

POETRY

OF

POWER

A COLLECTION OF POEMS

BY RAGNAR REDBEARD

A.K.A

ARTHUR DESMOND

February 2020. Collected by Eugene Günther

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OF
POWER**

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“RAGNAR REDBEARD”

by GEO G. REEVE

From “Windsor Pictures” Journal Nov. 26th 1926.

*The Strong must ever rule the Weak is
grim Primordial Law —
On earth's broad racial threshing floor, the
meek are beaten straw;
Then ride to Power o'er foeman's neck, let
nothing bar your way —
If you are fit you'll rule and reign is the
Logic of To-day.*

Part 1

ARTHUR DESMOND, for that was the real name of “Ragnar Redbeard” was a native of Hawkes Bay, New Zealand, where he was born about the year 1842, of Irish ancestry. He died during the year 1918 in Palestine, while on service with General Allenby's troops. Desmond during the “nineties” was a well-known writer and journalist in Australia, and taken all round was one of the most remarkable men the Southern Hemisphere ever produced, being the author of one of the most famous books ever written, “*Might is Right*”, from which the foreword verses are quoted.

Desmond left Australia after moving “the undying hostility” resolution at the 1893 Political Labor Conference in Sydney, taking with him the typewritten MSS. of “*Might is Right*”, as no publisher hereabouts could be found to take the risk of printing it, so vitroilic and vehement therein was his denunciation of women, and the glorification of the doctrine of Force, going much further than his teachers Nietzsche and Stirner. “*Might is Right*” contains, in all, some seven chapters, in two parts, divided into the following form:

— Introduction: The Living Forces of Evil Found in the Moral Ideas of To-day
— Iconoclastic; Christian Ethics Impeached, Jesus the True Prince of Evil (the Mephistopheles of the World, the King of Slaves)

- The Spinning of the Web; the Ideal Animal a Destructive Warrior, not a Crucified Carpenter (Moral principles are slave regulations)
- The Chief End of Manhood; Material success.

Book 2:

- The Philosophy of Power and the Logic of To-day
- Love and Women and War – Female Animals Love the Best Fighting Males
- Sexual Selection and the Necessity of Unmerciful Conflict – History, Biology and Contemporary Events – All Unite in Demonstrating that Might is Right .

“In this book and wilderness of Steel and Stone I raised up my voice that you may hear.

‘To the East and West I beckon, to the North and South I show a sign.

‘Proclaiming Death to the Weakling, Wealth to the Strong.’

A literary reincarnation of Wodin.

‘I break away from all conventions. Alone, untrammelled, I raise up my voice in stern invasion.

‘The Standard of the Strong. No hoary falsehood shall be a truth to me. No cult, no dogma shall encamp my pen.

‘Man is under no Obligation to obey anything or anybody.’

Of this remarkable man not much is known since he left these shores, other than that a periodical was conducted by him in London under the title of “Redbeard's Review”, which ran for about four years. After leaving Great Britain he conducted “The Eagle and the Serpent” and “The Lion's Paw”, as the necessary adjuncts to a wholesale publishing house in Chicago. U.S.A., the same being used as advertising mediums for the books sold by the firm. Desmond subsequently had a great tract for land (a ranch), which was stocked with deer, moose and venison-giving animals in the vicinity of the large copper district of Kalispell, Montana, U.S. of America. A couple of freelance Australian journalists who knew him in Sydney, Desmond entertained right royally for a few weeks, going out on hunting and shooting parties. To many another person seeking his acquaintance Desmond held aloof, and to a great extent surrounded himself – behind the veil as it were – by a “mystery halo” and a sacrosanctness hard to penetrate. Desmond – Redbeard was an all-round man in the business sense of the term, as is proved by reference to copies of “Hard Cash”, a journal of finance and politics, published in Sydney in the early nineties. Desmond was clever as an accountant, and his articles on How Money Rules the World were well watched by business men. This little journal, “Hard Cash”, had as sub-title “The Standard Bearer”, and was printed during 1893-1894, and came out each week for forty issues or so. Up to No. 23

was privately circulated, and the price was 6d. per copy. “*Hard Cash*” later became the organ of the Active Service Brigade. “*Hard Cash*” was printed at a secret press located in a cave near West's Bush at Paddington, and during the latter part of its existence the then Minister for Justice, New South Wales (Slattery) had the myrmidons of the law eagerly but vainly trying to find Desmond, as it was well known that he was the editor. However, some of the prominent men of to-day stood trial in connection with the paper, for they were charged with two offences – libelling the Minister, and for selling the copies from the news agencies they conducted. Much of interest will be the lot of those who may have the facilities to look through the files at the Mitchell Library of “*The Bulletin*”, “*The New Order*”, “*Hard Cash*” and “*Justice*”.

Looking through the files one would there see the vast amount of prose and verse contributed to literature during Desmond's stay in Sydney. William Morris Hughes (Prime Minister of Australia), William A. Holman (Premier of New South Wales), Arthur Yewen, and Desmond, not to forget Monte Scott (the artist) and many others, were all associated on “*The New Order*”, and W. M. Hughes, in an article in “*Copy*”, Sydney, 1912, refers to Desmond as the “Poet of Revolution”. Here is a fraction illustrating the gist and style of Desmond's philosophy. It is taken from “*Redbeard's Review*”, London, 1896: –

*Some slay with law and some with sword,
Some have no battle plan;
Some stab with venom's subtle word,
Each does what best he can.
And each man gets what he can win –
Great wealth, great love, or fame;
The conqueror gets his just reward,
The conquered gets his shame.
The weak ones wear a crown of thorns,
Or bleat in living hell;
The strong man crowns himself with gold,
And all the world is well.
And each man gains what others lose,
No use to reason why;
Each plants his heel on fallen foes,
By Love, or Law, or Lie.*

The prelude to “*Might is Right*” contains “*The Logic of To-day*”. One verse:

*Might was Right when Gideon led
The chosen tribes of old,*

*And it was right when Titus burnt
Their Temple roofed with gold;
And Might was Right from Bunker's Hill
To far Manilla Bay.
By land, and flood it's writ in blood —
The Gospel of To-day.*

Desmond was also a contributor to “*Reynold's Newspaper*”, London. The verses entitled “*The Leader of the Future*” being printed in an issue of the year 1889 — a typical poem, as it there praises to the highest Desmond's conception of the superman.

Part 2

Dec. 10th 1926

WHEN Redbeard, “the old pagan”, left these shores, “a part of all that he had met”, and like Ulysses, “forever, roaming with a hungry heart”, “much had he seen and known”. Desmond's experiences of High Finance, his fullness of knowledge of intrigues in the political Labor Movement, and of the scheming of ambitious budding politicians, with his acquired reputation as a versifier and journalistic writer of standing, peculiarly fitted him to write with the shafts of derision and iconclasm his famous work “*Might is Right*”. We find Redbeard in the late nineties of last century in Edinburgh, Nth. Britain, as a speaker in the squares and lecture halls, where his novel notions and unique philosophy raised the ire of many Marxians, causing quite a stir in their circle. Desmond hurt the dignity of many of the “charmed circle” of whom tradition said they carried “Marx's shadow around in a glass tube”, or at least wore his picture in a gold medallion. Desmond treated these individuals mercilessly. They wrote letters of protest in “*Justice*”, London, and in the “*Clarion*” against Redbeard's “baneful ideas”, and referred to him as the Anti-Christ.

