

# Hits! Skits! And Jingles!

Goodge, W. T. (1862-1909)

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**Hits! Skits! And Jingles!**

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# Contents

	PAGE
THE OOZLUM BIRD	1
WHY?	7
THE BABY	7
DRIFTING DOWN THE DARLING	8
SOCIALISM AND ANARCHY	9
THE ONLY BANK NOT TO BE ROBBED	10
HOW WE DROVE THE TROTTER	10
WHAT BOOTS IT?	12
THE FOOL WHO MEANS NO HARM	13
A LOVE SONG	14
THE MODERN WOMAN	15
TO THE IMPRESSIONIST SCHOOL	15
TOWN AND COUNTRY	16
ACTRESS AND ARTIST	16
THE LAY OF THE LOVELORN LARRIKIN	17
WHO WROTE THE SHAKESPEARE PLAYS?	18
ON HIS OWN	19
ODE TO MAORILAND	20
“SHOUTING”	21
THE FROG IN THE WELL	22
A BACK-BLOCK SETTLEMENT	23
A QUATRAIN	24
TOBACCO!	25
TWO FOOLS	25
THE ROCKING-CHAIR	26
THEY WENT TO LAW	27
THE DAFFODIL DANCE	30
KEROSENE!	31
THE OLD DUTCH CLOCK	32
THE AUSTRALIAN	34
HOW WE ALL LOOK AT IT	35
WHO STOLE THE PONIES?	36
STATION LIFE	37
COME TO ORANGE	38
TWO MEN AND A MAID	39
KING WHISKEY	40
HOW HE DYED	42
CHARACTER AND REPUTATION	42

THE SHEARER'S LIFE	43
THE WAY OF IT	44
THE MELODIOUS BULLOCKY	44
THE JUBILEE GIRL	45
PRAYING FOR RAIN	46
THE BURGLAR'S SONG	46
CIVILIZATION	47
LIFE	47
THE PHASES OF THE EGO	48
A BAD BREAK	48
JAMBEROORA FLAT	49
ODE TO THE FRYINGPAN	50
THE BOGAN SCRUB	51
CHRISTMAS BELLS (A CAROL)	52
MEALY MARY ANN	54
ALAS!	55
THE SIMPLE CHINESE PLAN	56
THE POSTMAN	57
THE SMALL BOY'S WHISTLE	58
THE LOOMING INVASION	59
WHEN THE COMPS. ARE CALLIN'!	60
THE MORAL OF TRILBY	61
THE SMITHVILLE TANDEM BIKE	64
FAST!	65
CLAY AND CHINA	66
THE MAN AND THE PAPER	67
ALAS AND ALACKADAY!	68
WHAT DO YOU WANT?	69
OUR DOG JIM	70
THE MALONI EVOLUTION	71
TWO HYPOCRITES	72
WHAT IS LUCK?	73
A GENUINE BUSH SONG	74
THE PENDULUM	76
OOZLEUM	77
THE MICKITY-MULGA FOOTBALL MATCH	78
THE OLDEN GOLDEN DAYS	81
ROMANCE AND REALITY	83
THE CRUELLEST CUT	84
SCORCHING	85
WHEN MATILDA HANGS THE WASHING ON THE LINE	86
ABU BEN MAHOMET	87
A GREAT PERFORMANCE	89

THE FATE OF TATE	90
DAN THE BULLOCKY	91
SPRING, SWEET SPRING!	92
EXPLAINS IT	93
THE QUARTER-BACK	94
THE NEW CHUM AND THE 'POSSUM	95
LIP TIP CAT	95
THREE ROSES	96
WATER ON THE BRAIN	97
“98”	98
DEAD SEA FRUIT	99
QUAY!	100
BANDY PAT OF BLUE GUM FLAT	101
AUSTRALIA'S WISDOM	102
THE PHARISEE AND SADDUCEE	103
FEDERATION	104
QUEEN WILHELMINA AND THE BICYCLE	105
KATZENJAMMER	106
THE MONTH OF MAY	107
LOVE AND THE CYCLES	108
RURAL POLITICS	109
THE GODLY JOHNSONS	110
THE MOSQUITO AND THE POLITICIAN	112
	PAGE
BUNDABAH	113
“—!” (THE GREAT AUSTRALIAN ADJECTIVE)	115
A SAD CASE	116
THE POLITICIAN	117
THE NEW ANATOMY	118
WHEW!	119
WHY INDEED!	120
A DISMAL TALE	121
ON PAPER	123
THE AVERAGE M.P.	124
THE BREATH OF SMELSON	125
SAME OLD STYLE	126
THE INDIAN HAWKER	127
THE GIRL FOR US	128
THE LONG-BOW	129
THE POST OFFICE PEN	130
SLIPPERY BILL	131
ON THE OLD BARCOO	133
THE LOAFER'S LAY	135

ROOM AT THE TOP	136
OLD MAN CANOBOLAS	137
HUMAN NATURE	138
THE OUT-OF-WORKS	139
HOME RULE	140
THE WOMAN WHO DID N'T	141
THE DIFFERENCE	142
AUSTRALIAN LITERATURE	143
WHAT IT'S COMING TO	145
THE MINING MART	146
THE RURAL POLITICIANS	147
THE TRUTHFUL MAN	149
THE GREAT AUSTRALIAN SLANGUAGE	150
MAUD	152
THE USE OF DIPLOMACY	153
THE BUSH MISSIONARY	154
THE SHEARERS' COOK	157
THE TUGS OF SIMPSONVILLE	158
MULLIGAN'S SHANTY	162
MCCULLOCH'S CHUMP	163
DALEY'S DORG WATTLE	165
CHINAMAN LEE'S RECEIPT	166
MULGA FLAT	167
A MATTER OF KNACK	169
THE M'CAMLEY MIXTURE	170
A SNAKE YARN	172
PULLYERLEG!	173
FOOTBALL	175
THE GUILF OF DAD M'GINNIS	176
ALL SAME "PINAFORE"	177
THE SPIELERS AND THE GIRL	178
THE FOUR O'CLOCK BABY	181
THE MAN WHO ALWAYS RUNS TO CATCH THE TRAM	182
HOW TO BECOME IMMORTAL	182
A BUNCH OF ROSES	183
ADVICE	185
"MULGA AND WATTLE"	186
ONLY A MODERATE MANIA	187
THE WAY OF IT	188
BURNS AMENDED	188
"THE LITTLE BROWN EGOTIST"	189
THE MISSING MEAN MAN	191
INSOMNIA	192

