



"Service to Dependants of Deceased Ex-Servicemen"

## MELBOURNE LEGACY

FOUNDED 1923 BY THE LATE LIEUTENANT-GENERAL SIR STANLEY SAVIGE, K.B.E., C.B., D.S.O., M.C., E.D.

Patron and Member:

His Excellency  
The Governor of Victoria  
GENERAL SIR DALLAS BROOKS  
K.C.B., K.C.M.G., K.C.V.O., D.S.O., K.S.T.J.

"LEGACY HOUSE"

(The David H. Dureau Memorial Building)

293 Swanston Street, Melbourne, C.I

TELEPHONE: 32 3564

Telegraphic Address: "LEGACY" MELBOURNE

All Communications  
to be addressed to  
the Executive Officer,

In Reply Please Quote

*In Georgian Days.*

Oh see! now down the cobbled street  
— by chairmen borne on sturdy feet —  
a Bright Sedan in colours gay  
Wends through the gaping throng, its way;  
So My Lady went a-visiting,  
When George the Third was King.

Behold My Lady at the Ball!  
Graceful and slim is she and tall,  
With Patch on cheek and Powdered Hair  
Piled high, to make a Picture Rare;  
A Toast to make the Rafter's Ring!  
When George the Third was King.

Now see in Church a Vision sent  
From Heaven, in Devotion bent,  
While <sup>GLOWING</sup> stained glass windows shed  
Light on her head:

(BENT)

## Lovely Lady

Lovely Lady! In days of old  
To win your smile, a noble Knight  
With sword and lance, would gallantly fight  
In Melée, joust and tournament—  
Crested helm and gay habiliment  
Made a brave show in days of old.

Lovely Lady! In modern days  
To win your smile, a faithful swain  
With plough or pen, by night and main,  
Will toil and strive and save  
(Like any harassed galley slave!)  
To give you ease, these modern days.

### Envoi

Lovely Lady! In all the days  
Remains the story still the same:  
Your lover plays the same old game  
Of fighting, working, for your praise!

## My Lady

My Lady's hands are beautiful  
Slender, charming loveliness!  
Round them a fragrance lingers  
Sweet and cool as a caress,  
From her slim tapering fingers.

My Lady's feet are beautiful -  
They speed with an airy grace  
On their twinkling happy way,  
And their passing leaves the place  
Where they have trod, forever gay.

My Lady's face is beautiful,  
With a sweet and gentle air,  
Showing the inner Beauty  
That forever dwelleth there  
With Honour Love and Duty -

SRH

1937



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End Verse to an account of my memories of  
"Neerim in the Nineties"

Does the magpie still make liquid song  
Drilling to hear on a winter's morn?  
When the frost is sparkling on the long  
Grass, and life is good at sunny dawn.

Ah! Youth! To be young but once again!  
To recapture that keen zest and joy  
In sweet natural things, and regain  
The happy heritage of a boy!

EL 95  
1930



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### The Gate

Forlorn, there stands an olden gate,  
Guarding a wilderness of weeds,  
Where once, in days gone by, when Fate  
was kind, there bloomed a garden, fair  
With flowers, and the twilight late  
Was sweet with perfume of the rose

Here, too, once stood a noble home,  
With friendly open doors, to greet  
The eager guests with gay welcome;  
Now all is gone and silence reigns—  
Through the old gate no footsteps come  
And it is left on guard, alone.

4/75 1020



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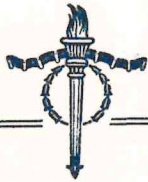
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Sunset - Lakes Entrance 2/3/38

The sun has set and the western sky  
Glow's rosy pink, while the still lake  
Shines with a silvery sheen,  
Catching the shadows of the leaning trees,  
That overhang the rocky shore.

Beyond the sand-hills wind-blown slope  
The ocean murmurs ceaselessly —  
A lone black swan, with neck outstretched  
Wing slow across the darkening sky  
To some far goal beyond our ken.

S.D.T.



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*The Tree*

Lovely is a tree with sunlit leaves,  
Lovely in summer and autumn sere,  
But, in chill winter, she writhes and heaves  
Her long loose bare arms on high, in fear  
Lest young Spring, her lover, come too late.

Fast, for Spring, she dons her bridal gown  
All of blushing blossoms, sweet and gay,  
And green tender leaves, as soft as down  
On the breast of some white bird, away  
In far lands of snow and ice, so drear.

*L.H.S.* 1934

