

SOCIALIST SONGS



Price, Ten Cents

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LOCAL BERKS COUNTY,
SOCIALIST PARTY
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SING!

You and your friends will enjoy singing these fine songs.

Sing them at your branch meetings, sing them in your homes, sing them in the great outdoors.

The singing of these songs together joins us in bonds of unity as nothing else can.



A number of the songs in this book have been taken from song books of the English workers.

Several of them have their own music, which are set with English airs.

In order to make it easier to sing them, popular American tunes have been substituted.

SOCIALIST SONGS



We Americans are known to the world as a silent people. We of the American working class are just beginning to learn to blend our voices in the mass and feel the swing and the urge and the power of our united song. There is nothing that brings us closer together in the bond of comradeship.

Let us sing—for we must have courage in Labor's fight!

Let us sing—to establish the bond of fellowship!

Let song be the tie that binds us!

INDEX TO SONGS



	Number
Rallying Song	1
Hymn of the Toilers	2
The Hope of the Ages	3
The Jubilee of Labor	4
Battle Hymn of the Workers	5
Marching Song	6
The Internationale	7
Solidarity Forever	8
Hold the Fort	9
The Red Flag	10
Lift Up the People's Banner	11
The March of the Workers	12
Onward, Friends of Freedom	13
When the Revolution Comes	14
Youth Leads the Van Today	15
The Workers' Marseillaise.....	16
Hark! The Battle Cry is Ringing!.....	17
What Ho! My Lads	18
We're Comrades Ever	19
A Rebel Song	20
Toilers Arise!	21

1

RALLYING SONG

By James P. Morton, Jr.

(Tune: 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 today.

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.

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

2

HYMN OF THE TOILERS

By Rose Alice Cleveland

(Tune: America)

O nation, strong and great,
For thine own worthy fate
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.

3

THE HOPE OF THE AGES

(Tune: 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!

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 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!

4

THE JUBILEE OF LABOR

By Herbert N. Casson

(Tune: 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 usurpers
low,
So forward then united, as workers all should go,
As we are marching to freedom.

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.

5

BATTLE HYMN OF THE WORKERS

(Tune: John Brown's Body)

Oh mine eyes have seen the vision
Of the workers true and brave,
All alight for fuller freedom
Which humanity shall save;
They have flung their flaming banner
Over land and over wave
Their hosts are marching on.

Sol-i-dar-i-ty forever!
Sol-i-dar-i-ty forever!
Sol-i-dar-i-ty forever!
Their hosts are marching on

Woe unto the herd of idlers,
They shall share the fate of drones;
Woe unto the brood of tyrants
Trembling on their tottering thrones;
For their fortresses are falling
On the sound of trumpet tones,
Their foes are marching on.

Sol-i-dar-i-ty forever!
Sol-i-dar-i-ty forever!
Sol-i-dar-i-ty forever!
Their foes are marching on.

From the ruins of the ramparts
Shall the Golden city rise;
See its mansions reared by freemen
Mounting proudly to the skies;
On ye workers! On ye warriors!
Win the last—the noblest prize,
March on till it is won.

Sol-i-dar-i-ty forever!
Sol-i-dar-i-ty forever!
Sol-i-dar-i-ty forever!
March on till it is won.

6

MARCHING SONG

(Tune: 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.

In the days that are to be
When the Cause we love has 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.

THE INTERNATIONALE

By Eugene Pottier

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.

Chorus

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

We want no condescending saviours,
 To rule us from our 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 his cell.
 We must ourselves decide our duty,
 We must decide and do it well.

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.

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.

8

SOLIDARITY FOREVER

By Ralph Chaplin

(Tune: John Brown's Body)

When the Union's inspiration through the work-
ers blood shall run,

There can be no power greater anywhere be-
neath the sun.

Yet what force on earth is weaker than the
feeble strength of one?

But the Union makes us strong.

Chorus

Sol-i-dar-i-ty forever!

Sol-i-dar-i-ty forever!

Sol-i-dar-i-ty forever!

For the Union makes us strong.

Is there aught we hold in common with the
greedy parasite

Who would lash us into serfdom and would crush
us with his might?

Is there anything left for us but to organize and
fight?

For the Union makes us strong!

It is we who plowed the prairies; built the cities
where they trade;

Dug the mines and built the workshops; endless
miles of railroad laid.

Now we stand, outcast and starving, 'mid the
wonders we have made;

But the Union makes us strong.

