

Numeralla Folk Festival cancelled due to bush fire threat



On Sunday, January 12, the Numeralla Folk Festival Committee advised that, primarily for safety reasons, the 2020 Numeralla Folk Festival had been cancelled, just eleven days before it was due to be held.

Numeralla locals and fireies had been dealing with prolonged bushfires for over two weeks.

At that time, the fires were still active and it was predicted that they would remain so for some weeks.

"It is currently unsafe for anyone to be camped in or near the village and will likely continue to so be for some time," the statement said.

"Locals are exhausted and even when the fires are over, they will have a lot of tidying up

to do.

"The Folk Festival Committee have made the difficult, or not so difficult under the circumstances, decision to cancel this year's Festival in the interests of safety and the wellbeing of the local and the folk communities.

"Nevertheless, at a date to be determined, the Numeralla community hopes to organise a post fires event to celebrate making it through the crisis and to acknowledge and thank all those who have supported the community through fire-fighting, organising, cooking, making donations, giving moral support and in any other way.

"We will try to keep you posted regarding this.

"Further, the committee and Numeralla community at large are saddened to hear of the

property and stock losses among the folk community.

"We extend our deepest condolences to families who have lost loved ones in this disaster.

"We are particularly mourning the loss of our dear friend, Col Burns, from the upper Belowra Valley, who perished in the fire near his property on December 31.

"Col was a semi Numeralla local, and a regular at the Festival, always quietly lending a hand with deliveries of firewood, doing odd jobs and entertaining us with his many true tales of adventure.

"Not only one of nature's gentlemen but a unique character - Vale Col (Rover).

"We hope that you are all safe from the fires," the statement concluded.

Snippets from the craic at Yass and beyond

by Mona Finley



Travelling into Yass, NSW, in September, 2019, the road was lined by spring blossoming trees, and the streets were decked out with colourful flags.

It was the weekend for Irish and Celtic craic.

Lovat Chapel, with its fine acoustics and lovely atmosphere was the venue we chose that evening to enjoy Tidal Moon, a mix of traditional songs and their own compositions, played by Barbara Jeffrey and Jose Garcia, with harp, guitar and bodhran.

Included were 'The Mermaid of Zonar' and a lesser known version of 'Auld Lang Syne.'

Jose was also acting as sound man for the venue, and getting into the festival's Celtic spirit by wearing a kilt.

Yass has become a favourite

destination over the years, and it saddens me to introduce a sour note, having had to leave a venue on next day, quite disgruntled and frustrated by audience behaviour.

I hasten to point out that this does not reflect in any way on the festival organisers, the proprietors of the venue, or the performers.

The fault lies entirely with those members of the public (not ticket holders) who are neither interested in hearing the performance, nor willing to let others hear it, they just can't zip the lip.

Groups that consist of three or four musicians are able to compete with the 'static interference' to some extent, but not so a solo performer.

Jessica Grainger's songs were well worth hearing, with

witty and insightful lyrics, what I could hear of them.

I consoled myself with a CD to enjoy later in quieter surroundings.

A quite different and much more appreciative audience was present in the packed Memorial Hall for the All Star Concert on Saturday evening.

There were some memorable performances, including Siobhan Owen, a soprano harpist, beautifully performing songs in Welsh, Gaelic, Breton and more.

Rosie McDonald and Nigel Lever, whose set included John Hartford's satirical 'Going to Work in Tall Buildings.'

The Full Irish: this duo included Luka Bloom's 'I Am Not at War with Anyone,' a song just made to be an anthem for peaceniks.

Festival News & Reviews

The Royal High Jinx were notable for eye catching costumes, energetic fast tempo playing, and an ability to detach themselves from the stage and mingle with the audience.

The program notes mention 'European traditions', and for me their music evoked mental images of the Vienna of the early 20th century.

Mad Kelpie Playdate, who, I was pleased to note, had not one, but two pipers (uilleann and smallpipes) along with flute and guitar, performing traditional Celtic music.

An intriguing name like that just had to have a story, a story that was shared with the audience.

We learned that indeed, it related to their pet kelpies.

The duo, Shona Williams and Phil Lester: on this occasion, Shona being ceremoniously dressed in a kilt, sweet tones and Scottish airs.

A momentary pause in mid performance, in which a piper could be heard warming up at the back of the darkened hall before he slowly progressed down the centre aisle, playing 'Highland Cathedral,' to the foot of the stage, at which point Shona joined in.

It brought to mind a story that I had heard of the operatic contralto, Dame Clara Butt, who

was said to be able to sing (and be heard!) along with a pipe organ.

It was great theatre, an exciting image that will stay with me for some time.

Judging by the number of pictures posted on social media in the following days, it caught the imagination of many in the audience.

The Poets' Breakfast events, Saturday and Sunday morning, were this year in a new venue, the Club House Hotel, and well attended.

Notable among contestants was the youngest poet to perform, six-year-old, Joanna Roweth.

The winner was Marian Dreyer, with a comic poem about a runaway ('jelly boob') prosthesis.

Sunday morning and sorry to be leaving, but had just enough time to see Seanchas, a group I had first seen at the Sydney Folk Festival a month earlier.

Described as a 'super-group,' the faces were familiar, its members having previously been seen as part of other combinations, Rosie McDonald, Ken O'Neill, Fiona McVicar and Anthony Woolcott, guitars, fiddle, bouzouki, bodhran, and smooth harmonious vocals.

It seemed fitting to travel homewards with one of

the songs, Robert Burns' unforgettable farewell, 'Ae fond kiss before we sever.....', still humming in my mind.

Events have rather overtaken me, and here we are now in the early days of February, 2020.

My radio plays much of the day, bringing little cheer, but issuing repeated fire reports and the necessary warnings.

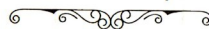
It occurs to me that this must be what it would be like to live during a time of war: forever listening for where catastrophe has occurred and who has been spared.

I am aware that a number of the 'folkie family' have homes in the regions mentioned, the Snowy Mountains, the Illawarra, Cobargo and the south coast of New South Wales, and with some anxiety, I have tried to make contact.

I am glad to report that the replies that I've received to date have been positive, all safe and well.

This summer has been a time of crisis for many, but I am predicting that there may well be a crop of new songs and poems in the coming weeks and months.

Folkies will react in their own way, to commemorate the event, to grieve for the losses, and to celebrate the human spirit.

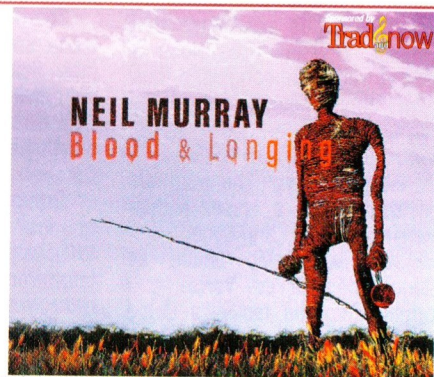


BLOOD & LONGING

"Wherever I go in this country, I always think of the old people of that place. Sometimes it overwhelms me. Many of the songs come from these powerful feelings." - Neil Murray

CD copies may be purchased at Neil Murray concerts or direct through Neil's website neilmurray.com.au and available on iTunes

NEIL MURRAY



Festival News & Reviews

Kate Miller, Fred Smith and Elton John at Woodford

by Derek Tickner
Photos: Derek Tickner

Kate Miller-Heidke was one of the headlining acts at Woodford and she wowed the crowd in the open air Amphitheatre.

