

don.
Mrs. Judell.

829.12

Violet
verses

829.12
Violet verses

VIOLET VERSES

for R. L. M. Z.

One Shilling Net.

No.
DATE 16 OCT 1959

NOT TO BE LENT

*VIOLET
VERSES*

One Shilling Net.

FOREWORD.

A great honour was accorded me in being asked to write a foreword to this book, but I keenly felt my incapability to do it justice. Mr. Henry Lawson, has, however, unconsciously, proved a friend in need. I have taken the liberty of using his letter to me for that purpose, for he expresses the position of the Returned Soldier with a beauty and insistence that can leave no true patriot unmoved.

E. S. ABBOTT,
Register Office,
Adelaide.

Dear Miss Abbott,

In response to your request for a Poem for the "Violet Book" to be published for the benefit of returned soldiers, I must say that I am tired of forcing myself to write doggerel, or, at the very best very lame verse—as all such pumped up or forced stuff written to order by me, must be for similar books and publications. But I would like to say a few words in plain English.

On more than one occasion I have seen our Soldiers in "route marches" through City streets, gaily riding and marching fours by fours, with bands playing, the people cheering, flags flying, and children singing by City Hall and other public buildings; and I have seen them march in single file down to the ships (and shaken hands for the last time with some of them)—dragging rather wearily it seemed, after months of heavy training, with their women folk and children by their sides; and family anxieties upon them—and little save the sordid signs of city drudgery and "Trade" all round. These men are coming back now; not fours by fours, but one by one with no stage accessories to welcome them. Coming back battered and broken, and some with shattered nerves, from the Hell

they went through to save us from the menace of a fate unspeakable, and which is with us yet (a fate we can not realise). Coming back to city, town, farm, and station hut, coming back, many of them to broken faith, lost jobs and billets, and domestic troubles and miseries that most of us know nothing of. Coming back to mean, sordid, paltry, hopelessness, and to a reversed homesickness for perhaps the other and lesser hell in the trenches.

And it is up to all Australians to do everything they possibly can for these men, in word and deed—as I know every real bushman and plainsman and his womenfolk will.

And though it may seem out of place here, I will say that if every man and woman in the Commonwealth knew the mental attitude and character of the Prussian or Prussianised German as well as I do, there would be no need for conscription or any appeal on behalf of our returned soldiers.

Yours very sincerely,

HENRY LAWSON.

Leeton, June 4th, 1917.



Violet Verses.

SEED OF PIONEERS.

Because their fathers dreamed great dreams and
would not rest at home
The breed is in the bones of them that calls a man
to roam.
Because their fathers, scorning ease, ranged over
unknown plains
The urgent blood of venturers is surging in their
veins.
And hardy men, and sturdy men foretold the
Anzac school
The day a little wooden ship put out from Liver-
pool.

The tale began at Tilbury and other ports we know,
When emigrants sailed out to sea a hundred years
ago:
The doughty men, the dogged men, the men to do
and dare . . .
Their sons have writ the sequel on the slopes of
Sari Bair.
And a rod was cut for Germany and Hindenburg
his pride
The day a band of rugged men sailed South'ard
from the Clyde.

The men who could not rest at home because the
world was wide
Came sailing out of Britian with Adventure for
a guide:
Far-faring men and daring men, with scarce a
backward glance.
But their venture found fulfilment on the shell-
swept fields of France.

And a sword was forged for Freedom on a long-
forgotten day,
What time a sailer, Southward bound, drew out
from Dublin Bay.

They came because they craved for space to rear a
healthy brood,
For sunlit air and sun kissed lands to give them
goodly food.
O trusty men, and lusty men! That they have
buildd well
The gullies of Gallipoli and Flanders fields can
tell.
A sword to fight for Britian's right was loosened
in its sheath
When craft went out with Cardiff men for lands
down underneath.

God strengthen us to strive again, and hold our
honoured place.
God hearten us, and shrive again the heedless of
our race.
For the sunlight is about us still that quickened
men to strive—
The stalwart men, the stubborn men who kept our
pride alive.
And, in the end, God waken us to more than
praise afford
When homing ships head South again with ven-
turers aboard.

C. J. DENNIS, Toolangi, Victoria.

VIOLET VERSES.

To the dear memory of George Rothwell Seager,
whose good-bye was "If I stop a bit of German lead,
be a sport!"

