

ILLAWARRA: A SONNET.

O ILLAWARRA! dowered with lavish hand,
Thy fadeless glories be it mine to sing;
For thou art beautiful in everything
Between the sheltering range and sea-washed sand.
And all thy mountains, shores, and fruitful land;
Thy palms and ferns and flame-trees blossoming;
Thine islands five, that midst the breakers stand;
Thy beauteous lake, whose wooded islands ring
With the wild magpies' notes of mellow sound --
These all unite in one harmonious song:
They all sing praise to God the whole year round,
Their voice is heard amid the heavenly throng,
While hearts of men attuned the strain prolong.
Ah, glad are they who such fair scenes have found.

G. A. D'Arcy Irvine
Wollongong 1905.

MOORE COLLEGE LIBRARY

MOORE THEOLOGICAL COLLEGE LIBRARY



3 2042 10102307 9