After leaving Britain, the author of “*Might is Right*” travelled extensively. We can locate him at Harbin, Manchuria, at the time of the Russo-Japanese War. He then was a special correspondent for a New York daily. Later he was in Capetown and in the Transvaal, South Africa; again, in Montreal, Canada, and the Western provinces.

In most of the English-speaking countries in which he travelled he printed issues of his iconclastic journals. Copies of these and typed manuscripts were received periodically by former associates of Desmond, in Sydney, with set instructions to make a further twelve copies and post to inquiring minds eager

for knowledge. One such leaflet, I remember well. It was signed "Catoline", and gloried in the use of Fire as a Force for Purification of the World.

It is easy to understand with what veneration the book "*Might is Right*" is held as a "message to men" by members of the aggregation known as the Industrial Workers of the World, and "Direct Actionists" generally. One man whom the writer knows — a Russian Pole by birth — had the book bound in Morocco leather, with the words "Holy Bible" inscribed thereon, saying that he intended to go back to his native land. The book would thus pass the officials when looking up his passport. The man would have it translated, printed, and secretly issued. This I.W.W.-ist stated that it was the Book of Wisdom, and his duty was to make its contents known to all Poles in order to free them.

An American friend of the writer's, residing at Stockton, California, declares most positively that "Redbeard was shot up against a wall" during the first Madero revolution in Mexico. He also mentions the opinion that he was Ambrose Bierce, the one-time famous editor of the "*Cosmopolitan*", and probably the greatest short story writer the world has ever produced, Guy De Maupassant and "*O, Henry*" not excepted. Harrington claims that Bierce and Desmond were one and the same individual. Whether that is so or not, certain it is that Bierce was in Mexico at that time, and since January, 1914, Bierce has not been seen or heard of.

As the years deepen "Redbeard" becomes more and more a "Man of Mystery". Moreover, W. M. Hughes slyly insinuates a connection between the published portraits of General Huerta of Mexico (the former President) and Desmond — Redbeard. W. M. Hughes states there was a great resemblance (see "*Copy*", Sydney, December, 1912).

Be that as it may, Redbeard lived in Sydney over six years, and was there associated with Henry Lawson, the Australian poet, and with John Dwyer of Sydney (as a youth a member of the Workingmen's International Association, who knew Michel Bakunin and Marx well while they were in the flesh), and all those on the "*New Order*", Sydney, notably Alfred G. Yewen, who started the Hornsby Communal Settlement, made famous by the description given of it by A. G. Stephens, the Australian litterateur. This "Socialism in Our Time", when Capitalism's derelicts were compelled to listen to the infliction of a chapter from Marx's "*Capital*" three times daily (thus helping to expropriate privilege), as an experiment was a disastrous failure.

Redbeard's writings have acquired a cosmopolitan standing. Covington Hall, the poet of New Orleans, Louisiana, has paraphrased "*The Logic of To-Day*", with verses of adaptation to American conditions in his "*Might is Right*".

The "savage old pagan's" philosophy has permeated the thoughts of otherwise "logical reasoners" until they became obsessed and fell down and worshipped Redbeard's ideas. "Much greater Saviours must arise, before the workers find

their way to Freedom”. It is said that one firm in Chicago receives at least four to five letters daily enquiring about Redbeard. One can understand the reason after the following by Redbeard, in one of his Reviews. Listen to this:

‘Life Is Combat’

“Be venturesome. Straighten yourself; up and face the hosts of wickedness. Be not tame and peaceful minder Rapine. Toss that load of awe from off your soul. Don't be in everlasting terror of what others think, or say, or do. Who are they that they should intimidate you? Go, seek out your enemies and give them battle.

“And put not your home in governments, nor your neck in the yoke of Jesus. (Beware of Jew gods and Jew books and Jew Saviours).

“Go forth and do REAL things and dream not your life away. Do the valiant things, that NEED TO BE DONE, the glorious things, the joyful things, and do them all in your own good way.

“Take no man's command and be guided not by the opinions of your neighbors. Swing your own battle-axe and think your own thinks. Lean not upon others.

“Dare all things and learn to be alive.

“Thus, and thus only, shalt thou not be conquered. Thus you shall live and not perish.

“The world was opened to you when you were born. Nothing is barred from you — nothing whatsoever. Life is war, remember, and the crown is for him who takes it and puts it on.

“Step swiftly, therefore, think boldly, ride gallantly, and let no man bar your way.

“Don't be over-prudent; and don't calculate too much in advance. Be not apprehensive. That is fatal. Take chances. Fling up the dice of Fate and gambit with the gods. The fearless player is ever their delight. He is winner who has no fear.

“If other men slam the gates of evolution across your path, don't hesitate for a moment and don't retreat, or stand still or turn aside.

“Ride on! Ride gallantly! Leap every obstruction or smash it to splinters.

“Ride on, I say, ride on! Ride as a knight would ride. - And the smiles of the beautiful ones and the blessings of the gods — the gods of power and glory and gold — shall be upon you and upon your posterity, for a thousand generations.”

“The Leader of the Future” is a set of verses “built off” and with a flavor of James Whitcomb Riley's ***“The Poet of the Future”*** printed in the *“Century Magazine”*, New York, January, 1889. Desmond's first, second and last verses:

*“Oh, the Leader, of the Future, shall he come to us as comes
The chief of conquering cohorts 'mid the roll of battle drums?”*

*Will he come as came the victors in Olympian days of old?
 Will he come in princely raiment, with a coronet of gold,
 A crown of gleaming gold,
 A crown of gleaming gold,
 Will he come in regal raiment, with a crown of gleaming gold
 No his hand will hold no sceptre, and his brow shall not be crowned,
 And no robe of Tyrian purple shall enfold his loins around;
 His throne shall be the hearts of men, his tongue shall utter words
 To stir the listening myriads like, reverberating chords,
 Like reverberating chords,
 Like reverberating chords,
 That will thrill the hearts of myriads like
 reverberating chords.*

*“His nation shall be nations and Truth his sword will be —
 To cleave the mail of mighty ones and set their captives free;
 But he will come in lowly guise, with neither trump nor drum;
 So let us work and hope for him —
 Our King that is to come,
 Our Bang that is to come,
 Then let us prepare the way for him
 The King that is to come.”*

*“He shall judge the poor of the people,
 He shall save the children of the needy and shall break in pieces the oppressor.” —
 Psalms LXXII, verse 4.*

“Barr of the Western Chain” verses by Desmond, which appeared in the
“Weekly Press”, Christchurch, N.Z., December, 1892, are exceptionally good.
 One notices the influence of Bret Harte: —

