

Classic Poetry Series

Charles Henry Souter

- poems -

Publication Date:

2004

Publisher:

PoemHunter.Com - The World's Poetry Archive

Bound for Sourabaya!

OH, the moon shines bright, and we sail to-night,
And we're bound for Sourabaya!
So it's 'Farewell, Jane!' for we're off again
With the turning of the tide!
Oh, the Java girls haven't got no curls,
But they'll meet us on the Praya,
And, Malay or Dutch, well, the odds ain't much,
And the ocean's deep and wide!

We're bound for Sourabaya, boys,
Where the girls are kind and brown!
By the break of day we'll be far away!
Farewell to Sydney town!

Oh, the girls look glum, when the parting's come,
And we're bound for Sourabaya!
And they weep and wail, cos' the ship must sail
With the turning of the tide!
But we soon forget, when our sheets are wet
And the dancing dolphins play—ah,
And the gale pipes high in the mackerel sky,
And the ocean's deep and wide!

We're bound for Sourabaya, boys,
Where the girls are kind and brown,
And they hope and pray that we've come to stay!
Farewell to Sydney town!

When the coin's all gone, and the hatches on,
And we're bound for Sourabaya,
There's a kiss for Nell, and a long farewell,
With the turning of the tide!
But there's not much wrong, and it don't last long,
Tho' she mourns you for a day—ah!
And she wears no black if you don't come back!
For the ocean's deep and wide!

And we're bound for Sourabaya, boys,
Where the girls are kind and brown,
So we'll drink once more,
While we're on the shore,
Farewell to Sydney town!

Charles Henry Souter

The Mallee Fire

I SUPPOSE it just depends on where you're raised,
Once I met a cove as swore by green belar!
Couldn't sight the good old mallee-stump I praised;
Well!—I couldn't sight belar, and there you are!
But the faces in the fire where the mallee stump's a-blinking
Are the friendliest I ever seen, to my way o' thinking!

In the city where the fires is mostly coal—
There! I can't a-bear to go and warm my feet!
Spitting, fizzing things as hasn't got no soul!
Things as puffs out yaller smoke instead of heat!
But at home—well, it is home when the mallee-stump's a-burning,
And the evenin's drawing chilly and the season is a-turning.

And there's some as runs 'em down because they're tough.
Well? And what's the good of anythink as ain't?
No. It's nary use to serve 'em any bluff,
For they'd use up all the patience of a saint.
But they'll split as sweet as sugar if you know the way to take 'em;
If you don't, there isn't nothink in the world as'll make 'em.

They're tremenjus hard to kindle, tho', at first:
Like the friendship of the kind that comes to stay.
You can blow and blow and blow until you burst,
And when they won't, they won't burn, anyway!
But when once they gets a start, tho' they make no showy flashes,
Well, they'll serve you true and honest to the last pinch of ashes

Charles Henry Souter