

Appendix 5 - Local Poets

Appendix 5 (a) Poems of Ossian McPherson

The Battle Song of Gaul*

Offspring of the Chief
King of Spears!
Strong arm in every trial;
Ambitious heart without dismay.
Chief of the host of severe sharp
Pointed weapons
Cut down to death.
So that no white sailed bark
May float round dark Innistore.
Like the destroying thunder
Be thy stroke, O hero!
The forward eye like the flaming bolt,
As firm rock
unwavering be thy heart
As the flame of night be thy sword
uplift thy shield
Of snorting steeds, high bounding
Like the flame of death,
Offspring of the Chiefs
Of snorting steeds,
Cut down the foes to earth.

*[The *Geelong Advertiser*, on information provided by the Comunn na Feinne, offered the following explanation of this song. "A war song of the ancient Celts probably nearly 2,000 years old, holds no uncommon interest. It is taken from the copy which the Rev Alexander Gallie (sic) of Kincardine, in Ross-shire communicated to the Highland Society from memory. It may be found in the 4th Book of Fingal, as translated by James McPherson; however, the present translation by Comunn na Feinne's own bard [Ossian MacPherson], seemed to them to be preferable."

The Gathering of Comunn na Feinne.

Shade of the mighty dead! Sire of the bard
Whose name will but perish when mountain is glen,
Come from thy mist – as our patron, our guard-
Fingal, our sire, mighty Chieftain of men!

Barkly!* The ghosts of thy ancestors rise,-
Those heroes whose backs from the foe were ne'er seen,

They point ye to join us – their beck ne'er despise.

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Remember your past, Chief of Commun na Feinne!

Clann na Gael! Up with ye! shoulder to shoulder!
Albannach summons her children today;
And memory must die, and our love must grow colder
Before that her summons we cease to obey.

To the breeze loose the banner, the quaich fill high
Raise the Pibroch's loud notes in a loved mountain strain.
The gale from the ocean, while passing it by,
Will bear its wild echoes to hill, dale and plain.

Ho gather! Ho gather! The morn is awake,
Come with the kilt, with the bonnet and plaid;
Come with a love that no distance can shake,
Gather both sire and son, matron and maid.

Come with the hammer, the camac, the stone,-
Nimble as deer, bring your muscles of steel:
The strength of the children of Feinne must be shewn
In glorious strife, by the might ye reveal,

Join ye the dance on the green, grassy brae,
Heedless of care be your boisterous mirth;
Strathspey, Gillie Callum, or wild Caber Feidh-
Foot it with pride for the land of your birth.

Fill high the Sleagan*** and raise the wild cheer:
A shout that shall thrill thro' each home stricken breast,
To the land of our fathers! Our country so dear,
Tho' hidden awhile in the far distant west.

Clann nan Gael! Up with ye! Shoulder to shoulder
Albannach summons her children today;
And memory must die, and the heart must grow colder,
Before that the summons we cease to obey.

[* This was a reference to Sir Henry Barkly (1815-1898), Governor of Victoria, 1856-63, and first Chief of Comunn na Feinne, Geelong.

** A camac is the stick used in the game of Shinty (Camanac in Gaelic). It is shaped much like a crude curved cricket bat.

*** The drinking cup.]

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The Warning

Arm ye, Australia! Sharpen the brand,
Grasp ye the rifle in every hand;
Tell it with lightning speed over the land
 Foes are awake!

Far in the distance the grim fiend of war
Marshals the legions of death to his car,
Ready to swoop 'neath his dark frowning star,
 Kingdoms to shake.

Arm ye Australia! Danger is near,
Perish all tardiness, sink every fear;
Steady and firm let your proud front appear,
And ready each band,

And show the invader that, come if he dare,
'Twill not be to meet with the form of despair,
But a young British lion to rouse in his lair,
Majestic and grand.

The sound has been thunder'd, the threat been exprest,
But shall it appeal in th' Australian breast?
Rank up! Let each brow be by Liberty prest,
Arm every one.

Should he come like a wolf bearing down on the fold
Amid slaughter and flame, shall it ever be told,
There breath'd one amongst us who was timid and cold?
Never, not one.

Arm ye, Australia! Band while ye may;
Prepare for the foemen while yet it is day;
There's danger in backwardness, death in delay.
Mark Freedom's call.

And solemnly pledge we do to heaven a vow,
That e'er to a foreign invader we bow,
The last drop of blood from our bosoms shall flow,
Before we shall fall.

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Sons of Fion

Sons of old Fion! Good morrow! Hogmanay!
A brother greets ye with the opening day.
A new born year has heard the latest chime;-
And bursts to life to fill the Throne of Time.
Forth from the distant hills proceeds a voice,
And bids on this hallowed day, rejoice;-
The voice that cheers amid the battle's roar,
It calls today on you in gentle strain,
To join in harmless strife upon the plain:
'Tis Scotia's summons from the mountain side-
Bursting o'er oceans which her sons divide-
Up then! And gather to the welcome sound,
And let her spirit mid your ranks be found,
Up then! And gather here in fair Geelong,
And join in Caledonia's muster song.