*Over the northern pass he rode,
 Barr of the Western Chain,
 From where the stunted spear-grass grows
 From where the liquid lava glows,
 From where the sulphury river flows
 Across the pumice plain.*

*By dawn he'd saddled and broke his fast,
 And opened the first slip-rail;
 Then through the scrub, and forest vast*

*Stumps and mile-pegs galloped past,
As all day long in the bitter blast
He rode thru sleet and hail.*

*He rode to bring her his peerless bride,
A bride of the Western Chain.
She lived far down on the other side
Where the river valley opens wide,
Where 'Donnelly's Folly' winds beside
A creek on the Pine-tree Plain.*

*He came, to the river that bounds the block,
He looked on its yellow tide,
With her name, on his lips he met its shock;
But its raging billows roared and mock,
They plunge him over, the ford-mark rock,
And he never reached her side.*

*In her father's home on the Western Track
Her' burning tear-drops rain,
But she'll never more hear the collie dog's bark
That welcomes the cantering roan in the - dark
Crossing the bridge of the boundary mark
With Barr of the Western Chain.*

“The Song of Te Kooti,” which first appeared in the “*Bulletin*”, Sydney, later in “*The Golden Shanty*” (1890 ed.), glories in the fervor and savage lootings of the patriotic and far-seeing Maori warrior. Some of the verses swing like this. It is too long to here quote in full: —

*“They falsely accused him — no trial had he
They carried him off to an isle in the sea;
But his prison was broken, once more he was free —
Exult for Te Kooti, Yo-hoo!*

*'We won't sell the land — 'tis the gift of the Lord —
Except it be bought with a blood-drinking sword;
But all men are welcome to share in it's hoard —
Exult for Te Kooti, Yo-hoo!*

*Exult for Te Kooti, Te Kooti, the bold,
So sage in the council, go famous of old,
Whose war cry's our motto — 'tis Hold the Land! Hold!
Exult for Te Kooti, Yo-hoo!"*

Covington Hall specially wrote me for the verses.

There are a large number of fugitive verses in the Australian Radical papers of the period of Redbeard's sojourn in Australia, which may be collected and issued later with a biography of this remarkable man. Mr. J. F. Archibald - wrote a supplementary portion to one the writer submitted for "Smith's Weekly", but owing to his untimely death' it has not yet been printed.

The influence of "Redbeardism" is ever present, and must be spoken of as a recur rent idea from time to time in journalism, as even of late, "Albatross", a "Bulletin" writer, has imbued the ideas in a set of verses, one of which goes something like this: —

*"And this is a lesson the Gods taught free
nor candle, nor book, nor bell
Could drive it out of the heart of me:
Hate ye, your enemy well.
For brotherly love is a transient thing that
melts like snow on the ground,
While the old beast Nature will snarl and
spring as long as the world goes round"*

POEMS

A CHRISTMAS CAROL

From "The Socialist", Feb. 10th 1922

*Also appeared in "Windsor and Richmond Gazette" on Dec. 26th of 1930 as
"A Christmas Hymn"*

Hark, the Herald Angels sing,
Glory to our Golden King;
Peace on earth and mercy mild,
While we rob the starving child.

God of Mammon hear our cry,
Hark! our praises strike the sky;
While the joy-bells proudly ring,
Flesh and bones to thee we bring.

Oh! Mammon! God by men adored.
Mammon; Everlasting Lord,
Veiled in 'Fat', our Godhead see,
All hail, Incarnate Deity.

Hail, thou heavenly prince of cash,
Hail, thou lord of sword and lash;
Human blood to thee we bring;
Hark, the jangling joy-bells ring.

BABYLON

From "Windsor and Richmond Gazette", Jan. 4th 1929

O! the bowers of Babylon are rare
And the tinkling fountains play,
Over gardens hung in the drowsy air,
Where careless youths and maidens fair,
Are dreaming the years away.

And the kings of Babylon are strong,
And their dungeons dark and deep,
And the rich rejoice in their reign of wrong,
And the priesthood joins the robber throng,
While the toilers work and weep.

And the walls of Babylon are high;
And their arches grim and low,
And the birds of commerce scream and fly,
While the proud old Father Thames rolls by
In its dark, relentless flow.

But stern and still like a group of Fates,
Round the city's roar and din,
The avenging host of the Conqueror waits
In the midnight hush without the gates,
While the feast goes on within.

For the river that rolls in Mammon's pride
I shall the people's servant be —
By Right's strong arm shall be turned aside
And its channel surge with a greater tide.
Than the pulse of the Northern Sea

BARR OF THE WESTERN CHAIN

From "Windsor and Richmond Gazette", Nov. 18th 1927

Over the northern pass he rode,
Barr of the Western Chain,
From where the stunted spear-grass grows
From where the liquid lava glows,
From where the sulphury river flows
Across the pumice plain.

By dawn he'd saddled and broke his fast,
And opened the first slip-rail;
Then through the scrub, and forest vast
Stumps and mile-pegs galloped past,
As all day long in the bitter blast
He rode thru sleet and hail.

He rode to bring her his peerless bride,
A bride of the Western Chain.
She lived far down on the other side
Where the river valley opens wide,
Where "Donnelly's Folly" winds beside
A creek on the Pine-tree Plain.

He came, to the river that bounds the block,
He looked on its yellow tide,
With her name, on his lips he met its shock;
But its raging billows road and mock,
They plunge him over the ford-mark rock,
And he never reached her side.

In her father's home on the Western Track
Her burning tear-drops rain,
But she'll never more hear the collie dog's bark
That welcomes the cantering roan in the - dark
Crossing the bridge of the boundary mark
With Barr of the Western Chain.

BOURKE OF CASTLE CONNELL

From "Windsor and Richmond Gazette", Oct. 5th 1928

O, light and gay, at break of day.
Across the ford he rode away;
And Jennie toiled and sang her song
To keep her heart from thinking long.

O, rushing rills from glooming hills,
Whose gathering flood the river fills,
Till mighty waters rocked and roared
In swirling foam adown the ford.

O, fatal flood! Beneath the wood
A horseman by the river stood;
He seems to hear "Come home, come home",
Far off across the dizzying foam.

O, dear and bright, out through the night,
The star of Jennie's window light
Shines to his heart a welcome home,
And horse and man can brave the foam.

O, long may Jennie's kindly light
Gleam star-like through the weary night;
Long may she watch, and weep full sore,
For Connell shall come home no more.

And still 'tis said, when floods are high,
Along the glen they hear a cry,
And see a horseman stem the tide.
And vanish ere he reach the side.

THE BROTHERHOOD OF MAN

From "The Socialist", Sep. 9th 1921

The Power that rules revolving spheres, and guides this whirling ball,
Whose hand is in the lightning's flash, whose eye is over all ;
That Spirit of the Unknown Vast, since Time its course began,
Has taught in every pulsing throb The Brotherhood of Man.

The prophets of the olden days — those poets
Have sung in many a chant sublime how it will come at last;
How men shall all be Workers true, and none live under ban,
For then shall dawn on earth below — The Golden Age of Man.

