

THE TEST MATCH. By A.W.Llewellyn.

What about a game of cricket, said the fellow with the bat,
We would never shirk a challenge, out here at Sydney Flat.
So we marshalled all the talent, as we searched the district through,
And we built a team of stalwarts, give every man his due,
But one stood out amongst the best, a "Cracker-jack" was he,
Each time he opened up to bat, he would score a century.
Now the talent scouts were scouting out, and when they heard the news,
They asked this bloke to have a knock, with the famous Carlton Blues.
There they rectified his failings, and they taught the proper stance,
How to play along the straight line, how to drive and cut and glance,
So the wisdom of their coaching, was reflected in his scores,
And the cricket world was on it's feet, in justified applause.
Now the England team was coming, and each player gave his best,
In the challenged hope of playing, in the opening Melbourne Teat,
Then a run of brilliant innings, caught the "Test Selecters" eyes,
And his name amongst the first twelve, came to all as no surprise.
Then the glory of a life time, filled his days with ecstasy,
At the honoured chance of playing, on the sacred M.C.G.
So you're sitting in the "Members", with the posh celebrities,
And their friendly conversation, puts your troubled nerves at ease,
You are padded up and waiting, and you're feeling mighty proud,
As you dream up dreams of grandeur, and the plaudits of the croud,
Then you see a wicket tumble, and you're out there on the way,
To smash the England speed attack, in humbled dis-array.
As you reach the centre wicket, to take you're vaunted knock,
You call upon the "Umpy", to give you centre block,
Then you scan the whole arena, as you take the field in view,
And you make a mental picture, where to belt the leather through,
Then you face up to the bowler, and you're ready for the fray,
It's at last that dreaded moment, when the "Umpy" calls out, "Play"
Then the speedsters race like demons, and you shake like hell with fear,
As they whang them down like lightning, as they whistle past your ear,
Then the seamers, with their cunning, with their inn and outer swerves,
And the grubbers and the bouncers, soon play havoc with your nerves,
Then a sharp ball rises sharply, and it cops your funny bone,
It's not a thing to laugh at, as you walk around and groan,
But you face the music bravely, and you give it all you've got,
While the spinners keep on spinning, and keep landing on the spot.
Then you feel the crowd's impatience, as you block and muck about,
For all you've scored in half an hour, is a lousy "None not out",
Then a voice from in "The Outer", seems to thunder in your lug,
And echos through the grand-stands. Why don't yer 'ave a go? Yer mug.

Henry Fredrick Boyle lived in Sydney Flat (Now called Woodvale).
He toured England as a Test player in 1880, 1882, 1884, 1886, 1888, and
was Manager of the 1890 team. The ground opposite where he lived, used
to be known as "Boyle's Oval". His grave is in the White Hills Cenetary
Bendigo, with a wicket at the Head Stone.