



AUSTRALIAN

REMYSES

BY

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(A BUSHMAN).

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AUSTRALIAN RHYMES.



CAMPED BY THE MURRAY IN 'SEVENTY-NINE

It was a beautiful, calm, clear night;
The moon it shone on high,
And reflected on the waters bright
That quickly glided by.
It was down by the Murray
Where I that night did camp,
In calm and peaceful harmony,
After a long day's tramp;
While the river it ran fast
And overflowed its banks,
Fishes swiftly glided past
And played their merry pranks.
Lo, from yonder stately tree
The mopoke sang his dirge,
In a hoarse and shrill-like key,
Close by the river's verge.
By the fire I listened there,
As I sat upon a log,
His notes I could but compare
To the barking of a dog.
High up the noble gum tree stands
Some distance o'er my head,
As formed by Nature's hand,
With its leafy mantle spread.
It's there the opossum
May ofttimes be seen,
Feasting on the blossom
And leaves of evergreen.
From bough to bough the 'possum sprang,
And played his lark—
Down on me often flung
Some piece of stick or bark.
The lovely night, so cool and calm,
As sweet scent from the trees
Added unto Nature's charm
Sweet fragrance to the breeze.

The morning star it has arose
 And beams its brightest ray,
 And the warning crows
 Denote the coming day ;
 The mopoke can be no longer heard—
 At last he has giv'n o'er,
 And the scream of the night-bird
 Can be heard no more.

THE SQUATTER AND KANGAROO.

As a squatter took a ride one day across his run,
 Some kangaroos espied lying basking in the sun.
 As in the tall grass contented they did lay,
 The squatter took a ride across, and unto them did say,
 " Begone, you thieving kangaroos, this paddock leave with speed,
 A warning I will make to you for destroying all my feed ;
 And when again I come this way I will bring my dogs and gun,
 Then for it you'll dearly pay if I find you on this run."
 Then up there sprang a kangaroo, who to the squatter came.
 His color was of a reddish hue, with a gigantic frame.
 He bounded through the greenwood, whilst comrades looked on,
 Then he before the squatter stood—this noble champion.
 It was unto the squatter thus this kangaroo did say,
 " You said that you will slaughter us, when again you come this
 way,
 And for us to destroy, you will bring your dogs and gun !
 But your threat I do defy ! I will not leave this run.
 Both the dogs and the squatter are cowards to the base ;
 Our weaker ones to slaughter they them alone do chase.
 Here I was born and bred, and here also I'll die,
 When perhaps some messenger of lead will give me my death-cry.
 Three of your greyhounds already I have slain,
 And yonder, near that sandy mound, they are bleaching on the
 plain.
 Here, alone, myself I stand—get down now from your mare
 To battle with me hand to hand—approach me if you dare."
 " No, no !" did the squatter say, " that I will never do,
 For you have proved this day a Noble Kangaroo."

LIFE UPON THE DARLING.

Air—" The Lass o' Gowrie."

It was in eighteen-seventy-nine,
 Just about the summer time,
 When it came into this head of mine,
 To go and see the Darling.

A hundred miles or thereabout,
 From Wentworth up the Darling route,
 Where carrying the drum and me fell out,
 When I got work on the Darling.

I have seen a little of Darling life,
 And tasted of its cares and strife,
 And found it not a pleasant life,
 Was life upon the Darling.
 There, trudging on the Darling track,
 You'll meet Tom, Harry, Bill, and Jack,
 All together with swags on their back,
 All going up the Darling.

Some you'll meet a-coming down,
 Declare that work cannot be found—
 To those it's not a pleasant sound,
 That's going up the Darling.
 Many who have come from Bourke,
 Say that they can not find work,
 And say it is a perfect Turk
 Any further up the Darling.

Saying, where you see here three or four,
 Further up they're by the score ;
 And from the Lachlan they do pour,
 All making from the Darling.
 Some they will toss up a penny—
 Which, of course, they have not many—
 To toss to see if luck there's any,
 To go up or down the Darling.

Many who are wedded to the grog,
 Here up the river they do jog,
 Leading the life of the meanest dog,
 And whaling on the Darling.
 Travelling on destruction's brink,
 They of their Maker seldom think ;
 But blackguardism and the drink,
 Do some upon the Darling.

Some walk with firm and measured pace,
 Struggling for to win the race,
 And after work are giving chase,
 Both up and down the Darling ;
 While others journey onward slow,
 Don't care if they find work or no,
 And say it is no use to go
 Either up or down the Darling.

