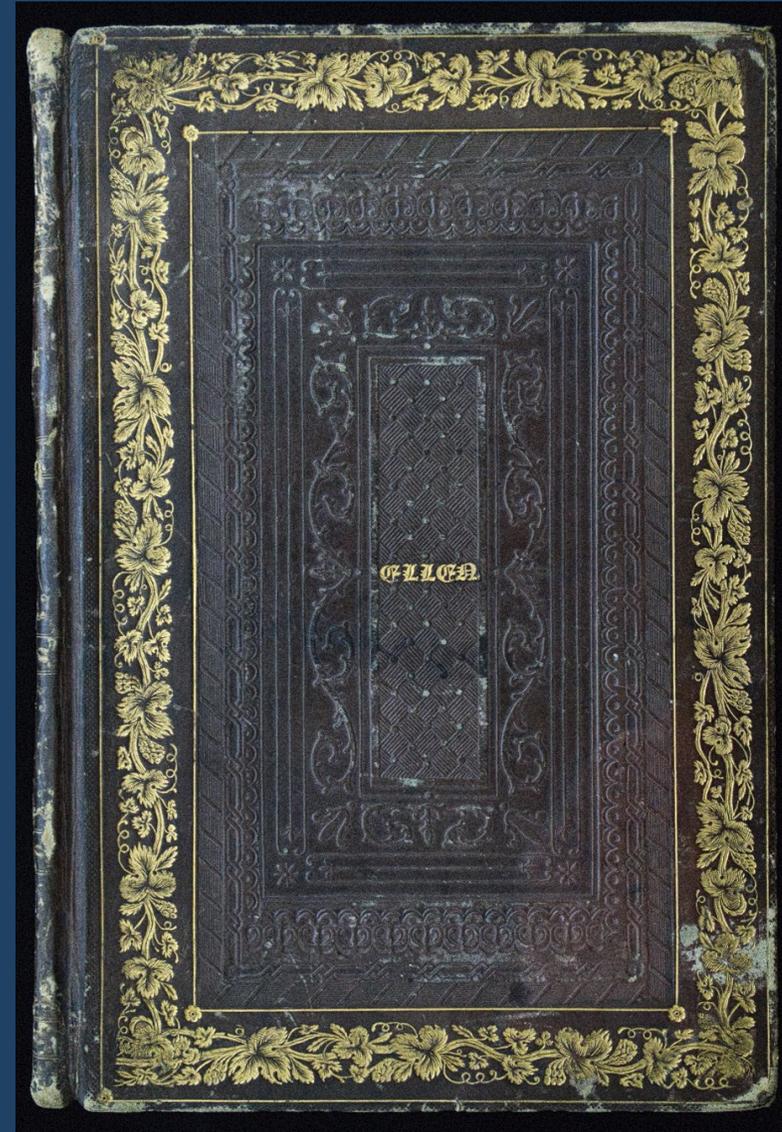


# POEMS FROM THE BALLARAT POETESS

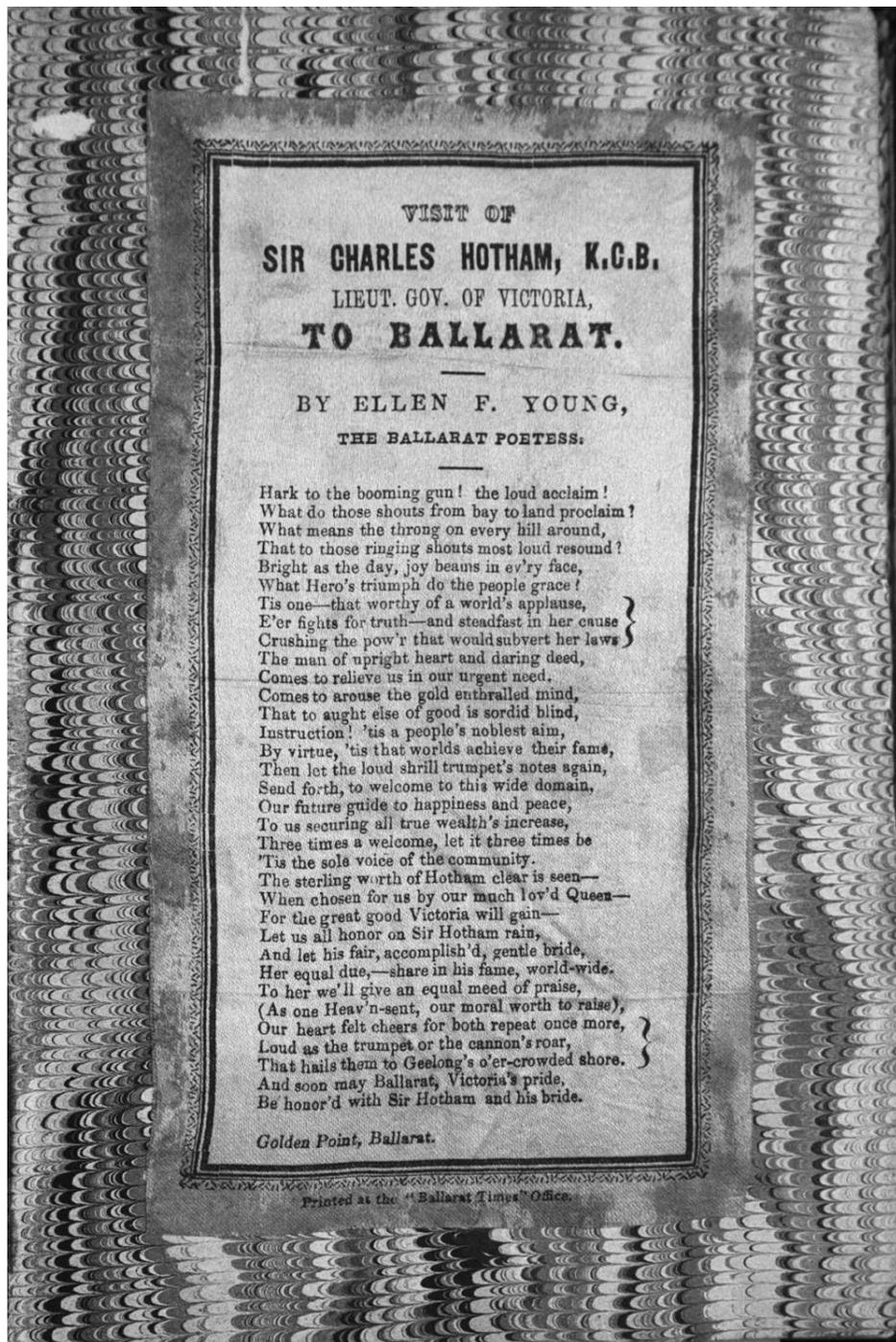
ELLEN YOUNG ON THE GOLDFIELDS\*



Ellen Young,  
Untitled Notebook,  
Donated to Ballarat East  
Library, 1911  
Australiana Research  
Collection,  
City of Ballarat.



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## TRANSCRIPTION

Visit of Sir Charles Hotham, K.C.B.  
Lieut. Gov. of Victoria  
To Ballarat

By Ellen F. Young,  
He Ballarat Poetess

Hark to the booming gun! The loud acclaim!  
What do these shouts from bay to land proclaim!  
What means the throng on every hill around,  
That to those ringing shouts most loud resound?  
Bright as the day, joy beams in ev'ry face,  
What Heros triumph do the people grace?  
Tis one – that worthy of a world's applause,  
E'er fights for truth – and steadfast in her cayse  
Crushing the pow'r that would subvert her laws  
The man of upright heart and daring deed,  
Comes to relieve us in our urgent need.  
Comes to arouse the gold enthralled mind,  
That to aught else of good is sordid blind,  
Instruction! 'tis as people's noblest aim,  
By virtue, 'tis that worlds achieve their fame,

