SOCIALIST SONGS
WITH MUSIC

Price 15 Cents

CHARLES H. KERR & COMPANY
PUBLISHERS :: CHICAGO
SOCIALIST SONGS
WITH MUSIC

COMPILED BY
CHARLES H. KERR

Fourth Edition: Revised and Enlarged

CHICAGO
CHARLES H. KERR & COMPANY
CO-OPERATIVE
Publishers' Note to First Edition.

This book is a first attempt at bringing together a collection of Socialist Songs with music for the use of American Socialists. This will explain many of the most serious defects that will doubtless appear in it, and it will also explain the fact that we have had to borrow more than half our songs from our English comrades. The words and music of numbers 3, 4, 6, 8, 9, 12, 14, 18, 20, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25 and 26, and the words of 15, 16 and 17 are taken from the admirable book entitled "Chants of Labor," compiled by Edward Carpenter and published by Swan, Sonnenschein & Co., of London. The remainder are drawn from various sources, only a few being original. We American Socialists are only beginning to sing.

It is the hope of the publishers to enlarge and improve this book at some future time, and suggestions from comrades using it will be welcome.

Note to Second Edition.

The cordial reception of the first edition of the book and its sale within a year from publication show that we made no mistake in believing that such a book was required by the Socialist movement of the United States. In the present edition, seven new songs with music have been added, without increasing the retail price. Of these songs, numbers 30, 31 and 35 are from "Chants of Labor," 33 and 36 are original, and 32 and 34 are adaptations of English words to familiar tunes. In the case of number 32 an apology is due the author for the addition of four decidedly inferior lines at the end of his last stanza. This was made necessary by the fact that his poem consisted of an odd number of four-line stanzas. Besides, some audiences need to have the point of the joke explained to them.

The first edition of this book was criticised in some quarters as being rather too heavy and sober, and an effort has been made to remedy this defect by the addition of a few lighter songs. The compiler has tried, however, to exclude trashy music and songs without literary merit,—his own excepted. It is of course a well known fact that no one can be an impartial judge of the merits of his own verses.
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Socialist Songs With Music.

No. 1. Out of the Dark.

SAMUEL LONGFELLOW.

Zeunkh.

1. Out of the dark the circling sphere Is rounding onward
   to the light; We see not yet the full day

2. And Hope, that lights her fadeless fires, And Faith, that shines, a
   heavenly will, And Love, that courage rein

here, But we do see the pal ing night;
   spires.—These stars have been above us still.

3 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

4 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.

5 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!
The International Party.

French Words by Eugene Pottier. Translated by Charles H. Kerr.

   We want no condescending sav’rors. To rule us from a judgment hall.

For justice thunders con dem-na-tion. A bet-ter world’s in birth.
We workers ask not for their fa-vors; Let us con-sult for all.

No more tra di-tion’s chains shall bind us. A-rise, ye slaves! no more in thrall!
To make the thief disgorge his booty, To free the spir-it from its cell.

The earth shall rise on new foundations, We hare been arrayed, we shall be all
We must ourselves decide our du-ty. We must de-cide and do it well.

REFRAIN.

’Tis the fi-nal con-flict. Let each stand in his place.
C’est la lut-te fi-nale Grou-pons-nous et de-main.
The International Party. Concluded.

The International Party Shall be the human race.
L'Internationale sera le genre humain!

'Tis the final conflict, Let each stand in his place,
C'est la lutte finale, Groupons-nous et demain,

The International Party Shall be the human race.
L'Internationale sera le genre humain!

3
The law oppresses us and tricks us,
Fruits of the people's work are buried
In the strong coffers of a few:
Taxation drains the victim's blood;
In voting for their restitution
The rich are free from obligations,
The laws the poor delude.
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."

4
Behold them seated in their glory,
Toilers from shops and fields united.
The kings of mine and rail and soil!
The party we of all who work;
What have you read in all their story,
The earth belongs to us, the people.
But how they plundered toil?
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.
No. 3. The Hope of the Ages.

Words by E. NESBIT.

AIR—Red, White and Blue.

Spirited.