With cloven tongues of fire they speed it far, and wide,
From Torrid Zone to Arctic Seas — far O'er the heaving tide,
And Martyrs gave their life for it, while flames around them ran —
They sowed the seed that bringeth forth The Brotherhood of Man.

And He who died on Calvary, two thousand years ago,
He wore a cruel crown of thorns upon His bleeding brow
Because His tongue denounced the proud and urged His noble plan
To heal the wounds of social life — The Brotherhood of Man.

He preached it unto rich and poor, 'mid scoffing, scorn and hate,
And so they hung Him on a tree, to please the Proud and Great;
Let those who wear His mantle now — they fear the rich man's ban,
And hide the TRUTH He tried to teach The Brotherhood of Man.

Go forth, and preach the good news now, as once the Master taught,
And strive to touch the rich man's heart, to ease the Toiler's lot;
Go preach on Highways; and in Town — to every race and clan —
The noblest thought that e'er was taught — The Brotherhood of Man.

For it have thinkers torture borne, and died unknown to fame,
For it Historic Heroes bled in war's grim, iron game;
For it our fathers sternly trod the battle's blood-red van,
And preached to kings (with sword in hand), The Brotherhood of Man.

Their words are knelling in our ears, their blood is in our veins!
Shall We submit, as Base-born Thralls, to meekly clan our chains?

NO! Duty calls to do our share in life's sad, narrow span,
The Golden Age on Earth to bring — The Brotherhood of Man!

THE CAPTAIN OF INDUSTRY

From "The Worker", Jan. 28th 1899

They sundered usage like a wedge
They swept the ancients from their stools;
 By piracy, by sacrilege,
 By war across the necks of fools
A royal road the strong men strode;
 But other times have other tools.

The war-lord and the church-lord stir
 The pulses of the people no more.
 The trader and the usurer
Have passed the lion guarded door;
The praise, the prayer, the incensed air,
 Ascend to us from every shore.

A money-lord, unheralded,
 I issue from a vulgar strain
Of churls, who spiced their daily bread
 With hungry toil in sun and rain,
A secret dower of patience, power,
And courage in my blood and brain.

Though corner, trust, and company,
Are subtler than the old-time tools —
The sword, the rack, the gallows-tree —
 I traverse none of Nature's rules;
 I lay my yoke on feeble folk;
And march across the necks of fools.

My friends and foes adventured much ;
 But elbowing iron pots, the delf
Go down in shards; or some rude touch
 Of fact instals upon the shelf
Souls slimly cast; for me, I last,
 I wiser, braver, than myself.

CAESAR V. BRUTUS

From "Windsor and Richmond Gazette", Nov. 25th 1927

Heard ye of Caesar — Mighty Caesar,
Who tore the sceptre from ruffian hands
And lashed from Rome, Rome's murderous lords,
And swept to hell their hireling hordes.

Well, Caesar lives in myriad parts,
His spirit throbs in ten million hearts,
And when the hour's struck and he commands,
We'll wrench our own from Robber bands.

Heard ye of Brutus, "The Noble Brutus",
(He loaned at usuary his slave won dross),
Lord of broad acres, a friend of Caesar, too
Who drove his dagger, Caesar's heart-strings through.

Well, Brutus lives and robs the world,
O'er Church and State his flag's unfurl'd,
Vast armies guard his lands, his gold,
He'd butcher Caesar, as of old.

My lithe Australians brown with tan
This for you the lesson stern,
Ruthless Nature's cosmic plan
Taught, re-taught since time began,
They can take who've brains and courage,
They can keep who can.

EVOLUTION

From "The Socialist", Jan. 20th 1922

Millions of aeons ago, ere the day of man had begun,
Before the age of the glacial flow or the earth was a blazing sun;
A million worlds in embryo, yet nothing there seemed to be,
Save a shimmering, shining, shifting glow like waves on a fiery sea.

A million aeons came and past — It seemed in the twink of an eye —
Vapor-covered, green and vast, a giant Mars whirled by;
I caught a glimpse of bubbling sea, as the vapor upward skirled,
The voice of an earthquake roared at me, and I knew my own good world.

Then all was dead, it seemed, and white and cold, and silent all
Till a blazing orb flashed on its light, and shivered the funeral pall.
I saw the glaciers melt away, the trackless ice fields pass;
The rocks show out in fight of day, and soon the green of the grass.

Then step by step and age by age, even and night and morn
I saw the countless battles wage as the many things were born;
Manifold group succeeding group wondrous forms they were
Each steadily rising up, fin, scale, feather, and fur

Until at last, and not long ago, it seemed in the mists of time,
I stood in a forest dark, alone, and a creature swung on a vine;
Hairy and wild and brutish he, yet formed on another plan —
The human race in Its infancy; neither the ape nor the man.

And next came skin-clad, low-browed brutes, yet forms more like my own,
Picking the berries and grubbing the roots, chipping the axe of stone;
I saw my kind in every age as it learnt to plan and build;
The first rude shed 'gainst Nature's rage, the earliest field that was tilled.

And as they passed in grand view, the empires one by one,
Quickly they rose before my view, they flourished — and were gone.
Step by step and pace by pace, things came and — passed away —
I saw the march of the human race from Its birth to the present day.

I saw this age, the age of gold, of trickery, fraud, and force –
But swift the wheels of change now rolled along their onward course;
Till I rapturous gazed on a world that was strange, a world from slavery free,
And stood amazed at the mighty change and the age of Liberty.

FUGITIVE VERSES

From "Windsor and Richmond Gazette", Mar. 2nd 1928

No longer shall Law and the lawyers
Twixt us and our rights intervene;
Or big-bellied bankers and merchants
grow fat, while we're hungry and lean.
No longer shall beggars or robbers
exist in this land of the blest;
For are we not "brothers and equals"
To share as of right, with the rest

They say that we're destined by Nature and God
To work in the sewers and carry the hod,
To fast arid to pray and do other small things,
Then skip up to Heaven on sweet cherub wings

How can we share among the sons of toil
That none may lack the corn, the wine, the oil?
Must War ride rampant o'er the world again
Ere love be law and misery cease to reign?

I weep not, nor deplore, for I behold,
Of the New Dawn, the purple and the, gold,
Error is mortal — e'en while I look
Its basements crumble; Knowledge opes a book
In which a child may read the social plan
And how to remedy the wrongs of Man.

There beneath the nine-tailed cat
Shall they, who used it writhe sir;
And rectors lean and priesters fat
Shall dig the ground they tithes, sir.

The people will continue in slavery because slavery has generated in them all the vices of slaves; because they are kept in ignorance and remain under a superstition which they made and which keeps them ignorant

This is Hell, and in this smother
All are damnable and damned.
Each in damning damns the other;
They are damned by one another;
By none other are they damned.

THE HIGHER LAW

From "Windsor and Richmond Gazette", Dec. 9th 1927

From Sandy Hook to London Tower,
From Jaffa to Japan,
They can take who have the power
They may keep who can.

THIS is the Law of Heaven and Hell
Stupendous and divine;
The highest, holiest, law of all
That governs "mine and thine".