The question is, what will they do ?
 For I am sure there's not a few,
 And many of them do the day rue,
 When first they saw the Darling.
 No work for them does prevail—
 Alas ! too true is this sad tale,
 And many do the time bewail
 They came upon the Darling.

They go at day's declining hour,
 To the station for tea, sugar, and flour,
 And often meet a look so sour,
 From the squatter on the Darling.
 As into dough their flour they knead,
 It is rather too bad indeed,
 Weevils thick, like carraway seed,
 In flour upon the Darling.

So to you chaps I wish adieu,
 Mr. Barret and Richardson too,
 And I hope that should I again meet you,
 It won't be on the Darling.
 So to the Darling now farewell;
 Where I will stop I cannot tell;
 But I think I've had a tidy spell
 Of staying on the Darling.

THE GUM-TREE CANOE.

(FAVORITE BUSH DITTY.)

You may talk of your pleasures, but give unto me
 A float on the Murray in the bark of a tree ;
 You may boast of your pleasures and trips to the Zoo,
 But Australia for me in her gum-tree canoe.

Where the mighty backwaters from the Murray do flow,
 It has come from the mountains that are laden with snow ;
 Here it flows into lakes where there's not a few,
 My course there I'll take in my gum-tree canoe.

The grand scenes of Nature on the Murray you'll find,
 In every feature that will please the mind ;
 Here stands the gum-tree, like that warrior so true,
 In his coat you will see the gum-tree canoe.

In the hot summer days, 'neath a spreading gum-tree,
 From the sun's scorching rays there sheltered you'll be ;
 The gum-tree as a friend he has ever proved true,
 I my life could depend on my gum-tree canoe.

Where backwaters shaded as far as the eye can see,
 Around its margin braided you'll find the gum-tree ;
 In all his splendour here reigns the cockatoo :
 It's there I love to wander in my gum-tree canoe.

As we journey through strife in this world that we see,
 We glide through this life like the bark of a tree ;
 So, farewell for a time, I must wish you adieu ;
 So thus ends the rhyme of the gum-tree canoe.

RAMBLES IN THE AREAS.

It's on a ramble I have been,
 And some hardships I have seen :
 I have seen Koolunga and Redhill,
 Which then had come to a standstill ;
 I have seen Wandearah in its prime,
 Where the mosquito hums its dismal chime—
 They prowl around like wolves, at night,
 To find some victim for to bite :
 Farewell to friends I love so dear—
 I can remain no longer here.
 Clare Village do I see once more ;
 Thou art the spot that I adore :
 Farewell ! I must bid thee adieu,
 My rambling course for to pursue.
 Ah, here is Port Pirie too,
 But I have not any taste for you :
 Our cutter sails in a little while,
 That cutter known as the " Normanville."
 To Port Augusta now I steer
 Across yon waters bright and clear.
 Port Augusta at last we reach—
 I am strolling now upon its beach ;
 But here I would not wish to tarry
 While I have a shilling for to carry.
 Port Augusta is left behind ;
 Pass Stirling, Saltia, like the wind ;
 At last I reach the town of Quorn.
 I left again at early morn :
 To Raglasses my course I steer,
 Which in the distance looks so drear.
 On hurdle hangs the grim sheepskin,
 And scorching past goes the hot wind,
 As under a tree I took my seat,
 There to take shelter from the heat.
 Birds beneath the bushes creep,
 The whirlwind passes with a sweep ;

Here I could not stop at all—
 Above all the places this caps all.
 Dust clouds as far as the eye can see—
 This is far enough north for me ;
 And leave this place soon I must,
 I'm almost choking with the dust.
 To Port Augusta I steer once more,
 But only again to leave its shore—
 (I leave it by the evening's mail)—
 'This place to me is rather stale :
 Soon it's hidden from my sight.
 I reached the Valley late that night ;
 But there I did not make a stay,
 For I left it on the following day.
 And now I cross the Pinda plain,
 Where the locusts shower like rain ;
 It's here they've taken their abode,
 And through them now I make my road.
 At last I come to Morchard Town,
 That once was termed a boiling down.
 So tired was I when I got there,
 I could have laid down anywhere.
 Dowdy there, who drink did sell,
 Kept the Morchard Town Hotel :
 Men were drinking at the bar ;
 The landlord smoked his mild cigar.
 As I intend to stay here for a time,
 To a close we'll bring this rhyme.
 Permit me now to seek repose ;
 We'll draw this rhyme to a close.

