

Classic Poetry Series

Anonymous Oceania

- poems -

Publication Date:

2004

Publisher:

PoemHunter.Com - The World's Poetry Archive

A Day's Ride

Bold are the mounted robbers who on stolen horses ride
And bold the mounted troopers who patrol the Sydney side;
But few of them, though flash they be, can ride, and few can fight
As Walker did, for life and death, with Ward the other night.

It seems the troopers heard that Ward, well known as Thunderbolt,
An outlawed thief, was down near Blanche to try a fresh-roped colt.
(Not far from Armidale, that spot for brilliants so renowned -
Although the talked-of diamonds now are seldom found.)

Said Alick Walker as he clapped his saddle on his steed,
'If I catch sight of Ward today I'll try his horse's speed;
Up hill or down, 'tis all the same, I know my nag can stay'
They got his arms, and galloped off, all ready for the fray.

Soon as he got near Thunderbolt, the first salute he got
From that retreating party was a random pistol-shot ;
The robber fled, the trooper went in chase, his spirits rose -
When Ward advised him to keep off, he answered, 'Bosh, here goes!'

As through the scrubby brush they fled, and timber-tangled brake,
Both held their horses well in hand, nor made the least mistake;
Easing his horse with judgement then, the lightweight trooper raced-
Good jockey as the robber was, he found himself outpaced.

Mile after mile, rough ground and smooth, up hill and down the vale,
Steep rocky tracks they galloped o'er - Wards horse began to fail.
Scant time he had for firing, for whenever he looked back
Onward his adversary pressed, fast nearing on his track.

On to a creek pursuer and pursued still headed straight:
One hastening to avenge the law, his foe to meet his fate.
Ward, almost hopeless of escape, devised a desperate scheme -
Dismounting from his horse he swam the wide and rapid stream.

Cried Walker, 'May my mother's son for ever be accursed
If now I fail to take him, but I'll stop his gallop first.'
His pistol flashed, the stockhorse fell; cut off from all retreat
At bay the reckless outlaw stood, defiant in defeat.

'I'll not surrender,' was his cry, 'before I do, I'll die!'
'All right,' his brave opponent said, 'now for it, you or I!'
A moment's pause - a parley now - the trooper made a push
To grapple at close quarters with the ranger of the bush.

A shot - a blow - a struggle wild - the outlaw with a shriek
Relaxed his hold, and sank beneath the waters of the creek.
'Twas thus the dreaded robber's evil spirit passed away,
Vanquished by brave young Walker, now the hero of the day.

Henceforth those loafing swagmen who around the stations coil,
Exchanging lies at night until they see the billies boil,

At lambing-down or shearing-time will tell with bated breath
Of Walker's fight with Thunderbolt, that ride for life and death.

Anonymous Oceania

A West Country Ballad

This is the tale of Norton
Who vowed a vow, by zounds,
To catch the varlet Gardiner
And win a thousand pounds.

"Come thither, come thither, my little page,
Whom man call Black Billee,
And saddle me up my jolly brown steed
And bring my pistols three.

"A plan I have within my head,
By which I will surround
The rascal Gardiner and his gang,
And win the thousand pounds!"

Then up he rose, that little black boy,
And grinned he broad grins three:
"You bin catch that fella Gardiner,
You budgereee Peeler be."

Then Norton mounted his jolly brown steed,
And himself was hung about
With chains and ropes and handcuffs,
To catch the rabble rout.

He looked so fierce, when he sallied forth
All booted, spurred and saddled,
That all the little dogs tucked in their tails
And quickly off skedaddled.

On top of Weddin Mountains stood
Bold General Gardiner,
In cabbage-tree hat and scarlet shirt
And all devoid of fear.

"What dost thou here in my domain
In suchlike warlike gear?"
Then answered Norton: "It's you I seek,
Bold Francis Gardiner.

"Of course thou wilt my prisoner be,
Both thou and all thy force,
And quietly come along with me!"
Grinned Gardiner: "Oh, of course!"

"But tarry awhile, Inspector, Sir,
Become a guest of mine,
Go not so soon, 'tis well-nigh noon,
I prithee stay and dine.

"And thou shalt taste our bushland fare
Of lobster and sardine,

Washed down with many a noggin
Of good Old Tom and gin.

"Give me thy pistols and thy sword,
I'll also take thy watch
To see what was the time of day
When thou did'st Gardiner catch!"

Then Gardiner loudly laughed Ho! Ho!
His merry men laughed He! He!
But Norton laughed a faint Ha! Ha!
The joke he could not see.

Quoth Gardiner: "Please don't leave us yet,
Thy company is so good.
Thou surely would'st not go - besides,
Thou could'st not if thou would.

"Thy solemn word we now must have
That arms thou wilt not bear
'Gainst me, or 'gainst my merry men all -
Then back thou may'st repair."

So his parole he then did give
Bold Norton brave and true,
That arms he ne'er again would bear
'Gainst Gardiner and his crew.

Then rode he home, as the story goes,
Although some people say
It is a tale for the marines,
And he dreamt it as he lay.

And naughty people wink their eyes
And say with many a grin;
"It must have been the lobsters,
Washed down with too much gin!"

Anonymous Oceania

Bold Jack Donahoe (1)

'Twas of a valiant highwayman and outlaw of disdain
Who'd scorn to live in slavery or wear a convicts chain;
His name it was Jack Donahoe of courage and renown -
He'd scorn to live in slavery or humble to the Crown.
This bold, undaunted highwayman, as you may understand,
Was banished for his natural life from Erin's happy land.
In Dublin city of renown, where his first breath he drew,
It's there they titled him the brave and bold Jack Donahoe.
He scarce had been a twelvemonth on the Australian shore,
When he took to the highway, as oft he had before,
Brave MacNamara, Underwood, Webber and Warmsley too,
These were the four associates of bold Jack Donahoe.
As Jack and his companions roved out one afternoon,
Not thinking that the pains of death would overcome so soon,
To their surprise five horse police appeared all in their view,
And in quick time they did advance to take Jack Donahoe.
"Come, come, you cowardly rascals, oh, do not run away!
We'll fight them man to man, my boys, their number's only three;
For I'd rather range the bush around, like dingo or kangaroo,
Than work one hour for Government," said bold Jack Donahoe.
'Oh, no,' said cowardly Walmsley, 'to that I won't agree;
I see they're still advancing us - their numbers more than three.
And if we wait we'll be too late, the battle we will rue.'
'Then begone from me, you cowardly dog,' replied Jack Donahoe.
The Sergeant of the horse police, discharged his car-a-bine,
And called aloud to Donahoe, 'Will you fight or resign?'
'Resign, no, no! I never will, until your cowardly crew,
For today I'll fight with all my might,' cried bold Jack Donahoe.
The Sergeant then, in a hurry his party to divide,
Placed one to fire in front of him, and another on each side;
The Sergeant and the Corporal, they both fired too,
Till the fatal ball had pierced the heart of bold Jack Donahoe.
Six rounds he fought those horse police before the fatal ball,
Which pierced his heart with cruel smart, caused Donahoe to fall;
And as he closed his mournful eyes he bade this world adieu,
Saying, 'Good people all, pray for the soul of poor Jack Donahoe.
' There were Freincy, Grant, bold Robin Hood, Brennan and O'hare;
With Donahoe this highwayman none of them could compare.
But now he's gone to Heaven, I hope, with saints and angels too -
May the Lord have mercy on the soul of Brave Jack Donahoe.

