

TWO SHILLINGS

Red Roses on the Highways

By H. E. HOLLAND



Sydney :
Holland & Stephenson
Howard and Owen Sts.

1924

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EPUB ISBN: 978-0-908328-90-1

PDF ISBN: 978-0-908331-86-4

The original publication details are as follows:

Title: Red roses on the highways

Author: Holland, H. E. (Henry Edmund)

Published: Holland & Stephenson, Sydney, NSW, 1924

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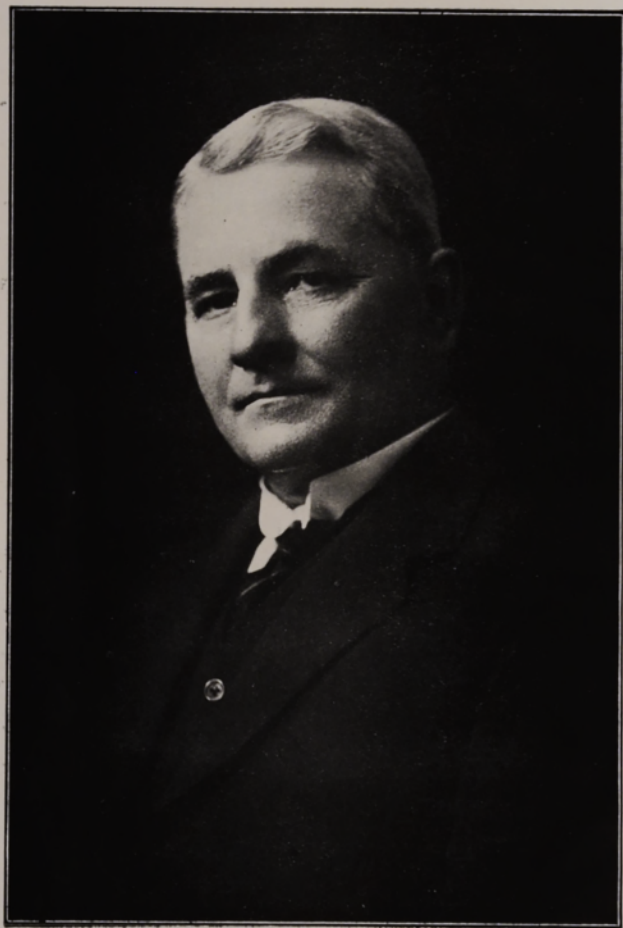
By H. E. HOLLAND



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5 DEC 1986



DEDICATION.

*I've woven a wreath of roses red,
But never a wreath of rue;
I've woven a wreath of roses red—
And this is my gift to You!*

PREFACE.

This little book is published—with considerable diffidence on my part—at the persistent request of a number of my close personal friends in the Labour and Socialist movement. Some of the verses contained herein were written in sunshine and some in shadow; some in the glowing hours of Labour's greatest promise, and some when the war clouds hung black and low above the world and the rain that fell was a deluge of blood and tears. "Sunrise" and "A Storm Song" were written on the verandah of the Coast Hospital at Little Bay, Sydney—when almost every hour was an hour of pain and suffering. "Night and Day" and "A Captive's Vision" were scribbled in prison cells. Quite a number of the other verses were the product of occasional endeavours to win for a while surcease from the din of the political battle. During not a few strenuous campaigns, for a brief hour now and then, I found not only physical benefit but at least some intellectual profit in surrendering to that psychological influence which seems to flow like a river of life from every environment of Nature's Beauty; and it was in such restful and rejuvenating moments that "The Valley of the Grey," "Brother-

hood and Hope," "Otira Gorge," "Barrytown," "Rewanui," "A Westland Sunset," and other pieces were penned.

I know how lofty and inaccessible to all but the gifted few are the mountain peaks of genius which mark the dividing range between true poetry and mere verse; and I shall be well content to walk with the verse-makers in the valley if only my effort shall have brought some small gift of pleasure to my readers and some measure of inspiration to those who are my comrades in the army of Human Progression.

H.E.H.



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RED ROSES ON THE HIGHWAYS.

*I saw the children playing,
I heard their voices ring:
It seemed the trees were swaying
In gentle winds of Spring,
It seemed the world was Maying
And glad as anything.*

*I heard the children's laughter
Go rippling through the night:
It seemed that ever after
The dark was linked with light,
It seemed from Hope's Hereafter
There rained a soft delight.*

*I heard their gladness ringing
Through all the sun-kissed hours:
It seemed the birds were singing,
The gardens filled with flowers,
It seemed that Life was bringing
Love back to leafy bowers.*

*When Sorrow saddened my ways
I felt their dear arms cling,
And wafted from the by-ways
I heard Love's whispering:
The children on Life's highways
Red roses came to fling.*

THE VALLEY OF THE GREY.

