strawberry, what are yer at!]
He robbed them lordly squatters and [Whoa Diamond! Darn yer hump!]
And a terror to Horsetralia [Now then, Nugget, you mind that stump!]

'T was at the age of seventeen [Gee back there, Dimple! Gee!]
He never, [Way there Baldy, sich a cow I never did see!]
He was his father's only son [Gee back there now. Rob Rov!]
And fondly did his parents love the Wild Colonial Boy!
The Jubilee Girl.

Oh, the Jubilee girl,
   With the Jubilee smile
Wore a Jubilee dress
   In a Jubilee style!
And the Jubilee hair
   On her Jubilee head
Was a Jubilee kind
   Of a Jubilee red!

   And her Jubilee shoes
      They were Jubilee neat
On the Jubilee toes
      Of her Jubilee feet,
And her Jubilee eyes
      Of a Jubilee hue
Were a Jubilee sort
      Of a Jubilee blue!

   And the Jubilee nose
      On her Jubilee face
Had a Jubilee tilt
      With a Jubilee grace.
And the Jubilee miss
   Met her Jubilee boy
With a Jubilee kiss
   Full of Jubilee joy!

   And the Jubilee flush
      On her Jubilee cheek
Was a Jubilee gush
      For the Jubilee week.
With her Jubilee brain
   In a Jubilee whirl,
It was Jubilee time
      With the Jubilee girl!
Praying For Rain.

In vast and unimaginable space,
Where countless suns sent forth their life-light rays
Each to his group of whirling satellites,
There rolled one little miserable ball!
And on that ball a tiny atom knelt
And prayed the great Controlling Force of all
To wreck the order of the universe;
Unchain the suns and cast the spheres adrift,
Set world careering madly on to world,
And bid ungoverned chaos come again!
   For what?
To damp the dot whereon the atom knelt!
The Burglar's Song.

A burglar once broke into song
   And just got through three bars
When someone hit him with a stave
   And he saw greater stars.

The poor man felt so broken up
   With sorrow, grief and pain,
That fearing he'd perhaps break down
   He ne'er broke out again.

At night he wandered on the shore
   And shunned the madding crowds,
He watched the waves break o'er the rocks,
   The moon break through the clouds.
Civilization.

Oh, they walked along the footpath did the dapper suit of clothes
  Which were faultless as to fashion and to shape;
And the pretty little neck-tie of the color of the rose
  And the macintosh with charming flowing cape,
And the shoes were quite artistic for a masculine adult
And the turn-out was a credit to the tailor and his cult,
And the clothes appeared to glory in the excellent result;
And inside 'em was a Smooth-skinned Ape!
Life.

Infant; teething,
    Thrush and croup.
Schoolboy; marbles,
    Top and hoop.
Youth; sweet picnics,
    Cigarettes,
    Cricket, football,
    Sundry bets!

Young man; courtship
    Lovely she!
Married; youngsters
    Two or three
Worry, trouble,
    Smile and frown.
“In memoriam
    William Brown!”
The Phases Of The Ego.

There's the man you meet in the public street
   On a general business day;
And the man you see in his private home
   In a sociable kind of way;
And the man you meet in the public bar
   Where Oblivion's water flows;
But from these apart in the silent heart
   Is the man that nobody knows!

And the man will try to believe a lie;
   For there's nothing that's half so sweet
As to pour our praise on the ghost we raise
   With the aid of our self-deceit.
But the vital spark is no idle dream
   Like the man that outward shows,
For alone, apart in the silent heart
   Is the man that nobody knows!
A Bad Break!

The preacher quoted, and the cranks
   Among his congregation smiled,
“How sharper than a serpent's thanks
   It is to have a toothless child.”

He saw he erred, his eye grew wild,
   He frowned upon the mirthful ranks:
“How toothless than a serpent's child
   It is to have a sharper's thanks!”
There was always peace and harmony at Jamberoora Flat
With the chaps that struck the gutter and the boys that whipped the cat;
We were like a band of brothers, there was no mistaking that
Till the girl at Mother Murphy's came to Jamberoora Flat.
Mrs. Murphy kept a boarding-house; her eldest son was Pat;
And the light and airy Mary, from her tootsies to her hat
   She was sweet and girly-girly
   And her hair was crisp and curly,
And we all of us adored her—and particularly Pat!

Now there was a chap among us who was called Temora Mat,
Who was something of a talker and an ardent democrat,
He would spout about the sorrows of the proletariat,
But the miners only reckoned he was talking through his hat;
Yet he thought he was the smartest of the boys upon the Flat,
And he started mashing Mary, and he aggravated Pat
   (Who considered it his duty)
   So he landed Mat a beauty
And the latter could n't tell us where exactly he was at!

Well, they fought a lot of battles for a season after that,
And Temora conquered sometimes, and occasionally Pat,
And they kept the thing a-going but began to smell a rat
When a tall-and-swarty stranger came to Jamberoora Flat;
For he flattened out the pair o’ them and went and had a chat
With the light and airy Mary, who procured her Sunday hat,
   And they went away together;
   And I always wonder whether
We shall ever more be happy on the Jamberoora Flat!
Ode To The Fryingpan.

O Fryingpan!
Thou great auxiliary to the slack-baked pie,
The hard potato and the sodden scone!
Precursor of the immortal Holloway,
Of Clements' tonic, and of Beecham's pills,
Whose ruthless black expanse of sooty iron
Doth press upon a prostrate nation's chest,
And hold it helpless for the fiend Dyspepsia!
What scowling husbands and sour-visaged wives
Do pass their days in ill-starred bickerings,
With constant jars, continual reproaches,
And all through thee, destroyer of the peace!
Invention of the Devil, sent to earth
To spoil our tempers and ensnare our souls,
When shall humanity thy thraldom break,
And chronic indigestion straight rebel
Against the everlasting steaks and chops
Made deadly by the fiendish Fryingpan?
When will our wives, our sisters or our servants
Discover the sweet virtues of a grill?
The Bogan Scrub.

Oh, come with me to the Bogan, boys,
To the Bogan far away,
Where they cut the scrub for their daily grub
   With a tooral-looral-lay!
With a tooral-looral-lay, my lads,
   And a whack-fol-lary-o!
And we'll open a club on the Bogan scrub
   Where the struggle-for-lifers go!

Oh, come with me to the Bogan, boys,
To the Bogan scrub so gay,
Where our brethren toil on a hungry soil
   At an Indian coolie's pay!
And we'll sound the fife and drum, my lads,
   With a whack-fol-lary-o!
And a rub-a-dub-dub for the Bogan scrub
   Where the struggle-for-lifers go!

For the damper's tough on the Bogan, boys,
   And the beef's as hard as rocks,
And the bull-dog ants get into your pants
   And eat your Sunday socks!
No sinful pleasure is there, my lads,
   No wickedness there you know;
For there's never a pub. on the Bogan scrub
   Where the struggle-for-lifers go!
Christmas Bells.

(A Carol.)

The Christmas Bells of the olden land clang out on the frosty air!
The snow lies deep and the owlets sleep in the oak-boughs gaunt and bare.
Our old friend Rob, with a tuneful sob in his welcoming Christmas trill,
Finds new-born zest in his crimson breast as he stands on the window sill.
He taps and taps on the pane, perhaps, and his eye has a trace of scorn,
As he seems to say in his wilful way: “Get up! It is Christmas morn!”
The wind blows chill o'er the snow-clad hills and the frozen lakes and fells,
But hearts grow warm in the wintry storm at the sound of the Christmas Bells!

So merrily clang the Christmas Bells!
    The Christmas Bells!
    The Christmas Bells!
The snow-clad hills and frozen fells
    Re-echo the welcome warning.
The silvery sound a story tells,
    A story tells,
    A story tells,
Of sweet good-will when the Christmas Bells
    Ring out on the Christmas morning!

The Christmas Bells of the golden land ring clear on the balmy air,
In the morning gray of a glorious day in a land that is bright and fair;

The rising sun on the mountain's brow is sending his beams afar,
Far over the hue of the azure blue to the wane of the morning star;
And the sunbeams bear on the morning air, when the clang of the bells rings sharp,
Sweet sounds as soft as the winds that waft through the strings of the golden harp;
In the laughing gleam of the mountain stream 't is borne to the flowery dells,
And the bush birds list in their sylvan tryst to the sound of the Christmas Bells!

So cheerily ring the Christmas Bells!
    The Christmas Bells!
    The Christmas Bells!
The listening buds in flowery dells
    Repeat the welcome warning.
The silvery sound a story tells,
    A story tells,
    A story tells,
Of sweet good-will when the Christmas Bells
    Ring out on the Christmas morning!
Mealy Mary Ann.

Some five-and-thirty years ago
    There was a sweet young man
Whom everybody used to know
    As Mealy Mary Ann!
He always did as young men should,
Do wrong he neither could nor would,
He was so absolutely good,
    Was Mealy Mary Ann!
    Mealy Mary
    Chic and chary,
(Suit a ladies seminary)
    Airy fairy
    Mealy Mary
    Mealy Mary Ann!

He was so very meek and mild
    He should have used a fan,
As simple as a gentle child
    Was Mealy Mary Ann!
He shuddered when he heard a D!
Drank nothing stronger than his tea,
And grieved how sinful men could be,
    Did Mealy Mary Ann!
    Mealy Mary
    Anti-sweary
Saintliness extraordinary,
    Scary wary
    Mealy Mary
    Mealy Mary Ann!

Our modern youths they live, somehow,
    On quite a different plan;
We have n't got such angels now
    As Mealy Mary Ann!
For search the country far and wide
From Queensland to Victoria side,
No single soul can you provide
    Like Mealy Mary Ann!
    Mealy Mary—
    Secretary,
Write his mild obituary.
Airy fairy
Mealy Mary
Mealy Mary Ann!
Alas!

We've read of it in rhymes, alas!
We've seen it many times, alas!
   And bards have sung
   In every tongue
In warm and frigid climes, alas!

And every one has read, alas!
The phrase that makes our head—alas!
   But never met
   A person yet
Who ever really said “Alas!”
The Simple Chinese Plan.

Sun Yet Sun (or “the Cold-baked bun”)
   Was a Knight of the Green Cockchafer,
   And the Lord No-go of the Hoang-ho
Where the golden streams of the Yang-tse flow
   And they cut men's throats for a dollar or so,
   And your life might be much safer.

To Hoang-ho no papers go,
   No Curnows, Brients, or Stronachs;
But the Mandarins sat on the banks o' the stream
And they fished for trout and they fished for bream
   And they also fished for an artful scheme
   To be done with the Manchu monarchs!

Now Sun Yet Sun was the principal one,
   And the chief of the secret order;
And he heard one day that the great Hung Li
   Had sworn to hang him high and dry,
   And he did n't stand round to argue why,
   But he went like a deer for the border!

And Sun Yet Sun he sailed like fun
   To the lovely land of Britain;
Where a flag has waved a thousand years,
   And the Jingoes jeer at Russian bears,
   And the heavy father hourly swears
   By the stuff the Times has written.

And he walked with grace down Portland Place
   By the new Chinese Legation,
But the Manchu menials gave one grin
As they stepped them forth and gathered him in;
   And the headsman's yard at Ti-ent-sin
   Was the place of his destination!
The Postman.

It is morning in the country and the postman's at the gate
With his letters and his packets, and he has no time to wait.
“Post!” he calls, to give you warning, and you start and stop your yawning
In the country, in the morning when the postman's at the gate.
And the country maiden blushes, for the envelope is pink;
And there's someone gone to Sydney, and you need n't stop to think,
And the country maiden blushes; for the envelope she rushes,
And she giggles and she gushes when the postman's at the gate!

It is morning in the country and the postman's at the gate,
And a worried woman hurries for the letter that is late;
For her husband is a drover and he's always been a rover
And he takes the cattle over for the Bungebah estate;
And there lately came a rumour he was injured on the track,
And her hand it shakes and trembles—for the envelope is black.
The suspense is overbearing—now the envelope she's tearing—
And she gives a cry despairing—and the postman's at the gate!

It is morning in the country and the postman's at the gate.
On the messages he carries does he ever speculate?
On the sorrow and the sadness, on the goodness and the badness,
On the happiness and gladness, on the love and on the hate?
He's the oracle of fortune, he's the Delphic up-to-date,
He's the mystic modern Mercury, the harbinger of fate;
Such a jarred and jangled chorus are the fates that hover o'er us,
And we know not what's before us when the postman's at the gate!
The Small Boy's Whistle.

We can listen to the clatter of the clanging printing press,
And the rattle of the watercart we feel inclined to bless;
Though the bullocky's a-cursing and a-cracking of his whip
We can sling 'em out the copy and we never miss a slip;
And the banging and the thumping of the battery we find
Rather helpful to the motion of the literary mind;
In fact, we've no objection to a noise of any kind—
    But we cannot stand a small boy's whistle!

Oh, it splits in little pieces the idea you have caught,
And it rends the thread of argument and snaps the train of thought;
It contracts the thinking faculties, the intellect it dims,
And it makes you write anathemas instead of writing hymns!
It's the wickedest, the horridest, the vilest kind of noise,
And the chiefest way the Evil One makes use of little boys;
Every charitable sentiment it utterly destroys,
    Does the piping of the small boy's whistle!
The Looming Invasion.

The threatening fatality,
The coming nationality,
   Lo, the Indian!
   Ho, the Syrian!
The Syriac identities,
The copper-colored entities,
   Lo, the Indian!
   Ho, the Syrian!
Selling little trifles at the cottage garden gate,
Looking very simple to the local estimate,
Threatening the nation with the Nemesis of fate,
   Lo, the Indian!
   Ho, the Syrian!

The deluge of the Asian,
The swamp of the Caucasian,
   Lo, the Indian!
   Ho, the Syrian!
The dark and looming verity,
The menace of posterity,
   Lo, the Indian!
   Ho, the Syrian!
Coming in their dozens and their companies and scores,
Coming like a cloud upon the bright and sunny shores,
Not a statesman watching for the danger at the doors,
   Lo, the Indian!
   Ho, the Syrian!
When The Comps. Are Callin'!

Oh, it's nice to be an editor, it's beautiful, indeed,
   When the comps. for the copy are a-callin'!
When there is n't any matter and there is n't any screed,
   And the comps. for the copy are a-callin'!
When you're collaring an article on “how to build a barn”
There is some one sure to come along to have a little yarn,
And he will not care a button for a “damme” or a “darn,”
   When the comps. for the copy are a-callin'!
When the comps. are a-callin' for the copy,
   For the copy!
When the comps. are a-yellin' and a-bawlin',
   And there is n't any ready
   You had better take it steady,
When the comps. for the copy are a-callin'!

Oh, the soul is full of happiness, the heart is full of cheer,
   When the comps. for the copy are a-callin'!
And there's six o' them for primer, and there's seven for brevier,
   When the comps. for the copy are a-callin'!
Oh, the pen it may be mightier with men entirely great
Than the sword, as all the copybooks unanimously state,
But the good old office scissors is the weapon up-to-date
   When the comps. for the copy are a-callin'!
When the comps. are a-callin' for the copy,
   For the copy!
When the comps. are a-yellin' and a-bawlin'!
   Take it gently, never flurry,
   It'll never do to worry,
When the comps. for the copy are a-callin'!
The Moral Of Trilby.

There was a loon who loved a lass—
   His name was Little Billee;
A goodly simple sort of ass
   As virtuous as silly!
But Trilby, she was not the maid
   You'd seriously embarrass—
As pure as any painted jade
   That walked the streets of Paris.

Yet Trilby's face was “wistful sweet,”
   And Trilby's eyes appealing,
And Trilby's alabaster feet
   Inspired poetic feeling!
She loved to show her legs and arms,
   Nor cared a button whether
The world beheld her dazzling charms
   When in “the altogether.”

And Taffy he loved Trilby too
   When first he looked upon her
(A man of large proportions who
   Resembled batsman Bonnor).
The other painter was the Laird,
   Considerably shorter;
A studio the party shared
   Within the Latin Quarter.

They all loved Trilby, every one.
   Although she was a model,
Her soft sweet eyes had quite undone
   The virtuous molly-coddle;
And she loved little Billee—so,
   Without much extra parley,
She took as partner in the show
   A demon named Svengali!

Now Trilby had a lovely voice,
   Voluminous, sonorous,
’T would make Sir Michael's heart rejoice
   To hear it in the chorus;
But Trilby's ear (’t was easily seen)
   Was not attuned too highly—
She could not tell “God Save the Queen”
     From “O Me—olly Riley!”

Svengali taught her how to sing,
     He hypnotised the lady;
His course of action was a thing
     Unquestionably shady;
And Trilby she became the rage,
     To Patti's aggravation,
While Madame Melba left the stage
     In sheer exasperation.

And then Svengali went and died
     And Trilby she died after,
And Billee died and Taffy cried
     And there was no more laughter;
And then the reader heaved a sigh
     You'd hear from France to Britain,
And soon began to wonder why
     The book was ever written.

A Frenchman read the book, and he's
     Decidedly elated,
Yet thinks the English passages
     Had better been translated!
But we Australians have to show
     Our minds are elevated,
And also let each other know
     How well we're educated!