As a bonus, the *Advertiser* included yet another Ossian McPherson poem which, it claimed, was an 'exclusive' not having been in print before.

Air - "McGregor's Gathering."

The Pibroch is sounding o'er mountain and dale,
And the Slogan of Scotland is heard on the gale!
Then proud let each bonnet be raised to the brow,
For the shades of the mighty are watching us now
Then gather! Gather! Gather!
Gather! Gather! Gather!

For the day of our fathers, whose Mem'ry we cherish,
In the hearts of the Children of Fion shall not perish.
There's the struggle of life, with its storms and its cares;
And its course ever changing with hopes and despair,
To the wind with them all! for no sorrow to-day
Shall chase from our thoughts bonny Albion away.
Then Gather! Gather! Gather!
Gather! Gather! Gather!

For the wings of our country alone shall enfold us—
And Scotland, with hearts light and free, shall behold us.
Up! Lads wi' the Kilt! Hasten, on to the strife!
And join in the battle as tho' 'twas for life,
With a courage that old Caledonia inspires,
To dare, as becomes the bold race of your sires.
Then gather! Gather! Gather!
Gather! Gather! Gather!

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Then haste to the fray! To the battle field gather.
Undaunted and true! gallant Sons of the Heather.
(Ossian McPherson. *Geelong Advertiser*)

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Appendix 5 (b) Poems of William Stitt Jenkins

Comunn na Feinne 1865

Now anent Sixty-Four
Surely is nearly o'er;
Sixty Five's coming.
Lo, in the silent night,
Stars glitter calm and bright;
Music is humming-

As of the solemn spheres-
Whispers into mine ears
"Man art thou ready?"
Time rolleth swift away,
Bringing thy final day-
Steady, ah, steady!

"When from the sons of men
Man shall thy voice and pen
Suddenly sever.
Soon shall the grassy bed
Shelter thy busy head
For ever and ever.

Done is thy weary task;
No one will ever ask
Where thy bones moulder.
There – where the coffins lay-
Deep in the solid clay-
Louder and louder.

As the brave Highland men
Stood in their mountain glen,
Ready for battle.
When on the Saxon mail-
Thick as the winter hail-
Arrows did rattle.

Where, on the gory field,
Scorning to flee or yield
To the invader,
Wallace and Bruce of yore,
Fought for their native shore;
None could enslave her.

Now in this distant land,
Cometh the Scottish band-
Sword and spears bearing,
Ronald and Donald Dhu (sic),
Tavish Mac Tavish too,
Tartans are wearing.

Tartans of every clan
Weareth John Highlandman;
None can be prouder;
While o'er the hill and plain,
Soundeth the martial strain
Louder and louder.

Piobracht (sic) an Donuil Dhu,
Piobraicht (sic) an Donuil,
The pipes and the banner
Piobracht (sic) an Donuil Dhu,
Piobracht an Donuil Dhu,
Saints what, a clamour.

.....

Come, Donald, first at feast or fray,
And still the last to run away,
Come on my man!
Feel ye the caber's mighty weight,
And leap ye over the five barred gate,
And rap with single stick each pate,
As best ye can.

Ye brither, aye, and sister Scots,
"Frae Maidenkirke to John o' Groats",
I pray ye come.
Hear ye the piper's martial notes,
The wild hurrah from Scottish throats,
The munching of the cake of oats,
The fife and drum.

Come, highland men of every clan-
And hither come each lowland man-
The sports begin.
And oh, good folks, amid your play,
Remember *Douglas* *far away;
To him forget on New Year's Day
Would be a sin.

Good *Archibald* *we love thee well;
Where'er on earth thou may'st dwell
God bless thy home.
And tho' no more in mortal fight,
To "Bell the cat" men may delight,
A Bell** we have have of muckle might,
And muckle bone.

[* This is a reference to Archibald Douglas one of the founders (and the first President) of Comunn na Feinne who had shifted to Queensland]

** A reference to John Bell, President 1863 to 1869 and Chief from 1873 to 1876].

The Sports Begin.

Hear ye the piper's martial notes,
The wild hurrahs from Scottish throats,
The munching of the cake of oats,
The Fyfe and Drums.

Now gather, gather, brothers true,
In philibeg and bonnets blue-
The garb of old Gaul.
Ye sons of Scotland far away,
March as of yore, in close array-
Remember this is New Year's Day,
Come one, come all.

The fatherland forget ye not,
Each hill and vale and rural cot-
And glen and scaur,*
The foaming torrent, lonely linn,
The deeds of virtue and of sin.
In peace and war.

