

The Lament of the African

Oh God and hear my dear mother
A dad and better tale
I'm glad you cannot see me then
I am so sorry Jack
It does wonder give your heart mother
though you're a stranger then
to see the grief and so late arrival
from / winter on my brow

Why hast' in warring days, mother
do as it can be
best, at which life seems desirable
I love to think of thee
I love to think of the mother
whom I remember how you dreamed
of and said one while embracing me
I was your darling child

Oh, those were happy days - mother
 about 40. They quickly flew
 I have not been on like them since
 they told you were dead
 why not a sunny old mother
 with grief and ease and pain
 I dream the days - and take notice
 of it tomorrow again

I have a great weakness
 I know it and I
 have a heart more dull
 than feeling on the sea
 the heart me nothing ill
 for that I little care
 but his cruel plucking of the
 more than I can bear

I could of known the whistling notes
the bat's cry in the storm
I could of better grieved death
in my shadow as I burn
that I cannot live to see another
that I cannot share my warm tears
of battle dead as you will never
know that I wept and

My father's Arkle on your next visit
across that I would

I have all friends but you mother
did you are for a boy
what no money my mother let
me live long days and day
there is no money for my mother
I have the nothing ~~money~~
that I am all a boy
I am all the things for my mother
that I am all a boy

The Great West Fire December
30th 1871

dirty children, & children of many
 classes, at dinner day
 & with the thousand children
 in the great market room
 - meeting with a child or two
 on his head - making face
 & trying up, they clank their legs
 obliquely to the windows & say
 "How I love the child of my
 Mother - Mother - how to stay

All these mixed at the time
 when in the vegetable state
 they form the basis of living matter
 I have described fish and other
 dissecting many a book has passed
 through your hands & they to know