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SOCIALIST

*** SONGS

COMPILED BY
CHARLES H. KERR

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The music for these songs will be found in "Socialist Songs with Music," which will be mailed to any address for 10 cents by the publishers of this booklet.

SOCIALIST SONGS.

Out of the Dark

(Air from Zeuner.)

Out of the dark the circling sphere
Is rounding onward to the light;
We see not yet the full day here,
But we do see the paling night;

And Hope, that lights her fadeless fires,
And Faith, that shines, a heav'nly will,
And Love, that courage reinspires,—
These stars have been above us still.

O sentinels! whose tread we heard,
Through long hours when we could not see,
Pause now; exchange with cheer the word,—
The unchanging watchword, Liberty!

Look backward, how much has been won!
Look round, how much is yet to win!
The watches of the night are done;
The watches of the day begin.

O Thou, whose mighty patience holds
The night and day alike in view,
Thy will our dearest hope enfolds:
O keep us steadfast, patient, true!

—Samuel Longfellow.

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.

We want no condescending saviors,
 To rule us from a judgment hall,
 We workers ask not for their favors;
 Let us consult for all.
 To make the thief disgorge his booty,
 To free the spirit from its cell,
 We must ourselves decide our duty,
 We must decide and do it well.

Refrain.

The law oppresses us and tricks us,
 Taxation drains the victim's blood;
 The rich are free from obligations,
 The laws the poor delude.
 Too long we've languished in subjection,
 Equality has other laws:
 "No rights," says she, "without their duties,
 No claims on equals without cause."

Refrain.

Behold them seated in their glory,
 The kings of mine and rail and soil!

What have you read in all their story,
But how they plundered toil?
Fruits of the people's work are buried
In the strong coffers of a few;
In voting for their restitution
The men will only ask their due.
Refrain.

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.

—Eugene Pottier.

3 **The Hope of the Ages**
(Air—Red, White and Blue.)

If you dam up the river of Progress—
At your peril and cost let it be!
That river must seawards 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 rais'd 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!
Chorus.

Whether leading the van of the 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 attain and fulfil,
One watchword we cherish to mark us
One kindred and brotherhood still!
Chorus.

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 Ages,
Our hope is the hope of the World!
Chorus.

—E. Nesbit.

4 Hark! the Battle-Cry Is Ringing!
(Air—March of the Men of Harlech.)

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!

Long in wrath and desperation,
Long in hunger, shame, privation,
Have we borne the degradation
Of the rich man's spite:
Now, disdain^g 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!

Chorus—

Men of Labor, young or hoary,
Would ye win a name in story?
Strike for home, for life, for glory!
God shall help the Right!

—H. S. Salt.

5

Life of Ages

(Tune—"Noyes," 1704.)

Life of Ages, richly poured,
Love of God, unspent and free,
Flowing in the Prophet's word
And the People's liberty!

Never was to chosen race
That unstinted tide confined:
Thine is ev'ry time and place,
Fountain sweet of heart and mind!

Breathing in the thinker's creed,
Pulsing in the hero's blood,
Nerving simplest thought and deed,
Fresh'ning time with truth and good

Consecrating art and song,
Holy book and pilgrim track,
Hurling floods of tyrant wrong
From the sacred limits back,—

Life of Ages, richly poured,
Love of God, unspent and free.
Flow still in the Prophet's word
And the People's liberty.

—Samuel Johnson.

6 Come, Comrades, Come!

(Air—"Down Among the Dead Men.")

Come, comrades, come, your glasses clink,
Up with your hands a health to drink,
The health of all who workers be,
In ev'ry land, on ev'ry sea.

Chorus—

And he that will chis health deny,
Down among the dead men,
Down among the dead men,
Down, down, down, down,
Down among the dead men let him lie.

Well done! now drink another toast,
And pledge the gath'ring of the host,
The people, arm'd in brain and hand,
To claim their rights in ev'ry land.

Chorus.

There's liquor left; come, let's be kind,
And drink the rich a better mind—
That when we knock upon the door,
They may be off and say no more.
Chorus.

