



Tomorrow

Verses

BY

FREDA MACDONNELL

Price: Two Shillings

All Profits from this Book are
to be devoted to the Red Cross
Prisoners of War Fund

CLARK & MACKAY, PRINTERS, BRISBANE



Presbyterian
Ch. of Scotland



Presbyterian
Ch. of Scotland



Presbyterian
Ch. of Scotland



Presbyterian
Ch. of Scotland



Presbyterian
Ch. of Scotland



Presbyterian
Ch. of Scotland



Presbyterian
Ch. of Scotland



Presbyterian
Ch. of Scotland



Presbyterian
Ch. of Scotland

With best wishes
from
E. Russell

— . — 1943

Dedicated to

T O M O R R O W

and all those who have helped to make
it possible.

Grateful acknowledgment is made to the Proprietors of the Sydney Morning Herald, Country Life and Pacific Islands Monthly for permission to print several verses which appeared in their publications.

All profits from this book are to be devoted to
the Red Cross Prisoners of War Fund.



Residencia
de Estudiantes



Residencia
de Estudiantes



Residencia
de Estudiantes



Residencia
de Estudiantes



Residencia
de Estudiantes



Residencia
de Estudiantes



Residencia
de Estudiantes



Residencia
de Estudiantes



Residencia
de Estudiantes

CHURCHILL'S ENGLAND

GRIM times beget great men and Bravery
Holds high the torch where ripen seeds of strength,
Mocking the hollow taunts of slavery,
Till England stands at arms from length to length.
As sealanes of the world are England's, so
The power of Britain's air armadas grew
Till never did so many people owe
So great a debt of gratitude to few.

Our ancient Crown is still our richest prize,
The Abbey church with honoured dust is filled.
In England where no hero ever dies
The voices of the Past are never stilled,
For men of Devon gather round Drake's Drum
And Nelson's famous signal flies once more,
To Grantchester the soldier bard has come
Singing "For Ever England!" as of yore.

Though scarred by battle, yet Big Ben strikes on
And echoes over continents and sea,
If London's millions mourn its beauty gone
They bend their backs to toil for victory.
For "London calling!" all our hearts has stirred,
The old are sad, the eyes of those yet young
Look through the future dimly lit and blurred
And glimpse salvation through our common tongue.

A small determined Europe clasps our hand,
Whose love of freedom dared the Nazi snare,
For fires of persecution only fanned
The deathless strains of Chopin's Militaire,
And martyrs of Bohemia undestroyed
Are fighting at the French and Viking's side
On soil that gave a resting place to Freud,
Where sanctuary to none has been denied.

"This is a war of unknown heroes," said
Most noble Marlborough's proud illustrious son.
Hosts follow where the "Rawalpindi" led,
The sacrifice of Coventry has won
A battle fierce as any soldier fought.
Beneath the mists of time Dunkirk will shine
As granite which the sun a moment caught,
Where man's endurance merged with the Divine.

And he with all-inspiring self-reliance
Has eloquently spoken for us all—
"Never shall we surrender!" His defiance
Rings through the world as Freedom's clarion call.
At times 'tis good that we should suffer tears,
So brace ourselves as Europe's stronghold tow'r,
If the Commonwealth should last a thousand years
Men will declare—this was their finest hour!

NEW GUINEA

YOU were so beautiful in peace,
So rich in rival colourings,
Blessed with abundance which we scarcely guessed
And unexploited wealth within your soil.
All those who knew you loved your pebbled paths,
The light and shades among your reefs,
And palms that stretched their welcome to the shores,
The fleet of fireflies darting through the dark,
Slow copra boats and whitewashed China-towns,
And deep warm-hearted hospitality
Lavished on all who came to visit you.

The world has changed. Your solitude
Is shattered by the sounds of war;
Your brown sons bear our wounded tenderly,
Broken and stricken palmtrees hang their heads
And rain is more relentless than the foe.
There is no comfort and no guiding light
Within that sodden jungle where they fight,
Yet comradeship is there, and some have said
When peace returns they will go back.

You will be lovely then; the primitive
Heart of your soil shall heal in time
And clothe you once again as you should be,
Vivid and perfumed, irresistibly
Adorned with crotons and each dazzling hue
Of changing contrast on your tropic breast,
Fearless, free, framed by Pacific waters,
Ours most precious, won at such great cost,
Your names indelibly impressed
Upon our memories, revered
For all time by the peoples of this land.
Peace be upon your shores again !

NIGHT-WATCHERS

IT is worth waiting for—
That breathless beauty which escorts the Dawn,
When Precious Peace will walk the earth again,
And strong new life like dewdrops will be drawn
Out of the human heart to heal its pain.

