

# SOCIALIST SUNDAY SCHOOL

## Song Book



*"While there is a lower class,  
I am of it.  
While there is a man in jail  
I am not free."*



# SOCIALIST SUNDAY SCHOOL

## Song Book



Young Peoples Socialist League  
Circle 2 Juniors  
Meets every Sunday at 5 p.m. in  
The Brownsville Labor Lyceum  
219 Sackman Street

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## THE INTERNATIONAL PARTY.

(Translated by Charles H. Kerr.)

Arise, ye prisoners of starvation!  
Arise, ye wretched of the earth,  
For justice thunders condemnation,  
A better world's in birth.  
No more tradition's chains shall bind us,  
Arise, ye slaves! no more in thrall!  
The earth shall rise on new foundations,  
We have been naught, we shall be all.

### *Refrain*

'Tis the final conflict,  
Let each stand in his place,  
The International Party  
Shall be the human race.

Toilers from shops and fields united,  
The party we of all who work;  
The earth belongs to us, the people,  
No room here for the shirk.  
How many on our flesh have fattened!  
But if the noisome birds of prey  
Shall vanish from the sky some morning,  
The blessed sunlight still will stay.

### *Refrain*

'Tis the final conflict, etc.

—*Eugene Pottier.*

## THE HOPE OF THE AGES.

If you dam up the river of Progress—  
At your peril and cost let it be!  
That river must seaward despite you—  
'Twill break down your dams and be free!  
And we heed not the pitiful barriers  
That you in its way have downcast;  
For your efforts but add to the torrent,  
Whose flood must o'erwhelm you at last!

### *Chorus*

For our banner is raised and unfurled;  
At your head our defiance is hurled;  
Our cry is the cry of the Ages,  
Our hope is the hope of the world!

We laugh in the face of the forces  
That strengthen the flood they oppose;  
For the harder oppression the fiercer  
The current will be when it flows;  
We shall win, and the tyrant's battalions  
Will be scattered like chaff in the fight,  
From which the true soldiers of freedom  
Shall gather new courage and might!

Whether leading the van of fighters  
In the bitterest stress of the strife,  
Or patiently bearing the burden  
Of changelessly common-place life,  
One hope we have ever before us,  
One aim to obtain and fulfill,  
One watchword we cherish to mark us  
One kindred and brotherhood still.

What matter if failure on failure  
Crowd closely upon us and press?  
When a hundred have bravely been beaten,  
The hundred and first wins success!  
Our watchword is "Freedom;" new soldiers  
Flock each day where her flag is unfurled;  
Our cry is the cry of the Ages,  
Our hope is the hope of the world!

### **HARK! THE BATTLE-CRY**

Hark! the battle-cry is ringing!  
Hope within our bosoms springing,  
Bids us journey forward, singing—  
Death to tyrants' might!  
Tho' we wield nor spear nor sabre,  
We, the sturdy sons of Labor,

Helping ev'ry man his neighbor,  
Shrink not from the fight,  
See our homes before us!  
Wives and babes implore us;  
So firm we stand in heart and hand,  
And swell the dauntless chorus:

*Chorus*

Men of labor, young or hoary,  
Would ye win a name in story?  
Strike for home, for life, for glory!  
Justice, Freedom, Right!

Now, disdaining useless sorrow,  
Hope from brighter thoughts we'll borrow;  
Often shines the fairest morrow  
After stormiest night.  
Tyrant hearts, take warning!  
Nobler days are dawning;  
Heroic deeds, sublimer creeds,  
Shall herald Freedom's morning!  
See our homes before us!  
Wives and babes implore us;  
So firm we stand in heart and hand,  
And swell the dauntless chorus:

*Chorus*

Men of Labor, young or hoary, etc.

**ONWARD, FAITHFUL COMRADES**

Onward, faithful comrades,  
Rest not in the fray  
Till the light before us  
Breaks in glorious day;  
Ignorance dark is fading,  
'Scoffers stay to pray,  
Truth and right direct the fight and  
Lead the better way.