A TIGHT PLACE  
FINALLY

193  
197

**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 praties  
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 *filie* at Mabilie  
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 shearers' 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-constructor 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 Maloneys.  
We were always pretty careful when the steamer anchored there,  
It was well indeed for strangers to be chary,  
For the Learys and Maloneys 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 Maloneys!

Then the Learys and Maloneys 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 Maloneys!

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 Maloneys!

## **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,  
And the stagnant air is reeking with an Asiatic smell,  
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 trees  
As you could'nt 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 noddle  
Filled his bosom with dismay.

Mr. N. had been red-headed—  
'T was 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!”

## **Jamberoora Flat.**

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-swarthy 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 thralldom 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 Jingoese 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 horriest, 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 desired 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 law.

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 could n'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 Contin-ong,  
And she settled down in Paris where she came it very strong,  
And the leaders of society frequented the salong  
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-tary-a!

*Chorus:*

So it's saddle up your horses, blokes,  
    Across the bush we go,  
We're agoin' 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 Methusalem,  
Jolly old sailor who captained a crewsalem  
Sailing from Joppa across to Corfusalem.  
Tired of the Mediterranean Bluesalem  
Out at Gibraltar he went for a cruisealem;  
Somebody told the old seafaring Jewsalem  
Sydney was boss of the lot for a boozealem.  
Down to the southward the schooner it flewsalem  
'Cross the equator at longitude two-salem;  
Up Sydney Harbour the vessel she drewsalem.  
Once alongside old Mahomet Methusalem  
Went off ashore on a lengthened carousealem  
Just as old sailors so frequently do-salem!  
Not very much of our liquor he knewsalem,  
Several brandies and whiskies got throughsalem.  
Then it went ill with Mahomet Methusalem  
Flattened right out by colonial fuselum;  
Head the next morning, (deplorably truesalem!)  
Swelled like a pumpkin in Woolloomooloosalem,  
So with a shudder Mahomet Methusalem  
Packed up his traps and went home to Jerusalem!

## The Mickity-Mulga Football Match.

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 follers  
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'ral 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 shouted 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!

## Water On The Brain.

'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 celebr8?  
This is the day from which we d8  
New resolutions, good and gr8!

Henceforth our smoking shall ab8,  
The weed nicotian we shall h8.  
We'll swear off gin and whiskey str8,  
And put no nobblers on the s18.

Our words we now will regul8  
In phrases mild and delic8,  
Such games as pool we'll design8  
As absolutely reprob8!

Who speaks of Yankee Grab must w8  
On other folks in '98!  
No dominoes to enerv8  
And cloud the mind inebri8!

Oh, we shall not particip8  
In sinful games in '98,  
But daily seek to elev8  
Our minds on things regener8!

We'll go to church in solemn st8  
Six times a week in '98,  
And place our sixpence on the pl8  
If coppers are inadequ8.

This is our present estim8  
Of virtues in the aggre8,  
We happily might effectu8  
If man were but immacul8!

Alas, in dread we contempl8  
Lest '99 eventu8  
And find us in the parlous st8  
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 always sick,  
For pills and tings he clamour;  
He tinks he wants '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 wants 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 world 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 constituencyee!  
A noble ambition  
For men of position  
You'll readily all agree  
For to repper-resent in Parley-ament  
A country constituencyee!

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

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 constituencyee!  
Who flatters and chatters  
On family matters  
The likeliest person he  
For to repper-resent in Parley-ament

A country constituency!

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 represent in Parliament  
That country constituency!  
A man of position  
And void of volition  
You'll certainly all agree  
Should represent in Parliament  
A country constituency!

## 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 screamin' —— 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 pathological 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,  
'T was 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 Toddles 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 Toddles 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 shearers bowed to his sovereign will  
As shearers 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 shearers 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 Slangage.

'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 would n'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 Ananias.

## 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 shearers 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 shearers, "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 shearers 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,  
*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!  
*“Sing, yer blanky beggars, sing!*  
*Make the blanky welkin ring!*

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 did n'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 leceptee for me?  
    No Chinaman cheatee,  
    My want it leceptee,  
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 leceptee,” said he,  
    “Me die, and you see,  
    The Lord askee me;  
‘You allee same Clistian in Millagadee?  
    You got it clean sheetee?  
    Nobody you cheatee?  
You got it leceptee flom Missee Magee!’ ”

Said Chinaman Lee to Attorney Magee:  
“Me say you no give it leceptee for fee!  
    The Lord He tell me  
    ‘Go lookee for he;  
No halo can get till leceptee 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 grinfu!)—  
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'ly  
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!"

## A Snake Yarn.

“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 sware.

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 Kangarooobie 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 Kangarooobie 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 Kangarooobie 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 Kangarooobie Riley!

"See," said Kangarooobie 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. Kangarooobie 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 oorselves 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 did n'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!

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