WHAT THE WORKERS SAY OF
SONGS OF SOCIALISM

"Comrade Moyer is 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. Herron.

"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."—J. Mahlon Barnes.

"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 yet 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 Psalmody to come. Again I congratulate you."—Rev. George E. Littlefield, Editor of "Flashlights."

"The book (Songs of Socialism) of 128 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 psalmody 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 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

PRICES.

In Strong Paper Cover.
Single Copy, postpaid, 20 cents; Six Copies, $1.00;
Per Dozen, $1.75; Special rates for 100 Copies.

In Beautiful Crimson Cloth.
Single Copy, postpaid, 30 cents; Four Copies, $1.00;
Per Dozen, $2.50; Special rates for 100 Copies.

The Co-Operative Printing Company
5443 Drexel Ave.
Chicago, Ill., U. S. A.
INDEX.

An Easy Pair .......................... 38
Arouse and Unite ...................... 7
Assurance ............................. 61
Awake, O Church ...................... 78
A White Ribbon's Pledge ............. 92
Battle Hymn of the Republic .......... 74
Bring Back My Money ................. 41
Brotherhood (Markham) ............... 52
Brotherhood (Moyer) .................. 70
Brotherhood--Love .................... 67
Christmas ............................. 31
Come Along a Moses ................... 36
Comrades, Awake ...................... 90
Confidence ............................ 83
Farmer Jones' Celebration .......... 31
Forward, the Life Brigade .......... 22
Fraternity, Equality, Liberty ........ 21
Freedom Day .......................... 69
Freedom's New Rally .................. 6
Hard Times ............................ 51
Hark, the Battle Cry .................. 57
Have You Heard About Milwaukee .... 6
Heaven .................................. 86
Heaven's Gateway ........................ 77
Hell's Bargain ........................ 53
Home .................................... 56
Home Sweet Home ...................... 25
Hope .................................... 50
How We Took Milwaukee .............. 10
If All Were Brothers True .......... 3
Inpiration ................................ 5
In the Happy Socialist Days _______ 8
Labor .................................... 85
Life Bountiful and Beautiful ........ 60
Life's Uncertainties ................... 68
Lonesome ............................... 29
Love .................................... 18
Love's Paradise ........................ 76
Love's Transformation ............... 84
Love's Victory ........................ 54
Love's Vision .......................... 71
March to the Morning ................. 79
My Country ............................. 1
My Papa is a Socialist ............... 43
Never Want Again ..................... 73
No Master ................................ 49
Ode to the Red Flag ................. 64
Onward, Faithful Comrades .......... 48
Our Battle Song ....................... 87
Our Boys and Girls .................... 45
Our Comrades' Call .................... 59
Our Father in Heaven ................ 94
Our Happy Home ....................... 34
Put on Sand ............................ 33
Run For Your Life ..................... 37
Security .................................. 20
Singing To-night ....................... 58
Socialism Will Win .................... 17
Some Funny Things ..................... 30
Songs of the New Rebellion .......... 47
Strike at the Ballot ................... 24
Socialist Marching Song ............. 96
The Beautiful Dawn .................... 91
The Children's Cry .................... 89
The Darkies' Kingdom ................ 35
The Day of the Lord ................... 65
The Flower Girl ........................ 44
The Grand Consummation ............. 55
The Great Awakening ................... 33
The Hope of the Ages .................. 28
The Kingdom ........................... 95
The Laborer's Farewell ............... 13
The Laborer's Hope .................... 9
The Laborer's Lament .................. 32
The Lazy Shirk ........................ 23
The Master's Call ..................... 80
The Marxian Call ...................... 4
The Marseillaise ........................ 26
The Mother's Plea ..................... 46
The Nation's Call ...................... 2
The Ninety and Nine ................. 15
The Patch on the Workingman's Pants 39
The Red Flag ........................... 63
The Socialist Smile ................... 16
The Vision of Faith .................... 88
These Things Shall Be ............... 27
Toilers, Arise .......................... 42
True Freedom ........................... 10
The Torch of Liberty .................. 12
Universal Good ........................ 14
Unite! Men ............................. 97
Up a Tree ................................ 40
Victory in Our Day .................... 11
Welcome, Welcome ..................... 72
We're Going to Win ..................... 62
When the Kingdom Comes ............. 75
Work for the Day is Dawning .......... 66
Worry .................................... 19
Young Men, Awake! .................... 82
TOPICAL INDEX.

National Airs
(With Socialist Words)
America.......................... 1
America (Ode to Red Flag) 64
Die Wacht Am Rhine..... 2
Dixie................................. 37
Marching Thro' Georgia 45
Marseillaise...................... 26
Maryland, My Maryland 63
Rally Round the Flag..... 6
Red, White, and Blue.... 28
Tramp, Tramp, Tramp... 9
When Johnny Comes....... 34
Yankee Doodle................. 30

Popular Airs
(Socialist Words)
After the Ball is Over...... 54
Auld Lang Syne............. 74
Battle Hymn of the.... 51
Hard Times................. 10
Hiawatha...................... 31
Hot Time in the Old... 76
Juanita......................... 6
Kingdom Coming.......... 12
My Ain Countrie....... 56
Robin Adair................. 29
Rocked in the Cradle.... 83
Stay in Your Own Back 16
Tenting To-Night........ 58
The Last Rose of Sum- 46
The Good Old Summer. 10
Up in a Cocoanut Tree 40

New Campaign Songs
Brotherhood............... 52
Comrades, Awake........ 90
Fraternity, Equality..... 21
Hope......................... 50
In the Happy Socialist. 8
Love.......................... 18
No Master............... 49
Our Comrades' Call.. 59
Security..................... 20
Socialism Will Win... 17
Song of the New Re-. 47
The Beautiful Dawn... 91
The Children's Cry.... 89
The Great Awakening... 93
The Marxian Call...... 4
The Ninety and Nine... 15
The Vision of Faith.... 88
Universal Good......... 14
Victory in our Day.... 11
We're Going to Win... 62
Worry....................... 19
Welcome.................. 72
Unite! Men................ 97

Humorous Songs,
(New and Old)
An Easy Pair............... 38
Bring Back My Money.... 41
Come Along a Moses.... 36
Farmer Jones' Celebra. 31
Our Happy Home........ 34
Put on Sand................ 32
Run for Your Life....... 37
Some Funny Things..... 30
The Darkies' Kingdom... 32
The Laborers' Lament... 39
The Patch on the Work- 16
The Socialist Smile........ 2
Up a Tree.................. 40
The Lazy Shirk......... 23

Children's Songs.
My Papa is a Socialist 43
Our Boys and Girls.... 45
The Flower Girl......... 44

Marching Songs
Fraternity, Equality.... 21
Socialist Marching Song 96
The Laborer's Hope.... 9
The Torch of Liberty.... 12
Victory in our Day.... 11

Male Quartets.
Arouse and Unite.... 7
Forward the Life Brig. 22
Freedom's New Rally... 6
Jubilee-Ward........ 25
Our Jubilee........ 12
Our Happy Home..... 34
Strike at the Ballot... 21
The Lazy Shirk...... 23

Songs for Special Occasions.
Socialist Christmas Song 81
Socialist Easter Anthem 93
A Socialist Prayer...... 94
A Socialist Cantata..... 95
Socialist Anthems 89, 90, 93

Ladies Quartet.
A White Ribboner's... 92

Solos.
Heaven's Gateway...... 77
Confidence.............. 83
Home...................... 56
The Day of the Lord... 65
The Mother's Plea..... 46
The Ninety and Nine... 15

Christian Socialist Songs,
Awake, O Church....... 78
Brotherhood............ 70
Brotherhood Love..... 67
Christmas.............. 81
Confidence............. 83
Heaven................... 86
Heaven's Gateway...... 77
Love..................... 18
Love's Vision.......... 71
Love's Paradise....... 76
Love's Transformation.. 84
Life Bountiful and.... 60
March to the Morning... 79
Never Want Again....... 73
Our Battle Song........ 87
Our Father in Heaven... 94
The Beautiful Dawn... 91
The Kingdom (Cantata) 95
The Day of the Lord... 65
The Master's Call..... 80
When the Kingdom...... 75
Young Man "Awake"... 82
Arise! Brave Woman!
(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.
SONGS OF SOCIALISM.

HARVEY P. MOYER.

My Country.

A New National Hymn.

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 ev'ry 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 ev'rywhere, Oh, blessed land!
all unite, Lead in victorious fight, Till earth be heaven.
The Nation's Call.

HARVEY P. MOYER.

1. A-loud resounds the Nation's call To freedom, wealth, and cheer for all;
2. Ten hundred thousand noble brave Have joined the force our land to save,
3. With earth and Heaven'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 liberty?

Op-pressed and tried, in-ured by toil, They'll wipe wrong's stains from holy soil.

