

The Cabbage Tree Hat

By "YARRUM" and reprinted in the *Federal Capital Pioneer* in 1925. The setting is 'Rosin the Bow'.

Old hat, though I don't like a new one, through this war I must cast you a - side;

You've proved a good friend and a true one, through man-y a blaz-ing hot ride.

Each rip in your crown tells a stor____ y of gal-lops o'er moun-tain and flat

Each patch is more to your glor____ y, my ____ bat-tered, old Cab-bage-tree Hat.

We've streaked it, old hat, by the moonlight,
 When the cattle were going like smoke,
 We've heard the wild bull's distant bellow
 In his stronghold 'mid the bragalows and oak.
 You've been soaked in the floods of the Darling,
 Cut to ribbons and tramped nearly flat
 By the bullocks when they broke at "The Crossing,"
 My hardy old Cabbage-tree Hat.

Though your crown be patched up with leather,
 Though I've sewn you with horse-hair and string,
 No more shall we travel together
 When the mustering comes next spring.
 For your work is ended--Rest peacefully there--
 And should I through this war come to that,
 I trust life may close with a record as true
 As that of my Cabbage-tree Hat.