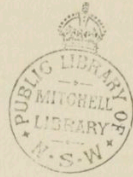


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Dr. Mitchell.



AUTHOR'S NOTE.

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W. T. GOODGE.



HITS, SKITS, AND JINGLES.

W. T. GOODGE.



HITS !

SKITS !

AND

JINGLES !



Sydney :

THE BULLETIN NEWSPAPER COMPANY, LIMITED.

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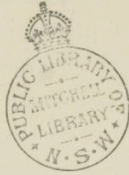
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THE OOZLUM BIRD.

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 !

TO 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 LAY OF THE LOVELORN LARRIKIN.

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

Chorus :

With yer eyes like the stars that's above yer
 Which is set in the heavenly blue,
 Well, spare me days, kleiner, I love yer !
 Oh, strike me pink, Sally, I do !

You can talk of your gentleman's daughters,
 And your knock-me-down aristocrats,
 But compared to a gal like Sal Waters
 Well I reckon that lot has got rats !
 When she smiles at me sweetly like Heaven
 Then I thinks with a sort of a choke
 You could bet on me chuckin' the seven
 If she slung me for some other bloke !

Chorus :

So it's nark it now, Sal, or I'll shove yer !
 Don't be kiddin' a bloke as is true !
 For it 's no dicken pitch as I love yer,
 Oh, strike me pink, Sally, I do !

Though I've never been short of a fiver,
 Still I ain't what a bloke would call rich,
 And I ain't got the style and the guiver
 Of them bank clerks and students and sich.
 But if phrases polite I ain't pat in,
 You can cotton to me when I speak,
 And a bloke can have love without Latin
 And a cove have a heart without Greek.

Chorus :

With yer eyes like the stars that's above yer
 As is set in the heavenly blue,
 I'm the bloke, Sal, as really do love yer,
 Oh, strike me pink, Sally, I do !

**WHO WROTE THE SHAKESPERE
 PLAYS ?**

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

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

ON HIS OWN.

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

For the family father of Britain
 Is a model of all that is good
 When he 's home in the family circle,
 And he always does just what he should,
 And yet, at the close of the summer
 You 'll find him in Paris alone
 Where he 'll dance a quadrille
 With a *fille* at 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 "theaters,"
 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 Micky-Mulga Whollopers 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 Whollopers had n't paid it yet.
And the Whollopers 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 Whollopers'
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 easily 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 Whollopers 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 e'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 !

Owne'd 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 am-
 bition,
 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 con-
 tinued 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—l,
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 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.

'T is 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
 Roy !]
 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.

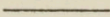
Infant ; teething,
Thrush and croup.
Schoolboy ; marbles,
Top and hoop.
Youth ; sweet picnics,
Cigarettes,
Cricket, football,
Sundry bets !

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 horriddest, 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 taw.

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's 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 pæans 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 contem-
plate ;
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 over-
rate,
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 under-
 stand,
 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 camp-
ing 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 Cæsar’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.

'Twas 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 breath-
ing 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 sl8.

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

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

THE MONTH OF MAY.

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

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

LOVE AND THE CYCLES.

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

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

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

RURAL POLITICS.

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

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

Octavius Brown was a regular chump,
 And his relatives all confess
 That Octavius Brown as a circus clown
 Would have been a pronounced success.
 Now Octavius Brown, he too desired
 Notorious for to be
 And to repper-resent in Parley-ament
 That country constituencee !

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

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

A talented man is not required—
 You need n't know A from B
 For to repper-resent in Parley-ament
 A country constituencee !
 Who flatters and chatters
 On family matters
 The likeliest person he
 For to repper-resent in Parley-ament
 A country constituencee !

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

THE GODLY JOHNSONS.

John Johnson was a godly man,
 A godly man was he,
 He lived upon the simple plan
 Of working charity.
 He had a "home for aged poor,"
 A "home for orphans," too,
 No waif was turned from Johnson's door ;
 Besides, it would n't do !

The public came up to the scratch
 To find him with the means,
 In fact we never met his match
 At raking in the beans.
 And Johnson was so very nice,
 So pious and so good,
 And so entirely free from vice—
 (So people understood !)

And Mrs. Johnson was a dame
 Well suited to her mate,
 Who gained considerable fame
 In temperance debate.
 And Mr. J. and Mrs. J.
 No Christian toil would shirk ;
 Reclaiming sinners, so they say,
 Is easier than work !

And Johnson did, of course, belong
 To nearly every lodge
 (You can't come out in this too strong
 In working any dodge).
 So Mr. J. and Mrs. J.
 Waxed famous near and far,
 And everybody used to say,
 "How good those Johnsons are !"

Now, doctored cards are right enough
 And loaded dice may pay,
 And two-up coins may bring in "stuff"
 If worked the proper way ;
 But, oh ! the champion dodge of all,
 And one that brings in most
 Is "answering to duty's call"
 And "rescuing the lost."

THE MOSQUITO AND THE POLITICIAN.

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

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

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

BUNDABAH.

'T was Gentleman Jack from Jamberoo,
 The ringer of Bundabah,
 He shored 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 !