Anonymous Oceania

Bold Jack Donahoe (2)

In Dublin town I was brought up, in that city of great fame.
My decent friends and parents, they will tell to you the same.
It was for the sake of five hundred pounds I was sent across the main,
For seven long years in New South Wales to wear a convict's chain.
Chorus: Then come, my hearties, we'll roam the mountains high,
Together we will plunder, together we will die.
We'll wander over valleys, and gallop over plains,
For we scorn to live in slavery, bound down in iron chains.
I'd scarce been here twelve months or more upon the Australian shore,
When I took to the highway, as I'd oft-times done before.
There was me and Jacky Underwood, and Webber and Webster, too.
These were the true associates of bold Jack Donahoe.
Now Donahoe was taken, all for a notorious crime,
And sentenced to be hanged upon the gallows-tree so high.
But when they came to Sydney gaol he left them in a stew,
And when they came to call the roll they missed bold Donahoe.
As Donahoe made his escape, to the bush he went straightway.
The people they were all afraid to travel night or day,
For every week in the newspapers there was published something new
Concerning this dauntless hero, the bold Jack Donahoe.
As Donahoe was cruising, one summer's afternoon,
Little was his notion his death was near so soon,
When Sergeant of the horse police discharged his
car-a-bine,
And called aloud to Donahoe to fight or to resign.
'Resign to you - you cowardly dog! A thing I ne'er will do,
For I'll fight this night with all my might,' cried bold Jack Donahoe.
'I'd rather roam these hills and dales, like wolf or kangaroo,
Than work one hour for government!' cried bold Jack Donahoe.
He fought six rounds with the horse police until the fatal all,
Which pierced his heart and made him start, caused Donahoe to fall.
And as he closed his mournful eyes, he bade this world dieu,
Saying, 'Convicts all, both large and small, say prayers for Donahoe!'

Anonymous Oceania

Botany Bay

Farewell to old England for ever,
Farewell to my rum culls as well,
Farewell to the well-known Old Bailey.
Where I used for to cut such a swell.

Chorus
Singing, too-ral, li-ooral, li-addity,
Singing, too-ral, li-ooral, li-ay,
Singing, too-ral, li-ooral, li-addity,
Singing, too-ral, li-ooral, li-ay.

There's the captain as is our commander,
There's the bo'sun and all the ship's crew,
There's the first- and the second-class passengers,
Knows what we poor convicts goes through.

'Tain't leaving old England we care about,
'Tain't cos we mispells wot we knows,
But because we all light-fingered gentry
Hops round with a log on our toes.

For fourteen long years I have ser-vi-ed,
And for fourteen long years and a day,
For meeting a bloke in the area,
And sneaking his ticker away.

Oh had I the wings of a turtle-dove,
I'd soar on my pinions so high,
Slap bang to the arms of my Polly love,
And in her sweet presence I'd die.

Now, all my young Dook-ies and Duch-ess-es,
Take warning from what I've to say-
Mind all is your own as you touch-es-es,
Or you'll meet us in Botony Bay.

Anonymous Oceania

Brave Ben Hall

Come all Australian sons with me
For a hero has been slain
And cowardly butchered in his sleep
Upon the Lachlan Plain.
Pray do not stay your seemly grief
But let a teardrop fall
For many hearts shall always mourn
The fate of bold Ben Hall.

No brand of Cain e'er stamped his brow,
No widow's curse did fall;
When tales are read the squatters dread
The name of bold Ben Hall.

The records of this hero bold
Through Europe have been heard,
And formed a conversation
Between many an Earl and Lord.

Ever since the good old days
Of Dick Turpin and Duval,
Knights of the road were outlaws bold,
And so was bold Ben Hall.

He never robbed a needy man,
His records best will show,
Staunch and loyal to his mates,
And manly to the foe.

Until he left his trusty mates,
The cause I ne'er could hear,
The bloodhounds of the law heard this
And after him did steer.

They found his place of ambush,
And cautiously they crept,
And savagely they murdered him
While the victim slept.

Yes, savagely they murdered him,
The cowardly blue-coat imps,
Who were laid onto where he slept
By informing peelers' pimps.

No more he'll mount his gallant steed,
Nor range the mountains high,
The widow's friend in poverty -
Bold Ben Hall, good-bye.

Anonymous Oceania

Eugowra Rocks

It's all about bold Frank Gardiner with the devil in his eye
He said "We've work before us lads we've got to do or die
So blacken up your faces before the dead of night
And its over by Eugowra Rocks we'll either fall or fight"

Chorus: You can sing of Johnny Gilbert Dan Morgan and Ben Hall
But the bold and reckless Gardiner he's the boy to beat them all

We'll stop the Orange escort with powder and with ball
We'll shoot the coach to pieces and we'll down the peelers all
We'll lift the diggers' money we'll collar all their gold
So mind your guns are killers now my comrades true and bold.

So now off go the rifles the battle has begun
The escort started running boys all in the setting sun
The robbers seized their plunder so saucy and so bold
And they're riding from Eugowra Rocks encumbered with their gold

And as with savage laughter they left that fatal place
They cried "We've struck bonanza boys we've won the steeplechase!"
And Gardiner their leader he shouted a loud "Hooray
I think we've made our fortunes at Eugowra Rocks today"

Anonymous Oceania

Frank Gardiner

Oh Frank Gardiner is caught at last and lies in Sydney jail,
For wounding Sergeant Middleton and robbing the Mudgee mail.
For plundering of the gold escort, the Carcoar mail also;
And it was for gold he made so bold, and not so long ago.

His daring deeds surprised them all throughout the Sydney land,
And on his friends he gave a call, and quickly raised a band.
And fortune always favoured him, until this time of late,
Until Ben Hall and Gilbert met with their dreadful fate.

