

**BUSH PILGRIMS,
AND OTHER POEMS**

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Bush Pilgrims, and Other Poems by Thomas Walker

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THOMAS WALKER

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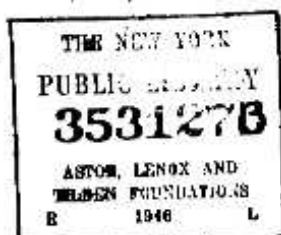
By THOMAS WALKER.

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Sydney:

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1886.



ERRATA.

- Page 1, verse 3, for *the bosom* read *their bosom*.
" 6, " 3, for *Haager* read *Hagar*.
" 10, " 5, for *butterfly* read *butterflies*.
" 38, line 13, for *Schopenhaur* read *Schopenhauer*.
Pages 41-43 for *Kellerman* read *Kellermann*.
Page 42 for *De Chatres* read *De Chartras*.
" 46 for *O'er the Eolian* read *O'er the harp Eolian*.
" 77 for *reformer* read *reforms*.
" 83, last line, for *the base* read *thy base*.
" 90, last verse, for *had* read *has*.



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BUSH PILGRIMS.

HE day that had ended had been of all others
The hottest; encircled by smoke that for miles
Arose from the bush, that still burned at the
night-fall,
And hemmed in the homestead with glowing red
aisles.

The sun as he sank—like a ship in a tempest
Down slopes of the mountains of uplifted wave—
But mocked at the lands, where a weird desolation
Sat ruling in silence as still as the grave.

In silence! In silence but that the wild moanings
Of winds bearing flames on the bosom, and sounds
Of bellowing cattle on arid plains dying,
Commingle their notes with the shrieks of wild
hounds.

For leagues—but the ashes and cinders of nature!
No sign that the earth ever bore on her breast
A blade of green grass or the stem of a flower:
A desolate death-scene, not wooing to rest!

And black as when tempests far out on the ocean
Sit brooding in clouds when the sun has gone
down,
And seas are yet calm but thick with grim shadows,
Came night o'er the land with a gloom-begirt
frown,

And wrapped with her frown—till she lost the horizon
 And zenith, and pressed on the eyes like a sea
 Of blackness profound—with her frown she wrapped
 all things,
 Except the dull glow of the still burning tree.

And, like to a rock in the ocean, a hamlet
 Stood lost in the night, standing lone on the plain ;
 In solitude standing, by darkness encompassed,
 A shepherd within there, tormented by pain.

And lo ! by the bedside his wife waited, watching,
 And fanning the face that was gasping for breath.
 She soothed with her kindness the head on the pillow,
 Fast sinking from anguish to slumber of death.

He suffered ; she guarded far into the midnight ;
 And then the white face like the dead of a dream
 Grew still, with a smile that was peaceful and placid ;
 And she was alone, like a wreck on life's stream.

Alone ! Not alone, for her two little children
 Awoke at her sobs, as she wept by the bed ;
 And painfully told she the babes that their father—
 The father they loved so—she loved so—was dead.

II.

Long hours she had waited in sorrow for someone—
 As mariners wait for a star in the gloom—
 To pass by the hut, and to offer the tribute
 That love, and respect, consecrate to the tomb.

J Y N