*Chorus*

Onward, faithful comrades,  
Rest not in the fray,  
Till the light before us  
Breaks in glorious day!  
Mighty hosts are coming,  
Vict'ry's flag unfurled,  
Brothers true uniting,  
Conquerors of the world;  
Unjust claims denying,  
Mammon's power must fall,  
Truth and justice wrong defying,  
Comfort, joy for all.  
Selfishness must perish,  
Wrong will strive in vain,  
For loves power and kingdom  
Evermore shall reign;  
Brotherhood our watchword,  
Naught can stay its pow'r,  
All for each and each for all will  
Blessings all o'ershow'r.  
Forward, then, all people,  
Join in earnest throng,  
Blend with ours your voices,  
In triumphant song;  
Follow thus our Leader,  
Truth all hearts enshrine,  
Fill the earth with love and mirth,  
All hearts with joy divine.

**THE MARSEILLAISE**

Ye sons of toil, awake to glory!  
Hark, hark! what myriads bid you rise!  
Your children, wives, and grandsires hoary;  
Behold their tears and hear their cries,  
Behold their tears and hear their cries!  
Shall hateful tyrants mischief breeding,  
With hireling hosts, a ruffian band,  
Affright and desolate the land,  
While peace and liberty lie bleeding?

*Chorus*

Awake, awake ye brave,  
The people shall be free.  
March on, march on,  
All hearts resolved  
We'll gain a victory!

Oh, Liberty, can man resign thee,  
Once having felt thy gen'rous flame?  
Can dungeons, bolts and bars confine thee?  
Or whips thy noble spirit tame?  
Or whips thy noble spirit tame?  
Too long the world has wept bewailing,  
That falsehood's dagger tyrants wield,  
But freedom is our sword and shield,  
And all their arts are unavailing.

*Chorus*

Awake, awake ye brave! etc.  
—*Rouget De Lisle.*

THE SOCIALIST LASSIE

As I was hiking down the street,  
Heigho, heigho, heigho, heigho,  
A little girl I chanced to meet,  
Heigho, heigho, heigho.

Said I to her "What's in your head?"  
Heigho, heigho, heigho, heigho,  
"Why, I'm a Socialist," she said,  
Heigho, heigho, heigho.

Said I, "Where are you hastening so?"  
Heigho, heigho, heigho, heigho,  
"Off to the Socialist School I go,"  
Heigho, heigho, heigho.

Said I, "Would I there welcome be?"  
Heigho, heigho, heigho, heigho,  
"The world is welcome there," said she,  
Heigho, heigho, heigho.

### *Chorus*

A-rig-a-jig-jig and away we go,  
    Away we go, away we go,  
A-rig-a-jig-jig and away we go,  
    Heigho, heigho, heigho,  
Heigho, heigho, heigho, heigho.  
    Heigho, heigho, heigho, heigho,  
A-rig-a-jig-jig and away we go,  
    Heigho, heigho, heigho,

### WE'RE COMRADES EVER

Comrades awaiting me, hearts warm and tender,  
To them where'er I be, my love I'll render.  
Under broad heaven's dome,  
Where'er on earth I roam,  
With them I feel at home—  
We're comrades ever!

That name so true and strong, title endearing,  
Let it resound in song, our life course cheering.  
Bound by a deathless tie,  
A cause that cannot die;  
Hark, hark the welcome cry:  
We're comrades ever!

When'er I'm sad and sore, lonely or weary,  
Dark clouds ahov'ring o'er, the world all dreary,  
Then mem'ries sweet and clear  
Throng in from far and near;  
They come my soul to cheer—  
We're comrades ever!

So comrades, one and all, be our endeavor  
To heed the Marxian call—let naught us sever!  
A unit be our band,  
One cause in ev'ry land;  
For brotherhood we stand—  
We're comrades ever!

