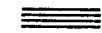


*Muriel Magney*

THE TREND OF  
THE AGES

AND  
OTHER VERSES



By J. K. M<sup>c</sup>DOUGALL



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## Utopia

I looked beyond the future's veil,  
And, from the years to be,  
Rose pier and palace, marble pale,  
And people fair and free.  
Within that State of plan divine,  
Was love and place for all;  
Grape clusters shed their purple wine  
On bank and garden wall.

The bees were in the flow'ring gums;  
The roses wooed the wind;  
The lilies waved, where once in slums,  
The sweated toilers pined.  
I heard the magpies' carol ring;  
I saw the waters dance;  
I read the artless joy of spring,  
In lyric and romance.

The poppies shook their ruddy crowns;  
The wood birds warbled sweet;  
The wind, across the rolling downs,  
Made billows on the wheat.  
The runnels sang from gorge to glade;  
The bracken seemed asleep;  
White fleeced within the wattle's shade,  
Reposed the panting sheep.

I saw a race with wider hopes—  
Chaste, truthful, honest, hale—  
Crown with their homes the mountain slopes,  
And ev'ry verdant vale.  
Where yet the unfilled acres lie,  
I saw new cities form—  
Free as the herald clouds that fly  
Before the winter's storm.

The Commune's royal industries,  
Were sped with happy toil:  
Sound based on Nature's first decrees,  
The people owned the soil.  
The thread ran deftly on the reels;  
But in the mighty rooms,  
No blood was on the flashing wheels,  
No children at the looms.

And there the lawyers schemed no more,  
To cheat and overawe;  
For Truth was each man's monitor,  
And ev'ry wish was law.  
High-browed and pure the people were,  
And perfect in their lives;  
No landlord there, or usurer,  
Could spoil the working hives.

No blood-drunk tyrant, round the world,  
Led there his futile spears;  
For War's red banner rotted, furled,  
Behind the peaceful years.  
No flames from conquered cities rose—  
No clang of smiting blades—  
No victor brained the babes of foes,  
Or ravished frantic maids.

No church was there with subtle priests,  
Its sordid tale to tell;  
No gluttons drank and fed like beasts,  
No bigots raved of hell.  
No sweaters there, at hunger's price,  
Hired girls to cut and stitch;  
No women sunk their souls in vice,  
In harems of the rich.

Gray Science read with patient eye,  
The problems of the stars,  
Or dug, where crowded fossils lie  
In drifts and glacier scars.  
No slave of Superstition knelt,  
Before an idol's shrine;  
No talking gods or furies dwelt,  
In cloud and lightning shine.

One flag was floating on the breeze;  
Beside the snowy piers,  
Fair ships from all the outer seas,  
Rode in majestic tiers.  
Wool, grain and wine for other shores,  
Were piled on ev'ry quay;  
And, flush with goods, the people's stores,  
Looked proudly on the sea.

I saw the gracious rose unfold  
In arbors dewy wet;  
In valleys, streaked with Nature's gold,  
The laughing waters met.  
On landscapes where no creature bled  
To serve the higher man;  
With garlands on each shining head,  
The happy children ran.

The villas of the people gleamed  
Among the folding hills;  
Their gardens, even while I dreamed,  
Were starred with daffodils.  
I saw the people walking there,  
Like saints in Eden green;  
Each face without a sign of care,  
Eyes radiant, soft, serene.

Slow to the sea the rivers slid,  
Past grove and grassy plain;  
I saw the gray peaks partly hid  
In falling veils of rain.  
Conscience, without a code diffuse,  
Kept Greed behind the bars;  
No hot-souled poets walked to muse,  
When twilight lit the stars.

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## The Slavers and the Slaves

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Our Senate flouts the people's will  
And gags the mouth of Demos still,  
That Mammon may be King;  
The charters won for us to hold,  
Are bartered now for trade and gold  
To robber Trust and Ring.

Our rulers father loose decrees;  
And, in their bedlam policies,  
They strangle Liberty;  
For loans unpaid, the middle class  
Has pawned the birthright of the mass  
To Hebrews oversea.