All the world that's owned by idle drones, is
ours and ours alone.

We have laid the wide foundations; built it sky-
ward stone by stone.

It is ours, not to slave in, but to master and to
own,

While the Union makes us strong.

They have taken untold millions that they never
toiled to earn.

But without our brain and muscle not a single
wheel can turn.

We can break their haughty power; gain our
freedom when we learn

That the Union makes us strong.

In our hands placed a power greater than their
hoarded gold;

Greater than the might of armies, magnified a
thousandfold.

We can bring to birth the new world from the
ashes of the old,

For the Union makes us strong!

9

HOLD THE FORT

(English Transport Workers' Strike Song)

We meet today in freedom's cause

And raise our voices high;

We'll join our hands in union strong,

To battle or to die.

Chorus

Hold the fort for we are coming—

Union men, be strong.

Side by side we battle onward,

Victory will come.

Look my Comrades, see the union

Banners waving high.

Reinforcements now appearing,

Victory is nigh.

See our numbers still increasing;

Hear the bugles blow.

By our union we shall triumph

Over every foe.

Fierce and long the battle rages,

But we will not fear,

Help will come whene'er it's needed,

Cheer, my Comrades, cheer.

10

THE RED FLAG

By James Connel

(Tune: Maryland, My Maryland)

The people's flag is deepest red,
It shrouded oft our martyred dead;
And ere their limbs grew stiff and cold
Their hearts' blood dyed its every fold.

Chorus

Then raise the scarlet standard high;
Within its shade we'll live or 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's streets its hymns are sung,
Chicago swells its surging song.

It waved above our infant might,
When all ahead seemed dark as night;
It witnessed many a deed and vow;
We must not change its color now.

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.

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

LIFT UP THE PEOPLE'S BANNER

By Joseph Whittaker

(Tune: Ye Soldiers of the Cross)

Lift up the People's banner,
Now rising from the dust;
A million hands are ready
To guard the sacred trust;
With steps that never falter,
And hearts that grow more strong,
Till victory ends our warfare
We sternly march along,

Through ages of oppression,
We bore a heavy load,
While others reaped the harvest
From the seeds the people sowed;
Down in the earth we burrowed,
Or fed the furnace heats;
We felled the mighty forests,
We built the mighty fleets.

But after bitter ages
Of hunger and despair,
The slave has snapped his fetters,
And bids his foes beware;
We will be slaves no longer,
The nations soon shall know
That all who live must labor,
And all who reap must sow.

So on we march to battle,
With souls that shall not rest
Until the world God gave us
Is by the world possessed;
And, filled with perfect manhood,
In beauty it shall move—
One heart, one home, one nation,
Whose king and lord is love.

12

THE MARCH OF THE WORKERS

By William Morris

(Tune: Battle Hymn of the Republic)

What is this the 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 even tide 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 they 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 cor-
ner 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 bit-
ter into sweet,

All for thee this day—and ever. What reward
for them is meet?

Till the host comes marching on.

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."

"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
 rumor 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."

13

ONWARD, FRIENDS OF FREEDOM

By John Glasse

(Tune: Onward, Christian Soldiers)

Toilers of the nations, Thinkers of the time,
Sound the note of battle loud thro' ev'ry clime.
March ye 'gainst the tyrants, heedless of the
steel,
Be a band of brothers, speed the Common Weal!

Chorus

Onward, friends of freedom,
Onward, for the strife,
Each for all we struggle,
One in death and life.

Seamstress in the hovel, woman in the mill,
Low indeed ye grovel, tame ye are and still,
Come, like the war maidens, beauteous in your
might!
Sing ye songs of valor, nerve us for the fight.

Toil ye now no longer for another's gain,
While our wives and children pine in want and
pain;
Slaves we've been and cowards, but the night is
o'er;—
Up, then, with the morning, weep and sigh no
more.

WHEN THE REVOLUTION COMES

By J. R. Glasier

(Tune: Yankee Doodle)

Come ev'ry honest lad and lass!
Too long we've been kept under
By rusty chains of fraud and fear,
We'll snap them all asunder!

Chorus

When the revolution comes,
The Social Revolution—
It's coming fast—our turn, at last!
The Social Revolution!

The knave who lives in idleness
By plundering his neighbor,
Shall learn to use the pick and spade,
And live by honest labor!

That robbers' paction styled the Law
To frighten honest folks, sirs.
We'll set ablaze and fumigate
The country with the smoke, sirs.