And so we go to Samuel Simms
     Enquiring after Trilby:
“Not in!”—the catalogue he skims—
     “And do n't know when it will be.”
And when we spy it on the shelves
     We straightaway demand it,
And afterwards persuade ourselves
     We really understand it!

And humbug rules the social game
     In other things than reading;
In music, art, it's all the same,
     We want to show “good breeding.”
So lying standards are evoked
     And deference is shown 'em,
Our real opinions must be choked—  
For we're afraid to own 'em!
The Smithville Tandem Bike.

Now Henry Jones and William Brown
Were built as nature planned 'em,
Although the swells in Smithville town
Perpetually banned 'em.
They'd long been chums in fights and frays,
Together “on the burst” for days,
And when they got the cycling craze,
Of course they bought a tandem!

But tandem bikes, though right enough
For those who understand 'em,
Are very apt to cut up rough
On folks who ride at random;
When Brown desired to take the right,
Jones screwed to left with all his might,
And then they'd start to swear and fight
While riding on the tandem!

And Jones would swear that Brown was bound
Upon the road to land 'em,
And all the people standing round
A pair of fools would brand 'em.
Some twenty miles they went in rain
When Brown got off and took the train,
And Jones was left and tried in vain
Himself to ride the tandem!

He tried the front and hinder seat,
But Jones could not command 'em,
With observations choice and sweet
He swore he could n't stand 'em.
Next day the folks who saw the start
Saw Mr. Henry Jones the smart
Returning in a horse and cart—
A-bringing back the tandem!
Fast!

The sails filled out from stem to stern
   And strained the creaking mast,
The vessel flew the crested waves
   For she was very fast!

The Captain feared the try-sail boom
   Might go before the blast,
“It cannot move,” the bo'sun cried,
   “For we have made it fast!”

’T was on the stand at Randwick
   With the horses rushing past,
But Wallace beat them easily
   For he was very fast!

And though it rained, the girl in print
   She did not stand aghast,
The colors could not run because
   She knew that they were fast!

And so she walked before the stand
   All smiling to the last,
But other women frowned and said
   That she was very fast!

Joe Brown he was a glutton and
   His appetite was vast,
He ate and drank from morn till night,
   His life was very fast!

But Joseph's brother Thomas in
   A different mould was cast,
And 'stead of over-eating was
   Too much inclined to fast!

’T is thus our lovely language turns
   And twists from first to last,
And yet we wonder Frenchmen don't
   Learn English very fast!
Clay And China.

There lived a dainty maiden
  On the Ho-hang-ho!
And her heart was heavy-laden
  For her lover went to Aden
And he left the dainty maiden
  On the Ho-hang-ho!

But there came a Yankee lover
  From the O-hi-O,
Yet she managed to discover
  That he thought himself above her,
Did the clever Yankee lover
  From the O-hi-o!

But she thought the people finer
  On the Ho-hang-ho!
Her retort it was a shiner,
  “Both were clay, but she was China,
So the people must be finer
  On the Ho-hang-ho!”
The Man And The Paper.

Now William Jinks he kept a shop
   At Bungville-on-the-Rise,
And though he saw his business drop
   He would not advertise.

He told the local paper-man
   Who dropped a gentle hint,
He thought it was a useless plan
   To put his name in print.

“And if my name were in the Skit,”
   Said William Jinks the wise,
“D 'ye think that folks would notice it?  
   No, I won't advertise!”

But William Jinks went out one night
   To have a glass of ale,
And got so very, very tight
   They waltzed him off to jail!

Next morning to the Skit he ran
   And cried with tears of shame,
“Do n't mention my affair, old man!
   Please do not print my name,

Or everyone will know, methinks,
   My conduct most unwise!”
These were the words of William Jinks
   Who would not advertise!
Alas And Alackaday.

When the Princess Ransikansi
   Loved the Rajah Jamsetjee,
She was pretty as a pansy
   And was beautiful to see.
With her form so lithe and dashing
   And her dark brown eyes aflashing
Did she set herself to mashing
   Of the Rajah Jamsetjee!

Now the Princess she was wealthy
   While the Rajah he was poor,
Yet was handsome, strong, and healthy,
   What could maiden wish for more?
Though her pa (whose consort led him)
   Much desirèd to behead him
She protested she would wed him
   And she swore a wicked swore!

So the Princess got the Rajah,
   (For, of course, she had her way),
And her income it was larger
   Than a shorthand writer's pay!
And when first their troth was plighted
How the Rajah blatherskited!
And exclaimed in tones delighted,
   “Oh, a lass and a lakh a day!”
What Do You Want?

What do you want with lots of loot,
What do you want with more?
In gaining millions what does it boot
An already abundant store?
The happiest man alive is he
With a plain though ample fare,
A humble cot and a lowly lot
And a heart that's free from care.

You can't have everything, you know,
And a natural law provides
The more your worldly fortunes grow
You get more care besides;
And some rich men have a miser's soul,
And out of a boundless store
Get far less joy than the poor little boy
Who's given a brand new bow.

And some rich men have a son that roams
In fields that the wise condemn;
And some are rich, but have childless homes,
And what is their wealth to them?
For the lasting love of a kindred heart
And the pleasure that comes of health,
And the calm we find in a peaceful mind
Are not to be bought by wealth!

And happiness cannot be bought at all,
Beyond all price or charge,
Your share may be large if your wealth is small,
And small though your wealth be large.
So rest content if your fate should send
A plain but an ample fare,
And a humble cot and a lowly lot
And a heart that's free from care!
Our Dog Jim.

We own a dog, his name is Jim,  
And nobody gets the best of him.  
One day when walking down the town,  
The dog was kicked by Jenkins Brown.  
Jim made no fuss, but he was riled,  
Although he merely looked and smiled.  
Now when the policeman came around  
Our Jim was nowhere to be found.  
“Had we a dog, and pay the cost?”  
We said our dog was lately lost.  

And so the policeman went away  
And called on Jenkins Brown next day.  
“Had he a dog?” He swore he'd not  
When Jim appeared upon the spot  
And jumped around and licked his hand  
To let the policeman understand.  
When Jim saw Brown had paid the fine  
He came back home with us to dine.  
That's how we saved our half-a-crown  
And Jim got level with Jenkins Brown!
The Maloni Evolution.

When Mary Ann Malony kept the pub. at Baker's Flat
She was fair and she was forty, she was also fairly fat,
And she went in all the mining specs. and knew what she was at,
You couldn't fool her easily, make no mistake of that!
She was quite a business woman and her head was very clear,
She could doctor all the whiskey and could water down the beer,
For there were no flies on Mary—oh, she was, that's very clear,
Quite a genius, was Mary Ann Malony!

When the Baker's Flat Extended struck a lode of gossan ore
That was going twenty ounces to the bucketful, or more,
There were thirty shares among them—the Malony held a score,
And she sold and made a fortune that she never had before.
Then she toddled off to Europe and she did the Continental,
And she settled down in Paris where she came it very strong,
And the leaders of society frequented the salon
Of the noble-minded Baroness Maloni!

And when Patherick Malony, who was husband of the same,
Raised a steerage fare to Europe for to stop the little game,
He concluded he could cover her with paralysing shame,
But when he arrived at Paris he was feeling pretty tame.
For she told him she would gaol him if he did n't get out o' that,
And she'd never even heard of such a place as Baker's Flat,
She could prove she was a genuine Italian aristocrat,
And her title was the Baroness Maloni!
Two Hypocrites.

There were two hypocrites.
And one, he taught in Sunday School,
And wore a peaceful smile,
In worldly ways he was a fool (?)
His heart was free from guile (??)
He turned his eyes up to the skies
In sorrow for the sin
Of neighbours who were worldly wise;
But what had he within?
A heart well suited for a ghoul,
A covetous, mean and envious soul!

There were two hypocrites.
And one, he gambled, drank and swore,
And sneered at love and faith;
On earlier days he closed the door
And shut out Memory's wraith.
He joined the loud blaspheming crowd
Their coarse applause to win,
And smiled as to his wit they bowed.
But what had he within?
A heart where faith and love lay hid
And loathed and scorned the things he did!
What Is Luck?

There was once a brace of brothers,
   One was Jim and one was Dick.
Dick was careful of the coppers
   And to what he got he'd stick.
Jim was quite a different nature—
   Just a reckless sort of chap
Who would squander every penny
   And would never care a rap.

Jim would swear and he would gamble,
   People used to say he “drank,”
Dick was saving up the shillings
   Which he put into the bank.
He'd a tidy sum at credit
   In what he considered cash,
And he never knew the difference
   Till the bank at last went smash.

Jim just then had bought a ticket
   In a consultation sweep,
Had the luck to draw a starter
   Which the “books” held pretty cheap.
He was quite a rank outsider,
   Could n't race a collie pup,
Had no blessed show whatever—
   But he won the Melbourne Cup!

Dick was feeling quite disheartened,
   Thought he'd have to give it best;
Jim had started with his fortune
   On a champagne-wrestling test.
In a year the bank re-opened,
   Dick was on his feet again,
While his brother Jim was camping
   In the breezy old Domain!

There is luck and there is fortune,
   There is chance—there is, begad!
But some men can't do with good luck
   What some others do with bad.
And the only luck worth having's
   To be born with energy
That will make the best of all things.
   And will graft continuously!
A Genuine Bush Song.

[To be sung slowly to any tune or no tune at all.]

Now come along, ye drover lads,
    Ye drover lads so gay,
For we must take a mob of prads
    To Carpen-tary-a!
We'll take across a thousand head
    And tramp it wide and fur,
The stock's consigned to Carrotty Ned
    On Carpen-tary-her!

Chorus:

So it's saddle up your horses, blokes,
    Across the bush we go,
Inside a week at Spencer's Creek
    We're bound to be, yer know,
And the damper ain't too stinkin',
    And the beef is middlin', so
We'll be 'cross the Queensland border in the mor-nin'!

Oh, a drover's life is jolly and
    A drover's life is free,
So it's fill yer glass with Swanky's brand,
    And have a beer with me!
For we'll soon be back to Melbourne, where
    The boys can breast the bar,
And we all have lots of cash to spare
    From Carpen-tary-ar!

Chorus:

So it's saddle up your horses, blokes,
    Across the bush we go,
Where the rippling Diamantina
    Doth occasionally flow.
There is “posts and rails” and “brownie”
    For yer breakfast now, yer know,
And we're bound to cross the border in the mor-nin'!

Now the city coves in Sydney they're
    A cunnin' sort of push,
And the songs they write is pretty fair
Concernin' of the bush;
But you bet your socks and bluchers it
Would not appear so gay,
If they took a mob of horses out
To Carpen-tery-a!

Chorus:

So it's saddle up your horses, blokes,
Across the bush we go,
We're goin' to where the niggers and
The alligators grow.
Where the rum is worse than poison
And the snakes are lying low,
And we're goin' to cross the border in the mor-nin'!
The Pendulum.

Here's a golden rule of life,
   Watch the swing of the pendulum!
Weal and woe and joy and strife,
   Watch the swing of the pendulum!
Always swinging to and fro,
Chances come and chances go,
Life's experience finds it so;
   Watch the swing of the pendulum!
Up and down and to and fro,
Chances come and chances go,
Chances go and chances come,
   Watch the swing of the pendulum!

Hear the people shout hurrahs,
   Watch the swing of the pendulum!
Trust ye not to loud huzzas,
   Watch the swing of the pendulum!
Groans are sure to change to cheers,
Smiles are bound to turn to tears,
Hopes presage the looming fears,
   Watch the swing of the pendulum!
Right to left and left to right,
Night to day and day to night,
Seasons go and seasons come,
   Watch the swing of the pendulum!

Gathering clouds are hanging low,
   Watch the swing of the pendulum!
See the cheery sunshine glow,
   Watch the swing of the pendulum!
Life is sad and life is gay,
Bright to-morrow if dark to-day,
What a ahead of us who can say?
   Watch the swing of the pendulum!
Changes come to every door,
Poor grow rich and rich grow poor,
Chances go and chances come,
   Watch the swing of the pendulum!
Oozleum.

There was an old skipper belonged to Jerusalem
Known by the name of Mahomet Methusalehm,
Jolly old sailor who captained a crew
Sailing from Joppa across to Corfusalehm.
Tired of the Mediterranean Bluesalehm
Out at Gibraltar he went for a cruisealehm;
Somebody told the old seafaring Jewsalehm
Sydney was boss of the lot for a boozalehm.
Down to the southward the schooner it flew
'Cross the equator at longitude two-alehm;
Up Sydney Harbour the vessel she drew
Once alongside old Mahomet Methusalehm
Went off ashore on a lengthened carousealehm
Just as old sailors so frequently do-alehm!
Not very much of our liquor he knew
Several brandies and whiskies got through
Then it went ill with Mahomet Methusalehm
Flattened right out by colonial fuselum;
Head the next morning, (deplorably truealehm!) Swelled like a pumpkin in Woolloomoolooalehm,
So with a shudder Mahomet Methusalehm Packed up his traps and went home to Jerusalem!
Now the township of Mickity-Mulga,
   Which lies on the bank of the Bland,
Is entirely surrounded by cockies
   Who are rough in the speech and the hand;
And there's pretty rough coves in the village,
   And you can't pick on one for a tug,
But the biggest and roughest, the strongest and toughest's
   A bloke they call Billy the Pug.

There's a pub out at Mickity-Mulga
   (And there used to be one or two more
'Fore the traffic was killed by the railway),
   And a goodish-sized general store;
And a butcher shop, too, and a smithy,
   Where the business is still pretty snug,
For a man as can graft at a shoe or a shaft,
   And the blacksmith is Billy the Pug.

He has shoulders as wide as a giant's,
   He is over six feet as he stands,
And he'd make yer sing out "lemme go, Bill,"
   With his grip as he went to shake hands;
And the coves from out back who'd been shearing,
   Did n't challenge the crowd for a plug,
Even Slogger McGee was polite as could be
   In the presence of Billy the Pug!

Now some ten miles from Mickity-Mulga
   There's a town they call Johnsonville, and
It considered, regarding of football,
   It could lick anything on the Bland.
But the blokes out at Mickity-Mulga
   Had defeated the chaps at the Scrub,
So the schoolmaster wrote a polite little note
   For to challenge the Johnsonville club.

Well, the challenge of course was accepted
   By the Johnsonville chaps, who would take
A trip out and play 'em at Mulga,
   Which is just when they made the mistake!
And the Johnsonville chaps brought an umpire,
   Who was small, though a very big bug,
But the Mickity crew said they wanted one too,
   And their umpire'd be Billy the Pug.

So they started with four bound'ry umpires,
   And with two in the centre as well;
And the Johnsonville team had the science,
   And their hearts were as sound as a bell;
But the other blokes' size was enormous,
   And you should have seen Johnsonville's mug
And the look of surprise in the Johnsonville eyes
   At the rulings of Billy the Pug!

For the *other* umpire was n't in it;
   He, no doubt, was a judge of the game,
But if Billy decided it one way,
   Why, the Johnsonville bloke did the same;
And the free kicks for Mickity-Mulga,
   You can bet they were frequent, of course,
But the champion trick was when Carrotty Mick
   Was awarded three points for a force!

Billy said he had not had much practice,
   But he thought he'd get on pretty right,
And on Johnsonville notions of Rugby
   Bill threw quite a different light;
If a Johnsonville cove got the leather
   And got clean through the lot like a plum,
You would hear Billy blow on the whistle, you know,
   And they'd have to come back for a scrum!

And if anyone grumbled, why, Billy
   Would ask what they grumbled about;
When the other umpire said the very same thing
   How could anyone have any doubt?
Oh, he might n't know much about football,
   And at points he perhaps was a mug,
But the Johnsonville best was n't game to contest
   The decisions of Billy the Pug!

Well, of course, it was Mickity-Mulga
   That won the great battle that day,
And the score it was thirteen to nothing
   And the game it was what you'd call gay;
And they had a great supper that evening
   And exclaimed, as they passed round the jug,
And they tackled the grub of the Mickity club,
“Here's good fortune to Billy the Pug!”
The Olden Golden Days.

Oh, some may sing of the olden days,
   Of the days of long ago!
When the noble knight in his armour bright
   Went forth to meet the foe.
And some may sing of the tournaments,
   And some find paeans of praise
For the songs they sung when the earth was young
   In the olden golden days!

But I will sing of the peasant's hut
   And his earthen floor, a bog,
And his couch of straw and a bone to gnaw
   Like a Nineteenth Century dog!
And the coarse rough cloak and the unkempt hair
   And the dull and vacuous gaze,
And the fetid smell from an earthly hell
   In the olden golden days!

And some may sing of the Castle halls
   And the palaces rich and great,
And the gems that glow on the royal brow,
   As the monarch sits in state;
And the amber wine, and the kingly fare,
   And the Yule-log's roaring blaze,
And the martial toasts of the knightly hosts
   In the olden golden days!

But I will sing of the junks of meat
   They flung on the marble floor,
While smoke, like fog, from a smouldering log
   Went out at the open door.

And I will sing of the loathsome jests
   And the gross and brutal lays
The harper sang to the swinish gang
   In the olden golden days!

