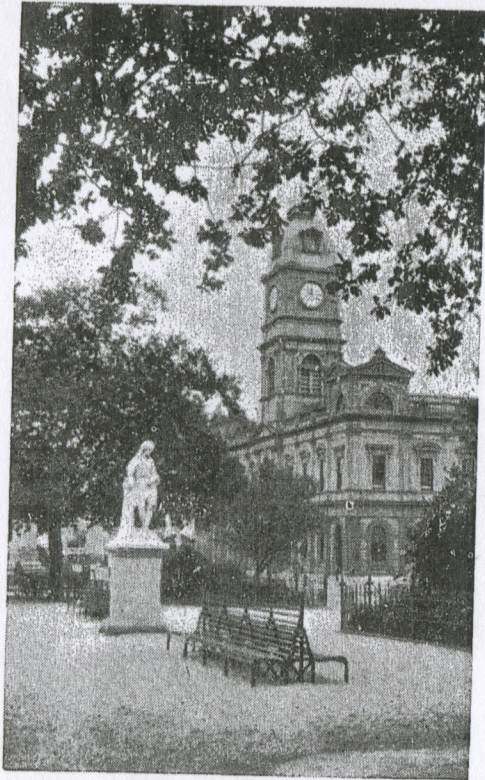


# The Trees of Ballarat.



**THERE** is very much to greet you

When you reach this city old:

Historic buildings, statues fine,

Its tales of blood and gold,

Its placid lakes where black swans laze,

Its song-birds sleek and fat,

But the greatest charm to hold your gaze

Are the trees of Ballarat.

**EUREKA** with its tragic tale

Of civil strife and slaughter;

The funny little ferry boats

On Wendouree's quiet water;

The pleasant roads broad scenes unfold

Of peopled hill and flat.

There's so much storied life been told

By the trees of Ballarat.

**THEY'RE** lovely in the winter

With their arms bared to the cold.

They're lovely in the springtime

With their new-born buds unrolled.

They're loveliest in the summer

When the old and tired chat

In the dappled shade and dusky coolth

Of the trees of Ballarat.

**THEY'RE** lovely in the autumn,

For their russet leaves and brown

Weave, with the crisp breezes,

A gay carpet for the town.

Their trembling branchlets in the heat

Sway this way and then that,

The squirrels play on dancing feet

Round the trees of Ballarat.

**THE** stately trees of other lands

Their thick dark branches twine

With paler green of oak and elm,

With plane and sombre pine.

Their benediction, soft and sweet,

Remains with those who've sat

In grief or tiredness, joy, defeat,

'Neath the trees of Ballarat.

H. E. RAMSAY.