The Celt and Saxon, hand in hand,
Together meet in this fair land,
In love and joy.
Of ancient feuds they dream no more,
On their adopted austral shore,
They dwell in peace for evermore,
Without alloy."
The sports begin! (*Geelong Advertiser* 1st January, 1865)

* scaur – scar

The Holiday

Behold the banners wave on high,
And acclamation reach the sky;
The clubs march forth in proud array
To hail the glorious holiday.
With cheery sound of fife and drum,
Corio's stalwart thousands come.
A balmy fragrance fills the air,
And seas and land alike are fair.

Why haste our people in the shore?
Say, why is heard the cannons roar?
Why, to the radiant waters throng
The joyous thousands of Geelong!
The merry children thither run,
The smiling maids and matrons come,
The young and old of each degree,
They come, they come, the Duke to see.

The Firemen came in red and blue,
And very grand Oddfellows, too;
The Foresters march bravely on
With Friar Tuck and Little John.
The Rechabites, who still decline,
To touch or taste or handle wine;
And with their standard blazoned fair,
See noble Sons of Temp'rance there.

And now they reach the heaving bay,
And soon along its margin stray;
While children gathered in a ring
The Anthem of our nation sing.

Away, away, the shallops* go,
And now the favouring breezes blow,
Ye seamen heed each tack and sheet
Of fair Corio's little fleet,
And fair let every nation be,
Nor trick, nor foul let any see,
Your manly skill brave hearts evince,
A brother sailor is your Prince.

- A shallop is a small open boat which is used on close in waters. cc

The Prince of open heart and hand,
Who comes to view the Austral land,
Is not deceived by gloss and glare,

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But sees the people as they are,
Sees grasping men of puny soul,
Sees brainless dolts in riches roll;
O, Great Jehovah, hear their prayer,
(For such are Thy peculiar care)
And bless these darlings every one
In days to come when we are gone.

.....

Now gaily dancing o'er the tide
The gallant yachts in beauty glide;
Like things of life rush too and fro.
All taut aloft and snug below,
The song of mariner is heard
The wailing cry of ocean bird
The gentle murmur of the breeze.
And humming melody of trees
And sees with joy the sons of toil –
Receives him with a brother's smile.

Lo, gentle Prince, we pray to day
For that dear island far away,
The storm-throned monarch of the sea,
Home of our fathers and of thee
Land of the true, the fair, the brave,
Bright gem serene of western wave.
Hail, loveliest spot the sun hath seen –
God save thy people, and the Queen.
(W. Stitt-Jenkins, Newtown Hill, Geelong
Geelong Advertiser 3rd December 1867)

Appendix 5 (c) Poems of David Hughes

COMUNN NA FEINNE, 1873

Air: "THE CAMPBELLS ARE COMIN"

Let us meet brither Scots
At the Comnnn na Feinne,
And we'll hae a day's sport
Such as never was seen;
There the pipers shall play
On the stage in the ring,
While the Macs, in their tarta
Dance the Hielan' Fling.
"The Campbells are comin'
The pibroch shall play,

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Likewise, "Gillie Callum,"
Wi' Reels and Strathsprey;

Each clan wear their tartan—
A Heilandman's pride—
And some wi' blue bonnets,
Wha come frae the Clyde;
And Walker's band, tae,
Shall be there on that day,
Tae play Jigs and Hornpipes,
Likewise, "Scots Wha Hae,"
While the caber they're turning,
And hammer they fling,
And lads wi' their lassies
Play kiss in the ring.

Let us make oorsel's happy,
It's Ne'er day again;
Some high and low leaping,
Some throwing the stane,
While others on horseback
Are spearing the ring;
And some try the water leap
Tumble light in.
It is a' mirth and pleasure;
It comes aince a year,
For the sons of auld Scotland
Their hearts for to cheer;

And you wha hae quar'led
Ye mun shake hands again,
Be freens and be happy
At Comunn na Feinne.
Let us a' meet like brithers,
Each man's Adam's son;
And the dochters o' Eve, tae,
And hae lots o' fun;
Ye are a' welcome there,
Be ye Gentiles or Jews,
That is the opinion
Of me, David Hughes.

And if for the New Year
You want tae buy shin,
Ye ken whaur my shop is,
So please tae step in;

I have got some braw boots
That you never hae seen—
They will suit young or old
For the Comunn na Feinne.
(David Hughes, *Geelong Advertiser* 31st December, 1872, p4)

‘How Auld Freens Meet at Ne’ar (sic) Day Time’

Gude day, auld freen, I’m glad we met,
And pleased tae see ye look sae weel;
Just come wi’ me and hae a wet-
Ye dinna ken the joy I feel.

And what although our means be sma’,
If sweet contentment be our lot;
An honest man’s the best of a’
If in a mansion or a cot.

And tho’ frae hame sae far away,
Let’s mak’ the best o’ it oot here,
As noo, we’re near the Hugmanay,
The time a’ Scotchmen’s hearts tae cheer.

There’s some auld freens ye ken’d yersel’
Are gone tae rest – hae passed away;
Yes, brither Scots, we knew them well,
Were much respected in their day.

And we, like them, maun gang the same;
It’s so wi’ a’ the human race;
What matters when He ca’s us hame
If so it’s tae a better place!