Kate was in top form, choosing songs that showcased her remarkable vocal range, and periodically letting rip with her top notes to extraordinary affect.

She sang songs from throughout her career, including the touching, Caught in the Crowd, which is about James, her friend at school, whom she abandoned when he was being bullied.

Her band included her husband, Keir Nuttall, on guitar.

It was a joy to see the musical chemistry between them.

Kate finished with a rousing version of her Eurovision song, Zero Gravity, but with her feet firmly on the ground.

One of the liveliest and most colourful shows at Woodford this year was the Elton John Singalong.

A dozen of Woodford's finest musicians and singers led the enthusiastic New Year's Eve crowd in belting out and dancing to Elton's many hits.

The show went for two hours and the energy peaked for the final song, Crocodile Rock, with the punters almost drowning out the big band.

I first saw Fred Smith performing his quirky and catchy songs at St Alban's Folk Festival 13 years ago.



Barleysakes

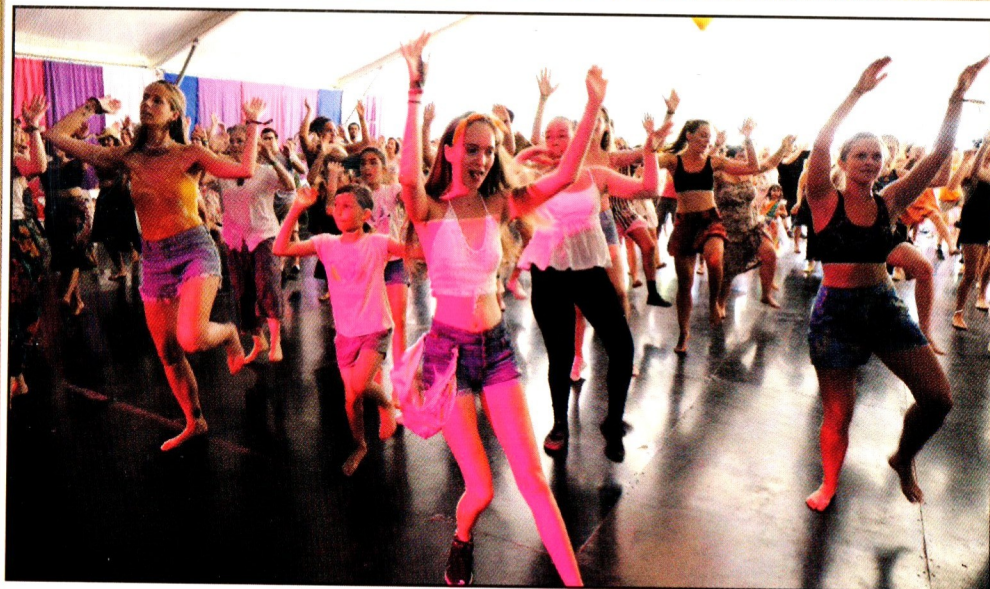


Coopers' Tent Jam



Cloudstreet & The Little Cloud Orchestra

Festival News & Reviews



Dance Masala workshop

If you've yet to catch Fred, put him on your bucket list.

He is a diplomat who has served as a peace monitor during the Bougainville crisis and with Australian troops in

Afghanistan.

These experiences, along with travelling around the USA, have inspired many of his songs.

Some are reflective, some sad, some funny, but they are

always informative.

Fred delivers short, often wry, talks about the upcoming song, often illustrated by slides.



Dance Masala workshop

Festival News & Reviews



Fire Event (fire cancelled)

He did four disparate shows at Woodford, each based on a particular theme from his back catalogue.

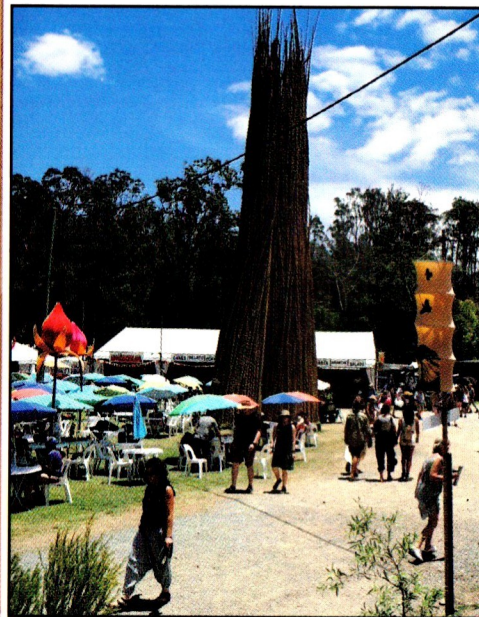
Drummer, Carl Pannuzzo, was a constant at each gig, and Fred

recruited the talented double bassist/vocalist, Liz Frencham, violinist, Gareth Mewes, and blues legend, Jeff Lang, for different shows.

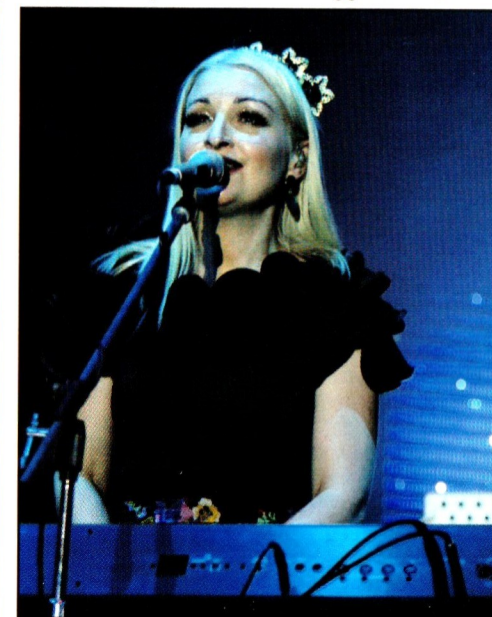
Fred neatly summed up

the Woodford experience: "Woodford Folk Festival is a rich conversation with a lot of thoughtful people".

Amen to that.



Near Kin Kin Tower



Kate Miller - Heidke

Mullum was well worth the risk

by Jefferson Lee

Mullumbimby Music Festival is on this weekend. Will I go or won't I?

The 800km trip up the Pacific Highway from Sydney was strewn with dangerous possibilities as bush fires raged all the way along the track.

At the last moment, I went.

Driving North, I tuned into Fiona Wiley on ABC local radio who was plugging the festival on Friday morning with lead artist, Jack Carty, live to air.

Climate change was the topic of the day as local Labor MP, Janelle Saffin, came on air and textualised the TV media blow up the day before, where a local woman who lost her house to the fires in Nimbin gave her an emotional dressing down in front of the cameras.

Perhaps if the ALP laid off the "filth leaflets" from their party machine echoing attacks on The Greens from the Murdoch press, they wouldn't have to do so much deflecting, me thinks.

Arriving sleepless on Friday morning, I coffeed out and passed up the option of a walk in the sculpture garden where the local hippies were doing a celestial rain dance to end the drought.

Nearby, the weekly farmers' market was hosting some good live music from local bands.

Instead, I retired to actor Tony Barry's nearby flat for a respite before the evening program kicked off the festival proper.

At the Civic Hall, one of the many international acts was Kaumaakinga, traditional musicians from the Solomon Islands, combining rhythmic



sounds with hand carved percussion instruments, pan pipes and guitars with unusual vocal harmonies.

They presented Polynesian and Melanesian fusion from their new 'Taoba' CD.