It is worth praying for—
That sky new-flushed with hope of humankind,
When man will see fresh dignity in toil,
And all the Mills of Hate will cease to grind
As Peace prepares the first-fruits of the soil.

VENTURES IN CREDIT

YOU, who have been so long my friend, have guessed
The store of salvaged treasure I have drained
From every failure, till at last remained
Only the essence of each trammelled quest.

SALUTE TO ANZAC

O Valiant Hearts who were not made for rest,
You slumber not on grim Gallipoli;
Pierce through the past, your cause is now our quest
For we with you the distant dawn would see.

Can you forgive the fruitless years gone by
In strange forgetfulness of sacrifice,
When Evil stalked unchallenged in Shanghai
And Barcelona's children paid the price?

No longer do your legions stand alone,
For Libya, Tobruk and Lebanon
Are milestones we may proudly count our own
As Freedom in her fury marches on.

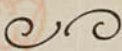
The conquest of the clouds, the surging sea,
Olympus and the battlefields of Crete,
Rabaul, the Muir River—could it be
Such deeds could signal nothing but defeat.

Can you, the women and the maimed that fret
Through all the tedious years that come and go
The sacrifice of Paschendale regret,
Or feel remorse when Flanders' poppies glow?

O, Suffering Christ, why must it ever be
That man moves onward to his final goal,
Not through the power of joy but Calvary,
Where goodness gains its ultimate control?

MARTIN PLACE TREES

SLIM trees whose pride it is to guard the cenotaph,
In your green sapling boughs is symbolised
The spirit that the past immortalised,
Stretching beyond the bounds of stone-carved epitaph.
You shall grow old, yet each new spring shall see
The reborn beauty of a green-leaved tree,
As each fresh generation is inspired
By heroism and its life-blood fired.



THIS AUSTRALIA

IT is worth fighting for—
This Britain set anew in southern seas,
Remote from age long feuds and carking cares,
Linked by tradition with the destinies
Of Freedom's founders, Magna Charta's heirs.

It is worth more and more—
This land of golden wheat and sun-drenched plains,
Its hardy stockmen and its wealth of fleece,
The deep rich earth with opal-tinted veins
And blue-veiled mountains blessed by years of peace.

It is worth all the store
Of unplumbed depths that lie in every soul,
The vastest structure built on Gods ideals,
Our brain and muscle framed in one great whole
And all the vital urge the spirit feels.

It is worth toiling for—
This land where work is crowned with dignity,
Our cities where great monuments are set,
The stones which mark the price of Liberty
That we who yet remain may not forget.

It is worth even war—
This land where children play in glad delight,
With self-reliance glowing on their faces,
Where youth can feel the zest of manhood's might,
The beaches' call and bushland's open spaces.

POETRY OF MOTION

GONE is the storm from the breast of the ocean
Leaving her tranquil and bared to the moon—
Pale are her contours with pent-up emotion.

Gone is the moon, and the breast of the ocean
Shakes with a tempest tossed passion, too soon
Rising to fury in quick swelling motion.

Gone is the storm from the heart of the ocean,
Lulled all her senses to fathomless sleep,
Out of the clouds with the strength of devotion
Far winking planets their night-watches keep.

MOSAIC

I BUILT a house whose pinnacles did soar
Above the ancient structures of the world,
Only to see my vision from its summit hurled—
Then did I stoop, and with the fragments planned a floor.

LILACS

LILACS were white in the dawn of time,
Lilacs were white, lilacs were white,
And the world was young and sang its song,
Sang with delight, sang with delight.

The Angels of God tripped lightly then
Wherever they went, wherever they went,
And man and beast in harmony dwelt
Fully content, fully content.

Then the Angels departed one lone long night,
Never came near, never came near;
A dove fell dead from the lilac tree,
Then there came fear, then there came fear.

When morning dawned and the sun arose,
Ruddy and bright, ruddy and bright,
Youth had gone out of the lilac tree
During the night, during the night.

So youth had gone out of the lilac tree
But in its place, into its place,
A wistful colour of mauve-mist grey
Filled it with grace, filled it with grace.

The lilac tree was the first to feel
Sorrow and pain, sorrow and pain,
But God drew near to the lilac tree
Touched it again, touched it again.

When He had gone there filled it a scent
Fragrant and dim, fragrant and dim
Which sinks deep into the souls of men
Drifting from Him, drifting from Him.

IN PRAISE OF SONG

FRAIL notes of trembling flute, strange things you tell
My restless soul, transfusing all things nigh
With tender pity as a sick child's cry.
When mother arms are far away; your spell
Can pierce the farthest distance till you dwell
Above the cold dim stars in winter's sky.
I, dreaming, watch the years roll swiftly by
Awaiting songs to Heav'n's high citadel.
From out a gum tree floats the whip-bird's note,
A childish voice a Christmas carol sings :
While distant harp strings lull to rest all fears,
And guide my thoughts to unknown lands remote,
Wherein the love of songs a solace brings
Reflecting all the joys of bygone years.

