

floods

**Poem**

**Flooding in Clive c1897. in those dark days of despair one can only wonder at the courage of those early settlers and the problems they faced..this is just a few words to remind us of those times, settlers took shelter on the roofs of their cottages, ten men drowned trying to rescue stranded settlers, let us not forget them. jim Crook.**

**The 1897 Flooding of Clive.**

**Lord what have we done to deserve such sorrow  
Our land washed away and our animals too  
We pray for your love and sunshine tomorrow  
Alone in despair there is naught we can do.**

**Mother England Mother England why did we forsake you  
To come to this place, such a desolate plain  
Where the rain never stops and the river floods quickly  
Our lives are at stake..we have nothing to gain.**

**Delusions we carried of making our fortune  
The new country it seems is not want of us  
Dreams out of control by a wandering river  
And so it remains Lord, you have made it thus.**

**But I must continue to gather the pieces  
My children are safe and I must abide  
My lord give us strenght to carry our duty  
I know we can bear, with you at our side.**

**Looking back on the dark life the early days rendered  
Times now abundant and precious once more  
How we suffered by flooding and other disaster  
Wretched memories now faded are part of Clive's lore.**

# **TO THE FALLEN ANZACS 2009**

**In Respectful Remembrance to Walter Hodgkinson.**

**THERE ARE NO THOUGHTS IN THE MIND OF THE DEAD  
THERE IS NO SORROW IN THOSE FAR OFF FIELDS  
AND WE WHO MOURN THOSE FALLEN SOULS  
TAKE HEED, OUR FREEDOM WAS THEIR COST**

**TAKE HEED OF THOSE WHO GAVE THEIR ALL  
WHO LISTENED TO THEIR NATIONS CALL  
WHO LIE BENEATH THE GROUND SO COLD  
FOREVER YOUNG, AS WE GROW OLD**

**THE SILENT VOICES, THE UNCRIED TEARS  
MEMORIES FADED, CHANGED BY THE YEARS  
YET SOMEHOW, SOMEWHERE, WILL GLORY CALL?  
WE WILL NOT KNOW, WE GAVE OUR ALL**

**DO KEEP THE PEACE WHILE WE'RE AT REST  
KEEP CHILD SAFE AT MOTHER'S BREAST  
WE PAID THE PRICE SO FREEDOM FLOWS  
WE KNEW THE RISKS, THATS HOW IT GOES**

**ONE DAY A YEAR IS ALL WE ASK  
TO KEEP OUR MEMORIES IS YOUR TASK  
MAKE SAFE A WORLD WE DID NOT KNOW  
MAKE LOVE AND LIFE, WATCH CHILDREN GROW**

**WE DID OUR BEST, PUT TO THE TEST  
THE GUNS ARE QUIET, WE ARE AT REST  
GUARD FREEDOM, FROM THE GRAVE WE SPEAK  
THE YEARS FOREVER YOURS IN PEACE.**

**Jim Crook**

**MARCH 2009**

**Read at the 2009 Anzac Service at Clive Memorial Service  
Hawke's Bay.**

## **A Loving Wife's Concern for Her Soldier Husband 1914-18.**

### **The Excitement**

WHERE ARE YOU GOING MY DARLING  
I'M GOING TO JOIN THE WAR  
I'VE JUST COME BACK FROM THE ARMY DRILL HALL  
WHERE ALL OF MY MATES I SAW  
\*\*\*\*\*

### **The readiness**

WHERE ARE YOU GOING MY DARLING  
I'M OFF TO FIGHT THE WAR  
I'M READY, WILLING AND ABLE  
I'M PROUD OF MY ARMY CORP  
\*\*\*\*\*

### **The Thrill**

WHAT ARE YOU DOING MY DARLING  
WE ARE OFF TO FRANCE TO FIGHT  
THERE ARE THOUSANDS OF US ADVANCING  
IT'S A THRILL AND A WONDERFUL SIGHT  
\*\*\*\*\*

### **The Reality**

WHAT ARE YOU DOING MY DARLING  
I'M STANDING IN A TRENCH  
IN MUD AND BLOOD AND BODY PARTS  
AMID THE HORRIBLE STENCH  
\*\*\*\*\*

### **The Dream**

I WISH I WAS BACK IN NEW ZEALAND  
IN THE LAND OF CLEAR AIR AND SKY  
WHERE MY FRIENDS AND FAMILY ARE WAITING  
I'M SCARED THAT I'M GOING TO DIE  
\*\*\*\*\*

### **The Tragedy**

WHAT ARE YOU DOING MY DARLING  
AND WHAT HAS BECOME OF THEE  
I'M DEAD AND BURIED IN FLANDERS FIELDS  
WILL YOU REMEMBER ME, WILL YOU REMEMBER ME  
\*\*\*\*\*

I make no apology for telling it like it was for my Grandfather Walter  
Hodgkinson who Died in the trenches in World War One and is buried in  
France,

Original, 2009. Jim Crook., Clive.HB.

**RAF**

**In Memory of Allied Pilots in World War 2.**

**Aloft...let courage be your minder  
Below the fields are green and free  
For king and country do not wonder  
Why you need to fight for me.**

**For I am... the voice of freedom  
And this great nation will survive  
Many have tried to tame our spirit  
You,.. are keeping that spirit alive.**

**The Rat-tat-tat upon your canopy  
Gives you a fright,...you turn your head  
Be Quick to take evasive action  
Or you will Join,..."Our Glorious Dead".**

**Young we were and young we died  
Giving all for freedoms sake  
God alone knows how we tried  
God alone knows who to take.**

**Never be feared the coming of death  
For you have fought both brave and true  
Your Valour,.. will go down in history  
The Empire is so Proud of you.**

**Years will come and years will go  
Your deeds will last forever  
Man will talk of the dreaded foe  
Our freedom taken... Never !**

**Go fly your plane on golden wing  
Go Fly in Safer Sky  
Lets celebrate... our voices sing  
Your Praise O Hear our Cry.**

**Jim Crook  
Clive.  
2010.**

cornwall

### **MAN OF CORNWALL**

**Oh Cornwall my Cornwall your earths in my blood  
Your spume from the sea, my life's in your mud  
So carry me back to that time long ago  
To the land where my heart lies  
I need you to know**

**Oh for the ranges, the crags and the mist  
Oh for the mountains the raindrops have kissed  
To travel the roads and hills that were mine  
And to think of my life now forsaken by time**

**Twisting Swirling wingtips curling  
Seagulls circling beyond the din  
Men below already waiting  
Tis their time to mine the tin**

**The depth of mine, the water high  
The break of the beam then widows cry  
The courage of man faced with gruesome toll  
May they now rest in peace, may God keep their soul**

**Those born of this place and died--rest at last  
Who passed, were forgotten yet somehow did cast  
A great longing of hope for the future one day  
That Cornwall my Cornwall will not fade away**

**Jim Crook  
Clive Dec 2011.**

#### **Synopsis,**

**This poem is written from an ex Cornwallian perspective who is thinking of the land of his Birth and of his youth spent there, the dangers faced by his family of tin miners who relied on the big Beam pumps to lower the water level in the mine and keep them safe, if they fail then they drown, he is thinking of the hills of home and perhaps wishing of his return to Cornwall before he dies.**