Now, comrades, let the glass blush red;
Drink we the unforgotten dead
That did their deeds and went away,
Before the bright sun brought the day.
Chorus.

The Day? Ah, friends, late grows the night;
Drink to the glimmering spark of light,
The herald of the joy to be,
The battle-torch of thee and me!
Chorus.

Take yet another cup in hand,
And drink in hope our little band;
Drink strife in hope while lasteth breath,
And brotherhood in life and death.
Chorus.

—William Morris.

7 Your Work, My Work

There's a future in store for the toilers
Who are doing the work of the world,
For the flag of the new revolution
We have raised and have gladly unfurled.

Chorus—

Your work, my work,
All of us working to bring the day
When the wage slaves shall be free men,
And the children shall joyfully play.

There shall be neither masters nor idlers
In the state we are striving to build,
But we all shall have work that is pleasure,
And with gladness each day will be filled.

Chorus—

Your work, my work,
All of us working to bring the day
When the wage slaves shall be free men,
And the children shall joyfully play.

We can hasten that day or delay it,
For 'tis coming when all of the poor
Shall vote and shall struggle together,
Till they make their deliverance sure.

Chorus—

Your work, my work,
Work for us all to arouse the poor,
Till they stand forth in their own strength
To make their deliverance sure.

—Charles H. Kerr.

8 **The March of the Workers**

(Air—"John Brown's Body.")

What is this sound and rumor? What is this
that all men hear,
Like the winds in hollow valleys when the storm
is drawing near,
Like the rolling on of ocean in the eventide of
fear?

'Tis the people marching on.
Whither go they, and whence come they? What
are these of whom ye tell?
In what country are thy dwelling 'twixt the
gates of heav'n and hell?
Are they mine or thine for money? will they
serve a master well?
Still the rumor's marching on.

Chorus—

Hark the rolling of the thunder!
Lo the sun! and lo there-under
Riseth wrath and hope and wonder,
And the host comes marching on.

Forth they come from grief and torment; on
they wend toward health and mirth;
All the wide world is their dwelling, every corner
of the earth;
Buy them, sell them for thy service! Try the
bargain what 'tis worth,
For the days are marching on.
These are they who build thy houses, weave thy
raiment, win thy wheat,
Smooth the rugged, fill the barren, turn the bitter
into sweet,
All for thee this day—and ever. What reward
for them is meet?
Till the host comes marching on.

Chorus.

Many a hundred years passed over have they
labored deaf and blind;
Never tidings reached their sorrow, never hope
their toil might find.
Now at last they've heard and hear it, and the
cry comes down the wind,
And their feet are marching on.
O ye rich men hear and tremble! for with words
the sound is rife:
"Once for you and death we labored; changed
henceforward is the strife.
We are men, and we shall battle for the world
of men and life;
And our host is marching on."

Chorus.

"Is it war, then? Will ye perish as the dry wood
in the fire?"

Is it peace? Then be ye of us, let your hope be
our desire.

Come and live! for life awaketh, and the world
shall never tire;

And hope is marching on."

"On we march then, we the workers, and the ru-
mor that ye hear

Is the blended sound of battle and deliv'rance
drawing near;

For the hope of every creature is the banner that
we bear,

And the world is marching on."

Chorus.

—William Morris.

9

All for the Cause

(English Air.)

Hear a word, a word in season, for the day is
drawing nigh,

When the Cause shall call upon us, some to live
and some to die!

He that dies shall not die lonely, many an one
hath gone before,

He that lives shall bear no burden heavier than
the life they bore.

Nothing ancient is their story, e'en but yesterday
they bled,

Youngest they of earth's beloved, last of all the
valiant dead.

In the grave where tyrants thrust them, lies
their labor and their pain,

But undying from their sorrow, springeth up the
hope again.

Mourn not, therefore, nor lament it, that the
world outlives their life;

Voice and wisdom yet they give us, making
strong our hands for strife.