Young Vane, he has surrendered, Ben Hall's got his death wound,
And as for Johnny Gilbert, near Binalong was found,
He was all alone and lost his horse, three troopers came in sight,
And fought the three most manfully, got slaughtered in the fight.

Farewell, adieu, to outlawed Frank, he was the poor man's friend.
The Government has secured him, the laws he did offend.
He boldly stood his trial and answered in a breath,
'And do what you will, you can but kill; I have no fear of death!'

Day after day they remanded him, escorted from the bar,
Fresh charges brought against him from neighbours near and far,
And now it is all over; the sentence they have passed,
All sought to find a verdict, and 'Guilty' 'twas at last.

When lives you take, a warning boys, a woman never trust:
She will turn round, I will be bound, Queen's evidence, the first.
He's doing two-and-thirty years; he's doomed to served the Crown,
And well may he say, he cursed the day he met with Mrs Brown.

Anonymous Oceania

Holy Dan

It was in the Queensland drought;
And over hill and dell,
No grass – the water far apart,
All dry and hot as hell.
The wretched bullock teams drew up
Beside a water-hole –
They'd struggled on through dust and drought
For days to reach this goal.
And though the water rendered forth
A rank, unholy stench,
The bullocks and the bullockies
Drank deep their thirst to quench.

Two of the drivers cursed and swore
As only drivers can.
The other one, named Daniel,
Best known as Holy Dan,
Admonished them and said it was
The Lord's all-wise decree;
And if they'd only watch and wait,
A change they'd quickly see.

'Twas strange that of Dan's bullocks
Not one had gone aloft,
But this, he said, was due to prayer
And supplication oft.
At last one died but Dan was calm,
He hardly seemed to care;
He knelt beside the bullock's corpse
And offered up a prayer.

"One bullock Thou has taken, Lord,
And so it seemeth best.
Thy will be done, but see my need
And spare to me the rest!"

A month went by. Dan's bullocks now
Were dying every day,
But still on each occasion would
The faithful fellow pray,
"Another Thou has taken, Lord,
And so it seemeth best.
Thy will be done, but see my need,
And spare to me the rest!"

And still they camped beside the hole,
And still it never rained,
And still Dan's bullocks died and died,
Till only one remained.
Then Dan broke down – good Holy Dan –
The man who never swore.
He knelt beside the latest corpse,

And here's the prayer he prore.

"That's nineteen Thou has taken, Lord,
And now You'll plainly see
You'd better take the bloody lot,
One's no damn good to me."
The other riders laughed so much
They shook the sky around;
The lightning flashed, the thunder roared,
And Holy Dan was drowned.

Anonymous Oceania

How the Sailor rode the Brumby

There was an agile sailor lad
Who longed to know the bush
So with his swag and billy-can
He said he'd make a push.
He left his ship in Moreton Bay
And faced the Western run,
And asked his way, ten times a day,
And steered for Bandy's Run.
Said Bandy: "You can start, my son,
If you can ride a horse,"
For stockmen on the cattle-run
Were wanted there, of course.
Now Jack had strode the cross-bars oft
On many a bounding sea,
So reckoned he'd be safe enough
On any moke you see.

They caught him one and saddled it,
And led it from the yard,
It champed a bit and sidled round
And at the sailor sparred.
Jack towed her to him with a grin,
He eyed her fore and aft;
Then thrust his foot the gangway in
And swung aboard the craft.

The watchers tumbled off the rail,
The boss lay down and roared,
While Jack held tight by mane and tail
And rocked about on board.
But still he clung as monkeys cling
To rudder, line and flap,
Although at every bound and spring
They thought his neck must snap.

They stared to see him stick aloft
- The brum. bucked fierce and free,
But he had strode the cross-bars oft
On many a rolling sea.
The saddle from the rolling back
Went spinning in mid-air,
Whilst two big boots were flung off Jack
And four shoes off the mare.

The bridle broke and left her free,
He grasped her round the neck;
"We're 'mong the breakers now," cried he,
"There's bound to be a wreck."
The brumby struck and snorted loud,
She reared and pawed the air,
It was the grandest sight the crowd
Had ever witnessed there.

For Jack with arms and legs held tight
The brumby's neck hung round
And yelled, "A pilot, quick as light,
Or strike me I'm aground."

The whites and blacks climbed on the rails,
The boss stood smiling by
As Jack exclaimed, "Away she sails!"
- The brum. began to fly.
She bounded first against the gate,
And Jack cried out, "Astern!"
Then struck a whirlpool - at any rate
That was the sailor's yarn.
The brumby spun him round and round,
She reared and kicked and struck,
And with alternate bump and bound
In earnest began to buck.

A tree loomed on the starboard bow,
And "Port your helm!" cried he;
She fouled a bush and he roared "You scow!"
And "Keep to the open sea!"
From ears to tail he rode her hard,
From tail to ears again,
One mile beyond the cattle-yard
And back across the plain.

Now high upon the pommel bumped,
Now clinging on the side,
And on behind the saddle lumped
With arms and legs flung wide.
They only laughed the louder then
When the mare began to back
Until she struck the fence at last
Then sat and looked at Jack.

He gasped, "I'm safe in port at last,
I'll quit your bounding mane!"
Dropped off and sang, "All danger's passed
And Jack's come home again."
Old Jack has been a stockman now
On Bandy's Run for years
Yet memories of that morning's fun
To many still bring tears.

Anonymous Oceania

Jim Jones

O, listen for a moment lads, and hear me tell my tale-
how o'er the sea from England's shore I was compelled to sail.
The jury said, "He's guilty Sir," and says the judge, says he-
"For life Jim Jones, I'm sending you across the stormy sea;
and take my tip before you ship to join the iron-gang.
don't be too gay at Botany Bay, or else you'll surely hang-
Or else you'll hang" he says, says he- "and after that Jim Jones,
high up upon the gallows-tree the crows will pick your bones-
You'll have no chance for mischeif then; remember what I say,
They'll flog the poaching out of you, out there at Botany Bay"

The winds blew high upon the sea, and the pirates come along,
but the soldiers on our convict ship were full five hundred strong,
they opened fire and somehow drove that pirate ship away.
I'd have rather joined that pirate ship than come to Botany Bay.

For night and day, the irons clang, and like poor galley slaves
we toil, and toil and when we die must fill dishonoured graves.
But by and by I'll break my chains; into the bush I'll go
and join the brave bushrangers there - Jack Donohoo and Co.
and some dark night when everything is silent in the town
I'll kill the tyrants one and all and shoot the floggers down;
I'll give the law a little shock; remember what I say,
They'll yet regret they sent Jim Jones in chains to Botany Bay.