And some may sing of the lovely maids
   And the courtly gentle dames,
When smiles delight the favourite knight,
   Contending at manly games—
The courtly dames who clawed raw meat
And laughed at a lecher's gaze,
And swore like men in a boozing ken
    In the olden golden days!

But I will sing of the modern time
    And the wonders of the hour;
Of the Zigzag ridge and the Brooklyn bridge
    And the lofty Eiffel tower;
And the wire that carries around the earth
    What mankind thinks and says—
Oh, what would they say to the Röntgen ray
    In the olden golden days?

And some may sing of the charioteer,
    But I of the Pullman car,
Or the flying wheel and the joy you feel
    With a grip of the handle-bar!
And some may sing of the lantern's glare,
    But I of the 'lectric rays.
They'd jump with fright at the Edison light
    In the olden golden days!

Who please may sing of the knights and squires
    And the glittering helms of gold,
And the prancing steeds and the daring deeds
    In the brave old days of old;
But I'm not gone on the old romance,
    For a close survey betrays
They tell us a lot of ridiculous rot
    Of the olden golden days!
Romance And Reality.

A teardrop, like the sparkling dew
   Upon the fragrant violet,
Stood in her eye so sweetly blue,
Whose soulful depths of azure hue
   Showed much of gentle sadness yet.
The teardrop sparkled like the dew
   Upon the fragrant violet!

The teardrops, if like sparkling dew,
   Most certainly were funny'uns,
Her eyes were rather red than blue
And blinking when she looked at you,
   For she was peeling onions;
And chilblains she had got a few,
   And unpoetic bunions!
The Cruellest Cut.

In publishing the names of officers to be retained in the N.S.W. Public Service the Board added also the salary received. Whence the following:—

Such a dandy, such a grandee!
Such a nice young man!
Such a “soda-please-and-brandy”
Such a smart young man!
Such a wake-and-call-me-early
Such a kiss-me-little-girly
Such a scented, such a curly,
   Such a sweet young man!

And how marvellous his nerve is!
   Such a bold young man!
He is in the Civil Service,
   Such a neat young man!
And it consequently follows
From his Tower-of-Babel collars
That he's got a lot of dollars,
   Such a rich young man!

He is tailored to perfection,
   Such a grand young man!
And his chain will bear inspection,
   Such a true young man!
And his vest is double-breasted
And his collar-stud is crested
And he's very narrow-chested,
   Such a pale young man!

And the truth was never hinted
   Of the bright young man!
Till the list of screws was printed—
   Such a sad young man!
For the dandy of the frillings
And the cooings and the billings
Had a screw of forty shillings,
   What a wild young man!
Scorching.

A certain Old Gentleman sat by the fire
   In a Place that we none of us name,
And called to the stokers to blandly enquire
   How the biker on earth with the pneumatic tyre
Got along with the pedalling game.
   (The same Was a highly enjoyable game!)

And the wily Old Gentleman went to an elf
   Who was making a torch in the porch,
Said the elf, “Well, I can't say I've seen it myself,
   But they say from the poorest right up to the Guelph
They are all of’em learning to scorch—This torch
   Ain't a thing to the way they can scorch!”

Then the wily Old Gentleman smiled him a smole
   And he leered him a horrible leer,
And he said, “It would really appear on the whole
   That these folks are prepared for a subsequent rôle—
There'll be plenty of scorching down here, I fear,
   There'll be plenty of scorching down here!”
When Matilda Hangs The Washing On The Line.

Though our general existence is a dull and weary waste
Of the clicking of the scissors and the splashing of the paste,
And of writing little paragraphs concerning Mr. Brown
And the wonderful improvements he's effected in the town;
Though the dreary repetition and the everlasting round
Of perpetual monotony is generally found,
We have just one gleam of sunshine in a melancholy fate,
When Matilda hangs the washing on the line at Number Eight!

There are divers blooming damsels who reside at Number Eight,
And Matilda is the servant maid and sweet to contemplate;
She has arms of alabaster and an eye of heav'nly blue,
And her hair is crisp and curly and of lovely auburn hue.
And we watch her from the window of our humble domicile
And are frequently rewarded with a sunny little smile,
And we sometimes feel our sorrows we are apt to overrate,
When Matilda hangs the washing on the line at Number Eight!

When we're dashing off a leader on the European row,
Or recording how McGinnis lost his famous milking cow,
Or regretting the recurrence of incendiary fires,
Or constructing sundry paragraphs or “panning out the wires,”
We have still a lurking hopefulness for better days in store
With a gleam of sunshine breaking the monotony of yore,
Of a pleasure in existence, of a glimpse of earthly Heaven
With Matilda hanging washing on the line at Number Seven!
Abu Ben Mahomet.

It was Abu Ben Mahomet from Arabia the blest
Who desired to be a Christian and who took a journey west,
And invited the professors of religion to explain
With that elegance of diction and that forcefulness of brain
For which Europe is so famous, so remarkable indeed,
All the tenets and the doctrines of the noble Christian creed;
And he gathered them together in a room at his hotel,
In a town that's known as London, where the wisest people dwell.

And there was a Roman Catholic, a famous Anglican,
A Methodist, a Baptist, and a Presbyterian,
A Quaker and a Shaker and a Plymouth brother too,
And a dozen other clerics of most every point of view.
When the Baptist gave his doctrine with much eloquence and force
He was flatly contradicted by the Anglican, of course;
And the Quaker and the Shaker used some language very strong,
Though they both agreed in stating that the Catholic was wrong!
The United Presbyterian he ventured to suggest
That the doctrine of the Calvinists was better than the rest,
Which aroused the wrath and anger of the Plymouth Brother, who
Said he thought a Presbyterian no better than a Jew!
Now a gen'r'al altercation, as most ev'rybody knows,
Has a tendency for leading on from argument to blows,
And the meeting might have ended in a lamentable “scene”
Had not Abu Ben Mahomet had the wit to intervene!

It was Abu Ben Mahomet, growing weary of his quest,
Sailed away again from London to Arabia the blest,
Made a pilgrimage to Mecca and immediately swore
To be faithful to the Prophet and to Islam evermore!
And when asked of his religion in the future he would say
That he tried to be a Christian, but he could n't find the way,
And he thought before their missionaries came across the sea
That the Christians should discover how to mutually agree!
A Great Performance.

It was on the Never-Never where the Jackeroos endeavour
To be very, very, clever with the stranger imbecile,
And the station Ananias has no compromising bias
But excels all other liars in his dignity and style—
It was there that wily William with his bosom full of guile
Did his bike and snake performance of eleven hundred mile!

He'd been reading up at Raper's how them bikers cut their capers
And according to the papers how they made their record breaks,
And he bet he'd find the pacers for to flatten out them racers
And he'd set 'em up some facers in about a brace o' shakes.
And he goes and gets a dozen of the liveliest of snakes
Such as always are located round the new artesian lakes!

And he harnessed up the creatures, with a smile upon his features—
Says “I'll let them Johnnies teach us how to make the bloomin' pace
For a driver and a drover!” and he jumps upon his Rover,
Takes the greenhide ribbons over with a cheerful smilin' face;
And he flourishes his stockwhip with the elegance and grace
Of the portly Duke o' Portland in a London coaching race!

Well, he gets his team together and he starts 'em 'ell for leather
Till he'd make yer wonder whether 't was a meteor or what.
“Now then, Brownie! where yer haulin'! get up Diamond!” he was callin',
And we feared he might be fallin', but by Jingo he was not.
And he went around the station with them pacers like a shot
And he busted all the records of that city cycling lot!
The Fate Of Tate.

There once was a party named Timothy Tate
Who vowed that the world was too quick,
The rush and the clatter bewildered his pate
And it made him feel dreadfully sick.

And slower and slower poor Timothy grew
For exertion was not to his mind,
And the faster the rest of humanity flew
The further poor Tim fell behind!

Poor Tim got so slow and the world got so fast,
That he fell in a terrible plight;
For he woke up one day in the week before last,
With the rest of the world out of sight!

And he yelled in vain, for the world could n't hear
Though he kicked up a deuce of a row,
It went on and poor Timothy dropped in the rear
And he's back in last century now!
Dan The Bullocky.

There are twenty shearers on the board upon the Castlereagh,
And, without machines, they ought to shear a hundred score a day;
And the forty bales o' fleeces with the Mickity-Mulga brand
Wait for Carrotty Dan of Coona'bran, the bullocky from the Bland!

Chorus:

And it's “Way there Strawberry! yer blankity blank!” says he;
And for depth and breadth of language which is forcible and free,
From the Gulf away to Gippsland there's no driver in the land
Up to Carrotty Dan of Coona'bran, the bullocky from the Bland!

He has twenty head, and beauties, and he calls 'em all by name,
And they answer to the cursing, they are staunch and they are game;
If he spoke in gentle language they would never understand,
For it ain't all beer and skittles driving bullocks on the Bland

Chorus:

And it's “Gee back, Diamond! yer blankity-blank and dash!”
“Gee out o' that saplin, Baldy!” and the whip comes down a crash.
“Way Nugget! Get up Blossom!” oh, he's something really grand,
Is Carrotty Dan of Coona'bran, the bullocky from the Bland!

You should see him by the waggon when they're camping for the night,
And the mutton's started bakin' and the fire's a-burning bright.
After tea he plays at euchre, and he plays a decent hand,
Does Carrotty Dan of Coona'bran, the bullocky from the Bland.

Chorus: And it's “Way there, etc.”
Spring, Sweet Spring!

Now pass along the light guitar
   The minstrel wants to sing
Of birds who greet in concert sweet
   In lovely leafy Spring.
(But mind you shut the office door
   When you go out, my cove,
And do n't forget to bring me more
   Fresh timber for the stove.)

The world is bright and gay, you know,
   The sky is clear and bright
(That was a lovely fall of snow
   We had on Sunday night!)
In gentle Spring Dame Nature kind
   Her lovely garb doth wear.
(Great Caesar's ghost! This eastern wind
   Would freeze a Polar bear!)

The glorious sun shines overhead,
   The sunbeams gaily skip
(I hear old Brown is nearly dead
   With another dose of grippe!)
The golden wattle proudly blooms,
   The rosebud opens out,
(The draught that whistles through these rooms
   Would give a man the gout!)

So let me sing of gentle Spring,
   Of Spring, when all is gay,
When song-birds carol on the wing
   And balmy zephyrs play.
(But balmy zephyrs here I bar,
   I just now got a whiff;
And please remove the light guitar—
   The strings are frozen stiff!)
Explains It.

If Eve was made from Adam's rib,
    And ancient tales are n't fibbin's;
Why then we have the reason glib
    Why woman dotes on ribbons!

If Eve was dressed in leaves of fig,
    The reason comes (don't snigger)
Why woman wants in every rig
    To be a splendid figger!
The Quarter-Back.

The Mickity-Mulga quarter-back
Was commonly known as Bandy Jack,
He rode a sort of a circus hack
That clinked his shoes with a clickity-clack,
And Bandy Jack with his hair so black
And his arms as long as a chimney-stack
Was number one and the pick o' the pack;
The Mickity-Mulga quarter-back!

The Mickity-Mulga quarter-back—
Whatever the knowledge he chanced to lack—
Was much more use than the Sydney crack
With the cleverest dodge and the smartest knack;
For he stopped a try with a hearty smack
On the side o' the jaw—and a horrible whack
Went the Sydney crack on the broad of his back,
When he found he was tackled by Bandy Jack!

Well, it was n't the game for a quarter-back,
But nobody told him to leave the track,
For his frame was big and his arm was slack
And he “would n't put up with nobody's clack;”
When the captain threatened to give him the sack
He called him a blankity-blankity quack,
And as hard as a nail and as tough as a tack
Was the Mickity-Mulga quarter-back!
The New Chum And The 'Possum.

Oh, the ring-tailed 'possum on the bough one night,
He saw that the moon was shining bright.
Says he to himself "There's too much light
And I'll hide behind the blossom!"
But the new chum came with his bright new gun,
Says he to himself, says he, "There's one!
Now watch me well and you'll see some fun
For I'm going to shoot that 'possum!"

And the jackass sat on the tree near by,
And he laughed till he felt he was fit to cry
And he said "I thinks to myself, thinks I,
That the chap up the tree will boss him!"
Then the new chum fired, but he got no show,
And the gun kicked back with a dreadful blow.
"Ho ho!" said the jackass, "ho-ho-ho!"
"Ha ha!" said the ring-tailed 'possum!
Lip Tip Cat.

A wicked little cannibal was Lip Tip Cat,
He was fond of pickled missionary, not too fat,
   When the wicked little sinner
   Had a missionary dinner
He would cook it in a manner you would marvel at!

He'd natural antipathy to cold roast goat,
And to iguana banquets gave an adverse vote.
   But his eyes would gleam with pleasure
   When he had to take the measure
Of a plumpish little parson in a long black coat!
Three Roses.

Away in the West where the sunset is red
And a murmur is borne on the breeze
Of the hum of the day and the forest birds' lay
Through the leaves of the wilderness trees,
There are three blooming roses as sweet as the morn
Where the dew-spangled violets rest,
And the blushes are bright to the traveller's sight
Of the roses that bloom in the West!

And the names of the roses? Sweet Mary is one—
Ah, how kind is her lovely black eye!
When it flashes with glee it is goodly to see,
And how soft is the sound of her sigh!
And her sister, sweet Flora the Queen of the Flowers,
With the full dark-brown tresses we love;
Oh, the charm of her smile would the grimmest beguile,
And as gentle and kind as a dove!

And sweet Nellie the third blooming rose of the West
Is as sweet and as kind and as fair,
With the charm of her eyes in their simple surprise
And her curling luxuriant hair.
You may search through the north, you may search through the south,
But to me far the sweetest and best
Are the theme of this lay—for the fairest I say
Are the roses that bloom in the West!
'T was away in old Missouri where the blizzards blow like fury
   And the foreman of the jury chews tobacco at the trial,
Where the wooden hams do flourish and the mush and doughnuts nourish
   And the mugwumps of the parish hang a horse-thief once'n a while—
It was there that Boss McGritty was the Marshal of the city
   And the Mayor and the Committee and the great Panjanderam,
And he said he felt a sort o' great desire to stop the water
   (There was eighty million gallons in the dam Dam! Dam!)

So the Mayor cut off the water and the folk were breathing slaughter
   As they washed themselves in porter and they cleaned their teeth with gin!
And the local horse-reporter paid a dollar and-a-quarter
   For a pannikin of water for to shave his little chin!
And the builder growing shorter went for rum to mix his mortar
   And his language was a snorter for the land of wooden ham!
But McGutty thought he oughter be most careful with the water
   With but eighty million gallons in the dam, Dam! DAM!
"'98."

Who fears to speak of '98,
Whose natal day we celebrate?
This is the day from which we depart
New resolutions, good and great!

Henceforth our smoking shall be abstained,
The weed nicotian we shall banish.
We'll swear off gin and whiskey straight,
And put no noisemakers on the sash.

Our words we now will regulate
In phrases mild and delicate,
Such games as pool we'll design
As absolutely reprehensible!

Who speaks of Yankee Grab must wait
On other folk's in '98!
No dominoes to enervate
And cloud the mind inebriate!

Oh, we shall not participate
In sinful games in '98,
But daily seek to elevate
Our minds on things regenerate!

We'll go to church in solemn state
Six times a week in '98,
And place our sixpence on the plate
If coppers are inadequate.

This is our present estimate
Of virtues in the aggregate,
We happily might effectuate
If man were but immaculate!

Alas, in dread we contemplate
Lest '99 eventuate
And find us in the parlous state
In which we started '98!
Dead Sea Fruit.

In the modern daily paper you will very often see
What appears to be a story aptly told;
And you settle down to read it as delighted as can be
But it very often happens you are sold;
For before you reach the middle of the charming little tale
There's an end to all anticipated thrills,
For you find it's an advertisement for Tangleswanky's Ale
Or for Dr. Cummin Killem's Special Pills!

And it's just the same with everything you meet with during life,
For there's nothing that is really what it seems;
And the bright anticipations at beginning of the strife
Are as vain as all the visions of our dreams!
For the future in the distance looks a smiling flowery vale
With the golden sun a-shining on the hills,
But you find it just as commonplace as Tangleswanky's Ale
Or as Dr. Cummin Killem's Special Pills!
Quay!

A man wandered down to the Circular Quay,
And over the beautiful harbor looked huay,
Exclaiming, “My heart, I am longing to fluay
Far over the waves of the emerald suay,
   The suay,
   The suay,
   The emerald suay!
Far over the waves of the emerald suay!”

“The love of my heart is unfaithful to muay,
I dreamed that no mortals so happy as wuay!
Oh, cruel, tyrannical, merciless shuay!
More cruel than waves of the pitiless suay,
   The suay,
   The suay,
   The thundering suay,
The hissing, the foaming, tempestuous suay!”

“And now that my fortunes are all up a truay,
The barque of my life drifting on to the luay,
My bosom still swells with the thought that I'm fruay,
As free as the open and rip-rippling suay,
   The suay,
   The suay,
   The beautiful suay,
The leaping, the laughing, the rollicking suay!”
[Then he went to North Shore from the Circular Quay!]
Bandy Pat Of Blue Gum Flat.

