

OUR BOYS

In commemoration of the official and
Civic Farewell given to the Boys of
Narrabri on their leaving for the
Front, May 5th, 1915.

May the fifth, one nineteen fifteen,
'Neath a grey and sullen sky,
In an inland Austral township,
Massed a crowd to say "good-bye".
Just a little group of soldiers
'Midst a throng of friends they
knew,
But the parting stirred the heart-
strings,
As no other things can do.
Sixteen stalwart, bonny laddies,
Keen and eager for the fray,
Swayed the hearts of many hundreds
When they cheered and marched
away.
Lads who graced their village birth-
right,
Ready for the flag to die,
Shedding lustre on their kindred,
And their homes in Narrabri.
Grouped before the public buildings,
Honouring the call—to arms,
Drinking the farewell message,
Stood our heroes firm and calm.
Parents, brothers, sisters, sweethearts
Felt the mingling fears and joys,
As the township's Grand Old Cham-
pion
Spoke in wisdom to our boys.
Voice vibrating with emotion,
Just a man-sob now and then,
With time-honoured British maxims
Mr. Dale addressed the men;
"Be ye faithful to your country,
Never do a thing that's mean,
Treat the women of your foeman,
So your Empire's flag be clean."
"Boys, I've known you from your
childhood,
And I'm sure you'll play the game;
Worthy sons of worthy parents
Cannot do a deed of shame."
Tears, that none need fell ashamed of
Scores of eyes were forced to
flood,
As the Grand Old Man implored them
To be true to British Blood.
Steadfast stood the little column,
Stifling back the parting pang.
As the ringing cheers of kindred
Rose and swelled, and louder rang.
Tention, right about and left turn,
Faced the lads the track to war,
"God protect you bonny laddies,
Send you safely home once more."
Martial music, "Tipperary,"
Hundreds marching in the rain,
Glowing hearts and tears and prayers
Join the escort to the train.
Borne aloft the sacred colours
By a vet'ran, loved by all,
Just a type of many others,
Who await their country's call.
Just a little human drama,
Touching fibres of the heart,
Just a proof the Empires outposts
Never fail to take their part.
There are hundreds, thousands like
them
Underneath the war cloud sky,
But there's none amongst them
braver
Than our boy's from Narrabri.
—W. M. MALONE, Esq. Narrabri.