By His Mother.

To-day we wear the clinging violet
In memory of the brave,
While ever thoughts of fond but proud regret,
Come surging wave on wave.

Some sleep beside the sobbing Dardanelles,
And some in gallant France,
'Mid gardens fair, where medieval bells
Wake echoes of romance.

'Twas fitting that the young and brave should
die
To build a nation's name—
That strong young hands should mould its
destiny
In an undying fame.

In morning's Glory or the noon of Life
They fell, our fighting men;
In burning valour—the white heat of strife
They passed beyond our ken.

"Whom the gods love," so ancients said, "die
young."
How could it other be?
Would love drag glorious youth through weary
years,
To age's misery?

What would we choose, if choose we could, for
those
So infinitely dear?
The glowing beauty of the blooming rose,
Or dry, dead leaves and drear?

The commonplace of life—dull sordid care,
Or humdrum safe content,
Inconsequent small things that jar and wear
And hard words kindly meant?

Ah! Theirs was life—life worthy of a man,
Whose exit was a thrill.
No weary acquiescence in a plan,
That long, dull years must fill.

In contemplation of what might have been,
Our aching hearts are filled
With sweet, sad thoughts; and for a little time
The yearning ache is stilled.

Then suddenly it wakes, as unaware
 There flits across the track
 A little, laughing child, whose sunny hair
 Brings crowding mem'ries back.

A snatch of song, the perfume of a flower,
 And all the world grows dim.
 The barriers we built and felt a power,
 Melt in one thought of Him.

Yet some in all this storm and stress and strain,
 When nations reel and rock,
 In shameful safety ply their lust for gain,
 Unmoved whate'er the shock.

While on the altar of the Empire's might,
 For Love and Honour's sake,
 Proud, passionate young life there claims the right
 The sacrifice to make.

And we, the mothers, sisters, sweethearts, wives,
 Of these, our dear young dead,
 Leave with them there the sunshine of our lives,
 Lost in a mist of red.

For them no tolling bell, no funeral pall—
 (Their's was no common death),
 But flowers whose spring-like fragrance touches
 all
 With love in every breath.

"Far better to have loved and lost," they say,
 "Than never loved at all;"
 For always at some time gold turns to gray,
 And evening shadows fall.

We'll strew with thoughts of love and fairest
 flowers
 The path our heroes trod;
 We'll bless the precious years that made them
 ours,
 And leave the rest to God.

A. SEAGER.

JUNE 29.

These are not "Violets,"—sweet scented flow'rs
 That charm the sense for some fleeting hours.
 These are no blooms that wither in a day,
 And give their all to Nature in decay.
 God did not make them just to live and die
 And know no more of Earth and Sea and Sky!

They are the souls of all our dearest Dead,
 That shall for ever with our souls be wed!

C. H. SOUTER.

VIOLET DAY.

There's a hint of spring in the air to-day,
 From the fragrant bloom in the street,
 And thoughts of our dear dead heroes come,
 With the scent of those violets sweet.

Shrined evermore as a sacred thing
 Of beauty, we hold them fast,
 As priceless jewels in mem'ry's store,
 To treasure while life shall last.

All that was dearest they freely gave;
 The lads we have loved and lost,
 Laid down their lives without thought of self,
 Never counting the cost.

Never forgotten. In faithful hearts
 They dwell for ever and aye.
 And those purple flowers a message breathe
 Of comfort and hope to-day.

There is no death to the love that lives,
 Or the faith which stands serene,
 They are waiting for us, the boys we mourn,
 And—there's just a door between.

MARY L. WYATT.

VIOLET DAY.

The girls that work on Violet Day
Have violets in their eyes.
For every hour that beats away
A soldier dies.

The wives that weep on Violet Day
Wear violets in their hearts.
The fragrance drives the tears away
And gloom departs.

And mothers old, on Violet Day
Hold violets in their hands.
They hold them tightly, and they say
"God understands."

And men who died; on Violet Day
Have violet glorioles.
And little roots that touch and stay,
Tangle their souls.

LEON GELLERT,
One of the 3rd Brigade.

IN MY GARDEN.

I saw some blazing poppies hot with Hell
Flinging their violent red across the earth.
I saw the proudness of a foxe-glove bell,
And saw some daisies shake with heedless
mirth.