I'm Bandy Pat from Blue Gum Flat,
   My age is eighty-one,
A rouseabout's the game I'm at
   On Cambaroora Run!
In spite of humble parentage
   A song I'm going to sing,
And tell you how I came of age
   When Sailor Bill was King!

The world has seen a lot of change;
   Of trains we did n't dream
When I came o'er the mountain range
   And drove a bullock team!
We used to earn a fairish wage
   And then we'd have a fling,
But that was when I came of age
   And Sailor Bill was King!

We've got the trains, we have the trams,
   We have the Public Schools,
We've lots of crams and great exams.
   To manufacture fools.
The way the world has gone ahead
   Is most bewildering,
And me at Cambaroora shed
   Since Sailor Bill was King!

The Röntgen ray for broken bones
   It beats me out o' sight!
The telegraphs, the telephones,
   The great electric light:
The women too they now engage
   In nearly everything;
It's happened since I came of age
   When Sailor Bill was King!

But though the world has gone ahead,
   And wondrous things are done,
While I've been eating damper bread
   On Cambaroora Run,
There's no one yet that ever heard
   Me boast about a thing,
Although of course it's all occurred
   Since Sailor Bill was King!

The Queen she gets the credit—she
   Has been upon the throne;
But blowed if I can quite agree
   She did it all alone!
She's been the Queen beyond a doubt,
   And been a decent one,
But, blow me, I've been rouseabout
   On Cambaroora Run!
Australia's Wisdom.

In other lands the wise men and the great,
The greatest minds, are given to rule the State;
Each seeks to make his own the ascendant star
And genius leads them to the verge of war.
But mild Australia, wiser in her ken.
To trade and commerce gives her wisest men,
While shiftless dolts and wealthy fools are sent
To play at making laws in Parliament!
The Pharisee And Sadducee.

A Pharisee and a Sadducee
Bewailed the world's iniquity,
The evil ways, the devil's ways,
And sin and grief's ubiquity.
The Sadducee declared that he
Had doubts of man's enormities;
The Pharisee cried “Look at me,
My life how uniform it is!”

The Sadducee regretted he
Was of the Scribes and Pharisees,
For grieving, moaning, groaning is
A kind of life that harasses.
The Sadducee began to see
His doctrine was a heresy,
And when he saw its patent flaw
The Sadducee was fairer—see?

The Pharisee, however, he
Immediately got mad you see;
He said men could be nothing good
If they were ever glad, you see;
And so he groaned and sighed and moaned
That men were all so bad you see.
The Sadducee was fairer, see?
The Pharisee was sad you see!
Federation.

Let us sing of Federation
   ('T is the theme of every cult)
And the joyful expectation
   Of its ultimate result.
'T will confirm the jubilation
Of protection's expectation,
And the quick consolidation
Of freetrade with every nation;
And teetotal legislation
Will achieve its consummation
And increase our concentration
On the art of bibulation.
We shall drink to desperation,
And be quite the soberest nation
We'll be desperately loyal
Unto everything that's royal,
And be ultra-democratic
In a matter most emphatic.
We'll be prosperous and easeful,
And pre-eminently peaceful,
And we'll take our proper station
As a military nation!
We shall show the throne affection,
Also sever the connection,
And the bonds will get no fainter
And we'll also cut the painter.
We'll proclaim with lute and tabor
The millennium of labour,
And we'll bow before the gammon
Of plutocracy and Mammon.
We'll adopt all fads and fictions
And their mass of contradictions
   If all hopes are consummated
When Australia's federated;
   For the Federation speeches
This one solid moral teach us—
That a pile of paradoxes are expected to result!
Queen Wilhelmina And The Bicycle

Away down in Holland by the silent Zuyder Zee
Lives a curly, comely maiden who's as sad as sad can be,
She's the queen and regal ruler of the land of dreary dyke,
But her ministers decided that she must n't ride a bike.
And the Queen Wilhelmina, she is sad, sad, sad,
She is ropeable, she's savage, and she's mad, mad, mad!

No affliction could be keener
To the angry Wilhelmina,
For the statesmen say she must n't ride a bike!

There's war down in Holland by the silent Zuyder Zee,
For the ramping Wilhelmina has a yearning to be free,
And she'll likely be eloping if there is n't plenty care
With a greasy organ-grinder with a raven head of hair.
For the Queen Wilhelmina, she is sad, sad, sad,
And her ministers are obviously mad, mad, mad!

It's a great mistake they're making,
It's a risky undertaking,
When you tell a girl she must n't ride a bike!
Katzenjammer.

“Katzenjammer” is a German word that is a cross between “ennui” and “laziness.” It signifies a general disinclination to get up and hustle.

Dere vos a man, I knows him vell,
   He casts some kind of glamour
He shpeaks so nice I don't could tell
   How shplendid vos his grammar.
At talking he vos like a Turk
But sometings else he like to shirk,
He always feels too tired to vork,
   He has dot Katzenjammer!
He has dot Katzenjammer, zo!
He talks mit shplendid grammar, zo!
   But vork he not
   Because he got
Der grossen Katzenjammer!

I knows a man vos alvays sick,
   For pills and tings he clamour;
He tinks he vants 'em mighty quick
   But don't could shtrike no hammer!
He could n't eat some bite or sup,
He hates dot tea and coffee cup,
He only vants some pick-him-up,
   He has dot Katzenjammer!
He has dot Katzenjammer, zo!
He could n't shtrike no hammer, zo!
   Dot lazy sot
   I tinks he got
Der grossen Katzenjammer!

I knows a man vos always sad,
   He say dot life's a drama
And some vos good and some vos bad
   In life's long panorama.
He says der vorld is hard and tinks
Dot fate is cruel, and he drinks.
I says unto mineself, and vinks,
   “He has dot Katzenjammer!”
He has dot Katzenjammer, zo!
I tinks he vos a shammer, zo!
I tinks a lot
Of people's got
Der grossen Katzenjammer!
The Month Of May.

I love the merry month of May
   When all the world seems fairer!
I love the Council's watering dray
A-crawling on its drowsy way,
I love its little tiny spray
   Like tear-drops on Sahara!
I love the merry month of May
   When all the world seems fairer!

I love the merry month of May
   When lengthy droughts are scaring!
Oh, life is pleasant, life is gay!
I love the merry month of May
When parsons want to make us pray
   And squatters fall to swearing!
I love the merry month of May
   When lengthy droughts are scaring!
Love And The Cycles.

Bert bestrode a Bradbury,
    And Rosie rode a Rover,
Rosie she was fair to see
    And smiled as it behove her!
Away they went; it might have been
    In ancient days to Gretna Green.
“Oh, my machine's a fine machine!”
    Said Rosie on the Rover.

Rosie rode a Rover
    And Bert bestrode a Bradbury;
Rose demure was sweet and pure
    As cocoa made by Cadbury!
And not a cloud arose between
    To mar the brightness of the scene,
Till “My machine's the best machine!”
    Said Bertie on the Bradbury.

Bertie backed the Bradbury
    To romp around the Rover,
Rosie said he'd lost his head
    And everything was over!
And so they parted, he and she,
    And both as cross as cross could be,
For Bert bestrode a Bradbury
    While Rosie rode a Rover!
Rural Politics.

Septimus Smith was an orator bold
And an orator bold was he,
And an eloquent man when he began
As ever you'd wish to see;
And the one desire that filled his breast
Was a statesman for to be
And to repper-resent in Parley-ament
A country constituencee!

A noble ambition
For men of position
You'll readily all agree
For to repper-resent in Parley-ament
A country constituencee!

Octavius Brown was a regular chump,
And his relatives all confess
That Octavius Brown as a circus clown
Would have been a pronounced success.

Now Octavius Brown, he too desired
Notorious for to be
And to repper-resent in Parley-ament
That country constituencee!

No man is so foolish,
Pig-headed or mulish
But's morally certain he
Can repper-resent in Parley-ament
A country constituencee!

Now Septimus Smith could speak real well,
Octavius Brown could “shout,”
And the last must win, so he got put in
And Septimus was “put out.”

A talentea man is not required—
You need n't know A from B
For to repper-resent in Parley-ament
A country constituencee!

Who flatters and chatters
On family matters
The likeliest person he
For to repper-resent in Parley-ament
A country constituencee!
In Parliament Brown said never a word,
    He had n't the sense, you see;
But at bridges and roads, and similar loads,
    No member more apt than he.
He's popular now if he has no brains
    And as long as he likes he'll be
For to repper-resent in Parley-ament
    That country constituencee!
    A man of position
    And void of volition
You'll certainly all agree
Should repper-resent in Parley-ament
A country constituencee!
The Godly Johnsons.

John Johnson was a godly man,
   A godly man was he,
He lived upon the simple plan
   Of working charity.
He had a “home for aged poor,”
   A “home for orphans,” too,
No waif was turned from Johnson's door;
   Besides, it would n't do!
The public came up to the scratch
   To find him with the means,
In fact we never met his match
   At raking in the beans.
And Johnson was so very nice,
   So pious and so good,
And so entirely free from vice—
   (So people understood!)
And Mrs. Johnson was a dame
   Well suited to her mate,
Who gained considerable fame
   In temperance debate.
And Mr. J. and Mrs. J.
   No Christian toil would shirk;
Reclaiming sinners, so they say,
   Is easier than work!
And Johnson did, of course, belong
   To nearly every lodge
(You can't come out in this too strong
   In working any dodge).
So Mr. J. and Mrs. J.
   Waxed famous near and far,
And everybody used to say,
   “How good those Johnsons are!”
Now, doctored cards are right enough
   And loaded dice may pay,
And two-up coins may bring in “stuff”
   If worked the proper way;
But, oh! the champion dodge of all,
   And one that brings in most
Is “answering to duty's call”
And “rescuing the lost.”
The Mosquito And The Politician.

There was a bad mosquito
   With a most tremendous sting,
And he was a very vicious
   And extremely wicked thing.
He would puncture all the people
   That he ever came across,
He had killed an alligator
   And had paralysed a hoss.

He could sting a knight in armour,
   He could drill a stucco wall,
He could pierce a Cornish boiler—
   Was the daddy of 'em all.
From his lengthy list of glories
   He had never known a rest
Till he met a politician
   And he had to give him best.

He attacked the sleeping statesman,
   Started boring at his cheek,
But he wore his sting to nothing
   After working for a week.
Then he left and told his troubles
   To a relative who said
“Well, you must have been a donkey
   Not to sting him on the head!”
Bundabah.

'T was Gentleman Jack from Jamberoo,
   The ringer of Bundabah,
He shore his hundred and forty-two
   And never sang out for “tar!”
He ribbed the wether and ribbed the ewe,
The leathery necks he pinked 'em too,
Did Gentleman Jack of Jamberoo,
   The ringer of Bundabah!

Now T. Bellwether, Esquire, J.P.,
   Was owner of Bundabah,
And brought some gentlemen up to see
   His property, famed afar.
And two of the crowd, a beautiful two,
De Brown and Jones of Woolloomooloo,
Were dressed to kill the pretty girls who
   Were staying at Bundabah!

And Kit Bellwether, the prettiest girl,
   The beauty of Bundabah,
A gem she was, and a perfect pearl,
   A diamond and a star!
Her smiling eye was a lovely blue,
Her silvery laugh it thrilled you through,
De Brown and Jones were mashed, so too
   Was another at Bundabah!

De Brown and Jones of Woolloomooloo
   Were “gone” upon Bundabah,
They wanted the place and the beauty too—
   But which of 'em? There you are!
They argued, quarrelled, and even swore
In a style unfit for the clothes they wore,
And determined to fight as the knights of yore,
   For possession of Bundabah!

The “shed” knocked off and they formed a ring
   For the honour of Bundabah;
The cook, being up in that sort of thing,
   Was umpire and held the tar.
The rivals had n't a deal of skill
But went to work with a right good will,
And never was seen such a glorious mill,  
Before upon Bundabah!

“Now give it him, Jones!” the chaps called out:  
“Now Browney, show who you are!”
Poor Jones went down with a terrible clout  
And the rouseabouts called for “tar!”
And on they went till the boss broke through  
And said, “My blanketty girl has flew  
With that blanketty blank from Jamberoo!”
   The ringer of Bundabah!

And oh it was a terrible scene,  
An awfully nasty jar!
De Brown had “been through a threshing machine,”  
And Jones had many a scar,  
But over the plains and hills so blue  
A pair of horses they simply flew,  
With Gentleman Jack from Jamberoo  
And the beauty of Bundabah!

“——!” (The Great Australian Adjective!)  
The sunburnt —— stockman stood  
And, in a dismal —— mood,  
Apostrophised his —— cuddy;  
The —— nag's no —— good,  
He could n't earn his —— food——  
A regular —— brumby,  
——!”

He jumped across the —— horse  
And cantered off, of —— course!  
The roads were bad and —— muddy;  
Said he: “Well, spare me —— days  
The —— Government's —— ways  
Are scream'in' —— funny,  
——!”

He rode up hill, down —— dale,  
The wind it blew a —— gale,  
The creek was high and —— floody.  
Said he: “The —— horse must swim,  
The same for —— me and him,  
Is something —— sickenin',  
——!”
He plunged into the —— creek,
The —— horse was —— weak,
    The stockman's face a —— study!
And though the —— horse was drowned
The —— rider reached the ground
    Ejaculating: “——?”
    “——!”
A Sad Case.

The landowner sat in his soft armchair
   With a tear in his bright blue eye,
And he poked at the fire that was blazing there,
   And he heaved a pathetical sigh,
And he opened a bottle of Mumm's champagne
   Which the footman had placed at hand,
And he drank in his sorrow and grief and pain—
   They were going to tax his land.

The landowner paced on his velvet pile,
   And gazed at a marble bust,
Ah! why was the world so horrid and vile!
   No statesman was safe to trust.
He rang for a Henry Clay cigar
   Sat down at the Steinway grand,
And sadly he plunged through the opening bar—
   They were going to tax his land!

Then presently entered a liveried ass
   Announcing a visitor's name,
'Twas Theophilus Croesus Jones Midas—
   You've probably heard of the same?
He fell on the landowner's shoulder and wept
   With grief inexpressibly shocked,
The Premier's promise was going to be kept,
   And Croesus's income was docked!

These brothers in sorrow imbibed the champagne,
   Havanna smoke upwardly curled,
They sat and decided this terrible strain
   Demanded a trip round the world.
For grief or affliction unhinges the mind,
   Forgetfulness truly we need,
When met with ungentleness, cruel and unkind,
   At the hands of a demon like Reid!

So Croesus and Broadacres walked to and fro
   And looked through the window, from whence
They spotted two swagsmen encamped down below,
   Just outside of Broadacres' fence.
Then Croesus and Broadacres' features relaxed,
   And angrily spoke they, and thus:—
“Ah, there are the wretches who ought to be taxed,
   And not such poor people as us!”
The Politician.

A man he is to all the country dear,
And purchased at three hundred pounds a year,
And studies all the arts of sly finesse,
Is gifted with spasmodic winsomeness;
To please, and not displease, demands his skill,
To “hedge” until he sees the popular will.
An angler for the small vote, which he'll crave,
But to the “great majority” a slave.
Deploring much the weary waste of talk,
Which never yet he did a thing to baulk.
All things in turn, and watching well the wind
That veers the drifting of the public mind.
And, faithful to his trimming to the last,
He proudly nails his weathercock to the mast.
The New Anatomy.

Sing hey! Sing ho for the cycling face,
   And the cycling sickly smile!
And the weird and ghastly grey grimace
When you scorch along at a rattling pace
   In a fin-de-siecle style!
A mile
   In a fin-de-siecle style!

Sing hey! Sing ho for the cycling head
   Which is twisted all awry,
And the cycling glance of anxious dread
At the traps and trams and cabs ahead,
   And the cycling staring eye,
Oh my!
   And the cycling staring eye!

Sing hey! Sing ho for the cycling crack
   With the beautiful bandy legs,
Who pedals along on the racing track
With his empty chest and his humpty back,
   And his calves like ostrich eggs,
Such legs!
   And his calves like ostrich eggs!

Sing hey! Sing ho for the cycling gang
   And the beautiful style they've got,
With the smile of a brown orang-outang
And a spine the shape of a boomerang
   And a regular treadmill trot,
Great Scott!
   And a regular treadmill trot!
Whew!

When Timothy Toddles, of Woolloomooloo,
On Saturday drew his magnificent “screw”
He made it a practice, as gentlemen do,
To drop into “Tatt's” for an hour or two,
   And handle the cue,
   And sample a brew,
With divers acquaintances Timothy knew!

The men of his set were a jovial crew
And stuck to each other like carpenter's glue,
And many a pound in an “Adams” they threw,
Though never a ghost of a starter they drew,
   But, close to a few,
   They never looked blue,
And hoped in the future good luck would accrue.

He went to the races on Saturday too
The rest of his earnings the better to “blew,”
And certain acquaintances gave him a clue
[Which helped him to lose it the faster, say you!]
   And that's very true,
   For many a Jew
Was richer by Toddlies of Woolloomooloo.