*Roads that wind out to the meadows
Like new ways to Paradise,
With the tall trees casting shadows
Where the Valley's beauty lies;
High Alps lifting in the distance
Snow-crowned heads to southern day,
Barring, with age-long insistence,
Pilgrims by the Eastern way.*

*Westward low the gold sun sinking
In a wealth of wondrous mist,
Light of day with dark night linking
Through a film of amethyst;
Hills as old as ancient story
Panoramic scenes unfold,
Flash from heights and slopes of glory
Purpled tones and burnished gold,
Fade to pink, then blaze the splendours
Of the richness of the rose,
Where in winter Nature renders
Worship to the God of Snows.*

*Carpetings of wild white flowers
Bend before the dying Day;
Bell-birds ring through bushland bowers
Silver chimes like songs of May;
Lovers linger where the meadows
Spread their gold and green and white—
Softly fall the sunset shadows
And the curtain of the Night.*

BARRYTOWN.

*The green-robed hills of Barrytown—
That in the days of old
Rang to the swing of strong men's picks
In their great quest for gold—
Stand silent now before the sea,
Save for the murm'ring waves
And softest rustling of the trees
That guard forgotten graves,
While Summer suns transform the dew
To jewels of the morn,
And nights of peace and days of calm
Pass fore and aft the dawn:
Save for, betimes, the wild waves' march
And loud Titanic roar
When storms rage down from the North-
West
And beat against the shore.*

*The hills and dales of Barrytown
Were clad in shades of green,
And westward far the Summer sea
Spread out its silver sheen;*

*And standing there where billows rolled
To meet the sunlit lea,
I dreamed of human happiness
And God's great Liberty.
I dreamed that Love-of-Life might find
An Aidenn fair and free
Below the hills of Barrytown,
Beside the shining sea:
I dreamed that here surcease might come
From hate and man-made strife,
That here Romance might weave new
wreaths
To garland Youth and Life:
I dreamed that here strong men might woo
And sweetest maids might love,
And roses blow and roses bloom
Like red gifts from above.*

*I dreamed that Freedom dear might make
Her home for evermore
Where the green hills of Barrytown
Fall downward to the shore.*

A BIRTHDAY WISH.

*May all your years be fields of flowers,
Your life a stream of golden hours,
And every path your feet shall tread
Be strewn with roses white and red.*

BROTHERHOOD AND HOPE.

*The coaches came down through the gloom
of the Gorge*

*Where Otira's dark shadows are thrown on
the surge;*

*They came with their freightage of laughter
and life*

*Where the snow waters swirl in a whirlpool
of strife*

*Like lost legions of Hate by warrior kings
led*

*Through the torrent-swept ways of the swift
river's bed;*

*And the hill-horses swerved to the pull of
the rein,*

*Then swung to the curve of the roadway
again—*

*The roadway that hangs like a shelf on the
height*

*Or a ribbon that runs on the rim of the
Night.*

*The coaches came down from the light of
the day*

And noisily rolled on the narrowing way;

*But hushed was the laughter the traveller
knows
When the sun falls in winter on white of
the snows,
And hushed was the brave song that rises
and swells
To the heights of that heaven where dearest
Youth dwells;
And Age saw the shadows come sweeping
to earth
Like wild clouds of Sorrow at Tragedy's
birth.
Oh, hushed was the laughter and silent the
song
As though Night had befallen with triumph
of Wrong.*

*But they looked to the hills where the tall
timber lifts
Through the white of the mists and the
rain cloud rifts,
And they saw on the heights whence the
rivers are fed
The wild rata a-bloom like a warm flame
of red*

*That flung the rich glow of its crimson
between
The light and dark shades of a forest of
green.
Then the laughter returned and the gloom
fled away
As the hosts of the Night before advent
of Day,
And gladness came back on the wings of
the hours
Like the spring-time of song with Love's
garlands of flowers.*

*For Red is the symbol of World
Brotherhood
To link all the race in a kinship of blood,
And Green stands for Hope that shall
spring in each heart
Till the Captains of Wrong and the Kings
shall depart.*

OTIRA GORGE.

*Where waters of the mountain rills
Are seaward flung in foaming surge,
And high Otira's frowning hills
Guard well the wild and rugged Gorge,
Betimes the sun pours burning rays
Upon the whiteness of the snows,
Till in the splendour of his blaze
The white is turned to gold and rose.*

*Betimes, too, where the hamlet lies,
Beside the shingled river's flow,
Men gaze on cloud-crowned hills that rise
Majestic in their robes of snow;
And when the mists reluctant roll
The mountain heights glow undefiled—
The symbol of a shining soul,
The White Soul of a Little Child.*

MY DREAM.

*My dream is of Life's greater glory,
The depths of its fathomless deep,
The wind-wafted song of its story
That's crooned for the workers who weep.*

*Yea! Life with its joy of all toiling—
Sweet rest, Earth's cool and its calm:
Black shades of the Night-time recoiling
When Daylight comes laden with balm.*

*The Day-dawn with rose wreaths of
splendour
Shall light all the lands of the free,
And Science, unshackled, shall wend her
Glad ways by the hills and the sea.*

*O, I dream not of glory that's flaming,
Through folds of some star-spangled
scroll,
Nor ever a dread God proclaiming
The flood-tides of vengeance shall roll.*

MY DREAM IS OF LIFE'S LARGER GLORY,
THE HEIGHTS OF ITS MEASURELESS STEEP,
THE THUNDER-CRASHED ROAR OF ITS STORY
THAT WAKENS A WORLD FROM ITS SLEEP.