TO AN EARLY BUTTERFLY

AMONG the trees for long I've sought your wings,
Those golden wings which prelude summer days,
The flush of early dawn, the shimm'ring haze,
The freshness which to early poppies clings,
Vague stirrings in the earth of growing things,
Cool mornings when the garden's first ablaze
With fruit trees and the buttercups' soft glaze
And lilac round my porch its branches flings.
Amidst this stirring of creative powers
I pause; enraptured by the spell of spring;
Can it be true your golden wings must die,
Those wings that flirt so coyly with the flowers
And to the grasses garden-gossip bring?
Ah, linger yet, gay first-born butterfly!

BY NIGHT

LAST night a fleecy cloud, obsessed with wanderlust,
Sped o'er the sky to gaze upon the moon:
Enchanting moments flitted by too soon
And from the heights its tears found refuge in the dust.

CRAZY FRIENDSHIPS

ON carefully dusted shelves that form a part
Of precious cabinets stowed within my heart,
Old valued friendships, crazed by rough demands,
Still stand the test of faithful potters' hands.

TO RUPERT BROOKE

GREAT poet born of our own time and race
Whose thoughts are graven on every human heart,
Who made of foreign soil a precious part
For ever England. O'er your resting-place
Drift the same winds that fanned Ulysses' face,
Parnassus peaks to your lone grave impart
Eternal vigil from the source of art
And soft Aegean seas the shores embrace.
Yet though your soul with ecstasy would stir
That you should rest 'midst ancient classic lore
I know your homesick heart would gladly yield
The poet's crown for sight of Grantchester,
To hear the sobbing in the trees once more
And share the beauty of an English field.

ACCOMPANIMENT

NOT for one moment of the day or night
Can we ourselves elude,
Though all the pleasures of the world unite
To share our solitude.

TO A WINTER TREE

For days I've watched your brambled tracery
Of leafless boughs against the sullen sky,
Your proud unbending as the wind sweeps by
The simple grey and sombre dignity
In contrast to the vivid coral tree,
And though your outward limbs be gnarled and dry,
Beneath the surface feed and multiply
Those roots so vital to posterity.
Deep in your soul the secret of the Spring
From dream to ripe maturity will grow
Till one fresh morn unheralded you'll stand
Arrayed in rustling green where birds will sing,
And youth a vibrant restlessness will know
While age will ponder, smile and understand.

POET'S CORNER

HE stole away to ponder on the pleasure
Of some great thought
Which drifted to him on a moment's leisure—
Prized, but unsought.

FAREWELL TO TAGORE

THE Unknown man upon his lute has played,
And thou hast gone along the lonely lane,
Called forth from sleep, running from glade to glade,
Thy songs have gathered each their diverse strain.

The pageant of Eternity has spread
Across the sky, its tune vibrates the air;
Long centuries a wild flower perfected
Beneath the great Creator's patient care.

Hiding and seeking with the Infinite
The days of thine awaiting are complete,
Thy heart's horizon sees the stars in sight
Above the endless worlds where children meet.

SHADOWS

VAGUE, the first shadows of the day—
Across the grass they leapt,
Above the hills I watched them lay
Cool finger-tips which slowly crept,
Guarding the noon-day while it slept;
On they passed, till at length
Sunlight spent its fading strength.
Slowly the bridge in shade is arched;
Along the slim white road
Silently, stealthily they marched;
They climbed a fisherman's abode
And on its half-closed gate bestowed
Twilight peace. Then a light
From a window ushered night.

CREMORNE

THE garden's filled with purple stocks,
And pink and white sweet peas,
Nasturtiums ramble o'er the rocks,
The garden's filled with purple stocks
And crimson old-world hollyhocks—
The bay peeps through the trees.
The garden's filled with purple stocks
And pink and white sweet peas.

A BUSH CABIN

(Spring, 1937)

A brook flows chatt'ring past my door, old bark and ti-tree fill my hearth, last night the distant mountains wore soft cloaks of mist; about my path nasturtiums stray, on rambling bent—I, dreaming, am content.

Above my little wooden gate amidst the tallest of the trees a pigeon's cooing to his mate; across the paddock swarms of bees are humming, humming round their hive, and I thank God that I'm alive!

The air is crisp and crystal clear; the ring of axe the only sound that I for many miles can hear; a lizard's scuttling o'er the ground—now through the brushwood disappears with news, perchance, for insect ears.

I stand inside my kitchen door and watch the brook o'ertake the creek, old willowed acres to explore. Soft pasture-winds play on my cheek and whiffs of smoke from my own fire complete my world and my desire!