But Timothy Toddles of Woolloomooloo,
He married a woman decidedly “new;”
She straddled a bike and he could n't say “boo,”
When over the thoroughfare daily she flew,
   And Timothy grew
   Afraid of the shrew
But dared not to kick up a hullabaloo!

He'd cook up her breakfast and polish her shoe,
He'd bake and he'd boil and he'd fry and he'd stew,
She would n't allow him to smoke or to chew,
And life had a different kind of a hue.
   Oh, she was a true
   Unspeakable blue,
The lady of Toddlies of Woolloomooloo!

His wages she collared, immediately due,
And no use for Timmy to beg or to sue.
No more to the races went Timothy, who
Could not get a shilling to handle a cue.
   You bachelors view
   With glances askew,
The fate of poor Toddles of Woolloomooloo!
Why Indeed?

It was a sage of ancient Greece in philosophic mood,
He wandered from the city to a thickly-timbered wood;
And there he saw a sinful man a-fastening a rope
Unto a bough. The stranger's brow was sad and lacking hope.

“Why, how now, friend,” observed the sage, “wouldst thou then end thy life?
I pray thee, stranger, think again, thou hast no doubt a wife?”
“I am not married,” said the man, a gloomy doleful elf.
“Not married!” echoed loud the sage, “then why do you hang yourself?”

A Dismal Tale.

The moon shone on the back-yard fence,
The scene was calm and still
Grim silence reigned—the shades were dense
The air was cold and chill!
   (Ah! Ah!)

It was the “witching hour” of night—
The hour when “churchyards yawn”
Two stealthy figures crept in sight
A third between them borne!
   (Ho! Ho!)

They hurried on with guilty speed,
Those cruel murderers two,
For oh! it was a darksome deed
They were about to do!
   (Ber-lud!)

Between the cruel and guilty pair
The struggling victim lay;
His cries rang out upon the air
But help was far away!
   (What ho there!)

Upon the bough of yonder tree
A rope is hanging loose,
And round the victim's neck, ah me!
Is placed the running noose!
   (Bejabers!)

The victim weeps with piteous tears,
The victim cries amain,
The cries do fall on heartless ears,
The tears are all in vain!
   (Great Caesar!)

One sudden jerk upon the rope,
One pull upon the thread,
And now has gone all chance of hope,
The victim's hanging dead!
   (Ochone!)

When morning broke, oh, what a sight!
Was there for men to see!
A murdered form in fearful plight
A-hanging from a tree!
(Whirrasthru!)

We cut him down with tender care,
We dug his lonely grave,
We laid him in with such a prayer
As might befit the brave.
(Slow music.)

And o'er his grave the violets grow,
The winter wild wind howls.
'Tis our dog Toby's grave, you know—
Got hanged for killing fowls!
(Bad cess to him!)
On Paper!

We've worked our mines
(On paper)
Bought railway lines
(On paper)
In fact we've bought
All we import
Of every sort
(On paper).

Importers sell
(On paper),
And all do well
(On paper).
Shopkeepers buy,
And always try
To make things high
(On paper)

We buy our traps
(On paper),
Bank notes, perhaps
(But paper).
We count our chink,
We write and think,
We eat and drink
(On paper).

Our wives buy gowns
(On paper),
We build our towns
(On paper).
All wealth is made,
All assets laid,
All wages paid
(In paper).

We're concert pitch
(On paper).
We're beastly rich
(On paper).
We're up to snuff,
We've whips of stuff,
And lots of bluff
(On paper).

Our banks, great Scott!
(On paper),
What piles they've got
(On paper).
And e'en these few
Poor lines, though true,
Are sent to you
(On paper)!
The Average M.P.

My humour takes the fashion of pre-adamite jocosity,
I revel in a labyrinth of glorious verbosity;
I reiterate in speaking with unceasing continuity,
And then I recapitulate with charming assiduity;
I talk on points of order that the other members tabulate,
And it's wonderful how frequently the “tinklers” tintinnabulate;
My lack of solid argument but makes me argumentative;
I am a splendid sample of a worthy representative!
The Breath Of Smelson.

Recitative—

O'er Smelson's fate, with silent grief opprest,
His comrades mourn their hero's sad arrest!
But those bright laurels will not fade with years
Whose leaves are watered by colonial beers!

The Song—

'T was down at Watson's Bay
We drank long beers all day,
    We could not stand egg-flip!
We scorned the foreign yolk,
And much preferred she-oak,
And stuck to beer that trip.
Our Smelson marked them on the slate,
Three beers we had, or seven or eight,
No man was ev-er-er cuter,
No man was ev-er-er cuter.
Along the bar the signal ran,
“Smel-son-expects—that ev—er-ree man
This day will drain his pewter!
This day we—ill drain—his pewter!”

And now the barmen roar,
To see the frightful score,
    And Smelson leads the way!
He was “The Nugget” named,
For fistic victory famed,
    With victory crowned that day!
But dearly was that conquest bought,
Two policemen soon the barmen brought;
And Smelson was er-er scooter,
Poor Smelson was er-er scooter!
Yet cried when placed inside the van
“Smel-son-expects that ev-er-ree man,
This day will drain his pewter,
This day we—ill drain—his pewter!”

Next day the fateful sound:
“The prisoner's fined two pound,
    Or else a month in gaol,”
And then poor Smelson sighed,
He paid the fine and cried
   “I've done with Toohey's ale.
In drinking beer my life was passed,
With drinking beer I've done at last!”
And Smelson's gro-own much cuter,
And Smelson's gro-own much cuter.
But winding up as he began
Smel-son-confessed that ev—er—ree man
That day had drained his pewter
That day had drained—his pewter!
Same Old Style.

In days of old
    The warrior bold
His sweetheart when he found her,
    Declared the girl
    A priceless pearl,
And put his armour round her!

And still to-day
    The gallant gay
In ancient ways will flounder.
    He thinks his girl
    A priceless pearl,
And puts his arm around her!
The Indian Hawker.

Dan McCann of Baldybran,
An ordinary hawker,
He found things rough when he began,
For though he was a talker,
He made the nicest kind of bow,
He got no trade, and this was how:
Australian wives prefer the Chow
Or else the Indian hawker!

Now, Dan McCann was just the man
Whose name was never “Walker,”
And thought, when he devised a plan,
No obstacle a baulker.
And so a scheme he deeply laid
To best his rivals at the trade;
Oh, he was grit, as e'er was made,
Was Dan McCann the hawker!

The plan of Dan, of Baldybran,
It was a perfect corker,
He'd been one time for just a span
A pantomimic “chalker.”
He stained his face from neck to head,
He made a turban fiery red,
Burnt-corked his eyebrows, and he said:
“Now I'm an Indian hawker!”

Dan McCann, of Baldybran,
The famous Indian hawker,
Whose business name is Mataban
Mahommed Ben Mazourka:
His trade is great and come to stay,
His low salaam is something gay,
And many a time he's blessed the day
He turned an Indian hawker!
The Girl For Us.

You talk about your gifted girl
   With high and haughty plans,
Whose brilliant brain is half again
   As large as any man's.
But oh, the girl who takes a kiss
   And never makes a fuss,
   The cuddlesome girl,
   The squeezable girl,
   Now that's the girl for us!

You talk about your doctor girl,
   Your feminine M.D.,
Whose wondrous mind is of a kind
   That's marvellous to see;
But oh, the ordinary girl
   Who likes a hearty buss,
   The mashable girl,
   The kissable girl,
   Now that's the girl for us!
The Long-Bow.

When the vanquished flaxen Saxon
   Was a yawning, fawning churl,
And the badly strangled Angle
   Called the Norman war-man Earl;
When the Baron, boldly, coldly,
   Had the Briton written low,
Oh, the doughty marcher archer
   Pulled a yeoman bowman's bow!
         Pulled a bow,
         Ashen bow,
   Thus returning blow for blow,
Then the vanquished flaxen Saxon
   Pulled a yeoman bowman's bow!

And we still have yeomen bowmen
   In this striving thriving time,
If we have no gory glory
   Nor romantic antique rhyme;
You don't find the Murkan shirkin'
   When he's trying lying low,
For the modern cranky Yankee
   Pulls a yeoman bowman's bow!
         Pulls a bow,
         Lengthy bow,
   'T is the Yankee style of blow.
Oh, the modern cranky Yankee
   Pulls a yeoman bowman's bow!
The Post Office Pen.

'T is the tale of a pen,
   A penurious pen,
Of a penalty pen with a splutter,
That you would n't pick up in the gutter!
   But that Mister J. Cook
In his napper has took
As the thing that the public requires
For the speedy inditing of wires.
   It splutters and splashes
And blots all the dashes
In horrible fashion
Provoking a passion;
   Splutter,
Splitter,
Splosh!
Never get finished, by gosh!

'T is the tale of a pen,
   Of a post-office pen,
Of a pen with a penchant for sneezing,
And coughing and spitting and wheezing;
   A consumptive old pen
Which you'd think now and then
Ought to clearly retire on a pension,
A suggestion you never should mention!
   It coughs and it splutters,
It whispers and mutters
Inducing in verses,
And out of 'em, curses!
   Splutter,
Splitter,
Splash!
Hang it and blank it and dash!
Slippery Bill.

'T was Slippery Bill from Jacksonville,
   The rep. at Rumberoo;
The shearsers bowed to his sovereign will
   As shearsers always do;
At Yankee grab he'd an artful knack,
And a splendid hand with a euchre pack
Was Slippery Bill from Jacksonville,
   The rep. at Rumberoo!

When Rumber shore with the “ninety-four”
   It roused his wrath a few;
He called a meeting and loudly swore
   He'd fight till all was blue.
And the rouseabouts and the shearsers all
They answered up to the bugle call
Of Slippery Bill from Jacksonville,
   The rep. at Rumberoo!

They swore right then the devil a pen
   They'd shear on Rumberoo;
And they were the happiest kind of men
   And joyful parties too!
They formed a camp at the creek below,
And the man they chose to boss the show
Was Slippery Bill from Jacksonville,
   The rep. at Rumberoo!

They were a loud and jovial crowd
   With joy the moments flew,
They'd euchre, poker, banker, crib,
   And yankee grab and loo.
They played till every sprat was spent,
And never a one possessed a cent
But Slippery Bill from Jacksonville,
   The rep. at Rumberoo!

And then they said they'd fire the shed
   And raise a hullabaloo;
And Bill heard every word they said
   And marked the speakers too.
They fired the shed and off they went,
That's all but one who hid in a tent;
'T was Slippery Bill from Jacksonville,
   The rep. at Rumberoo!

They were n't too gay as they went away,
   'T was an ugly thing to do,
And they all were filled at the news next day
   With apprehension too.
For the flames were out in the shed they fired
And the run got all the hands required;
And Slippery Bill from Jacksonville,
   He shore at Rumberoo!

The police got hold of those shearers bold,
   Who felt extremely blue,
And were all in gaol ere a man was told
   Who'd put them in the stew.
'T was that son of a gun with the artful knack,
That splendid hand with the euchre pack,
That Slippery Bill from Jacksonville,
   The rep. of Rumberoo!
On The Old Barcoo.

A scientifically accurate jingle dedicated to Naturalist McCooey.
[“The Breaker” having written a clever bit of verse for The Bulletin, Mr. McCooey wrote stating that “The Breaker” had erred in writing that certain trees grew in close proximity. If persons of the matter-of-fact style of Mr. McCooey were allowed their way there would be an end to poetry altogether!]

Away out back on the old Barcoo
  Where the blithe and the gay gohanna
Sings serenades in the leafy shades
  In a truly soulful manner!
Where the lobster swims in the waterholes
  As red as a ripe toe-martyr,
And the ’possum trills in a voice that thrills
  Some fugue of a Bach sonata.

Where the elm and beech and the cocoanut palm
  And the Russian fir trees cluster,
Where the sheep and goats and the elks and stoats
  And the apes and the reindeer muster!
Where the stockman thrums on his light guitar
  As he rides on his mustang charger,
To his marble halls with the jasper walls—
  An imperial palace, but larger!

Oh, life is grand on the old Barcoo
  With an eighteen-gallon of Toohey!
And a perfect gorge of Henry George,
  Of John S. Mill and McCooey.
And the Millthorpe News and the Peak Hill Times
  And the Gov'ment Gazette for humour,
And a spread for a chief, say a junk of beef
  From a beast condemned for tumour!

Oh, the clear blue sky on a cloudy day!
  When it's cold in the tropic of Cancer,
When you shout in vain on the treeless plain
  And the hills in echoes answer!
When the mountains nod their drowsy heads
  And the parched sands weep so dryly,
And the fountains play the “Boom-de-ay,”
  “Wot Cher” and “Mollie Riley!”
When the crocuses croak like the old bull-frog
   And the sunflowers try to warm yer,
And the flannel-flowers grow red shirts, you know—
   If you don't McCooey'll inform you!
Oh, life is gay on the old Barcoo
   To a man like me or McCooey,
That's a scientist, mind, of the accurate kind,
   But for others—they'd better hump bluey!

"Where?" Why—
Away out back on the old Barcoo
   Where the blithe and the gay gohanna
Sings serenades in the leafy shades
   In a truly soulful manner!
The Loafer's Lay.

Oh, some may sing of the verdant spring,
   When the violets sweet are blooming O!
And some may trill of the times so ill
   And the glorious day that's looming O!
But I will sing of a different thing
   And a different key will do me O!
I'm a jovial bard when the times are hard
   And the general outlook's gloomy O!

For the times are dull and the artless gull
   Is a friend indeed to the tramper O!
And he comes up grand with his open hand
   And his tea and his beef and his damper O!
Oh, it grieves his heart when I must impart
   All the woes that e'er assail me O!
I'm a jovial card when the times are hard
   And the pitiful tale can't fail me O!

I expect I'll curse if they don't get worse,
   For the worse the better I like it O!
As it makes it sure when I come to a door
   And ask for a feed that I strike it O!
For they can't refuse in the face of the news
   That thousands of men are idle O!
And they feel so sad that they're always “had”
   When my sorrowful griefs I bridle O!

So I trill my lay and shout hooray
   That the Parliament's beastly lazy O!
And I laugh and sing like a Gipsy King
   While it drives the country crazy O!
If industrious men had a chance, why then
   My pitiful yarns would fail me O!
And if none need shirk who'd a wish to work
   Then somebody'd sure to gaol me O!

And I do not sing of the verdant spring
   And the violets sweet a-blooming O!
And I do not cheer for the good times near
   Nor the prosperous day that's looming O!
Oh, I'm full of joy that there's none to employ
   And that work grows scarcer daily O!
And I laugh and dance at the splendid chance
They are offering me so gaily O!
Room At The Top.

When I was a lad, which is ages ago,
   This wisdom I heard from my “pop,”
The ladder is full at the bottom, you know,
   “But there's plenty of room at the top!

It was perfectly true, but I never had luck,
   And I probably was n't much chop;
I could see, though I could n't get out of the ruck,
   There was “plenty of room at the top.”

And now I'm as bald as a bladder of lard
   Where I once had a plentiful crop,
It is true, though it seems most infernally hard,
   There is “plenty of room at the top.”
Old Man Canobolas.

What time the Mammoth roamed the wild,
What time the boiling brook was aisled
By giant flora rich and rank
Arising from each scorching bank,
The only sounds the forest stirred
The roar of beast, the cry of bird,
Long ere the human voice was heard
   Stood Old Man Canobolas!

When basalt in a molten tide
Ran rivers down the mountain side,
And seared and scarred the fertile plain,
Volcanic ashes fell like rain,
Primeval man, in awful dread,
Before the flaming torrent fled;
Above the scene still reared his head
   Our Old Man Canobolas!

When Moses led the Israelites,
When Cyrus ruled the Persian rites,
When Phidias carved in old Athene,
When Rome of all the world was queen,
When Caesar crossed the western foam
And captive Britons led to Rome;
In his undreamed-of island home
   Stood Old Man Canobolas!

Long ages rolled, he stood the same,
Till o'er the eastern mountains came
A sound unknown to pristine ears—
The sturdy tramp of pioneers!
The sons of an unconquered race,
The strangers worked with heart of grace
A human ant-hill at the base
   Of Old Man Canobolas!

He stands a monument to man
That human life is but a span.
He smiles upon our infant schemes,
Our aims, our hopes, our childish dreams;
He sighs upon our cares and strife,
The plans with which our air is rife;
“These insects think and talk of life!”

Laughs Old Man Canobolas!
Human Nature.

When you fill a lowly station,
   And you do not own a crown,
In the public estimation
   You are simply thomas brown.

But successful speculation
   May achieve your heart's desire;
And you'll find, with exultation,
   You are THOMAS BROWN, ESQUIRE.

For the world has penetration
   And it loves a man of means,
And has boundless admiration
   For the blessedness of “beans.”

All those copy-book suggestions
   Are the veriest of trash.
People ask no awkward questions
   If you've got the ready cash!
The Out-Of-Works.

The land lies under a gloomy pall
That covers the country, town and all,
The days of boom are gone and past,
We're face to face with the truth at last,
And greater danger still there lurks
In the ominous tramp of the out-of-works.