We'll firm protect our noble charge, Till love's great truths all hearts enlarge.

As men and brothers we will stand, Drive ev'-ry foe from free-dom's land.

With "All for each and each for all," We'll answer free-dom's ho-ly call.

REFRAIN.

Dear Father-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.

When each might share earth's happiness, If all were brothers true?
When all might prosperous partners be, If all were brothers true?
When there's enough for each and all, If all were brothers true?
When health and love, true cheer, we'd give, If all were brothers true?
When all might helpful comrades be, If all were brothers true?
Fill all the world with happiness, If all were brothers true.

CHORUS.

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 happiness, If all were brothers true.
Fill all the world with happiness, Let's all be brothers true.
The Marxian Call.

Words and Music by Harvey P. Moyer.

1. Why sleepest thou? bright dawns the glorious morning! The battling hosts long wait thee on the field: Awake! the world of labor's joining, Naught can withstand, the foe must yield; A-wake! the world of labor's

2. Must children's tears, for food and rest appealing, Must suffering hearts chilled and dulled thro' selfish gain! Shall wrong prevail, its blight revealing The pow'r is thine, the call obey; The pow'r is thine, the call o-bey; Thy brothers' blood is loudly calling, The pow'r is thine, the call o-bey; Thy brothers' blood is loudly

3. How canst thou sleep, when round the world are falling Thy comrades world of labor's joining, We'll save ourselves and save each other, Earth's paradise shall soon be won; We'll save ourselves and save each other, We'll save ourselves and save each other, We'll save ourselves and save each other,

4. Awake, awake! and break thy chains, my brother! Let all that's true thro' tyrants' greedy sway? Thy brothers' blood is loudly calling, Dear and holy speed thee on: We'll save ourselves and save each other, We'll save ourselves and save each other, We'll save ourselves and save each other,

CHORUS.

join-ing, A world we'll gain, full justice wield. veal-ing The strong asleep! the conscience slain! O, lab'ners, 'wake! and break your call-ing, Awake! and act, be men, to-day! oth-er, Love's kingdom come, Love's will be done!

Copyright, 1905, by Harvey P. Moyer.
The Marxian Call.

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,—
   Hear, 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

1. We will rally 'round the flag, boys, we'll rally once again,
   Shouting the battle cry of freedom; From the sunny plains of Dixie,
   to the rugged hills of Maine, Shouting the battle cry of freedom.
   The Union forever, hurrah, boys, hurrah! Down with the traitor, up with the stars!

2. But our battle will be peaceful, boys, no more we'll kill and maim,
   Shouting the battle cry of freedom; For our bullets will be ballots,
   and "we'll get there just the same," Shouting the battle cry of freedom.
   We will make this world for all, Shouting the battle cry of freedom.

3. No more we'll starve and die, boys, in prisons dark and lone,
   Shouting the battle cry of freedom; We'll just do some quiet voting,
   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.

4. We will vote us equal partners in this rich terrestrial ball,
   Shouting the battle cry of freedom; So we'll all enjoy God's blessings,
   if he'll do his share of work, Shouting the battle cry of freedom.
   We will see that all get justice, starv- ing rich or lazy shirk.

5. We will see that all get justice, starving rich or lazy shirk,
   Shouting the battle cry of freedom; So that each may have abundance,
   if he'll do his share of work, Shouting the battle cry of freedom.
   We will vote us equal partners in this rich terrestrial ball.

* 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 lo, 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.

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 toil unrequited, No poor merchants juggling, No small farmers struggling, No absurd applauding Of schemers' fraudulent, No false advertising, No conscienceless "winning," None driven to sinning, No need-y neglect-ed, No bi-tions de-feat-ed, Hope's highest complet-ed, End-ed all super-stition, Life's will-ing hands slighted; In the happy Socialist days, We will change our unjust good things neglect-ed; In the happy Socialist days, We will mend our wasteful ly-ing ad-vis-ing; In the happy Socialist days, We will end our stu-pid life un-pro-tect-ed; In the happy Socialist days, We will change our shameful perfect fru-i-tion; In the happy Socialist days, We will end dark ignorance.

2. In the happy Socialist days, We will mend our wasteful ways, No Strife and struggle abat-ing, All co-operat-ing, In the ways, All business u-nit-ed, Compet-ing wrongs righted, In the ways, No i-dle, no shirk-ers, All part-ners, co-workers, In the ways, Thrive the san-est and sur-est, The no-blest and pur-est, In the ways, Truth and wis-dom ac-quiring, All our no-blest in-spir-ing, In the

3. In the happy Socialist days, We will end our stupid ways, No

4. In the happy Socialist days, We will change our shameful ways. No

5. In the happy Socialist days, We will end dark ignorance' ways. No

Copyright, 1905, by Harvey P. Moyer.
In the Happy Socialist Days.

CHORUS.

hap - py Socialist days. In the sweet Socialist days, The hap - py Socialist days, No want and no wor - ry, No strife and no flur - ry, All work - ers and wealth - y, All hap - py and healthy; In the sweet Socialist days, The hap - py Socialist days, Our troubles all end - ed, 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 Milwaukee, Wondrous city of the West?
2. Have you heard about Milwaukee, Berkeley, Victor, and the rest?
3. Would you prosper like Milwaukee, Toilers, children, aged, and all?

How she set the whole world talking, For her sons have done their best!
How they routed all the grafters, Voting in their city’s best;
Would you share life’s highest pleasures, End our wrongs, lift poverty’s pall?

Have you heard how Union Labor Joined the Socialist Party grand?
How they end starvation wages, Shorten hours, and pensions give;
Rouse ye then and spread this message, Each for all and all for each;

Now all sons of toil are waking, Putting on new life and sand!
Planning work for anxious brothers, Making life worth while to live!
Haste to swell the Socialist Army That its blessings all may reach!

CHORUS

Have you heard about Milwaukee? 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!

10 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 m-eed of fame, Nor glo- ry of a tyrant’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.

—Copyright, 1910, by Williams-Wooby. Used by permission.
Victory In Our Day.

(A Socialist Marching Song.)

Words and Music by HARVEY P. MOYER.

1. We're marching on to victory, we march, we march along, There's naught that can defeat our power of ballot, cheer, and song; Our hearts are fill'd with be content for their rewards up on the other shore; Let fainter hearts give suffer wrongs and poverty, with wealth and joy in sight? Why strife and strikes 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 want and woe, 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 many served the drear, our hopes and plans in vain, The while our "friends," the Cap-i-t'lists, have too, we want a happy home, Why should we rob and starve our own, to enforce, our force of numbers vain, When, if we'd join our voting pow'r, full

Copyright, 1906, by Harvey P. Moyer,
Victory In Our Day.

Gathered in our gain; But now our eyes are opened wide, we see the rich the wealthy drone? So all our pow'rs and wealth we'll spend to haste the vict'ry soon we'd gain; Then cease your fruitless efforts now and try the better 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 vict'ry, we march, we march a-long, On, on to vict'ry, with ballot, cheer, and song; On, on to vict'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.

PLATON BROUNOFF.

1. Raise the torch of Liberty! Grasp it with a firmer hand; Let your
2. Raise the torch! O may its flame Set the nation's heart a-glow! Bear it

un/datatables/557.0)

tyrant masters see And its meaning understand. Labor's hosts have
high in Freedom's name, Singing ever as you go. Workers of the

sworn to be,—Labor's hosts have sworn to be From the yoke of bondage free.
world, unite! Workers of the world, unite! This is Freedom's holy fight.

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.

Free-dom comes, and Slav - er - y Ban - ished from the earth shall be!
On - ward! till the world shall be From the yoke of bond-age free!

Free-dom comes and Slav - er - y Banished from the earth shall be!
On - ward! till the world, shall be From the yoke of bond-age free.

13

The Laborer's Farewell.

HARVEY P. MOYER.

The Soldier's Farewell.

1. How glad I am to leave thee! No part-ing thou'ts to grieve me, Know
2. Too long hast thou de - ceived me, Of com-forts, wealth re - lieved me, ‘Gainst
3. Too long we've been de - lay - ing, Dull suppliant vain-ly pray-ing, Our
4. We'll join the Socialist Par-ty, U-nit-ed, strong, and hearty, Class-

well what-e'er be - falls me, I'll vote as du - ty calls me. Fare-
trusts and sharks contend-ing, (?) Yet capit-list's schemes defend-ing, Fare-
ssov-reign vote but wast-ing, Of life and joy scare simp-ling, Fare-
con-scious by the mil-lion, Save our-selves, dear wives, and children. Fare-

well, fare-well, my par-ty old, Fare-well, fare-well, my par-ty old.
well, fare-well, my par-ty bold, Fare-well, fare-well, my par-ty bold.
well, fare-well, my par-ty cold, Fare-well, fare-well, my par-ty cold.
well, fare-well, my par-ty old, Fare-well, fare-well, my par-ty 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.

