WHAT THE WORKERS SAY OF

SONGS OF SOCIALISM

"Comrade Moyer in the Socialist Missing Link."—S. Smith.

"The greatest thing that has happened to the Socialist Party."—Nina E. Woods.

"It is bound to be a success as a popular work."—Gaylord Wilshire.

"I am sure they will have a stirring and needed effect on the Socialist movement."—George D. Herro.

"Quite a contrast to the other reform literature and poetry I get more or less of. A capital idea to use the old familiar tunes."—N. O. Nelson.

"We need the stirring and inspiring influence of music in the propaganda of Socialism and your efforts in this direction are most commendable."—Eugene V. Debs.

"I am fully persuaded that 'Songs of Socialism' will play no mean part in awakening, and stirring to action the sons and daughters of toil, for the emancipation of mankind."—H. Hamilton, Nat. Sec'y.

"You have produced just what the Socialists have been waiting for—a pleading for our cause in worthy words of song—without bitterness, without hate, only sweetness and hope. Wit, good sense, and inspiration to all who sing them are the marked features of these popular Socialist Songs."—Walter Thomas Mills, Author of The Struggle for Existence.

"Songs of Socialism" is by all odds the best thing that has appeared in the form of Socialist songs. It is a happy blending of sentiment adapted to the practical, heaven-on-earth idea that is the result of modern thinking and scientific investigation.—Chicago Socialist.

"I congratulate you on your new 'Songs of Socialism.' The collection is the most inspiring and satisfying of any I have yet seen.* * * I feel you have made any other issue of minor collections of Socialist songs unnecessary because you have so well pre-empted this field, and even overlapped into the realm of the greater Psalmsody to come. Again I congratulate you."—Rev. George E. Littlefield, Editor of "Flashlights."

"The book (Songs of Socialism) of 123 pages * * * is full from cover to cover of inspirational songs, old and new, just such as are needed to enliven Socialist meetings and Socialist homes. There are solos, duets, quartets and rousing choruses all set to music—enough of them with familiar tunes to provide for general use in meetings and enough with original music to interest musicians. Get a copy. You will like it."—Appeal to Reason.

"Here at last is a real Socialist Song book that will give satisfaction and inspiration to Socialists and locals. Moyer has done the work of composing and compilation so well, that there is no reason now why American Socialism should not be carried forward with the inspiration of psalmsody as it has been sung along by our European comrades, especially in Germany. Send for a copy and enclose 25c to pay for it. It's a lot of joy for a quarter of a dollar."—The Christian Socialist.

"Having heard Comrade Moyer sing most of his Socialist Songs, I am confident they will go like wildfire. Music often touches the emotions and leads to conviction when reason fails. I am delighted with the great variety of these songs, their true Socialist sentiment, and enthusiastic spirit. Every Socialist should secure a copy of 'Songs of Socialism' for his own family and one for his neighbor's and let our homes and the hearts of the children be filled with the uplifting spirit and power of Socialist truth, the love of justice, and equal opportunities for all."—Dr. J. M. Peebles.
SONGS OF SOCIALISM

FOR

Local Branch and Campaign Work, Public Meetings, Labor, Fraternal, and Religious Organizations, Social Gatherings, and the Home

EDITED BY

Harvey P. Moyer,


Love is the greatest thing in the world.—Drummond

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Twenty-third Thousand.

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(Tune, "Battle Hymn of the Republic," No. 74.)

1 Arise! Arise! Brave Woman! There is work for you to do;
   Show the world that love is wisdom and Love's promises are true;
   Break the bonds that hold you captive for the world has need of you
   And we'll go marching on.

   CHORUS.
   Glory, Glory, Hallelujah! Glory, Glory, Hallelujah!
   Glory, Glory, Hallelujah! As we go marching on.

2 Do you need a sound to rouse you? Hear the little children cry;
   Do you need a sight to stir you? See the old who hopeless die.
   Shall they call to you in misery while you stand heedless by?
   No, we'll go marching on.

3 Man too long has fought unaided with the evil of the world;
   But together we shall conquer, all our strength against it hurled:
   And united march to victory, our banners bright unfurled,
   As we go marching on.

4 We will give the world fair daughters and those daughters shall be free;
   They shall stand beside their brothers on the ground of Liberty,
   And the cause of right shall prosper on the land and on the sea
   As we go marching on.

5 Then Arise! Arise! Brave woman! There is work for you to do;
   Show the world that love is wisdom and Love's promises are true;
   Break the bonds that hold you captive for the world has need of you
   And we'll go marching on.

   Nannie Parker.

Democracy!
(Tune, "America," No. 1.)

1 All hail Democracy!
   Soon may thy noontide free
   Flood home and mart,
   To blast our lust and greed,
   To bless each righteous deed,
   To kindle with good speed
   The people's heart.

2 Thy light of life shall glow,
   God's challenge to bestow,—
   The Father's gift;
   Till men as brothers fair,
   In union everywhere,
   Shall labor and shall share,
   In love and thrift.

3 All hail Democracy!
   The rule of equity,
   God's final peace;
   Where each for all shall pian,
   And all for every man
   Shall do what Christians can,
   That wrong may cease.

4 Thy might is right supreme;
   Thy fast-fulfilling dream
   Is Brotherhood;
   'Tis justice holds thy scale,
   While fraud and faction fail,
   Till nothing shall prevail
   But God and good.

   Rev. Arthur Bardwell Patten.
1

My Country.

A New National Hymn.

HARVEY P. MOYER.

America.

1. My country, thou shalt be Sweet land of liberty
2. Then poverty shall cease, Wealth, comforts, joys increase
3. Great God, we cry to thee,—Love, wisdom, liberty,

When justice reigns; When darkness turns to light, When wrongs are
On every hand; None shall know want or care, Earth's bounties
To us be given; Help us to see the right, Thy children

changed to right, When truth asserts her might And breaks our chains.
all shall share, Rejoicing everywhere, Oh, blessed land!
all unite, Lead in victorious fight, Till earth be heaven.
The Nation's Call.

1. A - loud resounds the Nation's call To freedom, wealth, and cheer for all;
2. Ten hundred thousand no - ble brave Have joined the force our land to save,
3. With earth and Heav'n's strong love of right, With all their hosts of pow'r and might,
4. As long as freedom's blood still glows, As long as voice and vote strike blows,
5. The hosts increase, our hearts beat high, Inspired through love's prophetic eye,

Let "Home and Right" our watchword be; Who'll stand for love and lib-er - ty?
Op - pressed and tried, in - ured by toil, They'll wipe wrong's stains from holy soil.
We'll firm pro - tect our noble charge, Till love's great truths all hearts enlarge.
As men and broth - ers we will stand, Drive' ev - 'ry foe from free-dom's land.
With "All for each and each for all," We'll an - swer free-dom's ho - ly call.

Dear Fa- ther-land,may peace be thine, Dear Fath - er-land,may peace be thine;

May justice reign supreme and righteousness, Freedom, prosperity all people bless.
If All Were Brothers True.

HARVEY P. MOYER.

Auld Lang Syne.

1. Should earth be full of want and woe, And fear all men pursue,
2. Should man in sor - did sel -fish-ness Cause grief the whole world through,
3. Should brothers starve, and sis - ters fail, E'en help - less suf - fer, too,
4. Should man for - get his broth - er's weal, And "soul's de-struc-tion" brew,
5. Should na-tions slay their no - ble sons, In blood - y wars im - brue,
6. Then do to oth - ers as you would That they should do to you,

When each might share earth's hap - pi - ness, If all were broth-ers true?
When all might prosperous part-ners be, If all were broth-ers true?
When there's enough for each and all, If all were broth-ers true?
When health and love, true cheer, we'd give, If all were broth-ers true?
When all might help-ful com - rades be, If all were broth-ers true?
Fill all the world with hap - pi - ness, Make all men broth-ers true.

If all were brothers true, my lads, If all were brothers true,
Let's all be brothers true, my lads, Let's all be brothers true,

Then each would share earth's hap - pi - ness, If all were brothers true.
Fill all the world with hap - pi - ness, Let's all be brothers true.
The Marxian Call.

Workers of the world, unite, you have nothing to lose but your chains; you have a world to gain.—Marx.

Words and Music by Harvey P. Moyer.

1. Why sleep-est thou? bright dawns the glorious morn-ing! The bat-tling hosts long wait thee on the field: Awake! the world of la-bor’s join-ing, Hearts chilled and dulled thro’ sel-fish gain! Shall wrong pre-vail, its blight re-vealing Naught can withstand, the foe must yield;

2. Must chil-dren’s tears, for food and rest ap- peal-ing, Must suf-fer-ing The pow’r is thine, the call o-bey; Thy brothers’ blood is loud-ly call-ing, The strong a-sleep! the conscience slain! O, lab’rers, wake! and break your

3. How canst thou sleep, when’round the world are fall-ing Thy com-rades Earth’s par-a-dise shall soon be won; We’ll save our-selves and save each oth-er, oth-er, Love’s kingdom come, Love’s will be done!

4. A-wake, a-wake! and break thy chains, my broth-er! Let all that’s awake! the world of la-bor’s join-ing, wives and broth-ers plead in vain? Shall wrong pre-vail, its blight re-vealing true thro’ tyrants’ greedy sway? Thy brothers’ blood is loud-ly call-ing, dear and ho-ly speed thee on: We’ll save our-selves and save each oth-er,

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The Marxian Call.

chained! You've naught to lose, you've all the world to gain; Your children's cries,

your brothers' woes To duty call; O, haste the glorious Socialist reign!

5

Inspiration.*

By Harvey P. Moyer.

Air.—Hiawatha.—Key of C.

1. We're the happy Socialist band, firm we stand, true and grand,
   Naught can change us from our purpose bold,
   Though the unjust rage and tyrants rich and cruel may threat and foam;
   We are singing all the day, all the way, light and gay,
   Truth and right our faith and joy uphold,
   We will work till each, e'en least, shall have his own;
   The wide world is all our field, all must yield, for we wield
   All the power of love and truth divine,
   Brotherhood will win all hearts and we'll triumph in its name;
   All the world for all shall be, all be free, all agree
   Glad prosperity to each assign,—
   Hear, then, our song we sing with hearts aflame!

   Chorus
   We are the happy Socialist Party true,
   The world we'll bring to you,
   All right and prosperous too;
   Our songs of joy for all we sing all day,
   Come, help, we'll make this sad world bright and gay.

2. All the world we'll fill with cheer, not a tear, not a fear,
   Naught to worry happy life away,
   None to weary tramp and none be anxious for the morrow's care;
   All will have enough to eat, good and sweet, what a treat!
   And the very best for all to wear,
   For His blessings rich, God's gifts to all, we'll share:
   So the world will all be bright, full of light, day and night,
   Every hour be golden summer time,
   Chilling blasts of poverty's sorrows changed to gladsome delight;
   Every heart be full of song, happy song, all day long,
   Every thought and deed to good incline,—
   Heed, then, our call to life and joy so bright.—Chorus.

* See Publishers' Note.
Freedom's New Rally.*

HARVEY P. MOYER.

Male Quartet. Arr. THORO HARRIS.

Tenor Solo.

1. We will rally 'round the flag, boys, we'll rally once again,
2. But our battle will be peaceful, boys, no more we'll kill and maim,
3. No more we'll starve and die, boys, in prisons dark and lone,
4. We will vote us equal partners in this rich terrestrial ball,
5. We will see that all get justice, starving rich or lazy shirk,t

Quartet. Solo.

Shouting the battle cry of freedom; From the sunny plains of Dixie,
Shouting the battle cry of freedom; For our bullets will be ballots,
Shouting the battle cry of freedom; We'll just do some quiet voting,
Shouting the battle cry of freedom; So we'll all enjoy God's blessings,
Shouting the battle cry of freedom; So that each may have abundance,

Quartet.

to the rugged hills of Maine, Shouting the battle cry of freedom.
and "we'll get there just the same," Shouting the battle cry of freedom.
boys, and soon possess our own, Shouting the battle cry of freedom.
for He made this world for all, Shouting the battle cry of freedom.
if he'll do his share of work, Shouting the battle cry of freedom.

CHORUS.

The Union forever, hurrah, boys, hurrah! Down with the

traitor, up with the stars! We will rally 'round the flag, boys,

* Dedicated to the G. A. R., and all who are now willing to battle for the right. —H. P. M.
† “He that will not work, neither shall he eat.” —Paul.
Freedom's New Rally.

6 As partners, each will have a job, good pay and plenty rest,
    Shouting the battle cry of freedom;
    Happy home for wife and children, best incentive for our best,
    Shouting the battle cry of freedom.

7 There'll be no weary tramp for work, no strikes for better pay,
    Shouting the battle cry of freedom;
    No wives distressed, no children starved, no worrying life away,
    Shouting the battle cry of freedom.

8 See, the Socialist hosts are gathering, boys, are gathering million strong,
    Shouting the battle cry of freedom;
    If you'll join this freedom's holy war, the fight will not be long,
    Shouting the battle cry of freedom.

Arouse and Unite.

Air—Brave Battery Boys. Key of A♭,

1. We see all around us, by day and by night,
    A class long in darkness, but groping for light;
    Its members exploited, deceived by a wage,
    |: And cast off as worthless, when guilty of age; :|
    Though struggling for ages, still forced to obey,
    Still held in derision, wage servants are they;
    Proud masters deceive them, rob them and spoil,
    |: And blind superstition binds them to toil. |

2 The long night is passing, the clouds disappear,
    The masters are fearful that daylight is near,
    And banded together, they tremble to see
    |: A union of workmen who long to be free; :|
    Go ye and assist them, go, comfort and cheer,
    Go, bid them have courage, nor falter nor fear,
    Go, tell them when striking, to carefully seek
    |: Where workmen are strongest, where masters are weak. |

3 Arouse, every toiler, arouse and unite,
    Come, strike all together, where law gives us might;
    Our numbers bear witness what ballots may do,
    |: For 10, we are many, our masters are few; :|
    Then look for the daybreak, soon light will break in,
    Then glorious sunlight, our day will begin,
    Then greed and oppression will be overthrown,
    |: Then labor victorious, come unto its own. |

J. E. Nash.
In the Happy Socialist Days.

Solo. Words and Music by HARVEY P. MOYER.

1. In the happy Socialist days, We will change our unjust ways, No corn'ring earth's treasures, Its joys and its pleasures, No toll un-re- quit-ed, No
2. In the happy Socialist days, We will mend our wasteful ways, No poor merchants juggling, No small farmers struggling, No work mis-di-rect-ed, No
3. In the happy Socialist days, We will end our stupid ways, No absurd applauding, Of schemers' de-fraud-ing, No false ad-vert-ising, No
4. In the happy Socialist days, We will change our shameful ways. No conscienceless "winning," None driven to sin-n ing, No need-y neg-lect-ed, No
5. In the happy Socialist days, We will end dark ignorance' ways, No am-

corn'ring earth's treasures, Its joys and its pleasures, No
good things neglect-ed; In the happy Socialist days, We will change our unjust

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In the Happy Socialist Days.

CHORUS.

In the happy Socialist days, In the sweet Socialist days, The happy Socialist days, No want and no worry, No strife and no flurry, All workers and wealthy, All happy and healthy; In the sweet Socialist days, The happy Socialist days, Our troubles all ended, Life's highest joys blended, In the

CODA. (after last Chorus.) Ad lib. with expression.

happy Socialist days, In the sweet Socialist days, Ev'ry heart be filled with praise.
9 Have You Heard About Milwaukee?

H. P. M. HARVEY P. MOYER.

1. Have you heard about Mil-wau-kee, Won-drous cit-y of the West?
2. Have you heard about Mil-wau-kee, Berke-ley, Vic-tor, and the rest?
3. Would you pro-sper like Mil-wau-kee, Toil-ers, children, aged, and all?

How she set the whole world talk-ing, For her sons have done their best!
How they rout-ed all the graft-ers, Vot-ing in their cit-y’s best;
Would you share life’s highest pleasures, End our wrongs, lift poverty’s pall?

Have you heard how U-nion La-bor Joined the Socialist Par-ty grand?
How they end star-va-tion wa-ges, Short-en hours, and pen-sions give;
Rouse ye then and spread this message, Each for all and all for each;

Now all sons of toil are wak-ing, Put-ting on new life and sand!
Plan-ning work for anxious brothers, Mak-ing life worth while to live!
Haste to swell the Socialist Arm-y That its bless-ings all may reach!

CHORUS

Have you heard a-bout Mil-wau-kee? How she set the whole world talking!
Have You Heard About Milwaukee?

Soon we'll start all graft-ers walk-ing, For the Socialists all shall win!

How We Took Milwaukee.

1. 'Twas not by storm of shot and shell, And murd'rous weapons forged in Hell,
2. 'Twas not the pow'r of gold-en store, Wrung by the rob-bers from the poor,
3. 'Twas not for emp-ty meed of fame, Nor glo-ry of a ty-rant's name,
4. We yet shall win the world, for-sooth! With lance of Right, and sword of Truth,

'Twas not with fren-zied bat-tle yell, Our com-rades took Mil-wau-kee.
That won their bat-tles oft be-fore, Won THAT day at Mil-wau-kee.
Our knights, that day, to-geth-er came, And laid siege to Mil-wau-kee.
As, when our cause was in its youth, We first won at Mil-wau-kee.