The landlord and the capitalist,—
If you should wish to see 'em
You'll have to take a holiday
And search in the museum!

Then let us hail the coming day!
The glorious hope before us!
And with brave deeds anticipate
The good time of our chorus!
When the revolution comes!
The Social Revolution!
Then three cheers give, of "Long, long live
The Social Revolution!"

15

YOUTH LEADS THE VAN TODAY

(Tune: Way Down Upon the Suwanee River)

All sad the world has been and weary,
Sad through all time.
Life for the toilers dull and dreary,
In ev'ry land and clime.
See, now the rays of sunlight streaming
Banish the night.
Youth rises in the bright light gleaming,
Hopeful, and joyous and right.

Chorus

Lo, a nobler day is dawning,
Fairer than we tell,
Young comrades, come and join the Yipsels
Join the Y. P. S. L.

Bound by the ties of woe and anguish,
Sadness and toil,
Long were the workers forced to languish
Ever the master's spoil.
Now, poverty and fear, benighted
Vanish away—
Rise, workers of the world, united,
Youth leads the van today!

THE WORKERS' MARSEILLAISE

Ye sons of toil awake to glory
Hark, hark! what myriads bid you rise.
Your children, wives and grand sires 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 power 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?

Oh Liberty can man resign thee
Once having felt they 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.

HARK! THE BATTLE CRY IS RINGING!

By H. S. Salt

(Tune: 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!
Though we wield not spear nor sabre,
We the sturdy sons of Labor,
Helping every man his neighbor,
 Shirk 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, disdaining useless sorrow,
Hope from brighter thoughts we'll borrow
Often shines the fairest morrow
 After stormiest night.
Tyrants' hearts, take warning,
Nobler days are dawning;
Heroic deeds sublimer creeds,
Shall herald Freedom's morning!

WHAT HO! MY LADS

By J. L. Joynes

(Tune: 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.
No 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 tyrants all 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.

WE'RE COMRADES EVER

By K. P. Shedd

(Tune: Santa Lucia)

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!

Whene'er I'm sad or sore, lonely or weary,
Dark clouds ahov'ring o'er, the world all dreary,
The 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 Yipsel call—let nought us sever!
A unit be our band, one cause in ev'ry land;
For Brotherhood we stand—We're Comrades
Ever!

A REBEL SONG

By James Connolly

(Tune: Wearing of the Green)

Come, workers, sing a rebel song,
A song of love and hate—
Of love unto the lowly
And of hatred to the great,
The great who trod our fathers down,
Who steal our children's bread,
Whose hand of greed is stretched to rob
The living and the dead.
We sing no more of wailing,
And no songs of sighs or tears,
High are our hopes, and stout our hearts,
And banished all our fears;
Our flag is raised above us,
So that all the world may see,
'Tis Labor's faith and Labor's arm
Alone can Labor free.

Out of the depths of misery
We march with hearts of flame.
With wrath against the rulers false
Who wreck our manhood's name;
The serf who licks the tyrant's rod
May bend forgiving knee,
The slave who breaks his slav'ry's chain
A wrathful man must be.
Our army marches onward,
With its face towards the dawn,
In trust secure in that one thing
The slave may lean upon;
The might within the arm of him,
Who, knowing freedom's worth
Strikes home to banish tyranny
From off the face of earth.

21

TOILERS ARISE!

By John Glasse

(Tune: Home, Sweet Home)

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

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

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

Workers—

Join the Socialist Party

Young People—

Join the Young People's
Socialist League

Read—

Socialist Literature

Subscribe for—

Socialist Newspapers



Socialist Party of America

National Office:

549 Randolph Ave., Chicago, Ill.

To Defend Socialism—

or to oppose it, intelligently, it is necessary to understand it.

The Ruling Class

of modern society does not want the people to understand Socialism because it conflicts with their right to exploit the people.

The Capitalist Press

is owned and controlled by the ruling class. Therefore, it is impossible to get the truth about Socialism from the Capitalist newspapers.

You Can Get the Facts

about Socialism by reading Socialist literature and by subscribing for Socialist newspapers.

— Read —

THE READING LABOR ADVOCATE

(Socialist Weekly Newspaper of Reading, Pa.)

27 REED STREET, READING, PA.

Subscription, \$1.00 Per Year

— and —

THE NEW LEADER

(National Socialist Weekly Newspaper)

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Subscription, \$2.00 Per Year