1. If you dam up the riv-er of Pro-gress— At your peril and cost let it be! That riv-er must sea-wards des-strengthen the flood they op-pose! For the hard-er op-pres-sion the pite you— 'Twill break down your dams and be free! And we fierc-er The cur-rent will be when it flows. We shall heed not the pit-i-ful barriers That you in its way have down-win, and the tyrant's bat-tal-ions Will be scattered like chaff in the cast; For your ef-forts but add to the tor-rent, Whose fight, From which the true sol-diers of free-dom Shall
The Hope of the Ages. Concluded.

3 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!
For our banner is raised, &c,

4 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!
For our banner is raised, &c.
No. 4. Hark! the Battle-Cry is Ringing!

Words by H. S. Salts.

Air—March of the Men of Harlech.

Hark! the battle-cry is ringing! Hope within our
Tho' we wield nor spear nor sabre, We the sturdy

Bosoms springing, Bids us journey forward, singing—
sons of Labour, Helping every man his neighbour,

Death to tyrants' might!
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:
Hark! the Battle-Cry is Ringing. Concluded.

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

2 Long in wrath and desperation, Tyrant hearts, take warning!
Long in hunger, shame privation, Nobler days are dawning;
Have we borne the degradation Heroic deeds, sublimer creeds,
Of the rich man's spite: Shall herald Freedom's morning!
Now, disdaining useless sorrow, Choose. Men of Labour, young or hoary,
Hope from brighter thoughts we'll borrow; Would ye win a name in story?
Often shines the fairest morrow Strike for home, for life, for glory!
After stormiest night. God shall help the Right!

No. 5.

Life of Ages.

TUNE—"Noyes", 1704.

1. Life of Ages, richly poured, Love of God, unspent and free,
Flowing in the Prophet's word And the People's liberty!
Thine is every time and place, Fountain sweet of heart and mind!
Nurcing simplest thought and deed, Freshening time with truth and good,

2. Never was to chosen race That un-stinted tide confined:

3. Breathing in the thinker's creed, Pulsing in the hero's blood,

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

5. 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.
No. 6.

Come, Comrades, Come!

WILLIAM MORRIS

AIR—"Down among the dead men."

1. 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, And
   people arm'd in brain and hand, To claim their rights in ev'ry land. And

2. Well done! Now drink another toast, And pledge the gathering of the host, The
   be that will this health deny, Down among the dead men, down among the dead men.

3. There's liquor left; come, let's be kind, 5 The Day? Ah, friends late grows the night;
   And drink the rich a better mind—Drink to the glimmering spark of light.
   That when we knock upon the door, The herald of the joy to be.
   They may be off and say no more The battle-torch of thee and me!
   And lie that will, &c
   And he that will, &c

4. Now, comrades, let the glass blush red: 6 Take yet another cup in hand,
   Drink we the unforgotten dead And drink in hope our little band;
   That did their deeds and went away, Drink strife in hope while lasteth breath,
   Before the bright sun brought the day And brotherhood in life and death;
   And he that will, &c
   And he that will, &c
No. 7. *Your Work; my Work.*

Words by C. H. K. Music by ROSE ALICE CLEVELAND.

1. There's a future in store for the toilers
2. There shall be neither masters nor idlers
3. We can hasten that day or delay it,

Who are doing the work of the world, For the flag of the
In the state we are striving to build, But we all shall have
For 'tis coming when all of the poor Shall vote and shall

new revolution We have raised and have gladly unfurled.
work that is pleasure, And with gladness each day will be filled.
struggle together, Till they make their deliverance sure.

**Chorus.**

1 & 2. Your work, my work, All of us working to bring the day When the wage
3. Your work, my work, Work for us all to arouse the poor, Till they stand

slaves shall be free men, And the children shall joyfully play.
forth in their own strength To make their deliverance sure.
No. 8. The March of the Workers.

WILLIAM MORRIS.

"Air—John Brown's Body."

Allegretto.

1. What is this the sound and rumour? What is this that all men hear. Whither go they, and whence come they? What are these of whom ye tell?

Like the winds in hollow valleys when the storm is drawing near, In what country are they dwelling 'twixt the gates of heav'n and hell?

