

RED GUMS.

Chaucer's love of English trees
Laughs along the centuries.
Mud-smear'd saints, by Ganga stream
Ever of the Lotus dream.
Palmers seek the Cross of Christ,
Merchants, wood of Sandal spiced.
The Yew has ballads, famed of yeomen,
Border reivers, Sherwood bowmen.
Cherry blossoms of Japan,
Geishas, dance on screen and fan.
Druid Oak and Viking Pine,
Hourî Palm and Bacchic Vine,
Sultan Cedar, Shepherd Beech,
All are praised in singing speech,—
Poison trees of jungled Cuba,
Buddha's Bo, the Prophet's Tuba,
Eden's Apple, and the Rose
That in Persian garden grows.

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Gaunt the Red Gums rise, and brood
In primeval solitude;
Mystic, 'neath the sun and moon,
Who can tell the Red Gum's rune!

RED GUMS

Men have strayed with each rebirth
From the cradle of the earth,
Till their hearts grow sick, and fain
To return, and find again
Far, forgotten forest places,
Savage splendour, silent spaces,
All the rapture and the rush
Of the Spirits of the Bush,
When the soul is breaking free
In a mad corroboree,
And remember wilder things
Than their weary wisdom brings,
Bush unbroken, untamed Man
Dreaming since the world began
Tho' to changing cycles drawn,
Of the vast Eternal Dawn.

HYMN TO THE EARTH.

We praise the Earth, the Mother Earth, for ever
old and young,
From whom the gods have taken birth, and men
and beasts have sprung.

She is Demeter, Isis, or is Kali, Lilith, Eve,
The Bona Dea we adore, to whom we ever cleave.

Where green with corn and grasses, gold with har-
vest, red with blood,
Blue where savannahs are unrolled, or dark where
jungles brood,

Or robed in white of mountain snows, we praise the
sacred soil
That flows with milk and honey, flows with mystic
wine and oil.

Sunlight she gives, and starry beams; she clothes
the flocks and herds;
She gladdens life with trees and streams, gay
flowers and singing birds.