

ONWARD, WORKERS!

The Call Through The Ages.

“Onward, workers!” as he gave
His life for Freedom, cried the slave:
“Upward! Steep the way and long,
And fierce the serried hosts of Wrong
That bar the path; but Truth will yet
Her flag upon the summit set!”

“Onward, workers!” Loud and clear
For villeins yet unborn to hear,
The serf’s voice rang; “Oh, not in vain
Are they, who die for Freedom, slain;
They triumph though they fall to-day
Who turn men to the upward way.”

Onward, workers! Up the height
Who would be free their way must fight!
The voices of the martyred dead,
Whose blood for liberty was shed,
Call ever up the ages gone
To striving mortals, “On and on!”

LET US HAVE FAITH.

“Let us have faith to know that right makes might.”—Abraham Lincoln.

Let us have faith that, in the age-old fight,
Gentle-souled Truth shall conquer sceptred Might;
That man, through darkness, yet shall reach the light.

Give us to know that Wrong shall not alway
Compass and blight the earth, but that some day
Justice, by all acclaimed, all hearts shall sway.

And, though but puny seem the blades we wield,
Though steep and rough the far-flung battlefield,
And small the ground the stubborn foemen yield,

Yet to the fray we joyously shall go,
Fired by the magic of the future’s glow,
The coming triumph that our Cause must know.

TWO CREEDS!

The Labour or the Tory creed,
To which are you inclined most?
To each according to his need?
Or devil take the hindmost!

DREAMERS AND SCOFFERS

A dreamer of dreams in days gone by
Saw open before him the future lie,
And loud laughed the scoffers who heard him say:
"It's coming! I see it! The Ten Hours Day."

And, wondrous to tell, his dreams came true,
And dreamers who followed saw visions anew,
While a new race of scoffers stormed angrily, "Nay,
Impossible, fools, is an Eight Hours Day."

And what though the dreams are fulfilled once more!
Though dreamers arise as they did of yore!
The scoffers as ever still noisily bray
Their scorn at the dream of a Six Hours Day.

HITCH YOUR WAGGON TO A STAR!

Hitch your waggon to a star!
Be your goal a goal afar
That will set men's souls aflame
With the magic of its beauty,
Teach that service in its name
Is a holy joy and duty;
Make them feel the wrongs that are
Must no distant future mar:
Hitch your waggon to a star!

Hitch your waggon to a star!
Lo, injustices there are
Crushing human hearts to-day,
Filling souls with gloom and sorrow;
Ours to end them if we say
But the word, make each to-morrow
Brighter than to-day by far,
Mount the cliffs the way that bar.
Hitch your waggon to a star!

Hitch your waggon to a star!
Of a destiny afar
Let us dream; of days to be
When mankind shall be united
In one grand fraternity;
When earth's wrongs shall all be righted.
Hitch your waggon to a star,
And the wrongs to-day that are
Shall no distant future mar!

UNITY.

Their country calls; from cottage, slum,
Field, mill and mine, the workers come;
With hearts that all as one pulsate
They meet the foe without the gate.

All one in purpose, one in soul,
Fired with one stern resolve the whole;
One thought each breast to animate—
Sweep back the foe without the gate!

And then, the bloody conflict done,
Through unity the victory won,
The giant of the days of war
Shrinks back to pigmy size once more.

Oh, workers, learn the lesson taught
When bloody wars you fiercely fought,
The lesson that resistless might
Is yours, if you will but unite.

Unite! The world is yours to win!
Turn on the treacherous foe within,
And rout him, as you put to rout
By unity the foe without.

BROTHERHOOD!

The Message of Christmas.

Let Brotherhood reign for a day,
From a dawn to an eventide grey;
Let the world with its burden of sin and of sadness
One fleeting span bask in the sunlight of gladness;
Let joy from the hilltops outpour her wild song
Ere she flits like a phantom away,
Ere again over earth fall the shadows of wrong—
Let Brotherhood reign for a day!

Let Brotherhood reign for aye,
Weave a spell like one long Christmas day;
Let the message, pealed forth from a myriad steeples,
"Goodwill towards men," stir the souls of earth's peoples,
Till the slum and the palace, the tramp and the lord,
Like sad dreamings have melted away;
Till the cannon is rusted, and broken the sword—
Let Brotherhood reign for aye!

And when the dogs of war were loosed
The spear and club were all he used;
His martial lore knew nought, alas,
Of bombing planes and poison gas.

Yes, man has travelled far in ways
Undreamed of in his tribal days:
But if to them at times he'd turn
He'll find he still has lots to learn.

THE GOSPEL OF LABOUR.

This is the Gospel of Labour,—
The earth is full and fair,
With wealth at the fruitful touch of toil
That all might freely share;
And none should play the drone, and none
The drudge's load should bear.

This is the Gospel of Labour,—
That work were a joy for all
If none should profiteer, and none
Be under a tyrant's thrall,
And service and love on the artist's soul
In each worker's breast would call.