Anonymous Oceania

John Gilbert (Bushranger)

Hi There! I see you're enjoying the site, and just wanted to extend an invitation to register for our free site. The members of oldpoetry strive to make this a fun place to learn and share - hope you join us! - Kevin

Anonymous Oceania

Keep White the Strain

'Keep white the strain!"
Oh! brothers mine, in bitter shame
Australia kneels and makes the prayer;
Wrench out the loathsome lusts and swear
To be men worthy of the name;
To hold your manhood with such price,
Such love of lineage and race,
That, when the nations give her place,
She shall go forth all purified.

"Keep white the strain!"
Oh, maiden of the sunny south
Slim maiden, trim and typical
Let not forbidden kisses fall
Upon thy sweet love-drenched mouth;
But rather teach the alien earth,
The Island and the Asian horde,
Thy body, by thine own accord,
Shall bear true witness of thy birth.

For this is our most sacred trust,
That ye shall in the full maintain,
Whether in simple love or lust -
"Keep white the strain!"

Anonymous Oceania

Ned Kelly was a Gentleman

Ned Kelly was a gentleman:
Many hardships did he endure.
He battled to deprive the rich
Then gave it to the poor.
But his mode of distribution
Was not acceptable to all,
Though backed by certain gunmen
Known as Gilbert and Ben Hall.

I think it was a pity
They hanged him from a rope.
They made Australian history
But they shattered Kelly's hope.
If they sent him into Parliament
His prospects would be bright.
He'd function for the masses
If not for the elite.

And perhaps now in Australia
We'd have millions trained with him,
All laughing with a vengeance
At the little yellow men.
If Ned and the guerillas
Were with us here today
The Japs would not be prowling around
New Guinea and Milne Bay.

Since Ned went over the Border
There has been many a change,
Yet we may adopt his tactics
Around the Owen Stanley Range.
Poor Ned, he was a gentleman
But never understood.
We want men of such mettle now
To stem the yellow flood!

Anonymous Oceania

On the road to Gundagai

Oh, we started down from Roto when the sheds had all cut out.
We'd whips and whips of Rhino as we meant to push about,
So we humped our blues serenely and made for Sydney town,
With a three-spot cheque between us, as wanted knocking down.

Chorus

But we camped at Lazy Harry's, on the road to Gundagai.
The road to Gundagai! Not five miles from Gundagai!
Yes, we camped at Lazy Harry's, on the road to Gundagai.

Well, we struck the Murrumbidgee near the Yanko in a week,
And passed through old Narrandera and crossed the Burnet Creek.
And we never stopped at Wagga, for we'd Sydney in our eye.
But we camped at Lazy Harry's, on the road to Gundagai.

Oh, I've seen a lot of girls, my boys, and drunk a lot of beer,
And I've met with some of both, chaps, as has left me mighty queer;
But for beer to knock you sideways, and for girls to make you sigh,
You must camp at Lazy Harry's, on the road to Gundagai.

Well, we chucked our blooming swags off, and we walked into the bar,
And we called for rum-an'-raspb'ry and a shilling each cigar.
But the girl that served the pizen, she winked at Bill and I —
And we camped at Lazy Harry's, not five miles from Gundagai.

In a week the spree was over and the cheque was all knocked down,
So we shouldered our "Matildas," and we turned our backs on town,
And the girls they stood a nobbler as we sadly said "Good bye,"
And we tramped from Lazy Harry's, not five miles from Gundagai.

Anonymous Oceania

The Ballad of Ben Hall's Gang

Come all ye wild colonials And listen to my tale;
A story of bushrangers' deeds I will to you unveil.
'Tis of those gallant heroes, Game fighters one and all;
And we'll sit and sing, Long Live the King,
Dunn, Gilbert, and Ben Hall.

Ben Hall he was a squatter bloke Who owned a thousand head;
A peaceful man he was until Arrested by Sir Fred.
His home burned down, his wife cleared out,
His cattle perished all;
'They'll not take me a second time,'
Says valiant Ben Hall.

John Gilbert was a flash cove, And John O'Meally too;
With Ben and Bourke and Johnny Vane
They all were comrades true.
They rode into Canowindra And gave a public ball.
'Roll up, roll up, and have a spree,'
Says Gilbert and Ben Hall.

They took possession of the town, Including the public-houses,
And treated all the cockatoos And shouted for their spouses.
They danced with all the pretty girls And held a carnival.
'We don't hurt them who don't hurt us,'
Says Gilbert and Ben Hall.

They made a raid on Bathurst, The pace was getting hot;
But Johnny Vane surrendered After Micky Burke was shot,
O'Meally at Goimbla Did like a hero fall;
'The game is getting lively,'
Says John Gilbert and Ben Hall.

Then Gilbert took a holiday, Ben Hall got new recruits;
The Old Man and Dunleavy Shared in the plunder's fruits.
Dunleavy he surrendered And they jagged the Old Man tall -
So Johnny Gilbert came again
To help his mate Ben Hall.

John Dunn he was a jockey bloke, A-riding all the winners,
Until he joined Hall's gang to rob The publicans and sinners;
And many a time the Royal Mail Bailed up at John Dunn's call.
A thousand pounds is on their heads -
Dunn, Gilbert, and Ben Hall.

'Next week we'll visit Goulburn And clean the banks out there;
So if you see the troopers, Just tell them to beware;
Some day to Sydney city We mean to pay a call,
And we'll take the whole damn country,'
Says Dunn, Gilbert, and Ben Hall.

Anonymous Oceania

The Bloody fields of Wheogo

The moon rides high in a starry sky,
And, through the midnight gloom,
A faery scene of woodland green
Her silver rays illumine.
Dark mountains show a ridge of snow
Against the deep blue sky,
And a winding stream with sparkling gleam
Flows merrily murmuring by.
Not a sound is heard, save a bough when stirred
By the night-wind's moaning sigh,
Or, piercing and shrill, echoed back by the hill,
A curlew's mournful cry.
And twinkling bright in the shadowy night
A lonely taper shines,
And seated there is a wanton fair
Who in amorous sadness pines.
For her lord is gone, and she sits alone,
Alone in her mountain home!
But 'twas not her lord that she deplored,
For she liked to see him roam.
The joy in her heart is a bushranger smart
Who, lion-like, prowls in the night;
And with supper all spread, and a four-post bed,
She waits by the flickering light.
Equipped for fight, in trappings bright,
Came a band of warriors there,
By gallant Sir Fred right gallantly led,
The 'ranger to seize in a snare.
They spread all around, and the house they surround,
Nine men with revolver and gun;
"A reward's on his head!" cried the gallant Sir Fred,
"And we're nine to the bushranger's one!"
Still gleamed the light in the shades of the night,
And still the pale moon shone;
But no 'ranger came to cheer the dame
As she sat by the window alone.
The warriors bold were freezing with cold,
And wished they were in their beds,
When the echoing beat of a horse's feet
Sent the blood in a rush to their heads!
At gentle speed on a snow-white steed
And singing a joyous song
To the beckoning light in the shadowy night
The bushranger rides along.
A stalwart man was he to scan
And flushed with ruffian pride;
In many a fray he had won the day
And the "New Police" defied.
Up started then Sir Fred and his men
With cocked carbines in hand
And called aloud to the 'ranger proud
On pain of death to "stand".