JOY OF FREEDOM.

*There is joy in the roll of the ocean,
In the roar of the sea and its sweep,
And the heave and the swing of its motion
Is a presage of power from the deep.*

*There is joy when the new day is breaking
And bringing the fair Austral morn,
And the birds in the tall gums are waking
To worship the tints of the dawn.*

*There is joy in the breath of the morning
Where the wheat-laden plains greet the
sky,
And the hills with green robes for adorning
Lift their heads where the white vapours
fly.*

*There is joy on the slopes of the mountains
And love where the long rivers flow,
Ever pouring their waters like fountains
To the vales from the uplands of snow.*

*O come learn a great lesson, my brothers,
From the heights of the hills and the sea,
From the songs of the birds and the others
Of Nature's wide world that are free.*

*When we've broken the chains that have
bound us,
Triumphant we'll march Freedom's way.
And the world shall grow radiant around
us,
In the joy that is born of the day.*

WHEN SHADOWS FLEE AWAY.

*O, I have seen the red sun rise resplendent
from the sea,
And grandly paint the wond'ring skies, irra-
diate the lea,
And, down where restless waters raced,
fling tones of light and shade
That hand of artist never traced nor brush
on canvas laid.*

*And high Monaro's hills I've seen, old as
the world is old,
When ev'ry tow'ring peak of green was
crowned with glint of gold;
When each glad leaf of each great tree wore
gems of sparkling hue,
And, far as eye of mine could see, the sun-
shine kissed the dew.*

*O, I have heard the wild birds sing sweet
songs to greet the dawn,
Have heard the dear old bushlands ring
back to the splendid morn;*

*And oft I've seen the great gold sun sink
down to meet the night,
And garb the day—his work all done—in
regal robes of light.*

*But never shine of morning sun, nor light
upon the lea,
Nor rose-clouds when the day is done, nor
colours on the sea,
Nor song of birds in bushlands wide, nor
whisp'rings of the breeze,
Nor gold and green on mountain side, nor
jewels on the trees,
Could such a gift of glory bring as comes
with Freedom's day
When this old world with song shall ring,
and shadows flee away.*

A FRAGMENT.

*When my Life's restless burning sun
Has sunk behind Death's mystic hills,
And all the evening bells are tolled,
And darkest shades of endless night
For ever shall envelope me:
O friends and countrymen of mine,
Mourn not for me as they who mourn
For one whose life was lived in vain;
And plant no cypress and no yew
To mark my final resting place;
But where in everlasting sleep
My wearied frame at last shall lie,
Come ye at Evensong and plant
Carnations red as my red blood
I gave the Cause that I held dear,
And blood-red roses that will draw
Their wealth of Life from dust of me,
And, with the stream of gold that flows
From fountains of the Eastern Dawn,
Bear to the world God's priceless gift—
The crimson wonder of their blooms—
While on the wings of Wind and Light
Their deathless fragrance sweeps along
The highways and the byways of the Day.*

SONG OF LABOUR.

*I have builded dream castles that towered
to an amaranth sky that was fair,
I have planted rose gardens that flowered
like rainbows in roadways of air;
But all my great castles have tumbled to
earth from each hyaline height,
And my red blooms have withered and
crumbled in the scorch and the blast
of Wealth's Might.*

*I have seen in the clash of the battle the
Right ever conquered by Wrong,
The toilers all driven like cattle, with a
goad in the hand of the Strong.
I have fainted on roads of disaster and
watered their ways with my tears,
And the rule of the robber, my master, has
trampled and tortured my years.*

*I have laboured in chains and have
languished in prisons for love of the
Right,
I have counted the years that I've anguished
in gloom that was born of the Night;*

But I know that the hour of the dawning
that heralds the Sunburst of Day
Comes speeding on wings of the morning
with promise of Freedom's great sway.

Tho' battle-scarred, beaten, and broken, I
shall burst all the bonds of the Past,
And, with strength of the world for a
token, stand facing the dawn at long
last.

For the hosts of the Wrong shall be scat-
tered, the foemen of Freedom shall fly,
And the rule of Oppression be shattered,
and Justice be lifted on high.

And again my fair castles are tow'ring
where God's greatest wonders are
wrought,

And my splendid red roses are flow'ring
in luminous Gardens of Thought.

MAY DAY SONG.

*O the song-birds of Nature are singing
In the woodlands of Freedom to-day,
And the legions of Labour are bringing
Glad hearts for the greeting of May.*

*For the light of May morning comes stream-
ing,
Where the Bastilles of Wrong barred the
way,
And the workers are waking from dreaming
And marching from Darkness to Day.*

*No longer their ranks shall be sundered,
Undivided they'll stand in the fray,
And the shout of their challenge be
thundered
In the red of the dawning of May.*

THE SPIRIT OF MAY DAY.

