

Wide undulating country, where
Spring her glory shows -
The golden wattle lighting up the
Mullum as it flows.
Where rarest, quaintest orchids play
"Hidings" on the hills,
But peep out if a little child its
hand with flowers fills.
"Boronia" and "Daily Bread" in
clusters grew about.
And silky balls of blossom on native
shrubs come out;
While far away on Loughnan'a hill
soft breezes sweep the earth
To waft the wondrous news abroad
that Spring has brought new birth.
Fern gullies cool and banks of creeks
are clothed with maidenhair,
And if you can but glimpse at these
a secret joy you'll share.
They are enchanted fairy dells where
elves oft run about,
While full or crescent moons above
their softest beams send out.
But oh! what music sweet is heard
from little feathered throats -
A Wonderful Te Deum - as in the
soft dawn floats.
She lights up with her roseate hues
these woodlands rich with tune,
And revels in her winsome task -
the glooms of night to prune.
In Summer time when myriad stars
are shining bright and clear,
Cicadas trill their lover's songs with
ne'er a thought of fear.
The softer fruits all luscious hang
laden on the trees.
And from gumtree blossom
comes chorus hum of bees.
Not trailing flowers comes Autumn,
but in a sober mood.
With artist's brush, she sits and
paints, till leaves and flowers include
The tints of Summer sunsets; the
golden glow of morn -
The mellow brown of rip'ning fields
- the yellow of the corn.

Then e'en when Winter bleak has come
 there is a joy out here -
For all the hills are garmented oh,
 be they far or near,
With Australia's own sweet flower, the heath
 whose rain-drenched slender bells
Of pink and red and purest white, a
 Father's care e'er tells.

Elsie May Davis.

This poem was published in the RINGWOOD MAIL Thursday September 24 1942.

The following introductory remarks, preceded the RINGWOOD poem : -

As I sit in pensive mood, my mind travels back over the years that are past. From my log seat on the hillside, I see endless procession of motor cars, smooth winding roads, electric light and telephone lines and poles - marks of progress - but ah! the trees, the beautiful wild flowers, the birds with their mossy nests, the maiden-hair fern clothed gullies, the fragrant wattle blossom of the winding creeks, the frightened furry bush creatures and the multi-coloured ladybirds and beetles - where are they ?

Miss Elsie Davis was a life time member of the Parish of St. Paul, RINGWOOD. She was a member of the choir, served as superintendent of the Sunday School and remembered when the Church was located near the Antöminy mine (now the site of the Council - Maroondah - offices). She remembered the Warden, with a hooked walking stick, touching [for unchurch-like behaviour] miscreants from the rear of the assembled congregation. For her entire lifetime, she was especially interested in young children, and for the family of which she was a member, each summer arranged a beach picnic for everyone - including aunts uncles grandparents and endless cousins. Her warmth of personality and ever present good humour, and genuine interest in the well being of this extended family is unforgettable. She had a beautiful speaking voice, and as well as her poems, she was a talented artist, with the local landscape, and flowers, as subject matter.