The landlord and his oily pal,  
The good-as-Labor Liberal,  
Are with us still to spoil  
The slave whose part has always been  
A hovel in a slum unclean,  
And days of joyless toll.

The deities of ancient breed,  
Make way for gods of Lust and Greed,  
Whose prophets' honor Rent;  
For Truth uncounted hearts have bled;  
The tyrants' shambles have been red,  
From Pilate down to Bent.

The slaughters done in Hunnish woods,  
By raging pagan multitudes,  
Have wasted fewer lives  
Than year by year are sacrificed,  
By nations calling upon Christ,  
In Moloch's tribute hives.

The workers make the industries,  
The ships and steamers on the seas,  
The mills and mill machines;  
They toil in lands of heat and cold,  
And mine the guttered earth for gold,  
And bridge its sheer ravines.

They sow and reap the fruitful clod;  
They build the fanes for useless gods,  
Cleave wood and quarry stone:  
But Law compels them yet to yield  
The produce won from mine and field,  
To parasite and drone.

Drilled helots of the Money Trust,  
Their hire a hovel and a crust,  
They smite and drive and dig;  
They take the tools in fingers raw,  
And carve and shape, in slavish awe,  
For corporations big.

With minds that plan and knotted thews,  
They work—but neither own nor use  
The marvels they create;  
The Contract lords of Capital,  
Take surplus, profit—Labor's all—  
And grudge the wage rebate.

Back in the rolling mist of years,  
The slave oppressed with brutish fears,  
    Ate labor's bitter bread,  
And heard his starving offspring whine,  
While low-browed masters guzzled wine  
    And free as gourmands fed.

In slavery held for human pride,  
What nameless hosts have mourned and died,  
    From Sweden to Cathay;  
Since Rome's proud legions fished the sword,  
Or first led Kings in captive cord,  
    Along the triumph way?

Strong champions of the people's side,  
The pioneers of Labor died,  
    Denounced, in prison cells,  
To let the light of justice shine  
In fetid shop and poisoned mine,  
    And other profit hells.

They saw and cursed the systems built  
To shield the robber in his guilt,  
    And crimp the workers' dole;  
But all shall change: the people must  
Be profit sharers and the Trust  
    Come under State control.

Gray Science sets his last ideal:  
The people shall be masters real,  
    Of State and Parliament;  
The deeds that make our histories,  
All Nature's laws and mysteries,  
    Move round to that event.

Good laws shall take the place of steel,  
And kind concessions balm and heal  
    Creed hates and racial schism;  
Above all States shall be unfur'd  
The flag that flies round all the world  
    For God and Socialism.



## Christmas Hymn

The blythe bells are pealing,  
Their music is stealing  
From yon dusky steeple that rises afar;  
Their wild chimes are swelling  
The old story telling,  
Of Canaan and Christ and the Bethlehem Star.

Of Christ the Victorious,  
The mighty and glorious,  
Who taught us the grandeur of mercy and love;  
And bade man and woman  
Be kindly and human  
And just for the sake of our Father above.

When Churches, grown greedy,  
Neglected the needy,  
As a bright star of hope came Immanuel's birth;  
For said he to the living:  
"Not grasping, but giving,  
"In love does the will of the Godhead on earth."

Said he to the pious,  
Who rob and decry us:  
"Clothe ye the naked; my hungry ones feed;  
"To the poor in their blindness,  
"Shew mercy and kindness,  
"For the rich shall be damned by the sin of their  
    greed."

While poets are dreaming,  
And parsons are scheming,  
The sick are forgotten, the hungry unfed;  
And the least of these grovel  
In brothel and hovel,  
And sell body and soul for a morsel of bread.

Yea, hosts of God's creatures,  
With pain-knotted features,  
To-day taunt the world with the crime of their loss;  
And Christ hears their crying,  
Their sobbing and sighing,  
And he groans, in deep pity for them, on the Cross.

## To the Railway Strikers

1903.

Railway men, on strike to-day,  
Toss aside your gods of clay,  
Freedom, smiling, points the way  
    Out of slavery;  
Tollers of a sweater State,  
Calmly front the fools that prate,  
Let them, red with rage and hate,  
    Spue their knavery.

