

THE NATIVE-BORN.

We've drunk to the Queen. God
bless her !

We've drunk to our mothers' land,
We've drunk to our English brother
(But he does not understand) :

We've drunk to the wide creation.
And the Cross swings low to the
dawn—

Last toast, and of obligation—
A health to the Native-born !

They change their skies above them
But not their hearts that roam !

We learned from our wistful mothers
To call old England "home."

We read of the English skylark,
Of the spring in the English lanes,
But we screamed with the painted
lories

As we rode on the dusty plains !

They passed, with their old-world
legends—

Their tales of wrong and dearth—
Our fathers held by purchase

But we by the right of birth :
Our heart's where they rocked our
cradle.

Our love where we spent our toil,
And our faith, and our hope and our
honour

We pledge to our native soil !

I charge you charge your glasses—

I charge you drink with me
To the men of the Four New Peoples,

And the Islands of the Sea—
To the last least lump of coral
That none may stand outside.

And our own good pride shall teach
us

To praise our comrade's pride.

To the hush of the breathless morn-
ing

On the thin, tin crackling roofs,
To the haze of the burned back-ranges
And the drum of the shoeless
hoofs—

To the risk of a death by drowning,
To the risk of a death by drouth—
To the men of a million acres,
To the Sons of the Golden South.

To the Sons of the Golden South
(Stand up !)

And the life we live and know :
Let a fellow sing o' the little things
he cares about

If a fellow fights for the little things
he cares about

With the weight of a single blow !

To the smoke of a hundred coasters,
To the sheep on a thousand hills,

To the sun that never blisters,
To the rain that never chills—

To the land of the waiting spring-
time,

To our five-meal meat-fed men,
To the tall, deep-bosomed women,
And the children nine and ten !

And the children nine and ten (Stand
up !)

And the life we live and know.
Let a fellow sing o' the little things
he cares about

If a fellows fights for the little things
he cares about

With the weight of a two-fold blow !

To the far-flung fenceless prairie,
Where the quick-cloud shadows
trail,

To our neighbors' barn—in the
offing—

And the line of the new-cut rail,
To the plough in her league-long
furrow,

With the grey lake gulls behind,
To the weight of a half-year's winter
And the warm wet western wind !

To the home of the floods and thun-
der,

To her pale, dry, healing blue—
To the lift of the great Cape combers,