We will follow brave Debs to the end

By Ellis B. Harris

To you, the workers of all lands,
Of every color, race and creed,
Whose fertile minds and toiling hands
Have ever fed the powers of greed,
I dedicate love's melody,
Of one great soul, with flag unfurled,
Who gave his all to make men free,
That you may sing it to the world.

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Foreword

The writer tenders this ballad not as a worshiper of Eugene V. Debs, but as one, who by association and knowledge has learned to love him because of his sterling character, his unwavering loyalty and years of selfless service in the interest of the toiling masses.

The life of Debs has not been one of self-seeking, but of self-sacrificing devotion to a cause in which no compensation comes but the reward of conscience and the affection of a world-wide fellowship.

Debs typifies, more fully than any other individual, all that is best in the Socialist movement of this country, and because of this, he is deserving of all the regard and comradely affection proffered.

Socialism must offer more than an abundance for our material welfare. It must also hold forth a fraternity of affectionate fellowship, and so minister to our spiritual desires as well. In the character of Debs we have this promise of a future state in which the spirit of fraternity shall dominate and inspire the co-operative effort in all good things.

The spirit of Debs is a fountain of affection whose source is the red heart current of the masses. No man or woman can truly love, nor sincerely serve, whose disposition is to armor themselves against this. To truly give affection is to crave it also. The flow can be no more abundant than the source. Debs loves humanity—of that there can be no doubt. As an individual he gives an abundance of affection to us; collectively we should be as generous with him.
FOLLOW BRAVE DEBS TO THE END

ELLIS B. HARRIS.

O comrades, dear comrades, come join in my lay,
Of one kind - ly heart loyal and
A - down thru the a - ges, a - gain and a - gain,
Great souls point the wide o - pen
Our i - deal is Debs, ours to have and to hold,
To share in each smile and each

brave;
A dream-er who dreams of the world's better day,
When tyrants no long-er end -
door;
And be they our sa - ges our gods or just men,
The way leads from slav - ry and
tear;
No jewels for a crown, nor a scep - tre of gold,
But comrades to love and to
slave. He's our Gene, faithful Gene, in rank and file; And dear
war. If we heed them our love, like sun and dew, Will then
cheer. And though tyrants may plan a Calvary, We will

corn-radea he's trusting to you, brighten the cheeks that are wan,
gather, with love, to defend, And we'll pledge one another, till

comrades he's trusting to you, Now to take up the struggle, what-
brighten the cheeks that are wan, And the spirits that falter, will
gather, with love, to defend, And we'll pledge one another, till

ever the trial, And so make all his dreaming come true.
courage renew, Till they smile thru their tears with the dawn.
all lands are free, We will follow brave Debs to the end.
CHORUS

Now draw ever near, in the faith we have plight-ed, And

cheer, comrades cheer, for the workers unit-ed; Then press ever on till the

world's wrongs are right-ed, And follow brave Debs to the end.