THE SWAGMAN :

(OLD BUSH SONG.)

Who is that man a-trudging along ?
 It's only a swagman who's best days are gone ;
 No one to care for him, no friend can he find
 Except that poor dog which is trudging behind.
 As onward he walks, to the station draws near—
 Ah, yonder he talks to the overseer.
 See ! he has turned him away from his door !
 While the poor swagman doth humbly implore :
 " Pray, sir, have mercy ; prove once a friend
 To a poor swagman whose days soon will end ;
 Do me this kindness, as it lays in your power,
 Only this once, just a pannican of flour."

The squatter has pushed him, he falls to the ground ;
 It is then to the rescue the dog makes a bound.
 Soon on the earth he the squatter did lay,
 Who now cried for mercy, " Do call him away ! "

" Leave off, brave Rover," the swagman did say ;
 " Come now, give over, let us be off and away."
 " Stay," cried the squatter ; " a friend I will be,
 Both you and Rover can stay here with me.

" Here on this station you may be content
 To stay here with me till your last days are spent."
 The squatter he takes him now by the hand
 While snarling close by brave Rover does stand.

To the squatter and swagman let us bid farewell,
 Since they now with Rover together do dwell.

THE COLONIAL FAREWELL.

Air—" Home, Sweet Home." (First Part.)

Adieu to thee, my native land !
 I leave thee now behind—
 See now upon the deck I stand
 Her yards float in the wind.
 Soon in some foreign clime I'll be,
 To tread an unknown shore ;
 Or perhaps beneath the raging sea,
 Where many have gone before.

But should fortune favor me
 To cross the water's breast,
 I'll not forget my country—
 Dear land, I love thee best !
 Farewell, thou fertile valley,
 Where grows the redgum tree ;
 And to those scrubs of mallee
 Where sports the wallaby.

Farewell, thou mountain passes,
 Where bounds the euro wild ;
 And to those rocky masses,
 Where I climbed when but a child.
 Then adieu to thee, my native land !
 Adieu to thee once more.
 Adieu to thee ! Give me thy hand !
 Adieu for evermore !

ALONE IN THE BUSH.

Air—"Driven from Home."

Alone in this wild waste, I am sad and downcast ;
 Nothing near save the wild beast that goes bounding past.
 By myself I am alone in the Australian wilds ;
 My thoughts have backward flown to days when a child :
 Oh happy those days, when no sorrow I knew,
 When bright as the sunrays, and as swiftly they flew :
 Oh, the day of my boyhood will never more return !
 Here I gaze on the firewood, while the flames round it burn.
 I must now to my tent, and there seek repose ;
 The night is near spent, the morning star it rose.

THE MURRAY.

My delight is by the Murray, where its water swiftly glides,
 Where many a noble steamboat upon its bosom rides.
 Here the pelican does dwell—in its grandeur may be seen
 As he glides through the watered dell, arched o'er by gum trees
 green.
 Together with the wild duck may be seen the black swan,
 Proudly he glides with archéd neck to join in with the throng.
 Here the weary swagman may in its curving bend—
 Here he may fill his billy can, and a day or two can spend.
 Here the Derwent jackass sings its melodious song,
 Which greets the traveller who may pass upon his way along.
 My delight is by the Murray, in the dark and silent night,
 Where in the distance you may see the steamer's brilliant
 light ;
 Soon she's hidden from all view, as she rounds the curving bend,
 As on her course she does pursue to reach her journey's end.
 I love to see the 'possum, when the moon is shining bright,
 High up among the blossoms, perched at a giddy height.
 Here many mounds can be seen, which will trace for centuries
 back,
 The ovens which once have been of the River Murray black.
 The waters of the Darling to the Murray bend their way,
 The Murrumbidgee and the Edwards to her their homage pay.
 Here, in its grandest feature, in many forms you'll see—
 'Tis here the works of Nature, it's here you find the key.
 My rhyme is now near ended—I hope both great and small
 That I have not offended, but that I've amused you all.
 So now I wish you all adieu, and that to-night you'll dream
 Of floating in a bark canoe upon the Murray stream.

THE FARMERS' LAMENT.

Air—"The Wearing of the Green."

Let us pause in the Areas, and take a glance around :
It's here you'll see the Cockatoo a ploughing up his ground.
Sad and weary-hearted he drives his team along ;
Fortune and him have parted, now silent is his song ;
His horses are no longer hard held upon the rein—
Hard times, caused by hunger ! So sad is the want of rain !