'Twas voice, and pen, and bal-lot brave—The arms that nev-er slay, but save—
It was the might of man-hood true—The no-ble will to be and do,
For love of all that's pure and good, For hon-or of true wo-man-hood,
The ty-rant from his throne be hurled; And o'er a free and hap-py world,

That to our cause so grand-ly gave, The cit-y of Mil-wau-kee.
For hope of hu-man broth-er-hood, Our com-rades took Mil-wau-kee.
Our ban-ner bright shall be un-furled, As now a - bove Mil-wau-kee.
Victory in Our Day.

(A Socialist Marching Song.)

Words and Music by HARVEY P. MOYER.

Unison.

1. We're marching on to victory, we march, we march along. There's naught that can defeat our pow'r of ballot, cheer, and song; Our hearts are fill'd with gladness now, we lead the glorious way; We've found the right, we're up their wealth, the Cap't'lists' purse to fill, We want our own, and we want and we, and "cuffs" and guns for pay, While all the earth with in the fight, and in it, too, to stay. Too long we groped in darkness want it soon, and have it, too, we will. We love our wives and children, all its worth is ours and ours to stay. Too long the ma - ny served the drear, our hopes and plans in vain, The while our "friends," the cap - t'lists, have too, we want a happy home, Why should we rob and starve our own, to en - few, our force of numbers vain, When, if we'd join our vot-ing pow'r, full

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Victory in Our Day.

Gathered in our gain; But now our eyes are o-pen'd wide, we see the rich the wealth-y drone? So all our pow'rs and wealth we'll spend to haste the vic-t'ry soon we'd gain; Then cease your fruitless ef-forts now and try the bet-ter way, We're in the right, we'll win the fight, and win it in our day!

Socialist way, Come, join the right, we'll win the fight, and win it in our day!

CHORUS. Unison.

On, on to vic-to-ry, we march, we march a-long, On, on to vic-to-ry, with bal-lot, cheer, and song; On, on to vic-to-ry, we lead the glorious way, We're in the right, we'll win the fight, and win it in our day!
The Torch of Liberty.

JOHN SPARGO.

1. Raise the torch of Liberty! Grasp it with a firmer hand; Let your tyrant masters see And its meaning understand. Labor's hosts have sworn to be, Labor's hosts have sworn to be From the yoke of bondage free.

2. Raise the torch! O may its flame Set the nation's heart a-glow! Bear it high in Freedom's name, Singing ever as you go. Workers of the world, unite! Workers of the world, unite! This is Freedom's holy fight.

Unison.

Raise the torch, uplift it high, And with loyal hearts and brave, Raise the torch of Liberty, Bear it onward thro' the gloom

Shout the revolution's cry To each master, to each slave: Of the Night of Tyranny, Shout aloud the tyrant's doom.

The Torch of Liberty.

Freedom comes, and Slavery Banished from the earth shall be!  
Onward! till the world shall be From the yoke of bondage free!

The Laborer's Farewell.

1. How glad I am to leave thee! No parting tho' ts to grieve me, Know  
well what'er befalls me, I'll vote as duty calls me. Fare
2. Too long hast thou deceived me, Of comforts, wealth relieved me, 'Gainst  
trusts and sharks contending, (?) Yet capitalists' schemes defending. Fare
3. Too long we've been delaying, Dull suppliants vainly praying, Our  
sovereign vote but wasting, Of life and joy scarce tasting. Fare
4. We'll join the Socialist Party, United, strong, and hearty, Class-

well, fare-well, my party old, Fare-well, fare-well, my party old.  
well, fare-well, my party bold, Fare-well, fare-well, my party bold.  
well, fare-well, my party cold, Fare-well, fare-well, my party cold.  
well, fare-well, my party old, Fare-well, fare-well, my party old.*

* In last chorus, it will be interesting for two parts to sing "bold" and "cold," or for all parts to end in "old, bold, cold, sold" in succession and with proper expression—H. P. M.
Universal Good.

Words and Music by HARVEY P. MOYER.

Not too fast.

1. In the happy Socialist days we'll all be brothers,
   Happy brothers, all shall feel each brother's care;
   Every trouble shared by others, Not a burden save that
   all shall help to bear. Truest brothers, none will injure one the
   wealth, its joys and rest: Joys of ended competition's woes and

2. In the happy Socialist days we'll all be neighbors,
   Happy neighbors, all shall feel each neighbor's need;
   Every sorrow, every trouble shared by others,
   None permit the least injustice anywhere,
   From the fertile Western plains to old Japan,

3. In the happy Socialist days we'll all be comrades.
   Happy comrades, joined to gain for all earth's best;
   Ended wars, their care but that shall lift all upwards, Bring to each and all earth's
   Joys of ended competition's woes and

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Universal Good.

Not a burdened father, mother, sister, brother, All life's
Not a needy one, nor Heathen, Jew, nor Christian, Happy
Joys of care dispelled, of ended dread tomorrows, Joys of

Rit.

blessings, joys, and comforts each shall share.
neighbors, happy Brotherhood of Man. Yes, all happy, prosperous
life complete, of Universal Good.

Brothers we will be, we will be, All from want and cruel in-

justice we will free, we will free,
To all earth's remotest bounds, Pole to

Rit.

pole, and sea to sea. All a happy, prosperous Brotherhood we'll be.
The Ninety and Nine.

ROSE ELIZABETH SMITH.
Solo.

1. There are ninety and nine that work and die
2. From the sweat of their brow the desert blooms
3. But the night so dreary and dark and long

want and hunger and cold,
forest before them falls;
last shall the morning bring;

luxury, And be lapped in the silken fold!
humble homes, And cities with lofty halls,

in their hovels bare
one in a palace of
one owns cities and houses and lands,

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The Ninety and Nine.

rich-es rare, And one in a pal-ace of rich-es rare.
emp-ty hands, And the nine-ty and nine have emp-ty hands.
have its own", "Re-joice! for la-bor shall have its own"!

The Socialist Smile.

By HARVEY P. MOYER.

Air—Stay in Your Own Back Yard.—Key E♭.

1 Building all the palaces, yet living mean and low,
Johnny Lab'rer's quite a generous man;
Making all the shoes and clothes, yet barefoot, ragged go,
Johnny's sure a generous, easy man;
Digging all the gold and coal, yet poor and freezing too,
Raising all the food, but hungry still,
For it's work, work, work, to support the wealthy shirk,
Giving up his own, his master's purse to fill.

CHORUS.
So, Johnny, just follow your own good sense,
Don't mind what the capit'lists say;
What show d'you suppose, they're agoing to give
To a poor lab'ring man to-day?
So stand by your own class-conscious kind
And vote for yourself awhile;
If you'll ever get wealth and your own just rights,
You must (put on vote with) a Socialist smile.

2 Promises from Democrats who need the votes, you know,
To get the offices and share the spoils;
Promises from 'Publicans who always promise so,
But snare you into trusts' and poverty's coils;
Promises from capit'lists who simply want your cash,
Whose millions are but stealings from your own;*
It's just work, work, work, to support the wealthy shirk,
Many robbed, to keep the few on Luxury's throne.—CH.0RUS.

3 But politicians tremble, seeing labor growing wise,
"Promise gags" may no more fool their "drone;"
Cap't'lists shudder, too, since labor sees through Socialist eyes
How easy all mankind may share their own;
Since all the world was made for all that all might happy be,
Why be chumps and give our own away?
So we'll vote for all to work, none to rob us, none to shirk,
Equal partners, all be prosperous, free, and gay.—CHoRUS.

* "The rich are robbers,...Better all things in common,"—St. Chrysostom.
"Opulence is always the product of theft, committed, if not by the actual possessor,
by his ancestors".—St. Jerome.
"In strict justice everything should belong to all. Iniquity alone has created private
property."—St. Clement. (Quoted from Sprague's Socialism from Genesis to Revelation.)
These are all good Church Fathers whose orthodoxy will not be questioned by either
Catholic or Protestant divines.—H. P. M.
Socialism Will Win.

Words and Music by Harvey P. Moyer.

Joyfully.

Solo.

1. Let all hearts rejoice and sing! Socialism will win! Let the echoes
2. Let the weary all rejoice, Socialism will win! Need you join in
3. Come, ye good of every name, Help the Socialists win! Spread the truth with

Quartet. Solo.

loudly ring, Socialism will win! Sing the news the world around,
cheerful voice, Socialism will win! Sing relief for all oppressed,
loud acclaim, Help the Socialists win! Haste the end of sin and crime,

Solo.

Let all earth with joy resound, Every heart with rapture bound, For
Hope and cheer for all distress, Comfort, joy, and peace and rest, For
Haste the reign of love sublime, Haste the Golden Age of time, For

Rit.

Chorus.

*Brotherhood will win! Sing! oh, sing! Sing of comfort and cheer for all,

Bounteous wealth without a pall, Want and woe be-

* May substitute "Socialism."

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Socialism Will Win.

1. When love shall reign supreme, And quick-en ev'ry heart, And justice all shall free, Bid-ding all wrongs de-part; Then all shall broth-ers be,
   fade a-way, Truth's rays for-ev-er shine; Then joy shall fill each heart,
   land and home, Fill all with ho-ly fire; Till earth shall heav-en be,

2. Our years shall be re-plete With rest and peace di-vine, Dark sor-rows all shall free, Bid-ding all wrongs de-part; Then all shall broth-ers be,

3. Love shall its work ful-fill, And ev'ry heart in-spire, In ev'ry And lightened all our ways, All life be pure and sweet, In the Socialist days.
   All earth re-sound with praise, Then life shall be com-plete, In the Socialist days.
   And righteous all our ways, Our life be all di-vine, In the Socialist days.

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Worry.
Words and Music by Harvey P. Moyer.

Solo and Chorus.*

1. 'Tis worry from dawn until twilight, 'Tis worry from night until dawn,
   'Tis worry all over life's pathway, Till death, from the day we were born;
   'Tis worry, not labor, that's won at such terrible cost;
   'Tis worry o'er business, 'Tis worry o'er troubles in life's constant struggle
   De-tains us from life's destined goal.

2. 'Tis worry for work to keep living, 'Tis worry lest jobs may be lost,
   'Tis worry that life's every needful Is why struggle and strife and injustice,
   'Tis worry, not labor, that's won at such terrible cost;
   'Tis worry o'er business, 'Tis worry o'er losses and gains, The young and the brothers, Unite all our efforts in one, Develop earth's wealth for all people, All worry and sorrow be gone.

3. Why life full of worries and sorrows, The poor and the rich in distress
   Why struggle and strife and injustice, When life's constant struggle
   De-tains us from life's destined goal.
   sick and the aged Have but worries and troubles and pains.

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*For male quartet let first bass take alto part.
**Worry.**

**CHORUS.**

Oh, 'tis worry and worry and worry and scurry From ploting, extorting, defrauding, marauding, A

(Last Chorus.)

Then, no worry nor worry nor hurry nor scurry From useful and helpful, all truthful and healthful, All

**1.** dawn un till long after night; Hearts breaking, backs aching, souls conscience-less, mercy-less fight;

dawn un till long after night; Hearts blessed, backs rested, souls growing in wealth and in light; (Omit)

**2.** quaking, faith shaking, A sorry and miserable plight; Ex

young-er, faith strong-er, All happy, in constant de-light; All

**3.** For "business is business," fie love, truth, and goodness, A sad and most

Such business is pleasure, a joy and a treasure, A grand and most

pitiable sight, A sad and most pitiable sight.

beauti ful sight, A grand and most beauti ful sight.
Security.

Words and music by HARVEY P. MOYER.

SOLO. Legato.

1. When the mills are closed and our small wages end,
When the chilling winter blasts blow from the west,
When the banks go down and all our money's gone,
When we weary tramp in search of wealth again,
When the shades of life are calling us away,
When the wife beloved we leave to weep alone,

2. When the rent is due and all our savings spent,
And our cheerless homes give neither warmth nor rest,
When the business fails and all our wealth has flown,
Join the millions down, our hope and courage slain,
When the deep-shadows warn of ending day,
And the dear ones, left to strangers, we bewail,

3. When the hungry eyes, and garments worn and rent,
When our loved ones plead, in vain, for what is best,
When our prospects, plans, and hopes seem turned to stone,
When our plans for loved ones' good prove all in vain,
When the eyes grow dim, our strength falls in decay,
When at last, to fate we sadly trust our own,

Tell of poverty's sad and cruel fate;
And our narrow love is changed to hate;
And we weep with loved who 'round us stand;

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Security.

Then we'll wish for Brother-hood's rich state.
Then we'll pray for Brother-hood's sure state.
Then we'll wish for Brother-hood's strong hand.

CHORUS. Accel.

In the happy Socialist days there'll be no troubled hearts,

Wealth and happy homes for all will end cruel poverty's smarts,

Blest security for aye will change all doubtful ways,

Legato. ad lib.

Comfort, peace, and love will cheer us in the Socialist days.
Fraternity, Equality, Liberty.

Words and Music by HARVEY P. MOYER.

1. Ho, there, hey, there, Socialists all are we! All the slaves of all the knaves the wide world o'er we'll free; Onward, forward, soon we all shall see fight, that all may pros'rous be; Join our force, and soon we all shall see bring life's joy-ful ju-bilee: Swell our vote, and soon we all shall see

2. Ho, there, hey, there, Socialists all are we! Day and night we're in the tight, that all may pros'rous be; Join our force, and soon we all shall see bring life's joy-ful ju-bilee: Swell our vote, and soon we all shall see

3. Ho, there, hey, there, Socialists all are we! Help us sing and all we'll

D. S.—Onward, forward, soon we all shall see FINE.

Frater-ni-ty, e-qual-i-ty, true lib-er-ty! Down with ty-rants,
Frater-ni-ty, e-qual-i-ty, true lib-er-ty! Down with hun-ger,
Frater-ni-ty, e-qual-i-ty, true lib-er-ty! Down with sor-row,

where-so-er they be, Grafters, robbers, high or low degree; Down opp-res-sion, want, dread pover-ty, Rags, distress, and suf'er-ing sad to see; Down all slums and sin, and mis-er- y, Up with joy, love, truth, moral-i-ty; Down with self-ish-

Brighter.

D. S.

wrong, hy-poc-ris- sy, Up with jus-tice, right, and lib-er-ty. Then
"homes" un-fit. to be, Up world-com-fort, real pros-per-i-ty! Then
ness, its bale-ful glee, Up with Broth-er-hood, its blessings free! Then

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Forward, the Life Brigade!

H. P. M.

A Socialist Invitation Song.

HARVEY P. MOYER.

1. On with the fight, comfort in sight, clear the way! Death to all hunger and tears!
   On with the fight, comfort in sight, haste the day; Banished all suffering and care;
   On with the fight, justice in sight, lead the way! Down with oppression and woe!

2. On with the fight, justice in sight, end the fray; Greed's heartless wrecking shall cease!
   On with the fight, heaven in sight, all we'll free From slav'ry's toil and pain;

3. On with the fight, heaven in sight, soon we'll see Darkness dissolve into day;

Wealth to the left, wealth to the right, night and day, Crowning life's fruitful years;
Answered our cries, ended our sighs, as we pray, Earth's bless- (Omit.)
Conscience awake, truth is at stake, right must sway Heart, home, and nation, too:
On to the light, up to the height, perfect day, Righteous- (Omit.)
Pleasure and rest, highest and best, sea to sea, Heaven on earth we'll gain:
Joy to the left, joy to the right, pure and free, Love points (Omit.)

Chorus

ings all shall share! Come, come, come, Oh, (Come, for the feast is spread,
ness, rest, and peace! Come, come, come, Oh, the perfect way! Come, come, come, Oh, Why lack in food or home,

Earth yields abundant bread, Comfort and cheer, richest blessings now and here,
When all the world we own? Come, use your pow'r; duty calls this very hour,

To all people long she waits to freely give; Wealth and joy forevermore receive.

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The Lazy Shirk.

Solo and Male Quartet.

Words and Music by HARVEY P. MOYER.

1. There was a rocky fellow worth his millions, He was never known to hurt himself with work, For he only worked the people. Built a college and a steeple, He would help us, but he feared the lazy wives and starving children, If it were not for this awful, lazy clothes and better rations, But he don't know who would do the dirty schemes of every nature, And he wondered who would do the dirty self and wife and children, Than to make his robbing shirkers go to shirk, And dirty work. shirk, The shirk won't work. Oh, the shirk, shirk, shirk! And the dirty, dirty work! Oh, dear, oh, dear.

2. There was a preacher preaching to his millions, He was not so very in-timate with work, He would save the suffering million, Weeping moment's time to shirk. For he worked the legislature, Pushing lit-tle time to shirk, Seems to rather serve the million, Slaving col-lege and a steeple, He would help us, but he feared the lazy wives and starving children, If it were not for this awful, lazy clothes and better rations, But he don't know who would do the dirty schemes of every nature, And he wondered who would do the dirty self and wife and children, Than to make his robbing shirkers go to shirk, And dirty work. shirk, The shirk won't work. Oh, the shirk, shirk, shirk! And the dirty, dirty work! Oh, dear, oh, dear.