This is the Gospel of Labour,
The dreamings of sages and seers
That stumbling man through his long travail
Of sorrows and blood and tears
Shall yet with his faith and strivings win
In the far unfolding years.

AUSTRALIAN JUNKERS.

"The German employers organised 70,000 strike breakers, and the German Government subsidised them; that was what they wanted in Australia."—A delegate at the meeting of the Australian Chambers of Manufacturers, Melbourne, May, 1921.

It used to be tabu to say
We'd follow in the German way;
But that was when the cannon roared,
And blood in martial conflict poured;
Since then the outlook's changed, and now
When boss and worker have a row
We find, grown wise, in such a test
The German Junker's ways are best.

ARMED FOR REVOLUTION.

He is armed for revolution; what fierce fervour fills his eye!
The ardour of a zealot thrilled with visions pure and high;
The purpose of a being glimpsing glories yet to be
When Truth, he'd gladly die to serve, shall set the nations free;
And Mars cast down, and all his shot-torn flags forever furled,
The wakened nations merge in one Grand Federated World.

He is armed for revolution; there is none dare say him nay;
In majesty and might he swings triumphant on his way;
The glow of knowledge shining from his now-illumined soul,—
The knowledge of a power to cleanse the world and make it whole.

Yes, armed for revolution, but no gun whose rifled throat
Spits death he bears; more terrible, behold—his Labour vote!

He is armed for revolution, but he wields no shining blade;
No bomb he holds to hurl forth from behind a barricade;
No lethal instrument to aid his onward march he knows;
His strength is in the love of right with which his bosom glows.
He is armed for revolution, but a revolution wrought
By something mightier than the sword—the driving power of thought.

AN ARMISTICE DAY LESSON.

During Armistice Day celebrations in London in 1921 unemployed ex-servicemen demonstrated by marching to the Cenotaph.

We buckled swiftly to the fray,
And kept the Prussian hosts at bay;
We met the foeman's fierce attack,
And bloodily we hurled it back.
Now, sheathed the sword that drank so red,
The enemy o'erthrown,
We ask, not gratitude, but bread
From those we fought to serve; instead
They offer us a stone.

In Flanders' fields the poppies grow;
A million heroes sleep below;
Yet, heroes, ye are lucky ones
To meet your end by Prussian guns,
For gratitude, O happy dead,
Is for the slain alone;
The living heroes crave for bread,
And get a cenotaph instead—
A monument of stone.

DEATH AND COAL.

Every 24 hours four men are killed in the coal mining industry of Great Britain.—News item, July, 1919.

When forth Death goeth every day
His little round of calls to pay
To where men draw their weekly dole—
Or weekly fortunes—out of coal,
We wonder does he, fair and square,
The "favours" of his visits share.
We wonder does he, in his calls,
Include my lord's ancestral halls,
The gilded titled drone whose share
From coal makes him a millionaire;
Or doth he, as abroad he roams,
His toll take but from workers' homes?

"ALL WE CAN DO FOR HIM."

An English pictorial publishes a photo of a returned wounded Tommy standing beside his bootblack's outfit doing his best to earn a crust, and it heads the picture "All We Can Do For Him."—News item, Sept., 1917.

He did his bit; he helped with gun and sword
To hold in check the swarming German horde;
He faced the terrors of the battlefield
Where into bloody death brave patriots reeled;
He daily dared the strafing of the Huns,
The endless thunder of ten thousand guns;
He floundered round, waist deep, in Flanders mud,
To dye it in the end with his red blood,
Then, coming home, he finds a grateful land
Lets him earn coppers at a bootblack's stand.

BULLET AND BALLOT.

Hurrah for the Bullet, invoked to rout
The enemy massed at the gates without!
Hurrah for the Ballot invoked to win
The fight with the foeman the gates within!

Hurrah for the Sword upraised to smite
A despot down in the cause of right!
Hurrah for the Vote, man's coming lord,
That will conquer some far off day the Sword.

Hurrah for the Gun that holds to-day
In check the arrogant junker sway!
And hurrah for the time when man shall trust
To reason—and guns be left to rust.

DOPE.

In 494 B.C. the plebeians in ancient Rome—underdogs to the patricians—organised a "walk out," but were persuaded to come back as the result of a fable told them by a wily emissary of the patricians, in which the interdependence of the head and the belly in the human frame was likened to the relationship between the patricians (the head of the nation) and the plebs (who functioned as the belly and brawn).

In Rome the records tell us that
The ancient proletariat
A mighty strike once organised
That had the nation paralysed.

The swell patricians sensed defeat;
They felt the workers had them beat;
But still they saw one gleam of hope—
They knew the magic power of dope.

And so a master of the art
Was called upon to play his part;
Accordingly, one day he tramped
To where the blokes on strike were camped.