Like the rolling on of ocean in the Are they mine or thine for money? will they

even tide of fear? 'Tis the people marching on. serve a master well? Still the rumour's marching on.
The March of the Workers. Concluded.

CHORUS.

Hark the rolling of the thunder! Lo the sun! and lo there under

Riseth wrath and hope and wonder, And the hosts come marching on.

2 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. 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.

3 Many a hundred years passed over have they laboured 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 laboured, 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"

CHO.

4 "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 rumour that ye hear
Is the blended sound of battle and deliverance drawing near;
For the hope of every creature is the banner that we bear,
And the world is marching on" CHO,
All for the Cause.

WILLIAM MORRIS. ENGLISH AIR.

1. Hear a word, a word in season, for the day is drawing nigh, When the Cause shall call upon us, and their pain, But undying from their sorrow, some to live and some to die! He that dies shall spring eth up the hope again. Mourn not, therefore.

2. In the grave where tyrants thrust them, lies their labour not die lonely, many an one hath gone before, nor lament it, that the world outlives their life;

3. He that lives shall bear no burden heavier than the Voice and wisdom yet they give us, making strong our
All for the Cause. Concluded.

3 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."

4 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 bitter days of old.
   Ere the toil and strife of battle overthrew the curse of gold.

5 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 wise.
There amidst the world new-built 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 flies life amid the struggle, and the Cause for each shall choose.
No. 10. The Marseillaise. Rouget de Lisle

1. Ye sons of God awake to glory. Hark, hark, what myriads bid you rise?
2. With luxury and pride surrounded, The vile, in satiate deserts.
3. Oh Liberty can man re sign thee. Once having felt thy generous flame.

Rise Your children, wives and grand sires hoary. Behold their tears and hear their cries, Behold their tears and hear their cries.

Hark. hark! what myriads bid you rise? Their thirst for gold and power unbounded. To mete and vend the light and air. Like beasts of no ble spirit tamed? Or whips thy ty rants mis chief breeding. With hireling hosts, a ruf fian band.

With luxury and pride surrounded. The vile, in satiate deserts. Can dune geons bolts and bars con fine thee. Or whips thy fright and des o late the land. While peace and liberty lie bleeding.

Oh Liberty can man re sign thee. Once having felt thy generous flame. Can dune geons bolts and bars con fine thee. Or whips thy ty rants mis chief breeding. With hireling hosts, a ruf fian band.

But world has wept be waiting. That falsehood's dagger ty rants wield. But man is man and who is more? Then shall they longer lash and goad us? freedom is our sword and shield. And all their arts are un a vail ing.
The Marseillaise. Concluded.

To arms, to arms, ye brave! Th'avenging sword unsheathe, March on.

March on all hearts resolved On victory or death.

No. 11. Prayer-answer.

MRS. E. D. Cheney

AIR—Mornington.

1. At first I prayed for Light: Could I but see the way.
2. And next I prayed for Strength: That I might tread the road.
3. And then I asked for Faith: Could I but trust my God.

How gladly, swiftly would I walk To ever lasting day.
With firm, un-faltering feet, and win The heav'n's serene a bode.
I'd live enfolded in His peace, Tho' foes were all a broad

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

5 And Light and Strength and Faith
Are opening everywhere!
God only waited for me till
I prayed the larger prayer.
No. 12. **Workers of England.**

Words by J. Connell.  
Air—Lillibulero.

   clutch an existence of insult and want? Why stand to
   pluck'd by an army of crows, Or hood-wink'd forever by
   twaddle and cant? Think on the wrongs ye bear, Think on the rags ye wear,
   Think on the insults endured from your birth, Toiling in snow and rain,

2. 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 disasters, Ye vast-ly outnumber your
   tyrants in war, Why then like cowards stand Using not brain or hand,
   tyrants in war, Why then like cowards stand Using not brain or hand,
   tyrants in war, Why then like cowards stand Using not brain or hand,

3. Rise in your might, brothers, bear it no longer. As-
   to sembl in masses throughout the whole land: Show these in-
   front ed shall stand. Thro' Castle, Court and Hall, O-ver their a cres all,
   Thankful like dogs when they throw you a bone? What right have they to take
   Onwards we'll press like the waves of the sea, Claiming the wealth we've made,

Rear-ing up heaps of grain. All for the ty-rants who grind you to earth.
Things that ye toil to make? Know ye not, comrade, that all is your own?
End ing the spoil-ers' trade: La-bour shall tri-umph and Eng-land be free.