Then let the loud shrill trumpet's notes again,  
Send forth, to welcome to theis wide domain,  
Our future guide to happiness and peace,  
To us securing all true wealth's increase,  
Three times a welcome, let it three times be  
'Tis the sole voice of the community.  
The sterling Wealth of Hotham clear is seen –  
When chosen for us by our much lov'd Queen –  
For the great good Victoria will gain –  
Let us all honor on Sir Hotham rain,  
And let his fair, accomplish'd, gentle bride,  
Her equal due, - share in his fame, world wide.  
To her we'll give an equal meed of praise,  
(As one Heav'n-sent, our moral worth to raise),  
Our heart felt cheers for both repeat once more,  
Loud as the trumpet or the Cannon's roar,  
That hails them to Geelong's o'er-crowded shore.  
And soon may Ballarat, Victoria's pride,  
Be honor'd with Sir Hotham and his bride.

Golden Point, Ballarat.

**BALLARAT.**

If you've not been to Ballarat,  
Then stay away from there;  
I would not have my worst foe's cat  
To have such sorry fare.

For sorry fare is what you'll get,  
From butcher, baker, store,  
And all your just complaints are met  
With threats to have no more.

The cattle starv'd, the roads so bad  
They scarce can draw an ounce;  
No fresh supplies can sure be had,  
So useless is your bounce.

As thus rebuk'd, I sadly turn'd  
My steps towards the past;  
How heaves my breast, with thoughts it burn'd,  
And memories craved on past.

Now doubly dear, I'll soothe, my care  
With vows of love from one,  
To whom I vow'd my gold I'd share,  
Both sooner said than done.

The gold I promised still is hid;  
The past is all a sham,  
For when through wet and mud I'd slid,  
I only got a jamb.

Mid crowds from many climes, all there  
Impatient of the stay,  
Till hope, displac'd by dark despair,  
Each, grumbling, went his way.

The floods were out, the mail-man drunk,  
What matter the delay?  
That though the hearts of many sunk—  
They're diggers! Who are they?

They're men—whose hearts, as true and bold  
As ever land could boast;  
The ties of kindred sacred hold,  
Far from their native coast.

They're men—high tax'd, ill lodg'd, worse fed  
Of strong and stalwart frame,  
Better was ne'er by hero led,  
Or earn'd a hero's name.

Let the mad Russ his horde's send here,  
A schisser hole for each  
Would both the land of foeman clear,  
The Czar a lesson teach.

Though clouds now low'r, the bow shall fling  
It's arch their gloom athwart;  
Emblem of hope the poets sing,  
And I've the fancy caught.

For much I hope a change is near;  
New brooms, they say, sweep clean;  
We soon shall have Sir Hotham here,  
He'll make a change, I ween.

Till then we'll bear as best we can,  
A digger's present lot;  
So now, good luck to every man,  
And wit, to some, when got.

Let each one join in joyous song,  
The song of liberty;  
God bless our Queen, may she live long  
To see its victory.

God bless all those who nobly toil,  
Or mid the fierce war strives,  
May each their foeman's prowess fail;  
God bless their babes and wives.

ELLEN F. YOUNG, Golden Point,  
May 20, 1854.

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ELLEN F. YOUNG, Golden Point

The Union Jack

T-his sacred Banner ages unfurled,  
H-onoured, or feared by all the world,  
E-ver if moved by sea breeze, or land wind,  
U-nfailing recalls great events to mind,  
N-oble action, most glorious deed,  
I-n Albion Flag, do her bold sons read,  
O-n to latest time, still arose to glory -  
N-ative heroes; may history's story -  
J-oin the past to tell nations around -  
A-rdent, good and loyal, not ocean bound  
C-ourageous sons plant through the wide world -  
(K-eping it spotless) the Old Flag unfurled.