3. A worn-out lab'ring man who missed his millions, He had never had a moment's time to shirk. For he would like to change his station(s), Better crooked work to shirk, For he worked the legislature, Pushing lit-tle time to shirk, Seems to rather serve the million, Slaving col-lege and a steeple, He would help us, but he feared the lazy wives and starving children, If it were not for this awful, lazy clothes and better rations, But he don't know who would do the dirty schemes of every nature, And he wondered who would do the dirty self and wife and children, Than to make his robbing shirkers go to shirk, And dirty work. shirk, The shirk won't work. Oh, the shirk, shirk, shirk! And the dirty, dirty work! Oh, dear, oh, dear.

4. There was a little lawyer watching millions, Far too busy doing crooked work to shirk, For he worked the legislature, Pushing lit-tle time to shirk, Seems to rather serve the million, Slaving col-lege and a steeple, He would help us, but he feared the lazy wives and starving children, If it were not for this awful, lazy clothes and better rations, But he don't know who would do the dirty schemes of every nature, And he wondered who would do the dirty self and wife and children, Than to make his robbing shirkers go to shirk, And dirty work. shirk, The shirk won't work. Oh, the shirk, shirk, shirk! And the dirty, dirty work! Oh, dear, oh, dear.

5. The farmer who deserves to have his millions, Working day and night with hurt himself with work, For he only worked the people, Built a college and a steeple, He would help us, but he feared the lazy wives and starving children, If it were not for this awful, lazy clothes and better rations, But he don't know who would do the dirty schemes of every nature, And he wondered who would do the dirty self and wife and children, Than to make his robbing shirkers go to shirk, And dirty work. shirk, The shirk won't work. Oh, the shirk, shirk, shirk! And the dirty, dirty work! Oh, dear, oh, dear.

CHORUS. Lively and expressive.

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The Lazy Shirk.

work! How'll you stir the lazy shirk? Who will do the dirty work? And

work? Never mind the suffering million, Weeping wives and starving children, We must first know all about the lazy shirk.

6 Of course, you know that all of us want millions, Which we all may jointly have with little work, For we'll stop the wholesale stealing, And, with right and wealth appealing, Not a man will choose starvation as a shirk! No grub, no shirk.

Sixth Chorus.
Oh, the shirk, shirk, shirk! And the dirty, dirty work! How'll you stir the lazy shirk? Who will do the dirty work? First, we'll save the suffering million, Weeping wives and starving children, Then, we'll put the dirty work upon the shirk. We'll work the shirk.

Spoken.

First speaker—We'll make him work, the shirk! Second speaker—He'll have to do the dirty work. Third speaker—He'll have to work or starve. Fourth speaker—Now, just what WILL we do with the dirty work? First, we'll ALL share the necessary dirty work, and then by invention we'll soon do away with most the dirty work

Final Chorus.
Oh, the shirk, shirk, shirk! And the dirty, dirty work? How'll you stir the lazy shirk? Who will do the dirty work? First, we'll save the suffering million, Weeping wives and starving children, Then, we'll do away with all the dirty work! And lazy shirk. Oh, joy!
24

Strike at the Ballot.

H. P. M.  

HARVEY P. MOYER.

1. Come, brothers all, cease your fruitless fight, 'A strike at the ballot is the sur-est way; For force and strife but increase our plight, Hunger and rags are very poor way; When we win by our votes that ve-ry hour, (Omit.)

2. Cease to wor-ry your life a-way, A strike at the ballot is the eas-iest way; Why suf-fer, starve, and bleed and pray, Pov-er-ty's curse increased each way; But five year's So-cial-ist vote will note (Omit.)

3. Come, brothers, end all your cares and fears, A strike at the ballot is the no-blest way; Each brother's woes will increase our tears, Sorrows, wrongs, star-va-tion way; Why cra-ven slaves, nor hope nor plan, (Omit.)

CHORUS.

Let us \{ strike at the bal-lot, strike at the bal-lot, A strong u-nit-ed (strike at the bal-lot, strike at the bal-lot, For (Omit.)

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Strike at the Ballot.

2

peaceful, conquering band; Let us wealth, home, and happy freedom's land!

Home, Sweet Home.

Last Stanza by Harvey P. Moyer.

1. 'Mid pleasures and palaces though we may roam, Be it ever so lowly thatched cottage again; The birds singing gayly that came at my comfort life's sorrows remove; No more poverty's sadness, none longer need there, Which seek thro' the world, is ne'er met with else-where. Home, home, call, Give me them and that peace of mind, dearer than all. Home, home, roam, Each life filled with cheer in our own happy home. Home, home,

2. An exile from home, splendor dazzles in vain; Oh, give me my humble, there's no place like home; A charm from the skies seems to hallow us

3. But sweetest the home in the days of true love, When peace, joy, and sweet, sweet home, There's no place like home, Oh there's no place like home.

3. Like our own happy home.
The Marseillaise.

Chorus by H. P. M.

ROUGET DE LISLE.

1. Ye sons of toil, a-wake to glory! Hark, hark! what myriads bid you rise! Your children, wives, and grandsires hoary: Behold their tears and dare, Their thirst for gold and pow'r unbound-ed, To mete and vend the flame! Can dungeons, bolts and bars confine thee, Or whips thy noble spirit tame? Too long the tyrants mischief breeding, With hire-ling hosts, a ruffian band, Affurden would they load us, Like gods would bid their slaves adore; But world has wept, bewailing That falsehood's dagger tyrants wield; But fright and desolate the land, While peace and liberty lie bleeding! 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 unavailing;

2. With luxury and pride surround-ed, The vile, insatiate despots hear their cries, Be hold their tears and hear their cries! Shall hate ful light and air, To mete and vend the light and air. Like beasts of spirit tame? Or whips thy noble spirit tame? Too long the tyrants mischief breeding, With hire-ling hosts, a ruffian band, Affurden would they load us, Like gods would bid their slaves adore; But world has wept, bewailing That falsehood's dagger tyrants wield; But fright and desolate the land, While peace and liberty lie bleeding! 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 unavailing;

3. Oh, Liberty! can man resign thee, Once having felt thy generous hear their cries, Be hold their tears and hear their cries! Shall hate ful light and air, To mete and vend the light and air. Like beasts of spirit tame? Or whips thy noble spirit tame? Too long the tyrants mischief breeding, With hire-ling hosts, a ruffian band, Affurden would they load us, Like gods would bid their slaves adore; But world has wept, bewailing That falsehood's dagger tyrants wield; But fright and desolate the land, While peace and liberty lie bleeding! 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 unavailing;
The Marseillaise.

CHORUS.

A· wake, a· wake, ye brave! The peo· ple shall be free! March on,
OLD GEO.—To arms, to arms, ye braves! The avenging sword unsheath! March on,

march on, all hearts re· solved, We'll gain the vic· to· ry.
march on, all hearts re· solved, On vic· to· ry or death!

27 These Things Shall Be!

J. A. SYMONDS.

SCHUMANN.

1. These things shall be! a loft·tier race Than e'er the world hath known shall rise
2. They shall be gen· tle, brave and strong, To spill no drop of blood, but dare
3. Na· tion with na· tion, land with land, Un· arm'd shall live as comrades free;
4. New arts shall bloom of loft· tier mould And mightier mu· sic thrill the skies,
5. These things—they are no dreams—shall be For happier men when we are gone;

With flow· r of free· dom in their souls, And light of sci· ence in their eyes.
All that may plant man's lord· ship firm, On earth, and fire and sea and air.
In ev· 'ry heart and brain shall throb The pulse of one fra· ter· ni· ty.
And ev· 'ry life shall be a song, When all the earth is par· a· dis· e.
Those gold· en days for them shall dawn, Transcending ought we gaze up· on.
The Hope of the Ages.

E. NESBIT.

Red, White, and Blue.

1. If you dam up the river of Progress— At your peril and cost let it be! That river must seaward despite you— 'Twill break down your dams and be free! And we heed not the pitiful current will be when it flows; We shall win, and the tyrant's barrieres That you in its way have downcast; For your talions Will be scattered like chaff in the fight, From fore us, One aim to obtain and fulfill, One soldiers Flock each day where her flag is unfurled; Our efforts but add to the torrent, Whose flood must overwhelm you at last! which the true soldiers of freedom Shall gather new courage and might! watchword we cherish to mark us One kindred and brotherhood still.

2. We laugh in the face of the forces That strengthen the stress of the strife, Or patiently bearing the burden Of on us and press? When a hundred have bravely been beaten, The changelessly commonplace life, One hope we have ever be hun dred and first wins success! Our watchword is "Freedom;" new; the true soldiers of freedom Shall gather new courage and might! watchword we cherish to mark us One kindred and brotherhood still.

3. Whether leading the van of the fighters In the bitterest The stress of the strife, Or patiently bearing the burden Of on us and press? When a hundred have bravely been beaten, The changelessly commonplace life, One hope we have ever be hun dred and first wins success! Our watchword is "Freedom;" new; the true soldiers of freedom Shall gather new courage and might! watchword we cherish to mark us One kindred and brotherhood still.

4. What matter if failure on failure Crowd closely up-
The Hope of the Ages.

CHORUS.

{For our banner is rais'd and unfurled:}
{At your head our defiance is hurled:}

Our

D. S.

29

Lonesome.

HARVEY P. MOYER.

Robin Adair.

1. What's this cold world to me? No joys of home; What's this cruel life to be?
2. Why life so dark and drear? Crushed young and old; Why hearts e'er filled with fear?
3. What's all this noise about, Fill- ing the air? What means this joyful shout,
4. Oh, let all people wake, Cease wrong's sad sway; Victorious action take,

Hope almost gone; Oft have I longed to wed, Love's cheer in
Homes bleak and cold; Why children starved, unclad? Why loving
From every-where? 'Tis but the Socialist cry, Echoing
Haste the glad day, When each may live life's best, With cheerful

lonesome's stead, Had pov- er-ty's curse not shed Dark-ness a- lone.
thr' the sky, Wel- com- ing vic- t'ry nigh, End- ing cruel care.
homes all blest, Com- fort and peace and rest, Share all for aye.
Some Funny Things.

Harvey P. Moyer.

1. There was a man in our town Who tho't it would be funny
   He made the silly people think, By special dispensation,
   To corner all the people's earth And thus get all their money;
   The Lord had given control to him, Of all His rich creation.
   Who tho't it wise to cinch the wealth, Let others beg and below;
   He got the stocks and dividends, The people got starvation.
   No "kingdom come", no "will be done", But thro' his narrow steeple.

2. There was a man in New York town, A very rocky fellow,
   He seized the oil, he seized the mines, The railroads, banks, the nation;
   But the people seized their earth, They cared not for his money,
   But the people claimed their own, And checked his source of money,
   But the people loved the right More than they loved his money,
   They told the shirk to go to work, Which wasn't quite so funny.
   He missed the flow of dividends, Which wasn't near so funny.
   Each lived for all as brothers should, And thus made all feel funny.

3. There was a dominie in town, Who stood for competition;
   He could not see all men agree, And love rule all the people,
   To corner all the people's earth And thus get all their money;
   The Lord had given control to him, Of all His rich creation.
   Who tho't it wise to cinch the wealth, Let others beg and below;
   He got the stocks and dividends, The people got starvation.
   No "kingdom come", no "will be done", But thro' his narrow steeple.

* For Male Quartet, let first tenor take alto one octave higher.—H. P. M.
Some Funny Things.

4 Reformer Jones of Reform Town
   Thinks it is mighty funny,
   That all the people all the earth
   Should own, and wipe out money.
   With Prohibition, Single Tax,
   Reforms of every notion,
   He'd plaster, but stay on our backs,
   So wealth controlled promotion.

       But the people see the truth,
       The danger in our money;
       No profits, rents, nor dividends
       Is justice, how'er funny.

5 There was a lab'rer in our land
   Who certainly was funny,
   He thought it right to do the work,
   While others took the money;
   Thro' days and years he toil'd and groaned,
   Built up the wealthy nations,—
   While parasites enjoyed his wealth,
   He starved on scanty rations.

       But Socialism ope'd his wealth,
       He saw who got his money,
       Then voted straight, enjoyed the earth,
       A partner, rich,—'twas funny.

6 A little merchant man sat down
   To figure out how funny
   It was with all his sweat and stew
   The "big guns" got his money.
   He saw this life was naught but strife,
   A-robbing each his brothers,
   And while he mulcted them all he dared,
   Above were bigger mulcters.

       Said he, "There's just one thing to do,
       To live and save some money,
       To join the People's Trust or 'Bust',
       Which would not be so funny".

7 The Democrat-Republicans
   Thought it was awful funny,
   To fool the people all the time
   And corner all their money.
   They juggled tariff high and low,
   The patriot's claim they hailed, sir,
   They thought poor men too dull to ken
   Aught but 'fool' dinner pail', sir.

       But politicians' tricks
       can give
       But strikes and poverty's pall, sir;
       The Socialist party all must join
       For wealth and fun fer all, sir.

Farmer Jones' Celebration.

By HARVEY P. MOYER.

Air—A Hot Time in the Old Town to-night. Key of G.

1 Let's be joyful now, Miranda dear, the Socialists have won,
   We will all go down to town and help to celebrate the fun,
   For our debts and griefs and wants and woes are now forever done,
   Our old days we'll end in rest and peace, life's dreams in fact begun;
   Dump your old clothes and shoes into the mire,
   Throw the old mortgage notes with joy into the fire,
   The jubilee has come, the people's long desire,
   There'll be a good time in the old town tonight. Miranda—

   CHORUS.
   Pack your grip, we'll all go down to town,
   To celebrate the greatest victory ever won,
   For want and grief will now give place to wealth and fun,
   There'll be a good time in the whole world tonight.

2 Our happy president has just proclaimed the joyful day,
   When in name of all the people, for the people he'll take sway
   Of the bounteous wealth, the people's own, that all may truly say,
   Every life is filled with joy and cheer, sad poverty's gone to stay;
   For Uncle Sam our leader true will be,
   Consolidate all trusts in the people's trust, you see;
   With all the people organized, we'll all agree,
   As equal partners, make the whole world all right. Miranda— CHORUS.

3 Of our generous wealth we'll freely take enough to eat and wear,
   All the people's earth as free as all the people's light and air;
   Our Father's blessings rich and full His children all shall share,
   All a prosperous happy family, the world so bright and fair;
   To the faint and halt we'll now give needed rest,
   For wives and widows sad, we'll change their life distrest,
   And just rewards to each will bring out all our best;
   We'll bring all good times, make this dark world all light. Miranda— CHORUS.
The Laborer's Lament.

Words and Music by HARVEY P. MOYER.

Solo.

1. 'Twas Mark who said, "There's plenty bread, Two jobs for every man;"
   His word we took, reforms for-sook, "Stood pat" without a sob,
   The Bourbons old grew "wise" and bold, Howled loud for small reforms,
   With them, at last, our lot we cast And made the welkin roar,
   The "Pro-hibs" thought, 'twere easy wrought, Just save the liquor bill;
   But vain their boast, without their host They reckoned, and, too late,
   Nor courage lax, the Single Tax, With boldness pure and bland,
   But where's the gain for Labor's pain Since WE all taxes stand?

All we're to do is stay "true blue" And vote Republican;
   Just to be "sold," for now be-hold, Two men for every job!
   Thought public lights and simmering mites Would calm the growing storms;
   But just to find we're still behind, As poor as e'er before!
   For all this waste would surely haste Good times, our pockets fill;
   More men re-released, with jobs decreased, Proved worse, a sadder fate.
   Proposed to cure all troubles sure By only taxing land!
   And where's the "cure," when nothing's sure, Nor wage, nor jobs, nor land?

Duet. Quartet.

I'm sorry, I'm sorry, I'm sorry I voted that ticket,
   I'm sorry, I'm sorry, I'm sorry I voted that ticket,*

I'm sorry, I'm sorry, I'm sorry I voted that way;
   I promise I'll never, No never will I vote so—for aye.

* Last chorus. I'm sorry I voted the old tickets etc.

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5 “Tom” Populist has quite a grist,
While “neither hot nor cold,”
To try to “bust” the mighty trust
With feather weapons bold.
But why destroy a source of joy
And comfort all may share;
When all may own, by vote alone,
All trusts and end all care?

6 A Socialist wise op’d wide mine eyes
To the quick and only way;
Prosperity from poverty,
The journey’s but a day: (Election day.)
For, if all the earth with all its worth
All men together worked,
Then all would share her bounteous care,
All rich save those who shirked.

Put On Sand.

Rev. W. D. Wattles.

D. C.—For the Socialistic engine Will get started, understand,

There’s a very smart reformer,
And he thinks he knows it all,
But he’s standing back awaiting
Just to see the system fall!
When you bid him come out boldly,
He’ll refuse to lend a hand,—
He’s a dead one in the movement,
’Cause he hasn’t got the sand.—Cho.
Our Happy Home.

Solo and Male Quartet.

HARVEY P. MOYER.

When Johnny Comes Marching Home, Solo.

Quartet.

1. John Smith did not need Socialism, Oh, no, (oh, no,) No, no, (no, no,)
2. Young Sully did not want Socialism, Oh, no, (oh, no,) No, no, (no, no,)
3. A manufacturer reviled our cause, Oh, oh, (oh, oh,) Oh, oh, (oh, oh,)
4. A farmer was feeling quite easy, you know, So, so, (so, so,) So, so, (so, so,)

A prosperous merchant, "as all might be," So, so, (so, so,) So, so, (so, so,)
He could corner our cotton and easy win millions, So, so, (so, so,) So, so, (so, so,)
No "slavery" for him, no "freedom's loss," No, no, (no, no,) No, no, (no, no,)
No Socialism needed to reap and sow, Oh, no, (oh, no,) Oh, no, (oh, no,)

But a company built near him a great big store,
But the other big robbers got Sully's good cash
But fifty more "freemen" told the same good tale,
But the storms and the floods came rushing, one day,

And merchant Smith is in business no more,
And Sully went down with a terrible crash,
Manufacturer his "cinch," now his factory's "for sale,"
Swept the farmer's fine home and his fortune away,
The Darkies' Kingdom.

