

Your banks are fringed with shady trees,
Whose leafy branches catch the breeze,
As in amongst your sheltered bowers,
Is found a wealth of lovely flowers.

In your waters lilies grow,
But past them you so swiftly flow,
Rippling here and rushing there,
On your journey free from care.

Beneath your surface fishes play,
Never resting all the day,
While white clouds in the bright blue sky,
Are mirrored therein from on high.

I would, I e'en in thought might view,
The varying beauties seen by you,
As you flow onward to the sea,
A fit home for the pure and free.

—A. DAVIDSON.

THE BIRD

I went for a walk
One bright sunny day,
Right in the middle
Of the month of May,
I saw a sweet bird
In colours so bright,
Red, green and yellow,
Oh! it was a sight.
I took a step near
The gay little bird,
It sang most sweetly
That song that I heard,
Then when it did see
Me coming quite nigh,
It spread out its wings,
O'er hills it did fly.

—D. GILLHAM.

MORNING

The stars disappear, one by one,
Over the hills peeps the great red sun,
Slowly he sends forth his golden beams,
And the rippling river glistens and gleams.
The magpie's note fills the fresh morning air,
The butterfly flutters here and there,
The jackass laughs in the old gum tree,
And the farmer whistles cheerily.

—I. WICKHAM.