

Blue = all parts

Black = Men only

The trees grow ancient green and tall
as they have always done there
And press together over all
to shield the earth from sun there.
Seedlings spread young trees grow old
old ones fall and turn to mould
Till bush returns to hills once clear
and man it seems, was never there
And the apple trees still bloom each year
on the hills . . . of Coromandel

It was the gold that brought the men
when thousands here did rally
Their secret shattered shafts remain
abandoned in the valley
Roads they fashioned in the clay
overgrown or washed away
And fences built by settlers' hands are
gone restoring broken lands
And a rusted gateway lonely stands
on the hills . . . of Coromandel

Those days of gold are past and gone
with the men who took their chances
The bush is slowly marching on
in a silence no-one answers
Birds call out to empty air
No one comes there's nothing there
But a gate that's open to nowhere and
names on sandstone faint but clear
And the apple trees that bloom each year
in the hills . . . of Coromandel