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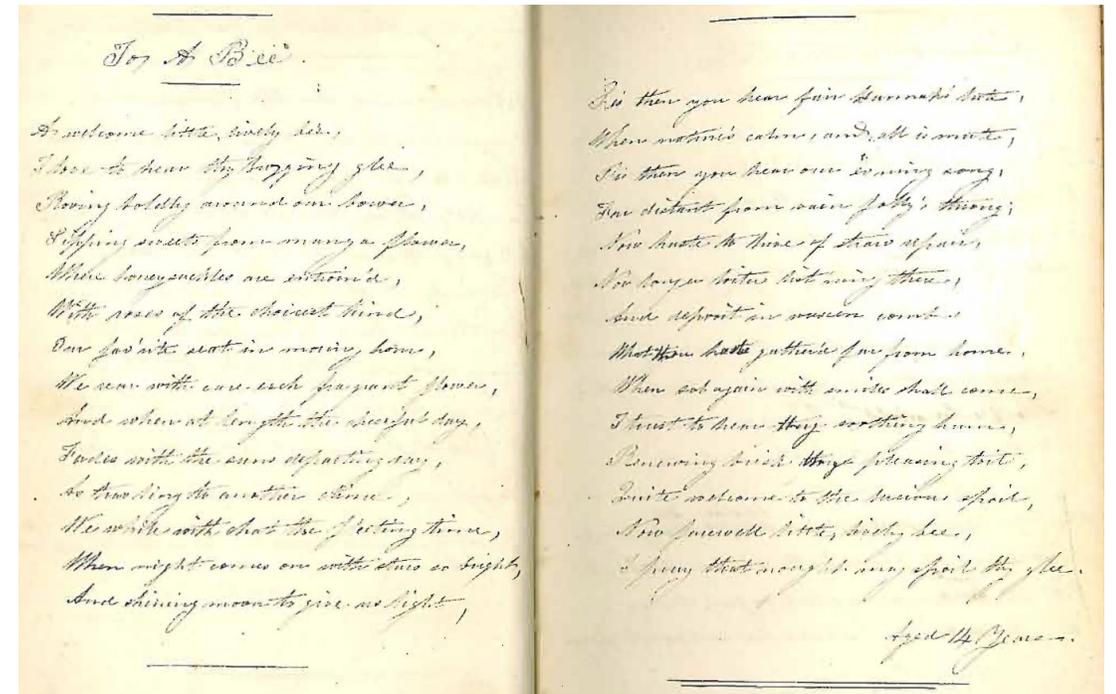
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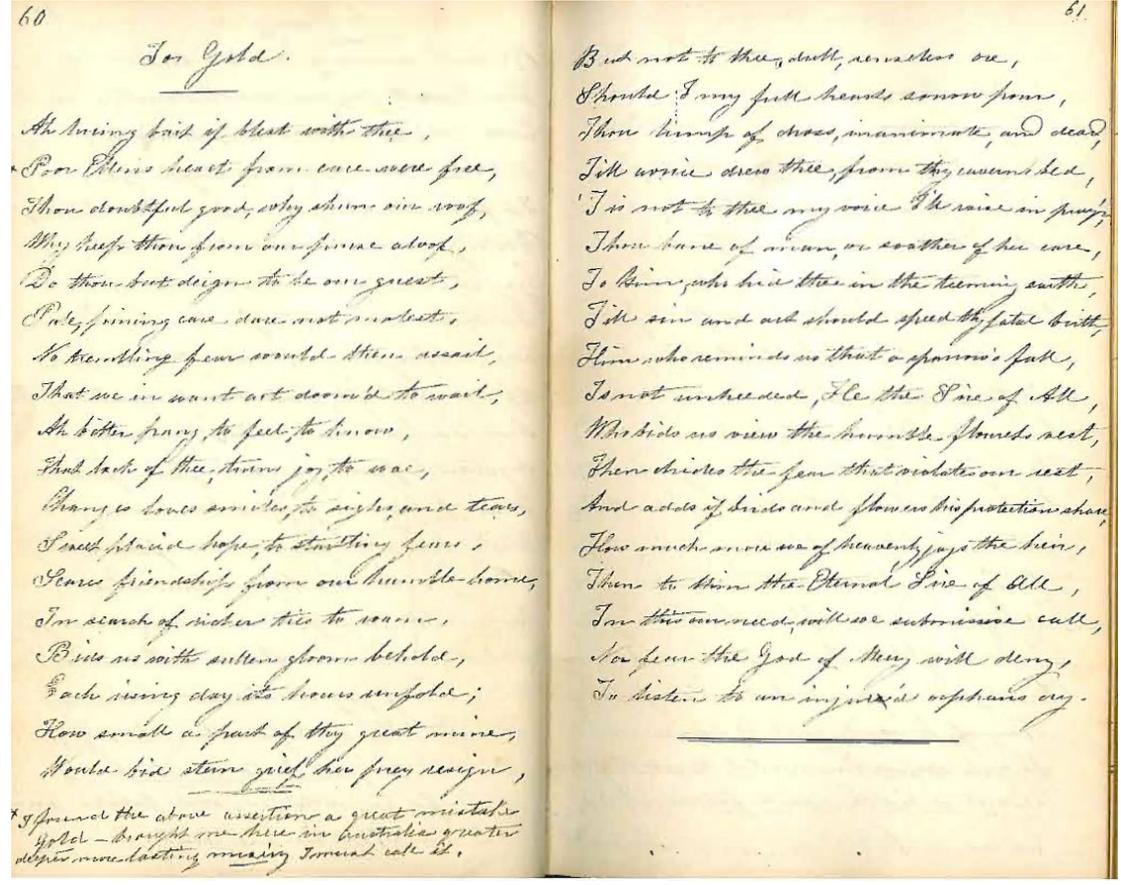
### To A Bee