*Her feet are on the peaks of Dawn,
Her eyes aglow with great desire—
She bears the promise of the morn
That heralds Day's gold orb of fire.*

*Her radiance shines from shore to shore,
And searchlights every storm-toss'd sea;
She spreads a crimson mantle o'er
The stricken lands she yet shall free.*

*And though the sun sink down in blood,
And though a million cannon roar,
And shells of Death fly mocking God
O'er fields of Hate and reeking War;*

*And though the rivers' flow be red,
And blood be on the wide, wide seas,
And hosts of our unburied dead
Lie stark beneath the moaning trees;*

*And though fair Hope in terror dies
In blood-made mists of tragic fears,
And mothers lift their streaming eyes
In vain to God through dreadful years;*

*Still on the tow'ring heights she'll stand
And wait the dawn of Freedom's Day;
In Brotherhood each warring land
She'll link on Labour's First of May.*

TAKE HEART.

*Art thou grown faint and weary
Who fought so well for right?
Dost feel the Day is dreary
And long for Rest—and Night?*

*Hast known the scourge of hunger,
And gone ill-clad and cold?
Hast seen the sleek wealth-monger
Trade men for gain of gold?*

*Say, is thy great heart bleeding,
Thy great soul racked with pain?
Dost dread that all thy pleading
For Right shall be in vain?*

TAKE HEART, O MAN OF SORROW!
THE COMING DAY IS BRIGHT;
THE SUN SHALL RISE TO-MORROW,
AND FLOOD THE WORLD WITH LIGHT.

MAN: WORLD TRIUMPHANT.

*He marched from the dark and the dread
of the ages,
He swept through the storm and the
stress of the years,
And his records are written on rock-buried
pages
Dark stained with his blood and deep
scored with his tears.*

*He roamed from the far-distant realms of
the savage,
From the heights of the trees, from the
swamps and the caves,
From the rule of the club and the fang
and brute ravage,
Ere the days of the years of the owners
and slaves.*

*He wandered the ways of the long winding
rivers,
On the lake's lonely shores flung the
flame of his fires,
And he stalked, a grim warrior with arrows
and quivers,
And dreamed his great dreams that were
born of desires.*

O he came by the wild roads of suffering
and sorrow,
And the price that was paid for his
Progress was Pain;
He prayed in the Night for the light of
the Morrow,
And fled from the rage of the storm and
its rain.

And ever by highway and by-way and
meadow,
And ever by shine of the stars or day-
flame,
He trailed on the track of the ominous
Shadow
Of Death that flung darkness the way
that he came.

From his primitive hut and his close-
clustered village,
And his fire-hardened vessels rude
fashioned in clay,
From the wood-pointed plough and the
ox of his tillage,
He marched for the dawn of a marvel-
lous day.

*First the logs of the trees that were burnt
and rough-hollowed
He launched on the tide of the primeval
stream,
Then builded the ships of the world that
have followed
The seas rolling roads to the driving of
steam.*

*And the furnaces fed on the slopes of the
hill-heights
Through the days and the nights of that
dark long ago,
Reflect in the glare of the great cities' mill-
lights,
Where the fires of new Hells paint the
sky with their glow.*

*With the waves of the wind and his wire-
less word-wonders
He is linking the lands across limitless
space,
And the source of the storm and its world-
rending thunders
He is making the servant and slave of
his race.*

*Afar in the heavens his air-ships are soaring
And flooding the roof of the world with
their light,
While hidden 'neath waves of the wild
ocean's roaring
His submarine fleets are propelled in the
night.*

*The dead planets of God that await Life's
returning
Where the gates of the roadways of Space
swing ajar,
He has counted their years, and the suns
that are burning
He numbers, and measures the light of
each star.*

*O it's true he's the heir of the aeons and
ages,
And lo! he is coming to claim all his own,
To wrest from the owners and masters his
wages
Unpaid through the years and the cen-
turies flown.*

*And the great grinding mills where the
children are sobbing,*

*The dread mines at whose gates stand
the women who weep,
Iron ships that for ever go thrashing and
throbbing
By the high-heaving ways of the sea's
mighty deep,*

*And the fields and the woodlands all green
in their gladness,
The long rivers like silver that flow to
the lakes,
The world stripped of its sorrow, its shame,
and its sadness,
Shall be his when in splendour of
strength he awakes.*

*For afar from the dark and the hate of
the ages
He shall speed to the light and the love
of the years,
He shall write on Life's Scroll the world-
triumph the Sages
Saw dim through the mists of their blood
and their tears.*

OPPRESSION'S HANDS ARE RED.

*In light shall break the golden days
And song-birds greet the morn,
But Labour walks the wild highways
With bleeding feet and torn.*

*For not a line that's written red
On History's blood-stained page,
But tells of our heroic dead
In every tragic age.*

*And not a year that's rolled away
In ken of Man or God,
But gibbet-marked the rock-strewn way
That Labour's feet have trod.*

*With dungeon dark and rack and stake
They've mile-stoned all the years;
They've ringed the world with hearts that
break
And blood and bitter tears.*

AND NOW! . . . THE DARK SHADES DOWN-
WARD SWEEP,
AND LIBERTY LIES DEAD!
THE NIGHT WINDS MOAN WHERE MARTYRS
SLEEP—
OPPRESSION'S HANDS ARE RED!