## ALL THRU THE NIGHT

Comrades, tho' so dark and dreary

All thru the night.

Hope of day inspires the weary

All thru the night.

Tho' the hours be full of sorrow,

Doubt and fears we shall not borrow,

Fix our hopes upon the morrow,

All thru the night.

Comrades brave are aye beside us

All thru the night.

Freedom's light shall ever guide us

All thru the night.

Dark the clouds may linger o'er us,

Still the future's bright before us;

Let us swell the worker's chorus

All thru the night.

Slav'ry's chains will all be broken

After the night.

Brotherhood the sign and token

After the night.

Freedom shall our bonds dis sever,

From the tyrant's yoke forever,

Peace on earth shall reign forever,

After the night, after the night.

## THE RED FLAG

The people's flag is deepest red,

It shrouded oft our martyred dead;

And ere their limbs grow stiff and cold,

Their heart's blood dyed its every fold.

### *Chorus*

Then raise the scarlet standard high!

Within its shade we'll live and die.

Tho' cowards flinch and traitors sneer,

We'll keep the red flag flying here.

Look, round! The Frenchman loves its blaze:  
The sturdy German chants its praise;  
In Moscow vaults its hymns are sung;  
Chicago swells its surging throng.

*Chorus*

It well recalls the triumphs past;  
It gives the hope of peace at last;  
The banner bright, the symbol plain  
Of human right, of human gain.

*Chorus*

With heads uncovered swear we all  
To bear it onward till we fall;  
Come dungeon dark or gallows grim,  
This song shall be our parting hymn.

*Chorus*

RALLYING SONG

Come brothers, raise a hearty song,  
To cheer us on our way;  
The fetters old of hate and wrong  
We cast aside to-day.

*Chorus*

In bands of Brotherhood we stand,  
Determined to be free;  
That love and justice hand in hand  
May bring true liberty.

To all the sons of men we call,  
Of every tribe and name;  
The cause of each is that of all,  
The hope of each the same.

*Chorus*

In bands of Brotherhood, etc.

We need not ask another sphere,  
In realms beyond the sky;  
The reign of love is even here,  
Behold the dawn is nigh!

*Chorus*

In bands of Brotherhood, etc.

LOVE'S PARADISE

Love's tasks grow dearer,  
Dearer far than selfish joy,  
Lifting life's burdens,  
Cheering heart and voice;  
Bringing joy and comfort,  
Binding stronger friendship's ties,  
Making all men brothers,  
Earth's glad paradise.

*Chorus*

Dearer, yes dearer,  
Grow love's tender, helpful ties,  
Nearer, yes nearer,  
Draws our paradise.

Love's joys grow sweeter,  
Purest joys of earthly bliss,  
All loving sharers  
In earth's happiness;  
All oppression ended,  
All its sorrows, broken ties,  
Weeping turn'd to laughter,  
Long-sought paradise.

*Chorus*

Dearer, yes dearer, etc.

## RAISE THE TORCH OF LIBERTY

Raise the torch of liberty, Grasp it with a firmer  
hand;

Let your tyrant masters see, And its meaning under-  
stand.

Labor's hosts have sworn to be, Labor's hosts have  
sworn to be

From the yoke of bondage free.

Raise the torch, uplift it high, And with loyal hearts  
and brave,

Shout the revolution's cry, To each master, to each  
slave:

Freedom comes and slavery, Banished from the earth  
shall be!

Freedom comes and slavery, Banished from the earth  
shall be!

Raise the torch, O may its flame set the nation's heart  
aglow!

Bear it high in freedom's name, Singing ever as you  
go.

Workers of the world, unite! Workers of the world  
unite!

This is freedom's holy fight.

Raise the torch of liberty, Bear it onward thro' the  
gloom

Of the night of tyranny, Shout aloud the tyrant's  
doom.

Onward! till the world shall be From the yoke of  
bondage free!

Onward! till the world shall be From the yoke of  
bondage free!