Grim rumours fly of pending ill,
That 'times' may yet be harder still,
And 'coin is scarce' and 'things are dull,'
And ever above the dismal lull
There comes the sorrowful sound that irks,
'T is the ominous tramp of the out-of-works.

The sun is bright, and the sky is blue,
And Nature wears her happiest hue;
The crops grow high with the golden grain.
The clouds besprinkle the needful rain,
The hand of Nature no duty shirks—
But hark to the tramp of the out-of-works!

And men must wander in anxious dread,
And women and children want for bread,
And 'things' grow worse from day to day
For lack of a man to lead the way,
A man to clamor for land and tools
Of the hundred and odd who're mostly fools.
Home Rule.

Sure, she came from Tipperary
   And the town of Ballynagoe,
And her step was like a fairy,
   And her eye was like a sloe,
And her laugh was light an' airy,
   She'd a smile for friend or foe,
For Biddy McGee
   Was always free
   And hearty!

And her boy, he was a daisy,
   Finer lad there ne'er was seen,
And himself was nearly crazy
   For the laughing-eyed colleen;
And the weddin' it would amaze ye,
   There was wigs upon the green,
When Biddy McGee
   Was Mistress P. McCarty!

They were married a year, and doting
   Had about commenced to cool,
When election time came floating,
   With the candidates a school.
Said the agent: ‘Pat, ye're voting,
   Ain't ye darlin', for Home Rule?
The divil a bit
   Ye'd like to split
   The Party?'

‘Will I promise I won't forsake yez.
   Why confound yer polly-ticks!
If the likes o' me could make yez,
   Ye'd be rid of all yer tricks!
Want Home Rule? The devil can take yez,
   Sure, I've had enough for six
Since Biddy McGee
   Was Mistress P. McCarty!'
The Woman Who Did N't.

She was a curiosity of eighteen-ninety-six,
She did n't care a rap about such things as politics,
She did n't want to go and vote although she might have gone,
She'd rather stay at home and sew her husband's buttons on.
She did n't want to ride a bike in bloomers very tight,
She'd very pretty ankles, but she kept 'em out of sight,
She always had a supper for her hubby of a night,
And she always cooked his breakfast in the morning.

She loved her little baby and she could n't understand
The gilded immorality of Madame Sarah Grand,
Though her views of physiology were really very crude
She did n't think it clever to be impudent or rude.
She was not a clever woman with a cultivated mind,
For she did n't care for filthiness of any sort or kind,
But she was the sort of woman that a man would like to find,
And she made her home as happy as the morning.
The Difference.

Now Dr. McCann
  When his practice began
Was “a properly qualified medical man,”
  Which popular phrase
In degenerate days
Is regarded as being the highest of praise!

And Timothy Tack
  Was a medical quack
Who had not a diploma to stick on his back;
  Yet Timothy stuck
To his practice and struck
What his enemies said was most marvellous luck.

When anyone ailed
  And the doctor had failed,
Then Timothy came and his treatment prevailed.
  Most wonderful too
With a gentleman who
Would admit that a college he'd never been through.

Thus old Mr. D—
  When he paid him his fee
Said he wondered he had n't a single degree;
  “I wonder how can
You get into the van
When you're not a qualified medical man!”

“I am,” answered Tim
  With a smile that was grim,
“I'm a qualified man”—and he glowered on him;
  “But Dr. McCann
Who's opposed to my plan
Is a properly registered medical man.”
**Australian Literature.**

“Are we” asks the *S.M. Herald* in its time-honored non-committal manner, “evolving a distinctive Australian literature?” We are. Perpend and give ear:—

There's the everlasting swaggie with his bluey on his back
Who is striking out for sunset on the Never-never track;
O'er the flat and barren country we can hear him tramping still
And he's Billy from the Darling or he's Murrumbidgee Bill;
And his togs are pretty rusty and his blucher boots are brown,
And his shirt ain't just the color of the drapers' clerks in town,
And he's looking for the station tank his water-bag to fill
And wherever you may find him
He's the same
Old
Bill!

There is Jim the dandy axeman who can chop six cords a day,
There is Micky from the Mulga who was ringer out at Hay,
There's McPherson, overseer at the Moonaburna shed,
And the bloke that belted Clancy, with a slip-rail, on the head.
There's the chap that struck the nugget when his credit at the store
Was so bad they stopped his tucker 'cos he could n't pay his score,
And the jackeroo from England with his quarterly “remit,”
And whene'er you read the story
It's the same
Old
Skit!

There's the son of Squatter Jumbuck, an unmitigated scamp,
There's the barmaid up from Melbourne at the Mundic mining camp,
There is Thompson's wife, who bolted with the chap from Bendigo,
And the bloke who broke the record when he drove for Cobb and Co.
There is “blanky” this and “blanky” that and more expressive terms
Indicating of the vigor of our literary germs;
And the *Sydney Morning Herald* must n't take us all for flats,
We're a literary nation
And we ain't
Got
Rats?
What It's Coming To.

(By the Football Umpire of the Future).
Now fetch to me my armour bright,
    My helm of hardened steel,
And strong cuirass, for I must pass
    This day the great ordeal;
And bring to me my trusty sword,
    All sharpened for the fray,
I'll need all that to umpire at
    The football match to-day.

And bring the cannon into line,
    And drill the Light Brigade
To keep at bay the “push” to-day
    If they should make a raid!
And bring each team its heap of rocks,
    Its clubs and hobnail boots,
Which things, you know, are all the go
    For settling up disputes!

And don't forget the ambulance
    And surgeons three or four,
And wools and lints and lots of splints
    And bandages galore;
And let the players make their wills
    And fix up their affairs,
Lest in the fray that comes to-day
    They're taken unawares.

And, O, my courage, fail me not,
    And, O, my heart, be strong!
For I must face a warlike race
    And they may swear I'm wrong.
So bring to me my trusty sword,
    All sharpened for the fray,
My armour bright and helmet tight—
    There's football on to-day!
The Mining Mart.

Now this is the art of the mining mart
    In good old London town,
Where the broker dreams a thousand schemes
    For taking the public down!
To make a fine prospectus shine
    Good writers you engage,
And then record the name of a lord
    On the top of the title-page!
If a first-class lord you can't afford,
    Then a tinpot lord will do!
But you must have a lord, some sort of a lord,
    Or the scheme will not go through!

For the Clapham man, and the Kilburn man,
    And the man on Highgate Hill,
Will snap at a bait at a splendid rate
    If you offer a gilded pill!
And peers, you know, are made for show.
    And lords are all the rage,
What you need, my dear, is a tinpot peer
    On the top of the title-page!
If a first-class lord you can't afford,
    Then a tinpot lord will do!
But you must have a lord, some sort of a lord,
    Or the mugs won't come to you!

Oh, the Briton's free, or thinks he's free,
    When he's only a first-class ass;
And they take him down like a country clown,
    For his ignorance is crass;
And he'll spend his cash on the rottenest trash,
    And his vim you can't assuage:
Why, he'd rise and shine on a sawdust mine
    With a lord on the title-page!
If a first-class lord you can't afford
    Then a tinpot lord will do;
But you must have a lord, some sort of a lord,
    And the Cockneys know it, too!
The Rural Politicians.

On the Billabong Creek
    As you go to the Peak
Is the humpy of Paddy Malony;
    And adjacent to it
If you walk on a bit
Lives his countryman, Micky Maroney!

They're an elegant pair
    From the County of Clare,
And they each have a decent selection;
    And together get tight,
And if ever they fight
Sure, it's only a proof of affection!

Och, then Paddy and Mick
    They are wonderful thick
And they love one another like brothers,
    And are ready to swop
With a cow or a crop,
For whatever one has is the other's!

But as true love, they say
    Is n't smooth all the way,
It's the same with fraternal affection;
    So with Micky's and Pat's,
They were Kilkenny cats
When it came to freetrade and protection!

'T was a beautiful sight
    For to see how they'd fight
When O'Donnell put up for election;
    For Maroney'd attest
That freetrade was the best,
While Malony went in for protection!

And the divil a squall
    They'd be having at all,
Forbye their political squabbles,
    And it's proud, too, am I
To explain to yez why
They got over the worst of their troubles.
'T was when Premier Reid
   So politely agreed
All his earnest convictions to swallow,
   That Maloney and Mick
   Got entirely sick
Of debating a question so hollow!

So the arguments cease;
   There's perennial peace
With the cockies of Billabong section,
   For they say it's a sham
   And don't matter a d—
If you call it freetrade or protection!
The Truthful Man.

Why do I drink? said Jones; ah well,
You don't know all my trouble;
'T was bad enough, Lord knows, last year,
But this year it's been double.

Why do I drink? said Brown; well, there,
This life is full of crosses,
Enough to drive a man to drink
To think of all my losses!

Why do I drink? said Smith; I know
'T is worst of all abuses;
I drink because I like to drink
And make no dashed excuses.

And then we woke, and Brown and Jones
Were there in conversation,
But Smith had been a creature of
Our own imagination!
The Great Australian Slanguage.

'T is the everyday Australian
Has a language of his own,
Has a language, or a slanguage,
Which can simply stand alone.
And “a dickon pitch to kid us,”
Is a synonym for “lie,”
And to “nark it” means to stop it
And to “nit it” means to fly!

And a bosom friend’s a “cobber”
And a horse a “prad” or “moke,”
While a casual acquaintance
Is a “joker” or a “bloke,”
And his lady-love’s his “donah”
Or his “clinah” or his “tart”
Or his “little bit o’ muslin,”
As it used to be his “bart.”

And his naming of the coinage
Is a mystery to some,
With his “quid” and “half-a-caser”
And his “deener” and his “scrum!”
And a “tin-back” is a party
Who’s remarkable for luck
And his food is called his “tucker”
Or his “panem” or his “chuck.”

A policeman is a “Johnny”
Or a “copman” or a “trap,”
And a thing obtained on credit
Is invariably “strap.”
A conviction’s known as “trouble”
And a gaol is called a “jug,”
And a sharper is a “spieler”
And a simpleton’s a “tug.”

If he hits a man in fighting,
That is what he calls a “plug,”
If he borrows money from you,
He will say he “bit your lug.”
And to “shake it” is to steal it,
And to “strike it” is to beg.
And a jest is “poking borac,”
   And the jester “pulls your leg.”

Things are “cronk” when they go wrongly
   In the language of the “push,”
But when things go as he wants 'em
   He declares it is “all cush.”
When he's bright he's got a “napper,”
   But he's “ratty” when he's daft,
And when looking for employment
   He is “out o' blooming graft.”

And his clothes he calls his “clobber”
   Or his “togs,” but what of that
When a “castor” or a “kady”
   Is the name he gives his hat!
And our undiluted English
   Is a fad to which we cling,
But the great Australian slanguage
   Is a truly awful thing!
Maud.

There's a cow around our section
   And we always call her Maud
'Cause she “comes into the garden”
   Of her very own accord.
And she chews the blooming balsams
   ('T is not slang as you believe)
And her impudence is something
   Truly awful to perceive.

She demolishes the Banksia,
   She consumes the Marshall Niel;
On the lilies and the sunflowers
   Doth she make a midnight meal.
And her smile is that sarcastic,
   That we wouldn't even hint
At the language we have uttered,
   For it's quite unfit to print!

There is not a lock invented,
   Not a bolt and not a screw,
This felonious marauder
   Could n't manage to undo.
And the only consolation
   That we now have left to hug,
Is, she don't come in the drawing-room
   And camp upon the rug.
The Use Of Diplomacy.

In old Japan a bad young man
Of excellent capacity
For what perhaps among the Japs
Is known as inveracity:
His name was Ping or some such thing
That jars the white auricular,
If Yang or Hang or Matsu Pang
We can't be too particular!

This sinful Ping in everything
Was guided by Old Nicholas,
The festive youth regarded truth
As something quite ridiculous!
Now old-time Japs were truthful chaps,
Possessed of perspicacity,
And Ping, poor pup, became hard up
Because of his mendacity!

But when Japan at length began
Its barbarous ways to civilize,
The truthful game was not the same
Unto the brownskin swivel-eyes;
For diplomats in nail-can hats
Cannot be hypercritical,
And plain unvarnished truth would mar
All devious schemes political.

And so the King he sent for Ping,
Whose artfulness was sinister,
And straight away that very day
He made him Lord Chief Minister.
And so you see diplomacy,
In spite of canting biases,
Affords a hope of finding scope
For modern Ananiases.
The Bush Missionary.

'T was on old M'Carson's station, near the finish of the shearing,
    We were seated round the table in the hut, and playing loo;
An unrighteous occupation, nor particularly cheering,
    When your tally's only middling, and your luck is looking blue;
    But there's nothing else to do,
    So it's poker or it's loo,
In the afternoon of Saturday on Coolabungaroo!

Jack the Rat, who did the pressing, sat outside the door a-smoking,
    And a-telling all the rouseabouts of horses he had “broke,”
And our sorrow grew distressing at the “borak” he was poking,
    When he put his head inside the hut and whispered,
    “Holy smoke;
    Here's a sanguinary joke!”
    And he chuckled fit to choke;
    “Here's the lanky Scotchbyterian, the missionary bloke!”

Well, he looked to see him coming, and he “took him out o'-winding,”
    He was long, and he was lanky; he was frecklesome and fair,
And a hymn he was a-humming, just as if he was n't minding,
    And he asked if any shearer had a mind to cut his hair!
    We could only gape and stare,
    'Cause we did n't like to swear!”

But the ringer said he'd do it, with a bucket for a chair!

So the ringer started quickly (with the shears he was a dandy),
    But he clipped a kind of pimple and the parson gave a bound!
Then the ringer tarred it thickly and confessed he felt “unhandy”—
    The position, for a shearer, “rather awkwardish” he found!
    Then he downed him on the ground,
    And he whipped his neck around,
And he “pinked” him like a leather-neck when squatters paid a pound!

Now, the ringer'd just got through his unaccustomed operation,
    When M'Carson, who'd been mustering, arrived upon the scene,
And the shearsers they were treated to a masterly oration,
    By the choleric M'Carson, whose vocabulary keen,
    As was easy to be seen,
    Was more forcible than clean—
    And remarkably distasteful to the Reverend M'Lean!

So the parson he suggested, as a means of reconciling
(Not indeed that he objected to the way they'd cut his hair;)
That the parties interested should agree to his beguiling
  All the station-hands and rouseabouts with services of prayer;
  Which the squatter thought was fair,
    \textit{He} was fond of praise and prayer!
  And, the station-hands consenting, service started then and there!

Now, the preaching it was splendid, but the shearers jibbed at singing,
  Though the squatter joined the preacher, not another soul would sing!
Then the service was upended, and M'Carson's arms went swinging,
  And he raved and stamped and cursed and swore and called us everything!
    \textit{``Sing, yer blanky beggars, sing!''}
    \textit{Make the blanky welkin ring!}
\textbf{WON'T YOU BLANKY SONS OF BLANKERS HELP THE BLANKY MAN TO SING!}"

We were sorry for the parson, though he was a bit erratic,
  'Cause he was an all-right preacher and a decent fellow, too;
But, you see, he found M'Carson so ferociously emphatic
  He concluded that the services in future would n't do.
    So the shearers play at lOO,
    And at whisky-poker, too,
And the parson is a scarcity at Coolabungaroo!
The Shearers' Cook.

Now, shearers' cooks, as shearers know,
Are very seldom wont to blow;
But when I took to dabbing tar
And "picking up" on Blaringar,
The cook, when "barbers" came at morn
To get a snack, would say, with scorn:
   "Tea on the left,
   Coffee on the right,
Brownie on the bunk, and blast yez!"

The "bunk" or slab was in the hut,
And on it "brownie" ready cut;
Two buckets o'er the fire would be—
One filled with coffee, one with tea;
And when the chaps came filing in
The cook would say, with mirthless grin:
   "Tea on the left,
   Coffee on the right,
Brownie on the bunk, and blast yez!"

Peculiar man, this shearers' cook,
And had a very ugly look.
To me—a new-chum rouseabout,
Said he, one day when all were out:
"There's nothing in this world, my lad,
That's worth your worry, good or bad;
   Grief on the left,
   Sorrow on the right,
Trouble on the bunk, but blast it!"
The Tugs Of Simpsonville.

He was dirty, dark and artful, and they called him “Salt-bush Bill,”
But we didn't recognise him when he came to Simpsonville;
It's a sort of one-horse township out beyond the Cobar track,
Where the sun's a perfect scorcher and the dust would choke a black!
Hot? Great Scot!
It was Hell, with some improvements—worse than Booligal, a lot!

Saltbush Bill arrived at sundown; called for Hennessy's “three-star,”
And he shouted for the jackeroos a-standing in the bar,
And he introduced the subject when he'd liquored up.
Says he:
“I'm no English duke or nobleman a-tracking round; not me!
  Shout? No doubt!
But I ain't a bloomin' squatter nor a shearer just cut out!

“I'm in Simpsonville on business and I claim to represent,
The most wonderful neuralgia cure that any could invent,
And it's known as 'Brown's Neuralgia Dice'; the price a bob a die,
And you rub it where the pain is and the pain is bound to fly!
  Sell? Oh well,
Just you wait till I have finished and you'll have a chance to tell!”