Male Quartet.

1. Don't you see de black clouds Ris-in' o-ber yon-der, Whar de Mas-sa's ole plan-ta-tion am; Neb-ber you be frighten-ted, Dem is on-ly dark-ies, feel-in' mighty grand! But dar soon was trou-ble, We was still de sar-vants, e-qual chance in life; But de same sad sto-ry Ev-er met de dark-ies, Af-ric's deserts drear; 'Stho' we was not hu-man, Did not lub our coun-try, black and white our own; Den in sun-ny Dix-ie, A state for all de dark-ies, sar-vants a-ny more; All will be de Mas-sas, All will lib in clo-ber,

2. When de war was o-ber, And we got our "free-dom," Dark-ies all was

3. North and south we wandered, Homeless and dis-cour-aged, Plead-in' for an

4. Some would solb de problem, Wip-in' out de dark-ies, Send-in' us to

5. But our day is dawn-in' For de Socialist Par-ty's Gwine to get for

6. All de dark-ies' trou-bles Den will sure be o-ber, Black nor white be

Come to jine and vote for Un-cle Sam. 'Cause de white folks still possessed de land. Men-i-al work, starva-tion, ra-cial strife. Look out dar now, we's a-

Wives, and lit-tle pick-a-nin-nies dear. Un-cle Sam will gib to us a-lone. Peace and rest and joy for-eb-ber-more.

gwine to vote, Look out dar, don't you under-stand? So-cial-is-m's

Oh, don't you know dat
The Darkies' Kingdom.

I, coming, Socialism's coming, We's gwine to occupy ole Dixie land.

36 Come Along a Moses.

Harvey P. Moyer. Go Down Moses.—Slave Hymn.

1. When Israel was in Egypt's land, Let my people go! Oppressed so hard they could not stand, Let my people go! Came down our dark sea and bring us across, Let my people go! Come along a

2. O, come along a Moses, again we're lost, Let my people go! Part pressed so hard they could not stand, Let my people go! Came down our dark sea and bring us across, Let my people go! Come along a

3. When we're all joined at the voting stand, Let my people go! We're sure to win, we're the biggest band, Let my people go! Come along a

4. Should the Capit'lists hinder our getting across, Let my people go! They'd better look out, Old Pharaoh was lost, Let my people go! Come along a straight for earth's glad paradise, Let my people go! Come along a

5. O, take those scales from off your eyes, Let my people go! Vote

1. Moses, 'Way down in Egypt's land, Told old Pharaoh, Let my people go! 2-5. Moses, Come, save our troubled land, Tell the old Capit'lists, Let my people go!
Run for Your Life.

HARVEY P. MOYER.

Dixie. Arr. by THORO HARRIS.

1. Oh, way down South near the fields of cotton, There's a very fine city, There they legislate away our nation, Our railroads, lands,
   37

2. Oh, way down East where the wheels are humming, The parasites thrive There the few live high, get the wealth and rations, The many must beg

3. So the whole wide world is filled with sorrow, Injustice reigns, In the army of ballots, if we take our station, In five years time

but it's very, very rotten, Run away, run away, Run away, run away, run away, run away, run away, run away, run away, run away, run away, run away, run away, run away, run away, run away,

and the poor turned bumming, Run away, run away, run away, run away, run away, run away, run away, run away, run away, run away, run away, run away, run away, run away, run away,

we must fight, so, tomorrow, Run away, run away, run away, run away, run away, run away, run away, run away, run away, run away, run away, run away, run away, run away, run away,

we'll possess our Nation, Come away, come away, come away, come away

way and save your life. The robbers sure will get you, run away, run away

3d way and get your gun. The robbers, oh, we'll get them, come away, come away

way. Unless you vote for Socialism, bring comfort, wealth, and restful day; way, We'll work and vote for Socialism, bring comfort, wealth, and restful day;

Come away, come away, and vote to save the Nation, save the Nation.
An Easy Pair.

Rev. W. D. Wattles.

An Encore.

Russell H. Wattles.

1. My mas-sa had a work-ing-man, He al-so had a mule; To
fed the man on liv-er, He fed the mule on hay,

2. In rough or storm-y weath-er That mule would pull a cart; He’d
in the chill-ly sta-ble, He’d stand and chew his hay; The

3. That man would dig and hus-tle, And work un-til he died; To
boss would take the prod-uct, I’m most a-shamed to tell, And

4. I think that both that man and mule Had might-y lit-tle sense; And
the man and kicked the mule, And worked them ev’ry day.

Laughing Chorus D.C.

D.C.—Yo, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, Yo, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, Yo,

save my life I couldn’t tell Which was the big-gest fool; He
hump him-self and hus-tle, Till it near-ly broke his heart; And
see how much he could pro-duce, It was his joy and pride: The
be-lieve to go to school They’d bet-ter both commence: And

ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, Yo, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, Yo,

save my life I couldn’t tell Which was the big-gest fool; He
hump him-self and hus-tle, Till it near-ly broke his heart; And
see how much he could pro-duce, It was his joy and pride: The
be-lieve to go to school They’d bet-ter both commence: And

ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, Yo, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, Yo,

ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, Yo, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, Yo,

ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, Yo,
39 The Patch on the Workingman's Pants.

Words and Music by W. D. Wattles.

1. There's many a patch in this wide world of ours, You can find them wherever you look; There are patches of onions, potatoes, and beans, And threadbare has grown; So his wife puts a patch on beneath the worn spot, So head in despair; Then bravely goes at it to mend them again, There's no down for repairs; And the patch is transferred to a different place, On the workingman's pants; The dude so rides it, the poor fellow hides it, The workingman's pants; No dude to ride it, no worry to hide it, Not a patch on the workingman's pants.

CHO.-Oh, the patch on the workingman's pants on his pants, The patch on the workingman's pants.

2. It begins on the front when he's working each day, And the cloth rath-er day, And in size there's a steady advance; Oh, it grows day by day, And the rent must be paid in advance, So a still larger turn, His trouble is seen at a glance; Face which way he

3. And at last the time comes when they cannot be fixed, And the wife shakes her head in despair; Then bravely goes at it to mend them again, There's no down for repairs; And the patch is transferred to a different place, On the workingman's pants; The dude so rides it, the poor fellow hides it, The workingman's pants; No dude to ride it, no worry to hide it, Not a patch on the workingman's pants.

4. There's a sadder time still, when he loses his job, And the mill is shut down for repairs; And the patch is transferred to a different place, On the workingman's pants; The dude so rides it, the poor fellow hides it, The workingman's pants; No dude to ride it, no worry to hide it, Not a patch on the workingman's pants.

FINE.
The Patch on the Workingman's Pants.

D. C. for Chorus.

sing is a different thing—'Tis the patch on the working-man's pants.

day in a sorrowful way—Does the patch on the working-man's pants.
piece must go in at the knees—To the patch on the working-man's pants.

5 There's a good time to come, when the poor man, whose work
Fills the world with its treasure and pelf,
No longer shall shrink in his patch seedy-clothes,
But shall have what he makes for himself.
Let us preach the great doctrine of brotherly love,
And demand for each poor man a chance;
Then their banner unfurled shall cover the world,
As the patch does the workingman's pants. Last Chorus.

Up a Tree.

By Harvey P. Moyer.

Air—Up in a Coconut Tree.—Key of G.

1 A capitalist king in a palace so grand,
Grew sadder day by day,
He longed for more gold to cinch his hold
With the lords where he held grand sway;
So he spied a little laboring man,
Who made his home in an eight by ten,
And that same night, with selfish delight,
He sang with all his might:

Chorus.

"Though I am king of the capitalist gang,
I'm lonely, (so lonely,)
My innocent laboring man I love you only,
(yes, only;)
Though you might be happy, rich, and free,
I want you to go on working for me,
And if you make me a millionaire,
I might give back—a very small share.

2 Now this laboring man was a foolish old chap,
Well versed in Union lore;
He thought he could hold, by a strike so bold,
This master of earth's rich store;
But the capitalist man got busy soon,
Whisked the laborer off to the desert dune,
And, in a gay and tender way,
To the other slaves did say.—Chorus.

3 So this wiser man, torn from home and loved,
Sat down to think awhile;
Whose earth is this? and who this king?
And whence all his golden pile?
What fools, producers in poverty,
Few rich, when all men might prosperous be,
For, a Socialist vote, as all may note,
Soon the People's Trust would float!*

* Spoken.—So he came to himself, and determined to assert his just rights as equal partner in the earth and its fullness by peacefully voting for universal prosperity through the Socialist Party, and thus he gladly joined in this happy Socialist refrain,—

(Chorus for last stanza).

"Though you are king of the capitalist gang, and 'lonely,' (so lonely;)
We doubt your love for the laboring man so 'only,' (too 'only;')
We'd rather be happy, rich, and free,
Than poor, making millions more for thee,
So, when we all make as much as we care,
We'll give you—your equal share."

† This deportation occurred not in benighted Russia, but in enlightened America, in the free state of Colorado, in the civilized year of our Lord, 1904.—H. P. M.
Bring Back My Money.

HARVEY P. MOYER.

1. The Capitalists over the ocean, The Capitalists this side the sea, The Capitalists in every nation Are taking my money from me.
2. The Socialists over the ocean, The Socialists this side the sea, The Socialists in every nation Will bring back my money to me.
3. Last night as I lay on my pillow, Last night as I lay on my bed, Bright visions of plenty enwrept me, I dreamed that the sea, Vote comfort and wealth to all people, So vote back my money to me.
4. Vote right, my friends, over the ocean, Vote right, my friends, this side the sea, The Capitalists this side the ocean, Capitlists were dead. Last Chorus.
Vote back, vote back, vote back my money to me, to me, Bring back, bring back, bring back my money to me.
Vote back, vote back, vote back, Oh! vote back my money to me.

CHORUS.

Oh! vote back my money to me.
Toilers, Arise.

Words and Music by E. CARPENTER. (Alt.)

1. Toilers, arise! the long, long night is over, Faint in the east be-
2. By your young children's eyes so red with weeping, By their white fa-
3. Over your face a web of lies is woven, Laws that are false-hoods
4. Forth, then, ye heroes, patriots and lovers! Comrades of dan-

Hold the dawn appear; Out of your evil dream of toil and sorrow;
Aged with want and fear, By the dark cities where your babes are creeping,
Pin you to the ground, Labor is mock'd, its just reward is stolen,
In faith of Freedom, your great Mother!

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
On its bent back sits Idle-ness encrown'd. How long while you sleep, Your
Giants refreshed in Joy's new rising morn, Come and swell the song,

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!
Harvest shall it reap? A rise, O toilers, for the day is here!
Silent now so long: Labor is risen! and the day is here!

42
My Papa Is a Socialist.*

Solo, or unison children's chorus.  Words and music by Harvey P. Moyer.

1. My pa-pa is a So-cial-ist, my mamma, too, and I, And if you'll wait a
   minute now, I'll tell the rea-son why; I'm sure that when you understand, you
   peo-ple, too, who want to make things go; Be-sides, we're all just quite a-like, need
   cer-tain-ly will see, You'd bet-ter all be So-cial-ists, and vote with pa and me.

2. You see this earth is long and wide, good things above, below, And there are lots of
   food and clothes and rest, And if we all were Socialists, we all would share earth's best.

3. But now John D. owns all the oil, most banks, and railroads, too,
   And then a few own all the land, so what can poor folks do
   But tramp and starve and beg for jobs, and work and work and work?
   And all the wealth we make, but scraps, we give the wealthy shirk.

4. Now isn't every papa, most, the very biggest goose,
   To give away most all he makes to men who don't produce?
   So that a few rich families may all be living fine,
   While all we weary working folks must suffer, want, and pine.

5. And then they do such foolish things, I often wonder why
   They "strike" and lose their jobs, and let us freeze and starve and cry
   When, if all joined the Socialists, in four years more or five
   We'd all be wealthy partners in the world's great working hive.

6. For, if they'd stop to think, they'd see how easy 'twas to make,
   Together, all we'd want to have, and what we'd make, we'd take;
   So that the children all alike, our papas, mamma, too,
   Would all enjoy earth's happiness, as Socialists want all to.

7. So papa is a Socialist, mamma, we children, too;
   We want to make all children rich and happy, too, don't you?
   Good food and homes, nice shoes and clothes, we children want, don't you?
   So all of us are Socialists; please, won't you be one too?

* Dedicated to my own and to all the other little Socialist boys and girls, in the hope that they will make this song ring around the world and thus help hasten the good days of Socialism when all the little children shall be "rich and happy too." H. P. M.

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The Flower Girl.

HARVEY F. MOYER

Massa's in the Cold Ground.—Foster.

1. Oh, my life is sad and dreary Wandering all day long, None to comfort, none to cheer me, In the rushing, heart-less throng.
2. Once our home was bright and happy, All were light and gay, But for hope depart-ed, Grief in drink he drowned, Now our happy days are end-ed, wea-ry wait-ing, Can't such love be found, Hear the cries of helpless children.
3. Pa-pa said our heavenly Fa-ther Gives e-nough for all, That when love made all men brothers, Heaven's gifts to all would fail; But our hearts are hungry, waiting, Yet no help I've found, Mamma's sick, I left her weeping.

CHORUS.

Pa-pa's in the cold, cold ground.

Pa-pa's in the cold, cold ground. Won't you buy my flowers, Best that can be found? Mamma's waiting, sick and weeping, Pa-pa's in the cold, cold ground.
Our Boys and Girls.*

Harvey P. Moyer.

Marching through Georgia.—Arr. by Thoro Harris.

1. We’re the jolly Socialist boys, as happy as we can be, For
   we’ve a happy task to do, to set the people free; We will not rest till
   are our brothers’ helpers in the fight to make men free; We will not rest till
   snatch them from greed’s awful hand in factories’ dread confines, The poor, the sick, the
   clothes to wear, good food to eat all their misery, No begging, starving,
   longer suffering taunts and jeers because of nature’s shine, In happy home, all

2. We’re the jolly Socialist girls, as full of life and glee, We
   ev’ry boy from mountain to the sea Shall be happy in Socialism.
   ev’ry girl from mountain to the sea Shall be happy in Socialism.
   faint, the halt, from competition’s lines, All we’ll make happy thro’ Socialism.
   freezing child in vice or ignorance be, All will be happy in Socialism.
   theirs alone, way down in Dixie’s clime, Won’t they be happy in Socialism!

3. We’ll rescue ev’ry boy and girl from out the deadly mines, We’ll
   ev’ry boy from mountain to the sea Shall be happy in Socialism.
   ev’ry girl from mountain to the sea Shall be happy in Socialism.
   faint, the halt, from competition’s lines, All we’ll make happy thro’ Socialism.
   freezing child in vice or ignorance be, All will be happy in Socialism.
   theirs alone, way down in Dixie’s clime, Won’t they be happy in Socialism!

4. We’ll furnish ev’ry child a home, so happy, light, and free, Good
   CHORUS.
   Hurrah! hurrah! we’ll bring the jubilee! Hurrah! hurrah! this
   truth will make us free! We’ll work and talk, we’ll sing and pray till
   FINE.

5. Our little pickaninnies then will have a jolly time, No

D. S.—all the people see Freedom forever thro’ Socialism.

* To be sung by 4 boys and 4 girls, boys singing 1st stanza and chorus. Girls enter, singing 2nd stanza, all singing chorus. Remaining stanzas sung together, marching while singing the chorus. Have appropriate uniforms, paper labor caps, red sashes, and plenty flags.
Our Boys and Girls.

6 There'll be no wicked tempters then to lead us into sin
Through liquor or tobacco,—anyway to get the “tin;”
With every help we'll then surround our boys and girls to win
Health, strength, and happiness in Socialism. Chorus.

7 Our mothers won't take washing then to keep the wolf away,
(There'll be no wolf), and they'll have time to help the children play,
To guide them in their plans and work that they may grow each day
Pure, true, and beautiful in Socialism. Chorus.

8 We'll give our fathers time to rest, less work and better pay,
There'll be no burdened families then, sad poverty gone to stay;
Oh, won't we have a jolly time! when dawns that glorious day,
We'll all be happy in Socialism. Chorus.

The Mother's Plea.

1. Do you love us, Pa-pa Dar-ling, Would you see your dear ones blest,
See the smiles of cheer and com-fort, Feel the joys of peace and rest,
Would you drive a-way life's sad-ness, See dread poverty's stings re-moved,
Would you fill each heart with gladness? Join in Socialist Broth-er-hood.

2. Days of dark-ness, sad and drear- y, Filled our lives with want and fear;
Nights of sor-row long and wea-ry Aged our hearts and quenched our cheer;
All our hopes for joy-ous giv-ing, All our plans for children's good,
We may re-al-ize, no, nev-er, Till the Socialist Broth-er-hood.