They were followed by Chilean singer songwriter Nano Stern.

He played guitar for most of his lively bracket, ranging from soft picking ballads with his own distinctive riffs and scales, to up tempo driving flamenco numbers with his beautiful, powerful voice, all in Spanish, generating a high emotional resonance from the audience.

With most tracks explained with an English language introduction, by the time he had moved from piano to Peruvian flute and back to guitar, we were

all mesmerized.

He was joined, unrehearsed, by percussionist supreme, Greg Sheehan, on a simple tamborine who made that tiny circle of skin sound like a matching orchestra of drums and bongos according to the needs of the rhythm.

The last song, written from his jet lagged hotel room, related to the two hundred protesters in Chile who have lost an eye in the recent economic uprising as the military target them with rubber bullets.

This finale was about a man who has lost both eyes: "blind now so The World can see (the human rights abuses)", claimed Nano. Viva Chile!

Over at the Courthouse Hotel, Rachel Baiman was into slow blues with guitar, banjo and bass backing.



Her opening songs had a Crosby, Stills, Nash and Young feel to them, with slow string picking and meandering lyrics.

On the song 'No Shame T-Shirts', there was a Casey Chalmers feel to her vocals, warm and inviting alt-Country.

Lydia, her female bass performer, shined, Silas Stanley, on acoustic guitar, matched, while Rachel plugged away on fiddle on what was my favourite song of the set.

She knows her politics, with the finale a cover of Andy Irvine's song for Woody Guthrie, 'Never Tire of the Road', delivered with a plaintive voice and Janis Joplin like shriek.

On tour from the USA, she can be followed up on 'Free Dirt Records', where she has just released an EP called 'Thanksgiving'.

Claire Ann Taylor was up next, with a star studded Blues backing band composed of

Glenny Rae Virus on fiddle, Matty Bone on double bass, and a fellow called (?) Boyle, from Tassie, on drums.

She began with 'Pa Jack', an A-capella solo for her recently departed grandfather (97yo).

"Don't be crying now darling/ It's just goodbye/rise to your door/and get every day".

It was heard in silence in a crowded pub room out of respect for her loss.

Her second song, not sure of the title as it wasn't announced but seemed to be 'Sunset Road'.

It began slowly with "...home to the ocean/ We are all the same shade of blue/", developed a frenetic build up with drums and guitar thrashing.

By the end, Claire was belting it out like there was no tomorrow.

Claire's third number is a funky blues number, with Glenny Rae switching to piano accordion.

Claire's distinctive voice moves into top gear as 'Down By The River' morphs into a Tex-Mex dance feel that gets people bopping.

I felt a touch of Fiona Boyles in Claire's repertoire, but in this case delivered louder and more emphatic than a Boyles' standard.

Claire's latest CD 'All The Words', purchased at Mullum, is a ripper!

Back at the Civic Hall, I realised the main problem of this festival, the lack of a large outdoor tent, so the louder bands, in this case South African musician, Sibusile Xaba and his backing band, can have the volume up on the brass, percussion, guitars, keyboard Afro-beat mix up.

Ditto, the Zimbabwean led Thando and indigenous band, Emma Donovan & The Putbacks.

Without the confines of the wooden walls of the two biggest Mullum venues, the Civic and the School hall, an outdoor venue allows the sound to dissipate and separates the layers of individual instruments from the vocals beyond the wall of sound.

Loud bands in confined spaces may get you up dancing, but acoustically, they drive me to the outer fringes of the hall to try to hear the lyrics.

In this case, it was the unique courtyard where too much red wine and convivial conversation with friends, new and old, was available, to my regret next morning.

Given the cost involved in petrol in driving and tramping to Mullum, it's inevitable that Director, Glenn Wright, wants to keep the enticing and

Continued page 42

From page 39

reasonable gate prices down and use the available town venues.

Besides the MMF budget must be tight given the amazing array of big hitters like Mojo Juju, The Wilson Pickers, Ruby Boots, Hussy Hicks and dozens more at this and all the previous festivals.

No wonder it's a sell out and a five star festival in the ratings game!

The local high school rock bands on the school podium outside the School Hall proved my point.

What they lack in quality may have been responsible for upping their amps, but their music "flowed" all over the playground.

After taking the booze bus home the night before, I was late and missed the Saturday midday show of the Mullum boys choir, singing in Russian, known as Dustyesky.

One of their singers, named Dennis, later gossiped about the thrill of their 'Al Saunders Garage' moment (ref. Enda Kenny) when two German tourists diverted their Australian tour to front up and show the boys an article out of a German newspaper writing up their previous European tour.

The Mullum Dustyeskies were more than stoked at their spreading fame.

While I missed them, I was in time for Breaky Boy, a Sydney based local favourite, given the packed venue.

He played a jazz fusion number on his keyboard organ and was then joined by a very competent double bass player and drummer on what the program describes as "mixing harmonic landscapes with



Emergency Exit

complex grooves and minimalist piano melodies".

Shades of Lloyd Swanton and Chris Abrahams, I hear in my head.

Check out Brekky Boy's latest EP 'Sagarmartha', if you want a soundtrack for climbing Mount Everest.

Jack Carty, singer songwriter was up next.

His opening track was 'Whatever Works', a pleading love ballad of desperation, pleading "Honey, do you know the way back home".

His songs were high pitched but narrative style.

His love life must have improved recently with the second song, 'Don't believe the heart', delivered in a slow Jack Johnson style, with the catch lines: "Let the turnstyle spin, from the outside, looking in/ Everybody knows there is nothing much inside/Don't believe the hype...".

But it wasn't generic love songs.

Jack tells a good story with each song, otherwise I wouldn't have invested my limited readies in his 'Hospital Hill' CD, co-written with Angus Gardiner, which he had been touring around Australia in 2019, with Australian Chamber Orchestra cello player, Gus Gardiner.

His song about failing mental health and travel as an antidote, involved New Zealand and lots of giggles and laughs.

As Jack "tells my friend I'm losing it", his clever mouth organ tune provides relief and dissipates the anxiety.

Great song.

Ditto the next, called 'Antipodes', a slow lilting lullaby.

The title track from the boy who "grew up in Bellingen" was a throw back to the memory of a 15 year old playing Nintendo, with the long drawn notes



of the cello backing signifying the passing of time.

What a contrast was Ruby Boots, taking a sojourn from her new home in Nashville Tennessee.

But it did take her two performances to loosen up.

The Civic Hall Show was a bit stiff, but she began to shake her booty and relax into her usual form by the time she hit the Court House hotel the next day.

Kicking off with the title track, with her raunchy uptempo blues in her new home, I can't see this lass losing her Aussie edges for a long time.

More's the better.

In the same vein, Cigany Weaver, with a little less rock and a little more country/bluegrass, held her own at the festival, playing some of the favorites off her latest self-titled CD.

Over at the Bowlo, things were chilling after a late

afternoon down pour of rain (thanks dancers) saw Melbourne's, Hello Tut Tut, thrash out their circus blues act, with chairs thrown back on the crowded dance floor and the overflow spilling outside in the smokers' corner, overlooking the steep creek bed and lush vegetation.

Favorite of the festival would have to be Alysha Brilla.

Of Indian-Tanzanian parentage, U.K. raised and now a Canadian resident, she backgrounded her latest CD as "Number 3 on the Canadian equivalent of the JJJ-FM Top 100", so there!

Fortunately, she stopped over en route to Queenscliff Music Festival in Victoria.