Blest is the man who is content
Through life, who does what good he can;
If rich or poor his life’s well spent-
The end is peace of such a man.

And though we’re auld, while we are here
Cheer up, I say, my gude auld freen’
If spared we’ll meet on the New Year,
And spend the day at Comunn na Feinne.

Yes, Donald, freen’ depend on me,
Ye’ll see me there, if spared, that day;
It cheers my heart the lads tae see
Them dancing reels, jigs, and strathspey.”
(*Geelong Advertiser* 31st December, 1873, p4)

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A MERRY CHRISTMAS AND A HAPPY NEW YEAR for 1877

“Once more again I wield the pen,
A Merry Christmas, brother men;
For to amuse I write this rhyme,
To mind us here of old lang syne.
At Christmas drive away dull care,
Like brothers meet, enjoyment share;
And try each other’s heart to cheer,
Like brother Scots at their New Year.

Critics they sneer at what I write,
And would-be poets show their spite;
"What more expect of any man,
Than try to do the best they can."
Myself I wish them for to know it,
I don't profess to be a poet;
But merely for to pass my time,
I try my hand at writing rhyme.

Still this is not the time to write—
And Christmas here—on spleen and spite;
When friends do meet been long apart,
Then love should be in every heart
Then tables spread with best of cheer,
Such only comes but once a year;
Like brothers meet in social glee,
Still mind you don't get on the spree.

Christmas when gone, comes the New Year,
Clansmen in tartans then appear;
With pibrochs march down on the green,
To play or dance at Comunn na Feinne.
And cabers turn, or hammers fling,
And leaping, racing round the ring,
While Walker's Band sweet music play,
And those were foes make friends that day.

If spared that day I shall be there,
At Comunn na Feinne the sports to share;
Adieu that day to Boots and Shoes,
Open who likes for David Hughes.
Until that day please give a call,
I've Boots and Shoes to suit you all,
All kinds for Christmas for to choose,
And cheap they're sold by David Hughes.”
(*Geelong Advertiser* 30th December, 1876, p4)

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Comunn na Feinne, 1878.
Air—"The Campbells are Coming."

Ye Clansmen get ready
For Comunn na Feinne,
When Ne'ar (sic) Day is here
Let us meet on the green;
And pipers be ready
Your pibrochs (sic) to play,
While Clansmen's (sic) competing
In reels or strathspey.

Let us meet to compete,
It is Ne'ar (sic) Day again;
Some turning the caber,
Some throwing the stane,
And others competing
The hammer they fling;
While lads wi' their lasses
Play kiss-in-the-ring.

Each piper competes there
In reels or strathspey;
Yet all seem so happy
And friendly that a day;
Then crack goes the pistol,
Our youths off do run—
My word! just be there
If you want to see fun.

Walker's Band will be there,
I believe, on that day;
All know it is pleasing
The tunes he does play:
While young chaps they leap
And run round the ring,
While some at the water-leap
Tumble right in.

Then round ride the tilters
A spearing the ring,
While 'Macs' in their tartans
Dance the Hieland fling,
With claymore and sgiandubh (sic)
Dangling by their side;
And Lowlanders there, too,
Who come frae the Clyde.

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So come, Adam's sons,
To the Comunn na Feinne,
For you will be welcome
That day on the green;
The poor millionaire
Do a ticket him send.
You may touch his heart
If he will but attend.
(*Geelong Advertiser* 31st December, 1877, p4)

COMUNN NA FEINNE, 1879.
(bv David Hughes)

Auld Scotia's sons both far and near,
Mind Comunn na Feinne again is here,
Come bring your pibrochs (sic) on that day,
And play us reels, jigs, and strathspey.

Away dull care, let us have fun,
As now the New Year has begun,
Let us have sports of various kind,
To cheer the heart and please the mind.

For what's the use to be downcast,
Who knows, this year maybe our last!
Let us be happy while we can,
For such the duty is of man.

Clansmen like brothers meet that day,
Dressed in your tartans blythe and gay,
There to compete, yet friends the same,
Who'er may win or lose the game.

Let no contention there arise,
As all, we know, can't win the prize,
For such does happen, now and then,
Those [who] lose may be the better men.

So, lose or win, be of good heart,
You done your best-that is your part;
At Comunn na Feinne away with brawls,
Like clubs at times that play footballs.

But be like brothers in the ring,
While men they dance the Highland fling,
Reels and strathspeys-auld Scotland's dance,
What never could be learnt in France.

All nations come, you're welcome there,
With Scotia's sons their joys to share,
There's room for all down on the green,
On New Year's Day at Comunn na Feinne

Heed not poor Dives with wealth in store,
Just let him hoard up more and more,
God help him, it must grieve his heart,
To know his wealth and him must part.

Away with such, I'm wasting time,
To put a penurious soul in rhyme.
Let such about their riches dream,
While we rejoice at Comunn na Feinne.