I heard some pansies telling gaudy lies
And little scandals to a passing breeze.
A sunflower gazed forever at the skies.
I said, "Ah, never these! No, never these!"
. . . Then suddenly I saw a tiny eye
Rimmed with its petals, from the blue above.
I thought of dead Brigades, . . . I don't know why,
And felt the breath of women, long in love.
. . . I seemed to know that in a violet
There lived a God, a God who can't forget.

LEON GELLERT,
One of the 3rd Brigade.

VIOLET DAY, 1917.

Come, let us gaze upon a hero's grave
Who fought for us upon a strenuous day;
And not alone for us: He died to save
Humanity from the oppressor's sway.
A greater fight the world has never seen;
He fought for freedom on this earth of ours;
What purpose can existence for us mean
If freedom e'er before a tyrant cowers?
Were we subdued why should we wish to live?
Our hopes would vanish and our joys depart.
Earth has no pleasures unto slaves to give,
Toil grows ignoble where it has no heart.
So didst thou think, dear friend who bravely fought
With all the energy which Heaven gave;
Who knew Australia's safety must be wrought
By her own sons, who died their land to save.
Therefore we lay these violets on thy tomb,
Their perfumes wafted sweet from grateful
souls,
Others he saved; for self he had no room,
And while sun shines and hoary ocean rolls
Maids with wet eyes shall sing thy gallant deeds;
Brave men, shall strive to emulate thy fame;
The Nation's sons supply the Nation's needs,
The wide world glory in Australia's name.

W. H. WINTER, B.A., B.D.

PRO MEMORIA.

Sing for their brave young souls no elegy,
For their's was laughing life and laughing
death.
Rather your lips should smile at every breath,
A frame, a happy "Immortality."
And though some thousand leagues of frowning
sea,
May bar those rough-heaped mounds they
Sleep beneath,
Gather the violet and twixt a wreath
To wear as an eternal memory.

Laughing of old, our men went out to fight,
 And, dying, hurled their laughter at the foe.
 So these, with laughs, have found a brighter light
 Than our dull souls could ever grasp or know.
 Then, come, a purple garland wear to-day!
 For were they here they'd laugh those tears away.

GEORGE R. HAMBIDGE.

YOU WHO HAVE GONE.

The wind that gilds the gum-leaves sang your
 splendid cradle-song:

(Liberty, fair Liberty! O lovely Liberty!)

It blew through all your joyous youth, sun-suppled,
 straight and strong,

The glory of great places, and the hope of years
 to be.

Its vigor thrilled your pulses as you plucked with
 careless hand

The fruits of happiness that glow adown the
 rainbow ways,

And through your dreaming hours of thought am-
 bitious flames it fanned;

Free as your forest vistas spread life's gift of
 golden days.

But wild with woe there rang a cry that shivered
 round the earth—

*(For Liberty, Sweet Liberty! Strike Home for
 Liberty!)*

You answered . . . Far from dear familiar
 stars that watched your birth,

Where masked and deadly batteries sloped beside
 an alien sea,

You made the Sacrifice Supreme—let no man say
 you died

Who cherished honour more than life—in death-
 less fame enshrined!

And we who mourn lift high our heads; our sorrow
 is our pride,

We hear your brave young laughter in the
 grandeur of the wind!

ELSIE COLE.

JIM.

Give me that bunch of v'l'ts Lass,
 'Cuse me if I seem rough
 Yer see I'm from the Hills and Grass,
 Where everything is tough.

My dear son Jim has done his bit,
 That's why I'm sort o' short,
 For 'tween wife and work I am just hit,
 And ain't much class or sort.

I don't know where I are quite yet,
 You see I'm sort of dazed,
 For since my boy got done, you bet
 My mind seems sort o' hazed.

He wur my joy an' spur to work,
 And kept me bright an' gay,
 But now it seems all cloud an' murk,
 My Jim just slipped away.

For I jest know when I gets home,
 The wife is faint and sad,
 Her thoughts are with him 'cross the foam,
 And I feel just as bad.

I've watched him since he was a babe,
 And hopes on him did pin.
 Thank God he wur a Briton made,
 And died for kith and kin.

Now I must just be getting back,
 It sort o' does me good,
 Yer face an' smile, 'twill help my track,
 Each step and yard o' road.

L. W. YEMM.

THE WOMAN SPEAKS.