Her female backing band of trumpet, sax, drums, guitar, with token dade on keys, took Mullum by storm.

Singing tracks off her latest Canadian CD called 'Rooted',

she had her audience either up dancing with the upbeat brass section and drums with the beat of a world music style rhythm, both infectious and addictive, while her lyrics, often personal, had universal appeal.

With so many global artists on the bill, I sadly missed, or only glimpsed at, others who I now mention in dispatches - Derek The Ambassador, Z-Star Trinity, Will and the People, Allensworth.

I'm kicking myself, now that I have watched samples from the festival program You Tube highlights. Too much to enjoy!

Back in the Drill Hall at the local youth up-and-comers concert, I caught the brilliant classically-trained celloist, Monique Clare.

From 2017 Folk Alliance Young Artist of the Year, to touring with Eminem, to teaching cello in Afghanistan, she was honest with her audience in pointing out the highs and the

few pitfalls of her decade long career.

Every song came over crystal clear with amazing driving rhythm from the cello and definitive and catchy lyrics.

Not since Cathy O'Sullivan silenced the rowdy cowboys with her mystical harp and 'Artesian Waters' song in the paddock at the Ben Hall Festival in Carcaor in 1982, have I heard a singer take you down the virtual Alice's looking hole so deep, and so quickly.

Her beautiful face, hair, voice, presentation and ever more flexible cello, had all in amazement.

My pick of the festival rising stars!

Down at the St Martin's church hall, another great venue, with side doors that open and a large entrance porch, Hat Fitz and Cara's expanding CD collection showed their chance partnership, an Aussie blues bushie and Irish fiddle lady of distinction, has blossomed considerably.

I caught a few numbers with Cara on a front of stage full drum kit and Hat Fitz on banjo and blues harp, songs from their recent 'Hand It Over' and 'After The Rain' releases, still as impressive and innovative as ever, before retreating back to the Village Vanguard for the USA soloist, Joe Pug.

First impressions of Joe Pug, with his romantic love songs, ballad style, a slow, steady and unrushed voice and guitar presentation, was that I was hearing a crooner throwback to the 1950-60s Perry Como or Cliff Richard era, in his black tuxedo jacket.

But his unique chord structures and clever lyrics put



Low Down Riders

him in the here and now, and made him a real crowd pleaser.

He began with autobiographical numbers explaining that his surname "pug" was "a colour" that his wife and he could not agree on, but he was right. Mmm.

The next one, "I don't work in a bank" was a reconciliation number that implied, she could have done worse.

The humour was corny but appreciated.

Dry, man. His last number: 'I've come to test the timbre of my heart' with lines like "I've come here to get broke/And make it by the score" and "The more I buy/The more I'm bored" followed by "I've come to meet the strangers/That you lose", was reminiscent of Dylanesque existentialism and the end of times of today's climate catastrophe.

That's how I read it, others may disagree.

A thought provoking performance about the meaning of life from an individualist's perspective.

Where's Woody Guthrie gone, I wonder?

His fellow traveller from the USA, Steve Gunn, followed in the same venue.

Maybe it was the late afternoon jet lag, but he seemed to spend forever to open his set.

No M.C., where were the volunteers?

Was it a program hitch, no-one explained.

So Steve ambled through a good ten minutes of really cool orchestra like high pitched bluegrassy guitar picking with a foot pedal for effect that filled the room like a cacophony of harps and xylophones ringing.

That was the first song, which his fans in the know acclaimed, because that's what

he is famous for.

Then a call for a glass of water.

The second and third songs sounded like he had a standard repertoire coming for the whole set.

A bit unmoved, I ventured elsewhere.

Time was short, venues were many.

The converted Art Gallery Centre made another factory floor transform into an airy venue, with paintings on the walls surrounding the floor stage.

Here Mandy Hawkes, with her collection of very experienced backing musicians, put on a great show.

Original songs, a great voice and guitar, in what to me was a pop-up venue of local surprise acts.

It was here that I caught snippets of the equally impressive Bellingin crew, 'Titan Sky' and others.

Down at the Court House Hotel, I was in time to see The Palm Wine Ambassadors knock out some of the songs off their 2018 'Shady Cabal' album.

These guys were good, with Jason Burns leading with brilliant kora and kamele n'goni string instruments, and Azo Bell

on guitars.

Percussion and brass abound as well.

The soft floating sounds of flute with kora created the basis of an undulating rhythm.

Their 'Bird on a Fire' (no not Leonard Cohen) was topical, as smoke from bush fires filled the street outside.

"The beauty of fire/We can't be angry with it/We just have to deal with it", was the intro.

World Music with a wide variety of instruments and great vocalists, a mixture of West African, Latin and reggae influences, witness 'Bobo Dioulasso', made this group another festival favorite.

Who could forget the tall lady in the red dress with the green tinted ponytail "singing in an African language"?

I can't finish without mentioning the Sunday mid-day showcase, credited to 'Sista Mary', called "Songs of Robert Plant and Jimmy Page" (Led Zeppelin) with all sorts of superstars taking a place.

Bellingin woman, Georgie Chorley, who describes herself as a "freelance musician" on her business card, was down as MD and vocalist.

She sure has talent.

With Ollie McGill on keys,

Brett Canning on bass, Dave Sanders from Mullum on drums, Hussy Hicks' duo, Jules Parker and Leesa Gentz, got up for 'California', Claire Ann Taylor 'When The Levy Breaks'.

Throw in Emily Lubitz and Angie Hudson from Tin Pan Orange, even the fab Ruby Boots, and I bet even Robert Plant wishes he was there.

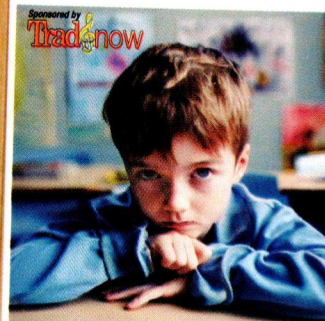
As a sign off, I should mention that the Northern Rivers is awash with music.

A local Mullum music newsletter called The Buzz (issue No. 14, November 2019) included profiles on Juan Salvador, Christian Pyle, Jimmy Dowling and Lucie Thorne and much more.

Another valuable source on the regional scene was long-standing free community newspaper 'The Nimbin Good Times'.

The November 2019 edition (page 16) wrote up the local Dolphin Music Awards with over 400 entrants and had a separate article on local lady 'Miss Songsmith'.

The keyboard exponent, Michael Hannan, was featured along with the 'Orkeztar Lizmore' folk ensemble.



*Australian Bureau of Statistics (2013).

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everyone's family

Festival went ahead despite drought, heat and bush fires

by Di Clifford



The 34th annual Gulgong Folk Festival was a resounding success, we can affirm, although the wonderful music was enjoyed by a smaller crowd than usual.

The continuing drought, predicted heatwave and bushfire emergency did affect attendance, but for those music fans who trekked to Gulgong again, they really did enjoy a feast of good music, great sessions at Red Hill and elsewhere, and workshops, a CD

launch, busking and more.

An extra attraction was the efficient air-conditioning in the Prince of Wales Opera House and main venue, Gulgong Bowling and Sporting Club.

Gulgong Folk Club Inc wishes to thank the valuable volunteers who travelled from Coffs Harbour, Mittagong, Newcastle, Sydney, Dubbo and other centres and ensured that a smooth, harmonious festival hummed along without any big issues.

The Bushwackers Bush Band again proved to be hugely popular, ably supported by Gleny

Rae Virus, Mountain Dew, Rosie and Nigel, Peter Vadeloo, Virago and many other fine performers.