THE RED STANDARD OF RIGHT.

*I had marched from the plains for the
splendid*

*Great heights of the uttermost Steep,
Then beaten and baffled I'd wended
By roads that led down to the Deep.*

*And I heard the winds sob in the morning
Ere the sun lit the sea with his glow,
And each eve bore the wail of a warning
On the wings of unutterable woe.*

*I was footsore, and fainting and weary
With my wounds in the battle of Life,
And the gloom of a Night that was eerie
Like a spectre swept up to the strife.*

*But I lifted my eyes to the arches
Where the brilliants of Heaven are hung,
Saw a million worlds swing on their marches
By ways that are wide and far-flung.*

*And I saw the red gold of the sunrise
Come swift in the wake of the night,
And on the vast canvas of dun skies
Paint marvels of shade and of light.*

*And my heart that was heavy and aching
With the weight of the years far away,
Leaped up to the light that was breaking
And bringing new Life with the Day.*

*And I said to my Soul: "Banish sorrow,
For as sure as the Sun giveth light,
On the battlements of the To-morrow
We shall raise the red standard of
Right."*

FREEDOM'S PIONEER.

*His path is up Life's dizzy steep,
And, oh, his world-worn feet are sore!
He treads the brink of chasms deep,
Where Death's wild torrents foam and
 roar.*

*And as he toils Night spreads a pall
 Above the rugged, rock-strewn way,
And shades of gloom for ever fall
 Where is no light, where is no day.*

*Bloodhounds of Wrong bay on his track,
 Gaunt wolves of Want glide through the
 gloom,
The traitor's dagger seeks his back,
 Behind is Death, in front the Tomb.*

*The gibbet marks the way for him,
 And far the frowning dungeon throws
Athwart the dark its blackness grim
 To speak the hatred of his foes.*

*Titanic storms burst through the night,
World-winds sweep down the Time-worn
ways,*

*The tall trees moan in wild affright,
And Superstition shrieks—and prays.*

*But past the gloom and past the night,
Past chasms dread and rock-cliffs drear,
He sees the gleam of Hope's glad light,
He dreams that Freedom's dawn is near.*

*And high above Life's storm his song
Re-echoes all the death-swept way,
He hurls defiance at the Wrong
And climbs the hills to meet the Day.*

EUREKA: 1854.

*What though they sleep in grass-clad tomb
For whom we twine this wreath,
Still shall they speak from out the gloom,
Still live though wrapt in death.*

*Ere yet the grey of breaking dawn
Had paled the Eastern sky,
To meet swift death that fateful morn
They rose, nor feared to die.*

*The bugle's scream rang loud and long
And echoed hill to crag,
And Labour grappled with the Wrong
Beneath a five-starred flag.*

*Death swept the toilers' barricade—
For Freedom dear they fell
Who met within that doomed stockade
The raining fire of Hell.*

*The men are dead, the women dead,
The children dead they bore,
But that far spot on which they bled
Is sacred evermore.*

*And long as Time's great years shall run
And Freedom's Voice hold sway,
Men shall acclaim the brave deed done
That dark December day.*

AND THOUGH THEY SLEEP IN GRASS-CLAD
TOMB

FOR WHOM WE TWINE THIS WREATH,
THEY STILL SHALL SPEAK FROM OUT THE
GLOOM,

STILL LIVE THOUGH WRAPT IN DEATH.

THEY SHALL TAKE AND HOLD.

*There is want in the homes of the People,
The children are crying for bread,
And the Church sweeps the sky with a
 steeple
That shadows the graves of our dead.*

*There's a wail in the wind at the dawning,
A sound of a sob in the sea,
There's an evil that shudders when morning
 Flings mantles of gold o'er the lea.*

*There is hate betwixt toiler and toiler,
And malice and envy and strife,
Labour lengthens the rule of the Spoiler
 With the plunge of the fratricide's knife.*

*But there's hope in the hearts of the
 Teachers,
Their gospel rings clear through the
 night—
Fair Freedom's brave army of Preachers,
 Who're learning Life's lessons aright.*

*And the wage-slaves are waking from
slumber*

*Where the lowlands are washed by the
seas,*

*And each day-spring is swelling the number
Who'll fling their red flags to the breeze.*

*O the war-drums of Labour are throbbing
Their call from the depths of the years,
And they'll end the young children's wild
sobbing*

And sorrow of sad mothers' tears.

*They shall take all the earth and its treasure,
They shall tear down the banners of
Wrong,*

*They shall hold all their wealth in full
measure,*

And gladden the world with their song.

NIGHT AND DAY.

*It is Night—and the winds of the world
ways are sobbing*

*Like captive souls chained in dark
caverns of fear;*

*It is Night—and the hearts of the people
are throbbing*

*With a dread that is drained from wild
depths of despair.*

*But the Wrong that was born of long ages
of Error*

*Shall be swept like the mists from the
mountains away,*

*And the sword-flash of Freedom shall slay
the Night's Terror*

*And flame eastward the blue and gold
triumph of Day.*

SUNRISE.

