



A MOTHER'S LAMENT.

I dreamed I saw a mother,
And her head was bowed in shame;
Her heart was wrung with anguish,
And her eyes had lost their flame.
Long brooded she in silence,
In her bitter, abject woe,
Then shrieked she in her hopeless grief:
"My God! I voted 'No.'"

I said, "Come, tell me, mother,
Of the burden on thy soul;
What is it that hath bowed thee
In this grief beyond control?"
Said she: "My eyes were blinded,
That the truth I did not know,
These hands of mine with blood are red—
My God! I voted 'No.'"

"Men called for reinforcement,
And I let them call in vain;
The word I should have spoken,
I can never speak again.
Fools whispered 'Life is sacred,'
And although I held it so,
I thought of only those at home—
My God! I voted 'No.'"

"I thought not of the mothers
Of three hundred thousand men,
Who bore the brunt of battle
For the curs I sheltered when
I strode up to the ballot
For the few my love to show,
And sacrificed these mothers' sons.
My God! I voted 'No.'"

"Should this fair land be blighted,
Should Australia meet her doom—
Befouled, outraged, like Belgium—
In the shadow, in the gloom?
Through all the years before me,
As in solemn file they go,
Burnt in my brain will be the stain:
My God! I voted 'No.'"

No. 28.

—FRED. P. MORRIS.

Authorised by the Reinforcements Referendum Council, CLAUDE MCKAY, Publicity Secretary, 308 Collins Street, Melbourne.

Mason, Firth & McCutcheon Pty. Ltd., Printers, Melbourne.