In yon ill-fated shanty, with his family there does dwell ;
In each face you can plainly see which words can never tell.
So help one another in the ploughing of your land,
Be to each like a brother, and lend a helping hand.
Let us hope that the Cockatoo's troubled days are o'er ;
Let us hope they are but few, and better days in store.

STRADFORD AND HIS DOG.

Look at him there as he lay
Slumbering on the ground ;
To care for him, no one has he,
No friend is to be found !
Alas ! there is a dog he has,
There lying by his side :
As I gazed upon that faithful dog
I could have almost cried,
As now and then he raised his head
To scan his master's face,
Who on the ground lay like one dead—
One of the human race.
Wake up, wake up, you drunken man !
Look at your noble friend !
Bid farewell to that bad career,
Let it be at an end.
Be kind to that faithful dog,
Where'er your path may lead ;
Think well before you use the rod—
He was your friend in need.

THE BULLOCK DRIVER.

Air—"Since I have lost my Missis."

It is some time ago since I left Sevenhill City,
So I hope that you will listen to my ditty.
On April the eighth I engaged upon Mt. Ardin ;
Farewell I bid my mate, then I had to help them yardin'.

Smith gave me a job, of course, not caring to see me idle ;
Said he, " Go and catch my horse ; in the stable you will find a
bridle."

Smith put me upon a track to go over to the west,
Where I soon relieved my back, and lay down for to rest.

It is some time ago since I got this situation,
Where I was hired to drive bullocks on that station.

I was put upon a track, then got a load of wire—
I soon wished myself back, and the cursed lot on fire !

For soon, to my surprise, the bulls came to a standstill—
In front of me was a rise, and it proved to be a sandhill.
Too true ! it really was ; there was a monster sandhill :
And how was I to drive with only a foot of handle.

To make matters still worse, I had not a tape or cracker ;
Oh dear, worse and worse, not even a pipe of 'bacca.

But I must travel on—I got to Watson's camp,
My bullocks they were done after a long day's tramp.

I turned those bullocks out, thinking it was all right,
And after them I went next morning at daylight.

I searched for them all day ; they were nowhere to be found :
Said I, " Mr. Whiting, you have taken them to the pound."

Poor Dolly ! she's dead beat ; whatever shall I do ;
And nothing has she eat for this last day or two.

But, hark ! I hear a sound—yes, there I hear it rattle—
My bullocks I have found ! they are now with Whiting's cattle.

So come along, old girl, through the scrub and bramble :
Curse those wretched bulls, whatever made them ramble.

So to camp we steer, where they are so vulgar ;
The camp is drawing near—we're now among the mulgar.

So, you fencers, think of me when you your meals are munching ;
You'll think of Bullocky, when he was bullock-punching.

So all you chaps that do want a situation,
Be sure that you don't leave civilisation.

CHILDHOOD'S DAYS.

The days of our childhood have long passed away,

For the days of manhood have driven them away ;

For old age, for old age is following in our track—

Oh, the days of childhood will never again come back !

How oft have we in summer time, beneath an old gum tree,

And through the groves of wattles roved—yes, with child-like
glee !

Farewell, thou days of boyhood ! for now it gives me pain—

Oh ! the days of childhood no more will come again ?

All the world's a stage, and life is but a span :
 So then assist each other and lend a helping hand.
 Soon we must pass away—yes, to another shore,
 Where it's hoped some day we'll meet to part no more.

THE HAUNTED HUT.

Down by the River Darling side,
 There stood a hut of pine,
 Where for a time I did reside
 In eighteen-seventy-nine.
 It was a beautiful moonlight night
 When first I there did sleep,
 When I was awoke up in a fright,
 Which caused my blood to creep.
 At last the noise it did abate,
 As I gazed towards the door,
 Where both the pannicans and tin plates
 Were lying on the floor.
 What's that seated on that beam,
 Upon that piece of pine,
 To me a 'possum it does seem—
 See how his fur does shine !
 I quickly got up to dress,
 To make him shift his seat,
 As he had disturbed my night's rest
 And broken it complete.
 To my surprise I soon found
 That he was not alone,
 For seated near upon the ground
 One was picking of a bone.
 Soon I disturbed his feast ;
 But he was not all—
 Full a dozen there were at least,
 A-climbing up the wall.
 On the roof they would come
 To trouble me again,
 Which sounded not unlike a drum,
 Or the pelting rain.
 Down the chimney they would creep,
 Some damper for to steal ;
 When I'd be sound asleep
 They'd be groping for a meal.
 Soon I was far away,
 And, thanks to Heaven, free ;
 So unto you I say good-day
 And to Mr. 'Possumy.