Let cold Dagon cackle law,  
Till he kinks his regal jaw;  
He would cut your shoulders raw  
    With the despot whips  
That his rebel kindred knew,  
Who for something counted true,  
Felt the blood-sweat torture drew,  
    Freeze on martyred lips.

Tyrant souled and backward bred,  
Let him, till his hand is red,  
Throttle and throw out the dead—  
    Give him rope and bolt;  
While he stands with studied frown,  
See him press from bush and town,  
Servile scabs to trample down  
    Manhood's last revolt.

First in Mammon's pirate van,  
He with thieves in conclave plan  
How to trap the working man  
    By a legal cheat;  
Heartless as a beast that thrives  
On the sap of weaker lives,  
He by subtle shifts contrives  
    Justice to defeat.

Callous as a fiend that leers,  
He has laid the land in tears,  
Ruined men and wrecked careers,  
    Tyrants to excel;  
Boosted—but a schemer prime,  
He shall pass, and ribald Time  
Will, with pertinence sublime,  
    Carve his name in hell.

You have struck—the tale has spread—  
Run your engines into shed;  
"Stopped the wheels," the Tories said;  
    "Flouted God and law;  
Spat defiance at the Crown,  
Sacked the country, starved the town,  
Turned the nation upside down,  
    Fighting for a straw!"

Bloated Midas in the street,  
Whimpers to his fellow cheat;  
Pilferers and parsons meet—  
    Woeful is their wall;  
Judas, from his lair enticed,  
Draws and quarters Labor's Christ,  
Markets Labor, tagged and priced—  
    Blood and bone for sale.

Some will write you down for gold;  
Some will trim and some will scold;  
But for principles you hold,  
    Stand forever true;  
Mammon's bloodhounds dog your heels;  
Barter, at his market, squeals;  
Commerce, thwarted in his deals,  
    Calls a curse on you.

At the sordid shrines of Trade,  
See your rulers, devil paid,  
Selling youth and tender maid,  
    Sweated slaves to be;  
See the rich in court and hall,  
Forging fetters for you all,  
Chains to drag and yokes to gail,  
    Bars to bind the free.

Hear the barristers in court  
Briefed to serve the robber sort,  
Damn with question and retort,  
    Causes that you plead;  
Perjured bosses of the press,  
Taunt you in your dire distress,  
Slander you and truth suppress,  
    In your hour of need.

Will you longer suffer dumb,  
And, while Moloch beats the drum,  
See your driven children come,  
Cattle to be slain?  
Will you make each girl a drab,  
And each boy a perjured scab?  
Will you mount on carven slab,  
Fratricides like Cain?

Lo, each wife—a beggar she—  
Pale with care and slavery,  
Children wail about her knee,  
Famishing for bread;  
Guarding them from hungry graves,  
In the foetid slum she slaves,  
God of pity, how she craves  
Pow'r to have them fed!

You are doomed by letters dread,  
Bent and Hell behind you tread,  
If they vanquish—look ahead,  
Slavery the terms;  
Freedom's honor still endures;  
Thrust aside the doubt that lures;  
Glory's chance to-day is yours—  
Win—or yield like worms.

Thugs who hold you yet in awe,  
Subtle chains about you draw,  
Making it, before the law,  
Felony to strike;  
Chartered libertines of trade,  
First themselves to fake and raid;  
Deftly always they evade  
Statutes they dislike.

Till the evil days depart,  
Watch and foil the despot's art,  
One in principle and heart—  
One in unity;  
Face the wrath of Mammon's tribes,  
Scorn the fool who taunts and gibes,  
Set above the gold of bribes,  
God and Liberty.

Lift the Labor banner high,  
Shake its stars against the sky,  
Freemen, give your battle-cry,  
Cheer your flag unfurled;  
Put the hand to Labor's plough,  
Set the crown on Labor's brow,  
Labor's cause is godlike now,  
Labor rules the world.

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## The Rebel

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I'd rather be in the cold grave,  
Asleep in the silent clay,  
Than toiling for bread, like a black slave,  
In the man and master way.  
I'd rather be in the dull earth,  
In the flag of a rebel rolled,  
Than be slave to a man of no worth,  
And a crawler to get him gold.