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 murd'rous guns and bloody sabers, Selfish wrongs give place to care but that shall lift all up-wards, Bring to each and all earth's wealth, its joys and rest: Joys of ended competition's woes and oth'er, None permit the least injustice any where, children, From the fertile Western plains to old Japan, sorrows, Joys of happy, noble, prosperous brotherhood,

2. In the happy Socialist days we'll all be neighbors,
   Happy neighbors, all shall feel each neighbor's need; Ended wars, their Hap - py neighbors, all shall feel each neighbor's need; Ev'ry sorrow, all shall help to bear. Tru'est broth'ers, none will injure one the help and noble deed. Earth's rich boun - ties all disposed for all earth's wealth, its joys and rest: Joys of ended competition's woes and oth'er, None permit the least injustice any where, children, From the fertile Western plains to old Japan, sorrows, Joys of happy, noble, prosperous brotherhood,

3. In the happy Socialist days we'll all be comrades,
   Happy comrades, joined to gain for all earth's best; Not a want nor ev'ry trouble shared by others, Not a burden save that murd'rous guns and bloody sabers, Selfish wrongs give place to care but that shall lift all up-wards, Bring to each and all earth's wealth, its joys and rest: Joys of ended competition's woes and oth'er, None permit the least injustice any where, children, From the fertile Western plains to old Japan, sorrows, Joys of happy, noble, prosperous brotherhood,

Copyright, 1906, by Harvey P. Moyer.
Universal Good.

Not a burdened father, mother, sister, brother, All life's 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 injustice we will free, To all earth's remotest bounds, Pole to pole, and sea to sea. All a happy, prosperous Brotherhood we'll be.
The Ninety and Nine.

ROSE ELIZABETH SMITH.
Solo.

JOHN S. NORRIS.

1. There are ninety and nine that work and die in want and hunger and cold, That one may revel in

2. From the sweat of their brow the desert blooms And the forest before them falls; Their labor has built

3. But the night so dreary and dark and long At last shall the morning bring; And over the land the

luxury, And be lapped in the silken fold! And humble homes, And cities with lofty halls, And the victor's song Of the ninety and nine shall ring, And

ninety and nine in their hovels bare And one in a palace of one owns cities and houses and lands, And the ninety and nine have

echo afar, from zone to zone, "Rejoice! for labor shall

Music Copyright, 1906, by John S. Norris. Used by permission.
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”!

16 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 ) 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.—CHORUS.

3 But politicians tremble, seeing labor growing wise,
“Promise gags” may no more fool their “drone;”
Capt’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.

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

   loud - ly ring, Socialism will win! Sing the news the world a-round,
   cheer - ful voice, Socialism will win! Sing relief for all oppressed,
   loud acclaim, Help the Socialists win! Haste the end of sin and crime,

   Let all earth with joy re-sound, Ev'ry 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

   *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."

Copyright, 1906, by Harvey P. Moyer.
Socialism Will Win.

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 complete, In the Socialist days. And righteous all our ways, Our life be all di-vine, In the Socialist days.

Copyright, 1906, by Harvey P. Moyer.
Worry.

Words and Music by Harvey P. Moyer.

1. 'Tis worry from dawn until twilight, 'Tis worry from night until dawn,
   'Tis worry all over life's pathway, 'Tis worry for work to keep living,
   'Tis worry that life's every needful Is lost,
   'Tis worry that life's every may?

2. 'Tis worry for work to keep living, 'Tis worry lest jobs may be won at such terrible cost;
   'Tis worry o'er troubles in night may be turned into day?
   'Tis worry o'er troubles in night may be turned into day?
   'Tis worry, not labor, that's won at such terrible cost;
   'Tis worry o'er troubles in night may be turned into day?

3. Why struggle and strife and injustice, When death from the day we were born;
   Why struggle and strife and injustice, When death from the day we were born;
   Why life full of worries and sorrows, The poor and the rich in distress;
   Why life full of worries and sorrows, The poor and the rich in distress;

4. And blighting the body and soul; 'Tis worry o'er business, 'Tis worry o'er losses and gains,
   And blighting the body and soul; 'Tis worry o'er business, 'Tis worry o'er losses and gains,
   The young and the brothers, Unite all our efforts in one,
   The young and the brothers, Unite all our efforts in one,

5. Life's constant struggle De-tains us from life's destined goal.
   Life's constant struggle De-tains us from life's destined goal.
   Sick and the aged Have but worries and troubles and pains
   Sick and the aged Have but worries and troubles and pains.

Copyright, 1905, by Harvey P. Moyer.

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

Oh, 'tis worry and flurry and hurry and scurry From plotting, extorting, defrauding, marauding, A calamity and woe;

Then, no worry nor flurry nor hurry nor scurry From useful and helpful, all truthful and healthful, All wholesome and salutary.

From meek and helpful, all truthful and healthful, All wholesome and salutary.

1-2. For "business is business," fie love, truth, and goodness, A sad and most pitiable sight.

3. Such business is pleasure, a joy and a treasure, A grand and most beautiful sight.

dawn until long after night; Hearts breaking, backs aching, souls conscienceless, merciless fight; (Omit)
dawn until long after night; Hearts blessed, backs rested, souls growing in wealth and in light; (Omit)

quaking, faith shaking, A sorry and miserable plight; Expecting, faith stronger, All happy, in constant delight; All

pitiable sight, A sad and most pitiable sight.

beautiful sight, A grand and most beautiful sight.

rit.
Words and music by HARVEY P. MOYER.

Security.

Solo. Legato.

1. When the mills are closed and our small wages end,
   When the chilling winter blasts blow from the west,

2. When the banks go down and all our mon-ey's gone,
   When we weary tramp in search of wealth again,

3. When the shades of life are call-ing us a-way,
   When the wife be-loved we leave to weep a-lone,

When the rent is due and all our sav-ings spent,
And our cheer-less homes give nei-ther warmth nor rest,

When the busi-ness fails and all our wealth has flown,
Join the mill-ions down, our hope and cour-age slain,

And the deep-ning shad-ows warn of end-ing day,
And the dear ones, left to stran-gers, we be-moan,

When the hun-gry eyes, and gar-ments worn and rent,
When our loved ones plead, in vain, for what is best,

When our pros-pects, 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 de-cay,
When, at last, to fate we sad-ly trust our own,

Tell of pov'ry's sad and cru-el fate;
And our nar-row love is changed to hate;

And we weep with loved who 'round us stand;

Copyright, 1906, by Harvey P. Moyer.
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 pov'-ty's smarts,

Blest se-cu-ri-ty for aye will change all doubt-ful ways,

Legato. ad lib.

Com-fort, 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
2. Ho, there, hey, there, Socialists all are we! Day and night we're in the fight, that all may prosperous be; Join our force, and soon we all shall see
3. Ho, there, hey, there, Socialists all are we! Help us sing and all we'll bring life's joyful jubilee: Swell our vote, and soon we all shall see

Fra - ter - ni - ty, e - qual - i - ty, true lib - er - ty! Down with tyrants,
Fra - ter - ni - ty, e - qual - i - ty, true lib - er - ty! Down with hunger,
Fra - ter - ni - ty, e - qual - i - ty, true lib - er - ty! Down with sorrow,

FRA - TER - NI - TY, E - QUAL - I - TY, TRUE LIB - ER - TY!

Fra - ter - ni - ty, e - qual - i - ty, true lib - er - ty! Down with oppression,
Fra - ter - ni - ty, e - qual - i - ty, true lib - er - ty! Down all slums and sin, and misery.
Fra - ter - ni - ty, e - qual - i - ty, true lib - er - ty! Up with joy, love, truth, moral - i - ty; Down with selfish -
Forward, the Life Brigade!
A Contrast and an Invitation.

1. On with the fight, money in sight, rob, crush, slay! Hunger and strife and tears!
On with the fight, money in sight, clear the way! “Business” can brook no love!

2. On with the fight, money in sight, force, rush, drive Men, women, children, too!
On with the fight, money in sight, slum, den, dive, Brothers and sisters ruin!

3. Turn on the light, rest is in sight, let all see, Darkness shall fade into day!
Turn on the light, rest is in sight, all we’ll free, If Brotherhood we declare!

Death to the left, death to the right, night and day, Blighting life’s fruitful years!
Deaf to all cries, justice despise, wrong must stay, Else how (Omit.)

Conscience to flight, truth out of sight, the few must thrive, Thou’st they the millions “do!”
Hell to the left, hell to the right, dead or alive! Manhood (Omit.)
Life to the left, life to the right, wrong must flee, Love points the better way!