A welcome little lively bee,  
I love to hear the buzzing glee,  
Roving boldly around our bower,  
Sipping sweets from many a flower,  
While honeysuckles are entwined,  
With roses of the choicest kind,  
Our fav'rite seat in morning hour,  
We scan with care each fragrant flower,  
And when at length the cheerful day,  
Fades with the suns departing ray,  
As travelling to another clime[ate],  
We while with chat the fleeting time,  
When night comes on with stars so bright,  
And shining moon to give us light,

Tis then you hear fair Hannah's lute,  
When nature's calm, and all is mute,  
Tis then you hear our evening song,  
Far distant from vain folly's throng;  
Now haste to hive of straw repair,  
Now to your sisters listening there,  
And deposit in waxen combe  
What thou hast gather'd far from home,  
When sat again with smiles shall come,  
I trust to hear thy soothing hum,  
Renewing brisk the pleasing toil,  
Quite welcome to the lucious spoil,  
Now farewell little lively bee,  
I pray that naught may spoil thy glee

Aged 14 years





# TRANSCRIPTION

## To Gold

Ah luring bait if blest with thee,  
\*Poor Ellen's heart from care were free,  
Thou doubtful good, why shun our roof,  
Why keep thou from our purse aloof,  
Do though but deign to be our guest,  
Pale, pining care dare not molest,  
No trembling fear would then assail  
That we in want art doom'd to wail  
Ah bitter pang, to feel, to know,  
That lack of thee turns joy to woe,  
Changes love's smiles, to sighs and tears,  
Sweet placid hope to startling fears  
Turns friendships from our humble home,  
In search of richer ties to roam  
Bids us with sullen gloom behold,  
Each rising day its hours unfold;  
How small a part of thy great mine,  
Would bid stern grief her prey resign,

But not to thee, dull, senseless ore  
Should I my full hearts sorrow pour,  
Thou lump of dross, inanimate, and dead,  
Till avarice drew thee from thy caverns bed,  
'Tis not to thee my voice I'll raise in prayer,  
Thou bane of man, or soother of his care.  
To him, who hid thee in the teeming earth  
Till sin and art should speed thy fatal birth,  
Him who reminds us that a sparrow's fall,  
Is not unheeded, He the Sire of All,  
Who bids us view the humble Hornet's nest,  
Then hides the fear that violates our rest,  
And adds if birds and flowers his protection share,  
How much more we of heavenly joys the heir,  
Then to Him, the Eternal Sire of All  
In this our need will we submissive call,  
Nor fear the God of Mercy will deny,  
To listen to an injured orphans cry.

\*I found the above assertion a great mistake. Gold - brought me here in Australia greater, deeper, more lasting misery torment with it

# EUREKA CENTRE BALLARAT



Education  
and Training