And what a wondrous tale he spun!
He showed how rich and poor were one,
Both parts in Mother Nature's plan
As head and belly are in man.

The rich folk were, of course, the brains;
They had to rule, to hold the reins.
A mighty job; they'd never ask
The poor to tackle such a task.

And, as his wily tongue wagged on,
Soon every word they hung upon;
Soon in a most repentant mood
They stood, a mighty throng, subdued.

They felt that all they'd done was make
The nation have a bellyache;
So when he'd put the case for brains
They marched back to their ancient chains.

Long centuries have passed since then
Through which vast hosts of working men
Led lives devoid of joy and hope,
Because they chose to swallow dope.

And still, as in the ages gone,
The same old sorry farce goes on;
With dope the giant worker fooled,
By pigmies lets himself be ruled.

But the joys of his last life lived fresh in his mind—
For memory plays us queer pranks—
And he longed for the days when he ate of mankind
And made soup of a captured foe's shanks;
But the laws of the land were the same everywhere,
"Roast man" showed on no restaurant's bill-of-fare.

He wearied and longed till at length came the thought,
If he couldn't a restaurant find
Where human leg chops on a plate could be brought
He could all the same live on his kind;
If of dollars enough he could only get hold
He could grind flesh and blood into hard yellow gold!

So he entered the ranks of Big Business, and then,
"On my fellow-men still," said he,
"I prey as I did in those far-off days when
I ate them for dinner and tea;
For the code of Big Business, though varied in style,
Is the same as the code of the Cannibal Isle."

THE LESSON OF LABOUR DAY.

We're soldiers in an army—fighters grimed and horny-
handed—
The workers of the world in twice ten thousand Unions
banded;
We march to battle bravely when the trump of war is
blown;
We fight, but every Union does its fighting on its own.

Each Union on its lonesome! It is time we questioned
whether
We couldn't do things better if we all would strive
together;
If every craft now struggling in a little tin-pot way
Would federate, what force could hold our mighty hosts
at bay?

Let's down the petty barriers that keep each from the
others;
Let's speed the coming unity of all as mates and brothers;
The time when triumph crowned with peace will come to
those who toil,
When conqueror and vanquished both alike will share the
spoil.

FOR THE CAUSE.

A thought for the Cause, just a thought, old man,
For the Cause that has struggled since life began;
For the Truth and the Right in their war against Wrong,
For the Weak in its fight with the merciless Strong;
There is Evil to crush, there is Good to be wrought;
Then a thought for the Cause, just an earnest thought.

A word for the Cause, just a word, old man,
For the toilers who sink under poverty's ban;
For the women who fall, for the children who cry,
While bloated Wealth in its scorn flaunts by;
There are hearts to be touched, there are brains to be stirred;
Then a word for the Cause, just an earnest word.

A vote for the Cause, just a vote, old man;
Let us conquer the Wrong, if we will it we can;
While the palace grows grander, more squalid the slum,
Come, join in the struggle for Righteousness, come;
While the fingers of Greed clutch at Poverty's throat,
For the Cause, just a thought, and a word, and a vote.

THE GOD OF TRADE.

The High Priest knelt before the shrine,
And fervently he prayed:
"Whate'er Thou cravest, it is Thine,
Almighty God of Trade!

"For Thee by day and night there plies
The sacrificial blade
That incense to Thy throne might rise,
Almighty God of Trade.

"Thou askest this or that, upon
Thine altar it is laid,
Great Chief of Mammon's Pantheon,
Almighty God of Trade.

"All, all are Thine; to Thee we bring
The greybeard and the maid;
Their lives our humble offering
To Thee, Great God of Trade."

AUSTRALIA: A PRAYER.

Lord, who in glowing glory hurled
Forth on its circling course our world;
Fashioned with elemental strife
Mountain and vale for the hosts of life;
Viewed from the vantage peaks of Time,
Man from the depths to his destiny climb;
Hear from a virgin land to-day
As with one heart a people pray:

Under the blue of Australian skies,
Grant that a nation of freemen rise;
Missioners mighty of love and peace,
Speeding the coming when war shall cease;
Mounting the heights in the van of Truth,
Winning earth back to its Eden youth;

Sword undrawn
And war flag furled,
Heralding dawn
To a wakening world.

Not ours the "glories" the conqueror boasts—
Bloodshed and rapine by warrior hosts;
Empire upbuilt on plunder and lust;
Triumphs that trample Thy laws in the dust.
Glories we crave for our land, oh Lord,
Triumphs, but not of the ravening sword;
Grant, when the wreath shall our brows entwine,
Peace weave the laurel and Love divine.

Under the blue of our southern skies,
Land of the free let Australia rise!
Missioner mighty of love and peace,
Speeding the coming when war shall cease;
Mounting the heights in the van of Truth,
Winning earth back to its Eden youth;

Sword undrawn
And war flag furled,
Heralding dawn
To a wakening world.