No. 13. Hymn of the Toilers.

ROSE ALICE CLEVELAND. AIR—America.

1. O na-tion, strong and great, For thine own hon - or's sake
2. Out from the depths of crime, We've tried in vain to climb
3. But now, O na-tion strong, To thee must truth be-long.

Hear thou our call; We are thy chil-dren too, From year to
Where noth-ing led; When life and jus-tice, asked, Still fur-ther
Crown thou the right; We are thy chil-dren still, Work-ing with

year we grew, Si-lent and pa-tient thro' Dark-ness and toil.
down were cast, Even sobs were hush'd at last, And hope seem'd dead.
might and will, Ne'er rest-ing till we fill The world with light.

Words by J. R. Lowell.

Air—War Song of Druids, "Norma."

1. Men whose boast it is that ye Come of fa-thers brave and free,
   Is true freedom but to break Fet-ters for our own dear sake,
   They are slaves who fear to speak For the fall-en and the weak;

If there breathe on earth a slave, Are ye truly free and brave?
And with leath-ern hearts for-get, That we owe man-kind a debt?
They are slaves who will not choose Hat-red, scoff-ing, and a-buse,
If ye do not feel the chain, When it works a broth-er's pain,
No! true free-dom is to share All the chains our broth-ers wear.
Ra-ther than in si-lence shrink From the truth they needs must think;

Are ye not base slaves in-deed Slaves un-wor-thy to be freed?
And with heart and hand to be Earn-est to make oth-ers free!
They are slaves who dare not be In the right with two-or three!
No. 15.
What Ho! My Lads.

Words by J. L. JOYNES.

AIR—Auld Lang Syne.

1. What ho! my lads, the time is ripe, Away with foolish fear!
2. Nor slaves nor kings in all our ranks Shall ever more be found;
3. In our Republic all shall share The right to work and play;
4. When Hunger holds a harmless rod, And all lands laugh for glee,

The slave may dread his master's stripe, We'll have no tyrants here!
Elsewhere the knaves may play their pranks But this is holy ground—
The right to scoff at caring care, And drive despair away—
And none need fear a master's nod, And all are really free—

We'll have no tyrants here, my boys. Nor lords to rule the roast: Their
But this is holy ground, my friends, Where Freedom's cause is won, Where
Drive poverty away, my mates, With struggle, strain and strife: What
When all indeed are free, my hearts, And our great Cause is won. Oh,

threats are nought but empty noise, And nought but breath their boast.
kings and priests shall make amends For all the wrong they've done.
use are Parliaments and States Without a happy life?
then, when Poverty departs, Will all our work be done.
No. 16. Onward, Brothers.

Words by Havelock Ellis. Air—Greenville.

1. Onward, brothers, march still onward, Side by side and hand in hand;
   Old en sages saw it dimly, And their joy to madness wrought;
   Still brave deeds and kind are need ed, Noble tho'ts and feeling fair;
   We are bound for man's true kingdom, We are an increasing band.
   Living men have gazed upon it, Standing on the hills of thought.
   Ye too must be strong and suffer, Ye too have to do and dare.

2. Tho' the way seems often doubtful, Hard the toil which we endure,
   All the past has done and suffered, All the daring and the strife.
   Onward, brothers, march still onward, March still onward hand in hand;
   Tho' at times our courage falters, Yet the promised land is sure.
   All has helped to mould the future, Make man master of his life.
   Till ye see at last Man's kingdom, Till ye reach the Promis'd Land.
No. 17.  
No Master.

WILLIAM MORRIS.  
Arr. from LUDWIG SPOHR, (1784—1859.)

1. Saith man to man, We’ve heard and known That we no mas-ter need
   And we, shall we too crouch and quail, Ashamed, a-fraid of strife;
   It grows, it grows: are we the same The fee-bile band, the few?