The day is done and it is night, the kindly twinkle of the stars convinces me that all is right, while noises, sweet as old guitars arise alike from bush and brook while I stroll out for one more look.

I lie awake amidst the dark and hear the rhythmic croak of frogs, or squirrels madly clawing bark of apple gums; the sounds of dogs—their rattling chains and sleepy growls, the dull monotony of owls.

A friendly silence (that of sleep) which creeps with stealth across the night, enfolds me; now the tree tops keep their lonely vigil while young winds delight to rouse those plaintive melodies which God bestows alone on trees!

Before the dawn, before the light has filtered through the farthest trees or streaked the hooded sky of night with pale dawn's pearly ecstasies, I hear the pigeons in the eaves or 'possums tugging down some leaves.

Then all at once a shaft of sun has won the race of light and day, eclipsing glories dawn had won; I look across the stooks of hay through dew-drenched creepers round my pane, while in the distance puffs the train.

The brook that runs its chatt'ring way holds laughter in each gurgling sound, the dew still sparkles on the dray, white mists the mountains' heads have crown'd, nasturtiums stray for all to see and the whole world looks well to me!

PASTORAL (Spring, 1942)

A small white house upon a sloping sward,
A child lay sleeping on its wide verandah
Behind its pale green roof spread jacaranda;
Far above all the summer noonday sky
Looked down on such tranquility that I
Almost believed that Peace had been restored.

THESE THINGS ABIDE

THE simple things that nature has bestowed are mine to treasure.
Soft pungent smell that follows rain on vines and creepers,
The mystic spell that poetry casts o'er the night
And intimate deep silences of stars.

The urge to roam beneath the pines that skirt our homestead road,
Long hours of leisure amidst the deep primeval speech of trees
And all the dear familiar sounds of home,
Blue drifting smoke from burning logs,

The diapason murmur of the seas.
Then when the sky with sunset's pageant fills
My eyes dwell long and ponder on the strength that lies beyond
The magic calm of undulating hills.

BY FIRE LIGHT

AN old man sat alone before his hearth, sunk in his chair, hands
stretched before the blaze, lost in the past, dreaming of yesterdays.
Outside the wind flew down the garden path, moaned in the pines and
down the chimney sighed. Within sat Peter, dreaming, bent and
bowed.

Then from the fire Imagination crept, bringing to light old pictures of
the past, patiently dusting while the old man slept, until there grew
a gallery great and vast. His task lay finished and he slipped behind
the lamps that lit the dreaming sleeper's mind, but sighed with grief
to watch old Peter roam, seeking among the past for news of home.

BLACKOUT (February, 1942)

GONE are the city lights; the stars remain
In their primeval splendour piercing night,
As faith will burn through misery and pain
With all the fierce persistency of light.

BIG BEN (May, 1941)

CHIME on great Clock, whose proud old pulses beat
Within your wounded frame,
One with the Nation's heart defying defeat,
Speaking in England's name.

NOCTURNE

THE hills slept—
Pillowed against the skies
Folded in mists of white,
Watched by the watchful eyes
Of the great mother, night.
The winds swept
Noiselessly out of sight,
Silence kept
Vigil until the light
Slowly crept,
Waking each sleeping height.

TO-MORROW

THE morning's breath blows soft against my face,
Its feet move dazzlingly upon the sea,
Adventure rides abroad on every cloud
And birds above are carolling aloud
Those untranslated thoughts that come to me.
Memory of morning, to what magic place
Your shimmering figure beckoned constantly
To me, a child alone amidst the crowd,
What rosy visions have your hours endowed
While I stood breathless with expectancy.

Doubts have confused the years like summer storm,
We sense their atmosphere before they break
We see illusions smashed like worn-out toys
And substitute our sophistry for joys,
Yet how can we be satisfied to take
The cynic's path and wear his uniform,
There is To-morrow—Ours to mar or make
With hatred's seeds, or new creative poise,
Its wistful children must not hear the noise
Of shattered dreams about them as they wake.





Reservado
al Excmo. Sr. D.
D. Juan de los Rios



Reservado
al Excmo. Sr. D.
D. Juan de los Rios



Reservado
al Excmo. Sr. D.
D. Juan de los Rios



Reservado
al Excmo. Sr. D.
D. Juan de los Rios



Reservado
al Excmo. Sr. D.
D. Juan de los Rios



Reservado
al Excmo. Sr. D.
D. Juan de los Rios



Reservado
al Excmo. Sr. D.
D. Juan de los Rios



Reservado
al Excmo. Sr. D.
D. Juan de los Rios



Reservado
al Excmo. Sr. D.
D. Juan de los Rios