I'd rather be in the front rank,  
Shot down by the martial mad,  
Than follow the flag of a war crank,  
And kill with his conscript squad.  
I want to be clean in my brave youth,  
No sinister skunk am I;  
I'd rather die for the white truth,  
Than live for a sordid lie.



## Dare to be a Man

Worker—waif and landless brother—one of earth's unhappy  
tribe,  
You have worn the wasting fetter, you have stood the brutal  
gibe;  
Over every land and ocean, you have wandered, tolled and  
bled,  
Sometimes for a despot's fancy—always for your daily bread.  
You have seen the islands vanish, and the suns in blood go  
down,  
When the waves were rolling crimson, or you cheered a  
blazing town.  
You have had your day of riot, but the landlord owns you  
now,  
And he dwarfs you—soul and body—and his brand is on  
your brow;  
Servant—hireling, save your manhood, from the world's  
corruptive ban,  
Turn and smite the lords of Mammon, rise and dare to be a  
man.

You have rights to land and water—you have rights to air  
and sun;  
Therefore, rise and leave the mattock, turn and throw away  
the gun;  
Ask your rulers why they rule you? Ask them if the people's  
voice  
Made the few the nation's masters and the many slaves by  
choice?  
Face them with a purpose steady—show them that your  
heart is brave,  
Bid them straight amend the charters making any man a  
slave.  
To the dream of many prophets moving on the outer deep,  
You are turning as you waken from your long and slavish  
sleep:  
When the State shall be the landlord, and the rent and  
sweater clan  
Can no longer rob the workers—will you dare to be a man?

You are but a type and unit of the men they call "the mob,"  
You were bred to serve the Hebrews and support the loafing  
snob;  
You are kennelled in the slumyard by the men who thieve  
and shirk,  
And you underbid your brothers for the privilege to work,

You have felt the fret and anguish of each grief and dire  
mishap;  
You have seen your slave wife starving with the baby on  
her lap;  
You have heard your children crying for their bite of daily  
bread;  
You have watched them waste with famine—you have looked  
upon them dead.  
To avenge those buried idols that are white in death and  
wan,  
Will you rise against their slayers? Will you dare to be a  
man?

Be no more the drudge of Midas, nor his slave or sewer  
mouse,  
Save your children from the gutter and the gaol and charnel  
house;  
Cleave the wood and draw the water for the idle rich no  
more,  
To the worlds of widest compass let your dreams of freedom  
soar.  
You must think and do and question—you must force the  
creeds that be  
To give place to truth and justice, and a kind philosophy.  
In the past time, when you worried over life's abortive  
scheme,  
Did the sun of Socialism never flash across your dream?  
Did it ever dawn upon you to recast the social plan?  
Can you turn your back on Mammon? Will you dare to be a  
man?

You must creep no longer blindly, like the snakes of primal  
mud,  
Let the wrongs of all the ages stir the rebel in your blood;  
Fight the class whose legal jargon suffers men to steal and  
cheat;  
Stop the trade in loaded raiment and in poisoned foods you  
eat.  
Write their crimes upon the foreheads of the crimson-handed  
thugs,  
Who, to cloak the lust of blackguards, slay with foeticidal  
drugs.  
Look at Greed with eyes defiant—keep from him your labor's  
fruit,  
Stand no more before the judges, cringing like a cornered  
brute;  
Flee the folly and damnation of the drunkard's fatal can—  
When the wine is red with challenge, will you dare to be  
a man?

While the Money Kings are striving to expatriate the White,  
 Will you shiver at the muckrake and look never to the light?  
 With the lash above your shoulders, like a narrow flag  
 unfurled,  
 Must you crouch before the rent-lords and the sweaters of  
 the world?  
 Have you slaved so long and trembled in the shadow of a  
 sword,  
 That you cannot face a master or look squarely at a lord?  
 If the drums of Revolution roll their thunder in the street,  
 Will your heart be quick to answer, with a brave exultant  
 beat?  
 If the red flags of the people streamed above the marching  
 van,  
 Could you drive a sword for freedom? Would you dare to  
 be a man?