3. Do you love us, Pa-pa Dar-ling, Would you see your loved ones blest,
Ea-ger souls in rapt-ure cher-ish All the no-bllest, pur-est, best;
Minds in wis-dom's truth e'er growing, Hearts in-spired with ev'-ry good,
Life with boundless wealth o'er-flowing? Join in Socialist Broth-er-hood.
47 Song of The New Rebellion.

Words by ROSE PASTOR STOKES.  
Music by HARVEY P. MOYER.

1. We sing the songs of Truth and Love, That all the world may hear them,
2. Against us Tyrants wield their pow'r And hope their night to length-en;
3. For Truth is Truth and Man is Man, And both the day are winning;
4. We beat the path and sing the song That lifts the world to glory,—

We sing the songs of Truth and Love, That men may cease to fear them.
But Dawn will break within an hour!—Our purposes but strengthen!
Hate's reign may linger yet a span, But Love's reign is begin-ning!
Sing love of right, sing hate of wrong, Sing loud the new world-sto-ry.

When sound the calls of Love and Truth 'Twere cra-ven not to heed them!
Our prison door-way is a gate Thro' which the New Day enters;—
Then shall we fear the Tyrant's might Or heed the fool his scorn-ing?
Our all to free-dom's cause we give,— We men who free-dom cher-ish;

Come, fol-low, age! Come, fol-low, youth! Come, beat a path for Free-dom!
Each Tyr-an-ny but serves to make New reb els of dis-sent ers.
The fool's and Tyrant's is the night; To man be-longs the morn-ing!
Our life we give that right may live, Our life that wrong may per-ish!
Onward, Faithful Comrades.

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

2. Mighty hosts are coming, Victory's flag unfurled, Brothers true un-
   Conquerors of the world; Unjust claims denying, Mammon's
   stay its pow'r, All for each and each for all will Blessings all o'er-shower.

3. Selfishness must perish, Wrong will strive in vain, For love's pow'r and
   Unjust claims denying, Mammon's
   hearts en-shrine, Fill the earth with love and mirth, all Hearts with joy di-

4. Forward, then, all people, Join our earnest throng, Blend with ours your
   In triumph-ant song; Follow thus our Leader, Truth all
   pow'r must fall, Truth and justice wrong denying, Comfort, joy for all.
   all will Blessings all o'er-shower.

CHORUS.

Onward, faithful comrades, Rest not in the fray,
Till the light before us Breaks in glorious day!
1. Saith man to man, we've heard and known That we no mas-ter need
2. And we, shall we, too, crouch and quail, A-shamed, a-fraid of stride;
3. It grows and grows, are we the same, The fee-ble band, the few?

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

The grief of slaves long passed a-way For us hath forged 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"

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 hurled.
A light-ning flame, a shear-ing sword, A storm to o-ver-throw.

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Hope.

H. P. M.

Harvey P. Moye.

1. Just a few more sor-rows, Just a few more tears, Few more sad to-mor-rows, Few more bit-ter years; For the day is dawn-ing, Lo, the Sun of Good Fills all earth with peace and love, All hearts with Broth-er-hood, Lov-ing Broth-er-hood.

2. Just a few more tri-als, Few more hearts in twain, Few more shat-tered i-dols, Few more hopes in vain; For hard hearts are melt-ing, Strong grows Broth-er-hood; Kin-dred needs will lead the world Thro' love to kin-dred good, U.-ni-ver-sal good,

3. Just a lit-tle hun-ger, Pov-er-ty, and pain, Wrongs and woes some lon-ger, Plans and pros-pects slain; For the sleep-er wak-eth, Sees the glo-rious light; Broth-ers joined shall save the world Thro' jus-tice, truth, and right, Ev-er-last-ing right.

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51 Hard Times.

Last stanza by Harvey P. Moyer,

1. Let us pause in life's pleasures and count its many tears. While we
2. While we seek mirth and beauty and music light and gay. There are
3. There's a pale drooping maiden who toils her life away. With a
4. 'Tis a sigh that is wafted across the troubled wave. 'Tis a
5. Then let's tell to the sighing, the Socialist's sweet release. Let the

all sap sorrow with the poor. There's a song that will linger forever on frail forms fainting at the door; Tho' their voices are silent, their worn heart whose better days are o'er; Tho' her voice would be merry, 'tis a wail that is heard upon the shore; 'Tis a dirge that is murmured among the poor.

CHORUS.

ev'ry in our ears; Oh! Hard Times, come again no more. 'Tis the song, the pleading looks will say: Oh! Hard Times, come again no more.

sighing all the day: Oh! Hard Times, come again no more.

round the lowly grave: Oh! Hard Times, come again no more. (Last Chorus.)

wrong and strife suRcease, Ending Hard Times thence forevermore. Then this song we'll

sigh of the weary; Hard Times, Hard Times, come again no more; Many sing, no more weary; Hard Times, Hard Times, gone to come no more; Far too

days you have lingered around my cabin door, Oh! Hard Times, come again no more. long you have lingered around our darkened door. Ah! Hard Times, gone forevermore.
Brotherhood.

Words by EDWIN MARKHAM. Music by HARVEY P. MOYER.

1. The crest and crown-ing of all good, Life's fi nal star is Broth-er-hood;
2. Come, clear the way, then clear the way: Blind creeds and kings have had their day.

For it will bring a-gain to Earth Her long-lost Po-e-sy and mirth;
Break the dead branch-es from the path: Our hope is in the af-ter-math—

Will send new light on ev-ry face, A king-ly pow'r up-on the
Our hope is in he-ro-ic men, Star-led to build the world a-

race. And till it come, we men are slaves, And trav-el
gain. To this E-vent the a-ges ran: Make way for

1
2

Copyright, 1908, by Harvey P. Moyer.
1. Gold, gold, gold, How he smiles as it rings on the bar;
2. Gold, gold, gold, And the scar-let one sings in her glee,
3. Gold, gold, gold, And the cap-i-t'list jingles his "tin".-
4. Gold, gold, gold, Shall its dead-ly reign nev-er be o'er?

It brings com-fort and cheer for the rum-seller's home, No want shall their
For sat-ins and sup-per-s and pleas-ures and sin In a-bun-dance with
It buys hous-es and lands for his chil-dren and theirs, Let oth-ers use
Must in-just-tice, op-pres-sion, star-va-tion, and crime, Turn heav-en to
pleas-ures e'er mar. What mat-ters that oth-ers must starve, That mothers must
gold she may see; What mat-ters that daugh-ter-s, once loved, Their virtue and
"shrewdness" and win; What mat-ters that wa-ges are low; That la-bor must
hell ev-er-more? No, let us u-nite in true love, The truth of God's

weep as they tell Of the sons and the daugh-ter-s and fa-thers who fall,
souls had to sell, Ru-ined morals and health, blighted homes and lost wealth,
starve or must sell Their serv-ice at pric-es de-grad-ing their loved,
king-dom let's tell, Bring hap-pi-ness, peace, wealth, and com-fort to all,
Hell's Bargains.

1st, 2d, and 3d stanza.

For profit in his bargain with hell!
For profit in her bargain with hell!
For profit in his bargain with hell!

Last stanza only.

For profit in his bargain with hell!
For profit in her bargain with hell!
No profit, no bargains with hell!

Love's Victory.

By Harvey P. Moyer.

Air—After the Ball is Over. Key Bb.

1 Tenderly sighing, weeping alone,
   Daily denying comforts due her own,
Heart filled with sorrows, toil night and day,
Weary tomorrows sadden life's way;
Ceaseless, depressing, worry and strife,
Yet but possessing burdens in life,
Widowed, deserted, no ray of light,
Save, love-converted, all will do right.

CHORUS
   After the battle's over,
   After the victory's won,
Struggling and strife forgotten,
Blended all hearts in one;
Sorrow and sighing ended,
Happiness evermore,
Hearts all loving and tender,
After the war.

2 Faint, sad-eyed children, hearts sick and sore,
   Starved, toiling millions, weary evermore,
No gladsome sunshine, no cheerful play,
Life's happy childhood one long dark day;*
Souls dulled and maddening through grief and pain,
Years drear and saddening for others' gain,
Night but revealing one hopeful ray,
Love's power appealing must end the fray.—Chorus.

3 Crushed, toiling masses, robbed of life and home,
   Wealth-making classes giving up their own,
Loved wives and children comforts denied,
Whence idle shirkers luxuries supplied;
But day is dawning, light rushing in,
Brotherhood's coming, love's power must win;
Peaceful the conquest, victory sure,
Life's best and noblest all shall secure.—Chorus.

*"Our examinations show that there are thousands of children in the state who know no change from the workshop to bed and from bed to the workshop."—Report of the New Jersey Factory Inspector.
1. Oh! how sad are our present conditions, Creative of crime and of strife,
The things men must have grow more costly, And work is oft sought for in vain;

When the strong of the weak take advantage, Demanding their money and life;
So the toilers grow faint and discouraged, And pleasure is banished by pain;

For a chance to live workers are begging, Oft receiving a pittance for pay,
Now since Heaven has kindly provided An abundance for all here below.

While their idle exploiters have plenty And in luxury live every day.
Let us each in our hearts be determined That oppressive conditions must go.

Inspired with a love all absorbing, Opposing with truth every wrong,

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The Grand Consummation.

We'll work till the right is triumphant And joy fills all hearts with song.


1. I am far from my home, and my heart is sad today, Sighing strangers' voices charm nor cheer me, strange delights appeal in vain, For my D. C. But this life of grief and sorrow, breaking hearts and blighting home, We will

for the fond caress of the dear ones far away; joys of home again: end with joy at last, love's great pow'r must win its own.

2. Oh, the homes of want and worry, mothers sad and weary worn, Anxious for their suffering loved ones, crushed and lost through poverty's scorn, Oh, the pangs of cruel injustice, blighting faith and purpose rare; Drowning hopes in grief and tears, sinking souls in deep despair: Oh, the hearts grow faint with longing, promised joys bring but delays; But the night shall turn to morning, grief and sadness flee away, Love shall conquer all at last, bring to all life's perfect day.

3. Ah, the joys of homes defended by love's power and tender care, Justice, cheer, and life abounding, peace and plenty everywhere; Every soul with joy enchanted, every heart with music filled, Every life with love enraptured, strife and hate forever stilled: All the earth be filled with flowers, every heart be filled with praise, Heaven's blessings all delighting, glorious nights and golden days; For, as noble, loving brothers, hearts inspired with duty's best, All shall share earth's joys at last, heavenly homes and heavenly rest.

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Hark! the Battle-Cry.

Words by H. SALT.

Air—March of the Men of Harlech.

1. Hark! the battle-cry is ringing! Hope within our bosoms springing,
   Tho' we wield nor spear nor saber, We, the sturdy sons of Labor,
   Long in wrath and despair, Long in hunger, shame, privation,
   Now, disdaining useless sorrow, Hope from brighter thoughts we'll borrow;

2. Bids us journey forward, singing—Death to tyrants' might!
   Help-ing ev'ry man his neighbor, Shrink not from the fight,
   Have we borne the degradation Of the rich man's spite,
   Oftentimes shines the fairest morn After stormiest night:

Chorus.

swell the dauntless chorus: Men of Labor, young or hoary, Would ye win a
first name in story? Strike for home, for life, for glory! Justice, Freedom, Right!

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!

Help-ing ev'ry man his neighbor, Shrink not from the fight,
Singing To-night.

HARVEY P. MOYER.

Kittredge.—Arr. by THORO HARRIS.

1. We're singing tonight songs of hope and cheer, Of the brighter, better way,
2. We sing of the Brotherhood of Man, Of friendship, truth, and love,
3. "Man's inhumanity to man" Shall cease the wide world o'er,
4. Then all the world for all shall be, And each its wealth enjoy,
5. Come, brothers, feel each brother's care, Class love all class strife cease,

Of peace on earth, good will to men, The glad and glorious day.
God's kingdom come, His will be done On earth as 'tis above.
And all shall loving brethren be, In peace forevermore.
No want, no care, no poverty's woe, Life's joys shall e'er annoy.
Vote in the world-wide family, Vote universal peace;

CHORUS.

Many are the hearts sick and weary to-night, Longing for earth's strife to cease;

Many are the souls seeking for the light, To bring the promised peace;

Repeat pp.

{ Singing to-night, singing to-night, Telling of the better way; }
{ Bringing the light, speeding the right, Hastening the glorious day. }
Our Comrades' Call.*

Words and Music by HARVEY P. MOYER.

1. Wake, broth-ers, wake, O hear your comrades' call, Wake from your slum-ber and sup-pliance of years! Cloth'd with pow'r and arm'd with right, pow'r joined in bat-tle ar-ray; O-ver land and o-ver sea, world Broth-er-hood grows strong; Jus-tice, truth, and right for all

2. Wake, broth-ers, wake, And heed the warn-ing sign, Wrong's might-y Why suf-fering, wrongs, and tears? Lo, from their chains your Grows stern op-press-ion's sway; Shall toil-ers yield for Shall win all men ere long; Van-quished in-jus-tice,

3. Wake, broth-ers, wake, And vic-try soon is ours, Lo, o'er the broth-ers cry, "Must we for truth and jus-tice die?" aye their own, Must wives and chil-dren ev-er moan, wrong, and crime, Reign com-fort, joy, and peace sub-lime,

*Dedicated to our martyr Comrades, Moyer, Heywood, and Pettibone, and commended to all who would aid in their rescue and in the establishment of universal justice and true liberty.—H. P. M.

Copyright 1906, by Harvey P. Moyer.
Our Comrades' Call.

Can men sleep while plotting knaves Steal life and liberty?
Wrong'd and suffering plead in vain, And none their wrongs a tone?
All the world for all mankind, The Golden Age of Time!

CHORUS.

Wake, brothers, wake, Cast off your doubts and fears, Let

brothers' wrongs, their wants and woes Arouse from sleep of

years! Rise in your pow'r of right and numbers, too, And

peaceful vote; World-Brotherhood, Win wealth and freedom true!
Life Bountiful and Beautiful.

Words and Music by HARVEY P. MOYER.

1. The birds singing free in the heavens, Which sow not nor gather in barns. Yet daily are fed from God's bounties, His care e'er disperses all a-rain. Earth's treasures for all God has given, Nor preference can one justly care; Let none suffer anxious to-morrows With plenty for all and to

2. As free as the air and the sunshine, As free as the dew and the lilacs; The lilies, nor toiling nor spinning, Yet grander were their claim: Worth more are His children than wild birds, Than flowers and spare: Let's seek first His bountiful kingdom, The reign of love,

3. His children, let's all share God's blessings, Nor thwart His most bountiful kings; The lilies, nor toiling nor spinning, Yet grander were their claim: Worth more are His children than wild birds, Than flowers and spare: Let's seek first His bountiful kingdom, The reign of love,

None e'er arrayed; So the gems and the flowers in their beauty gems, all His own,—Yea, all of God's bounties and beauties justice and right,—All good things to all shall be added,

Behold the birds of the heaven, that they sow not, neither do they reap, nor gather into barns; yet your heavenly Father feedeth them; and are you not worth more than they? Consider the lilies of the field, how they grow; they toil not, neither do they spin: yet I say unto you, that even Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these. Therefore, be not anxious for the morrow [what ye shall eat, or what ye shall put on]: But seek ye first the kingdom of God and His righteousness, and all these things [food and raiment] shall be added unto you.—Jesus. Matt. 6:24-34.
Life Bountiful and Beautiful.

CHORUS.

Speak the glories of man's riches - tate.
Were planned for man's pleasure a - lone. As free as the birds of the
The whole world all glo-rious and bright.

heav - ens, As pure as the lil - les so gay, As the beauty of
gems and of flow - ers, Shall our lives be for all and for aye.

Assurance.*

Words and Music by HARVEY P. MOYER.

1. If a bod - y saw a bod - y Turn the world awry,
2. If a bod - y found a bod - y Robbed and left to die,
3. If a bod - y saw a bod - y Poor and knew not why,
4. If some bod - ies helped all bod - ies, Lift - ing all up high,

If some-bod - y stopped that bod - y, Need we waste a sigh?
If a bod - y saved that bod - y, Would be ques - tion why?
If we made him rich and hap - py, Should some-bod - y cry?
If we thus can save each oth - er, Should we fear to try?

*May be sung to "Coming Through the Rye."
We’re Going to Win!

1. The Socialist hosts are gathering fast, We’re going to win, we’re going to win!
2. Greed’s cruel ways stir every land, We’re going to win, we’re going to win!
3. Life’s destined heights we dare attain, We’re going to win, we’re going to win!

All lands resound our bugle blast, We’re going to win, we’re going to win!
Toil’s deepening woe speeds helping hand, We’re going to win, we’re going to win!
We’ve naught to lose, a world we’ll gain, We’re going to win, we’re going to win!

From shore to shore, from pole to pole, From rapturous heart, from saddened soul,
Our children’s wronged and stunted life, Exploited brother, burdened wife,
O vision clear! O glorious dream! With justice throned, and love supreme!

The gladsome strains triumphant roll,—We’re going to win, we’re going to win!
Spur heart and brain to glorious strife,—We’re going to win, we’re going to win!
All earth with peace and joy shall teem,—We’re going to win, we’re going to win!
The Red Flag.*

(Tune, "My Maryland," No. 62.)

1 The people's flag is deepest red;
   It sheltered 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 and die.
   The cowards flinch and traitors sneer,
   We'll keep the red flag flying here.

