

## T H E G O L D M I N E R S

Turn back the pages to bygone ages,  
When gold in these ranges brought men from afar.  
Turn back the scenes to the land of their dreams,  
Set the stage in the hills where the lyrebirds are.

React the play that stole men away  
From their homes and their friends overseas,  
To a new land of hope, with plenty of scope,  
For ambition and conquest 'neath evergreen trees.

While you are reading from time fast receding,  
Waft to the mountains and solitude vast,  
Stand by the track as the bullock whips crack,  
To re-echo the hardships of men of the past.

Hear the wheels grinding along the track winding,  
As ground into dust are the pebbles of time,  
Like snowflakes and hail, that melt on the trail,  
To blend with the passing as eventide chime.

Some markings remain, where the old packhorse train,  
Joined with the waggons to clear the way,  
Now, although there is change in the road on the range,  
The winds down the ages breathe softly the play.

As you stand witness in physical fitness,  
Before you write lines on your page,  
Remember, you've grown from seeds that were sown,  
You, in turn, hold the reins of your age.

S. J. TREASURE.

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