There is a spot, a dreadful spot,
 Beside a moaning sea,
 Where one dear head was bowed in death,
 That meant the world to me.
 I may not shed a coward's tears;
 I may not nurse my pain;
 I have to face the long, dull years
 Until we meet again.

I have a life, an empty life,
 Shaped to no trivial end;
 A life that must be spent, and yet
 Is not all mine to spend.
 And mine the duty so to live,
 Until the lights grow dim,
 That at the end I am not shamed
 To go to be with him.

We have a land, a glorious land,
 That breeds the hero strain;
 For which to die, for which to Live,
 Through any depths of pain.
 They did not count the cost, our men,
 When came the time of stress;
 They gave the best they had to give,
 And we can do no less.

For us the task, the weighty task,
 For us, by help of God,
 To set our sons' feet in the steep
 Straight path their fathers trod.
 That so they face the toils of life,
 Or face a hail of shell,
 As not unworthy heirs of them
 That stormed the Dardanelles.

There is a spot, a hallowed spot,
 Beside a summer sea,
 Where those ran gaily on to die
 Who died for you and me.
 God, make in this stricken hour
 Put all of self aside;
 And aid our grim resolve—to live
 As bravely as They died!

S. TALBOT SMITH.

VIOLET DAY.

In token that this little flower
 Shall carve in every heart
 Remembrance for the Australian brave,
 Who nobly did their part.

In token that its fragrance sweet,
 Shall waft their names on High,
 In token that in every heart
 Their memory cannot die.

In token for their glorious deeds
 This debt of love we pay,
 That for their sake even distant lands
 Shall hail sweet Violet Day.

ELODIE.

THE SPHINX.

I, who for many ages have looked down
 Upon the world, upon the fallen dead,
 Upon the fallen living—aye, that's worse!—
 I ask you, what are tears but for a day?
 And what is death? You answer not! 'Tis so!
 No man returns to tell us what is death!
 Now pain, I grant you, pain hath a long life:
 One pang, though but a second by the clock,
 May drag us through a thousand weary years!

Young lovers, of all nations, full of life
 And panting with the ecstasy of love,
 Have stood, heart chilled, beneath my stony gaze!
 And pilgrims riding through the desert, men
 On sacred errand bent, have stayed their steeds
 To look on me and there a lesson learn.

Three wayfarers from Bethlehem once came
 A man, grave eyed and anxious, leading by
 His hand and gentle words, a mule, which bore
 A woman of stange beauty, whose young face
 Was drawn with anguish yet lit up with joy!
 Her yearning mother-eyes looked on my face:
 Perchance *she* read my secret. Then she bent
 Above the child upon her breast. Her child,
 And yet not hers! The Child of all the world!
 The childhood of the world, the motherhood
 Of all the world, in symbol, passed me by!
 A mother's work, to train for—who knows what?
 And latterly, came men from that far glow
 Of sunny South. From Southern Cross to tread

Along the Crescent road. Brave, cheery men!
Some, clear-eyed, firm-lipped, looked long ere they
passed

As if to read their future in my face.
They rode as if they loved their horses, aye,
And horses seemed to love their masters. Men
Who now have solved this riddle we call life!

I, who for many ages have looked down,
Am able of my knowledge this to say:
So you keep calm and sane, Old Time will ease
The harshness and the bitterness of grief!

I, who for many ages have looked down,
Have learned how every grain of sand its work
Must do. That nothing can be lost. The dead
Were part of the great life, and now are part
Of greater life! Aye, this thing do I know!
Then what are tears? I grant you, pangs of pain,
Though lasting seconds by the clock, may drag
You through what seems a thousand weary years.
But this the passing ages teach to me,
Who loves most suffers most. But there is One
Who once in Egypt refuge took, will share
The burden, lighten by His love. A Man
Of Sorrows while He walked this earth, Who loved,
Who died for men! Who rose from out the grave!

MRS. WILLETT BEVAN.

A FRAGMENT.

Purple these flowers for brave blood nobly shed,
For bodies resting now 'neath distant sod;
Purple and white for our beloved dead,
White for their purged souls that speak with
God.

K. C. E.

A FADED VIOLET.

A faded violet lying on the open book;
Once fragrant, sweet with morning dew;
And Mem'ry takes the saddened heart back to the
nook

Where once that faded violet grew.