Organising these events is growing to be more of a challenge each year.

If any experienced folkie is happy to jump on board as Artistic Director for the next scheduled GFF at the end of 2020, please get in touch with Gulgong Folk Club Inc.

Your interest, skills, enthusiasm and selfless work for the Folkie Cause will be of great interest.

Looking for a festival with a difference?

by Monique Kiernan



If you are looking for a festival with a difference, the Norfolk Island community has organised Norfolk Island Jazz Week where the entertainment, accommodation, air fare and car hire are all combined in one low price.

There's something very special about Norfolk Island Jazz week.

With a fabulous range of top class jazz played in incredible performance locations, it makes the overall experience an absolute winner.

Where else do you have the opportunity to sit beside crystal clear and coral filled water listening to jazz played between

the pine trees as you dine on a delicious lunch?

As the week unfolds, music will be heard day and night all over Norfolk Island.

A genuinely easy going and friendly atmosphere ensues, where performers and audience members socialise and mingle together.

Organisers say that it truly is a special and unique time for everybody involved.

The Norfolk Island Jazz week is held from November 30 to December 3, 2020, and purchasing a Jazz Pack guarantee's reserved seating at all concerts.

There are so many reasons to consider a holiday to Norfolk Island.

Situated a short two hour

flight from Sydney or Brisbane, Norfolk is renowned for its pristine environment, which can be explored via swimming, reef snorkelling and rainforest walks.

World Heritage listed Kingston will take you into the history of turbulent convict years and today's vibrant Norf'k culture, born out of the infamous 'Mutiny on the Bounty'.

All cafes and restaurants offer delicious, fresh, organic meals and you can be as busy or as relaxed as you want to be with lots of tours and activities available.

For more information including 7 Day Holiday Package options, please contact christan@travelcentre.nf or free call 1800 1400 66.

We've decided to catch our breath for 2020

Courtesy The Music.com

Beloved NSW festival, Mullum Music Festival, announced on January 23 that it will not be going ahead in 2020.

"We're a very small team with families and numerous other commitments, so we've decided to catch our breath for 2020," Festival Director, Glenn Wright, said in a statement.

"We look forward to bringing Mullum Music Festival back to

our wonderful community in 2021," Wright shared.

Organisers have confirmed that their popular Mother's Day Tree Planting mini festival will return in May and they will continue to present gigs throughout the year.

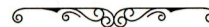
Mullum Music Festival has run for the past 12 years in Mullumbimby during November.

It has made a name for itself with diverse programming, including acts like, Tash Sultana,

Mojo Juju, Marlon Williams, The Teskey Brothers and Husky, and a friendly, inclusive atmosphere.

Dates for the 2021 iteration will be revealed at a later stage.

Bello Winter Music, Mullum's sister festival in the nearby town of Bellingen, will go ahead in July, before it too takes a break to allow the Bellingen Memorial Hall to undergo renovations.



Amnesty Bins are not enough to save lives

"The NSW Government announcement on December 11 that it will introduce amnesty bins at music festivals will not be effective at reducing harm and may simply lead to an increase in policing without other harm reduction measures also being introduced," said Greens' drug law reform and harm reduction spokesperson, Cate Faehrmann.

"Amnesty bins on their own will not save lives.

"My fear is that police will use amnesty bins as an excuse to increase their intimidation tactics in the hopes that they can scare kids into throwing away their drugs.

"The war on drugs has proven that a focus on getting people to not take drugs doesn't work.

"If we can't keep drugs out of prisons, we're not going to keep them out of festivals.

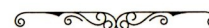
"The reality is that thousands of people will still take drugs at festivals.

"Amnesty bins will do nothing to reduce the harms of drug use for those inside.

"It's disappointing that amnesty bins are the only recommendation from the Deputy Coroner's report that the Premier has listened to.

"Just responding to this one recommendation is next to useless without other harm reduction measures such as pill testing and getting rid of sniffer dogs.

"If the Government was serious about saving lives, they'd make reducing the harm from drugs their priority, not their failed crusade of reducing drug use," said Ms Faehrmann.



Festival is set in a historic setting

by Geoff Sirmai



Leaving the church after another great concert

Historic St Albans Village is the perfect setting for the St Albans Folk Festival, held over the Anzac Day weekend.

Often referred to as the "Hidden Valley", St Albans NSW is a place that you can come to and enjoy a myriad of Folk traditions, a real sense of community, and take in the ambience of days of yesteryear.

The festival showcases local and international performers, songwriters and musicians.

In its traditional sense, it is music that connects families and communities through storytelling that is rich in history and culture, and is passed on from one

generation to the next.

St Albans Folk Festival has this in abundance.

The village comes alive during the festival with a diverse range of traditional and modern sound, as musicians take part in impromptu street performances, campfire secessions and main stage performances in a convivial and relaxed style.

Enjoy the sounds of acoustic guitars, banjos, fiddles, accordions, singing voices and a plethora of traditional instruments and music from around the world, that echo through the valley.

While festival folk saunter through the village, the landscape becomes a

kaleidoscope of colour.

The main stage areas are a buzz, as exceptional international and local performers shine.

Adding to the festival vibe and surrounding the area is an abundance of tents and RVs that line the picturesque banks of the Macdonald River.

Over the weekend, the village becomes home to many artists, performers and happy campers in its literal sense.

Folk wander from the campground, onto surrounding quiet streets, to the main stage areas, including the quaint historic stone church, the school of arts hall, the historic Settler's Arms Inn (1876), the main Marquee, and to the

Festival News & Reviews



Children's Festival

workshops conducted in dance, singing, learning or tuning instruments, storytelling and poetry.

The festival runs fun children's activities, food stalls, craft and clothes stalls too.

At the heart of the festival is the important "Welcome to Country" ceremony.

This is not only a mark of respect but also an opportunity to acknowledge the past and continuing connection that local Aboriginal people have with the land.

With this respect for the people and land of the Darkinjung tribe acknowledged, there is a sense of camaraderie between festival folk and performers, creating an all round, feel good, festival experience.

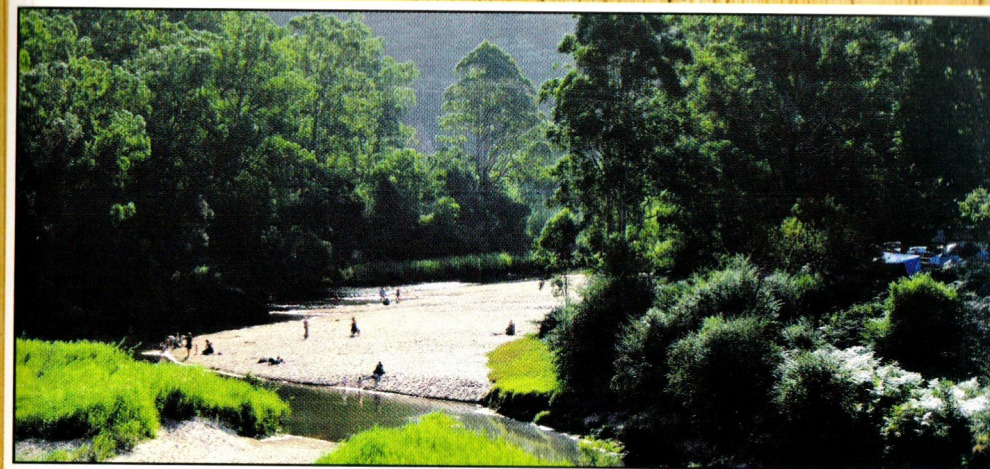
We are here as a result of our ancestors and to be given the opportunity to celebrate this link with those who have "gone before us" is a powerful and empowering experience.