What are priesthoods but the bulwarks that make Mammon's  
 rule secure;  
 They hoard their goods, but sell them not to bless the  
 plundered poor;  
 They have lifted up their churches to the gods of Pride and  
 Lust,  
 And their creeds have got the canker and are foul with  
 moth and rust.  
 They have frightened you with fables and the threat of  
 endless fire,  
 Till your soul has lost its pinions and grubs always in the  
 mire.  
 They have taught you to be humble when your master takes  
 the rod;  
 They have set the democratic Christ behind the miser's God;  
 But when Creed and Feud are buried under Freedom's noble  
 span,  
 And there's neither hell nor bigot—will you dare to be a  
 man?



## Soldiers

We have hearts that are hot with passion;  
 We are men of the fiery blood;  
 And we laugh at the whims of Fashion,  
 And the gods she has made of mud.  
 We are men who would match the shallop  
 With the might of the ironside,  
 And we'd rout the foe in a gallop,  
 And die in that splendid ride.

We are men who were bred for battle;  
 Our bride is the smiting steel;  
 In the ranks when the red shots rattle,  
 No quiver or fright we feel.  
 We are glad when the war days darkle,  
 And the war gods blaze the sky;  
 We riot where sword strokes sparkle,  
 And die where the bravest die.

When hills and the shot torn ranges,  
 Loom black in the thunder light;  
 We fire cities and burn the granges,  
 For gold and the devil and Might.  
 We man guns and we mine the water,  
 With our flags on the storm swept capes;  
 Ever first in the red lists of slaughter,  
 Men are we with the instincts of apes.

We are not to be checked by trifles,  
 We are dead to the coward's fears,  
 And we ride to the waiting rifles,  
 And charge through the shattered spears.  
 We are mad with the dreams of plunder,  
 Till over the trampled flow'rs,  
 The ranks of our squadron thunder,  
 And we fall—and the night is ours.

Death leds us in fields of glory;  
 We are doomed for his dark array,  
 And he reaps us in harvest—hoary,  
 Or as flowers of a summer day.  
 He mounts us on red roan stallions,  
 Where his banners are black above,  
 And we ride in his grim battalions,  
 To the music that dead ears love.



Here, surely in your lonely vale,  
I lose the dogmas of the past,  
And learn how fragile things prevail,  
And man is wasted dust at last.

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## When the Sun Goes Down

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When the sun goes down and the things of life  
Have passed from my mind like an evil dream,  
Shall I find a haven secure from strife  
On the farther side of the Stygian stream?  
Will you welcome me to the shining throng,  
Sainted seraph, with harp and crown?  
Will you lead me up to the halls of song,  
In the land of love, when the sun goes down?

When the sun goes down and the stars are palled,  
And death is lord of the ominous night,  
Will my spirit, back to its Father called,  
Be glad with yours in the courts of light?  
Shall we meet at last in that mystic home,  
Where worth may win, though the Fates should frown,  
Or, on starry seas where the angels roam,  
Will our souls be blest when the sun goes down?

When the sun goes down and the western peaks  
Are rimmed with the lustres of fairyland,  
And evening covers the starry creeks,  
And dims the world with her magic hand,  
Will hell be dug for the chosen soul  
And heaven built for earth's meanest clown?  
Will the sage drag down to a drunkard's goal  
And mate with clods when the sun goes down?

When the sun goes down! We have seen him set  
And the fair night walk in his tracks of gold;  
He shall bring the day and its idle fret,  
But never the prize that the heart would hold.  
Yet God is God and His ways are just,  
Though a mad world's revels His whispers drown;  
We are more than dust of the senseless dust;  
He shall guide us home when the sun goes down,

## The Reformer

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In the snares that the liars tangle  
You must travel with patient feet,  
And answer their cant and wrangle  
With the logic of tongues discreet.  
You must fight with the party truckler,  
The tool of the rich obscure,  
Who carries your sword and buckler,  
And yet is your enemy sure.

You must tackle the party Judas,  
Who, fat with the fees of State,  
Invokes the Press to delude us  
For the profit of Bosses great.  
Give the world for its fables olden,  
A gospel that's new and strong,  
Let the harp that you strike be golden,  
Make it quiver with life and song.

