



## ACROSS THE BAY

(Dedicated to Uncle Jack.)

To a lonely cattle station  
In Australia's wild outback,  
Came an old and weary abo  
Who'd spent years out on the track.

He had roamed around this country,  
He had been in two great wars,  
He had fought to keep outsiders  
From off our golden shores.

Now he was tramping his last journey,  
He was on the homeward run,  
For he knew his time was ending,  
And his travelling days were done.

As he stood there near the homestead,  
It brought back those bygone years,  
For it was here he'd spent his childhood  
And his old face lined with tears.

He could see the herds of cattle  
As they moved them from the flood,  
And once more he chased the brumbys  
Through the swamps and greasy mud.

He thought then of his mother  
And his poor old greyhaired dad,  
And he knew they were heartbroken  
When he'd left home as a lad.

And as the sun was sinking,  
The old man bow'd his head,  
For his time on earth was finished  
And these are the words he said:

"For it's over the hill I am going,  
Over the hill to-day,

I pack up now my bundle  
With hands so old and slow;  
For there's an ache down in my heart  
And I just don't want to go.

I shall miss these fields of green  
And the sky that's overhead;  
I shall miss those soft sweet leaves  
That sometimes were my bed,

But they'll no longer let me stay  
And so I'm leaving here to-day  
For that far away white house  
Far away across the bay."

—by R. Sherry, Burnt Bridge.