Heav’n to the left, heav’n to the right, we’ll agree, Earth’s treasures (Omit.)

remain a - bove? Oh, nay, nay, but, Come, for the feast is spread,
and love lost soon! Oh, nay, nay, but, Why lack in food or home,
ures all shall share! Ah, yea, yea, then,

Earth yields abundant bread; Comfort and cheer, richest blessings now and here To all
When all the world we own? Come, use your pow’r, cease excuse this very hour, (Omit.)

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

Copyright, 1905, by Harvey P. Moyer.
The Lazy Shirk.

Solo and Male Quartet. Words and Music by Harvey P. Moyer.

1. There was a rock-y fel-low worth his mill-ions, He was nev-er known to hurt him-self with work, For he only worked the people, Built a col-lege and a stee-ple, He would help us, but he feared the la-zy wives and starving chil-dren, If it were not for this aw-ful, la-zy clothes and bet-ter ra-tions, But he don't know who would do the dirt-y schemes of ev-ry na-ture, And he won-dered who would do the dirt-y self and wife and chil-dren, Than to make his rob-bing shirk-ers go to shirk, And dirty work.

2. There was a preacher preaching to his mill-ions, He was not so ver-y moment's time to shirk He would save the suf-fring million, Weeping crook-ed work to shirk, For he worked the leg-is-la-ture, Push-ing lit-tle time to shirk, Seems to rath-er SERVE the million, Slav-ing shirk, The shirk won't work. Oh, the shirk, shirk, shirk! And the dirt-y, dirt-y work! Oh, dear, oh, dear.

3. A worn out lab'ring man who missed his mill-ions, He had nev-er had a lit-tle time to shirk, I c Seems to rath-er SERVE the million, Slav-ing shirk, The shirk won't work. Oh, the shirk, shirk, shirk! And the dirt-y, dirt-y work! Oh, dear, oh, dear.

4. There was a lit-tle law-yer watching mill-ions, Far too bus- y do-ing lit-tle time to shirk, I c Seems to rath-er SERVE the million, Slav-ing shirk, The shirk won't work. Oh, the shirk, shirk, shirk! And the dirt-y, dirt-y work! Oh, dear, oh, dear.

5. The farm-er who de-serves to have his mill-ions, Working day and night with lit-tle time to shirk, I c Seems to rath-er SERVE the million, Slav-ing shirk, The shirk won't work. Oh, the shirk, shirk, shirk! And the dirt-y, dirt-y work! Oh, dear, oh, dear.

Music theme taken from “Guess I'll Have to Telegraph My Baby,” by permission of Geo. L. Spaulding, owner of the copyright.

Copyright, 1905, by Harvey P. Moyer.
The Lazy Shirk.

work! How'll you stir the la-zy shirk? Who will do the dirt-y

work? Nev-er mind the suf-fering mill-ion, Weep-ing wives and star-v ing

chil-dren, We must first know all a-bout the la-zy shirk. and dirt-y work.

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 appeahing,
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!
Come, brothers all, cease your fruitless fight, A strike at the ballot is the surest way; For force and strife but increase our plight, Hunger and rags are very poor way.

Law and love are the greatest power, A strike at the ballot is the strongest way; When we win by our votes that very hour, (Omit.)

Come to worry your life away, A strike at the ballot is the easiest way; Why suffer, starve, and bleed and pray, Poverty's curse increased each way; But five year's Socialist vote will note (Omit.)

The power's ours if we join in vote, A strike at the ballot is the quickest way; Each brother's woes will increase our tears, Sorrows, wrongs, starvation way; Why even slaves, nor hope nor plan, (Omit.)

Come, brothers, end all your cares and fears, A strike at the ballot is the noblest way; For force and strife but increase our plight, Hunger and rags are very poor way;

Vote in the Brotherhood of Man, A strike at the ballot is the only way; Why suffer, starve! and bleed and pray, Poverty's curse increased each way; Each brother's woes will increase our tears, Sorrows, wrongs, starvation way; Why even slaves, nor hope nor plan, (Omit.)

Let us strike at the ballot, strike at the ballot, A strong united A strike at the ballot, strike at the ballot, For (Omit.)
Strike at the Ballot.

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

25 Home, Sweet Home.

Last Stanza by Harvey P. Moyer.

JOHN HOWARD PAYNE.

1. 'Mid pleasures and palaces though we may roam, Be it ever so
2. An exile from home, splendor dazzles in vain; Oh, give me my
3. But sweetest the home in the days of true love, When peace, joy, and

humble, there's no place like home; A charm from the skies seems to hallow us
lowly thatch'd cottage again; The birds singing gaily 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,
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, awake 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 power unbound, To mete and vend the flame! Can dungeons, bolts and bars confine thee, Or whips thy noble hear their cries, Behold their tears and hear their cries! Shall hateful 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 hireling hosts, a rufian band, Affright and desolate the land, While peace and liberty lie bleeding!

2. With luxury and pride surrounding, The vile, insatiate despots world has wept, bemoaning That falsehood's dagger tyrants wield; But man is man and who is more? Then shall they longer lash and goad us? freedom is our sword and shield, And all their arts are unavailing;
The Marseillaise.

OLD CHO.—To arms, to arms, ye braves! The avenging sword unsheathe! March on,

[Music notation]

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

27 These Things Shall Be!

J. A. SYMONDS.

1. These things shall be! a loftier race Than e'er the world hath known shall rise
2. They shall be gentle, brave and strong, To spill no drop of blood, but dare
3. Nation with nation, land with land, Un-arm'd shall live as comrades free;
4. New arts shall bloom of loftier mould And mightier music thrill the skies,
5. These things—they are no dreams—shall be For happier men when we are gone;

With flow'r of freedom in their souls, And light of science in their eyes.
All that may plant man's lordship firm, On earth, and fire and sea and air.
In every heart and brain shall throb The pulse of one fraternity.
And every life shall be a song, When all the earth is paradise.
Those golden days for them shall dawn, Transcending ought we gaze upon.
The Hope of the Ages.

E. NESBIT.

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 battalions 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 soldier's flock each day where her flag is unfurled; Our efforts but add to the torrent, whose flood must o'erwhelm you at last! which the true soldiers of freedom shall gather new courage and might! watchword we cherish to mark us one kinred and brotherhood still. Our cry is the cry of the ages, our hope is the hope of the world!

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 one hundred and first wins success! Our watchword is "Freedom," new barriers 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 soldier's flock each day where her flag is unfurled; Our efforts but add to the torrent, whose flood must o'erwhelm you at last! which the true soldiers of freedom shall gather new courage and might! watchword we cherish to mark us one kinred and brotherhood still. Our cry is the cry of the ages, our hope is the hope of the world!

3. Whether leading the van of the fighters In the bitterest 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 battalions 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 soldier's flock each day where her flag is unfurled; Our efforts but add to the torrent, whose flood must o'erwhelm you at last! which the true soldiers of freedom shall gather new courage and might! watchword we cherish to mark us one kinred and brotherhood still. Our cry is the cry of the ages, our hope is the hope of the world!

4. What matter if failure on failure Crowd closely up— 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 battalions 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 soldier's flock each day where her flag is unfurled; Our efforts but add to the torrent, whose flood must o'erwhelm you at last! which the true soldiers of freedom shall gather new courage and might! watchword we cherish to mark us one kinred and brotherhood still. Our cry is the cry of the ages, our hope is the hope of the world!
The Hope of the Ages:

Chorus.

{ For our ban - ner is rais'd and un - furled; }
{ At your head our de - fi - ance is hurled; }

Our

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 o'er filled with fear?
3. What's all this noise a-bout, Filling the air? What means this joyful shout,
4. Oh, let all people wake, Cease wrong's sad sway; Victo - rious ac - tion take,

Hope al - most gone; Oft have I longed to wed, Love's cheer in
Homes bleak and cold; Why children starved, un - clad? Why lov - ing
From ev - 'ry - where? 'Tis but the Socialist cry, Ech - o - ing
Haste the glad day, When each may live life's best, With cheer - ful

lone-some's stead, Had pov - er-ty's curse not shed Dark-ness a - lone.
thro' 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.*

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 belch;
   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 rock-y 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.

3. There was a dom-i-nie in town, Who stood for com-petition;
   He could not see all men agree, And love rule all the people,
   They missed the flow of dividends, Which wasn't near so funny.
   Each lived for all as brothers should, And thus made all feel funny.

* 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 laborer 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 eyes,
He saw who got his money,
But politicians' tricks can give
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.

But the people see the truth,
The danger in our 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.

31 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.

1. 'Twas Mark who said, "There's plenty bread, two jobs for ev'ry man,"
   His word we took, re-forms forsook, "Stood pat" without a sob,
   The Bourbons old grew "wise" and bold, Howled loud for small re-forms,
   With them, at last, our lot we cast And made the well-in roar,

2. 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 bold-ness pure and bland,
   But where's the gain for Labor's pain Since we all tax-es stand?