Then he brings a pickle-bottle and he puts it on the bar;
(It was full of peas and fastened down) and says: “Now, there you are!
I'm the liberalest bagman that was ever on the rounds;
If you guess how many peas is there you get five blanky pounds!
  Fair? and square!
And the nearest guess will get the gonce as sure as you are there!”

Well, of course we goes to rush it, but he says: “One moment there!
I am no escaped loonatic nor eccentric millionaire!
I'm no travelling convalescent and I ain't been very ill,
Nor come to view the scenery surrounding Simpsonville!
  Yes! You guess,
But you have to buy a bob's worth of the cure! Well, here's success!

“Now I want a hundred guesses, which will make the fiver sure,
And the landlord holds the money just to see you all secure,
And I leaves a hundred samples of the cure inside the bar
Which he sells, and pays the money to the winner.
  There you are!
  Me? I'll gee!
I must introduce the remedy in other towns, you see!

In the morning came a swaggie with "Matilda" 'cross the flat, 
Whom we recognised immediate as a bloke called Jack the Rat; 
And he listened to the story, then went over to the store 
And he bought dry peas in bagfuls till there was n't any more. 
  Rot? 'T was not! 
Why you have n't got a notion what a head that bloke had got! 

Now it first struck Joe the Spieler it would be as good as gold, 
For to get a pickle-bottle and see just what it would hold. 
He was always on for pointing, and as artful as you please; 
But he went all round the township and he could n't get no peas! 
  See? Not a pea! 
It was just the same with Jackson and with Dogherty and me!

And the bobs they kept on coming in; the time was drawing nigh; 
Joe was savage, so was Dogherty and Jackson, so was I! 
Spare me days, I think the lot of us was looking after peas! 
When one day I meets that Jack the Rat as simple as you please. 
  "Me? Got peas! 
    Yes, I'll sell you, at two bob a pint, as many as you please!"

It was something like six times the price, but what was I to do? 
So I bought 'em, and found afterwards that others bought 'em, too. 
Jack the Rat was so delighted with his honest trade's success 
That he shouted for a dozen, and he also took a guess. 
  Swear? Well, there, 
It would simply freeze the marrow in a bullock-driver's hair!

When we had the bottle opened, it was not half-full of peas, 
For a corncob in the centre took the space up, if you please! 
And the clever blokes who measured, they were out by half-a-mile; 
It was Jack the Rat who won it, and he wore a peaceful smile! 
  Toast? Great Ghost! 
In about a week the landlord got this letter by the post. 

"We had things to do in Melbourne, so we thought we'd get away, 
But desire, as we are leaving, most respectfully to say, 
That we're thankful for the kindness of the tugs of Simpsonville, 
And remain, yours most respectful, Jack the Rat and Saltbush Bill." 
  Catch 'em? No hope! 
And the "remedy" was little squares cut out of bars of soap!
Mulligan's Shanty.

Things is just the same as ever
On the outer Never-Never,
And you look to find the stock of liquor scanty;
But we found things worse than ordin'ry,
And in fact a bit extraordin'ry,
When myself and Bill the Pinker struck the shanty.
“Shanty?” says you. “What shanty?”
Why, Mulligan's shanty!

I says “Whisky”; Bill says “Brandy”;
But there was n't either handy,
For the boss was out of liquor in that line.
“Well, I'll try a rum,” says Billy.
“Got no rum,” he answers, chilly,
“But I'll recommend a decent drop o' tine.”
“Tine?” says Bill; “what tine?”
“Why, turpentine!”

“Blow me blue!” says Bill the Pinker,
“Can't yer give us a deep-sinker?
Ain't yer got a cask o' beer behind the screen?”
Bill was getting pretty cranky,
But there was n't any swanky.
Says the landlord, “Why not try a drop o' sene?”
“Sene?” says Bill; “what sene?”
“Why, kerosene!”

Well, we would n't spend a tanner,
But the boss's pleasant manner
All our cursing could n't easily demolish.
Says he, “Strike me perpendic'lar
But you beggars are partic'lar,
Why, the squatter in the parlour's drinking polish!”
“Polish?” says Bill; “what polish?”
“Why, furniture-polish!”
McCulloch's Chump.

'T was on a farm, a farm whose charm
   Lay in the fact that binders
Got decent pay, six bob a day,
   And no midnight reminders!

That is to say, we worked all day;
   Worked hard, there's no disguising;
But heard no shout to rouse us out
   Because the moon was rising!

'T was in the days of simpler ways,
   'Fore strippers struck Australia;
When goose-neck bands and human hands
   Beat all the paraphernalia!

There was a lout, a slack-built lout,
   Was binding at McCulloch's,
Weighed sixteen stone, all brawn and bone,
   And calves as big as bullocks!

This raw-boned dolt could break a colt,
   And, if it came to fighting,
Could take his part; but lacked the art
   Of reading and of writing.

Said he to me one night at tea:
   "I hope my girl is better,
D'yer think yer'd find—that is—d'yer mind—
   Er—would yer write a letter?"

The "things" were found. All hands sat sound,
   The raw-boned chap dictating;
"Tell her," said he, "I hopes that she
   Won't get too tired o' waiting,
"You'd better tell her I'm quite well
   And hope at time o' startin'
That she's the same. Yes, Meg's her name,
   I told yer Marg'ret Martin!
"You got that down? Well, say Jack Brown
   Is chirpy as a plover;
And tell her—why—that—is—that I—
You know—just say I love her!

“You might just say I ain't too gay,
    But anxious to be over.
Got that all right? Well, now you might
    Say just once more I love her!

“What else? Say chaff is three 'n' a half
    And season's right for clover,
And spuds is down to half-a-crown,
    And—better say I love her!

“That's all. You sign my name, Devine.”
    “No more?” asked I, inditing.
He scratched his head and calmly said:
    “Put ‘Please excuse bad writing!’ ”
Daley's Dorg Wattle.

“You can talk about yer sheep dorgs,” said the man from Allan's Creek,
  “But I know a dorg that simply knocked 'em bandy!
Do whatever you would show him, and you'd hardly need to speak.
    Owned by Daley, drover cove in Jackandandy.

“We was talkin' in the parlor, me and Daley, quiet like,
    When a blow-fly starts a-buzzin' round the ceilin',
Up gets Daley, and he says to me, You wait a minute, Mike,
    And I'll show you what a dorg he is at heelin'.

“And an empty pickle-bottle was a-standin' on the shelf,
    Daley takes it down and puts it on the table,
And he bets me drinks that blinded dorg would do it by himself—
    And I did n't think as how as he was able!

“Well, he shows the dorg the bottle, and he points up to the fly,
    And he shuts the door, and says to him—'Now, Wattle!'
And in less than fifteen seconds, spare me days, it ain't a lie,
    That there dorg had got that inseck in the bottle?"
Chinaman Lee's Receipt.

Attorney Magee, of Millagadee,
He had for a client one Timothy Lee,
    A Chinaman he;
    But christened, you see,
A Sunday-school scholar of Millagadee,
    Where charming young ladies
    Preach Heaven and Hades
To simpering Chinkies of humble degree.

Attorney Magee collected a fee
For services rendered to Chinaman Lee.
    Said Timothy Lee:
    “My Missee Magee
What for you no give it leceiptee for me?
    No Chinaman cheatee,
    My want it leceiptee,
Much better you give it,” said Chinaman Lee.

Attorney Magee objected that he
Would be hanged if he'd give a receipt for a fee
    To a blanketty B
Of a heathen Chinee!
[His language, you'll notice, was painfully free,
    And better befitting
    A Parliament sitting,
Or bibulous bullockies out for a spree!]

But Chinaman Lee propounded a plea:
“Suppose you no give it leceiptee,” said he,
    “Me die, and you see,
    The Lord askee me;
‘You allee same Clistian in Millagadee?
    You got it clean sheeetee?
    Nobody you cheatee?
You got it leceiptee flom Missee Magee!’ ”

Said Chinaman Lee to Attorney Magee:
“Me say you no give it leceiptee for fee!
    The Lord He tell me
    ‘Go lookee for he;
No halo can get till leceiptee me see!’
    No likee Him tellee
Look all over hellee
With devils and lawyers for Missee Magee!”
Mulga Flat.

He was very bright and chirpy was the man from Mulga Flat,  
He was jolly, he was pleasant, he was short and he was fat,  
And we welcomed him of evenings when he called to have a chat,  
And he talked about the pleasant times they had at Mulga Flat.

When he calmly chewed tobacco, very skilfully he spat  
Through the broken pane he noticed in the window where he sat,  
And he told us every evening that he often whipped the cat  
'Cause he left the scenes of childhood down in good old Mulga Flat.

When we had a game of cricket it was—“ever hear of Mat?  
Mat McGinnis? By the hokey, he was just the bloke to bat!  
Got five fourers in an over, neat and slick, and clean and pat,  
And you bet there were some bowlers too, away at Mulga Flat!”

And it got the same with everything whatever it might be,  
It was “Mulga this” and “Mulga that” for breakfast and for tea.  
When we buried poor old Johnson from the Yarrans—even that—  
It was nothing to the funerals they had at Mulga Flat!

We had concerts which were “middling,” we had dances which were “fair,”  
And our football games were “decent”—but were nothing to compare  
With the Mulga Flat amusements, for the champions had been at  
Every blessed kind of junket that was held at Mulga Flat!

Well, we stood him for a season, but we bounced him pretty soon,  
For we hate a barrel-organ that can only play one tune;  
But in every town, you’ll notice, there is someone with a rat,  
Who for ever keeps on magging of some place like Mulga Flat!
A Matter Of Knack.

Jock M'Pherson was a person who was boastful in conversin',
But respectable and ponderous and dignified withal!
Con M'Carty was a party who was something of a smarty,
And beside the big M'Pherson looked particularly small;
But Cornelius M'Carty, he was artful, after all!

When Cornelius M'Carty thought M'Pherson was his dart, he
Made a wager he would carry him a mile along the track;
Which, considering M'Pherson was a very weighty person,
Was a risky undertaking for M'Carty's little back.
But Cornelius protested it depended on the knack!

“Take yer coat off!” called M'Carty, and M'Pherson gave a start, he
Had n't bargained for proceedings the reverse of dignified!
But he felt he had the best of the arrangement. “Take yer vest off!”
Said M'Carty; and M'Pherson very graciously complied.
It was in the private parlor, and the crowd was all outside.

“Take yer boots off!” said M'Carty in a cheerful tone and hearty,
But M'Pherson he objected that the crowd would see his toes.
Said M'Carty: “See, M'Pherson, there ain't any sense in cursin',
Take yer boots off, I don't reckon to be handicapped with those!
I am not the sort of Juggins you apparently suppose!”

This M'Pherson's wrath arouses. “But,” said he, “I'll keep me trousers!”
“Not a trouser!” said M'Carty, “or to me the wager goes.
The conditions you're reversin'; I will carry you, M'Pherson,
But the wager does n't say a blessed word about yer clothes!”
That was how the small M'Carty had M'Pherson by the nose!
The M‘Camley Mixture.

Jack M‘Camley,
    Lank and long,
Ox-persuader,
    Billabong.
Bluff and hearty
Sort o' party,
Got the “blanky” habit strong!

Says the parson,
    Bright old bird,
“Why'd you use that
    Horrid word?—
(Jack looked grinful)—
Not say sinful,
But most vulgar and absurd!”

“It's the blanky
    Church, betwixt
You and me, that
    Got me fixed!”
Says M‘Camley,
    “In our fam'y
Things is all so blanky mixed!

“There's me father—
    Whoa back, Dick!—
Church o' Blanky
    England, stric!
There's me mother
    And one brother,
Roman—Blanky—Catholic!

“But me sister—
    Way, you Stan!
Don't them bullocks
    Rile a man?
Kilts enticed her,
    Went and spliced a
Presby—Blanky—terian!”
“You talk of snakes,” said Jack the Rat,  
“But blow me, one hot summer,  
I seen a thing that knocked me flat—  
Fourteen foot long or more than that,  
It was a reg’lar hummer!  
Lay right along a sort of bog,  
Just like a log!

“The ugly thing was lyin' there  
And not a sign o' movin',  
Give any man a nasty scare;  
Seen nothin' like it anywhere  
Since I first started drovin'.  
And yet it did n't scare my dog.  
Looked like a log!

“I had to cross that bog, yer see,  
And bluey I was humpin';  
But wonderin' what that thing could be  
A-lyin' there in front o' me  
I did n't feel like jumpin'.  
Yet, though I shivered like a frog,  
It seemed a log!

“I takes a leap and lands right on  
The back of that there whopper!”
He stopped. We waited. Then Big Mac  
Remarked: “Well, then, what happened, Jack?”  
“Not much,” said Jack, and drained his grog.  
“It was a log?”
Pullyerleg!

Yes; I came from up the country where the paddy-melons grow,
An excursion trip to Sydney for the Agriwebster Show,
And I thought as I was just as smart as any chaps in town,
And I reckoned there was no one as was like to take me down.

Bet yer life that I was spry,
   Up to snuff and fairly fly!
Oh, a youngster from the country can be smart, and so was I!

First my mother started cryin', said the Plague was awful bad.
   “Oh, the only plague'll bother him is women,” answered Dad.
Mother said she reckoned father was a most disgustin' Pa,
But he said he'd been to Sydney long before he married Ma!

   And I could n't help but think
   That he winked a sinful wink
As he said: “Don't you fear nothink; just be careful what you drink!”

But my mother got me camphor-cakes and things; she would n't stop
Till I swear I smelt uncommon like a blessed chemist's shop!
“This is Bifkin's Paralytic” (her pronunciation's vague)
“Which they tell me,” says my mother, “will preserve you from the Plague.”
   Well, of course, I thought it rot
   But I took it all—why not?
And one morning in the city emptied out the rotten lot!

Spare me days! It's great in Sydney when you ain't too short of cash,
   And you have n't got to raise a “sprat” to get a plate of hash.
And the fly blokes! They aint nothin' to the coves at Diggers' Flat.
Strike me pink! but Bill the Ringer'd show they don't know where they're at!
   Oh! I felt I was a pearl
   In the gay and giddy whirl,
But it happened I encountered quite a scrumptious little girl!

My Australian Affidavit! But she was a little plum!
Cottoned up to me immediate, no standoffishness like some.
Pleasant, trim-built little party, cuddlesome and neat, you know,
And the first thing that she asked me: “Would I take her to the Show?”
   Would I take her? I should smile!
   I should snigger!! Just my style!!!
Fresh and fair and plump and wholesome, innocent and free from guile!

Well, we saw the Agriwebster on the followin' afternoon.
(Decent Show, the Diggers' Flat blokes may get something like it soon.)
But she simply knocked me bandy when she smiled and said: “Good-bye! Here's my brother come to fetch me!” Strike me purple! where was I? Off they went—left me to stare!

“Where's my purse!” I yelled and swore. Strike me fat!! I felt my pocket!!! And so help me!!!! IT WAS THERE!
Football.

What gives to Winter time its zest,
Expands your lungs and swells your chest,
What is a tomfool game at best?
    Why, football!

What barks your shins and “busts” your tile
And rips your pants in festive style:
What makes the surgeon softly smile?
    Why, football!

What though it be a dangerous game?
Without some danger sport is tame,
And so we love it all the same,
    Our football!
The Guile Of Dad M'ginnis.

When M'Ginnis struck the mining camp at Jamberoora Creek
His behaviour was appreciated highly;
For, although he was a quiet man, in manner mild and meek,
Not like ordinary swagmen with a monumental cheek,
He became the admiration of the camp along the creek
'Cause he showed a point to Kangaroobie Riley!

Both the pubs at Jamberoora had some grog that stood the test
(Not to speak of what was manufactured slyly!)
And the hostel of O'Gorman, which was called “The Diggers' Rest,”
Was, O'Gorman said, the finest house of any in the west;
But it was a burning question if it really WAS the best,
Or the “Miners' ”—kept by Kangaroobie Riley.

Dad M'Ginnis called at Riley's. Said he “felt a trifle queer,”
And with something like a wan and weary smile, he
Said he “thought he'd try a whisky.” Pushed it back and said “I fear
I had better take a brandy.” Passed THAT back and said: “Look here,
Take the brandy; after all, I think I'll have a pint of beer!”
And he drank the health of Kangaroobie Riley!

Where's the money?” asked the publican; “you'll have to pay, begad!”
“Gave the brandy for the beer!” said Dad the wily,
“And I handed you the whisky when I took the brandy, lad!”
“But you paid not for the whisky!” answered Riley.
“No,” said Dad,
“And you don't expect a man to pay for what he never had!”
—'T was the logic flattened Kangaroobie Riley!

“See,” said Kangaroobie Riley, “you have had me, that is clear!
But I never mind a joke,” he added dryly.
“Just you work it on O'Gorman, and I'll shout another beer!”
“I'd be happy to oblige yer,” said M'Ginnis with a leer,
“But the fact about the matter is—O'GORMAN SENT ME HERE!—
So, good morning, Mr. Kangaroobie Riley!”
All Same “Pinafore.”

