

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 brigalows 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.