



AT MODDER RIVER.

November 28th, 1899.



In far Otago,
 Green was the grass, so green ;
 Ah ! cool the waters purled,
 Big bowery clefts between ;
 And life was gladness, for glad was the world ;—
But this ! What may it mean ?

His lord, his hero,
 Fell from him yestereve—
 Quivering, headless, his master !
 And they would not let him grieve ;
 But mounted him, spurred him, fiercer and faster ;—
Draw near, thou last reprieve !

Faster and faster,
 When the blood-red sun upsprang,
 With hot and evil glare,
 With hideous rush and clang,
 With the roaring—screaming—of fiends in the air ;—
Surely a tui sang !

Fiercer and fiercer,
 Amid fellow-steeds, amid men ;
 Amid them, against them, over them,
 Wheeling and plunging again ;
 The fallen, the dying, galloping over them !
Aye me, Wairuna glen !

Beautiful Kelpie—
 An emissary of hell
 Smote him, shattered his hocks,
 And with one wild leap he fell !
 (His rider limped to the sheltering rocks)—
O heart ! what wouldst thou tell ?

Pitiful anguish !
 The love and joy he has known,
 The tendance, the happy pride,
 All vanished ! he is alone !
 Suffering, mourning, horrified ;—
Tears, tears, and deathly moan !

Yes, he is weeping !
 A horse—" a good old grey "—
 Great tears roll down his face
 From eyes that were true alway ;
 He feels as a man would feel in his place ;
Does he think ? God shall say !