And may bad times now disappear,
And brighter days come with this year,
With statesmen let contention cease,
That class with class may be at peace.

And let them do the patriots' part,
Each have their country's good at heart,
And meet like brothers on the green,
On New Year's Day at Comunn na Feinne.

Ye ken the line that I am in,
I keep in stock a' kinds o' shin,
I am selling cheap, please gie a ca',
I've boots and shoes to suit ye a'.
(Address Geelong Boot Mart, Moorabool-street, next to the Provincial and Suburban
Bank. DAVID HUGHES. Proprietor)

Commun na Feinne – 1880.

Come Scotia's sons, prepare for the green,
Christmas is gone now, and Ne'ar's (sic) Day is near;
Come meet like brithers at Comunn na Feinne,
Trying each ither's hearts there for to cheer.

On with your tartan, claymore, and sgian dhu (sic)!
Come with your pibrochs (sic) our hearts for to cheer,
Show, brither Scots, you are still leal and true.

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Come and be happy once more this new year.

The year that's gone (may sorrow go wi' it)
May eighteen eighty bring joy to each heart,
May good times come once more to our Pivot,
That those long here will not have to depart.

Away with dull care! why should we be sad
And auld Ne'ar's (sic) Day here? let this be our plan,
Try to be happy, and make our hearts glad,
At Comunn na Feinne meet like brother man.

The pibrochs (sic) strike up wi' reels and strathspeys,
While Macs for prizes compete in each dance;
With all kind of Sports the day passes away,
With games[that] could never be learned in France.

There is one gone to the land o' the leal,
Was happy last Ne'ar (sic) Day down on the green:
With his smiling face so happy did feel
When I saw him there last at Comunn na Feinne.

The debt he has paid all mortals must pay—
Peace to him now in the land o' the leal;
Not like our mammon that's passing away,
Whose gold no doubt will send him to the De'il.
(*Geelong Advertiser* 31st December, 1879, p4)

Christmas and Ne'ar (sic)

[Christmas and Ne'ar (sic) Days
Are here again, and with them
Vacant chairs.]

Another year is nearly gone,
And with it friends to memory dear,
Have left behind a desolate home;
Who with us shared last Christmas cheer.

How true that life is like a dream,
Still each in life must play their part;
How short to some the time does seem,
Must leave the idols of their heart.

With all to make life happy here,
No poverty they need to dread;

With everything their hearts to cheer;
Yet know their brother want for bread.

And yet, with both, the end's the same,
As wealth, all know, will not life save;
When death does call, what's in a name!
Since all are equals in the grave.

Old Cameron,* that has passed away,
Who helped Napoleon to subdue;
Like Wellington, he had his day,
And fought like him at Waterloo.

What did he get for all his scars,
And hardships that he did endure,
Throughout the Peninsula wars,
The old man's pension kept him poor.

Still what's the use of being sad
The little time we may be here;
Away, dull care, let us be glad
As Christmas time is drawing near.
And when you meet on Christmas Day,
As friends to share each other's cheer,
Just think on those that's passed away;
Though gone, are still to memory dear.

Then after comes wild Scotia's day,
When brither Scots meet on the green;
To dance reels, jigs there, and strathspey,
While pipers play at Commun na Feinne.

While I my stock I wish to sell,
And I the cost price won't refuse;
Those who want boots that will wear well,
Please give a call on David Hughes.

At the Geelong Boot Mart, Moorabool
street, where, wishing to clear out my stock
of boots. and shoes, I am prepared to sell,
according to quality, at the lowest prices in
Geelong.
(DAVID HUGHES, Proprietor)

* This is a reference to Donald Cameron who died at Geelong on 13th December, 1880. He had served in the 79th Foot – a Highland Regiment. He fought in many battles during the Napoleonic Wars and was so severely wounded at the Battle of Waterloo that he had to be discharged from the army. He later came to Australia with his wife and family and

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settled at Batesford. He was aged ninety-four when he died.

**LINES IN RESPECT TO THE MEMORY OF O'SHEA AND ROBERT DE
BRUCE JOHNSTONE by David Hughes.**

The Liberal ranks are broken,
Their leaders are laid low;
Death made its call upon O'Shea,
And dealt that deadly blow.

We miss such men when they are gone,
Who did our rights defend;
Who had the people's good at heart,
And conquered in the end.

And death has made another call:
De Bruce Johnstone is dead.
Who now will fill the Liberal ranks.
And in his footsteps tread?

He was a man of sterling worth,
A Liberal true at heart;
True to his colours to the last,
And well he done his part.

And while he was chief magistrate,
Justice then was his plan,
His wish when seated on the bench,
Do right to every man.

Honour his standard was in life,
No one can that gainsay;
Geelong has lost a useful man,
Now Johnstone's passed away.

We well may hang our flags half-mast,
Now Johnstone he is dead ;
Who now will take that Liberal's place,
And in his footsteps tread.

Who now will head auld Scotia's sons,
When marching to the green;
On New Year's Day take a leading part,
Each year at Comunn na Feinne.

