

Along the Rand in eighty-five  
Fortunes were founded overnight,  
And mansions rose among the rocks  
To blaze with girls and light;

In champagne baths men sluices their skins  
Grimy with auriferous dust,  
Then oiled and scented, fought to enjoy  
What young men must;

Took opportunities to cheat,  
Or meet the most expensive whore,  
And conjured up with cards and dice,  
New orgies from new veins of ore;

Greybeards who now look back  
To the old days  
Find little, in their past to blame  
And much to praise-

Riding bareback under stars  
As lordly anarchs of the veld,  
Venison feasts and tribal wars  
Free cruelty and a cartridge belt;

Pioneers, O pioneers  
Grey pillars of a Christian State,  
Respectability has turned  
Swashbuckler prim and scamp sedate;

Protecting in the brain's recesses  
Seek now the nuggets of your prime,  
And sift the gold dust of your dreams  
From drifted sands of time.