

The Sacrifice of Ball's Head
Henry Lawson, 1916

*'They're taking it, the shipping push,
As all the rest must go –
The only spot of cliff and bush
That harbour people know.
The spirit of the past is dead,
North Sydney has no soul –
The State is cutting down Ball's Head
To make a wharf for coal...*

*And strings of grimy trucks shall run
In everlasting trains
And on the cliff where wild trees are
Shall stand the soulless cranes
To dump their grimy loads below,
Where the great brown rocks are grand;
And the deep grass and wild flowers grow – and boating couples land.*

*No more shall poorer families
Give "Grandma" and "Grandad"
A glimpse of nature's mysteries
To make their old hearts glad.
No more our eyes shall be relieved
In the city's garish day –
A sordid crime has been achieved!
And none has aught to say.*