In April, St Albans Folk Festival will showcase remarkable international and local folk performers once again.

This exciting line-up will include feature performer Eric Bogle, who will have the audience on the edge of their seats.

The other acts are as follows:
 Allegra Dunning - Anousha Victoire - Aurora Li - Baz Cooper - Big Dog Zydeco - Bilbo Rodgers - Bill Jackson - Black Joak Morris - Brendan Kerin & Mick O'Connor - Bruce Watson - Buck and Deanne - Canberra Shanties - Cap in Hand - Christina Mimmocchi & Pat Cranney - Col Lyons - Crow Mountain - Den Hanrahan & The Rum Runners - Derek Dowdling - Dingoes Breakfast - Doc and the Delegates - East

Festival News & Reviews



The MacDonald River

Row Rabble - Ecopella - Eimile Bri - Fiona Ross - Garland Fine - Goldheist - Good Girl Song Project - John Greneger - Kejafi - Kent Daniel Band - Luke Robinson - Margaret and Bob Fagan - Martin Pearson - Maypole with Molly - Michael John Azzopardi - Mike Martin - Nerds and Music - Nerida Cuddy - Oud Vibrations - Parkville - Peter Mace - Rosie McDonald and Nigel Lever - Session Experience - Sullie - Super Rats - The Fallen Robins - The

Full Irish - The Palace Ensemble - The Thomsons - The Three Audacities - Thursby Friday Connell - Traditional Grafitti - Tuckshop Ladies - Urban Eccentrics - Women in Docs.

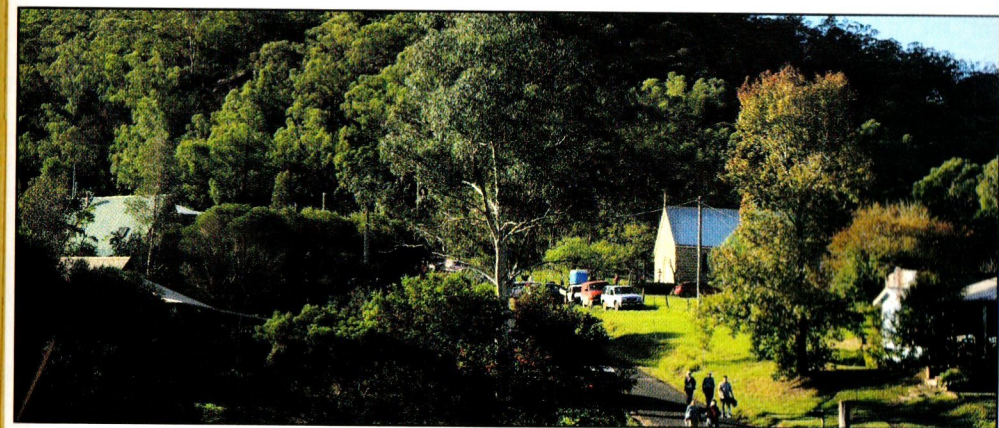
St Albans Folk Festival captures a historic, traditional and modern storytelling scene, in a cheerful yet, peaceful and heartfelt way.

With an intimate atmosphere, this is one easy and enjoyable family friendly festival, where you can join in or sit back and

relax, and embrace folklore festivities at their best.

The Festival will take place from Thursday, April 23rd to Sunday, April 26th which is the last weekend of the NSW school holidays, and is proudly sponsored by Hawkesbury Council and Tony Simpson.

See the St Albans Folk Festival website for bookings and further details www.stalbansfolkfestival.com.au.



The Festival Site

Bushfire relief concert raised millions

by Andrea Hamblin, Senior Editor The New Daily



Celeste Barber speaks during the Fire Fight Australia bushfire relief concert

Photo: AAP

On February 16 at Sydney's Olympic Park, rock behemoths Queen re-enacted the band's legendary 1985 Live Aid set for a roaring crowd, raising millions of dollars for people impacted by bushfires.

A crowd of more 75,000 wrapped their arms around each other and joined in the chorus of 'We are the Champions' in a massive show of support for the victims and first responders in the summer's fire crisis.

The crowd had earlier raised their voices for 'We are Australian', performed by Delta Goodrem, who waved an Aussie

flag.

Fellow Australian, Russell Crowe, led a minute's silence during the emotion charged show and used the opportunity to urge the community to put "people before politics".

It comes a month after Crowe used a Golden Globes acceptance speech, read in his absence as he headed home to protect his NSW home from fire, to call for acceptance of climate change.

The silent tribute for the 33 people who have died in this summer's bushfires was followed by a gripping performance of 'Hallelujah' by Canadian singer-songwriter, k.d lang.

Hosted by comedian, Celeste Barber, who has raised more

than \$50 million for bushfire relief, the concert directed profits from ticket sales to groups that are helping fire ravaged communities get back on their feet.

Donations had topped \$9 million as of 11pm on Sunday, February 16.

Barber became emotional when she thanked the volunteer firefighters who had done so much to battle devastating blazes, saying "you will never know how grateful we are".

"Our volunteers across this entire country, they are the ones who saved us," Barber said.

"They are the ones who cancel holidays to stay here and look after us, and I will speak now very confidently on behalf of a nation when I say to



K.D Lang performs on Sunday night

Photo: AAP

those volunteers: thank you."

Barber also fired a shot at the federal government's handling of the crisis.

"As Aussies, we band together because we have to look after each other, because it turns out that people at the top don't," she said, to cheers from the crowd.

As well as Queen, with frontman, Adam Lambert, other big name international acts included Alice Cooper and Irish favourite, Ronan Keating.

There was a tribute to original Queen frontman, Freddie Mercury, who was featured in old audio from the Live Aid concert.

Modern British royalty also featured on the big screen, with a video tribute from Prince William and wife Catherine.

The royal couple will visit bushfire-ravaged communities during their next tour.

Lambert said their involvement was a "no-brainer",

while Keating, whose brother-in-law is a volunteer firefighter in Queensland, flew into Australia especially for the concert.

"I wanted people in Australia to know that we heard you, and that you weren't alone," he told the Seven Network.

"That was really important to me, that I could be here and perform or do whatever, just to stand in solidarity."

Andrea Gartside decided to attend the nine-hour concert with her friend Maureen Mackie to support the firefighters after the unprecedented fire season.

"We're doing our part in helping," she said.

"It's going to be awesome ... it's great that it's bringing everyone together for a good cause."

Queen fan, Cheryl Hind, was excited to see the band perform again.

"It's part of why I'm here today and to thank the fires for everything they've done," she

said.

"It's just amazing."

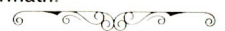
Lisa Yasso travelled from Central Queensland to see the legendary rock band perform again.

"It's an awesome cause," she said.

Popular Australian acts spanning generations were also on the line-up, including 5 Seconds of Summer, Amy Shark, Daryl Braithwaite, Delta Goodrem, Grinspoon, John Farnham, Lee Kernaghan, and Olivia Newton-John.

Fire Fight's profits will be shared between the Red Cross' disaster relief and recovery fund, rural and regional fire services, and the RSPCA's bushfire appeal.

Donations to the Foundation for Rural and Regional Renewal were also accepted during the concert to fund grants for community-led projects needing support in the bushfires' aftermath.