The Law it is of Sun and Star,
Of President and Pope —
It is the "prisoner at the bar",
The gallows and the rope.

It is the Lawyer and his fee;
The Shearer and his sheep —
The Eagle soaring swift and free;
The Dreadnought on the deep.

It is the Bond: It is the Loan —
The Profit and the Loss —
The Usurer on his Bullion Throne —
The Idol on the cross.

It is the Goth; It is the Hun —
The Tyrant and his prey,
The Flame and Sabre, Club and Gun;
O, Robbers that we pay!

It is the Law of all the dimes,
And all the things to be;
And all the BOLD TREMENDOUS TIMES
That you and I shall see.

Trust not Empire nor Republic,
Trust not school nor church nor throne,
Trust not anarchist; priest nor statesman,
Trust IN YOURSELF and DARE ALONE.

Undaunted live, undaunted perish.
Do and die, but make no moan,
Be proud and bold, high valor cherish,
Be THINE OWN GOD and THINK ALONE.

From Sandy Hook to London Tower,
From Greenland to Japan —
They can take who have the power —
And they may keep who can.

THE KING OF KINGS

From "Windsor and Richmond Gazette", Oct. 7th 1927

The King sat on his throne,
Bold spake he and frank:
"My Sceptre is the Loan,
My Palace is the Bank.

"I reign by sea and strand,
I guide the statesman's brain,
The princes of the land
Enjoy my yoke and chain.

"I'm as Jehovah strong,
Earth's helots all are mine,
I'm the Lord of Right and Wrong,
And rule by might divine!

"The Church is in my power,
The schools my will obey,
The Press received my dower,
The workman is by prey.

"My taxes rest on all.
The world is in my grip,
I lash the meek and small
With bond and mortgage whip.

"The pawnshop is my throne,
My stronghold is the bank,
High Pontiff of the Loan
And King of Kings I rank."

THE LEADER OF THE FUTURE

From "Tocsin", Dec. 6th of 1900

Also appeared in "Worker" on Oct. 26th of 1916 as

"Our King That is to Come"

Oh, the leader of the Future, shall he come to us as comes
The chief of conquering cohorts, 'mid the roll of battle drums.
Will he come as came the victor in Olympian days of old,
Will he come in princely raiment with a coronet of gold,
A crown of gleaming gold,
A crown of gleaming gold,
Will he come in regal raiment with a crown of gleaming gold?

No; his hand will hold no sceptre and his brow shall not be crowned,
And no robe of Tyrian purple shall enfold his loins around;
His throne shall be the hearts of men, his tongue shall utter word
To stir the listening myriads like reverberating chords,
Like reverberating chords,
Like reverberating chords.
That will thrill the hearts of myriads like reverberating chords,

A Hero-Vindicator, he will come, at first he comes
The music of a clarion-call above the roar of drums.
Then let us list in hopefulness to hear the prelude song
That will tell desponding millions, "Lo! thy leader's marching on."
Thy Leader's marching on,
Thy Leader's marching on,
That will tell desponding millions, "Lo! thy Leader's marching on."

No nimbus shall illumine his brow nor flashing diadem,
Yet his name will shine with lustre brighter than the brightest gem,
And the Emperor, of the Universe upon this man will smile,
Who'll beard the lofty and the proud like Moses by the Nile,
Like Moses by the Nile,
Like Moses by the Nile,
He'll beard the Haughty and the Proud like Moses by the Nile.

He will view the hosts of tyrants, their battle flags unfurled,
And his heart will bleed in anguish o'er a subjugated world;
Then — his voice shall be a bugle-blast, his hand will grasp the pen,
Each word shall be an army corps, each line a million men,
 Each line a million men,
 Each line a million men,
Each word shall be an army corps, each line a million men.

Ay, he'll bare his brow to heaven and he'll speak the thoughts of might
That will scatter their battalions as the morning scatters night,
And the lords of brassy legions and the robbers of the poor,
 Shall furl their bloody banners to rule and rob no more.
 To war and rule no more,
 To war and rob no more,
They shall furl their bloody banners to war and rule no more.

His nations shall be nations and Truth his sword shall be —
 To cleave the mail of mighty ones and set the captive free;
But he will come in lowly guise, with neither trump nor drum;
 So let us work and hope for him our King that is to come,
 Our King that is to come,
 Our King that is to come,
Then let us prepare the way for him — our King that is to come

MEN HUNGER WITH FATNESS AROUND THEM

From "Westralian Worker", Jan 2nd 1904

*Also appeared in "New Order", in 1893 as
"The Slaves Share"*

"Lord, how long shall the wicked how long shall the wicked triumph? They prate and speak arrogantly. Aye, all the workers of iniquity glorify themselves and break in pieces Thy people, O Lord. They afflict Thine heritage, they slay the widow and the stranger and murder the fatherless." — 94th Psalm.

Men hanger with fatness around them,
And thirst when the waters flow near,
For tyrants and rulers have found them
And dolled all their senses with fear.

•••••

"Go! hence from the fields that are waving,
From the vineyard where ripens the vine,
Go hence with a stomach that's craving—
Go hence for these broad lands are MINE.

"Go! slave to the cities o'er crowded,
And starve in this land of the free
Till your hunger and rags are enshrouded
In the laud that belongs all to me.

"When you walk in the dust of the highway
Your footsteps I claim as my own;
Go sneak by the fence and the byway,
And whine like a cur for a bone."

•••••

But — these rags have a soul that is waking,
And watching the coming of dawn,
And Freedom the dark cloud is breaking
With footsteps as light as the fawn.

The wide world shall thunder her glory
The earth shall grow red in the sun
For the truth's in the pages of story —
That "Freedom by warfare is won".

THE LOGIC OF TO-DAY

From "Direct Action", Oct. 15th 1914

Also appeared in "Windsor and Richmond Gazette" on Nov. 11th of 1927 as

"Might is Right"

and in "Worker" on May 6th of 1899 as

"The Philosophy of Power"

Might was Right when Caesar bled upon the stones of Rome,
Might was Right when Joshua led his Hordes o'er Jordan's foam,
And Might was Right when German troops poured down through Paris gay;
It's the Gospel of the Ancient World, and the Logic of To-Day.

Behind all Kings and Presidents — all Governments and Law,
Are army corps and cannoneers to hold the world in awe.
And sword-strong races own the Earth and ride the Conqueror's car
And LIBERTY has ne'er been won except by deeds of war.

What are the lords of hoarded gold — the silent Semite rings?
What are the plunder patriots — high pontiffs, priests, and kings?
What are they but bold master-minds, best fitted for the fray
Who comprehend and vanquish by the Logic of To-Day.

Cain's knotted dub is sceptre still — the Rights of man is fraud;
Christ's ethics are for creeping things — true manhood smiles at "God",
For Might is Right when empires sink in storm of steel and fame:
And it is RIGHT when weakling breeds are hunted down like game.

Then what's the use of dreaming dreams that "each shall get his own"
By forceless votes of meek-eyed thralls, who blindly sweat and moan?
No! A curse is on their cankered brains — their very brains decay;
Go! Trace your fate in the Iron Game, is the Logic of To-Day.

