

***HENRY
LAWSON***

***IN THE DAYS
WHEN
THE WORLD
WAS WIDE,
AND OTHER
VERSES***

Henry Lawson

In the Days When the World Was Wide, and Other Verses

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[From the July, 1909 section of Advertisements.]

WHEN THE WORLD WAS WIDE,

WHILE THE BILLY BOILS.

PREFACE

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Most of the verses contained in this volume were first published in the Sydney 'Bulletin'; others in the Brisbane 'Boomerang', Sydney 'Freeman's Journal', 'Town and Country Journal', 'Worker', and 'New Zealand Mail', whose editors and proprietors I desire to thank for past kindnesses and for present courtesy in granting me the right of reproduction in book form.

'In the Days When the World was Wide' was written in Maoriland and some of the other verses in Victoria, Queensland and Western Australia.

The dates of original publication are given in the Table of Contents. Those undated are now printed for the first time.

HENRY LAWSON.

To J. F. Archibald

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To an Old Mate

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Old Mate! In the gusty old weather,
When our hopes and our troubles were new,
In the years spent in wearing out leather,

I found you unselfish and true —
I have gathered these verses together
For the sake of our friendship and you.

You may think for awhile, and with reason,
Though still with a kindly regret,
That I've left it full late in the season
To prove I remember you yet;
But you'll never judge me by their treason
Who profit by friends — and forget.

I remember, Old Man, I remember —
The tracks that we followed are clear —
The jovial last nights of December,
The solemn first days of the year,
Long tramps through the clearings and timber,
Short partings on platform and pier.

I can still feel the spirit that bore us,
And often the old stars will shine —
I remember the last spree in chorus
For the sake of that other Lang Syne,
When the tracks lay divided before us,
Your path through the future and mine.

Through the frost-wind that cut like whip-lashes,
Through the ever-blind haze of the drought —
And in fancy at times by the flashes
Of light in the darkness of doubt —
I have followed the tent poles and ashes
Of camps that we moved further out.

You will find in these pages a trace of
That side of our past which was bright,
And recognise sometimes the face of
A friend who has dropped out of sight —

I send them along in the place of
The letters I promised to write.

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Andy's Gone With Cattle
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Past Carin'
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The Glass on the Bar
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The Shanty on the Rise
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The Ballad of the Drover

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Ben Duggan

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The Star of Australasia

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The Great Grey Plain

Out West, where the stars are brightest,

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The Song of Old Joe Swallow

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Corny Bill

His old clay pipe stuck in his mouth,

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Cherry-Tree Inn

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Up the Country

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Cameron's Heart

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Peter Anderson and Co.

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When the Children Come Home

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A Prouder Man Than You
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The Song and the Sigh
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The Cambaroora Star
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[Dec. — 1891]

After All
The brooding ghosts of Australian night
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Marshall's Mate
You almost heard the surface bake, and saw the gum-leaves
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The Poets of the Tomb
The world has had enough of bards who wish that they were
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Australian Bards and Bush Reviewers
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In the Days When the World was Wide

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The world is narrow and ways are short, and our lives are
dull and slow,
For little is new where the crowds resort, and less where the
wanderers go;
Greater, or smaller, the same old things we see by the dull
road-side —
And tired of all is the spirit that sings
of the days when the world was wide.

When the North was hale in the march of Time,
and the South and the West were new,
And the gorgeous East was a pantomime, as it seemed in
our boyhood's view;
When Spain was first on the waves of change,
and proud in the ranks of pride,
And all was wonderful, new and strange in the days when