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

3 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.

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

5 It suits today the weak and base,
   Whose minds are fixed on pelf and place,
   To cringe before the rich man's frown
   And haul the sacred emblem down.

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

*The English National Socialist song.

Ode to the Red Flag.

To the Red Flag, the symbol of International Brotherhood.

(Air, America, No. 1.)

1 We fling thee to the breeze,
   O'er land and o'er the seas,
   Red Flag unfurled!
   Beneath thy folds so brave,
   No man shall be a slave—
   In Freedom proudly wave
   O'er all the world!

2 You teach no creed nor clan,
   But brotherhood of man
   And power of right!
   Beneath thy folds of red—
   Is heard no martial tread—
   No worker's blood is shed
   By tyrant's might.

3 O! workingmen, unite
   Beneath your banner bright:
   Lose ev'ry chain!
   O! Red Flag, ride the wind
   In brotherhood to bind—
   Proclaim to all mankind
   The world we'll gain.

   Mary F. Merrill.
The Day of the Lord is at Hand.

CHARLES KINGSLEY, alt.
Baritone or Alto Solo.

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

2. Gather you, gather you, angels of God,—Freedom and Plague and War; I-die-ness, Bigotry, Cant, and Mis-rule,

3. Gather you, gather you, hounds of hell—Famine and 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

4. Who'd sit down and sigh for a lost age of gold, While the Lord of all dream-ers toss and sigh; The night is darkest be-
down and re-new us her youth. Wisdom, Self-sacri-fice,

Gather, and fall in the snare! Hireling, Mam-ron-ite.

before the dawn, In the travail of souls is Freedom born. Daring, and Love, Haste to the battle-field, stoop from above, Bigot, and Knave, Crawl to the battle-field, sneak to your grave, iron age, too, And the meek-est of saints may find stern work to do,
The Day of the Lord is at Hand.

And the Day of the Lord is at hand! The Day of the Lord is at hand!
To the Day of the Lord at hand! The Day of the Lord at hand!
In the Day of the Lord at hand! The Day of the Lord at hand!
In the Day of the Lord at hand! The Day of the Lord at hand!

Work for the Day is Dawning.

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Brotherhood-Love.

1. Brothership Love divine, All hearts to good incline, Brotherhood Love;
2. Thy goodness all shall see, Freedom, equality, Brotherhood Love;
3. Prosperity for all, Through thy just duty's call, Brotherhood Love;
4. Righteousness all imbue, Noble all lives and true, Brotherhood Love;

Heav'n's blessings in thine hand, Truth, mercy, justice grand, Naught can thy
Oppression's end at last! None suffering wintry blast, Sadness and
Pleasures without alloy, Worry nor want annoy, Filled every
pow'r with stand, Brothership Love.
Sorrow past, Brothership Love.
Heart with joy, Brothership Love.

Life's Uncertainties.

1. Why life's uncertainties, No comforts sure, strife, care, disease;
2. Should life be full of fear, Of want and woe, of sorrows drear,
3. Let us with purpose true, Our plans unite with all in view,

When earth would share her riches rare To all with lavish hand,
When blessings grand at our command, We all might freely share,
All life secure, joys, comforts sure, No morrow's anxious thought;

Harvey P. Moyer.
Life's Uncertainties.

If Brotherhood our lives imbued
If truth and love our hearts would move,
End life's distress, all peoples bless,

And justice held command?
All feel a brother's care?
What wonders love hath wrought!

69

SAMUEL M. JONES.
(“Golden Rule” Jones.)

Old Welsh Air.

Freedom Day.

1. Haste, oh haste, delightful morning Of that glorious freedom day,
2. When we shall for service render Service of an equal worth,
3. In that day there'll be no master, No man that will serve as slave,
4. Cruel war will then be over, And the olive branch of peace,

When from earth's remotest borders Tyranny has passed away.
Then will all mankind be brothers, Heav'n will then have come to earth.
All mankind a band of brothers, Friends, the name that all will have.
Will from shame and hate and murder Bring to all a sweet release.

REFRAIN.

Ever growing, Swiftly flowing
Like a mighty river,

Sweeping on from shore to shore, Love will rule the wide world o'er.

If Brotherhood our lives imbued
And justice held command?
If truth and love our hearts would move, All feel a brother's care?
End life's distress, all peoples bless, What wonders love hath wrought!

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Sweeping on from shore to shore, Love will rule the wide world o'er.
Brotherhood.

1. How sweet the day of Brotherhood, The day of all the best,
   When love all hearts with rapture fills, And drives all hate away,
   Then wrong shall end and sorrow cease, And sighing be no more,
   Let truth and love all hearts unite, Earth's blessings none denied.

2. When each shall share earth's happiness, Its comforts, joys, its rest.
   When each for all and all for each Makes life one blissful day.
   God's children all in perfect peace, True brothers ever more.
   A foretaste true of Heaven above, God's purpose satisfied.

3. When all shall join in brotherhood Earth's wealth and joys to gain,
   Our Father's increase ne'er shall fail, Earth's fullness rich and rare,
   When each shall hear love's duty call And feel his pow'r and rights.

Love's Vision.

1. (On love's commanding heights I stand And with prophetic eye,
   I view the glories of our land Beneath love's standard high;)
2. (Then fields will laugh with golden grain, All need-ed wants supplied,
   No lus-cious fruits sun-kissed in vain, No hun-ger e'er de-nied;)
3. (When shall this hap-py land be ours, Its pleasures all en-joy,
   When shall we change our burdened hours For wealth and life and joy;)

4. When all shall join in brotherhood Earth's wealth and joys to gain,
   Our Father's in-crease ne'er shall fail, Earth's full-ness rich and rare,
   When each shall hear love's du-ty call And feel his pow'r and rights,
Love’s Vision.

That comforts rich and pleasures true Man-kind may all obtain.
His children all in union dwell; His blessings all shall share.
Nor rest until God’s children all shall feast on His delights.

72 Welcome! Welcome!
(From the German.)

1. Welcome, welcome is the greeting Which this day we give our friends;
2. Love is still our richest treasure; Cast out each earth-born fear;
3. Like the sun our feelings glowing, Clothe these happy hours in light;
4. Shining truth and heav’nly gladness, Quick-en ev’ry soul with love,

Joy-ous, joy-ous is the meet-ing Which their kind-ly presence lends.
Let the smile of so-cial plea-sure Beam on all who gather here.
Like the sun, when we are go-ing, Let us leave a ra-diance bright.
Gild the twilight hour of sad-ness With a ra-diance from a-bove.

CHORUS.

Hands of cheer and hearts sin-cere, Find we in our comrades here,

As we fol-low day by day, In the right-eous way.
Never Want Again.*

Harvey P. Moyer. Old English Hymn.—Arr. by H. P. M.

1. Come, all unite in truth and love, Haste the millennial reign,
2. Ye business men with care weighed down, Thro' competition's strain,
3. Come, laborers, weary of your life Of strife and toil and pain;
4. Ye colored friends, who north nor south Your rights nor justice gain;
5. Come, Christians, heed your Master's will, The Golden Rule maintain;

When all God's blessings each shall share, And never want again.
Come, join the People's Trust and live, And never want again.
Vote in the Brotherhood of Man, And never want again.
Come, work for freedom, real and true, And never want again.
Help bring His promised Kingdom in, So none shall want again.

Chorus.
Solo. 2nd Voice. 1st Voice.

What, never want again? No, never want again;

2nd Voice. 1st Voice.

What, never want again? No, never want again;

Quartet.

For all God's blessings each shall share, And never, never want again.

* For Male Quartet let first Tenor take Alto an octave higher, singing first part as Solo with humming accompaniment.
Battle Hymn of the Republic.

JULIA WARD HOWE. Old Campmeeting Air.
Last stanza by Mrs. HARVEY P. MOYER.

1. Mine eyes have seen the glory of the coming of the Lord;
2. He has sounded forth the trumpet that shall never call retreat;
3. In the beauty of the lilies, Christ was born across the sea,
4. Then, my soul, gird on the armor of a master Christian true,

He is trampling out the vintage where the grapes of wrath are stored
He is sifting out the hearts of men before His judgment seat;
With a glory in his bosom that transcends you and me;
Die to selfishness, in justice, rise to duty, love anew;

He has loosed the fateful lighting of His terrible swift sword,
Oh, he swift, my soul, to answer Him! be jubilant, my feet!
As He died to make men holy, let us die to make men free,
Thus will wrongs of suffering millions rouse all hearts to dare and do;

CHORUS.

His truth is marching on.
Our God is marching on. Glory! glory! Hallelujah! Glory! glory!
While God is marching on.
The truth is marching on.

Hallo! Hallo! Hallo! Hallo! Hallo! The truth is marching on.
When the Kingdom Comes.

Words and Music by JOHN S. NORRIS.

Solo (not too fast).

1. Love for all will make earth heaven, When the Kingdom comes; Gladness will to
2. Each will feel a brother's care, When the Kingdom comes; In God's bounties
3. All man-kind will be at peace, When the Kingdom comes; Greed and vice and

Quartet.

all be giv'n, When the Kingdom comes; Then the toil-ers will find rest, Chains will
all will share, When the Kingdom comes; For the right we all shall long,Naught will
crime will cease, When the Kingdom comes; Tears will all be wiped a-way, Truth will

Duet.

fall from all opprest, Each will live the life that's best, When the Kingdom comes.
crowd us in to wrong, Life will o-ver-flow with song,When the Kingdom comes.
shine with undimmed ray, Glo-ri-ous will be the day, When the Kingdom comes.

CHORUS, faster.—Bass prominent first two measures.

Drawing nearer is the Kingdom, Clad in beauty it will soon appear;
Drawing ev-er nearer is the blessed Kingdom, It will soon ap-pear;

See the fore-gleams of its matchless glory! Let us raise its standard here.
See. the foregleams of its match-less glory!

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1. Love's tasks grow dearer, Dear-er far than selfish joys, Lift-ing life's bur-dens,
2. Love's joys grow sweeter, Pur-est joys of earth-ly bliss, All lov-ing shar-ers
3. Je-sus our Sav-ior, Ho-ly one of Gal-i-lee, Of life the giv-er,

Cheering heart and voice; Bring-ing joy and comfort, Bind-ing stronger friend-ship's ties,
In earth's hap-pi-ness; All opp-res-sion end-ed, All its sor-rows, broken ties,
Life and love so free; Naught can save the na-tions But thy lov-ing, broth-er ties,

REFRAIN.

Mak-ing all men broth-ers, Earth's glad para-dise. Dear-er, yes, dear-er,
Weeping turn'd to laughter, Long-sought para-dise. Dear-er, yes, dear-er,
End war's des-o-la-tions, Bring love's para-dise. Dear-er, yes, dear-er,

Grow love's ten-der, helpful ties, Near-er, yes, near-er, Draws our para-dise.
Grow love's sweetest, joyful ties, Near-er, yes, near-er, Draws our para-dise.
Grow thy ten-der, lov-ing ties, Near-er, yes, near-er, Draws our para-dise.
Heaven's Gateway.

Solo.  Moderato.

Words and Music by Harvey P. Moyer.

1. She stood without the door, While the storm was raging wild; In
   loving arms she clasped Her cold and starving child; In
   vain from dawn to dark Her bread to earn she plead; With-
   in was joy and life,  With-out, the cold, the dead; With-

2. With-their, thy peo-ple wake, To the love to all, they owe, Till
   prived, a sin-gle soul Must suf-fer, sin, or die? Fa-
   wrong and want shall cease, And Hea-ven shall reign be-
   in was joy and life, With-out, the cold, the dead, (Omit)

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Heaven's Gateway.*

2. Last Ending.

FINE. Slow and expressive.

And Heav'n shall reign below.

2. "Father, forgive," she cried, "Thy people's wrongs on earth; Receive my weary soul."—And

sank in snowy death. Agrieved, His suffering poor Shared

naught of earth's rich store, The Heavenly Father heard, And

D. C. al fine.

opened wide Heav'n's door, And opened wide Heav'n's door.

* This pathetic story of a dual death, mother and child, through starvation and freezing, on the very threshold of plenty and pleasure, is based on an actual occurrence in the streets of New York City in the bitter winter of 1903-4.
Awake! O Church of God!

With vigor.

Words and Music by John S. Norris.

1. Awake! awake! O church of God! And gird thee for the fray; The battle light, the victory win, In this thy glorious day. The great Commander thee shall lead 'Gainst every life And taints and blasts the soul. Too long thine eyes have blinded been By each one shares God's bounties meant for all. That none may suffer want or woe, He

2. All other wrongs are streams which flow From this destructive whole, Which throws its blight o'er economic wrong; Its certain doom has been foretold. For this the nations long, this great, cruel foe; Make haste and gird thine armor on, And forth to conquest go, has abundance given; 'Tis thine to see His will is done On earth as 'tis in heav'n.

3. Awake! awake! O church of God! And hearken to his call; Ne'er cease thy task till March on, nor falter in the fight! The vict'ry thine shall be! March on, nor falter in the glorious fight, The vict'ry thine, yes, surely thine shall be!

CHORUS.

March on, nor falter in the fight! The vict'ry thine shall be!

With confidence proclaim the right, The truth shall make men free.

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March to the Morning.

Quick March.

Words and Music by Mrs. ORMISTON CHANT.

1. The hosts of darkness gather To drive us back to night; But all un-

2. The land behind is covered With bodies of the dead; The young, the

3. Our fathers' God is with us, Let not our love wax cold; His glory

seen the hosts of God Are with us in the fight. O! Brothers, do not beau-
tiful, the brave Down-trampled, vanquished. O! ye who stand ef-
flames up-on the dark For us, as them of old. It shone up-on our

falter, March on, and have no fear; O! lift your eyes to yon-der skies,
rect today In freedom strong and faith, Strike now the blow, against the foe,
mothers' tears, It lit our fathers' way, Now for-ward press to righteous-

The Morning Land is near.
To end this reign of death. Oh, march, march to the Morning, The Morning
From Darkness, in-to Day.

wants for you; Oh, march, march to the Morning, The Morning waits for you.
The Master's Call.

**ALTO or BASS SOLO.**

Words and Music by **HARVEY P. MOYER.**

1. Can we be our brother's keep-er, And not care for all? Can we be our
   Father's children, And not share His all? Can we live the Father's love,
   Love the Son hath giv'n, Save, as broth-ers, all help oth-ers, Earth like
   un-to Heav'n! "Wake, awake, O Church, awake! Heed the Master's call! In
2. Hear the cry of Rus-sian mar-tyrs, 'Tis our brothers' cry; Lo, their blood as-
   cends to Heaven, Can we meet God's "Why?" Ev'ry child commands God's love,
   Bounteous stores He's giv'n; Lack we but Love's Brother-hood, To change earth's
   hell to heav'n. "Wake, awake, O Church, awake! Heed the Master's call! In
3. 'Wake, awake, O Church, awake, And let God's will be done; Mil-lions need-y,
   suff'ring brothers Prove our work un-done. Let our love be "real and true," To
   all God's blessings giv'n, Rest and love like that a-bove, Sad earth made
   joy-ous heav'n.

**CHORUS.**

all the world His love un-furled, He lived and died for all; Let

The Master's Call.

On earth as 'tis in Heav'n, Let His kingdom come, Let His will be done.

81 Christmas.

Words and Music by Harvey P. Moyer.

1. On that long expected morn, To a world be-night, forlorn,
2. Childhood pure and sweet He knew, Youth's rich promise blessed He, too,
3. This belated Christmas morn, World with strife and sorrow torn,

(In a lowly manger born,) Came Christ, the Son of God;
Manhood's power o'er all proved true, The incarnate Son of God;
Let the Christ anew be born, Let all be sons of God;

Vain did selfish powers assail, Naught could Hate and Death prevail, Angels Taught how sin and wrong to quell, Want and fear and gloom dispel, Taught all
Then all war and woe shall cease, Wrong'd and troubled find release, All in

watch'd the Holy Grail Of Love and Brother-hood, Holy Brother-hood,
evil to repel Thro' Love and Brother-hood, Christian Brother-hood.
comfort, joy, and peace, In Love and Brother-hood, Loving Brother-hood.

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Young Men, Awake!*  
Solo and Male Quartet Chorus.  
Words and Music by HARVEY P. MOYER.

1. Young men, a-wake! the King of Glo-ry Calls a-loud for love-born men
2. Or has in vain our Eld-er Broth-er Left His bless-ed home a-bove
3. And shall we dai-ly pray His king-dom Come on earth, His will be done,
4. Ye no-ble sons, who seek God's pleasure, Help bring His promised Kingdom here;

To tell a new His love-filled sto-ry, Bring His prom-ised Kingdom in,
To teach us all to serve each oth-er, Rise thro' sac-ra-li-fi-cial love,
And yet with-hold a broth-er's por-tion, Spoil and wound each help-less one,
Let all His chil-dren, with-out meas-ure, Share His blessings, com-forts, cheer;

To tell a new His love-filled sto-ry, Bring His promised Kingdom in,
To teach us all to serve each oth-er, Rise thro' sac-ra-li-fi-cial love?
And yet with-hold a broth-er's por-tion, Spoil and wound each help-less one?
Let all His chil-dren, with-out meas-ure, Share His blessings, com-forts, cheer.

CHORUS. Melody in 2d Tenor.