Some had name and fame and honor, learned
they were and wise and strong;

Some were nameless, poor, unlettered, weak in
all but grief and wrong.

Named and nameless all live in us; one and all
they lead us yet,
Every pain to count for nothing, every sorrow to
forget.

Hearken how they cry, "O happy, happy ye that
ye were born

"In the sad slow night's departing, in the rising
of the morn.

"Fair the crown the Cause hath for you, well to
die or well to live

"Through the battle, through the tangle, peace
to gain or peace to give."

Ah, it may be! Oft meseemeth, in the days that
yet shall be,

When no slave of gold abideth 'twixt the breadth
of sea to sea,

Oft, when men and maids are merry, ere the
sunlight leaves the earth,

And they bless the day beloved all too short for
all their mirth,

Some shall pause awhile and ponder on the bit-
ter days of old,

Ere the toil and strife of battle overthrew the
curse of gold.

Then 'twixt lips of loved and lover solemn
thoughts of us shall rise;

We who once were fools and dreamers, then
shall be the brave and v'se.

There amidst the world new-builded shall our
earthly deeds abide,

Though our names be all forgotten, and the tale
of how we died.

Life or death then, who shall heed it, what we
gain or what we lose?

Fair lies life amid the struggle, and the Cause
for each shall choose.

—William Morris.

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—

To arms, to arms, ye brave!
 Th' avenging sword unsheathe,
 March on, march on,
 All hearts resolved
 On victory or death!

With luxury and pride surrounded,
 The vile, insatiate despots dare,
 Their thirst for gold and pow'r unbounded,
 To mete and vend the light and air,
 To mete and vend the light and air,
 Like beasts of burden would they load us,
 Like gods would bid their slaves adore;
 But man is man and who is more?
 Then shall they longer lash and goad us?
 Chorus.

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.

—Rouget de Lisle.

Prayer-Answer

(Air—Mornington.)

At first I prayed for Light:
 Could I but see the way,
 How gladly, swiftly would I walk
 To everlasting day!

And next I prayed for Strength:
 That I might tread the road
 With firm, unfalt'ring feet, and win
 The heav'n's serene abode.

And then I asked for Faith;
 Could I but trust my God,
 I'd live enfolded in His peace,
 Tho' foes were all abroad.

But now I pray for Love;
 Deep love to God and man ;
 A living love that will not fail,
 However dark his plan.

And Light and Strength and Faith
 Are opening everywhere!
 God only waited for me till
 I prayed the larger prayer.

—Mrs. E. D. Cheney.

Workers of England

(Air—Lillibulero.)

Workers of England, why crouch ye like cravens?

Why clutch an existence of insult and want?
 Why stand to be plucked by an army of ravens,
 Or hoodwink'd forever by twaddle and cant?
 Think on the wrongs ye bear,
 Think on the rags ye wear.

Think on the insults endur'd from your birth;
Tolling in snow and rain,
Rearing up heaps of grain,
All for the tyrants who grind you to earth.

Your brains are as keen as the brains of your
masters,
In swiftness and strength ye surpass them
by far.

Ye've brave hearts to teach you to laugh at dis-
asters,

Ye vastly outnumber your tyrants in war.

Why then like cowards stand

Using not brain or hand,

Thankful like dogs when they throw you a bone?

What right have they to take

Things that ye toil to make?

Know ye not, comrades, that all is your own?

Rise in your might, brothers, bear it no longer,
Assemble in masses throughout the whole
land:

Show these incapables who are the stronger,

When workers and idlers confronted shall
stand.

Thro' Castle, Court and Hall,

Over their acres all,

Onwards we'll press like the waves of the sea,

Claiming the wealth we've made,

Ending the spoilers' trade:

Labor shall triumph and England be free.

—J. Connell.

O nation, strong and great,

For thine own honor's sake

Hear thou our call;

We are thy children too,

From year to year we grew,
Silent and patient thro'
Darkness and toil.