AUSTRALIA.

Air—"Ring the Bell, Watchman."

Wake now, Australia ! for danger's at hand !
 Take a glance at England—then see how we stand.
 The contest of Russia, engaged with the Turk,
 Tells us too well how war does its work.
 Then let us beware, now danger's in sight ;
 Let us prepare for any coming fight ;
 To fight for our country it's the least we can do—
 Then hoist up the flag—the emu and kangaroo !
 Then why should we fear when our cause is just ?
 Strike home and true in every cut and thrust !
 Gather round our banner like Colonials so brave,
 Then hoist up our flag and long may she wave.
 Look at our banner, how she floats on high,
 She knows that we'll defend or we will nobly die.
 Sing this with a spirit that will spread from shore to shore
 Then let us prove Colonials evermore.

THE KANGAROO.

There lie the remains in the scrub,
 Near the road to Wallaroo—
 The remains of an unfortunate
 Old man kangaroo.
 His old doe, ever by his side,
 As he lay gasping on the ground ;
 Through dangers with him did she ride
 As he fought with many a hound.
 Many battles he fought with kangaroo dogs,
 Which around him did roar ;
 Many had fallen through his arm,
 That fell to rise no more.
 Let this be a warning to kangaroos,
 That dangers do surround :
 Think of the good old flying doe,
 And the old man on the ground.
 Take warning by this poor old man,
 Near the road to Wallaroo—
 Think of this poor unfortunate
 Old man kangaroo.

THE SWAGMAN'S WAIL.

Air—"Let me like a Soldier fall."

Let me like a swagman die,
 Near some billy-bung,
 Where the cockatoos will o'er me cry—
 O'er Australia's wandering son.
 Let it be some shady spot,
 Beneath some spreading tree ;
 There soon I will be forgot,
 And from earthly cares be free.
 Never more upon my back
 Will Bluey again ride !
 Never more trudge the track,
 Or traverse the river-side
 Where o'er my head
 The gum-trees mourn,
 Sighing for Ned,
 Who'll ne'er return.

THALIA STATION.

(BUSH DITTY.)

I worked on Thalia Station
 A short time ago,
 There were me and Bill, the boss,
 Also Jack and Joe.
 Joe was the cook's name,
 And a nice old chap was he ;
 Sometimes at euchre we would have a game
 After we'd done our tea.
 Now Joe his troubles had,
 Which were not a few,
 Between the dogs and the cats,
 Also the pigs too.
 The pigs he would talk about
 In language plain and free :
 Say, "How the wretches did get out
 It does get over me."
 Poor old Joe ! I never can forget
 As after Lanagan he did go ;
 I fancy I see him yet,
 Saying, "Whatever shall I do
 With that infernal thief ?
 Some day for this you'll dearly rue
 For stealing that corned beef !"

THE WHALER'S DIRGE.

O Rations ! thou art getting low !
 Soon to a station I must go.
 To catch a fish, night after night,
 In vain I've tried to get a bite ;
 My damper it is getting done—
 As for sugar, I have none.
 Yes, Rations, thou are near thy end,
 Soon I must leave my favorite bend :
 But we will meet again some day,
 When perhaps I'll make a longer stay ;
 Good times again are drawing near ;
 The sheds will soon commence to shear :
 It's then I'll make a pound or two,
 And have a spree and then see you :
 So I must onward with my drum—
 Fare-thee-well, till back I come.

AFTER THE SHEARING TIME.

Once more, lads, we are on the route,
 While with glee we all do shout ;
 Our last shed have cut out—
 For over is the shearing.
 Some on horses are astride,
 On shanks' pony some do ride—
 Upon their way they all do glide,
 After the shearing time.
 Some going for their homes to see,
 While others going for a spree,
 Where they spend their money free,
 After the shearing time.
 Jolly while their money lasts,
 Of the future they think not, nor past ;
 But soon they become downcast,
 After the shearing time.
 With blood-shot eyes and head so sore,
 They say that they will drink no more ;
 But that they have often said before,
 After the shearing time.
 Upon the track, then, with his chum,
 Upon his back he has got his drum,
 And in his shirt a bottle of rum—
 Oh ! after the shearing time.