

# The Daylight Is Dying

Banjo Paterson

The daylight is dying  
Away in the west,  
The wild birds are flying  
In silence to rest;  
In leafage and frondage  
Where shadows are deep,  
They pass to its bondage —  
The kingdom of sleep.  
And watched in their sleeping  
By stars in the height,  
They rest in your keeping,  
Oh, wonderful night.

When night doth her glories  
Of starshine unfold,  
'Tis then that the stories  
Of bush-land are told.  
Unnumbered I hold them  
In memories bright,

But who could unfold them,

Or read them aright?

Beyond all denials

The stars in their glories

The breeze in the myalls

Are part of these stories.

The waving of grasses,

The song of the river

That sings as it passes

For ever and ever,

The hobble-chains' rattle,

The calling of birds,

The lowing of cattle

Must blend with the words.

Without these, indeed, you

Would find it ere long,

As though I should read you

The words of a song

That lamely would linger

When lacking the rune,

The voice of the singer,

The lilt of the tune.

But, as one half-hearing

An old-time refrain,

With memory clearing,

Recalls it again,

These tales, roughly wrought of

The bush and its ways,

May call back a thought of

The wandering days,

And, blending with each

In the mem'ries that throng,

There haply shall reach

You some echo of song.

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