

XI.

ENVOI

*Australian Memories*

I hold a secret—not in vain!—

At will I flee stern Winter's home  
By memory's magic key, and roam  
That far bright Southern Land again.

The mighty Harbour spreads once more  
Its laughing waters 'neath the hills;  
Once more the combing breaker spills  
Its surging thunder on the shore.

I breathe the incense of the Bush,  
The gum-trees' anodynal balm;  
Or, tranced in emerald even's calm,  
Upon my soul there steals the hush

Of wondering awe, as God attires  
The forehead of the mystic Night,  
And, set 'mid thronging gems of light,  
The Southern Cross displays its fires.

Land of the flower's resplendent hue,  
The wattle's gold, the flame-tree's red;  
Land, where the mountain veils its head  
In lucent haze of living blue;