Festival News & Reviews

Comedian's bushfire fundraiser hits hurdle



Celeste Barber's bushfire relief campaign drew support from celebs far and wide. Now it's hit a hurdle.

Photo: TND

Comedian Celeste Barber's mammoth \$52 million bushfire relief fundraising effort has been stalled by red tape and regulations.

Barber's online appeal garnered international attention in January, drawing donations to help bushfire affected communities in New South Wales.

None of the money has been spent due to RFS rules that state donations must be spent on firefighting equipment and training, not on families or

charities, the Sunday Telegraph reported.

Lawyers for both parties will meet soon to figure out how to unlock and distribute the funds.

RFS spokesman, Ben Shepherd, said the service wanted to distribute the money in line with Barber's wishes and both sides' lawyers would try to find a way.

Celeste Barber's bushfire fundraiser gained uncharted momentum, drawing in millions in donations within hours. Photos: Getty

"No one is being bad about

this, it's all very amicable, and we will try and see her wishes through," he told the newspaper.

"But, as it stands, the RFS is the beneficiary and we can't donate money that people gave us to other charities."

Barber's campaign amassed nearly \$40 million in the first three days of it launching, with celebrities like Nicole Kidman and Keith Urban, Leonardo DiCaprio, Ellen DeGeneres, Pink and Hugh Jackman throwing their monetary support behind the Australian comedian.

Here is another gem provided by Mark Gregory

Poetry and the written word

West Coast Sentinel

With which is Incorporated the Western Mail — Covering the Wide Areas of Upper Eyre Peninsula
Vol. XXXII (1943) No. 10000 Perth, South Australia. Published weekly on a Wednesday. Registered at the G.P.O. Adelaide, for transmission by post as a newspaper.

A Cockies Lament (1943)

(By F. J. McEvoy, jun.)

It's a joy to be a farmer's son
and live upon the land,

Working like a nigger amidst
the glaring sand,

Living just from day to day at
everyone's demand,

Oh ! Farming ! Farming !
Farming ! the profession of the
damned.

In summer's heat the sweat
pours off the cocky's wrinkled
brow;

In winter's cold he freezes on
the seat of some old plough ;

And when the raging
duststorms cease he wipes his
rheumy eyes,

And makes a perfect landing
ground for countless hordes of
flies.

And in his dusty paddocks
where blades of grass are few

Meanders a small procession
led by a lean old ewe,

While high up on the
branches of a leaf-ess mallee
tree

Five dusky crows sit in a row
and watch the scene with glee.

The sleek old fox sneaks out
at night to grab the last old fowl,

The dog flees to his kennel
with a loud and fearful howl,

The cocky cuts a snore in half
and aims his rusty gun,

But old Brer Fox is out of
sight he's had his but of fun !

And in the sty the old sow lies
in a state of sweet repose,

For fate played her a nasty
trick with a snake bite on the
nose ;

And when the feeble cows
lurch in with udders high and
dry,

The cocky thinks of his
milkless tea and heaves a
mournful sigh.

But it has its compensations,
this life upon the soil,

Though you're seldom free
from worry and never free from
toil,

For the air out here is
marvellous and the lassies are
not fakes,

And when the cows come in
again, Oh, boy ! we'll have Milk
Shakes !

Notes

From the South Australian Newspaper
The West Coast Sentinel 29 Apr 1943
p. 1.

Attention all poets, poets' groups and poets' breakfasts organisers

Trad&Now is the longest running and only national magazine that regularly includes bush poetry news, bush poems and contact information to enable poets and those interested in bush poetry to locate like minded people anywhere in Australia. It does this in poetry news pages regularly set aside for that purpose.

We are now looking to have a bespoke Poets Directory published on the Poetry pages, to include a great deal more information and to ensure that the information is kept up to date by having it checked regularly by organisers.

By doing this, it is expected that more people will become aware of what poetry events and which poets are available and become involved, generally growing the bush poetry movement around Australia.

If you are a poet or run a poetry event and would like your information included in the new expanded directory, please complete the form on page 22-23 or on our website at www.duckscrossing.org/tan/Trad_directory.pdf and return it to us, ideally by email to info@tradandnow.com or to the address on page 3, and we will include the information in the next available edition.

Entries in the new expanded directory are completely free but we require someone from each entry listed to be a subscriber to the magazine to ensure that the information is kept up to date.

The entry will remain in the directory for as long as the subscription remains current and a subscription still only costs \$55 for 11 editions.

Poetry and the written word


Official Organ of the Trade Unions
and Labor Organizations

The Worker

The Mailman (1905)

It was cold this morning early
as I rose up to begin,

And a southerly was blowing
as I ran horses in ;

All the boughs were wet and
chilly with the rain of yesternight,
But the nags were in the
paddock, and I warded them
alright.

I have got old Toprail saddled,
but we have some time to wait ;

For the blacksoil roads are
heavy, and the Brolga coach is
late.

Here she comes, now (How
the blacksoil clings to those big
wheels of her's),

Heavy-laden, with the driver
and the mails and passengers

From the north, Four straining
horses, weary from the heavy
trip

Twenty miles, and mostly
blacksoilâ€”under-neath a
tireless whip.

But they've got the big mails,
sorted, out to us the bags are
passed ;

Two-horse coach off to
Wonga, and I find myself, at last

With the mailbag's strapped,
before me on the saddle to the

"d's,"

So the time has come to
travel, and the well-worn rein's
I seize.

Then a canter from the
township (first, maybe, a farewell
"nip")

To the little punt-and over,
and we're off upon our trip.

Two o'clock !- it should be,
nine-and fully fifty miles' to go ;

Curse the dismal blacksoil
tracks the make the coaches
travel slow

But the journey must be
covered, many an anxious one
awaits

For the letters and the papers
at the boxes. and the gates.

Fretful musing and
complaining will not help one's
work along,

And, no doubt, it's best to
whistle or to muster up a song ;

But the icy wind keeps
blowing from the bleak. and
sodden plain,

sometimes "aided and
abetted" by a passing shower of
rain;

And it's hard. to. be
contented, try your hardest
though you may,

When the nag you ride's leg
weary, and you're doubtful if
he'll "stay."

But the, old horse hangs out
gamely-seems as though he'll
battle through,

And we're making decent
headway, though we lost some
time, it's true,

Through that cup of tea
at Bridge's and another at
McPhaill's,

But those acts of kindness
cheer one on his journey with
the mails ;

They are like stars in his
darkness and cannot help but
dwell,

While the old horse seems to
freshen up with every little spell.

Thirty miles are covered
nicely, but the night is very near,

And the heavy clouds that
gather in the Heaven make you
fear ;

For July nights , are not warm
ones-they will chill you thro' and
thro'

Making you fool far from
happy when you've twenty miles
to do.

Thirty miles you've ; covered
nicely just ahead is Goodnight
Creek,

And, bad luck, it's raining
heavy, tho' the bed was dry last
week !

Poetry and the written word

Where's the crossing-last
year's crossing-is it by, that;
loaning tree ?

Hanged, if I can quite
remember, place seems
somewhat strange to me !

But, somewhere we have to
cross it, I unstrap the precious
load,

Lighter grown through mails
delivered here and there, along
the road.

Strap the bags across my
shoulders, curse the sullen,
muddy streak,

Speak, to Toprail, urge him
forward, and he splashes in the
creek.

There's a stumble and a
struggle as he strikes a covered
log,

But once more he feels for
footing with the sureness of a
dog.