When the cowards of custom falter,  
And the way to the Pit is clear;  
Put your neck in the hangman's halter,  
But never be cowed by fear.  
Stand up for the right down-trodden,  
Be bold for the weak oppressed;  
Though Hughes, with a soul hate sodden,  
Spue hell from his billious breast.

Put whips on the Labor shirkers,  
Who plot with the lords of wealth,  
To shackle the rebel workers,  
By statutes devised in stealth.  
Put light in the secret places,  
When the people are sold like sheep,  
By leaders with double faces,  
In markets where blood is cheap.

Make Cant and his sordid gabble  
In the schools of the land be dumb;  
And confounding the cultured rabble,  
Let the dreams of the prophets come.  
Though War and his fiends be fluttered,  
Till their malice eclipse the sun;  
Kill the lie with a brave word uttered,  
Or a brave deed bravely done.

Fight the dream of a conscript nation,  
Though fools and sycophants scoff;  
Lest we, like the brutes of creation,  
In strife wallow blind in the trough—  
Lest Kings and their war-mad minions,  
Bring Moloch foul tribute of blood,  
Till Freedom lies, shorn of her pintons,  
In red saturation of mud.

To the maxims of Christ be loyal;  
To the best in the soul be true;  
For the meek of the earth are royal,  
And you live in the good you do.  
Keep ever before the sweaters,  
The curse of their evil gains;  
Till the people have shed their fetters,  
And never a slave remains.

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## Democracy

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I love thy cause, Democracy, I trust thy single aim;  
I honor those departed bards who star thy scroll of fame;  
I take thy banner from those chiefs who, banded or alone,  
Sent Freedom's challenge for the mob, to rascals round the throne.

I love thy cause, Democracy, thy creed is large and free;  
No bigot blind or bitter priest lifts bloody hands to thee;  
For thou hast set thine altar steps where heaven's stars  
illumine  
The lily flowers of tolerance on many a martyr tomb.

I love thy cause, Democracy, which truth and wisdom grace,  
Above thy conquering battleflag shines God's effulgent face;  
Those idol gods which huddle yet in Mammon's venal church,  
Shall fly before thy sweeping sword and learning's long  
research.

I love thy cause, Democracy, for thou art strong and wise,  
And thou dost put the liars down and sift their chaff of lies;  
The sordid men who keep the world in restless awe of kings,  
Shall scorch like maggots held to fire when thou hast spread  
thy wings.

I love thy cause, Democracy, for where thy leaders tread,  
No soldiers on thy battlefields are matched in combat red;  
The wisdom of thy rebel sons, whose minds are broad and free,  
Where Right and Wrong in conflict strive, is shot and shell  
for thee.

I love thy cause, Democracy, for in thy battle line  
No villain, decked with knightly star, fires war's exploding  
mine,  
And laughs in face of Deity, while brain and bloodmist fly,  
With limbs, entrails and headless trunks across a weeping  
sky.

I love thy cause, Democracy, my spirit climbs to thine;  
Star-rayed, within thy courts of peace, Love's guiding  
beacons shine;  
Beneath the ægis of thy power, the stunted slave shall rise  
And see, beyond the walls of creed, the fire in Freedom's  
eyes.

I love thy cause, Democracy, and share with thee the scorn  
Of fact'ry slums and brothel homes where grief and shame  
are born;  
But Science will go forth and teach where Ignorance has  
been,  
Till only Health with Beauty mates and all the world is  
clean.

I love thy cause, Democracy, and when there's much at stake  
Thou wilt not sell thy principles for dirty Lucre's sake;  
Thou wilt not honor robbery, nor kill in war, enticed  
By Labor politicians and the pious friends of Christ.

I love thy cause, Democracy, the nations yet to come  
Shall follow thee with marching feet and cheer thy calling  
drum;  
Thou'lt marshal them in bannered halls, in ages yet to be,  
Free from creed hate and hate of war and racial enmity.

I love thy cause, Democracy, for, while Religion nods  
And churchmen argue wrathfully about the pagan gods,  
Thy schools will send the people light across their prison  
bars,  
And make the people's spirits soar, unclouded, to the stars.