Yes, brither Scots will miss him now,
He's numbered with the dead.

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Who now will lead the clansmen on,
So oft by him were led?

Some Liberal now must fill his place,
And in his footsteps tread;
Like him, a man of sterling worth,
Now numbered with the dead,”

“There’s Not a Stone to Mark His Lonely Grave

In my ramble round the graveyard,
Where the rich and poor they lay,
I looked there for the grave of one,
Who lonely passed away:
Yes, one who was honoured while in life;
But, now that he is gone,
Around his grave I could not see
There, either fence or stone.

One time he was the people’s choice;
His name they did extol;
As Johnstone was the liberal true,
In times did head the poll.
Great monuments I did see there,
Some mark of mammon’s slave,
While he, the choice of Geelong West,
There’s nothing marks his grave.

Have all the liberals here turned round,
And joined the Tories’ cause;
I do not wish to give offence,
So I had better pause,
Have all the leal hearts passed away,
That met down on the green;
If not, go look on Johnstone’s grave,
Once Chief of Comunn na Feinne.

The man who filled the civic Chair
For three years, in Geelong;
And now to meet with such neglect,
I say that such is wrong.
And when he died, our M.L.A.,
Who bore an honoured name;
Still, not a stone to mark his grave,
Such is the burning shame.

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Oh, that it were but in my power
Such, I would soon erect,
And show there is one in Geelong
Who honour does respect.
Still, honour be unto his name,
Now Johnstone he is gone;
There's worthy men who've passed away,
Have neither fence nor stone." (Geelong Advertiser)

Appendix 5 (d) Poems of Allan Fullarton Wilson

The Bagpipes

'How shall a doggerel bard portray
The secret o' the bagpipes' sway,
That mak' the Scotsman hot tae slay
An' maim an' wound,
Whilst his opponents curse the day
They heard the soun?

The pipes since their first origin,
Hae led the Scots through thick an' thin,
At their approach;
Ilk ane wha' hears their rousin' din
Thanks God he's Scotch.

In fac' nane save the foremost place
Exac'ly suits our Scottish race;
Tae win it aft they've had tae face
The jaws o' hell.
Gie them the pipes, man they wid chase
The deil himself!

Nae ither soun, say what ye will
Wi' sic hot lust men's hairts can thrill,
Their fellow-craiturs' bluid tae spill,
An' flesh their dirks,
Roarin' wi' fierce desire tae kill,
Like maddened stirks.

Oh Scotland! O' a' lan's the queen,
That yet may be or yet hae been,
Thy pipes in many a stirring scene
And bluidy fray,
Hae turned the tide o' battle clean,
'An won the day.

Nae spark o' manhood he retains,
He's o' a' stock;

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Devoid alike o' spunk an' brains
Atts ony brock.
But ilka leal an' true-bred Scot,
Wha hears yon spirit-stirring note,
Puffs oot his chest, an' clears his throat,
Hands up his heid,
Syne thanks kin' Heaven at its his lot
Tae be Scot's bred.

Whaur'er oor foes kink up a splore,
The bagpies aye are tae the fore,
Shrilling aboon the battle's roar,
Their skirl ascends,
Filling foes' hearts wi' terror sore,
An' cheering friends.

God bless the lan' o' cakes an' scones!
Lang may her pipes inspiring tones,
Thrill hairts an lug's o' Scotland's sons,
Her foes appeal
As David lang syne wi' his drones
Affrighted Saul.

Some at the pipes aye poke their fun,
Think ye thae folk wid stan' their geun:
Gin they were foes? I know they'd run:-
An' hide themsels;
There's nane need speir whi' pipes hae done-
A' history tells.

Ah Scotland heid maun lie fu' laigh
Upon yon black an' bitter day
A true born Scotsman aye will pray
It ne'er may come
When Scottish pipers at feast or fray
Nae mair shall hum.

Thae bugles, drums and fifes an' a'
Tae Southern lugs may soun as braw'
But oh! The bagpipes thrilling call
Can all eclipse;
We will hae nane of them ava;
Gie us oor pipes.

Nae ither music sae appeals
Tae hairts an' dugs o' honest chiefs;
The bearserk rage that owre them steals
Sin's then distractit;

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Were Hell afore him ilk ane feels
He'd storm an tak' it.

An' oh! When rises in the air
Their note o' sorrow, deep an' sair,
What grief unspeakable is there
In that refrain!
Thae wailing accents o' despair
Wid melt a stane.

Gir e'er yon waefu' day comes round,
When skirlin' pipes nae mair shall sound,
Auld Scotland maun wi' chains be bound,
Ain' change he faith,
An' a' true Scots in grief profound
Will pray for deith.

Auld Scotland, never may thy sod
Again be dyed wi' Scottish bluid,
But may ye staun' as aye ye've stood
Till the world's en'
Esteemed o' man, beloved by God,
Aye an' amen."

