W. H. MITCHELL - THE BARD OF WOLLONGONG

Mr. Mitchell was the Town Clerk of Bulli Shire Council for many years. After amalgamation he became the Town Clerk of the City of Greater Wollongong. In his spare time, it would appear he was often visited by the muse. He also appears to have been very fond of cows. His ‘Queen of Illawarra’ shows him to be a master of bathos. It is believed that the following two poems were penned to commemorate the visit of Queen Elizabeth II to the Illawarra. Mitchell’s “Illawarra in Spring” surely must earn him the title of the Illawarra’s Lorikeet.

QUEEN OF ILLAWARRA

Dame Nature mounted every gem
In Illawarra’s diadem:
The grassy slopes, the mountain bowers,
The singing birds, the native flowers,
The mighty sea that laps the shore.
The golden sands where breakers roar;
But best of all - we do avow -
Is Illawarra’s Shorthorn Cow:
Hardy and strong and straight of limb,
With shortened horns on head so trim,
Udder swelled with creamy milk
And to the touch as soft as silk;
She roams the paddocks rich and green,
Ruling as Illawarra’s Queen

ILLAWARRA IN SPRING

Paddocks, green with Spring’s young growth,
Where sleek cattle graze;
Lizards lie in lazy sloth.
Hidden from man’s gaze,
Silhouettes of cabbage palms
Black against the sky -
Come the signs that herald noon,
Day is passing all too soon
Shadows of the mountain range
On the lowlands lie;
Sunlight through the leafy trees
Lacy shadows cast;
Then the coolness in the breeze
 Tells us day is past.