*Vanguarded by a light-robed dawn
With rose-tints roving free,*

*The radiant sun rose yestermorn
Upon a sapphire sea;
Great golden arms of glowing might
Drove back each truant shade of Night
That lingered on the lea,
And far-flung shafts of Day's glad light
Flamed high like Hope for Human Right
And Human Liberty.*

REWANUI: A SONNET.

*The pathway winds above the vale—
A deep wound in the hill's steep side
That runs to where the raging gale
Roars past each mountain peak of pride.
The shadows fall like dark despair
Upon the rock beds of the rills;
But Love and Life are victors there—
The Sun is shining on the hills.*

*O toil-worn men, lift up your eyes!
O women, dry your scalding tears!
Behold the red glow in the skies—
Glad herald of the golden years.
See! Just beyond the Vale of Ill
The Sun is shining on the hill.*

THE SUN GOD.

I.

*The Sun-God golds the azure sky,
And seeks in Night's soft arms his rest,
And hung like purpled flames on high
His footprints mark the radiant West.*

II.

*The twilight pales the sunset day,
The planet swings 'twixt dark and light,
And mem'ries borne from far away,
Like lovers' dreams, float through the
night.*

III.

*The twilight sinks beneath the gloom,
The dread black banners are unfurled,
And silver'd o'er the sombre dome
The far-off fires of God's star-world.*

IV.

*Faint, like the hope of Freedom's dream,
The grey dawn steals across the night,
And in the East a glow, a gleam,
A living flame of golden light.*

V.

*The Sun-God lights the wondrous steep
Of the uncharted Eastern way,
And floods the vast unfathomed deep
Of Space with lambent fires of Day.*

SOCIALISM.

I.

*Night wraps in gloom the ancient hills—
The frowning world-old hills;
Restless in the land-locked bay
The waters mourn the unborn day,
But Earth swings ever to the sun,
And Time's great sands will swiftly run
Though Night is on the hills.*

II.

*The Dawn is on the eastern hills—
The fair rose-tinted hills;
The joyous waters of the bay
Toss sapphire kisses to the day,
And Hope thrills all the waiting world
Where hues of rose and gold unfurled
Fall softly on the hills.*

III.

*The Noon-day Shine is on the hills—
The rock-founded hills;
God's sunlight gleams the water-ways,
Life's sunburst streams on Freedom's days;
Sped are the years of hate and strife,
The world's a-throb with joy of life—
The Sun is on the hills.*

A WESTLAND SUNSET.

*When the Summer day was dying
'Twixt the lowlands and the mountains,
And the westering sun was hanging
Gold above the opal waters,
And the far sea flowing landward
Filled the void with weirdest moaning:
In a car swept by the sun-glow,
On the reaches of the South road,
Awed I sat and out to westward
Saw the rich transfiguration
Of the arch of sunset Heavens—
Saw the white clouds interwoven
With the amaranth and crystal,
And the iridescent splendours
Of the colours of God's making—
Wonder-lights of His creation
Flaming o'er a dying day.*

*Lower sank the gold orb nightward,
Higher rose the Vision Splendid—
Like unto a poet's dreaming
Of a world with fields Elysian—
With the white clouds of the west sky
Flushing pink and red of roses,
Flashing lights of chalcedony,*

*Amethyst and blue of violets,
While the masses of the dark clouds
Bordered were with richest purple;
And there flowed a stream all golden
Through the high banks of the cloudlands,
Like a flood of molten lava
From some ancient great volcano,
Doomed to plunge into unfathomed
Depths of Time's Eternal Sea.*

*Down behind the western waters
Sank the monarch of the day-time,
And the wonders opalescent—
With their rainbow scintillations,
With their rose-pink and vermillion
And their wealth of golden flaming—
Swiftly faded from the skyscape,
Swiftly vanished when the twilight
Brought the gloaming and the grey skies,
Brought the Night with ghostly shadows
To the graveyard of the Day.*

A CAPTIVE'S VISION.

*A golden moon is gleaming
Where rolls a silver sea,
And the sad old world is dreaming
Of Life and Liberty.*

*From where the far moon's swinging
The light falls fair and free;
And morrow's dawn is bringing
Glad news for you and me.*

*A dim grey light is breaking
Across the night of years,
And the strange old world is waking
And shaking off its fears.*

**EACH THRONE SHALL ROCK AND CRUMBLE,
EACH PRISON CHAIN SHALL RUST;
EACH BLACK BASTILLE SHALL TUMBLE
AND MOULDER INTO DUST.**

IN TIME OF WAR.

*Storm-clouds of strife are raining blood
That mingles with a raped world's tears,
And Hatred rolls a reddened flood
Through vales of wrath to blackened
years.*

PEACE ON EARTH.