3. Nor courage lax, the Single Tax, With bold-ness pure and bland,
   But where's the gain for Labor's pain Since we all tax-es stand?

4. All we're to do is stay "true blue" And vote Republican;
   Just to be "sold," for now behold, Two men for ev'-ry job!
   Thought public lights and simlar mites Would calm the growing storms;
   But just to find we're still behind, As poor as e'er before!

5. Nor courage lax, the Single Tax, With bold-ness pure and bland,
   But where's the gain for Labor's pain Since we all tax-es stand?

6. 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 promise I'll never, No never will I vote so—for aye.

Copyright, 1906, by Harvey P. Moyer.
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 ope'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.

1. There's an engine on the railroad
   With a heavy train to pull,
   But the wheels are slipping, slipping,
   The train is at a stand,
   There's a merchant on the corner
   And he sees the coming crash,
   He would join the working people
   And for Socialism stand;

2. There's a preacher in the pulpit
   And he knows what's in the air,
   But the bread and butter question
   Puts the gospel at a stand,
   There's a labor union yonder
   Traveling in the same old rut,
   When they ask for better wages
   Always get their wages cut.

3. There's an engine on the railroad
   With a heavy train to pull,
   But the wheels are slipping, slipping,
   And the heavy train to pull,
   There's a preacher in the pulpit
   And he knows what's in the air,
   But the bread and butter question
   Puts the gospel at a stand,
   There's a labor union yonder
   Traveling in the same old rut,
   When they ask for better wages
   Always get their wages cut.

4. 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.

5. 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.
When Johnny Comes Marching Home,
Solo and Male Quartet.

1. John Smith did not need Social-ism, Oh, no, (oh, no,) No, no, (no, no,)  
2. Young Sully did not want Social-ism, Oh, no, (oh, no,) No, no, (no, no,)  
3. A man-u-fact'rer re- viled 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 com-p'ny built near him a great big store,  
But the oth-er big rob- bers got Sul-ly's good cash  
But fif-ty more "free-men" told the same good tale,  
But the storms and the floods came rush-ing, one day,  

And mer-chant Smith is in busi-ness no more,  
And Sul-ly went down with a ter-ri-ble crash,  
Manu-fac-tured his "cinch," now his fac-tory's "for sale,"  
Swept the farm-er's fine home and his for-tune a-way,
Our Happy Home.

And Smith must vote for Socialism, To get back his happy home!
And Sully must vote for Socialism, To save him his happy home!
And he must vote for Socialism, To get him a happy home!
And he must vote for Socialism, To find him a happy home!

5 The Union man felt very gay,
   Oh oh, Oh oh,
An expensive strike had increased his pay
   So so, So so;
But the mine shut down, and his wages stopped,
The landlord told him to get, and he hopped,
And he must vote for Socialism
To get him a happy home!

6 The Republicans ask us to vote again,
   Ha ha, Ha ha,
But they promise the same old gags in vain,
   Ha ha, Ha ha.
Their prosperity's all for the capitalist clan,
With poverty's share for the laboring man,
So we'll all vote for Socialism
And get us a happy home!

7 The Democrats' game is very wise,
   Ha ha, Ha ha,
They've plenty of sand for the laborer's eyes,
   Ha ha, Ha ha.
As reform is in order, we'll reform to the letter,
If a little is good, the whole is much better,
So we'll all vote for Socialism
And be sure of our happy homes!

8 The Prohibitionist's aim's all right,
   That's so, That's so,
To make men sober and true and bright,
   That's so, That's so;
We will help him later to win his fight,
For, with profit removed, we can easy do right;
But now we must vote for Socialism
To get us a happy home!

9 The Single Taxer's a funny man,
   That's so, That's so,
He's fifty years behind the van,
   That's so, That's so;
He would tax one robber in his "single" plan
Leaving all other robbers rob as much as they can,
So we'll all vote for Socialism
To save us our happy homes!

10 Too long have widows and orphans wept,
   That's so, That's so,
They've suffered and toiled while others slept,
   That's so, That's so.
For the good they've done and they yet may do,
They should share God's blessings, their natural due,
So we'll all vote for Socialism
And give them all happy homes!

11 'Tis time for labor to get a rest,
   That's so, That's so,
Their wives and children to share the best,
   That's so, That's so.
The man who makes all the wealth for all
Is a fool to live in a dingy stall,
So we'll all vote for Socialism
And get us a happy home!

12 Our Father above made enough for all,
   That's true, That's true,
The few share too much, the many too small,
   Too true, Too true.
We've been chumps too long to starve and work,
So parasites, rich and poor, might shirk,
So we'll all vote for Socialism
And all have our happy homes!
The Darkies' Kingdom.

Male Quartet.

HARVEY P. MOYER.

Babylon is Fallen.—Arr. by THORO HARRIS.

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 fright-en ed, 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, sarvants 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 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, sarvants a-ny more; All will be de Mas-sas, All will lib in clo-ber,

3. North and south we wandered, Homeless and dis-cour-aged, Plead-in' for an 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, sarvants a-ny more; All will be de Mas-sas, All will lib in clo-ber,

4. Some would solb de problem, Wip-in' out de dark-ies, Send-in' us to 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, sarvants a-ny more; All will be de Mas-sas, All will lib in clo-ber,

5. But our day is dawn-in' For de Socialist Par-ty's Gwine to get for 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, sarvants a-ny more; All will be de Mas-sas, All will lib in clo-ber,

6. All de dark-ies' trou-bles Den will sure be o- ber, Black nor white be 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, sarvants a-ny more; All will be de Mas-sas, All will lib in clo-ber,

CHORUS.

Come to jine and vote for Un-cle Sam. 'Cause de white folks still possessed de land.

Men-ial 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? Social-is-m's

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

I. When Is - rael was in E-gypt's land, Let my peo- ple go! Op-
2. O, come along a Moses, again we're lost, Let my peo- ple go! Part
3. When we're all joined at the vot-ing stand, Let my peo- ple go! We're
4. Should the Capit'lists hinder our getting across, Let my peo- ple go! They'd
5. O, take those scales from off your eyes, Let my peo- ple go! Vote

Come Along a Moses.

1. Moses, 'Way down in Egypt's land, Told old Pharaoh, Let my peo-ple go!
2-5. Moses, Come, save our troubled land, Tell the old Capit'lists, Let my peo-ple 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,
   Where they legis late away our nation, Our rail roads, lands,
   But it's very, very rotten, Run away, run away, run away,
   Our whole creation, Run away, run away, run away,
   Way and save your life. The robbers sure will get you, run away, run away.

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
   So the whole wide world is filled with sorrow, In justice reigns,
   In the army of ballots, if we take our station, In five years time
   We must fight, so, tomorrow, Run away, run away, run away
   We'll possess our Nation, Come away, come away, come away.

3. Our poor turned bumming, Run away, run away, run away,
   Or enjoyment starvation, Run away, run away, run away
   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;
   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.

1. My mas- sa had a work-ing-man, He al-so had a mule; To
2. In rough or storm-y weath-er That mule would pull a cart; He'd
3. That man would dig and hus-tle, And work un-til he died; To
4. I think that both that man and mule Had might-y lit-tle sense; And

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

save my life I couldn’t tell Which was the big-est 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, ha, Yo,

fed the man on liv-er, He fed the mule on hay, He
in the chil-ly sta-ble, He’d stand and chew his hay; The
boss would take the prod-uct, I’m most a-shamed to tell, And
some day when they find out They both are in one boat, Per-

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

Laughing Chorus D. C.

cussed the man and kicked the mule, And worked them ev-ry day.
boss would say “Pros-per-i-ty,” And how that mule would bray.
when he’d say “Pros-per-i-ty,” Oh, how that man would yell!
haps the mule will learn to kick, The man will learn to vote.

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

Words and Music by W. D. Watiles.

1. There's many a patch in this wide world of ours, You can find them where-
2. It begins on the front when he's working each day, And the cloth rather-
3. And at last the time comes when they cannot be fixed, And the wife shakes her-
4. There's a sadder time still, when he loses his job, And the mill is shut-

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

workingman's pants; The dude so de-rides it, the poor fellow hides it, The

workingman's pants; No dude to de-ride it, no wor-ry to hide it, Not a

FINB.

ev'ry-thing else that you cook. There are cu-cum-ber patches and patches of

neatly, 'twould hardly be known. But the cloth wears a-way from the patch day by

money to get a new pair; For the children need clothes and they all must have

part which his i-dle-ness wears. And which-ev-er way the poor fel-low may

dirt, And ma-ny more patch-es, per-chance, But the patch that I

day, And in size there's a steady ad- vance; Oh, it grows day by

shoes, And the rent must be paid in ad-vance, So a still large-er

turn, His trou-b-le is seen at a glance; Face which way he.
The Patch on the Workingman's Pants.

