

Sailors Gully School Centenary. June 1975.

It was all aboard to the promised land,
From all of the shores on earth,
Where fortune proffered a welcome hand
To the venturous son's of worth.
In ships that battled for half a year,
'Cross half of a world, and more,
From homes and friends that they treasured dear,
They came to our Native shore.
Then Sailors idled abandoned ships
At the magic cry of "Gold"
And Peg Leg was on each man's lips,
As the fabulous tales were told.
Then up and over the Great Divide,
They laboured their precious gear,
And their hopes grew wild on the Northern side,
As the goal of their dreams drew near.
And there where an unknown Gully ran
Each sailor staked his claim,
And wrote in the history books of man,
The Gully that bears their name.
In the wash that shed from the ancient hills
~~Each sailor staked his claim,~~
They toiled with their eager eyes,
For the sight of the precious gold that thrills,
And the glory it's future buys.
But the wash grew less as the seasons passed,
And less did their labours yield,
Till their hopes and dreams gave out at last,
As they raced to a new found field.
But some stayed on when the wash was spent,
The son's of a thousand creeds,
And the spirit that stirred them, keenly bent,
To follow the deeper leads.
So a town was built, where the whipstick trees,
And the ironbarks belong,
Where the magpies sing on a perfumed breeze,
The joys of their summer song,
And a school rose high, on a friendly sky,
To nurture the young of old,
And the treasures gained, as the years went by,
Were greater far than gold.
On this hallowed ground, as this day appears,
We honour all creeds on earth,
The stout old hearts, of a hundred years,
Who gave this loved school, it's birth.

Allan W Llewellyn

I started school in 1913 at Sailors Gully
with Mr McPherson, Head Master

SAILORS GULLY SCHOOL CENTENARY. By A.W.(Llew)Llewellyn.

It was all aboard to the promised land,
From all of the shores on earth,
Where fortune proffered a welcome hand,
To the venturesome sons of worth.

In ships that battled for half a year,
'Cross half of a world, and more,
From homes and friends that they cherished dear,
They came to our native shore.

Then sailors idled abandoned ships,
At the magic cry of Gold,
And Peg Leg was on each man's lips,
As the fabulous tales were told.

Then up and over the Great Divide,
They laboured their precious gear,
And their hopes ran wild on the Northern side,
As the goal of their dreams drew near.

And there where an unknown Gully ran,
Each sailor staked his claim,
And wrote in the history books of man,
The Gully that bears their name.

In the wash that shed from the ancient hills,
They toiled with their eager eyes
For the sight of the precious gold that thrills,
And the glory it's future buys.

But the wash grew less, as the seasons passed,
And less did their labours yield,
Then their hopes and dreams gave out at last,
As they rushed to a new found field.

But some stayed on when the wash was spent,
The sons of a thousand creeds,
And the spirit that stirred them, keenly bent,
To follow the deeper leads.

So a Town was born, where the whipstick trees
And the ironbarks belong
Where the magpies sing on a perfumed breeze,
The joys of their morning song.

And a school rose high, on a friendly sky,
To nurture the young of old,
And the treasures gained, as the years went by,
Were greater far than gold.

On this hallowed ground, as this day appears,
We honour all creeds on earth,
The stout old hearts of a hundred years,
Who gave this loved school, it's birth.

Centenary celebrations took place Queen's Birthday weekend 1974.

*To Andrew McDonald
from Allan Llewellyn*