

Four days here in Melbourne town, The weather changes in this city down; Like money
melting in the storms of toil,

To its European clouds up high so royal.

It's many years of culture and history,

Are worth the time and goes on persistently;

The changes from slow and dull to bright.

The grey in mourning when I awake from night.

It's brilliant how the world goes around,

With newness crisp and things surround;

The truth of time the real deep joy,

Of ageless meaning since my father was a boy.

There's family and friends and people you know,

There's other changes in the weather that show;

Many things happen that make a difference to me,

Of a million possibilities and things that can be.

When life is good the way that it should,

And all turns around from things it could;

It's goof to keep it all along those lines,

With various answers to various crimes.

Changes in the weather from seasons now at hand,

Good times all for pleasure and reasons to understand;

These difficult times with changes in the weather,
With people going places and wondering whether.

Signed,

The world around us