

BALM OF NIGHT

When you're full of black despair,
And you've ceased to think or care
 If you'll ever struggle this dark earth-life through;
When you've sat and direly cursed,
As you've seen the fields you've nursed,
 Threshed out by hail, as tall and green it grew;
When you've found a steer just dead,
Or you've started seeing red
 At a coming two-year-old nigh carved in two;
When throughout a twice-long day,
Not a thing has gone your way,
 But Fate has played the giddy jade with you;

When the frost has killed your crop,
Fresh misfortunes pile atop,
 Till you can't tell but it means a sponged-out slate;
When there's shivers in your back
For a future that's all black,
 And you're all alone to fight it out and wait;
When you're sorry that you came,
For there's nought on earth to blame,
 You've toiled each day from sunrise until late;
When you feel it's time to quit,
For you've lost your store of grit,
 And you know you're not on cordial terms with
 Fate;