But the 'ranger proud, he laughed aloud,
And bounding rode away,
While Sir Frederick Pott shut his eyes for a shot
And missed - in his usual way.
His troopers then like valiant men
With their carbines blazed away.
The whistling lead on its mission sped,
But whither, none can say.
The snow-white steed at a gentle speed
Bore the 'ranger from their view
And left Sir Fred to return to bed -
There was nothing else to do.
But Sir Frederick Pott with rage was hot
As he looked at his warriors eight.
They were nine to one, with revolver and gun!
He cursed his luckless fate.
He shuddered to think how his glory would sink
When the country heard of the mess
And the tale was told of his exploits bold
In the columns of the press.
In fury then he marched his men
To the home of the wanton fair
With warlike din they entered in
To search and ransack there.
In slumber sound a boy they found,
And brave Sir Frederick said;
"By a flash in the pan we missed the man,
So we'll take the boy instead!"

Anonymous Oceania

The Chinaman

What brings you here, John Chinaman,
Why come to New South Wales?
Why do you sail when breezes fan
The north side of your sails?

"Our native country scarce can hold
The increase of the year;
So we, allured by love of gold,
Will try our fortunes here."

What do you bring, John Chinaman,
As offering of your heart,
To us who feed, protect your clan,
And let you rich depart?

"We bring you small-pox from our land -
Nay, do not raise your ire,
We opium bring - a noble band,
And to your wealth aspire."

Anonymous Oceania

The Convicts Rum Song

Cut yer name across me backbone
Stretch me skin across a drum
Iron me up to Pinchgut Island
From today till Kingdon Come!

I will eat yer Norfolk dumplings
Like a juicy spanish plum
Even dance the Newgate Hornpipe
If ye'll only give me Rum!

Anonymous Oceania

The Fine Fat Saucy Chinaman

I'll sing a little ditty, which
I trust you'll not think flat.
Of a fine fat saucy Chinaman
Who lives on Ballarat,
Whose pigtail is wound round his nut
In a tremendous plait,
And who wears on most occasions
A mushroom-looking hat.

Like a fine fat saucy Chinaman,
One of the present time.

His tent is on the Red Hill, and
He's fossicking all day;
And though he takes what others leave,
Contrives to make it pay;
And sometimes gets big nuggets,
As I've heard people say,
For, by dint of perseverance,
He always pays his way.

But the people on the diggings
Complain of him in shoals -
They say he's always damaging
The splendid waterholes;
And when they catch him at it,
Into a rage they fly;
But, "Welly good no sabby,"
Is all John will reply.

There's an awful insurrection
In China now 'tis said;
He comes away, but finds here too
A price set on his head;
But as the ten pound poll tax
He swears he will not stand,
He goes on shore at Adelaide,
And tramps it overland.

Now John with all his many faults,
Leads an industrious life;
The greatest drawback that he has
Is that he has no wife;
And as he is a bachelor,
Of course he never pops
To spend his tin in any of
The millinery shops.

Now as he's getting lots of gold,
I've not the slightest doubt
That ultimately Chinese girls
By thousands will come out,

Of all sizes and complexions
To please both great and small,
For John says that without a wife,
He can't get on at all.

Anonymous Oceania

The Gallant Peter Clarke

On Walden's Range at morning time
The sun shone brightly down;
It shone across the winding Page
Near Murrurundi town.

It glittered o'er the Burning Mount,
Where murky shadows fell
Across the path to travellers known
To some, alas, too well.

There stands a simple block of stone,
Erected as a mark
To show the spot where he fought and died,
That gallant Peter Clarke.

And if you will but list awhile,
To you I will relate
What happened there to Peter Clarke
And Jimmy Clarke, his mate.

They camped one night close by the range,
In songs the hours flew past,
And little did poor Peter think
That night would be his last.

At dawn they toiled the steep ascent;
They had scarcely reached the top
When a voice in accents stern and cold
Commanded them to stop.

'Hand up your money, watch and chain,'
The robber sternly cried,
'Who takes my money takes my life!'
The angry Clarke replied.

Then laughed the robber loud in scorn
As he his pistol drew.
Said he 'My hand is firm and strong,
And my aim is ever true.

'And he who will my word gainsay,
Though he be earl or knight,
I swear by all I sacred hold
He ne'er shall see morning light.

'So give up your money now, my lad,
And do not idly rave.
Resist and, by the God above,
This night you'll fill the grave.'

'Those are but words and idle words,'
The daring Clarke replied,

And with one rapid bound he strode
Close by the robber's side.

And now commenced the struggle
For life between them both,
One hand of Clarke's the pistol grasped
And the other grasped his throat.

Now haste you, haste you, Jimmy Clarke,
And seek for help in need -
Your comrade's welfare, nay, his life
Depends on your good speed.

But hark to that loud pistol shot,
In a second rends the skies.
A human being on the sod
In his death struggle lies.

But in his dying gasp
Poor Peter seemed to say,
'Revenge, revenge you, Peter Clarke!
And so he passed away.

But the robber, frightened by his deed,
In terror now did lie,
For the hand of Clarke upon his throat
Is tighter as he died.

And so indeed he was avenged,
For God has said it so -
'Who takes a life must yield a life!'
And the murderer met his doom.