On the death of Donald "Dosh" McLennan – Society Piper

Loved and esteemed by all who knew him here;
The future he has little cause to fear.
His was the heart to feel for others' woe
He never wronged a friend, nor feared a foe,
His aim it ever was to do the right,
His life was blameless, and his honour white,
'Tis passing strange that death should ever choose
Those men the world can least afford to lose,
Many have lost in him a generous friend,
And with sad hearts lament his early end.
Not simulated is that grief they feel,
But heart-felt sorrow, deep, sincere and real.
He won and earned his fellow man's good will
And leaves a gap it will be hard to fill.
Untimely closed, alas his too brief span
Here lies at rest an honest gentleman.

Scotland oor Scotland.

Whaur lies, within earth's wide confines,
The lan' mair famed in story,
Or whaur the country that otshines
Auld Scotland's deathless glory?

Refrain

Scotland, Gued keep thee free o' scathe,
Frae a' wha wrang wid do thee;
Oor hearts maun a' be stilled in death,
Or e'en we cease to lo'e thee.

Gae traveler, wander near or faur,
'Tis aye the same auld tale;
Aside auld Scotland's glorious staur,
A' ither staur maun pale.

Refrain

To Greece an' Rome we'll no' deny
O' fame their richtfu' shares;
But thou can haud thy heid as high
As ever these did theirs.

Refrain

These like the mist hae passed awa'
An' left behind nae trace;
Gude grant nae sic decline an' fa'
May hurl thee frae thy place.

Refrain

Gude grant thee steadfast thou may'st staun'
While ages come an' gang,
An' may thy sons wi' heart an' han'
Defend thee aye frae wrang'.

Refrain

Tho' foolish knaves aft fling a jeer
An' knavish fools defame thee,
For thee thy children feel nae fear,
Well kenning nane can shame thee.

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Refrain

On thy dear soil since time began
Hae worth an' genius flourished;
Gude's noblest wark, the honest man
Thy hills an' glens hae nourished.

Refrain

Close faulted in thy mither breast
Bold Bruce and Wallace lie;
The sacred banes o' Rabbie rest
Aneath a somber sky.

Refrain

Frae faur Australia young an' auld,
Sen' final greetings to thee;
Till thy last son in death lies cauld
Auld mither lan' we'll lo'e three.

Refrain.

(Allan Fullarton Wilson 10th February, 1912)

To Sir Thomas Gibson Carmichael

Noo aince again,- as freends to friend
The haun' o' fellowship
To ye, we cordially extend
Wi' warm an' hearty grip:
An' this we say wi' hearts sincere,
Sae aft as ye shall come,
Ye needna hae the slichtest fear,
That ye'll wear oot your welcome.
Here, like a friend wha' meets wi' friends-
Sae aften as ye shall come
A cordial haun' Geelong extends
In warm an' hearty welcome.

Whenever ye hae time to spare
Richt glad we'll be to meet ye.
Ye'll no be meeting anywhere
Wi' folk mair pleased to greet ye.
Ye'll find nane here wha's no your friend,
The best we hae we'll gie ye.
An' when your visit's at an end
The best o' luck gang wi' ye,
An gin ye maun gang itherwhere
The best o' luck gang wi' ye.

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Come ben as oft's ye like, my man,
There's nae fause pride aboot us,
We'll mak' ye crouse as weel's we can
Aye will we, dinna doot us.
Come no as Leap Year comes ye ken
Aince only, in a cycle,
Gin ye a thoosan' times cam ben
Ye'er welcome Tam Carmichael.
Come aften times, my bonnie man,
No just aince in a cycle,
An' aye we'll do the best we can
Tae welcome Tam Carmichael.

Od Tam we houp ye are na blate,
An' that ye winna swither
Tae gey an' aften come oor gate
Gae's we can crack the gither.
To high an' low alike endeared
Scot's welcome we'll accord ye.
For here's nae heart that isna steered
Wi' honest luv toward ye.
Od Tam, we maunna' be owre blate,
Warm welcome we'll accord ye,
For ilka time ye come oor gate,
Oor hearts just warm towards ye.”
(Allan Fullarton Wilson, *Geelong Advertiser* 8th September, 1909, p6).

'God end the War'

God End the War!
Lord God we thee entreat
Our enemies to defeat,
God end the war.

Let thy wrath on them fall,
With fear their hearts appall,
Destroy them one and all,
God end the war.

Their councils all confound,
Bring thou them to the ground,
Their leaders all astound,
God end the war.

Let us not ask in vain
Who a just cause maintain,

God end the war.

Dire peril on us waits,
Death stands without our gates,
Thou see'st our grievous straits,
God end the war.

Sorrow and heaviness
The hearts of men oppress,
God end the war.
On thee do we rely
To grant us victory;
Hear us, oh Lord, who cry
God end the war.

By thy resistless might
Establish Thou the light,
God end the war.
Frustrate the schemes of those
Who a just cause oppose,
Crush and disperse our foes,
God end the war.