“ ——— I ”

(*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 Cræsus 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 Cræsus'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 Cræsus 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 Cræsus 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.
 'T is our dog Toby's grave, you know—
 Got hanged for killing fowls!

(Bad cess to him!)

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 McCooley.

[“The Breaker” having written a clever bit of verse for *The Bulletin*, Mr. McCooley 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. McCooley 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 McCooley.
 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 Cæsar 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,
 'Tis 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 tramp-
ing still

And he's Billy from the Darling or he's Murrumbidgee
Bill;

And his togs are pretty rusty and his blucher boots are
brown,

And his shirt ain't just the color of the drapers' clerks in
town,

And he's looking for the station tank his water-bag to
fill

And wherever you may find him
He's the same

Old

Bill!

There is Jim the dandy axeman who can chop six cords
a day,

There is Micky from the Mulga who was ringer out at
Hay,

There's McPherson, overseer at the Moonaburna shed,
And the bloke that belted Clancy, with a slip-rail, on
the head.

There's the chap that struck the nugget when his credit
at the store

Was so bad they stopped his tucker 'cos he could n't pay
his score,

And the jackeroo from England with his quarterly
 "remit,"

And whene'er you read the story

It's the same

Old

Skit!

There's the son of Squatter Jumbuck, an unmitigated
 scamp,

There's the barmaid up from Melbourne at the Mundic
 mining camp,

There is Thompson's wife, who bolted with the chap
 from Bendigo,

And the bloke who broke the record when he drove for
 Cobb and Co.

There is "blanky" this and "blanky" that and more
 expressive terms

Indicating of the vigor of our literary germs;

And the *Sydney Morning Herald* must n't take us all for
 flats,

We're a literary nation

And we ain't

Got

Rats?

WHAT IT'S COMING TO.

(By the Football Umpire of the Future).

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

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

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

And, O, my courage, fail me not,
 And, O, my heart, be strong !
 For I must face a warlike race
 And they may swear I'm wrong.

So bring to me my trusty sword,
 All sharpened for the fray,
 My armour bright and helmet tight—
 There's football on to-day!

THE MINING MART.

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

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

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

THE RURAL POLITICIANS.

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

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

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

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

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

And the divil a squall
 They'd be having at all,
 Forbye their political squabbles,
 And it's proud, too, am I
 To explain to yez why
 They got over the worst of their troubles.

'T was when Premier Reid
 So politely agreed
 All his earnest convictions to swallow,
 That Maloney and Mick
 Got entirely sick
 Of debating a question so hollow !

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

THE TRUTHFUL MAN.

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

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

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

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

THE GREAT AUSTRALIAN SLANGUAGE.

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

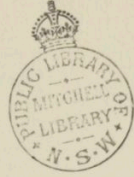
And a bosom friend's a "cobber"
 And a horse a "prad" or "moke,"
 While a casual acquaintance
 Is a "joker" or a "bloke,"
 And his lady-love's his "donah"
 Or his "clinah" or his "tart"
 Or his "little bit o' muslin,"
 As it used to be his "bart."

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

A policeman is a "johnny"
 Or a "copman" or a "trap,"
 And a thing obtained on credit
 Is invariably "strap."

A conviction's known as "trouble"
 And a gaol is called a "jug,"
 And a sharper is a "spieler"
 And a simpleton's a "tug."

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



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

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

MAUD.

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

She demolishes the Banksia,
 She consumes the Marshall Niel;
 On the lilies and the sunflowers
 Doth she make a midnight meal.
 And her smile is that sarcastic,
 That we 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 Ananiases.

THE BUSH MISSIONARY.

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

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

Well, he looked to see him coming, and he "took him
out o'-winding,"

He was long, and he was lanky ; he was frecklesome
and fair,

And a hymn he was a-humming, just as if he was n't
minding,

And he asked if any shearer had a mind to cut his hair!

We could only gape and stare,

'Cause we did n't like to swear ! "

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

So the ringer started quickly (with the shears he was a
dandy),

But he clipped a kind of pimple and the parson gave
a bound !

Then the ringer tarred it thickly and confessed he felt
"unhandy"—

The position, for a shearer, "rather awkwardish" he
found !

Then he downed him on the ground,

And he whipped his neck around,

And he "pinked" him like a leather-neck when
squatters paid a pound !

Now, the ringer 'd just got through his unaccustomed
operation,

When M'Carson, who 'd been mustering, arrived upon
the scene,

And the 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 "Saltbush 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 corn-cob 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 insecck 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 Misse Magee
 What for you no give it leceiptee for me ?
 No Chinaman cheatee,
 My want it leceiptee,
 Much better you give it,” said Chinaman Lee.

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

But Chinaman Lee propounded a plea :
 “ Suppose you no give it leceiptee,” said he,
 “ Me die, and you see,
 The Lord askee me ;

' You allee same Clistian in Millagadee ?
 You got it clean sheete ?
 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 com-
plied.

It was in the private parlor, and the crowd was all
outside.

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

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

THE M’CAMLEY MIXTURE.

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

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

"It 's the blanky
 Church, betwixt
 You and me, that
 Got me fixed!"
 Says M'Camley,
 "In our fam'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 didn’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?”

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