

Classic Poetry Series

# **Ethel Castilla**

## **- poems -**

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## **Ethel Castilla(19 June 1861 -)**

Ethel Castilla was an Australian poet. She was the daughter of Frederic Ramos de Castilla, an Englishman of Spanish descent, and May Robertson, daughter of an Edinburgh writer.

She lived mostly in Melbourne and contributed frequently to 'The Australasian', and the 'Sydney Mail'. She spent most of her life in Melbourne.

# A Song Of Sydney

(1894)

High headlands all jealously hide thee,  
O fairest of sea-girdled towns!  
Thine Ocean-spouse smileth beside thee,  
While each headland threatens and frowns.  
Like Venice, upheld on sea-pinion,  
And fated to reign o'er the free,  
Thou wearest, in sign of dominion,  
The zone of the sea.

No winter thy fertile slope hardens,  
O new Florence, set in the South!  
All lands give their flowers to thy gardens,  
That glow to thy bright harbour's mouth;  
The waratah and England's red roses  
With stately magnolias entwine,  
Gay sunflowers fill sea-scented closes,  
All sweet with woodbine.

Thy harbour's fair flower-crowned islands  
See flags of all countries unfurled,  
Thou smilest from green, sunlit highlands  
To open thine arms to the world!  
Dark East's and fair West's emulations  
Resound from each hill-shadowed quay,  
And over the songs of all nations,  
The voice of the sea.

Ethel Castilla

# An Australian Girl

"She's pretty to walk with,  
And witty to talk with,  
And pleasant, too, to think on."  
Sir John Suckling.

She has a beauty of her own,  
A beauty of a paler tone  
Than English belles;  
Yet southern sun and southern air  
Have kissed her cheeks, until they wear  
The dainty tints that oft appear  
On rosy shells.

Her frank, clear eyes bespeak a mind  
Old-world traditions fail to bind.  
She is not shy  
Or bold, but simply self-possessed;  
Her independence adds a zest  
Unto her speech, her piquant jest,  
Her quaint reply.

O'er classic volumes she will pore  
With joy; and true scholastic lore  
Will often gain.  
In sports she bears away the bell,  
Nor, under music's siren spell,  
To dance divinely, flirt as well,  
Does she disdain.

Ethel Castilla