Death-cold is the muddy
water, every, step it rises fast,

Till it flows across the saddle,
and the old hours swims at last.

Just a stroke or two he's
swimming, then he touches mud
again,

Struggles through the boggy
drift and up the bank on to the
plain.

Once, again , we're plodding
onwards; dripping wet, my nag
and I

But we tried, and we
succeeded, and we kept-the
mailbags dry !

Then the darkness, shrouds
the landscape-inky black, no
moon to-night ;

Surly clouds prevent the stars
from sending us, their welcome
light;

But the black horse can be
trusted, so I let him have his
head,

And he dodges thro' the
boxtrees gnarled and twisted,
rung and dead.

Well he knows the road
before him, knows , the gates
and sliprails too,

All the turn-off tracks and
short-cuts where the cockies let
you through.

So the miles grow few and
fewer, till Mallana comes in sight,
And, a flood of lamplight

shows you they are "waiting up'
to-night."

Good old Toprail whinnies
softly as: he gets you there at
last,

And your troubles straightway
vanish when you know your
journey's past !

There are hearty words of
welcome when they, meet you at
the door,

And there's whips of
compensation for the troubles
you endure :

Fifty miles is "just a canter" if
your nag is fit and wellâ€”

There is dancing when you're
early, and there's Sunday for a
spell.

And in spite of winter
weather, if you're vigorous and
hale,

There are worse games in the
bushland far than "carrying the
mail."

N.S.W. RIVERINA.

Notes

From the NSW Newspaper The
Worker 21 Dec 1905 p. 3.

FIRES!!!

It looks like a river of flames burning everything in its path.

If there's a fire near you it's not a time to laugh.

The fire will burn the trees into ash.

It'll burn the house and make it tumble down with a crash.

It would be so smoky you could hardly see.

If there's a fire the best thing to do is flee.

It'll smell so smoky you'll want to get out.

You'll have to leave your toys behind, come on come on

there's no time to pout.

By Lene

Here is another gem provided
by Mark Gregory

Poetry and the written word

THE National Advocate

CIRCULATING THROUGHOUT BATHURST AND DISTRICT, NEW BRASS, BLAYNEY, CARCOAR, COWRA, MOLLONG, FORBES, PARKES, CUDAL, DUNMOCK, HILL END,
WATTLE FLAT, SUNNY GORNS, FAIRBORN, JERONGA, PORTLAND, SHELLEY, TUBANA, TRUNKY, BURRASS, WOODSTOCK, CARCOWINGA, WELLINGTON, PIRRO, RAB-
BOWING, RYHMAN, GONDOLIN, REVERTIE, WARREN, SORRAL, BO USEL, BIRCHWOOD, AND THROUGHOUT THE LACHLAN AND MARGARIE DISTRICTS REGISTERED
AT THE GENERAL POST OFFICE, SYDNEY, FOR TRANSMISSION BY POST AS A NEWSPAPER.

NUMBER 22, 1926.

THE BATHURST NATIONAL ADVOCATE

The Cockie (1926)

(By Jack Ritchie, Dubbo.)

Beneath the searching
summer sun,
'Mid heat and dust and flies,
Remote from all that's sweet
in life

The poor old "Cockie" plies
To till the land, to sow and
reap.

And glean the scanty yield ;
From Jackass to the
Mopoke's call
He's toiling in the field.

The "Cockle" slaves from
morn till night
With little joy in life ;
His children have much work
to do

And haggard grows his wife,
From hoping on, with little
hope,

As season's rise and fall,
She shares their hopes, their
sorrows and,
She has to care for all.

In time of drought in solitude
Out 'neath the glaring skies ;
When grass is gone, and
water's scarce.

Then crow and eagle flies
To maim and blind the stock
that fall

And banquet on the dead ;
The "Cockie's" hearts with
sorrow filled,
And hope has nearly fled.

The land produces all the
wealth
For many in every way,
Yet they who till the soil and
reap,

Can rarely make it pay ;
For they're sweated and
swindled by

The cunning middleman,
Who thimble rigs in Sussex
Street,

And curtly lays his plan.

If 'twere not for the
middleman

Their lives would be serene,
For they would save sufficient
from

The good years for the lean ;
It they had all they earned,
and work

With worth went hand in
hand,

They would then surely be
the pride
And boast of every land.

The "Cockles" joined in
conference with

The tolling mass they feed,
To force to work the parasite
Who's only god is greed ;
But as of old, the crucified
By Judas were betrayed,
Though Judas Loughlin of to
day

Was not in silver paid.

14/12/1926.

Notes

From the NSW Newspaper The
National Advocate 22 Dec 1926 p. 1.

Here is another gem provided
by Mark Gregory

Poetry and the written word

The Daily Telegraph

No. 14,397

SYDNEY: SATURDAY, JANUARY 30, 1926—20 PAGES ONE PENNY

A Song of Swans (1926)

The Black Swans.

O, ye wild swans, that from
your watery element
Rose in the beating thunder
of ten thousand wings,

The winds declared ye to the
stars in their ascent.

And the lone settler, closed
within his narrow pent,

Wakened upon the sounds
the night-air servant brings,

Whispered, "The birds grow
restless for far journeyings !"

And like a cloud above the
lakes, and like a cloud

Above the river reaches and
the long lagoons,

Mounted the wing that
through eternities had ploughed

The plains of heaven until
each flight became a shroud

Of shadowy movement drawn
beneath high-riding moons.

And faint in distance as the
ghosts of lost galleons.

II. The White Swan.

Once a child, waking, heard
the beat of those great wings,

And, running, saw where like
a shining angel rose

A glistening bird, bright in its
moonlit silverings ;

Saw the wing's curve and
spread, and the white breast that
spreads,

Round as the prow of cloud,

that, at the evening's close,

Night slowly stills above the
sun that setting goes ;

Saw then an army rise in
endless ranks that ran

On either hand where each
dark fugler, in his might,

Climbing upon the air sped
out and led the van

As the vast mass upsoared
and sailed in widening fan ;

Saw there the snowy
breasted wanderer, gleaming
white,

Lace in and out the host and
go with that great flight !

III. The Murrumbidgee Heard.

O ye wild swans, the
Murrumbidgee yearning heard,
afar.

Cry through the height, "To
thee thy children come again !"

Who, as she heard, felt all her
bosom stir, till bar

By bar upon the mountain
side, by cliff and scar,

She loosed the rising waters
out, till grey Ganmain

Called to her reeds the white
spoonbill and gentle crane ;

Who bid the old Deepwater
swamp set wide each gate.

And drink her swelling tide till
every billabong

Ran flush, and all the
summered marshes felt the
spate,

And bloomed again in green,
while little birds, elate,

Dipped in the flood and
sang "O ye wild wings, how
long.

How long since last your
mighty pinons beat in throng !

IV. Never Again.

Never again as of old shall
we know the flight

Of the swans in their going.
Like petals that fell

They are gone, they are
dead "they have passed in the
blight

Of our being ! Never again
shall day (or the night)

Hear as they fly the sound of
their trumpeting bell

On the air till it dies like the
lapse of a swell !

Never again shall the moons
shine out on the wing !

Like a blast of the desert we
came and we slew,

We burned the reeds where
the nestlings lingered, till spring

That sang in the bird came in
like a sad dumb thing.

Now only the dreamer
dreams of the hosts we knew.

That trembling died in the
wind of our passing through !

--MARY GILMORE.

Notes

From the NSW Newspaper The Daily
Telegraph 30 Jan 1926 p. 10