*In an Old Book's mystical pages
There is written a wonderful story:
A vision and dream of the ages
With Peace for the crown of its glory.
It tells of a star-flame eternal
That lighted the field and the fen,
While the song of the Singers supernal
Floated down to the children of men.
In the Night of the World they came
bringing
To the far-away land of the East
A promise of Love in their singing,
When the wars of the world shall have
ceased.*

*All scarred are the fields where the dying
But yesteryear lay with the slain,
Where Hell's blackest banners were flying
And flaunting the triumph of Cain.
But I hear the refrain of a story
The Shining Ones sing from afar,
And all earth is reflecting the glory
Of a light that flames forth from a star.*

*O Labour! the song they are singing
Is the song of the Angels again,
And "Peace!" is the message they're
bringing
And Goodwill to the children of men.*

THE WHITE CHRIST'S DREAM.

*The stars went swinging on their ways,
The suns flung far their flashing rays,
And flying worlds gave birth to days
And mystic hours of night,
And the White Christ dreamed a dream of
Love—*

*Its well-spring his white throne above,
Its messenger the swift-wing'd dove
Of world-wide Peace and Light.*

*Then o'er the restless human world
The Hell Fiend's banners were unfurled,
And War's black thunderbolts were hurled
In primal hate and rage.
And the White Christ rose from his fair
dream*

*And saw the red torrential stream,
And heard the hurtling death shells
scream—*

O black and bloody age!

*And millions died in field and glade,
Died in a strife they'd never made;*

*The White Christ deemed their dead lips
prayed
For all the threatened years;
And the White Christ swore by the crimson
flood,
Swore by the streams of Labour's blood,
That Labour's Rule of Brotherhood
Should wipe away all tears.*

*And the stars go swinging on their ways,
And Hope shines like the golden rays
That paint the glory of the days
And banish dreadful night.
Fair Freedom comes with Peace and Mirth,
Great Labour hews earth's thrones to
earth,
And gives the White Christ's dream its birth
In years of searching light.*

MAORILAND TO AUSTRALIA:
OCTOBER, 1916.

*O Austral world of sun and showers,
Of singing birds and glad wild flowers,
The Tasman rolls long waves between
Your sun-browned land and ours of green;
But clear across the swinging tide
To where your fields stretch far and wide,
To where your hills majestic rise
And cleave the blue of southern skies,
We that are bound and would be free
Speed you this message—nay, this plea:
Australia, stand for Liberty!*

*From mines and mills of Maoriland,
From where the teeming cities stand,
From forest homes, from harvest fields
Where Labour's strength its tribute yields,
From mountain heights and from the sea—
Aye, from the tomb of Liberty,
We scan the vast horizon's scope
For flash of light or gleam of hope.
For us the shackles are prepared,
The lash swings high, our backs are bared—
Australia, vote for Liberty!*

*O Labour strong, whose days of toil
Are ordered by the lords of Spoil,
Behold their record of the years
Writ oft in blood and oft in tears!
Behold the chains with which they'd bind
Your giant frame, your greater mind!
The fetters they for you prepare
Your children's children yet shall wear—
Unless your "NO!" like thunder roll,
Unless you write on History's scroll:
"Australia stands for Liberty!"*

THE DEFEAT OF CONSCRIPTION.

*As long as ever men shall write
In stirring words of epic song
The record of the Human Right
In mighty conflict with the Wrong:*

*As long as ever the mountains fling
Men's plaudits back for great deeds done,
As long as human hearts shall sing
With joy for bloodless victories won:*

*As long as ever the mirrored skies
Flash gold on the heights of the ancient
hills,*

*As long as silver murm'rings rise
Like far-off music from the rills:*

*As long as ever the tides of the sea
Shall swing from distant shore to shore,
As long as storms shall rock the lea
And lightnings flash and thunders roar:*

*As long as Labour's sons shall lift
Their longing eyes to higher heights,
And see beyond the black cloud's rift
The play of learning's golden lights:*

*The world shall echo your acclaim—
Australia fair, Australia free!
And from the South this truth shall flame:
Australia stood for Liberty!*

THE MOTHERS LEFT TO MOURN.

*A million men of kindred race
Stand there in France—stand face to face,
Stand there beneath the shudd'ring skies
With hatred flaming in their eyes.*

*The flags of conquest fly unfurled
And legions are on legions hurled;
They strive for all the wide world's marts
With murder raging in their hearts.*

*And as each blacker battle-day
Unto each blackest day succeeds,
Young lives like vapour melt away,
But 'tis the mother heart that bleeds.*

*One day the battle's rage shall end,
One day the living men return,
But hearts shall break and never mend—
The hearts of mothers left to mourn.*

WHEN THE WAR ENDED.

*I saw the ships pour out their freight—
Their living freight of fighting men;
And through the early hours and late
I heard the welcoming—and then
I saw the lads who came again
With sore wounds won in savage strife;
The maimed and wrecked and sightless men
With never hope nor joy in life.*

MY DREAM OF PEACE.

*I dreamed the days of war were done,
And ended all the carnage red,
And ended all the strife of men:
"O blessed Peace!" I, dreaming, said.*

*And then I dreamed an awful thing:
I dreamed that when the men came back
There was no woman in the land
Who was not dressed in deepest black.*

MOTHERS OF MEN AND
MILITARISM.

O the mothers of men! 'Tis their hearts
that are breaking
While the war bugles scream and the war
cannons roar,
For the mothers must pay for the raiding
and wrecking,
The lost love of their lives is the price
evermore.