The Strong must ever rule the Weak, is grim Primordial Law —
On earth's broad racial threshing floor, the meek are beaten straw —
Then ride to Power o'er foemen's neck, let NOTHING bar your way:
If you are FIT you'll rule and reign, is the Logic of To-Day.

You must prove your right by deeds of might — of splendor and renown,
If need be, march through flames of hell, to dash opponents down —
If need to die on scaffold high— in the morning's mists grey
For "LIBERTY OR DEATH" is still the Logic of To-Day.

Might was Right when Gideon led the "chosen" tribes of old,
And it was Right when Titus burnt their temple roofed with gold:
And Might was Right from Bunker's Hill to far Manilla Bay,
By land and flood it's wrote in blood— the Gospel of To-day.

"Put no trust in princes", is a saying old and true,
"Put no hope in Governments", translateth it anew.
All "Hooks of Law" and "Golden Rules" are fashioned to betray,
"The Survival of the Strongest" is the Gospel of To-Day.

Might was Right when Carthage names lit up the Punic foam—
And when the naked steel of Gaul weighed down the spoil of Rome:
And Might was Right when Richmond fell — and at Thermopylae;
It s the Logic of the Ancient World — and the Gospel of To-Day.

Where pendant suns in millions swing around this whirling earth
It s Might, it s Force that holds the brakes, and steers through life and death
Force governs all organic life, inspires all Right and Wrong
It s Nature's plan to weed out man and test who are the strong.

NEVER COUNT THE COST

From "The Socialist", Jul. 1st 1922

First appeared in "The Eagle and the Serpent"

Never count the cost!
Cowards count before, and fools —
 count after.
But the brave, tho tempest tossed.
 Glory in their holocaust.
Treat all consequence with laughter
 And never count the cost!

Fools derision, friends division.
 All the world well lost,
 Let no earthly fear appal.
 Stand! When'er thy duties call.
Though thy count with death be crossed,
Suffering bring the brave no sorrow;
Stern to-day — but win to-morrow,
 And never count the cost!

O, WHAT`S THE USE OF CHOOSING CHIEFS

From "Windsor and Richmond Gazette", Sep. 23rd 1927

O Wrong is Strong, and Might is Right,
Whatever the Sophists say,
And Talk is cheap — ah, very cheap —
Who dareth answer, 'Nay'

The citadels of Chartered Thieves
Still gloom o'er all the land,
And the myrmidons of Mortgage Rings
Still rob with ruthless hand.

The night is long, the darkness dense,
The nations still endure
The cruel wrongs of cruel laws,
That talk can never cure.

O, ye who would the wrong destroy,
By eloquence alone,
Are not the men we thought to place
Upon the People's throne

We tossed you there to fight for us,
To free us from the 'bail'
Of those who would our rights, subvert,
Our liberties assail.

And now, instead of Royal Deeds,
Tour drivel shames the town;
Our hopes are stranded once again,
OUR LEADERS backing down.

.....

No wonder that the people turn,
So oft are they betrayed
But men of mighty promises,
Whom danger makes afraid.

O, what's the use of choosing chiefs;
From men of no renown,
If, when they reach the foremost rank,
They end by backing down?

These warning words are written
For the man who would be chief;
If he hesitates and dallies,
Our triumphs come to grief.

We'd better far have open foes,
A-wearing of the crown:
Then capon-hearted diplomats
Who're always 'Backing Down'.

O, God of Vengeance, grant a MAN,
A roan of iron frame,
To lead the Legions of the Robbed -
Against the Lords of Shame.

To marshal millions marching on,
From river, bush and town,
Who would not quail at leaden hail,
Nor end by 'Backing Down'.

THE ROBBERS OF TO-DAY

From "The Socialist", Jun. 10th 1921

In the time of Rome Emperor, in the age of Charlemagne,
In the days of Hun and Vandal, and the swoop of Tamerlane,
Men risked their bones for booty in the battle's bloody fray,
Not so the chartered robbers who rob the world To-day.

The brigands of the Feudal Age rode forth in blazoned mail —
They stole the soil of Europe, aye, and chained it up entail;
They warmed their feet in slaughtered serfs¹, and laughed and quaffed so gay,
Forerunners of the privileged rings — the Robbers of To-day.

The pirate bands of Panama — the plunderers of Peru —
Ne'er pillaged richer kingdoms than the holy, modern Jew;
They've emperors, kings, and presidents, and statesmen in their pay,
And millions slave in Egypt for the Robbers of To-day.

The miner pays them tribute, and the "farmer's home" is theirs;
They coin "our cash" and iron, and "our" silver into shares;
The wool fleets northward sailing— the wine and grain and hay —
Belong, without exception, to the Robbers of To-day.

The widow, starving slowly, and the child that feeds on crusts,
Are melted down to dividends by vast Imperial trusts;
O! cruel were Pizarro's hordes, who marched to loot and slay,
But ruthless far the mortgage wolves — the Robbers of To-day.

Their stronghold's in the city's heart ("no castles by the Rhine."),
Their thrones a marble counting-house, where brassy door-plates shine;
Their swords are Acts of Parliament, and Judges in array,
O! mighty are the Mortgage Kings that rule the world To-day.

1 Note. — Up to the time of the French Revolution, of 1792, a noble had the right to warm his feet in the intestines of not more than two serfs, killed for the special purpose, after he returned from the hunt. [Note is from the original text — Ed.]

SAYINGS OF REDBEARD²

From "Windsor and Richmond Gazette", Apr. 19th 1929

A chant of joy I raise
A high, and holy song;
The race is to the swift,
The battle to the strong.

Life is strife for every man,
For every son of Thunder;
Then be a lion, not a lamb,
And don't be trampled under.

It's "might against might" for ever,
(And great things still befall),
You get what you can conquer —
Hell's blazes if you fall.

"Laws" and "rules" imposed on you
From days of old renown
Are not intended for your "good"
But for your crushing down.

"Always think your own thought,
All other thoughts reject;
Learn to use your own brain
And boldly stand erect."

You can pray until you're toothless,
And vote and whine and shout,
But the laws of life are ruthless,
And you shall find it out.

Hate for hate and ruth for ruth,
Eye for eye and tooth for tooth.

² Not to be confused with similarly-titled quote collection from 1927, published by "Thurland & Thurland" in Chicago.

Scorn for scorn and smile for smile,
Love for love and guile for guile.
War for war and woe for woe,
Blood for blood and blow for blow.

You urge us to bless them,
Who plunder and cheat us;
To love and caress them,
Who hate and illtreat us.

Failure to seize subsistence,
Is proof that you are “unfit”,
And, toil for bare existence,
That, that is the “bottomless pit”.

Force rules the world;
Has ruled it,
Will rule it,
Force is triumphant.