I'll fight for thee, Democracy, while I am fit for strife,  
For thou wilt make the code of Christ our simple laws of  
life;  
Thou'lt set the seal of godhead on each broad enfranchised  
brow,  
And write it deep in ev'ry heart, that heaven is here and  
now.

## Memories

Dark is Earth, no mood will tint her,  
She is dull and sunless now;  
I am old and Time's grey winter  
Piles the snowdrift on my brow.  
To my feet the Lethal waters  
Ripple from the outer dark;  
Soon shall Pluto's dusk-haired daughters,  
Bear me home in Charon's bark.

I am old and I have waited  
For the summons I shall know;  
All my life the priests have prayed—  
God will shrive me ere I go.  
I have doubted creed and canon,  
I am tired and fain would sleep;  
Let them rest me by the Wannan,  
Where the wattles watch and weep.

I am old—the light is failing—  
But a mem'ry haunts me still,  
And when shadow-mists are trailing  
Silver veils on Muirhead Hill,  
Faces at the ingle muster,  
Olden songs are sung again;  
Dreams are in the sunset's lustre,  
Love is calling in the rain,

Soft and low the music quivers;  
And above the symphonies,  
I can hear the roll of rivers  
And the wash of restful seas;  
All the dead past drifts and dozes,  
In the passion of its bars,  
With the wind that swung the roses  
And the veils that hid the stars.

In the shadows grey and ashen,  
With her white hand clasped in mine,  
Sings the queen of all my passion  
Songs of home and love divine.  
Over all the lifting voices,  
I can hear her melting tone;  
And my lonely heart rejoices,  
In the sunshine round it thrown.

'Tis a dream—an old man's vision  
Seen across the shine of tears;  
For the Fates with cold decision  
Sent us weeping through the years.  
We were parted—ah, the story!  
Why repeat our shattered schemes?  
She was mine—the rose of glory  
In the garden of my dreams.

I am old—the lilies rustle—  
They are grave grass now to me;  
Life has lost its fire and bustle,  
And I wait beside the sea  
For the tide to ebb and draw me  
Out beyond the mystic zone  
Where the old gods shine, to awe me,  
Through the films of the unknown.

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## The Mob and Its Crucifiers

Keep the hand of Labor clean;  
Keep the name of Labor pure;  
Let our banner float serene  
Over citizens secure.  
Hold the Cross of Labor high,  
Labor's Christ is passing by,  
Let the lies of Empire die  
In the slush of creeds obscure.

Let the Balfours bite the dust,  
Demos chains the kith of earls—  
Men who gave to China's lust,  
Tribute of our pauper girls.  
Wolves that prey in gilded lairs—  
Let the fall of beasts be theirs,  
Let them languish in the snares  
Spun for them by slave-yard churls.

Empire and its diplomats  
Keep the people in their net,  
Like the buzzing little gnats,  
That the ready spiders get.  
Knaves who feast the royal snob,  
Plan conscription for the mob,  
Laws devise for sharks to rob  
Workers born to bleed and sweat.

For a bag of robbers' gold,  
Public men, in public guilt,  
Labor's cause adroitly sold,  
Labor's blood in battles spilt;  
They, to make their markets boom,  
Fed our children to the tomb,  
Changed the light of earth to gloom,  
Jails and loathsome dungeons built.

Always Mammon's ready tools,  
Or the sport of gilded trulls,  
Rulers, the elect of fools,  
Strewed with bones and eyeless skulls  
Battlefields—to keep their job  
And placate the rebel mob  
For the master-class to rob  
Surer still their plastic gulls.

Down with strife and Party kings,  
Let the people only be  
Wardens of those sacred things,  
Love and life and liberty.  
Harvests wait the hands to reap;  
Wake the masses from their sleep;  
Earth is theirs to hold and keep—  
Commune land for all the free.

Deaf to priests of Moloch's creed,  
Let us Freedom's fight begin;  
Bread is for the people's need,  
Not for trusts to traffic in.  
Stop the ceaseless profit raid,  
Heal the toiler, sweater flayed,  
Man is more than shoddy Trade,  
Love than Barter's endless din.

