

Classic Poetry Series

Thomas Bracken

- poems -

Publication Date:

2004

Publisher:

PoemHunter.Com - The World's Poetry Archive

God Defend New Zealand

O Lord, God,
of nations and of us too
Listen to us,
Cherish us
Let goodness flourish,
May your blessings flow.
Defend
Aotearoa

Let all people,
Red skin, white skin
Maori, Pakeha,
Gather before you
May all our wrongs, we pray,
Be forgiven
So that we might say long live,
Aotearoa

May it be forever prestigious,
May it go from strength to strength
May its fame spread
Far and wide,
Let not strife
Nor dissension ensue,
May it ever be great
Aotearoa

Let its territory,
Be ever enlightened
Throughout the land,
Let envy and dissension
Be dispelled,
Let peace reign
Over
Aotearoa.

Let its good features endure,
Let righteousness and honesty
Prevail,
Among the people of God
Let it never be ashamed,
But rather let its name be known
Thereby becoming the model to emulate
Aotearoa.

E Ihowa Atua, (Ihoa)
O ngā iwi mātou rā,
Āta whakarongona;
Me aroha noa.
Kia hua ko te pai;
Kia tau tō atawhai;
Manaakitia mai

Aotearoa.

Öna mano tängata
Kiri whero, kiri mä,
Iwi Mäori Päkehä
Rüpeke katoa,
Nei ka tonu kō ngä hē
Mäu e whakaahu kë,
Kia ora märire
Aotearoa.

Töna mana kia tü!
Töna kaha kia ü;
Tona rongu hei paku
Ki te ao katoa
Aua rawa ngä whawhai,
Ngä tutu a tata mai;
Kia tupu nui ai
Aotearoa.

Waiho töna takiwä
Ko te ao marama;
Kia whiti töna rä
Taiäwhio noa.
Ko te hae me te ngangau
Meinga kia kore kau;
Waiho i te rongu mau
Aotearoa.

Töna pai me toitü;
Tika rawa, pono pü;
Töna noho, täna tü;
Iwi nö Ihoa.
Kaua möna whakamä;
Kia hau te ingoa;
Kia tü hei tauira;
Aotearoa.

Thomas Bracken

Pax Vobiscum

IN a forest, far away,
One small creeklet, day by day,
Murmurs only this sad lay:
'Peace be with thee, Lilian.'

One old box-tree bends his head,
One broad wattle shades her bed,
One lone magpie mourns the dead:
'Peace be with thee, Lilian.'

Echoes come on every breeze,
Sighing through the ancient trees,
Whisp'ring in their melodies:
'Peace be with thee, Lilian.'

Mellow sunbeams, morn and eve,
Quick to come and slow to leave,
Kiss the quilt where daisies weave
Rich designs o'er Lilian.

When the dying blossoms cling
To the skirts of parting Spring,
Wattle-boughs and branches fling
Showers of gold o'er Lilian.

When the Summer moon mounts high,
Queen of all the speckless sky,
Shafts of silver softly lie
O'er the grave of Lilian.

Mystic midnight voices melt
Through each leafy bower and belt,
Round the spot where friends have knelt—
'Peace be with thee, Lilian.'

Far away from town and tower,
Sleeping in a leafy bower,
Withered lies the forest flower—
'Peace be with thee, Lilian.'

There, where passions ne'er intrude,
There, where Nature has imbued
With her sweets the solitude,
Rests the form of Lilian.

Dear old forest o'er the sea,
Home of Nature's euphony,
Pour thy requiem psalmody
O'er the grave of Lilian.

Guard that daisy-quilted sod:
Thou hast there no common clod;

Keep her ashes safe; for God
Makes but few like Lilian.

Sceptics ask me: 'Is that clay
In the forest far away
Part of her?'—I only say:
'Flow'rets breathe out Lilian;

'From her grave their sweets mount high—
Love and beauty never die—
Sun and stars, earth, sea and sky
All partake of Lilian.

Thomas Bracken