Anonymous Oceania

The Kelly Gang

Oh, Paddy dear, and did you hear
The news that's going round,
On the head of bold Ned Kelly
They have placed two thousand pound.
And on Steve Hart, Joe Byrne and Dan
Two thousand more they'd give,
But if the price was doubled, boys,
The Kelly gang would live.
'Tis hard to think such plucky hearts
In crime should be employed,
'Tis by police persecution
They have all been much annoyed.
Revenge is sweet, and in the bush
They can defy the law,
Such sticking up and plundering
You never saw before.
'Twas in November, Seventy-eight,
When the Kelly Gang came down,
Just after shooting Kennedy,
To famed Euroa town;
To rob the bank of all its gold
Was their idea that day,
Blood-horses they were mounted on
To make their getaway.
So Kelly marched into the bank,
A cheque all in his hand,
For to have it changed for money
Of Scott he did demand.
And when that he refused him,
He, looking at him straight,
Said, 'See here, my name's Ned Kelly,
And this here man's my mate.'
With pistols pointed at his nut,
Poor Scott did stand amazed,
His stick he would have liked to cut,
But was with funk half crazed;
The poor cashier, with real fear,
Stood trembling at the knees,
But at last they both seen 'twas no use
And handed out the keys.
The safe was quickly gutted then,
The drawers turned out, as well,
The Kellys being quite polite,
Like any noble swell.
With flimsies, gold and silver coin,
The threepennies and all
Amounting to two thousand pounds,
They made a glorious haul.
'Now hand out all your firearms,'
The robber boldly said,
'And all your ammunition -
Or a bullet through your head.'

Now get your wife and children -
Come man, now look alive;
All jump into this buggy
And we'll take you for a drive.'
They took them to a station
About three miles away,
And kept them close imprisoned
Until the following day.
The owner of the station
And those in his employ
And a few unwary travellers
Their company did enjoy.
An indian hawker fell in, too,
As everybody knows,
He came in handy to the gang
By fitting them with clothes.
Then with their worn-out clothing
They made a few bonfires,
And then destroyed the telegraph
By cutting down the wires.
Oh, Paddy dear, do shed a tear,
I can't but sympathize,
Those Kellys are the devils,
For they've made another rise;
This time across the billabong,
On Morgan's ancient beat,
They've robbed the banks of thousands,
And in safety did retreat.
The matter may be serious, Pat,
But still I can't but laugh.
To think the tales the bobbies told
Must all amount to chaff.
They said they had them all hemmed in,
They could not get away,
But they turned up in New South Wales,
And made the journey pay.
They rode into Jerilderie town
At twelve o'clock at night,
Aroused the troopers from their beds,
And gave them an awful fright.
They took them in their night-shirts,
Ashamed I am to tell,
They covered them with revolvers
And locked them in a cell.
They next acquainted the womenfolk
That they were going to stay
And take possession of the camp
Until the following day.
They fed their horses in the stalls
Without the slightest fear,
Then went to rest their weary limbs
Till daylight did appear.

Next morning being Sunday morn
Of course they must be good,
They dressed themselves in troopers' clothes,
And Ned, he chopped some wood.
No one there suspected them,
As troopers they did pass,
And Dan, the most religious one,
Took the sergeant's wife to mass.
They spent the day most pleasantly,
Had plenty of good cheer,
Fried beefsteak and onions,
Tomato-sauce and beer;
The ladies in attendance
Indulged in pleasant talk,
And just to ease the troopers minds,
They took them for a walk.
On Monday morning early,
Still masters of the ground,
They took their horses to the forge
And had them shod all round;
Then back they came and mounted,
Theri plans all laid so well,
In company with troopers
They stuck up the Royal Hotel.
They bailed up all the occupants,
And placed them in a room,
Saying, 'Do as we comand you,
Or death will be your doom.'
A chineses cook, 'No savvy' cried,
Not knowing what to fear,
But they brought him to his senses
With a lift under the ear.
All who now approached the house
Just shared a similar fate,
In hardly any time at all
The number was twenty-eight.
They shouted freely for all hands,
And paid for all they drank,
And two of them remained in charge,
And two went to the bank.
The farce was here repeated
As I've already told,
They bailed up all the banker's clerks
And robbed them of their gold.
The manager could not be found,
And Kelly, in great wrath,
Searched high and low, and luckily
He found him in his bath.
The robbing o'er they mounted then,
To make a quick retreat,
They swept away with all their loot
By Morgans' ancient beat;

And where they've gone I do not know,
If I did I wouldn't tell,
So now, until I hear from them,
I'll bid you all farewell.

Anonymous Oceania

The Little Worn Out Pony

There's a little worn-out pony this side of Hogan's shack
With a snip upon his nuzzle and a mark upon his back;
Just a common little pony is what most people say,
But then of course they've never heard what happened in his day:
I was droving on the Leichhardt with a mob of pikers wild,
When this tibby little pony belonged to Hogan's child.

One night it started raining – we were camping on a rise,
When the wind blew cold and bleakly and thunder shook the skies;
The lightning cut the figure eight around the startled cattle,
Then down there fell torrential rains and then began a battle.
In a fraction of an instant the wild mob became insane,
Careering through the timber helter-skelter for the plain.

The timber fell before them like grass before a scythe,
And heavy rain in torrents poured from the grimly blackened sky;
The mob rushed ever onward through the slippery sodden ground,
While the men and I worked frantically to veer their heads around;
And then arose an awful cry – it came from Jimmy Rild,
For there between two saplings straight ahead was Hogan's child.

I owned not man or devil, I had not prayed since when,
But I called upon the blessed Lord to show His mercy then;
I shut my eyes and ground my teeth, the end I dared not see
Great God! The cattle – a thousand head – were crashing through the trees.
"God pity us bush children in our darkest hour of need,"
Were the words I prayed although I followed neither church or creed.

Then my right-hand 'man was shouting, the faithful Jimmy Rild,
"Did you see it, Harry, see the way he saved that child?"
"Saved! Saved, did you say?" and I shot upright with a bound,
"Yes, saved," he said, "indeed old man, the child is safe and sound.
I was feeling pretty shaky and was gazing up the track,
Just then a pony galloped, the kid hopped on its back.

"A blinding Bash of lightning then the thunder's rolling crack;
With two hands clasped upon his mane he raced towards the shack."
"Good heavens, man," I shouted then, "if that is truly so,
To blazes with the cattle, to the shanty we must go."
We reached Bill Hogan's shanty in fifteen minutes' ride,
Then left our horses standing and wildly rushed inside.

The little child was there unhurt but shivering with fear,
And Hogan told us, "Yes, thank God, there's the pony brought her here."
There's a little worn-out pony just this side of Hogan's shack
With a snip upon his nuzzle and a mark upon his back;
Just a common little pony is what most people say,
But I doubt if there's his equal in the pony world today.

Anonymous Oceania

The Maids of the Mountains

In the wild Weddin Mountains there live two young dames
Kate O'Meally, Bet Mayhew are their pretty names;
These maids of the mountains are bonny bush belles,
They ride out on horseback, togged out like young swells.