Out from the depths of crime,
We've tried in vain to climb
Where nothing led;
When life and justice, asked,
Still further down were cast,
Even sobs were hush'd at last,
And hope seem'd dead.

But now, O nation strong,
To thee must truth belong,
Crown thou the right;
We are thy children still,
Working with might and will,
Ne'er resting till we fill
The world with light.

—Rose Alice Cleveland.

14

True Freedom

(Air—War Song of Druids, "Norma.")

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!

—James Russell Lowell

15

What Ho! My Lads

(Air—Auld Lang Syne.)

What ho! my lads, the time is ripe,
Away with foolish fear!
The slave may dread his master's stripe,
We'll have no tyrants here!
We'll have no tyrants here, my boys,
Nor lords to rule the roast;
Their threats are nought but empty noise,
And nought but breath their boast.

Nor slaves nor kings in all our ranks
Shall evermore be found;
Elsewhere the knaves may play their pranks
But this is holy ground—
But this is holy ground, my friends,
Where Freedom's cause is won,
Where kings and priests shall make amends
For all the wrong they've done.

In our Republic all shall share
The right to work and play;
The right to scoff at carking care,
And drive despair away—
Drive poverty away, my mates,
With struggle, strain and strife:
What use are Parliaments and States
Without a happy life?

When Hunger holds a harmless rod,
And all lands laugh for glee,
And none need fear a master's nod,
And all are really free—
When all indeed are free, my hearts,
And our great Cause is won,
Oh, then, when Poverty departs,
Will all our work be done.

—J. L. Joynes.

Onward, Brothers

(Air—Greenville.)

Onward, brothers, march still onward,
Side by side and hand in hand;
We are bound for man's true kingdom,
We are an increasing band.
Tho' the way seems often doubtful,
Hard the toil which we endure,
Tho' at times our courage falter,
Yet the promised land is sure.

Olden sages saw it dimly,
And their joy to madness wrought;
Living men have gazed upon it,
Standing on the hills of thought.
All the past has done and suffered,
All the daring and the strife,
All has helped to mould the future,
Make man master of his life.

Still brave deeds and kind are needed,
Noble thoughts and feeling fair;
Ye too must be strong and suffer,
Ye too have to do and dare,
Onward, brothers, march still onward,
March still onward hand in hand;
Till ye see at last Man's kingdom,
Till ye reach the Promis'd Land.

—Havelock Ellis.

No Master

Saith man to man, We've heard and known
 That we no master need
 To live upon this earth, our own,
 In fair and manly deed;
 The grief of slaves long passed away
 For us hath forg'd the chain,
 Till now each worker's patient day
 Builds up the House of Pain.

And we, shall we too crouch and quail,
 Ashamed, afraid of strife;
 And, lest our lives untimely fail,
 Embrace the death in life?
 Nay, cry aloud and have no fear;
 We few against the world;
 Awake, arise, the hope we bear
 Against the curse is hurl'd.

It grows, it grows: are we the same—
 The feeble band, the few?
 Or what are these with eyes aflame,
 And hands to deal and do?
 This is the host that bears the word,
 No master, High or Low.
 A lightning flame, a shearing sword,
 A storm to overflow.

—William Morris.

The Voice of Toil

(Air—"Ye Banks and Braes.")

I heard men saying, leave hope and praying,
 All days shall be as all have been;
 To-day and to-morrow bring fear and sorrow,
 The never ending toil between.
 When earth was younger, 'midst toil and hun-
 ger
 In hope we strove, and our hands were strong;

Then great men led us, with words they fed us
And bade us right the earthly wrong.

Go read in story their deeds and glory,
Their names amidst the nameless dead;
Turn then from lying to us slow dying
In that good world to which they led;
Where fast and faster our iron master,
The thing we made, forever drives,
Bids us grind treasure and fashion pleasure
For other hopes and other lives.

Let dead hearts tarry and trade and marry,
And trembling nurse their dreams of mirth,
While we the living our lives are giving
To bring the bright new world to birth.
Come, shoulder to shoulder ere earth grows
older!