They wandered where the flowers smiling through
their dewy tears,

And sunbeams dancing on the grass,

Told Youth the Sweets of coming years,

And Dawn held open the door for Day to pass;

Wandering, hand in hand,

Talking, laughing and gay;

How can they know or e'en understand

Why briars block the way?

Around the winding path, entangled in the skein
that Fate

Had wove around their thoughtless feet,

Unto at last the wicker gate—

'Twas called the Lovers' Gate, where lovers meet;

Pausing—sweet eyes so bright,

Glist'ning, limped and gay—

Then bursts o'er the land a flood of light

To usher in the Day!

He stoops and plucks the little flower growing at
her feet;

He gently held it 'gainst her breast—

From eyes to eyes flies message sweet—

To her, his soul, that gift of love, expressed;

Stooping he kissed her lips—

Blushing and happy they,

From the nectar Love, take proffered sips,

And Night becomes the Day!

“O LORD GOD, look down on us; look down
upon Thy people and turn not from us: in Thy pity,
O God, take from us this Plague; in Thy mercy
deliver us from this war!”

An altar raised high unto our God;

The best alone can be offered up!

Youth comes, a glorious sacrifice,

And nobly drinks of the bitter cup!

Pour out from your precious treasures now;

In sackcloth clothed to the Altar bow;

For Anguish of Anguish and Pain we must sup!

"O LORD GOD, we, Thy people in deep
humility bow: O Lord God, here is the Sacrifice laid
on the Altar slain: hearest not the women crying;
the wailing of a lonely heart in pain? O Lord God,
Most High, hear us now!—

Deliver us, in Thy mercy, deliver us evermore;
Lord God, Most High, in Thy pity, deliver us from
War!"

Alone she stands at the wicker gate,
And idly plucks the violets there—
The Day has passed to the Eventide,
And life is full of sorrow and care!
She sighs—she waits for him now in vain,
And over her breaks a flood of pain,
And she sinks in the stream of Despair!

A faded violet lying on an open leaf
Leads Mem'ry back through the times of tears;
A faded violet softens a heart full of grief,
And whispers "Hope" for the future years!

EDGAR L. STEVENS.

ANZAC VIOLETS.

Sweet witness of Australia's pride and sorrow,
Thy perfume brings a throng of memories,
From which the heart doth borrow
The voice of song.

There is a thrill, a joy in pain, that lingers
Upon thy fragrant breath,
For thou wert ever dear to him whose fingers
Are cold in death.

JAMES SADLER.

TO ANY LAD ON VIOLET DAY.

Wear you no violet to-day, lad?
Does it mean nothing to you?
We hide our grief as we may, lad,
But with you has it *nothing* to do?

Had you no pal at the front, lad
You think of with sorrow and pride?
Tho' our loved ones bore all of the brunt, lad,
It's a glorious way to have died.

Now wear you a flower with the rest, lad,
Fear not to show what you feel,
Forget not they gave of their best lad,
Then wear this as memory's seal.

A. C. STRACHAN.

A VIOLET. MEMORIES.

It has lain withered many a dreary day,
Yet, tho' the scent and beauty both are sped,
To her the pressed delight has ne'er semed dead,
But lived its life in fancy's twilight way.
She wonders why she hid the thing one night,
And understands the memories that arise,
Whene'er she gazes down, with misty eye,
Upon that cherished flower's love delight.

And she forgets her lifelong solitude,
And thoughts of war and death fade far
away,
And love forever grows within her breast.
The past with all its joy is lived again;
And with past happiness she longs the day
When he shall know her in his deathless rest.

KENNETH SCOTT.

A TOKEN.

A violet grew in a garden fair,
 A purple speck 'neath the summer skies,
 A maiden plucked it, and then I swear
 Its tint was rivalled by violet eyes.

A violet lay on the shell-swept field
 Twixt the battered leaves of a note book
 pressed,
 Trampled and dead, it had lived its life,
 Had lain for a space on a hero's breast.

While a maiden with tear-drenched violet eyes
 Envied the flower which now shared his rest.

ALICE BARKER.

WITHIN A WARD.

She passed adown the ward
 With a softened tread,
 A sister of the sick,
 That sunshine shed.

Where'er she hovered round
 On service bent,
 The stricken heroes felt
 An angel sent.