O the mothers of men! 'Tis their children
are dying
Ere the shine of the sun of their noon-
day of life;
And their bones bleaching white where the
vultures are flying
For ever shall witness the sin of the
strife.

O the mothers of men! Comes the sound
of their weeping
Like the wail of the wind through the
vales of the night;
And 'tis lonely and long the sad vigil they're
keeping,
And their tears are like rain and their
faces are white.

THE TWILIGHT OF THE KINGS.

*The firemists swept o'er the fields of space
To the heights of the shining day—
Lo! a million years and a million years
And a world sped on its way.*

*And a thousand years and a thousand years
The Kings of the Earth held sway,
And they drenched the soil with red of
our blood
And they crimsoned the sea's highway.*

*Wide lands that are laved by world-old
streams
Their stricken harvest yields,
And blood is the price that we pay to the
Kings
On reeking battlefields.*

*By tortuous ways of the primeval years
Back to the brute we fling,
And we rend and tear at the wild war call
Of every blood-drunk King.*

*O the sun shall set on the sorrowing days,
And the reddened fields shall bleach,
Till our millions of dead that were slain
for the Kings
Their silent lessons teach.*

*And the sun shall rise on a radiant morn
And a Gospel new shall ring
Through a world redeemed—with never a
war
And never a war-mad King.*

THE PATRIOT.

*He was a wealthy patriot,
His lands were broad, his hands were
white,
His plutocratic blood was hot,
His very soul was in the fight.*

*And he harangued the common crowd
And waved his gentlemanly arms,
Warned them in accents fairly loud
Of foreign foes and war's alarms.*

*He told them of our Empire wide,
And traded all the platitudes,
Extolled the heroes brave who died
In battle-crimsoned latitudes.*

*He spoke the glories of our flag,
Our liberties, our gracious King;
He lashed the cowards who would lag:
THEY made the waiting welkin ring!*

*And then he told of all at stake—
Our homes, our country, and our wives:
"This sacrifice 'tis ours to make,
This glory ours to give our lives."*

*Right nobly well did they respond,
The men who wore the hob-nailed boots;
From near and far, back of beyond,
They flocked in crowds, the raw recruits.*

*And when the legions marched away
To dye with blood the distant loam,
He bravely cheered them on their way,
He waved a flag—AND STAYED AT HOME.*

THIS IS LIFE.

*The thunder smashing through the skies—
God's signal guns of wild alarm,
The lightning flame that leaps and flies
From black-winged clouds of whirling
storm,
The hurricanes that rage beneath,
Like Time in Titan-clash with Death,
The rock-bound world for ever rife
With primal conflict—THIS IS LIFE!*

*The storm-thrashed seas that roar and fling
And rise and fall like mountains hurled,
The white-green waves that sweep and
swing
And crash upon a crumbling world,
The battle-shock of lands and seas
Through aeons and eternities,
The surge of elemental strife,
That thrills the planet—THIS IS LIFE!*

A STORM SONG.

*Rage of the Storm and roar of the Sea,
The tumult rends Heaven asunder,
And all that is red and resurgent in me
Throbs to the force of a fierce ecstasy
Of Freedom's desire
That runs like a fire—
Leaps like the lightning that leaps from the
skies:
Blood of my life in glad riot replies
To the roll and the roar of the Thunder!*

*Rage of the Wind and surge of the Sea,
And shock of the primal World Strife:
Peal upon peal of a wild melody
Thrilling the souls of the Sons of the Free!
The forked lightning flame
That hissed as it came
Out from the rift of the Heavens and Night
Stabbed through the Dark like a swift
Sword of Light—
Hail! the Wild Storm of Life!*

*Roar of the Storm and roll of the Sea,
And ever the Hail's sharp rattle!
Life's Song of Life is the world's song of
wonder:
God is proclaiming in world-rocking
thunder
His pride in the strife,
His Triumph of Life:
And where the Red Banners stream out for
the Right
His own Lightning Flame in the black of
the Night
Shall leap to light the battle.*

WHEN I AM DEAD.

*When I am dead
And you who fought the fight with me
Shall come to say the last farewell,
Let no sad funeral dirge be sung,
No "Dead March" played with dismal time,
Nor mournful beat of muffled drum
Before the hearse that bears me hence:
But let the silver cornets wake
The sleeping echoes of the hills
With vibrant notes that shall proclaim
There is no sting in Death for me,
No victory the Grave hath won.
O not in sorrow shall ye walk
In slow procession to my tomb,
But proudly march as though you come
To hail me victor in the fight—
When I am dead.*

*When I am dead
Dig me a grave on some high cliff
Whose rock-walls guard a sea-swept shore;
For I have loved the lofty hills
And loved the wide and restless sea;*

*And all the years of life I've known
Were ever lashed by storm and swept
By lightning flame and driving hail;
And I at close of day would sleep
Where all God's wildest storms of Earth
Shall thunder requiems for me—
When I am dead.*

The majority of the verses in this booklet appeared originally in "The Maoriland Worker"; others in "The International Socialist" (Sydney) and the "Grey River Argus". Several pieces have not been published elsewhere.

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