They dressed themselves up in their brothers' best clothes,
And looked very rakish as you may suppose,
In the joy of their hearts they chuckled with glee -
What fun if for robbers they taken should be .

Just then the policemen by day and by night,
Were seeking Frank Gardiner, the bushranger sprite;
Bold Constable Clark wore a terrible frown,
And thought how Sir Freddy by Frank was done brown.

They sought for the 'ranger, but of course found him not,
When suddenly Katy and Betsy they spot;
'By Pott!' shouted Clark, 'that is Gardiner I see!
The wretch must be taken - come boys, follow me.'

'Stand!' shouted the bobbies in accents most dread,
'Or else you will taste our infallible lead.'
But the maids of the mountains just laughed at poor Clark,
And galloped away to continue their lark.

The troopers pursued them and hot was the chase,
'Tis only in Randwick they go at such pace;
Clark captured the pair, then to show his vexation,
He lugged them both off to the Young police station.

The maids of the mountains, the joke much enjoyed
To see their brave captors so sadly annoyed;
Next day they still smiled as they stood in the dock;
Their awful position their nerves did not shock.

But Constable Clark did not look very jolly,
He had no excuse for such absolute folly;
He admitted the girls were just out on a spree,
And hoped that His Worship would set them both free.

And so the farce ended of Belles versus Blues,
Which caused no great harm and did much to amuse;
But the Burrangong bobbies will place in their cells,
No more maids of the mountains, the bonny bush belles.

Anonymous Oceania

The Old Bark Hut

In an old bark hut on a mountainside
In a spot that was lone and drear
A woman whose heart was aching sat
Watching from year to year.
A small boy, Jim, her only child,
Helped her to watch and wait,
But the time never came when they could go free,
Free from the bond of hate.
For McConnel was out on the mountainside
Living without a hope
And seeing nothing before him now
But death by a hangman's rope.
Hated and chased by his fellow men,
To take him alive or dead,
An outlaw banned by the world was he
With five hundred pounds on his head.
A message had come that evening which said
"Now, Jim, you mustn't wait,
If you want to save your father, or
By heaven, you'll be too late.
"He's out at Mackinnon's Crossing, they say,
The track is rough, old man,
But if any here can do it—why
It's you and old Darcy can."
And Jim knew well what the message meant,
As he brought his horse to the door!
While away through the gathering darkness came
The sound of the river's roar.
But the brave little heart never faltered as
He stooped to kiss her good-bye
And said, "God bless you, Mother dear,
I'll save Dad tonight or I'll die."
The old horse answered the touch of his hand
And galloped away from the door;
He seemed to know 'twas a journey for life—
Well, he'd done such journey's before.
Out from the firelight, and through the rails,
Out through the ghastly trees,
While all the time the warning roar
Of the river came back on the breeze;
Steadily down the mountainside
He rode, for his course was plain,
Though his heart was heavy, though not with fear,
But because of that brand of Cain.
The boy thinks over his mother's last words:
"I'll love him as long as I live!
He must have time for repentance on earth
But surely God will forgive."
As he glanced back over his shoulder there
She stood by the light of the door
Trying to pierce the darkness in vain,
Thinking she'd see him no more.

Then as he looked she bowed her head
And slowly turned away,
And the boy knew that the noble wife
Had knelt by the bed to pray.
Mile after mile, hour after hour,
And then just ahead, shining and white,
Was the foam of Mackinnon's Crossing—
What a jump for old Darky tonight!
And then Jim thinks of the long, lone years
And the hopes that are crushed and dead;
And a woman whose heart is as true as steel,
As rue as the day she was wed.
As she loved him then in the years gone by
When the future held promise in store,
So she loved him today when the future held
Naught but death by his country's law.
Jim pressed his knees to the saddle flap
And tightened his hold on the rein;
They had jumped the river last summertime,
How he hoped they would do it again!
Then a voice rang out through the darkness there,
"Hold, now hold, stand still!
We know you, lad, it's too late to run;
Hands up or we'll shoot to kill!"
Then he knew that the police were around him,
In the darkness they moved to and fro;
For an instant he pulled on the bridle-rein,
But he'd promised his mother he'd go.
And he thought of the poor, sad woman alone,
Kneeling in prayer by the bed;
So he loosened the reins on old Darky's neck
And rushed at the river ahead.
Then a volley rang out through the forest dark—
A fall in the roaring flood;
And the darkness hid from all human eyes
The form that was stained with blood.
The horse struggled hard, the waters rushed on;
He sank to rise no more.
But the boy fought the flood in silence, inch
By inch to the other shore.
Slowly and sadly, but bravely on,
Brushing away the tears;
He was leaving behind in the river's flood
His friend and companion for years.
And all the time the blood trickled down,
O God! what a hot burning pain!
And he knew he was doing his duty clean
He would never come back again.
Staggering in through the yielding door
Into the cold dark room
Where his father lay, and the faint firelight
Showed through the ghostly gloom.

The bushranger sprang to his feet in alarm
 And levelled the gun at his head
 And his loud voice demanded, "Who are you?
 Speak quick, or you are dead."
 And then a weak little voice made answer,
 "It's me; Mother sends you her love;
 The police are back at the crossing now,
 So clear out and meet Mother above."
 Then McConnel placed his gun by the wall
 And knelt on the cold hard floor;
 And somehow the tears came rushing down
 As they never had before.
 His arms went around the brave little lad,
 He nursed his head on his breast;
 He seemed to know that the end was nigh
 And Jim would soon be at rest.
 And the boy was speaking feebly at last,
 "They shot me back at the creek,
 And old Darky is dead and gone, Dad,
 And oh, I'm so tired and weak."
 Then his voice fell away in a whisper soft,
 So faint it could scarce be heard,
 "Oh Dad,, clear out, they are coming fast;
 Tell Mother, I kept my word."
 Quickly in silence the police gathered around,
 They had captured the beast in his lair;
 The outlaw sat with his boy in his arms,
 He seemed not to heed nor to care.
 He was thinking now of the seed he had sown,
 He was tasting its bitter fruit,
 When the sergeant stepped to the door and said,
 "McConnel, bail up or I'll shoot."
 Then the sergeant placed a lamp by the door,
 The rifles gleamed out in the light;
 But the outlaw said, "Sergeant O'Drady,
 Let's have no more shooting tonight.
 "You can take me now to the judgement seat
 As God has taken this lad;
 You'd die to take my life, you men—
 He died to save his dad.
 "I want you to help me dig his grave,
 And perhaps you will say a prayer;
 Then you can take me and hang me dead—
 It's my wife, or I wouldn't care.
 "Carefully now. . . Oh thank you, men,
 Lay him as best you can;
 The policeman is shown by his coat, of course;
 But the tears—well, they show the man."
 Then the party went back to the old bark hut
 As the sun was mounting the hill;
 No smoke arose from the chimney cold
 And all was silent and still.