Upon her simple dress,
 A purpled flow'r,
 That coyly hung its head,
 To grace an hour.

Beside a cot she paused,
 Where, gaunt and frail,
 A smitten Anzac lay
 So strangely pale.

So pale, that thrice you looked
 Ere yet you saw
 The faintly heaving breast,
 But sought no more.

As low she stooped to raise
 The weary head,
 A wan look stole—a mute
 Appeal unsaid.

The feeble hands now clutch
 The precious bloom,
 And she who passed has left
 A hallowed room.

SYLVESTER SMITH.

OUR UNDYING DEAD.

“Good-bye”, for now. We mourn for you “Our
 Dead”,
 Whose lives were given for your Country's
 sake;
 We have no graves to deck—but memories shed
 From the heroic deeds ease hearts that ache.
 Here “For Your Deathless Valour” crowns we
 make
 Of Memory's Violets for Our Undying Dead.

We mourn not hopelessly, who miss you so,
 As love must miss the Loved Ones who have
 gone;
 We know no grave can hold your Spirits low,
 We know upon you newer Sun has shone,
 That Souls Immortal have “one step gone on,
 Where Love and Memory whisper we may go.

We weave love chaplets of the sweetest blooms
 To mark our honour of your bravery,
 And clearly learn the God of Love ne'er dooms
 True hearts that love shall e'er divided be;
 We learn, through death, that memory's unity
 Forever blends where Life its worth resumes.

IRVEN.

OUR SOLDIER.

Bravely he marched away,
Gallant, and young, and gay,
Bravely he sailed away.

Here, she who bore him, said a mute goodbye.
Pride 'mid the pain which dimmed her tender eye,
And threw him violets for love and memory.

Low in the dust of other lands he lies,
Slain at his duty—as a soldier dies;
But Heaven's splendour wakening to his wondering
eyes.

On that far foreign grave perchance someone,
A Mother who has also lost her son,
Will strew o'er him sweet violets and say "well
done."

Bravely he marched away,
Bravely he lives, we pray,
Where souls unite alway,
Linked by love's memory.

IRVEN.

THE FLOWER OF LOVE.

Twilight descends o'er the far stretching meadows,
Soft'ning our hearts that are heavy with pain,
Violets are growing twixt thick clustered shadows
Purple and happy, sweet scented with rain.

Simple and pure as the dews that enfold them,
Full of the mem'ries of those whom we prize,
Perfumed and fresh in our hands as we hold them,
We drink in their beauty with sorrowful eyes.

So every year when the skies are rose tinted,
Golden and wide in the light of the dawn,
Violets are gathered with perfume unstinted,
A presage of sorrow that comes with the morn.

Those who have striven triumphant are sleeping
Far from our sorrows still dear to our thought;
The flower of their love at home we are keeping
Fragrant and true to those who have fought.

LOIS LATHLEAN.

TO THE VIOLET.

One of Nature's sweetest Blossoms,
We have chosen thee to be
Emblem of our Heroes' courage,
Of their love and chivalry.

'Tis a mutual honour surely,
Honour both for them and thee;
Thou should'st find a pride in knowing
That to all a pride thou'lt be.

At thy looked-for first appearance,
Peeping through thy earthly bed,
We shall welcome thee as risen
From a visit to our dead.

When upon thy petals gazing,
When we scent thy fragrance rare
Let us feel thou hast communion
With the sons we ill could spare.

This thy sacred charge—Our *Fallen*,
In the struggle over might,
Let them know how well we value
All they suffered for the Right.

Though an unpretentious floweret,
By thy perfume and thy sheen,
Help, Oh, Help us to Remember,
Help to keep their *Memory* green.

AH TEL

REMISSION.

The world was sunk in sin;
Then came to make men free,
One who the world did win
On Calvary's tree.

The world was lapped in ease,
The poor were still unfed:
Not seeking self to please,
They fought and bled.

And, from their sacrifice,
Who died for men as He,
A new world shall arise,
New splendours be.

MAUD R. LISTON.

A VIOLET.

In memory of the Brave.

I found a violet sweet, one winter day
When all the skies were dark and leaden grey,
I kissed the fragrant, purple tinted flower
And lo! my soul was stirred in that glad hour.

Within its glowing, radiant heart I saw—
My country!—mine! and dearer than before,
I saw brave men march onwards to the fight
I saw great heroes dying for the right.