D. C. for Chorus.

sing is a dif-f'er-ent thing,—'Tis the patch on the work-ing-man's pants.

day in a sor-row-ful way,—Does the patch on the work-ing-man's pants.

piece must go in at the knees,—To the patch on the work-ing-man's pants.

may, then, his woe he'll dis-play,—There's a patch on both sides of his 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.

40

Up a Tree.

By HARVEY P. MOYER.

Air—Up in a Cocoanut Tree.—Key of G.

1 A capit'list 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 billionaire,

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 fulness 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. F. M.
Bring Back My Money.

HARVEY P. MOYER

My Bonnie is Over the Ocean.

1. The Cap-i't'lists o-ver the o-cean, The Cap-i't'lists this side the
   sea, The Cap-i't'lists in ev'ry na-tion Are tak-ing my
   mon-ey from me.

2. The So-cial-ists o-ver the o-cean, The So-cial-ists this side the
   sea, The So-cial-ists in ev'ry na-tion Will bring back my
   mon-ey to me.

3. Last night as I lay on my pil-low, Last night as I lay on my
   bed, Bright vis-ons of plen-ty en-wrapt me, I dream-ed that the
   sea, Vote com-fort and wealth to all peo-ple, So vote back my
   mon-ey to me.

4. Vote right, my friends, o-ver the o-cean, Vote right, my friends, this side the
   sea, The Cap-i't'lists were dead. Last Chorus.
   mon-ey to me.

Chorus.

Bring back, bring back, bring back my mon-ey to
Capit'lists were dead.
mon-ey to me.

Vote back, vote back, vote back my mon-ey to
me, to me.

Oh! bring back my mon-ey to me.
me, to me.

Vote back, vote back, Oh! vote back my mon-ey to me.
Toilers, Arise.

Words and Music by E. Carpenter. (Ala.)

1. Toil-ers, a-rise! the long, long night is o-ver, Faint in the east be-
2. By your young chil-dren's eyes so red with weep-ing, By their white fa-ces
3. O-ver your face a web of lies is wov-en, Laws that are false-hoods
4. Forth, then, ye he-ros, pa-tri-ots and lov-ers! Com-rades of dan-ger,

hold the dawn ap-pear; Out of your e-vil dream of toil and sor-row;
aged with want and fear, By the dark cit-ies where your babes are creeping,
pin you to the ground, La-bor is mock'd, its just re-ward is sto-len,
pov-er-ty, and scorn! Might-y in faith of Freedom, your great Mother!

A-rise, O toil-ers, for the day is here; From your fields and hills,
Na-ked of joy and all that makes life dear; From each wretched slum
On its bent back sits I-dle-ness encrown'd. How long while you sleep, Your
Gi-ants re-freshed in Joy's new ris-ing morn, Come and swell the song,

Hark! the an-swerr swells. A-rise, O toil-ers, for the day is here!
Let the loud cry come; A-rise, O toil-ers, for the day is here!
har-vest shall it reap? A-rise, O toil-ers, for the day is here!
Si- lent now so long: La-bor is ris-en! and the day is here!
My Papa Is a Socialist.

Solo, or unison children's chorus. Words and music by HARVEY P. MOYER.

1. My papa is a Socialist, my mamma, too, and I, And if you'll wait a minute now, I'll tell the reason why; I'm sure that when you understand, you people, too, who want to make things go; Besides, we're all just quite alike, need certainly will see, You'd better all be Socialists, and vote with pa and me, food and clothes and rest, And if we all were Socialists, we all would share earth's best.

2. You see this earth is long and wide, good things above, below, And there are lots of

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, mammas, 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. F. M.

Copyright, 1906, by Harvey P. Moyer.
The Flower Girl.

HARVEY P. MOYER

Massa's in the Cold Ground.—FOSTER.

1. Oh, my life is sad and dreary
   Wandering all day long. None to

2. Once our home was bright and happy,
   All were light and gay. But for

3. Pa-pa said our heavenly Father
   Gives enough for all, That when

comfort, none to cheer me,
In the rushing, heart-less throng;
Little brother's
work our pa-pa wandered,
Wept and wandered day by day;
Sad, distressed, all
love made all men brothers,
Heaven's gifts to all would fall;
But our hearts are
hungry, waiting.
Yet no help I've found,
Mamma's sick, I left her weeping,
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,

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 jol-ly Socialist boys, as happy as we can be, For
   we've a hap-py task to do, to set the peo-ple free; We will not rest till
   we're the jol-ly Socialist boys, as happy as we can be,
   our brothers' help-ers in the fight to make men free; We will not rest till
   we've a hap-py task to do, to set the peo-ple free; We will not rest till
   are our brothers' help-ers 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 end all their mis-er-y; No begging, starv-ing,
   long-er suf-fer ing taunts and jeers be-cause of nature's shine, In hap-py home, all

2. We're the jol-ly Socialist girls, as full of life and glee, We
   ev-'ry boy from mountain to the sea Shall be hap-py in Socialism.
   ev-'ry girl from mountain to the sea Shall be hap-py in Socialism.
   ev-'ry boy from mountain to the sea Shall be hap-py in Socialism.
   ev-'ry girl from mountain to the sea Shall be hap-py in Socialism.
   ev-'ry boy from mountain to the sea Shall be hap-py in Socialism.
   ev-'ry girl from mountain to the sea Shall be hap-py in Socialism.
   ev-'ry boy from mountain to the sea Shall be hap-py in Socialism.
   ev-'ry girl from mountain to the sea Shall be hap-py in Socialism.

3. We'll res-cue ev'ry boy and girl from out the dead-ly mines, We'll
   ev-'ry boy from mountain to the sea Shall be hap-py in Socialism.
   ev-'ry girl from mountain to the sea Shall be hap-py in Socialism.
   ev-'ry boy from mountain to the sea Shall be hap-py in Socialism.
   ev-'ry girl from mountain to the sea Shall be hap-py in Socialism.
   ev-'ry boy from mountain to the sea Shall be hap-py in Socialism.
   ev-'ry girl from mountain to the sea Shall be hap-py in Socialism.
   ev-'ry boy from mountain to the sea Shall be hap-py in Socialism.
   ev-'ry girl from mountain to the sea Shall be hap-py in Socialism.

4. We'll furnish ev'ry child a home, so hap-py, light, and free, Good
   hun-rah! hun-rah! we'll bring the ju-bi-lee! Hun-rah! hurrah! this
   hun-rah! hun-rah! we'll bring the ju-bi-lee! Hun-rah! hurrah! this
   hun-rah! hun-rah! we'll bring the ju-bi-lee! Hun-rah! hurrah! this
   hun-rah! hun-rah! we'll bring the ju-bi-lee! Hun-rah! hurrah! this
   hun-rah! hun-rah! we'll bring the ju-bi-lee! Hun-rah! hurrah! this
   hun-rah! hun-rah! we'll bring the ju-bi-lee! Hun-rah! hurrah! this

5. Our lit-tle pickaninnies then will have a jol-ly time, No
   hun-rah! hun-rah! we'll bring the ju-bi-lee! Hun-rah! hurrah! this
   hun-rah! hun-rah! we'll bring the ju-bi-lee! Hun-rah! hurrah! this
   hun-rah! hun-rah! we'll bring the ju-bi-lee! Hun-rah! hurrah! this
   hun-rah! hun-rah! we'll bring the ju-bi-lee! Hun-rah! hurrah! this
   hun-rah! hun-rah! we'll bring the ju-bi-lee! Hun-rah! hurrah! this
   hun-rah! hun-rah! we'll bring the ju-bi-lee! Hun-rah! hurrah! this

D. S.—all the peo-ple see Free-dom for-ev-er thro' Socialism.

CHORUS.

Hur-rah! hur-rah! we'll bring the ju-bi-lee! Hur-rah! hurrah! this

D.S.

truth will make us free! We'll work and talk, we'll sing and pray till

* 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,
2. Days of dark-ness, sad and drear- y, Filled our lives with want and fear;
3. Do you love us, Pa-pa Dar-ling, Would you see your loved ones blest,

See the smiles of cheer and com-fort, Feel the joys of peace and rest,
Nights of sor-row long and wea-ry Aged our hearts and quenched our cheer:
Ea- ger souls in rapt-ure cher- ish All the no- blest, pur- est, best;

Would you drive a-way life's sad- ness, See dread poverty's stings re-moved,
All our hopes for joy- ous giv- ing. All our plans for children's good,
Minds in wis-dom's truth e'er growing, Hearts in- spired with ev'-ry good,

Would you fill each heart with gladness? Join in Socialist Broth- er- hood.
We may re-al- ize, no, nev- er, Till the Socialist Broth- er- hood.
Life with boundless wealth o'er-flowing? Join in Socialist Broth- er- hood.
Song of The New Rebellion.