The sergeant opened the creaky door,
And lifted his cap with a start,
...Ah, McConnel had broken the country's laws
And broken a woman's heart.

Anonymous Oceania

The Only Land For Me (A currency Lad)

Prate not to me of foreign strand,
Of beauty o'er the sea -
"This is my own - my native land" -
The only land for me!

The only land for me
The only land for me
"This is my own - my native land" -
The only land for me!

I love to roam, like a wild gazelle,
O'er my native mountains blue,
And wildly, thro' the woody dell,
Chase the bounding kangaroo!

The bounding kangaroo
The bounding kangaroo
And wildly thro' the woody dell
Chase the bounding kangaroo!

I've rode upon the stormy wave,
I've danc'd aboon the sea;
And where's the pleasure that it gave
Like my native land to me?

My native land to me
My native land to me
And where's the pleasure that it gave
Like my native land to me?

Anonymous Oceania

The Port Phillip Patriot

Oh, what a wretched, loathsome, thing am I,
Too horrible for earth, or the pure heaven,
Or the bright stars, or the blue smiling sky,--
To look upon again.
Wrap me, oh wrap me, midnight, in your shades;
Shroud me, ye darkness, in your thickest folds;
Oh bury me, ye forests, in your glades,
Which mortal ne'er beholds.
For I am lost, utterly lost,
Cast like the scum upon the wave,
To be for ever wildly tossed,
Till mercy sends a grave.
Hark! now I hear the brutal savage cry--
How horrid sounds to me his barbarous tongue!
I know the words--some wretch is doomed to die,
His tortures are begun.
And see, the savage chief draws near.
He lays his hand--the fiend--on me,
He speaks of love; my eyes are sere,
I cannot weep, I dare not flee.
His brutal arm is round me thrown;
A sickness o'er my senses steals;
My eyeballs swim;
My vision reels;
I seem to him
But a cold corpse alone.

The scene is changed, and I am left alone;
'Tis moonlight,--I would fly, but where, oh, where;
This isle is small, and every spot is known;
Beyond the ocean forms a barrier there.
Ah me! I gazed into a glassy stream,
And straight sprang back with horror and affright;
Was it a phantom, or some hideous dream?
Or what was that most foul appalling sight?
Alas! 'twas me, but all bespattered o'er,
With fat of victims, and with human gore,
With some foul preparation they had dyed
My skin that once with lillies would have vied,
And they had painted me all o'er, like something
Of their own horrid, wild, imagining.
And now, the warriors say that I am fair,
And that they love me for a forest bride,
That they will feed me with sweet morsels rare,
And clothe me in soft skins, if I abide.
Oh, thou pale moon, that lookest down so calm--
If 'tis the truth, as I have heard them say,
That when poor love-lorn maidens go astray,
And quick are stung with terror and alarm--
That thou wilt look on them, and they straight forget
All they had known, of sorrows and of crimes;
And tho' some call them moon-struck maniacs, yet--

They are so happy, thoughtless of past times.
Oh then, on me, they fellest influence dart;
Madden, in mercy madden, this poor brain;
Oh give forgetfulness, to this sad heart,
Of what is past, and I will smile again;
And sing, and dare the fiends to do their worst,
Who made me what I am, accurst, accurst.

Anonymous Oceania

The Wild Colonial Boy

'Tis of a wild Colonial Boy, Jack Doolan was his name,
Of poor but honest parents he was born in Castlemaine.
He was his father's only hope, his mother's pride and joy,
And dearly did his parents love the wild Colonial Boy.

Chorus

Come, all my hearties, we'll roam the mountains high,
Together we will plunder, together we will die.
We'll wander over valleys, and gallop over plains,
And we'll scorn to live in slavery, bound down with iron chains.

He was scarcely sixteen years of age when he left his father's home,
And through Australia's sunny clime a bushranger did roam.
He robbed those wealthy squatters, their stock he did destroy,
And a terror to Australia was the wild Colonial Boy.

In sixty-one this daring youth commenced his wild career,
With a heart that knew no danger, no foeman did he fear.
He stuck up the Beechworth mail-coach, and robbed Judge MacEvoy,
Who trembled, and gave up his gold to the wild Colonial Boy.

He bade the judge "Good morning", and told him to beware,
That he'd never rob a hearty chap that acted on the square,
And never to rob a mother of her son and only joy,
Or else you might turn outlaw, like the wild Colonial Boy.

One day as he was riding the mountain-side along,
A-listening to the little birds, their pleasant laughing song,
Three mounted troopers rode along - Kelly, Davis and FitzRoy -
They thought that they would capture him, the wild Colonial Boy.

"Surrender now, Jack Doolan, you see there's three to one.
Surrender now, Jack Doolan, you're a daring highwayman."
He drew a pistol from his belt, and shook the little toy,
"I'll fight, but not surrender," said the wild Colonial Boy.

He fired at Trooper Kelly and brought him to the ground,
And in return from Davis received a mortal wound.
All shattered through the jaws he lay still firing at FitzRoy,
And that's the way they captured him - the wild Colonial Boy

Anonymous Oceania

There's Whisky In The Jar

As I was a-crossin' the Abercrombie Mountains,
I met Sir Frederick Pottinger, and his money he was countin'.
I first drew me blunderbuss and then I drew me sabre
Sayin', "Stand and deliver-oh! for I'm your bold decayver."

chorus: With my mush-a-ring-a-dah,

Ri-tooral-addy-ah,

There's whisky in the jar!

I robbed him of his money; it was a pretty penny,
I robbed him of it all and took it home to Molly;
I took it home to Molly and I thought she'd ne'er deceive me,
Oh! the divil's in the wimmin for they never can be aisy

. all but the last two lines lost to time.

She fired off my pistols and damaged them with water -
Oh! the divil's in the wimmin for rearin' such a daughter."

Anonymous Oceania

Vision

There shall broad streets their stately walls extend;
Embellished villas crown the landscape scene,
Farms wave with gold, and orchards blush between
There shall tall spires and dome-capt towers ascend,
And piers and quays their massy structures blend;
While each breeze approaching vessels glide,
And northern treasures dance on every tide.

Anonymous Oceania