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## Harry Breaker Morant

1865-1902

His short life (it spanned just over thirty-six years) was itself the stuff of romance and adventure; and he went through it like a swashbuckling cavalier, yielding often to human weaknesses common enough in the environment of his prime years, but always fighting back towards recovery. His death was romantic too, and may reasonably have arrived like the fulfillment of a destiny. Such, at any rate, will be the judgment of those who knew him. Some of his story is as old as that of the prodigal son. Although in the development of his personality he became completely identified with the land of his adoption, nevertheless he was not Australian by birth, but English-offshoot of

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## Butchered to make a Dutchman's Holiday

In prison cell I sadly sit,  
 A dammed crestfallen chappie,  
 And own to you I feel a bit--  
 A little bit—unhappy.

It really ain't the place nor time  
 To reel off rhyming diction ;

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## At The River Crossing

Oh! the quiet river-crossing

Where we twain were wont to ride,  
Where the wanton winds were to sing  
Willow branches o'er the tide.

There the golden noon would find us  
Dallying through the summer day,

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## A Song

The sun may shine, the rain may fall,  
And the world roll round about, -  
The king's men and king's horses all  
Can never rub one thing out.

Skies may darken - clouds will flit -  
Troubles may gather and go:

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## At Last

When I am tired, and old and worn,  
And harass'd by regret;  
When blame, reproach, and worldlings' scorn  
On every side are met;  
When I have lived long years in vain  
And found Life's garlands rue,  
Maybe I'll come back again -

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## When The Light Is As Darkness

The morning-tide is fair and bright,  
With golden sun up-springing;  
The cedars glowed in the new-born light,  
And the bell-bird's note was ringing;  
While diamonds dropped by dusky Night,  
Were yet to the gidyas clinging.

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## A Departing Dirge

Girls in town and boys out back,  
I've rolled up my little pack,  
And on June's chill wintry gales  
Sail from pleasant New South Wales.  
Ere I go - a doggerel song  
To bid the whole caboose "So-long!"

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