I saw white souls float up from our brave dead,
And form an army white above my head:
I saw as in the mirage of a dream,
All things that are—and all that merely seem.

The passing fancy of an idle thought;
Brave souls who conquered in the fight they
fought,

Brave women who could wave a fond good-bye
When loved ones went away to do or die.
And dared not think of self or let tears fall
When heroes answered back their country's
call.

And then as each one passed upon his way,
Sweet violets grew in memory of the day,
The air was laden with the perfume sweet,
Their purple radiance blossomed at my feet.

And angel voices chanted soft and low,
A chanticle of praise! And now I know,
The meaning of that vision which that day
Came to me when the skies were leaden grey.

My country's sons have proved their golden
worth
The grandest, truest heroes on God's earth,
The men who made Australia's name ring true
And made the violet dear to me and you!

ADELAIDE PRIMROSE.

TO REMEMBER.

Under the Union Jack
Softly they sleep,
Wattle sighs over them,
Violets weep.

Under the Union Jack
Heroes they rise,
Bright with the golden beam,
From southern skies.

Honour the Fallen Brave
Flag, flower, and tree,
What holds their fame secure?
Eternity!

LYELL DUNNE.

X THE LANDING.

The country was a hilly one,
The cliffs were stern and steep,
And we gazed on those lofty hills
As we rocked in the deep.

*Good description
How nice*

The order came to pull ashore,
The shrapnel round us burst;
We knew, of all the tasks we'd had,
That this one was the worst.

But not a man did budge or cringe
As we neared that fateful shore;
And, as we struggled to the beach,
Half of us were no more.

The bullets round us fell like rain
As up the hill we sped,
And on, we made that deadly charge
While many a lad dropped dead.

And then we grimly settled down
To fight—that awful week,
With hardly a bite of food to eat,
And scarcely a wink of sleep.

But on and on we fought and fought
Mid shrapnel, shot, and shell,
O God! I may have been a sinner,
But I have been through Hell.

Graveyards were made along the beach,
And here now sleep the slain,
And plain deal crosses mark the spot
Where Anzac's Braves were slain.

Now in a clean white bed I lie,
And rest in content deep;
I need but ask for any want—
They watch me while I sleep.

And though at times I am in pain,
And wounds are stiff and sore,
I'm proud of the little bit I've done—
But proud of Australia more.

W. J. ANDERSON,
One of the 3rd Brigade.

IN LOVING MEMORY.

Sunshine and shower, earth's mystical travail
Have wrought their wonted magic, and once more
The violets bloom; by humble cottage door,
And sheltered nook of statelier parterre,
Braving unkindly frost and sullen skies,
The sweet, shy faces peep; the faintest breeze
Ruffling the purple heads in passing by,
Wafts through the casement, and disperses far
The peerless fragrance that is all their own.

"Violets for memory"—ah! Poignantly
Our burdened brain, and breaking hearts recall
When last the violets bloomed, they marched away
Whose eager, gallant feet shall come no more,
No more along the old familiar way—
No more to the home gate, and enter in—
No violets grew for them in their exile,
No violets grace the spot where now they rest.
In blood-stained, shell-torn fields, by streams
defiled,
By shattered woods and ruined masonry,
They sleep, whose laughter filled our homes,
Who took all gladness to the war with them.

Dear lads, who went, nor stayed to count the cost,
Struck out so blithely on the last stern trail—
If knowledge can be thine where thou art gone,
I think that, haply, it might make thee glad
To know what tender glory halos thee;
How dear, beyond all words, thy mem'ry bides,
Fragrant as violets, green as their leaves
To us who still must tread the shadowed way.
Perchance, could'st thou have stayed with us
To walk the common round in common way,
We ne'er had come to know thy heights and depths,
The fine young chivalry and high resolve,
The hero's heart beneath the careless guise.
But now—henceforth, till time shall run its course
We set thee, sacred, in an inmost shrine,
We'll speak with deepest reverence of youth,
Judging it's failings kindly, with all love,
Because of thee—our boys—who died for us.

AGNES M. STEPHENSON.

NOT TO BE LENT

— — — — —
W. K. Thomas & Co., Printers, Adelaide.
— — — — —

NOT TO BE LENT

NOT TO BE LENT

NOT TO BE LENT