The Cause spreads over land and sea;
Now the world shaketh and fear awaketh,
And joy at last for thee and me.

—William Morris.

19

The Jubilee of Labor

(Air—"Marching Through Georgia.")

Raise your voices, comrades, in a loud and
hearty song,
Music is the enemy of tyranny and wrong;
Melody will help us to be resolute and strong,
As we are marching to freedom.

Chorus—

Hurrah, hurrah, we'll bring the Jubilee,
Hurrah, hurrah, the workers shall be free;
So we'll sing in chorus from the center to the
sea,
As we are marching to freedom.

When Labor is united we shall conquer every
foe,
Right and might are on our side to bring usurp-
ers low,
God is with the workingman, as every one shall
know,
As we are marching to freedom.
Chorus.

We mean to fight for justice and for equity
again,
Long the new Grand Army has been gathering
its men,
Many friends will help us on with ballot, voice
and pen,
As we are marching to freedom.
Chorus.

—Herbert N. Casson.

20

Toilers, Arise

Toilers arise! the long, long night is over,
Faint in the east behold the dawn appear;
Out of your evil dream of toil and sorrow;
Arise, O toilers, for the day is here;
From your fields and hills,
Hark! the answer swells,
Arise, O toilers, for the day is here!

By your young children's eyes so red with
weeping,
By their white faces aged with want and
fear,
By the dark cities where your babes are creep-
ing,
Naked of joy and all that makes life dear;
From each wretched slum
Let the loud cry come;
Arise, O toilers, for the day is here!

Over your face a web of lies is woven,
Laws that are falsehoods pin you to the
ground,
Labor is mocked, its just reward is stolen,
On its bent back sits Idleness encrowned.
How long while you sleep,
Your harvest shall it reap?
Arise, O toilers, for the day is here!

Forth, then, ye heroes, patriots and lovers!
Comrades of danger, poverty and scorn!
Mighty in faith of Freedom your great Mother!
Giants refreshed in Joy's new-rising morn!
Come and swell the song,
Silent now so long:
Labor is risen!—and the day is here.
—Edward Carpenter.

21

Men of the People

(Air by Joseph Scheu.)

Men of the people! you who say
That Freedom is your right,
Not words but acts we need to-day,
Your rulers long have held the sway!
'Tis time their pow'r you swept away;
For Freedom then unite,

Too long from fact'ry, mill and field,
Has come the patient cry;
'Tis time that they should see you wield
A force 'gainst which they have no shield:
Your words will never make them yield,
Their justice is a lie,

They claim as theirs your very lives,
Your daughters are their sport;
In rags and starving go your wives,
While you are fettered by their gyves,
And still the lordly bishop shrives
These fav'rites of a court,

Fight; yet pity, O my brothers,
Save the darkened soul that prays;
Ye were night-bound, grow not hardened,
Strength is merciful always;
Hearken! Hearken! O my brothers,
Nor grow mad in coming days!

Soon the trumpet, O my brothers,
Will arouse ye for the fight,
And the day must dawn in darkness,
That shall end in perfect light;
Hearken! Hearken! O my brothers,
Wrong must ever herald right!
—Evelyn Pyne.

24 **The Day of the Lord**
(Air by Edward Carpenter.)

The day of the Lord is at hand, at hand!
Its storms roll up the sky;
The nations sleep starving on heaps of gold;
All dreamers toss and sigh;
The night is darkest before the morn;
When the pain is sorest, the child is born,
And the Day of the Lord at hand,
The Day of the Lord at hand.

Gather you, gather you, angels of God,
Freedom and mercy and truth;
O come! for the earth is grown coward and old;
Come down, and renew us her youth.
Wisdom, self-sacrifice, daring and love,
Haste to the battle-field, stoop from above,
To the Day of the Lord at hand,
To the Day of the Lord at hand,

Who'd sit down and sigh for a lost age of gold,
While the Lord of all ages is here?
True hearts will leap up at the trumpet of God,
And those who can suffer can dare,
Each old age of gold was an iron age, too.