Young men, a-wake! the King of Glo-ry Calls to du-ty in His name;

Tell a new the love-filled sto-ry, Haste His uni-ver-sal reign.

*Dedicated to the Y. M. C. A. young men.—H. P. M.
Copyright, 1906, by Harvey P. Moyer.
Confidence.

May be sung as Baritone Solo in Ab.

Harvey P. Moyer.

Rocked in the Cradle of the Deep.

1. Tho' toss'd by trouble dark and deep, I lay me down in peace to sleep,
2. Tho' sorrows sad oppress my soul, Earth's want and woe swift o'er me roll;

For well I know above the wave The God of love has pow'r to save:
And life seems dark, its shadows deep, Behind the clouds the stars ne'er sleep:

I know that men will heed the call To justice, freedom, cheer for all;
I know that wrong and grief must cease, The Sun of Righteousness speaks peace,

And calm and peaceful is my sleep, Love, truth divine their vigil keep,

And calm and peaceful is my sleep, Love, truth divine their vigil keep.
Love's Transformation.*
Soprano and Tenor Duet with Chorus, or Duet throughout.

Words and Music by HARVEY P. MOYER.

Copyright, 1905, by Harvey P. Moyer.

* Dedicated to the members of all Young People's Christian societies, who desire to help answer their daily prayer, "Thy kingdom come, thy will be done on earth as in heaven."

1 Rev. 11:15; 2 Rev. 21:1,2; 3 Malachi 3:10.

1. There's a love all supreme, strong and tender, Which the Father di-vine from a-
   bove Sent for all that thro' its trans-for-ma - tion, All might dwell in His
   free, 'Twas a life full of love spent for oth-ers, God's ex-am - ple for
ever Sent for all that thro' its trans - for-ma - tion, All might dwell in His
   free, 'Twas a life full of love spent for oth-ers, God's ex-am - ple for
good,2 With His will done on earth as in heav-en, The mil-len-nium our
   king-dom of love; If this love filled our hearts to o'er-flow-ing, Conq'ring
   you and for me; If our life were this life lived sin-cere - ly, Ev - 'ry
   la - bor will crown; But this work needs our con-stant en-deav-or, Blot-ting
   work-ers for God we would be, Not a child of our Father's would suffer
   wrong we'd oppose ev - er - more, Till the king-dom of heav'n be es-tab.lished,
   out wrongs that wreck rich and poor, Till our Father's rich blessings un-measured 3

2. There's a life that was just, true, and ho - ly, Sac - ri-ficed that we all might be
   good, With His will done on earth as in heav-en, The mil-len-nium our
   king-dom of love; If this love filled our hearts to o'er-flow-ing, Conq'ring
   you and for me; If our life were this life lived sin-cere - ly, Ev - 'ry
   la - bor will crown; But this work needs our con-stant en-deav-or, Blot-ting
   work-ers for God we would be, Not a child of our Father's would suffer
   wrong we'd oppose ev - er - more, Till the king-dom of heav'n be es-tab.lished,
   out wrongs that wreck rich and poor, Till our Father's rich blessings un-measured 3

3. 'Tis the king-dom of love God has promised, 'Tis the cit - y from heaven come
   good, With His will done on earth as in heav-en, The mil-len-nium our
   king-dom of love; If this love filled our hearts to o'er-flow-ing, Conq'ring
   you and for me; If our life were this life lived sin-cere - ly, Ev - 'ry
   la - bor will crown; But this work needs our con-stant en-deav-or, Blot-ting
   work-ers for God we would be, Not a child of our Father's would suffer
   wrong we'd oppose ev - er - more, Till the king-dom of heav'n be es-tab.lished,
   out wrongs that wreck rich and poor, Till our Father's rich blessings un-measured 3

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Love's Transformation.

CHORUS.

For the want of His bounties so free.
And the weak wronged and tempted no more. Let our love be the love
All man-kind shall enjoy ever more.

strong and tender Which the Christ bro't from heaven above; Let our

life be His life spent for others, Till all earth hails His kingdom of love.

85 Labor.

HENRY VAN DYKE.

1. They who tread the path of labor,
   Follow where my feet have trod;
2. Where the many toil together,
   There am I among my own;
3. I, the peace that pass-eth knowledge,
   Dwell a-mid the daily strife,
4. Ev'ry task, how-ev-er sim-ple,
   Sets the soul that does it free;
4. Nevermore thou need-est seek me,
   I am with thee ev'-ry-where;

They who work for man's susta-in-ing,
Do the ho-ly will of God.
Where the tird workman sleep-eth,
There am I with him a-lone.
I, the bread of heav'n am bro-ken
In the sac-ra-ment of life.
Ev'ry deed of love and mer-cy
Done to man is done to me.
Raise the stone and thou shalt find me;
Cleave the wood and I am there.
Heaven.*

Words and Music by Harvey P. Moyer.

1. We oft'en hear of a heaven-ly home, Of a coun-try far a-way,
   Where all is joy and peace and love, And ev-er glo-ri-ous day.

2. There is no want in that heaven-ly land, No sor-row, strife, nor care,
   For all en-joy God's bless-ings rich, His boun-ties free-ly share.

3. There mansions grand are free for all, The streets are paved pure gold,
   Of all its glo ries, hap-pi-ness, Not half bas'e'er been told.

4. There all live pure in broth-er-hood, Our Fa-ther's chil-dren true,
   No wrong nor sin to mar life's best, True love all hearts im-bue.

5. Oh, why not have God's will be done, On earth as 'tis in heaven,
   Of all its glo ries, hap-pi-ness, Not half bas'e'er been told.

CHORUS.

We oft'en sing of that heaven-ly land, That coun-try far a-way,
   Why only sing of that heaven-ly land, That coun-try far a-way?

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Our Battle Song.

Quartet and Chorus.

Words and Music by John S. Norris.

1. Our mighty host is marching on, The world for all we claim; This is our
2. Our glorious host is fighting now, With power divine e'er given; For truth and
3. Our loyal host is gathering fast, "With charity for all", We'll help the

great Creator's will, We'll triumph in his name. Strong in the consciousness of
right, with radiance bright, E'er rule in earth and heav'n. 'Tis love unites our royal
sad and need-y ones And lift up those who fall. We love our country and our

right, With motives pure and high, As sons of light, with armor bright, We'll conquer
ranks, And thrust aside all fear; The foe will yield on ev'ry field, The victor-
flag. Our institutions grand; May righteousness the nations bless, Heav'n guard our

CHORUS.

tho' we die.

ry is near. As soldiers for the right, we're marching onward, Against ill-
glorious land.

fat-ed wrong; We can-not fail, we shall prevail, And sing the victor's song.

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The Vision of Faith.

Words and Music by E. F. STANTON.

1. By faith I see the early dawn Of freedom's glorious reign,
2. And labor, now by men despised And shunned as some vile thing,
3. Then woman shall her heights attain, Man's "helpmeet" true in deed.

The flag of truth o'er earth shall wave, And free the world from pain;
Will then be duly crowned by all As earth's most noble king;
And from her cruel servitude She'll be forever freed.

The parasites, who naught produce, Who live by robbing men,
And laborers, who for others toil And bow to them the while,
Class hatred, malice, strife shall cease, The weary find repose;

Will bow before the laborer's God, Confess their every sin.
Will stand erect, demand their own, And daily sing and smile.
The earth shall ring with melody, And blossom as the rose.

The wily statesmen, who, for gold, Betray their sacred trust.
Then helpless children, now compelled To toil for daily bread.
The Church will then be free to preach The gospel of her Lord.

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The Vision of Faith.

Will cease their base, un-righteous way, Prove noble, true and just;
Will all be educated well, Well housed, and clothed, and fed;
And men will have full confidence In her unbiased word;

The gambling thieves, the worthless rakes, Who pilfer honest toil,
The millions, who are driven now, By poverty, to roam,
Then wrong shall cease, and right prevail, All joyful, prosperous be,

Will then no longer wreck our homes, Nor virtuous lives despoil.
Will find a safe abiding-place, Their own dear "Home, Sweet Home."
For righteousness shall fill the earth, As the waters fill the sea.

REFRAIN.

God speed the bright and glorious day, When love shall rule the world,

And when the flag of truth and peace Shall be for all unfurled.
The Children’s Cry.

ALTO SOLO. Andante.

Words and Music by Harvey P. Moyer.

Lo, the little children cry for bread, Shall we give them a stone?

Shall we fill their lives with heaviness, Blight their young and tender years,

Turn their sunshine into darkest night, Change their joys to bitter tears?

BASS SOLO. Not too Fast.

Is not the earth with bounties filled, Enough for each and all?

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The Children's Cry.

And shall we see the needy robbed, Nor heed their plaintive call?

Must hope be quenched and faith be lost, Sweet love be turned to hate?

Must life be robbed of wealth and joy, Earth's children's rich estate?

Hear ye the children's cry, Help ere they fall and die, Help ere they fall and die!

Where is the love that filled the hearts of yore?

We are the men who hear the children's cry,

*May be sung as chorus,
The Children's Cry.

Love that could die for home and brother man, Love to overthrow in
We are the men who know the reason why, With hearts a flame we

justicc, wrong, and crime, End want and woe in every land and
heed glad freedom's call, With bonds of love we're joined against poverty's

clime, Love moved by children's tears, Love stirred by sorrow's years
fall. Heed we the sufferers' plea! Pledged we all slaves to free!

rit. ad lib.

Love to thwart all selfish schemes and seek the children's
Firm we stand and peaceful fight till all share wealth and

CHORUS.

good. The common good. All people's good.
cheer: Earth's bounteous cheer. Rest, comfort, cheer. Sing, sing for
The Children's Cry.

joy! Swift comes the Ju-bi-lee! The peo-ple shall be free! For

love doth stir all hearts to heed the children's cry! Come, come a-way! And

join the Socialist band, For right and jus-tice stand, Bring in the reign of

[Broth-er-hood, Earth's glad Ju-bi-lee, Fill ev'ry life with wealth and cheer, Earth's

glad Ju-bi-lee! Hail! Hail! the Ju-bi-lee! The peo-ple shall be free!
Comrades, Awake!

Words and Music by John S. Norris.

Con Spirito.

Awake, awake, The day is dawning bright,
Awake, awake,
Awake, arise, And gird you for the fight! Your foes shall
Awake, arise,

All in terror from you flee, For right shall gain the victory.

Faithful comrades, be not faint-hearted,
See the valiant millions gathering, Cloth'd with truth... and loving

Music Copyright, 1896, by Meyer & Bro. Used by per.
Comrades, Awake!

Kindness, We shall overcome the foe.

BASS SOLO.

Glory shall crown the right, Error shall fall; Justice, the wide world o'er, Shall reign o'er all; Naught can our pow'r withstand,

All wrong must cease; So shall this crime-curs'd earth Find rest and peace.

Gird on your armor, Oh, sons of might, Cease not to battle,

By day or night; So, by our ballots, Falling like the
Comrades, Awake!

There’s a light that’s dispelling the darkness, Which has hung o’er the land and the sea; And the millions who suffer in bondage, Are determined at last to be free. This great army that long has been sleeping, Is preparing its truth, all that’s wrong we shall vanquish, Shameful greed and opposing will come rest and gladness, The enthronement of

The Beautiful Dawn.

March Movement.

Words and Music by John S. Norris.

1. There’s a light that’s dispelling the darkness, Which has hung o’er the face to the foe; Never doubting, nor flinching, nor justice and love; And, although on the earth it is

Copyright 1907. by John S. Norris.
The Beautiful Dawn.

self for the fray, With assurance that, aided of Heaven,
pression and strife; Then, in love, we shall live here as comrades,
all that is right, Peace and plenty shall be each one's portion,

Fight-ing on it will soon gain the day. With assurance that
A most blessed and glorious life. Then, in love, we shall
And with joy we shall walk in the light. Peace and plenty shall

aid-ed of Hea-ven, Fight-ing on it will soon gain the day.
live here as com-rades, A most bless-ed and glo-ri-ous life.
each one's por-tion, And with joy we shall walk in the light.

CHORUS.

O the night ... has been dark and dreary, How we've longed ... for the coming
O the night How we've longed

day; Now the beau-ti-ful dawn is breaking And the shadows flee a-way.
Now the beau-ti-ful
A White Ribboner's Pledge.*

Ladies' Quartet.
"For God and Home and Native Land."—W. C. T. U. Motto.

Words and Music by Harvey P. Moyer.

   doubts and fears assail? When generous earth with peace and mirth In
   vice and filth and sloth? Why life dis-trest, when joy and rest Would

2. Why mothers weeping 'lone For son or daughter gone? In bloody field his
   life to yield, In shame her death concealed; Why children's stunted growth? Why
   life and light, in Brother-hood's great might; Let's heed the Socialist call, Give

3. Come, sisters, weighed with care, Who world-wide sorrows share, There's joy in sight, there's
   purpose rare Suppressed by carking care? Why want and strife prevail? Why
   life to yield, In shame her death concealed; Why children's stunted growth? Why

Chorus.
Brother-hood we'd share.
WARM all hearts congealed? For homes of joy and love, For earth like heav'n a-

above, For the beau-ti-ful life, no worry nor strife, For each our best to

* Dedicated to the noble workers of the great W. C. T. U. Army.—H. P. M.
Copyright, 1905, by Harvey P. Moyer.
A White Ribboner's Pledge.

live; To mend life's broken hearts, Build up life's noblest parts.
best to live;

For the purest and best, for comfort and rest For all, our lives we'll give.

Why Frances E. Willard Was a Socialist.

The following from the lips of Frances E. Willard, the most honored and beloved temperance and prohibition leader America ever knew, is a part of the thrilling address she delivered at the National Convention of the W. C. T. U. of 1897, which was the last before her death:

"Look about you; the products of labor are on every hand; you could not maintain for a moment a well ordered life without them; every object in your room has in it for discerning eyes, the mark of ingenious tools and the pressure of labor's hand. But is it not the cruelest injustice for the wealthy, whose lives are surrounded and embellished by labor's work, to have a superabundance of the money which represents the aggregate of labor in any country, while the laborer himself is kept so steadily at work, that he has no time to acquire the education and refinements of life, that would make him and his family agreeable companions to the rich and cultured? The reason why I am a Socialist comes in just here.

"I would take, not by force, but by the slow process of lawful acquisition through better legislation as the outcome of a wiser ballot in the hands of men and women, the entire plant that we call civilization, all that has been achieved on this continent in the 400 years since Columbus wended his way hither, and make it the common property of all the people, requiring all to work enough with their hands to give them the finest physical development but not to become burdensome in any case, and permitting all to share alike the advantages of education and refinement. I believe this to be perfectly practicable, indeed, that any other method is simply a relic of barbarism.

"I believe that competition is doomed. The trusts, whose single object is to abolish competition, have proved that we are better without than with it, and the moment corporations control the supply of any product they combine. What the Socialists desire is that the corporation of humanity should control all production. Beloved comrades, this is the frictionless way; it is the higher way; it eliminates the motives for a selfish life; it enacts into our every-day living the ethics of Christ's gospel. Nothing else will do it; nothing else can bring the glad day of universal brotherhood.

"Oh, that I were young again, and it should have my life! It is God's way out of the wilderness and into the promised land. It is the very marrow of Christ's gospel. It is Christianity applied."—The Christian Socialist.
Up from the tomb of their sorrow and gloom, shall the people arise;
Out from the darkness of pov'ry and crime, out from the fetters of
wrong tainted clime; Up from oppression to Freedom's glad time shall the
people arise.

Copyright, 1907, by Harvey P. Moyer.
The Great Awakening.

health-la-den breez-es they blow, free-ly blow, The birds in glad free-dom they

sing sweetly sing, All earth in its ful-ness doth ring, glad-ly ring.

TENOR SOLO, 1st time; Quartet in repeat.

Yet man in grief and sor-row doth dwell, Robbed of His birth-right of

wealth and joy, Wronged, op-pressed, de-spoiled, for-lorn,

Bit-ter tears for earth's glad de-light; The earth's glad de-light.
The Great Awakening.

But truth fails not forever; The pow'r of light, love, justice,
right Shall burst the tomb. They shall arise, They shall arise,

They shall arise! Up from the tomb of their sorrow and gloom,
Up to the light from the darkness of night,

With mighty pow'r shall the people arise; Shall all the people arise; The people shall arise, The people shall arise.
Our Father in Heaven.

Harvey P. Moyer.

Forsaken, Forsaken, from Koschat.