With Thee our arms to aid
We go forth unafraid,
God end the war.
Fiercely though they assail,
Still let our arms prevail,
Let their endeavours fail,
God end the war.

To us who trust in Thee
Give thou the victory,
God end the war.
Thou art our shield and guide,
On Whom we do confide;
God end the war.

(By Allan Fullarton Wilson 'Strathallan' Ryrie Street, Geelong)

Appendix 5 (e) Poems of Rev R. M. Fergus

“Dear Brither Scots, sae far frae hame,
I hope I may escape your blame,
If what I say prove a' too lame,
For theme sae grand;
We've met to glorify the name-

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'Oor Native Land'.

What Scot could e'er forget the place,
Where first his wonderin' eyes did trace.
The beauty and the matchless grace
O' Scotia fair,
Where every feature o' her face
Her charms declare.

There's nae appeal to patriot heart
But Scotsmen aye hae felt the dart,
An' bravely lept to play their part,
On land or sea.
An' then for valour an' for art
They bear the gree.

Oh for a sicht o' Scotland's hills!
Oh for a draught o' Scotia's rills!
Or, that ma ears might catch the trills
O' lav'rock* soaring;
As a' the vales an' lift he fills
Wi' praise adorin'.
* Lav'rock - Lark

Toast ye the Land of mem'ries dear,
Whose sturdy sons nae foeman fear,
An' let it be wi' water clear
Or lemonade.
Or, failin' that, wi' ginger-beer,
The best hame-made.

Here's tae the Land – The Land o' Cakes-
Whose mystic charm our love awakes;
A' to the dear ones, for whose sakes
We fain wid be,
Where heather blooms an' Thistle Shakes,
Far ower the sea.”

Where the Heather grows by Rev. R.M. Fergus

“Oh, the hills and the valleys where aince I did stray.
An' the burns an' the birdies, that gladdened the way.
An' the Lang days that lingered in summer sae fair,
Shall I see them, or hear them, or tread them nae mair?

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Refrain

Where the heather is blooming on Scotia's far hills,
Where the lav'rock is thrilling the life wi' his trills,
Where the leal herts are bounding sae joyous an' free,
Oh its there that ma hert is an' fain I wid be.

Oh I see them again, as in days o' lang syne,
The 'bit green, wi' the gowans, the blue hills sae fine;
An' th' braes, oh sae bonnie, when covered wi' snow
Yes, I see them, an' tread them, tho' far, far awa.

Refrain

Oh, I loe' it, I love it, the land o' ma birth,
It's the bonniest, sweetest, wee spot on the earth,
With its lochs, and its straths, and its Bens, guardin' all,
And its romance o' brave lads, an' lassies sae brow.

Refrain

Oh I see them, I see them around my hearthstane,
But the circle is small noo', sae many are gane;
An' tho' sair be the sicht, yet I ken they're all good
An' we'll all meet again i' the land o' the leal."

Appendix 5 (f) Poems of Alan McNeilage

Welcome to Delegates at Geelong Conference – 20th September, 1922.

"A' the Scots folk are geth'rin the gither again,
For the slogan has peal'd o'er hill, valley an' plain;
They are leavin' the ledger, the forge, an' the pleugh;
A' their vows o' true frien'ship ance mair tae renew,
An' a leal kindly welcome awaits them, I ween,
Frae the lassies an' lads o' Comunn na Feinne.

There'll be hairty haun' shakin's o' cronies aince mair,
Maybe some we ance kent we will miss unco sair,
But their mem'ry we'll cherish, for dootless ere lang,
A when may be becond the same road tae gang.
Still, while we're abune grun', oor feathers we'll preen,
An' feel prood tae be guests of Comunn na Feinne.

Wi' oor minds kindly e'e we'll be keekin' far hen,
Tae some cose wee cot, in some bonnie hame glen;
An' in fancy, gang roamin' the heather-clad hills,

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An' oor ear catch the music o' murm'rin' rills;
Fur oor thocts will return tae whaur we've happy been,
E'er we meet wi' the lads o' Comunn na Feinne.

But while memories cling tae the days lang by-gone,
An' renewing o' frien'ships, may gar us feel pain,
It's no' for that only we're getherin' here,
Still less are we met for the 'geth'rin o' gear;
For the gibes o' oor critics we canna' a preen
While we join wi' the lads o' Comunn na Feinne.

There's a duty ilk' true Scot can find tae his hand,
As a citizen leal tae this fair south-ron land,
There's a "welcome" that ilka Scot freely maun gi'e
Tae their kinsfolk, wha're comin' frae far owre the sea,
An' I'll warrant nae welcome is mair warmly given
Than they'll get frae the lads o' Comunn na Feinne.

Here Highland an' Lowland, the-gither will blend,
Here Liberal, an Laborite winna' contend,
But, provin' their hairts tae auld Scotland beats true,
Still this fair land "Australia," they loyally love.
God! Prosper the union! Undimmed be its sheen
An' may kind fortune favour Comunn na Feinne."