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

1. We sing the songs of Truth and Love, That all the world may hear them,
2. Against us Tyrants wield their power And hope their night to lengthen;
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 beginning!
Sing love of right, sing hate of wrong, Sing loud the new world-story.

When sound the calls of Love and Truth 'Twere craven not to heed them!
Our prison doorway 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 freedom's cause we give,— We men who freedom cherish;

Come, follow, age! Come, follow, youth! Come, beat a path for Freedom!
Each Tyranny but serves to make New rebels of dissenters.
The fool's and Tyrant's is the night; To man belongs the morn-ing!
Our life we give that right may live, Our life that wrong may perish!
Onward, Faithful Comrades.

Harvey P. Moyer.

Onward, Christian Soldiers.

1. Onward, faithful comrades, Rest not in the fray Till the light before us Breaks in glorious day; Ignorance dark is fading, 'Scoffers nit - ing, Conquerors of the world; Un-just claims de - ny - ing, Mammon's king - dom Ev - er more shall reign; Brother - hood our watch - word, Naught can

2. Mighty hosts are com - ing, Vic-t'ry's flag un - furled, Brothers true u - stay its pow'r, All for each and each for all will Blessings all o'er-show'r.

3. Sel-fish-ness must per - ish, Wrong will strive in vain, For love's pow'r and stay its pow'r, All for each and each for all will Blessings all o'er-show'r.

4. Forward, then, all peo - ple, Join our earnest throng, Blend with ours your pow'rs must fall, Truth and jus-tice wrong de - fy - ing, Comfort, joy for all.

CHO - RUS.

On - ward, faith-ful com - rades, Rest not in the fray,
1. Saith man to man, we've heard and known
That we no master need.

2. And we, shall we, too, crouch and quail;
A-shamed, a-fraid of strife;

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?

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.
1. Just a few more sorrows, Just a few more tears, Few more
sad to-mor-rows, Few more bit-ter years; For the day is
shat-tered i-dols, Few more hopes in vain; For hard hearts are
woes some lon-ger, Plans and pros-pects slain; For the sleep-er

dawn-ing, Lo, the Sun of Good Fills all earth with peace and
melt-ing, Strong grows Broth-er-hood; Kin-dred needs will lead the
wak-eth, Sees the glo-rious light; Broth-ers joined shall save the

love, All hearts with Broth-er-hood, Lov-ing Broth-er-hood.
world Thro’ love to kin-dred good, U-ni-ver-sal good,
world Thro’ jus-tice, truth, and right, Ev-er-last-ing right.

Copyright, 1906, by Harvey P. Moyer
Hard Times.

Last stanza by HARVEY F. MOYER, STEPHEN C. FOSTER

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 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 MARSHAM.  Music by HARVEY P. MOYER.

1. The crest and crowning of all good, Life's final star is Brotherhood;
2. Come, clear the way, then clear the way: Blind creeds and kings have had their day.

For it will bring again to Earth Her long-lost Poetry and mirth;
Break the dead branches from the path: Our hope is in the aftermath—
Will send new light on every face, A kingly power upon the
Our hope is in heroic men, Starred to build the world a-

And till it come, we men are slaves, And travel
Again. To this Event the ages ran: Make way for

downward to the dust of graves.

(Omit.) .............. Brotherhood—make way for Man.

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-tlist 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-sel-ler's home, No want shall their
For sat-ins and sup-pers and plea-sures 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-pression, star-va-tion, and crime, Turn heav-en to

plea-sures e'er mar. What mat-ters that oth-ers must starve, That mothers must
gold she may see; What mat-ters that daugh-ters, 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 daughters 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-piness, peace, wealth, and comfort to all,
Hell's Bargains.

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

Love's Victory.

By HARVEY P. MOYER.

Air—After the Ball is Over. Key B♭.

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.
The Grand Consummation.

Solo, con espressione. Words and Music by JOHN S. NORRIS.

1. Oh! how sad are our present conditions, Cre-a-tive of crime and of strife,
   When the strong of the weak take advantage, De-mand-ing their mon-ey and life;
   So the toilers grow faint and discouraged, And pleasure is ban-ished by pain;
   And es-tab-lished for-ev-er the na-tion In con-ditions which all will ap-prove?

2. The things men must have grow more costly, And work is oft sought for in vain;
   But a chance to live workers are beg-ging, Of-ten re-ciev-ing a pit-tance for pay
   Now since Heaven has kindly pro-vi-ded An a-bun-dance for all here below;
   Then forsake the old der-e-lict parties, Cast your ballots for freedom and right,

3. Would you soon reach the grand consummation When all will be governed by love,
   For a chance to live workers are beg-ging, Oft re-ciev-ing a pit-tance for pay
   Now since Heaven has kindly pro-vi-ded An a-bun-dance for all here below;
   Then forsake the old der-e-lict parties, Cast your ballots for freedom and right,

CHORUS.

Op-posing with truth ev'ty wrong,

While their i-dle exploiters have plen-ty And in lux-u-ry live ev'-ry day.
Let us each in our hearts be determined That op-pressive conditions must go.
So justice shall blot out in-just-i-ce And the future be gladsome and bright.

In-spired with a love all ab-sorb-ing, Op-posing with truth ev'ty wrong,

Copyright, 1905, by John S. Norris.
The Grand Consummation.

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

56 HABEY P. MOYER. Home. My Ain Countrie.—Scotch Air.

1. I am far from my home, and my heart is sad today. Sighing
   for the fond caresses of the dear ones far away;
   heart is filled with longing for the end with joy at last, love's great
   joys of home again: 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 nights grow long with weeping, weary waiting better days.
   Oh, the hearts grow faint with longing, promised joys bring but de.ays;
   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.

Music used by permission of the Biglow & Main Co., owners of the Copyright.
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 sabre, We, the sturdy sons of Labor,
   Long in wrath and des-pair a-tion, Long in hun-ger, shame, priva-tion,
   Now, dis-dain-ing use-less sorrow, Hope from brighter tho'ts we'll bor-row;

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 de-gra-dation Of the rich man's spite,
   Oft-ten shines the fairest mor-row After stormiest night.

   Tyrant hearts, take fore us! Wives and babes implore us;
   So firm we stand in heart and hand, And warn-ing! Nobler days are dawning;
   He-roic deeds, sub-limer creeds, Shall swell the daunt-less chorus: Men of Labor, young or hoary,
   Would ye win a her-ald Free-dom's morning! Men of Labor, young or hoary,

   Would ye win a name in sto-ry? Strike for home, for life, for glory! Jus-tice, Free-dom, Right!
   Would ye win a name in sto-ry? Strike for home, for life, for glory! God shall help the Right!
Singing To-night.

HARVEY P. MOYER.

HARRISON.—Arr. by THORO HARRIS.

1. We're singing tonight songs of hope and cheer, Of the brighter, bet- ter way,
2. We sing of the Broth-er- hood of Man, Of friendship, truth, and love,
3. "Man's in- hu- man-i - ty to man" Shall cease the wide world o'er,
4. Then all the world for all shall be, And each its wealth en- joy,
5. Come, brothers, feel each broth-er's care, Class love all class strife cease,
Our Comrades' Call.*

Words and Music by Harvey P. Moyer.

1. Wake, broth-ers, wake, O hear your comrades' call, Wake from your
2. Wake, broth-ers, wake, And heed the warn-ing sign, Wrong's might-y
3. Wake, broth-ers, wake, And vic-t'ry soon is ours, Lo, o'er the

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

Why suf-fering, wrongs, and tears? Lo, from their chains your
Grows stern op-pres-sion's sway; Shall toil-ers yield for
Shall win all men ere long; Van-quished in-jus-tice,

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 plot-ting knaves Steal life and lib-er-ty?
Wrong'd and suf奋ing plead in vain, And none their wrongs a-tone?
All the world for all man-kind, The Gold-en Age of Time!

brothers' wrongs, their wants and woes Ar-rouse from sleep of years!

years! Rise in your pow'r of right and num-bers, too, And sleep of years!

peace-ful vote World-Broth-er-hood, Win wealth and free-dom 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 dispels all rain, Earth's treasures for all God has given, Nor preference can one justly care; Let none suffer anxious tomorrow's With plenty for all and to

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

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

none e'er arrayed; So the gems and the flow'rs 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,
Life Bountiful and Beautiful.

CHORUS.

Speak the glories of man's rich estate.
Were planned for man's pleasure alone. As free as the birds of the heavens, As pure as the lilies so gay, As the beauty of

61 Assurance.*

Words and Music by HARVEY P. MOYER.

If a body saw a body Turn the world awry,
If a body found a body Robbed and left to die,
If a body saw a body Poor and knew not why,
If some bodies helped all bodies, Lifting all up high,

If some body stopped that body, Need we waste a sigh?
If a body saved that body, Would he question why?
If we made him rich and happy, Should some body cry?
If we thus can save each other, Should we fear to try?