War must leash his conscript hounds,  
Kings and Kaisers, too, must go,  
Give to Reason ampler bounds,  
Lay the heads of tyrants low.  
Let your flags of battle furled,  
Red before a perjured world,  
Into lowest hell be hurled;  
Truth must vanquish; Freedom grow.

When the swinish bulk of Reid,  
Perished in the graveyard ooze,  
Fouls the earthworms, where they feed,  
With its taints of meat and booze,  
Men—the workers—you shall rise,  
Freedom's fury in your eyes,  
Scorning traitors and the lies  
Typed to fool you and confuse.

Send the landlord and his laws,  
Vile with ancient reek of crime  
And the stain of vampire claws,  
Down the sullen sink of Time.  
Take the land and part it free,  
Let the new Democracy,  
Singing songs of liberty,  
March away to goals sublime.

Spurn the painted Jezebels,  
Who with slander on their lips,  
Frequent tea and tattle hells,  
Killing truth with sluttish quips.  
Justifying public rakes,  
They, as venomous as snakes,  
In a whirl of party fakes,  
Lash their tongues like slivered whips.

Croesus leads his funkeys blind,  
From the cradle to the grave;  
Bondage breeds a cringing mind  
And the soul that fits a slave.  
Men have bowed to gods of mud,  
Till the rebel in their blood,  
Swept away in reason's flood,  
Creeds to which their fathers clave.

Dull of vision as a crab  
Nourished in the primal ooze,  
Mammon's anti-union scab  
Fawning, mouths the sweater's views,  
Showing in his apish face,  
Symbol of a soul that's base,  
He, for crumbs of Tory grace,  
Fills, despised, a traitor's shoes.

In the hovels' foetid shade,  
Famine crowds his victims lank;  
Sexless youth and sallow maid  
Couple in the slum mist dank.  
Ghosts of miseries sublime,  
Walk the battlefields of Time—  
Murders foul and flagrant crime  
Wrought by rogues of royal rank.

Manhood, with the snow of care  
On his thirty-summer head,  
Sees his offspring—limb and hair—  
Mangled where the cogs are red.  
Buried in a fact'ry tomb,  
Mothers at the flashing loom  
Sorrow in the musty gloom,  
For their children that are dead.

Stand for Socialism now; \*  
Be among the people's friends;  
Love shall brighten ev'ry brow,  
When the old disorder ends.  
Chase from under Christian flags,  
Judas and his moneybags—  
Florid men and venal hags,  
Crazed with lust for dividends.

God is on the people's side;  
Lo, His face illumines the night;  
Let His wisdom override  
Ev'ry precedent of Might.  
Delve no more with fingers raw;  
Make your charters standard law;  
Prince and parson overawe  
With the majesty of right.

Keep the hand of Labor clean;  
Keep the name of Labor pure;  
Let our banner float serene  
Over citizens secure.  
Hold the cross of Labor high—  
Labor's Christ is passing by;  
Let the lies of Empire die,  
In the slush of creeds obscure.

## After Winter

When the winter days are over  
And their stormy strength is spent,  
I shall walk among the clover  
And inhale its pleasant scent.  
I shall watch the wild birds flutter,  
In their scented forest clime,  
And the music that they utter  
I shall measure into rhyme.

I shall wander down the river,  
When the radiant sun is high;  
I shall watch the grasses shiver,  
As the roving winds go by.  
I shall bless the sunny weather,  
When the daisies snow the plain  
And the skylarks sing together  
In the welkin after rain.

I shall walk where zephyrs dally,  
And the capeweed's yellow star  
Streaks with gold each bank and valley,  
Southward seen from Chalambar.  
I shall rest me at the nooning,  
From the pressure of the heat,  
'Neath yon shady sheoak crooning  
In a fragrant green retreat.

I shall leave the flowery shimmer,  
When the day is on the wane,—  
When the stars peep out and glimmer,  
I shall hasten home again.  
I shall dream of ancient battles,  
Till across the rush lagoon  
Mated magpies in the wattles  
Sing a welcome to the moon,