   To live up-on this earth, our own, In fair and man-ly deed;
   And, lest our lives un-tim-ly fail, Em-brace the death in life?
   Or what are these with eyes a-flame, And hands to deal and do?

2. It grows, it grows: are we the same The fee-bile band, the few?

   The grief of slaves long passed a-way For us hath forg’d the chain,
   Nay, cry a-loud and have no fear; We few a-gainst the world;
   This is the host that bears the word, No mas-ter, High or Low.

3. It grows, it grows: are we the same The fee-bile band, the few?

   Till now each work-er’s pa-tient day Builds up the House of Pain.
   A-wake, a-rise, the hope we bear A-gainst the curse is hurl’d
   A light-ning flame, a shear-ing sword, A storm to o-ver-flow.
No. 18.  

The Voice of Toil.

W. Morris.

Air—"Ye Banks and Braes."

1. 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 hunger In hope we strove, and our hands were strong; Then

2. Go read in story their deeds and glory. Their names amidst the
   that good world to which they led; Where fast and faster our
   bring the bright new world to birth. Come, shoulder to shoulder ere

3. Let dead hearts tarry and trade and marry, And trembling nurse their
   earth grows older! The Cause spreads over land and sea; Now
The Voice of Toil. Concluded.

great men led us, with words they fed us, And bade us right the earthly wrong.
us grind treasure and fashion pleasure For other hopes and other lives.
the world shaketh and fear awaketh, And joy at last for thee and me.

No. 19. The Jubilee of Labor.

HERBERT N. CASSON.

AIR—"Marching through Georgia."

1 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.

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

CHO. Hurrah, hurrah, etc.

3 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.

CHO. Hurrah, hurrah, etc.
1. Toilers arise! the long, long night is over, Faint in the east be-

hold the dawn appear; Out of your evil dream of toil and sorrow;
aged with want and fear, the dark cities where your babes are creeping,

2. By your young children's eyes so red with weeping By their white faces

A rise, O toilers, for the day is here. From your fields and hills,
Naked of joy and all that makes life dear. From each wretched slum

3. Over your face a web of lies is woven, Laws that are falsehoods pin you to the ground,

Hark! the answer swells, A rise, O toilers, for the day is here!
Let the loud cry come; A rise, O toilers, for the day is here!

4. Forth, then, ye heroes, patriots and lovers! Comrades of danger, poverty and scorn!

On its bent back sits Idleness encrowned. Giants refreshed in Joy's new-rising morn

Your harvest shall it reap? Your harvest shall it reap?
Your harvest shall it reap?}

Arise, O toilers, for the day is here! Arise, O toilers, for the day is here!
Arise, O toilers, for the day is here! Arise, O toilers, for the day is here!

Labor is risen!—and the day is here.
1. Men of the people! you who say That Freedom is your
right, Not words but acts we need to-day, Your rulers long have
cry; 'Tis time that they should see you wield A force against which they
sport; In rugs and starving go your wives, While you are fettered
held the sway! 'Tis time their pow'r you swept away; For
have no shield: Your words will never make them yield, Their
by their gyves. And still the lordly bishop strives These

4 But toil no more for them, the earth
Was never meant for drones;
The selfish pride which springs from birth, A song at once both glad and good,
Give way it must to honest worth: That universal brotherhood,
Let them not make your life a dearth, Which never yet was understood
Nor crush you to the stones.
5 Arouse yourselves and your manhood
Shall cause all men to sing
That universal brotherhood,
By despot, priest or king.
No. 22. March, March, Comrades All.
T. Maguire

1. March, march, comrades all, *Onward ever boldly;*
2. Sweet days, happy days, To the men of Labour;
3. Strong, strong, ever on, Strong in our hope increasing;
4. Heed not the faintling’s fall, Nor eyes that on ye look coldly.
5. Fair ways, honest ways, ’Tween one-self and neighbor:
7. Onward, smiles or frowns despite; Dead is the sky hangs o’er ye;
8. These for all men yet shall be, Ere old earth grows cooler,
9. Lo! we gather a valiant throng Over the world of nations.
10. Onward from the land of Night, All for the Day before ye.
11. Spite of Parliament say we, Spite of rogue or ruler.
12. We shall triumph o’er wealth and wrong, Ranks and creeds and stations.

