

REQUIESCAT IN PACE

In later years I passed along the trail of bygone
days,

Now grassy grown, a branch line of the rush.
I wandered in the pathless woods and out by
camping bays,

Passing old abandoned shafts throughout the
bush.

Along this trail of memories where Fortune led
us on,

There were relics of the bunch who lost or won.
Amongst the newly-grown shrub the autumn sun-
light shone

On olden, roofless shacks whose day is done.