There was a girl in Marrickville who walked along the street,
   But sad to say, she had n't travelled far,
When she slipped upon the footpath which they'd lately tarred so neat,
   'T was “the merry, merry maiden and the tar!”
The Spielers And The Girl.

It was in the humble parlour of a Brisbane public-house,
There was James and there was Joseph and The Girl.
James and Joseph they were spielers of considerable nous,
And possessed the style and manners of an earl.
Very ugly were the attributes of Joseph and of James,
For they earned an easy living by acquiring artful games
Which the magistrates are apt to call by very nasty names,
And the trusted silent partner was The Girl.

James had lately struck a notion of a quite uncommon kind,
And explained it unto Joseph and The Girl.
He had bought two hundred packs of cards as good as he could find,
'T was a scheme to make a parson's whiskers curl.
He would go as far as Adelaide and not attempt to sell,
But would leave some packs as samples, free at every large hotel,
And would quote a price absurdly low (and mark the backs as well).
'T was a plan approved by Joseph and The Girl!

Joseph had to stay in Brisbane till he got a wire from James.
(I should mention it was James that owned The Girl.)
Then he'd go by boat to Adelaide and there begin the games,
Working back by rail to Brisbane and The Girl.
See the dodge? One spieler left the cards along the route
While the other had to play the games and gather in the loot.
Fair division of the proceeds, and to save all coarse dispute,
All the cash to go to Brisbane to The Girl.

James and Joseph met in Adelaide, where James soon made it plain
Which hotels would have the sample cards on hand.
James then took the boat for Brisbane while his partner took the train—
'T was as neat a spieler's plot as e'er was planned!
But when James got back to Brisbane, then The Girl explained to Jim
That his partner had persuaded her to be untrue to him!
There was language filled the atmosphere that made the gas burn dim!
Still, The Girl had got the coin, you understand!

Like all ladies who deceive their lords, The Girl was full of woe,
For her one and only love, of course, was Jim!
And she sobbed and sighed and murmured that “she really did n't know
What came over her to be untrue to him!”
But The Girl had got the plunder, and she counselled Jim to wait
Until Joe got through Victoria, and she got desperate.
For “she loved him, and for Joseph she had nothing else but hate!”
She was loaded with repentance to the brim!

Now, when Joe arrived at Goulburn he had done extremely well,
And the coin had gone to Brisbane to The Girl!
But the luck changed all at once, and how it did he could n't tell,
The disaster set his senses all a-whirl.
For the cards appeared to be the same, and yet he went to smash,
And the “Solo Whist Conspiracy” became a frightful hash!
By the time he got to Sydney he had just sufficient cash
To return to James and Brisbane and The Girl!

When poor Joseph got to Brisbane blank despair awaited him!
Empty house! No Jim! No home!! No cash!!! No Girl!!!!
But the landlord found a letter which was left behind by Jim,
And for shortness and for sharpness t was a pearl:—
“When I found, my old friend Joseph, that The Girl you'd tried to hug,
I went back as far as Goulburn! Changed the cards to fool a tug!
But, good-bye, old man! I'm sorry that you took me for a mug!
I am off to-day to 'Frisco with The Girl!”
The Four O'Clock Baby.

She's fair and plump, a perfect peach,  
    A daisy and a gem;  
But every morn, as sure's yer born  
    At four o'clock a.m.  
She's wide awake and coos and laughs,  
    And kicks the clothes 'n a heap;  
It ain't no use, she scorns abuse,  
    And won't let nobody sleep!

No, she won't let nobody sleep, she won't,  
She don't let nobody sleep, she don't,  
    She crows and kicks  
    From four to six,  
And won't let nobody sleep!

Of course, it's better to laugh than cry,  
    It's well to laugh and sing;  
But “Dickory Dock” at four o'clock  
    Is certainly not the thing!  
So folks retire at eight p.m.  
    (Ridiculous hour to keep!)  
Because she won't, she can't, she don't,  
    She won't let nobody sleep!

No, she won't let nobody sleep, she won't,  
She don't let nobody sleep, she don't,  
    She crows and kicks  
    From four to six,  
And won't let nobody sleep!
The Man Who Always Runs To Catch The Tram.

He's the latest evolution of a prehistoric type—
    The man who always runs to catch the tram!
He's never got the time to light his after-breakfast pipe—
    The man who has to run to catch the tram!
He is all a ball of energy and vigour; could n't wait!
It is worse to be too early than it is to be too late!
He'll be rushing up the garden path when Peter slams the gate—
    The man that has to run to catch the tram!

You can take him in his business; I'll bet you ten to one—
    The man who has to run to catch the tram!
That he's always in a hurry, and there's mighty little done—
    The same as when he's running for the tram!
Does n't matter if a lawyer at the starting of the term,
Or the “I'll-be-there-directly!” of a tea and sugar firm—
It is still to-day the early bird that gathers in the worm;
    Not the bird who has to run to catch the tram!
How To Become Immortal.

There was a scribbler wrote a joke,
   Which he considered clever;
A negro minstrel took it up,
   And now 't will live for ever!
A Bunch Of Roses.

In a calm and peaceful suburb
   (Not the suburb you suppose)
Lived a happy, homely couple
   Who enjoyed the name of Rose.

“What is in a name?” asks Shakespeare,
   Which is smart in many ways,
Seeing it was Francis Bacon
   Really wrote the Shakespeare plays!

Mr. Rose wrote pretty verses,
   And composed sweet tunes by turns—
Rhyming friends oft called him “Mozart,”
   Fiddlers called him “Robbie Burns.”

Yet he had poetic fancies
   (Which no kindly person blames),
And he thought to call his offspring
   By appropriate Christian names.

As the heir of all the Roses,
   Owner of a piping squeal,
Showed a great desire for fighting
   He was christened “Marshal Niel.”

And the little girl who followed
   In due order after him
Was so calm, sedate, and gentle,
   She, of course, was labelled “Prim.”

One was “Moss” and one was “China,”
   One was “Cabbage”—and ’t is said,
When this lass grew up and married,
   Her good husband's name was Head!

“Cabbage Rose” is not too pretty
   For a lady gently bred;
But I’d sooner have a number
   Than a name like “Cabbage Head!”

“Blush Rose,” she became a barmaid
   (This was offspring number six),
And I need not add that “Tea Rose”
Stumbled into politics!

One was brought up on the bottle;
   Sturdy laddie, not too fat.
He, of course, was baptised “Tuber,”
   Any fool would think of that!

“Banksia Rose,” she wed the banker—
   Most appropriate, you'll allow!
(It was long before the “crisis”;
   He's “Financial Agent” now!)

Number Ten was christened “Native”
   (Married somebody named Black!)
And eleven was called “Baby”
   (She's the old maid of the pack!)

And the last, who made the dozen
   In this Bunch of Roses fair;
They were lost what name to give her,
   And were feeling in despair.

“Call her ‘Wild,’ ” remarked the mother,
   “‘Wild Rose' sounds a charming name,”
Which suggestion was adopted,
   And the final trouble came.

Wild Rose grew a lovely maiden,
   Fresh and sweet and beautiful
Like her name—till she was married!
   For her husband's name was Bull!!
Advice.

When you're down in the dumps,
And you suffer from mumps,
And are fit for a funeral party,
   You should open your jaw
   In a roaring guffaw,
And a laugh that is noisy and hearty.

   And you'll certainly find,
   If you bear it in mind,
That it's rather a different labour
   To keep a good heart
   In a difficult part,
Than to give the advice to your neighbour.
“Mulga And Wattle.”

Now settle you down, and I won't be long,
I'm trying to do my best;
I'm singin' a sort of a kind of a song
To men in the weary West.
I'm not too good, but I ain't too slow
At slingin' a jinglin' rhyme;
But each of us,
All of us,
Big and the small of us,
Large and the little, and short and the tall of us
Look for a break in
The workin' and wakin'—
Especially Christmas Time!

They say you're rough in the weary West,
And your cheeks are tanned and dark,
But I never could see that a man was best
With the style of a barber's clerk!
The dudes and mashers are much the same
In every land and clime;
But some of us,
Most of us,
Pretty fair host of us,
Gather and honour the 'Stralian toast of us—
“Mulga and Wattle!”
And empty a bottle—
Especially Christmas Time!

Well, here's good luck to the Western fold!
May your courage never be dead
Till you stick your pick in a nugget of gold
As big as a statesman's head!
As big as his head, but not so thick—
For greed is a dreadful crime!
So blowers or tailers,
Though Gropers or Walers,
Or pearl-fishing jokers who think you are sailors,
Just up with the bottle
To “Mulga and Wattle!
Australia Every Time!”
Only A Moderate Mania.

“Darling,” she said, “if I were gone,  
Would you be sad or glad?”
“Oh, talk not in that dismal tone!”  
Said he: “ ‘T would drive me mad!”

“And would you marry again?” she sighed  
In tender tones and sad.
“Well, no,” her better half replied,  
“I would n't be quite THAT mad!”
The Way Of It.

Australian views of charity
   Are something very sweet!
We must subscribe to squatters when
   They raise the price of meat;

And then the farmers must be helped,
   They're suffering, 't is said,
They get the help, and straight away
   They raise the price of bread!

I have no wish to jest and jibe,
   And yet it seems to me
The more the generous subscribe
   The dearer things will be!

And if the more the people give
   The more they have to pay,
Who really suffers through the drought
   Will someone kindly say?
Burns Amended.

“Oh, wad some power the giftie gie us
To see oourselves as ithers see us,
It wad frae mony a blunder free us
    And foolish notion.”
But if some power the giftie'd gie us
To make those other people see us
As we perceive ourselves, 't would free us
    From much commotion!
“The Little Brown Egotist.”

He's an entertaining midget, an amusing marionette,
   Is the copper-coloured kinchin from Japan!
His superior for skiting is n't likely to be met
   If you travel from Beersheba up to Dan!
He's been savage forty centuries and civilised a week,
And his swollen self-importance is amazing, so to speak,
And the largest part about him is his monumental cheek,
   When he blathers of the greatness of Japan!
   Oh Lord!
   You'd think Adam was Mikado of Japan!

Why, the self-asserting Yankee whom we used to think a bore,
   By comparison is quite a nervous man!
There's nothing you can show the Jap he did n't know before;
   They have just the same or better in Japan!
The American's retiring! He is modest! He is meek!
He is humble! He is bashful! He is timorous and weak!
He is shy and coy and timid, and his blushes dye his cheek
   As he shrinks before the boaster from Japan!
   Great Scot!
   The United States is nothing to Japan!

He'll admit that our Australian moon at times is fairly bright—
   But it's nothing like the moon that's in Japan!
And the sun we have may show a very decent sort of light—
   But you ought to see the sun that's in Japan!
He and Bull, you know, are partners in the ruling of the sea,
Which preposterous alliance from the first has seemed to me
Something very like an elephant assisted by a flea,
   Or a mastiff by a pocket black-and-tan!
   What oh!
   Just imagine Bull defended by Japan!

Oh, this small brown bunch of bumptiousness is sweet to contemplate!
   Such a vain and egotistic little man;
He is very fond of saying that his country's “up-to-date,”
   And he seems to think his country leads the van!
He is “up-to-date” in everything, and likes to tell you so!
   “Up-to-date” in army, navy and in commerce! Full of go!
   “Up-to-date!” Just like the baby that was born to-day, you know!
   And for skite! Don't talk of Cousin Jonathan! Oh no!
Uncle Sam was never in it with Japan!

He has three or four small islands, long and narrow, chiefly coast,
And he's christened them “The Empire of Japan!!”
They're as big as Garden Island; not much larger at the most,
And their owner is a cocky little man!

But he's very energetic; you must give him that bit in!
And the wit's not regulated by the colour of the skin!
And the only fault about him is his tendency to “chin,”
When he's blethering on the progress of Japan!
   Great Japan!
   Grand Japan!
   Brave Japan!
   Wise Japan!
   Rich Japan!

Let's go there and cuddle O Mimosa San!
The Missing Mean Man.

I have read some forty dozen yarns like that of “Number One,” About the tearful person who's been taken in and done!
Yes, the chap that's badly treated, HE is always standing round:
Where the dickens is the other, he that never can be found?

YOU have never met a party telling yarns like this, you see:
“I turned dog on poor old Johnson, who was very kind to me.”
No; the victim's always handy—he is always to be seen—
Where's the other blessed bounder, he who does the thing that's mean?
**Insomnia.**

He awoke with a start with his nerves all alive.
Was it Three? Was it Four? How he prayed it was Five!
As he listened and waited the clock in the hall
Gave one chime. “It is thirty past four after all!”
But his mind would n't rest and his pulse would n't fall,
And he listened and waited. The clock in the hall
Gave one chime! How he started and shivered again,
For the goddess of sleep had deserted his brain.
How silent the house and how gloomy it grew!
As he waited and listened—the hall clock chimed Two.
And he sighed that the seconds so lazily run
Till the hall clock again struck a leisurely “one.”
Half-past Two! He would read and not listen for Three,
But his thoughts would n't gather, his mind was n't free;
And he noted each sound and he marked every hum:
Had Time been suspended? Would Three NEVER come?
Yes, it came like a funeral slowly in gloom,
And the victim arose and paraded the room.
Half-past three! Was it possible time was so slow?
Still pacing and pacing the room to and fro.
Four o'clock! Then another wait longer than all
Till the chime of the half-hour was heard from the hall.
Five o'clock—a grey shade on the window was cast.
“Thank Heaven!” he cried, “it is daylight at last!”
A Tight Place.

For a brief experimental,
   Mild and gentle,
   Sort o' spree
Saltbush William was in Sydney
With some others of his kidney;
Every man an Ananias,
   Seasoned liars,
   Conscience free!
But the wily William wore his
Simple smile and told us stories
Of the kind in which he glories,
   Same as me!

“Now, you chaps are pretty gritty
   In the city,"
Murmured Bill.
“But you go to North Australia
And you'll find your courage fail yer;
You'll get scared the same as I did,
   That's provided
   There is still
That same tribe of fighting niggers:
Them as scared away the diggers
When they cocked their rifle triggers
   Dead to kill.

“'T was them niggers cut the cable,
   Sure as Abel
   Murdered Cain!
Thought it was a kind of fencing
That the white man was commencing,
And as soon as it was mended
   They upended
   It again!
What d'ye say? 'T was Cain killed Abel?
Have yer way about the fable;
Still, them niggers cut the cable—
   That was plain.

“Well, the Darwin line's important,
   And it ought n't
To be snagged,
Or that blanky Kaiser's capers
Can't be printed in the papers!
And the Government, it figures
That them niggers
Must be bagged;
So they send me out from Cooper's
Creek with five and twenty troopers;
If I ever see such supers
I'll be lagged!

“First we camped at Charlotte Waters,
Fairish quarters
In the main;
Then we crossed MacDonnell Ranges,
Where of course the country changes.
When we saw them niggers camping
We was tramping
'Cross the plain.
They was sort o' yellow colour,
Like the Chinese, only duller;
Thick as flies in Cunnamulla
After rain!

“Well, at first they didn't spot us,
But they got us
In a bit.
And they came along a-yelling
In a way that beats the telling;
And you never heard such howling!
Trooper Dowling
Took a fit!
On they came, them savage whoopers,
And I calls upon the troopers,
But the crowd of scurvy supers
Turned and flit!

“They were city-bred and frightened;
And I mightn't,
If I'd known,
Ever ventured with the beggars
Out against them savage niggers,
For a kiddie could have cleft me
When they left me
All alone!
I ain't anxious to disgrace 'em,
But for *cows* you could n't place 'em!
Fancy leaving me to face 'em
   On my own!”

“As it happened, I was saddled,
   And skedaddled
   You can bet!
With them niggers rushing after,
Full of howlin' shouts o' laughter.
And a thing that very strange is,
   In the ranges
   I was set!
And my confidence was shaken,
For, in hopes to save my bacon,
*T was the wrong ravine I'd taken!*
   TALK OF SWEAT!

“Straight ahead of me a chasm,
   Yawning chasm!
   Thousand feet!!
On each side of me a mountain,
Just how high I was n't countin',
But completely perpendic'lar!
   'T was a tickler
   *And a treat!*
And them yelling fiends behind me;
Bound to catch me; sure to find me;
Could n't miss me! Well, you mind me
   It was sweet!

“On they came, a swarm—Great Caesar!
   Like the bees a-Round the comb.
Yelling! Howling! Screaming! Roaring!
I could feel the sweat a-pouring,
And the horse could go no farther,
   Laved in lather,
   Flaked in foam;
It was certain death—no ransom;
But I was n't game to chance 'em!
*So I whistled for a hansom,*
   *And came home.*”
Finally.

What's the good of a doleful tale?
Make the people laugh!
What's the use of a woeful wail?
Make the people laugh!
Ain't there misery enough
In this world we find so tough?
What's the good of the dismal stuff?
Make the people laugh!

That's my notion all the while—
Help the folk to laugh!
Lord! there's money in a smile!
Raise a ringing laugh!
What's the use to keep your nose
Snivelling 'o'er the worst o' woes?
Sorrow comes—but sorrow goes!
Shake it off and laugh!