

Our Glorious Glimate

and its Extremes.

By TOWNEY.



The oldest western resident came slowly to explain
That since the year of '94 there never had been rain;
He pumped my hand in silence, this man of many years—
The water being valuable, he could not afford the tears.



The sheep, the mainstay of the land, had died upon the run,
The very wool upon them had dried up by the sun.
"O, woe is me, alas!" said he, "'tis humiliation day,
And white and chow are praying now," so down we flopt to pray.



That night the sheeted lightning flashed o'er the sleeping town,
The thunder rolled its "deadmarch," the rain came tumbling down;
The children scrambled out of bed, and stood out in the street,
And gents, minus pyjamas, they too, enjoyed the treat.



The ladies in the backyard sat in lovely deshabelle;
And everyone with open mouth enjoyed a copious fill:
The poultry clucked, the ducklings ducked, and swam towards the plains,
Cats and dogs, outswam the frogs, and vanished in the drains.

At break of day a mist arose, the deluge never stayed,
 The roofs quite unprepared for wet small waterfalls displayed;
 The kerosene had water in, the matches would not light,
 So all of us on whisky lived, save one poor rechabite,
 Who sat within his sieve-like room, oblivious of the rain
 And died of raindrops dropsical, and water on the brain.
 Each house afloat, and ne'er a boat, they all sat on the roofs,
 The two J.P.'s their high degree upheld in waterproofs.
 And o'er the city of the plains, the iron washtubs rolled,
 And with them went the fowlhouses, like drunkards uncontrolled;
 The wooden headstones of the tombs went floating on the tide,
 With "Sacred to the Memory," and "Well Beloved, he Died."
 The two celestials' coffins beneath two feet of soil,
 Came bubbling to the surface like dumplings on the boil;
 Old "woe is me" was out at sea upon a hencoop pining.
 We joined in prayer, and then and there, the sunbeams started shining.