1. Our Father in heaven, We hallow thy name, Thou
2. Of Thy bounties abound, May we daily be fed, None thro'
3. Lead not in temptation, Deliver from sin, Thy

world's great Creator, Redeemer the same; Thy will guide and
selfish advantage Deprived of their bread; Our debts to our
love, truth, and mercy Make all pure within; In Thy brotherhood

lead us Thro' pathways of love, Till earth be Thy kingdom Like
brothers, Unpaid, oh, forgive, Thy goodness inspire us Our
kingdom, Our lives all divine, The pow'r and the glory For-

Heaven above, Till earth be Thy kingdom Like Heaven above.
no-blest to live, Thy goodness inspire us, Our no-blest to live.
ever be Thine, The pow'r and the glory Forever be Thine.
The Kingdom.

love— their brothers. And let not our love be mere words, nor end in talk;
1 John 3:18.

let it be real and true; let it be real and true, But behold among my
2. Solo—Tenor.

peo-ple are found wick-ed men, They lay wait, they set a trap, they catch men,

Their hous- es are full of de-ceit. There-fore, there-fore, there-fore they are become
great and waxen rich. They have healed the hurt of my peo-ple slightly, slightly,
Jer. 6:14.
slightly, saying peace, peace, when there is no peace. Woe unto ye Pharisees,
Matt. 23:14, 25.

hypocrites, full of extortion, and of excess, ye devour widows' houses, make a prey of the father-less, crush my people, grind the faces of the poor; Ye have eaten up their vineyards, filled your own houses with the spoil of the

poor. by fraudulently keeping back their wages, join-ing house un-to house,
James 5:4. Is. 5: 8.
The Kingdom.

laying field unto field, binding on men's shoulders burdens heavy and grievous to be borne, but they themselves will not move them with one of their fingers. Therefore therefore, therefore, they are become great and waxen rich. Oh, ye generation of vipers, ye serpents, ye that call evil good, and good evil; ye makers of unrighteous deceits, ye writers of perverseness, ye takers of bribes, ye forgetters of the
The Kingdom.

slightly, saying peace, peace, when there is no peace. Woe unto ye Pharisees,
Matt. 23:14, 25.

hypocrites, full of extortion, and of excess, ye devour widows'
houses, make a prey of the fatherless, crush my people, grind the faces of the poor;
Ye have eaten up their vineyards, filled your own houses with the spoil of the poor.
by fraudulently keeping back their wages, joining house unto house,
James 5:4.

Unison.

Isa. 10:2. Isa. 3:14, 15.

Isa. 5: 8.
laying field unto field, binding on men's shoulders burdens heavy and grievous to be borne, but they themselves will not move them with one of their fingers. Therefore therefore, therefore, they are become great and waxen rich. Oh, ye generation of vipers, ye serpents, ye that call evil good, and good evil; ye makers of crees, ye writers of perverseness, ye takers of bribes, ye forgetters of the
The Kingdom.

hunger, the thirsty, the strangers, naked, sick, and in prison; ye makers

of long prayers for a pretence, ye tithers of mint and cummin, straining out

gnats and swallowing camels, omitting the weightier matters of the law—

justice, mercy, and good faith, omitting justice, mercy, and good faith.*

How can ye escape the damnation of hell! For it is a fearful thing to

*The Revised Version and Twentieth Century New Testament have been used where more exact or more modern translations were given.—H. P. M.
The Kingdom.

rit. 4 CHORUS.

fall in - to the hands of the liv - ing God. Then why are ye si-lent, my people, And
Jer. 8: 4, 14, 22.

why cast down, and why cast down? For the Lord shall not fail nor be discour-aged, till

he have set jus - tice in the earth. For there cometh the promised day of Ju-bi-lee,

the times of res-to-ra-tion of all things, which the Lord our God hath spoken

by the mouth of all his ho-ly prophets since the world be-gan. And the in - i-qui-ty

(6)
The Kingdom.

hungry, the thirsty, the strangers, naked, sick, and in prison; ye makers

of long prayers for a pretence, ye tithers of mint and cummin, straining out

gnats and swallowing camels, omitting the weightier matters of the law—

justice, mercy, and good faith, omitting justice, mercy, and good faith. *

How can ye escape the damnation of hell! For it is a fearful thing to

*The Revised Version and Twentieth Century New Testament have been used where more exact or more modern translations were given.—H. P. M.
The Kingdom.

rit. 4 CHORUS.

fall into the hands of the living God. Then why are ye silent, my people, And

Jer. 8: 4, 14, 22.

why cast down, and why cast down? For the Lord shall not fail nor be discour-aged, till


he have set justice in the earth. For there cometh the promised day of Jubilee,


the times of restoration of all things, which the Lord our God hath spoken

by the mouth of all his holy prophets since the world began. And the iniquity
The Kingdom.

you. Then seek ye first his kingdom and his righteousness; and all these things shall be added

unto you. Love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, soul, and mind and thy neighbor as if he

were thyself. Oh, Lord, give me neither poverty nor riches; feed me with the bread of my portion

llest I be full, and deny thee, and say, Who is the Lord? or lest I be poor, and steal, and

use profanely the name of my God. Lord, let thy judgments rule in the earth, when the in-

* Claiming nothing for the musical setting of this composition, used simply to add
greater interest and possible effectiveness to the "Gospel of Good News", I believe this
somewhat remarkable scriptural exposition of the tenets and principles of Socialism is a
positive proof that applied Christianity is pure Socialism, and that Socialism is not
only Christian, but absolutely necessary to develop Christianity—the perfect life, physical,
mental, moral, spiritual.

In the words of one of the most popular modern Christian writers,—"We have made
a study of the social teachings of Jesus, and have found that the kingdom of God was his
social ideal, the will of God done on earth as it is in heaven; that is, an ideal world, . . .
a civilization whose life is righteousness and whose law is love, . . . bringing universal
(12)
The Kingdom.

of that land I will remove in one day. For the earth is the Lord's, and the
Zechariah 3:9, 10; Rev. 18:8, 10, 17.
Psalm 24:1.

fulness thereof, which He hath given, which He hath given to the children of men. It is
Psalm 115:16.

full of thy riches, thine the cattle on a thousand hills; In wisdom thou last
Ps. 50:10.

made them all, knowing our need of all these things. And the meek shall inherit it;

it shall not be sold for ever; and the profit of the earth is for all. For God is

*From the many definite statements in Rev. 18, such as "No man buyeth their merchandise any more" (v. 11), it is quite clear that "Babylon," whose "Judgment" (overthrow) shall come in "one day," — "one hour," (v. 10) refers to our selfish, unjust, and wicked competitive business system, the "day" and "hour" being the day and hour of the final triumph of the Socialist Party in full political power, official and legislative; for injustice and involuntary poverty must cease from that very hour. As it is a demonstrable fact that every public officer, local, state, and national, may be changed, and every legislative body may be controlled within five years after the majority of the people so will and unity vote, it is readily seen how easily, quickly, and peaceably Socialism, God's kingdom, may be inaugurated, provided all the good, humane, and honorable people will do their duty and work and vote for Socialism. The suffering, sin, and sorrow in the unnecessary time wasted beyond these five years, is the penalty we must pay for our unjustifiable ignorance, unreasonable prejudice, and criminal conservatism — H.P.M.

(7)
The Kingdom.*

The Socialism of the Bible in Song.

Words selected by HARVEY P. MOYER. Music by HARVEY P. MOYER.

Solo—Alto.

Who-so hath this world's goods, and, seeing his brother have need, steels his heart against him, how dwell-eth the love of God in him; How dwelleth the love of God in him, For if a man say, I love God, and bat-eth his brother, he is a li-ar, he is a li-ar, and the truth is not in him, the truth is not in him. We have this command from God, Those who love God, must

See note at end.

+May be sung as Baritone Solo throughout, using upper notes, or as a Tenor Solo in key of D♭ or D.

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The Kingdom.

6. Quartet.

no re-spect-er of persons. Then shall the earth yield her increase; seed-time and
Gen. 8:22.

harvest shall not cease, and God, even our own God, shall bless us. Then there shall
Isa. 65:17-19.

be no more tears, nor sorrows, nor sigh-ing, nor an-y more poor or need-y a-
Rev. 21:4.
Deut. 15:4.

mong you. They shall not build and another inhabit, they shall not plant and another
Isa. 65:22, 23.

eat, nor shall they labor in vain, nor bring forth for trouble; For the Lord shall greatly
The Kingdom.

bless thee in the land which the Lord thy God giveth thee for an inheritance to possess it.

Deut. 15: 4.

CHORUS.

For he cometh, he cometh to judge the earth; with righteousness shall he rule the world, and the people, the people with equity. And the kingdom of this world has become the kingdom of our Lord and of his Christ, and he shall reign for ever and ever. Then shall all the people, all the people praise him;

Ps. 67: 5.

That rule is the correct biblical interpretation of the word "judge" in this passage is proven by its common use in the Old Testament, especially in the book of Judges ("and he judged Israel twenty years"), as well as from the additional explanatory phrase, "and govern the nations on earth," in the corresponding passage, Psalm 67:4 emphasized by the similar statement in Psalm 82:8. It is quite evident, therefore that this wonderful and beautiful passage refers not to a judgment "day" of short duration but to a period of time, a reign of justice and righteousness,—being a distinct prophecy of "the times of restoration of all things" (Acts 3:21), pure Socialism, the very Kingdom of God on earth, the great theme of Jesus from His very first teaching (Matt. 4:17) to His last (Matt. 24:14), to be "daily" prayed for (Matt. 6:9-13), and the final consummation of His work (Rev. 11:15; 21:1-5).
The Kingdom.

for they shall sit ev'-ry man under his vine and under his fig tree; and none shall
Micah. 4: 4.

make them a-fraid: for the mouth of the Lord of Hosts hath spok-en it.

7. Solo-Baritone. Strong.

And what doth the Lord re-quire of thee, but to do just-ly, and to love mercy,
Micah. 6: 8.

Solo-Tenor.

and to walk humbly with thy God? Nor let any-one lead you astray: those who
1 John 3: 7.

do what is right are righteous, righteous as Christ is, righteous as Christ is.
The Kingdom.

And in ev'ry nation he that rev'rences God, and worketh righteousness, is accepted

Acts. 10: 35.

with Him. For in-as-much as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren,

James 2: 20.

But love, brother love, ful-ly sat-is-fies the (Omit) law.

Rom. 13: 8, 10.

Then be do-ers of the word and not hear-ers on -ly, and not hear-ers on -ly,

James 1: 22.

deceiving your own sel'ves. Do unto others as ye would that they should do unto

The Kingdom.

And in ev'ry nation he that rev'rences God, and worketh righteousness, is accepted
Acts. 10: 35.

with Him. For in-as-much as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren,

unison.

ye have done it unto me. {For faith,empty faith,faith without works is dead,
James 2: 20.
}{But love, brother love, ful-ly sat-is-fies the (Omit) law.
Rom. 13: 8, 10.

8. Chorus.

Then be do-ers of the word and not hear-ers on-ly, and not hear-ers on-ly,
James 1: 22.

deceiving your own selves. Do unto others as ye would that they should do unto
The Kingdom.

habitants of the world shall learn righteousness, And with righteousness peace, quietness

and assurance forever. Oh, Lord, awake thy people, Let thy Kingdom come,

thy will be done on earth as it is in heav'n. Oh, verify thy promises,

When mercy and truth are met together, righteousness and peace have kiss'd each other.

Lord, save thy people; come, oh, come quickly. Amen, amen, amen.

blessings, spiritual and temporal. Jesus taught the reality of heaven, and the certainty and blessedness of its rewards, but heaven occupied little space in his teachings. They dealt chiefly with this world and with life here in this world. He evidently believed that the best way to fit men for heaven was to bring heaven down to earth and to get men acclimated to it right here. The common conception of religion which fixes attention on heaven as the great desideratum, which makes this life simply a probation, and the 'salvation of the soul' its great business, is entirely foreign to the teaching of Jesus. And the misconception is due to having forgotten or misconceived the Kingdom of God—to having lost sight of the fact that the great burden of Christ's preaching was an IDEAL WORLD.
1. On-ward ye hosts! Sound loud the battle cry! March bravely on with banners gleaming red! March, bravely on, with banners gleaming red. See, the foe weakeneth, broken be! The promise true, our chains shall broken be. Sound loud the anthem! Fills the sky! The day is here! Its glory fills the sky. Labor is waking, in the fight! The heroes call to cheer you in the fight. In their dank hovels, tomorrow is nigh! The world is trembling 'neath your mighty tread! On, Comrades, raise the standard high! Hark! Hark! Our Comrades cheer across the sea! On, Comrades, From its sleep at last, Our scarlet standard proudly floats on high! On, Comrades, Want's uncounted slaves Wait for their freedom, on your sacred might! On, Comrades,

On! Let this the slogan be, "We will not rest until the world is free!" On! The cause of freedom gains, The nations rise at last to break their chains! On! The living and the dead Join in the triumph of our banner red! On! Nor rest nor halt must be, Until the last slave of the earth is free.

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Unite, Men!

F. N. M.,—H. P. M.

Unison.

F. N. MOORE.

1. Heroes of right! Noble people, Land immortal brave! To-day once more
2. From slavery's depths Dying comrades call through flaming fire,—Unite to-day!
3. Heroes of peace! Burdened souls o'er life's appalling woe! The New Day dawns!

Raise the banner of Liberty! Press the fight and you shall see
Speed the doom of oppression's sway! Widowed wives and orphaned children plead!
All the world sings of Brother-hood; Lo, the Star of Justice leads us on!

The death of wrong and tyranny, And Freedom shall break forth,
The world-wide millions wronged and robbed Of comfort, peace, and joy,
Ten million comrades plead your help To bring true Liberty,

Like a radiant light from above, Like a radiant light from above,
Bid us save in glad Brother-hood, Bid us save in glad Brother-hood!
All the world one glad Brother-hood, All the world one glad Brother-hood!

CHORUS.

Unite, men! Unite, men! For in union is strength and pow'r,
Unite, men! Unite, men! Join for Liberty!

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Encouragement and Suggestion.

"Every Socialist who knows how to sing will be interested in this book."—Upton Sinclair.

"The song writer has a great influence on the world, and I hope your excellent songs may help humanity to a higher standard."—Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

"Your 'Songs of Socialism' are the real thing, and are bound to be of great help to the Cause. It is the one thing that the movement, especially in America, has lacked—songs. And now we've got them."—Jack London.

"A real, hearty, and artistic collection. You have done a work waiting to be done, and I have no doubt it is the beginning of the music and poetry of Socialism in America. You have put the real soul of music in these pages. I congratulate you on the splendid work done—especially in 'The Kingdom' which is superb. You may be the Charles Wesley of the great Socialist Fellowship movement if you will."—Rev. Lucien V. Rule.

"I rejoice in your book of Songs—the words and music round out our effort to reach and stir the masses. I am greatly encouraged; one thing after another that we have lacked is being supplied. With the growth of love among the comrades, we shall be fully equipped; and that you have placed Drummond's 'Love is the greatest thing in the world' as a motto for 'Songs of Socialism' gives me the keenest pleasure. That you have written both words and music under this noblest of inspirations, I am convinced; they must work powerfully for good. You are doubly endowed in being able to write both music and poetry; and that you have consecrated these gifts to the service of our great Cause is occasion for congratulation."—Edwin A. Brehm.

"I introduced your 'Songs of Socialism' into our Women's Socialist Club, and they were so well pleased with the songs that I was immediately requested to send for one dozen copies. I feel that they should have a place in every home as there is certainly a beautiful Socialist lecture in each song."—Mrs. W. B. Hunstock, St. Louis.

"I hear very favorable comments upon 'Songs of Socialism' by teachers of our Children's Socialist Clubs who say that these songs are peculiarly well adapted to their work in the entertainments given under the direction of the Women's Socialist Union."—J. R. Roe, State Sec'y, Socialist Party, Neb.

"I think 'Songs of Socialism' is a grand addition to our propaganda literature if properly used. I hope and expect they will have a wide circulation. It fills a long felt want."—T. J. Coonrod, State Sec'y Socialist Party, Idaho.

"I like your song book very much and will try to get it introduced in the locals of Oklahoma and Indian Territory."—J. B. Snyder, Ter. Sec'y and Treas., Socialist Party.

"'Songs of Socialism' contains many excellent songs. It will be of great service in Socialist meetings."—Charles H. Kerr, Pub. Int. Socialist Review.

"Just the thing the Socialist Comrades have needed for some time. They will be a great help to the cause. The verse is excellent, music, too."—Warren Ross, Herald.

"I have used 'Songs of Socialism' in a series of 25 Socialist meetings and find it very effective. I consider 'The Marxian Call' and 'Love's Paradise' among the best of the new songs, beautiful and inspiring. The many old tunes to the new Socialist words make the book available for instant use. Among the new songs for the revised edition, 'Victory in Our Day' is a sure winner, stirring, hopeful, melodious. The book is well worth the price."—Edward Ellis Carr, Editor the Christian Socialist.

"Socialism is fast coming to a point in its development where it must sing its message, hopes, and aspirations as well as deliver it in logical economic works, essays, and forensic orations. A wise statesman once said, let me write a nation's songs and I care not who makes its laws. Our singing Socialists should at once become the owner of a copy of 'Songs of Socialism,' by all odds the best thing that has yet appeared in the form of Socialist songs."—The Chicago Socialist.

"Logic appeals to the intellect, but all are not intellectual. Everybody can feel and music appeals to the feelings. It takes music to move people to action—just such music as Moyes' 'Songs of Socialism' is full of—all music from the clef mark to the double bar,—Ninety-six [now 128] pages of songs that stir; lively music and inspiring words,—one song alone in this collection of songs with music is worth the price of the whole book, The Marxian Call? This is the battle hymn of the new republic that will take its place beside the Marseillaise of the French, and fire the heart of every toiler to heroic political action. You should have this book in your local. You should have it in your home; for these songs are not for a day, but for all time."—Appeal to Reason.
A Call to Duty.

Come, ye good of every name,
Help the Socialists win!
Spread the truth with loud acclaim,
Help the Socialists win!
Haste the end of sin and crime,
Haste the reign of love sublime,
Haste the Golden Age of time,
For Brotherhood will win!

(See Song No. 17)