THE SONG OF TE KOOTI

From "Windsor and Richmond Gazette", Feb. 3rd 1928

Te Kooti was a veritable Maori Robin Hood — an outlaw, who for years fought the invaders of his country, and out-manouvred their generals by his knowledge of the bush. The translator has done his best to turn the savage force and poetic fervor of a wild Maori chant into the rhythmic swing of ordinary English verse. In doing so he has faithfully preserved its meaning, but has been compelled to take some liberties with construction and metaphor.

Exult for Te Kooti, Te Kooti the bold,
So fierce in the onset, so dauntless of old,
Whose might was resistless when battle waves rolled; —
Exult for Te Kooti, yo-hoo;

The Pakehas came with their rum and their gold,
And soon the broad lands of our fathers were sold,
But the voice of Te Kooti said,
"HOLD THE LAND: HOLD";
Exult for Te Kooti, yo-hoo;

They falsely accused him — no trial had he.
They carried him off to an isle in the sea;
But his prison was broken, once more he was free —
Exult for Te Kooti, yo-hoo;

They tried to enslave us, to trample us down
Like the millions that serve them in field and in town;
But the sapling that's bended when freed will rebound —
Exult for Te Kooti, yo-hoo;

He plundered their rum-stores, he ate up their priests,
He robbed the rich squatters to furnish his feasts —
What fare half so fine as their clover-fed beasts
Exult for Te Kooti, yo-hoo;

In the wild midnight foray whose footsteps trod lighter?
In the flash of the rifle whose, eyeballs gleamed brighter?
What man with our hero could clinch as a fighter?
Exult for Te Kooti, yo-hoo;

They say it was murder; but what, then, is war?
When they slaughtered our kin in the flames of the pah,
O, darker their deeds, and more merciless far:
Exult for Te Kooti, yo-hoo;

They boast that they'll slay him — They'll shoot him at sight
But the power that nerves him's a giver of might;
At a glance from his eye they shall tremble
Exult for Te Kooti, yo-hoo;

When the darkness was densest he wandered away
To rejoice in the charge of the wild-battle fray;
Now, his limbs, they are feeble, his beard it is grey —
Exult for Te Kooti, yo-hoo;

The Eternals our Father, the land is our mother,
The forest and mountains our sister and brother;
Who'd part with his birthright for gold to another?
Exult for Te Kooti, yo-hoo;

We won't sell, the land— 'tis the gift of the Lord —
Except it be bought with the blood-drinking sword;
But ALL men are welcome to share, in its hoard;
Exult for Te Kooti, yo-hoo;

Yet, 'mid thy rejoicing forget not the braves
Who, in glades of the forest, have found lonely graves,
Who welcomed cold Death, for they scorned to be slaves —
Exult for Te Kooti, yo-hoo;

Exult for Te Kooti, Te Kooti the bold,
So sage in the council, so famous of old,
Whose war-cry's our motto —
'tis "HOLD THE LAND, HOLD";
Exult for Te Kooti, yo-hoo!

TO FIRE

From "Windsor and Richmond Gazette", Apr. 6th 1928

O fire, thou free one! Thou God unspoiled,
Attaining swiftly, where man has toiled!
Thy formless glory no mind may see,
Nor brooding fathom thy mystery.

Destroyer, Father, Creator, King,
Thy raging beauty a living thing;
In desolation, bright wings unfurled,
Thy barren pathway lies round the world.

All foul corruptions, Thou makest clean,
In flames they vanish to space unseen.
The shames of nature, the taints of earth,
By thee transfigured have airy birth.

O force supernal! O rose of heat!
Incarnate wonder, unrest complete,
Remote from, knowledge, defying sense,
Ah, whither speedest — and comest — whence?

More strange than jewels, more fierce than hate,
Consummate wonder thy flames create.
O perfect passion! O great desire!
I bowed, salute thee, resistless fire!³

³ Original song structure was more slim in appearance, where now is a whole verse, there would be two verses. I chose to format the song this way for page compatibility and greater aesthetic appeal. - Ed.

TRIUMPHAL DEATH CHANT OF RAGNAR LODBROCK

From "Windsor and Richmond Gazette", Aug. 8th 1930

In their coverts the brood of false Loki, abhorred
Have stirred! the wolf Feuris hath shaken his cord!
With Medgard the snake, from the desolute fen
Pale Hela⁴ comes, hated of gods and of men;
With fang ready flashing ere yet we are ware,
Comes forth the old dragon, all mailed from his lair.
His captains are chosen, his legions are ten;
They throng the waste moorlands, they steal down the glen.
Wake, sons of the mighty! Wake, Arm of the Lord!
Divide them! deride them!
WE FIGHT WITH THE SWORD!

Down the Niger, the black slaver steals, early, and late.
What beareth she? careth she? be it a freight
Of anguish and infamy; reckoned by weight
Is its worth in the slave mart. "Come, prize me a man;
And be he a Christian (the wording so ran)⁵
"The better for him and for thee." Lo! a soul
Flung in with the muscles and sinews — the whole
Who bids for the highest? Up! Arm of the Lord,
And smite the slave traders! Yea, once and again,
The spoilers of nations, the stealers of men,
Their chain they have strengthened, have lengthened their cord.
Break, break! overtake them!
WE FIGHT WITH 'THE SWORD!

4 Hela, the Goddess of Death

5 Allusion to John Greenleaf Whittier's "A Christian Going, Gone", which was written through the poet seeing an advertisement, "A Negro For Sale!" in which his being described as "An Excellent Christian" was mentioned as "desirable point" which added to the slaves value.

For the souls of the needy the crafty⁶ have set
The snare and the pitfall, the springe and the net;
For the poor of the land they have poisoned the bowl
To madden the senses, to murder the soul.
There is death in the cup. O ye simple, beware!
Like the witch o'er her caldron they mutter a spell
That genders to bondage, that bindeth to hell.
Wake, Wisdom! Wake, Mercy! O come with thy line,
O come with thy plummet, thou Justice Divine,
And sound their dark secret, and scatter abroad
The webs they have Woven!
WE FIGHT WITH THE SWORD!

From the land comes a groaning! It is not the sound
Of this voice of our brother that speaks from the ground;
'Tis the cry of dumb anguish, the yell and the shriek;
'Tis the pitiful whine of the trustful and weak.
The victims are captured, the shambles are set,
But these are not 'butchers' their weapons that whet:
They bring not death's mercy that sharpen the knife
To track in the living the secret of life.
O come not my soul in their secret; nor thou
Mine honor, be joined to their merciless vow!
Wake, soul of my country! Wake, Feeling! wake, Thought!
And scatter their counsels and bring them to naught.
Up! at them and smite them, O Arm of the Lord!
Divide, disunite them, that come with the cord,
The nail, and the pincer.
WE FIGHT WITH THE SWORD!

6 Referring to modes of the adulteration of spirits and watering of beer common in country districts of England

Notes taken from the original article. - Ed.

THE TRUE PRINCE OF EVIL

From "The Socialist", Mar. 10th 1922

Black prince of evil
In the garb of a saint,
A-freaving, a-weaving
Thy magical feint.

How wily the web is,
Of meshes for flies!
Woof of false morals
Weft of dream-lies.

You tell us "the humble"
Are "angels of light",
Inferring the valiant
Are demons of night.