## SONG OF THE VOLGA BOATMEN

Pull, boys, pull,  
Pull, boys, pull,  
Toil on, toil on.  
Pull, boys, pull,  
Heaven has pity for the poor man's need,  
Soon the end shall come to crown our deed.  
Pull, boys, pull,  
Pull on,—pull  
Pull, brothers, pull,  
Pull on, pull,  
Pull, boys, pull,  
Far on winds the shore,  
Pull on ever-more.

## TRUE FREEDOM

Men whose boast it is that ye  
Come of fathers brave and free,  
If there breathe on earth a slave,  
Are ye truly free and brave?  
If ye do not feel the chain,  
When it works a brother's pain,  
Are ye not base slaves indeed  
Slaves unworthy to be freed?

Is true freedom but to break  
Fetters for our own dear sake,  
And with leathern hearts forget,  
That we owe mankind a debt?  
No! true freedom is to share  
All the chains our brothers wear,  
And with heart and hand to be  
Earnest to make others free!

They are slaves who fear to speak  
For the fallen and the weak;  
They are slaves who will not choose  
Hatred, scoffing, and abuse,  
Rather than in silence shrink  
From the truth they needs must think;  
They are slaves who dare not be  
In the right with two or three!

### THE ADVANCING PROLETAIRE

We are coming all united  
Throbbing with unmeasured power,  
Through the darkness unaffrighted  
We have waited for this hour.  
Now we rise before us sweeping  
All the galling ties that bind,  
And the fiery veins are leaping  
With the blood of all mankind.

Years of labor, years of anguish  
Gallows grim and dungeon cell,  
All your boasted power to vanquish  
Has but taught us to rebel.  
Now the mighty giant has risen  
From the slumber of the years,  
And for him our strongest prison,  
Has no terror and no fear.

You are quaking lords and masters  
Fear is brooding in your eye,  
For you know that grim disaster  
In the pregnant future lie.  
You shall hear the grim death rattle  
As the sages have foretold,  
When the oil of strife and battle  
Overthrow the curse of gold.

### *Chorus*

We are coming unforgiving  
And the earth resounds our tread,  
Bone and sinew of the living  
Spirit of the rebel dead.  
You who sowed the wind of sorrow  
Now the tempest you must dare,  
As you face upon the morrow  
The advancing Proletaire.

### THE REVOLUTION

Arise then, arise then, ye men of the plough and  
hammer;  
Ye men of the helm and the lever;  
And send forth to the four winds of the earth,  
And send forth to the four winds of the earth,  
Your new proclamation of freedom, of freedom,  
Of freedom, which shall be the last,  
Which shall be the last and shall abide forevermore.  
Through you, through your united strength  
Order shall become equity,  
Law shall become liberty,  
Duty shall become love,  
And religion shall become truth.  
Through you, through you the man beast shall die;  
And the man, the man be born.  
And lo! and behold, my brothers,  
Peace shall reign forever!  
And this shall be called the revolution.

### WHIRLWIND OF DANGER

Whirlwinds of danger are hovering o'er us,  
O'erwhelming forces of darkness avail  
Still in the night, see advancing before us  
Red flag of Liberty that yet shall prevail.

*Chorus*

Then forward, ye workers! Freedom awaits you  
O'er all the world on the land and the sea.  
On with the fight for the cause of humanity  
March, march ye toilers and the world shall be  
free,  
March, march ye toilers and the world shall be  
free.

THE HYMN OF FREE RUSSIA

Young Russia, hail victorious!  
All praise we chant to thee,  
Amid the nations, glorious  
Thou standest, proud and free.

No tyrant shall enslave thee,  
Thy sun arises bright!  
All hail to those who gave thee  
New Freedom's sacred light!

Young Russia, hail, etc.

A song of countless voices  
Resounds from shore to shore.  
The Russian folk rejoices  
With Freedom evermore!

Young Russia, hail, etc.