And the meekest of saints may find stern work
to do,
In the Day of the Lord at hand,
In the Day of the Lord at hand,
—Charles Kingsley.

25

A Harvest Hymn

(Air—Wir Pfluegen und Wir Streuen.)

There's light upon the corn-field,
And yellow grows the grain,
The summer now is over
And harvest comes again;
The year is crown'd with glory,
The vales with corn are glad,
But the reaper's voice is silent
The farmer's heart is sad.

Chorus—

Cheer up, despondent workers!
When corn and wine abound,
For those who sow and reap our fields
Shall joy be found.

The lords have now the vintage,
The bankers claim the corn,
The produce of the farmer
By craft and guile is torn,
From both himself and household,
To spend in court and hall;
On minions and their masters
Who crowd to hunt and ball.

Chorus.

Arise, O downcast toiler!
With sickle in thy hand,
Two harvests lie this morning
The length of this good land,
The one is now before thee
With plenty for thy need;

Let idlers reap the whirlwind
Of which they've sown the seed.
Chorus.

—John Glasse.

26. **The Fatherhood of God**

Now sound ye forth with trumpet tone,
Let all the nations fear,
Speak to the world the thrilling words
That tyrants quail to hear;
And write them bold on Freedom's flag,
And wave it in the van,
'Tis the Fatherhood of God,
And the brotherhood of man,
'Tis the Fatherhood of God,
And the brotherhood of man.

Upon the sunny mountain brow,
Among the busy throng,
Proclaim the day for which our hearts
Have pray'd and waited long;
The grandest words that men have heard,
Since e'er the world began,
Are the Fatherhood of God,
And the brotherhood of man,
Are the Fatherhood of God,
And the brotherhood of man,

Too long the night of ignorance
Has brooded o'er the mind;
Too long the love of wealth and power,
And not the love of kind:
Now let the blessed truth be flashed
To earth's remotest span,
Of the Fatherhood of God,
And the brotherhood of man.

Oh, ye who trample on the hearts
And chain the minds of men;
The sword is shivered in your grasp,

Broke by the mighty pen,
And right shall yet prevail, in spite
Of king or priestly ban,
By the Fatherhood of God,
And the brotherhood of Man.

---John Jones.

27

Marching Song

(Air—Tramp, Tramp, Tramp, the Boys Are
Marching.)

In our poverty and toil
Looking out upon the world,
We can see the gathering armies of the Cause;
And we feel ourselves a part
Of the new resistless power,
That shall sweep away oppression and its laws.

Chorus—

Tramp, tramp, tramp, you hear us marching,
Millions now are on the way,
And our army ne'er shall pause
Till the right to live is ours,
And the sun has risen on a fairer day.

In the shops and in the slums,
Working, suffering day by day,
We are making wealth for millionaires to hold;
But with joy we pledge our faith
To the cause of all who toil,
Till the better social order shall unfold.

Chorus.

In the days that are to be
When the Cause we love is won,
We shall labor for ourselves and for our own;
Each for all and all for each,
And through many joyful years
We shall pluck the fruit that comrades brave
have sown.

—Charles H. Kerr.

Rallying Song

(Air—Auld Lang Syne.)

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.

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

Chorus.

—James P. Morton, Jr.

The Ninety and Nine

(Air—In "Gospel Hymns.")

There are ninety and nine that work and die
 In want and hunger and cold,
 That one may revel in luxury,
 And be lapped in the silken fold!
 And ninety and nine in their hovels bare
 And one in a palace of riches rare.

From the sweat of their brow the desert blooms
 And the forest before them falls;

**Their labor has builded humble homes,
And cities with lofty halls,
And the one owns cities and houses and lands,
And the ninety and nine have empty hands.**

**But the night so dreary and dark and long
At last shall the morning bring;
And over the land the victors' song
Of the ninety and nine shall ring,
And echo afar, from zone to zone,
"Rejoice! for Labor shall have its own!"**

—Rose Elizabeth Smith.

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