CHORUS.

March, march, comrades all, *Onward ever boldly.*
March, March, Comrades All. Concluded.

No. 23. Day-dawn.

EVELYN PYNE.
Softly.

J. BERAGUTH.

1. Ye are weary, O my brothers. And my eyes grow dim with tears.
2. Thro' the darkness, O my brothers, Ye have toil'd in heaviness.

For your burdens wax more heavy With the heavy-hand ed years.
Stinting neither soul nor body, Striving forward still to press:

Hearken! Hearken! O my brothers, Now a sweet new day appears.
Hearken! Hearken! O my brothers, Swift the daylight comes to bless!

8 Young men trest of love, my brothers,
Maiden's beauty worn away,
Old men sad and sore with labour,
Children with no time to play;
Hearken! Hearken! O my brothers,
What the grand new time will say!

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

4 Equal rights it gives, my brothers,
To the eagle and the dove:
Right to air and light and knowledge,
Right to rise your toil above;
Hearken! Hearken! O my brothers,
For this new great Right is Love!

6 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!
The Day of the Lord

CHARLES KINGSLEY.

No. 24.
The Day of the Lord.

EDWARD CARPENTER.

mf Quickly.

1. 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 truth; O come! for the earth is grown coward and old: Come here? True hearts will leap up at the trumpet of God, And dream-ers toss and sigh; The night is dark-est be-fore the morn; down, and re-new us her youth. I.dom, self-sacrifice, daring and love; those who can suffer can dare, Each old age of gold was an iron age too,

When the pain is sor-est, the child is born, And the Haste to the bat-tle-field, And the meekest of saints may find stern work to do. In the Day of the Lord at hand, The Day of the Lord at hand.

Day of the Lord at hand, To the Day of the Lord at hand.

Day of the Lord at hand, In the Day of the Lord at hand.
No. 25.  
A Harvest Hymn.  
JOHN GLASSE.  
AIR—Wir pfluegen und wir streuen.

1. There's light up--on 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. Cheer up, despondent workers! When corn and wine a-
   bound, For those who sow and reap our fields Shall joy... be found.

2. The lords have now the vintage, The bankers claim the corn, The
   household. To spend in court and hall: On minions and their masters Who
   fore thee With plenty for thy need; Let the idleers reap the whirlwind Of
   which they've sown the seed.

3. A--rise, O downcast toiler! With sickle in thy hand, Two
   household. To spend in court and hall: On minions and their masters Who
   fore thee With plenty for thy need; Let the idleers reap the whirlwind Of
   which they've sown the seed.

   The lords have now the vintage, The bankers claim the corn,
   The
   household. To spend in court and hall: On minions and their masters Who
   fore thee With plenty for thy need; Let the idleers reap the whirlwind Of
   which they've sown the seed.

1. 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 o the van,
'Tis the Fatherhood of God, And the brotherhood of man.

2. Upon the sunny mountain brow, Among the busy throng,
Proclaim the day for which our hearts Have pray'd and wait-ed long;
And write them bold on Freedom's flag, And wave it in o the van,
'Tis the Fatherhood of God, And the brotherhood of man.

3. The grandest words that men have heard, Since e'er the world began,
Are the Fatherhood of God, And the brotherhood of man.

4. The grandest words that men have heard, Since e'er the world began,
Are the Fatherhood of God, And the brotherhood of man.

'Tis the Fatherhood of God, And the brotherhood of man.

'Tis the Fatherhood of God, And the brotherhood of man.
The Fatherhood of God. Concluded.

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.

No. 27. Marching Song.

Air—Tramp, Tramp, Tramp, the Boys are Marching.

1 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.

2 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.

Cho. Tramp, tramp, tramp, etc.

3 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 own.

Cho. Tramp, tramp, tramp, etc.
No. 28. **Rallying Song.**

**JAMES P. MORTON, JR.**

1. 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.

2. 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.