You curse all that's noble,
You praise all that's vile;
Invest all that's righteous
With Satanic guile.

Round millions you've woven
A hypnotic spell:
Christ! thou art Mephisto,
The mocker of Hell.

You urge us to bless them
Who plunder and cheat us.
To love and caress them
Who hate and illtreat us.

There's not in thy teachings
One thought that is true;
Thou art a false prophet,
O! crucified Jew.

VICTORY`S FOR THE BRAVE

From "Windsor and Richmond Gazette", Nov. 11th 1927

Don Christopher Columbus
In his cabin, lay at ease,
What matter'd it if rough winds blew
Or angry were the seas?
He knew no fear, but on his ship
Plough'd o'er the angry waves,
His motto and his watchword —
The Victory's for the Brave.

Had o'er the Blue Atlantic,
Where never ship before
Steered her prow or bent her canvas,
For an unknown golden shore,
His eye of Faith was kindled.
His noble heart was brave,
The coward soul may tremble,
The Victory's for the Brave.

And when the thunder bellow'd,
And the lightning lit the sky,
And his half wrecked craft was tossing,
On the white surf like a toy;
And his crew were panic stricken,
And only sky and wave
Were seen, he still but murmur'd
The Victory's for the Brave.

And only wild waves 'round him
And rebel hearts were nigh,
He saw the wild birds soaring
And the seaweed floating by,
And with the old devotion,
That bore him o'er the wave,
He cried in bursts of triumph —
The Victory's for the Brave.

Don Christopher Columbus,
O' would thy faith were mine!
Still trusting on the billows deep
The hand that rules divine,
Still onward through the tempest;
Still onward through the wave,
A guiding faith to cheer me
To Victory or the Grave.

WOING OF WILLIAM THE CONQUEROR

From "Windsor and Richmond Gazette", Oct. 4th 1929

[In the chronicle of Ingerbe; we read, that William the Conqueror, in the year 1047, waylaid Matilda in the streets of Bruges, as she was returning from Mass, seized her, rolled her in the dirt, spoiled her rich array, and, not content with these outrages, struck her repeatedly, and rode off at full speed; he eventually married her]

Twas early in the morning
And Mass had just been said,
When through the pleasant Bruges streets,
Was heard the Norman's tread.

(The tramp I mean of horses hoofs)
For William rode that day,
A warrior brave and stout of heart,
As ever joined a fray.

And, as through Bruges pleasant streets,
The Norman chanced to pass;
He met Matilda fair arid young,
Returning from the Mass.

Forth from his horse he quickly leaped,
And did the maid waylay,
He seized and rolled her in the dirt,
And spoiled her rich array.

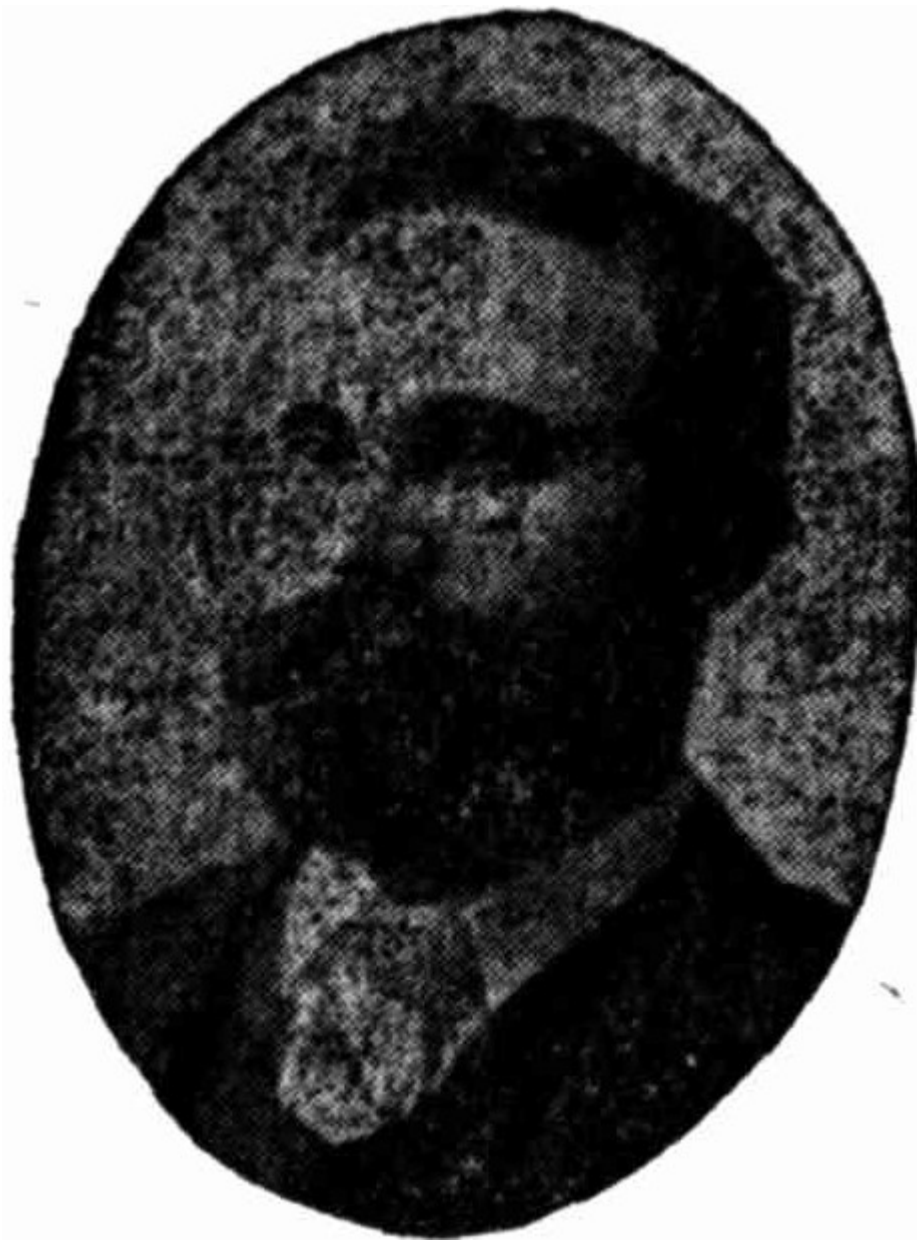
And while the maiden patiently,
This wrong and outrage bore,
He seized and shook her many times,
And buffeted her sore.

Twas thus in cruel sport he used,
The maiden fair that day,
And when his wrath was satisfied,
He rode in haste away.

And all the day he thought of her,
And all the long night through.
Then vow'd no other bride to take,
And straight commenced to woo.

And William, Duke of Normandy,
Obtained the maid's consent,
And in fair Bruges so it chanced,
Their honeymoon was spent.

And was it love or was it fear,
That made Matilda yield;
For William proved victorious here,
As well as in the field.



A portrait of Arthur Desmond (Ragnar Redbeard)
Taken from "Windsor and Richmond Gazette", Oct. 26th 1926