   **CHO.** In bands of Brotherhood, etc.

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

   **CHO.** In bands of Brotherhood, etc.

No. 29. **The Ninety and Nine.**

**ROSE ELIZABETH SMITH.**

1. 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.

2. 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.

3. 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!"
No. 30. The Laborer's Battle Hymn.

J. L. Joynes.

AIR—Watch on the Rhine.

With energy.

1. There sounds a call from land to land—Ye poor, give one an-oth-er hand!
2. We wish for free-dom, peace, our right, That no one slave in other's might,
3. You bring to o - ther goods and gold, Yet naught for self can ev-er hold,
4. Then up, then up, cour-ag-eous band, The storm breaks loose upon the land.

Then bid a halt to ty-ran-ny, And from your slavish yoke break free!
That all mankind to work be bound, That bread for each be somewhere found.
Man scorning laughs you in the face, And fear-eth not the judgement place.
A shout from thousand throats ascends And with the voice of na-ture blends.

CHORUS.

The bat-tle cry low roll-eth by. The bat-tle cry low
roll-eth by, The Ban-ner red doth float, doth float on high;
So striv-ing live, or fight-ing, fight-ing die!
No. 31. Onward, Friends of Freedom.

JOHN GLASSE.

Air—Onward, Christian Soldiers.

1. Toilers of the nations, Thinkers of the time, Sound the note of battle Loud thro' ev'ry clime. March ye 'gainst the tyrants, 
   Seams a in the hovel, Women of the mill, Low indeed ye growel, Tame ye are and still. Come like the Walkyries, 
   Toil we now no longer, For another's gain, While our wives and children pine in want and pain: Grieve we now no longer 

Heed less of the steel, Be a band of brothers, Speed the common Beauteous in your might, Sing ye songs of valor, Nerve us for the 
At another's good, Let us all be brothers, Let us all have Weal! Onward, friends of freedom, Onward for the strife, 

fight! Onward, friends of freedom, Onward for the strife, 

food! Onward, friends of freedom, Onward for the strife, 

Each for all we struggle, One in death and life
No. 32. The Smith and the King.

Edward Carpenter. (Slightly altered.)

AIR—Miller of the Dee.

1. A Smith up-on a summer's day, Did call up-on a King!
2. Dear me! I'll call my Chancellor, He understands such things;
3. The first Lord came, and by his look You might have guessed he'd shirk;
4. "Why?" cried the King. The fellow sighed: "I'm hungry, sire," he said.
5. "Thanks!" said the Smith; "O fools and Go rot upon the shelf!

The King exclaimed, "The Queen's away, Can I do anything?"
Your chains I cannot cancel, or deem them fit themes for kings.
Said he, "Your Majesty's mis-took. This is the Chief Clerk's work."
"I pray you can," the Smith replied; "I want a bit of bread."
"Sir Chancellor, why, here's a wretch Starving, like rats or mice!"
The Chief Clerk said the case was bad, But quite beyond his power,
"Why?" cried the King. The fellow sighed: "I'm hungry, sire," he said.
The Chancellor replied, "I'll fetch The First Lord in a trice."
Seeing it was the Steward, he had the keys of cake and flour.
"Thanks!" said the Smith; "O fools and Go rot upon the shelf!"
No. 33.  The Long-Haired Kings.


1. In the sunny land of France, a thousand years ago, There lived a race of warrior kings who were very far from slow. They polished off the natives in a hundred fights a year, And the man who went against them found that he felt exceeding queer.

Oh, the warrior kings were great, in the field and in the state, And the
The Long-Haired Kings. Concluded.

radicals 'round to their sorrow all found They were too far ahead of their date.

2. But the last of the warrior kings had to die,
   And his son came in to rule,
   And he didn’t do a thing but to comb his long hair
   And act like a blooming fool.
   And his son’s son’s sons kept on that way,
   And they didn’t know enough to rob,
   Till the rest of the warriors got tired of them
   And turned them out of the job.
   For the people can be stilled
   While their dinner pails are filled,
   But at last comes a day
   When they look the other way
   And their loyalty is chilled.

John D. Rockefeller is a smarter man
   Than the warrior kings of old—
He takes no chances on the field of battle,
   But he rules the land with gold.
He owns all the oil and the steel already
   And a great university, too,
   And all the little robbers are a-shaking in their shoes
   To think what next he’ll do.
   And the small exploiter’s dumb
   Under Rockefeller’s thumb,
   But the Socialists smile
   In their sleeves all the while,
   For they know what’s next to come.

4. The time is coming, and it’s not far off,
   When the people who do the work
   Will run this nation to suit themselves
   And not for the people who shirk.
   The machinery then will belong to all,
   And the land and the railroads, too.
   And the labor of the people will be for themselves
   And not for the profit of a few.
   Do you want to see that day?
   Here’s the very quickest way
   Cast a Socialist vote
   And take off your coat
   And get into the fight to stay
No. 34.  When the Revolution Comes.

J. P. Glaster.

AIR—"Yankee Doodle."

1. Come ev'ry hon-est lad and lass! Too long we've been kept under By
   rust-y chains of fraud and fear, We'll snap them all a sun-der!
2. The knave who lives in i-dle-ness By plun-der ing his neighbor, Shall
   learn to use the pick and spade, And live by hon-est la bor!
3. That rob bers' pa-ction styled the Law To fright-en hon-est folks, sirs, We'll
   set a-blaze and fum-i-gate The coun-try with the smoke, sirs.

When the rev-o-lu-tion comes, The So-cial Rev o-lu-tion—It's
com-ing fast—our turn, at last! The So-cial Rev o-lu-tion!

4. The landlord and the capitalist,—
   If you should wish to see 'em
   You'll have to take a holiday
   And search in the muse-um!
   When the revolu-tion comes,
   The So-cial Rev o-lu-tion—
   It's coming fast—our turn, at last!
   Then let us hail the com-ing day!
   The glorious hope be-fore us!
   Aud with brave deeds an-tis-pa-cate
   The good time of our chorus!
   Then three cheers give, of "Long, long live
   The So-cial Rev o-lu-tion!"
No. 35. Hey for the Day!

T. Maguire

AIR—French Canadian.

1. Darkest is night, We do not fear; Dawning is near—
2. Ours is the day— We shall move on, Fearful of none

Soon we shall see Morning all bright Burst into sight:
Who'd fain see us fall. Lest the world stray, Lead we the way

CHORUS.

There shall be light Where gloom used to be. Then hey for the day! When
To Freedom for aye And Freedom for all.

Wrong shall have flown for ever a way To be nevermore known. When

Sing hey for the dawn of day!
Breaking Chains.

Charles H. Kerr.

Allegro.

1. We, the workers of the world, Now are throwing off our chains. See our
   banner red unfurled over seas and over plains, From the cities of the
dwellers of the slum, Now oppressed by pain and fear. For at last they hear the
grasp the powers of State: Like an avalanche we'll move, Till the walls of pride and
Rhine. From the hoary hills of Rome, From the Belgian shop and mine Words
call of the comrades on the way, And, like men, no more in thrall. They
greed have been leveled to the ground. And the laborer's steadfast deed Shall

of cheer and greeting come. We, the workers of the world, Now are throwing off our
will help to bring the day When the workers of the world Shall have thrown off every
with peace and joy be crowned. For the workers of the world Will have cast aside their

chains. See our banner red unfurled over seas and over plains. chain. And their flag shall float unfurled over every height and plain.
chains, And their flag will float unfurled over earth's remotest plains.
No. 37. The Red Flag.

Arr. by FRANK FINSTERBACH.

1. The people's flag is deepest red, It shrouded oft our martyred dead;
2. Look round! The Frenchman loves its blaze; The sturdy German chants its praise;
3. It well recalls the triumphs past; It gives the hope of peace at last;
4. With heads uncovered swear we all To bear it onward till we fall;

And ere their limbs grew stiff and cold, Their heart's blood dyed its every fold.
In Moscow vaults its hymns are sung; Chicago swells its surging throng.
The banner bright, the symbol plain Of human right, of human gain.
Come dungeon dark or gallows grim, This song shall be our parting hymn.

CHORUS—DUET. Soprano & Alto.

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.
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