*May be sung to "Coming Through the Rye."
1. The Socialist hosts are gath'ring fast, We're going to win, we're going to win!
2. Greed's cruel sway stirs ev'ry 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 deep'ning 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.
Tho' cowards flinch and traitors sneer,
We'll keep the red flag flying high.

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 ages is here? True hearts will leap up at the trumpet of God, And dreamers toss and sigh; The night is darkest before the dawn, In the travail of souls is Freedom born.}

2. Gather you, gather you, angels of God,—Freedom and Plague and War; I-dle-ness, Bigotry, Cant, and Misrule, those who can suffer can dare. Each old age of gold was an iron age, too, And the meekest of saints may find stern work to do.

3. Gather you, gather you, hounds of hell—Famine and a-ges is here! True hearts will leap up at the trumpet of God, And Gather, and fall in the snare! Hireling, Mammonite. those who can suffer can dare. Each old age of gold was an iron age, too, And the meekest of saints may find stern work to do.

4. Who'd sit down and sigh for a lost age of gold, While the Lord of all ages is here? True hearts will leap up at the trumpet of God, And dare. Each old age of gold was an iron age, too, And the meekest of saints may find stern work to do.
The Day of the Lord is at Hand.

1. Work for the day is dawning, Darkness shall flee away,
   Love's light and pow'r abounding Bring heaven's perfect day;
   Fill ev'ry heart with music, Light ev'ry darkened way;
   Work for the day is dawning, Haste Love's reign for aye.

2. Work for the day is dawning, Lay'ing oppression low,
   End'ing its crime and sorrow, Sin, disease, and woe;
   End dread competition, End'ing its strife and war,
   Work for the day is dawning, Haste Love's peaceful hour.

3. Work for the day is dawning, Bring'ing the "Kingdom come,"
   Fill'ing the earth with gladness, Blend'ing all hearts in one;
   All happy brother workers, Worry and want no more,
   Work for the day is dawning, Eden's heav'n restore.

Copyright, 1905, by Harvey P. Moyer.

Words and Music by HARVEY P. MOYER.
### Brotherhood-Love

**Harvey P. Moyer.**

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

Heaven'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
Power withstand, Brotherhood Love.

No poverty nor fear,
No wrong and not a tear,
Heaven beginning here,
Brotherhood Love.

---

### Life's Uncertainties

**Harvey P. Moyer.**

1. Why life's uncertainties, No comforts sure, strife, care, distress;
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;

**Selvin. Arr. by H. P. M.**
Life's Uncertainties.

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 people bless, What wonders love hath wrought!

69

Freedom Day.

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

Old Welsh Air.

1. Haste, oh haste, de-light-ful morn-ing Of that glo-rious free-dom day,
When from earth's re-mot-est bor-ders Tyr-an-ny has passed a-way.

2. When we shall for serv-ice ren-der Serv-ice of an e-qual worth,
Then will all man-kind be brothers, Heav'n will then have come to earth.

3. In that day there'll be no mas-ter. No man that will serve as slave,
All man-kind a band of brothers, Friends, the name that all will have.

4. Cru-el war will then be o-ver, And the ol-ive branch of peace,
Will from shame and hate and mur-der Bring to all a sweet re-lease.

REFRAIN.

Ev-er grow-ing, Swift-ly flow-ing Like a might-y riv-er,
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,
2. When love all hearts with rapture fills, And drives all hate away,
3. Then wrong shall end and sorrow cease, And sighing be no more,
4. Let truth and love all hearts unite, Earth's blessings none denied,

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 evermore.
A foretaste true of Heaven above, God's purpose satisfied.

Love's Vision.

1. On love's commanding heights I stand And with prophet's eye,
2. Then fields will laugh with golden grain, All need-ed wants supplied,
3. When shall this happy land be ours, Its pleasures all en joy,
   When shall we change our burdened hours For wealth and life and joy?

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

That com-forts rich and pleas-uress true Man-kind may all ob-tain.
His chil-dren all in un-ion dwell, His bless-ings all shall share.
Nor rest un-til God's chil-dren all Shall feast on His de-lights.

Welcome! Welcome!
(From the German.)

1. Wel-come, wel-come is the gree-ting Which this day we give our friends;
2. Love is still our rich-est treas-ure; Cast-ing out each earth-born fear;
3. Like the sun our feel-ings glow-ing, Clothe these hap-py hours in light;
4. Shin-ing truth and heav-ily 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 pleas-ure beam on all who gath-er here.
Like the sun, when we are go-ing, Let us leave a ra-diance bright.
Gild the twi-light hour of sad-ness With a ra-diance from a-bove.

CHORUS.

Hands of cheer and hearts sin-cere, Find we in our com-rades 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' compe-tition's strain,
3. Come, la-brers, weary of your life Of strife and toil and pain;
4. Ye colored friends, who north nor south Your rights nor jus-tice gain;
5. Come, Christians, heed your Master's will, The Gold-en Rule maintain;

When all God's bless-ing each shall share, And nev-er want a-gain,
Come, join the Peo-ple's Trust and live, And nev-er want a-gain.
Vote in the Broth-er-hood of Man, And nev-er want a-gain.
Come, work for free-dom, real and true, And nev-er want a-gain.
Help bring His prom-ised King-dom in, So none shall want a-gain.

CHORUS.

Solo. 2nd Voice.

1st Voice.

What, nev-er want a-gain? No, nev-er want a-gain;

2nd Voice.

1st Voice.

What, nev-er want a-gain? No, nev-er want a-gain;

Quartet.

rit.

For all God's bless-ings each shall share, And nev-er, nev-er want a-gain.

* For Male Quartet let first Tenor take Alto an octave higher, singing first part as Solo with humming accompaniment.
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 transfigures you and me;
Die to selfishness, injustice, rise to duty, love anew;

He has loosed the fateful lighting of His terrible swift sword,
Oh, be 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.

Hallelujah! Glory! glory! Hallelujah! 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

crowd us in - to wrong, Life will o-ver-flow with song, When the Kingdom comes.

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.

Quartet.

Chorus, faster.—Bass prominent first two measures.

Draw- ing near-er is the Kingdom, Clad in beauty it will soon appear;

Drawing ever 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 fore-gleams of its matchless glory!

Copyright, 1905, by John S. Norris. Used by per.
Love's Paradise.

HARVEY P. MOYER.

Juanita.

1. Love's tasks grow dearer, Dear-er far than self-ish 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 beart and voice; Bringing joy and comfort, Binding stronger friendship's tie,
In earth's hap - pi - ness; All op-pres-sion end-ed, All its sor-rows, broken ties,
Life and love so free; Naught can save the nations But thy lov-ing, brother ties,

REFRAIN.

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

Grow love's ten-der, helpful ties, Near-er, yes, near-er, Draws our par-a-dise.
Grow love's sweetest, joyful ties, Near-er, yes, near-er, Draws our par-a-dise.
Grow thy ten-der, lov-ing ties, Near-er, yes, near-er, Draws our par-a-dise.
1. She stood without the door, While the storm was raging wild; In loving arms she clasped Her cold and starving child; In

3. Lord, must it ever be Of Thy bounties rich and free De-

vain from dawn to dark Her bread to earn she plead; With-
ther, thy people wake, To the love to all, they owe, Till

in was joy and life, Without, the cold, the dead; With-
wrong and want shall cease, And Heav'n shall reign below; Till

Copyright, 1905, by Harvey P. Moyer.
Heaven's Gateway.

And Heaven shall reign below.

2. "Father, forgive," she cried, "Thy people's wrongs on earth; Receive my weary soul." And sank in snowy death. Aggrieved, His suffering poor Shared naught of earth's rich store, The Heavenly Father heard, And opened wide Heaven'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!

Words and Music by JOHN S. NORRIS.

1. Awake! awake! O church of God! And gird thee for the fray; The battle fight, the vic-t'ry win, In this thy glorious day. The great Commander thee shall lead 'Gainst eco-nomic wrong; Its certain doom has been foretold. For this the nations long.

2. All other wrongs are streams which flow From this de-stroy-tive whole, Which throws its blight o'er ev 'ry life And taints and blasts the soul. Too long thine eyes have blinded been By this great, cruel foe; Make haste and gird thine armor on, And forth to conquest go.

3. Awake! awake! O church of God! And hearken to his call; Ne'er cease thy task till the great Commander theeshall lead'Gainst ev 'ry life And taints and blasts the soul. Has abundance given; 'Tis thine to see His will is done On earth as 'tis in heav'n.

CHORUS.

March on, nor fal-ter in the fight! The vict'ry thine shall be!

March on, nor fal - ter in the glorious fight, The vic - t'ry thine, yes, surely thine shall be!

With con-fi-dence proclaim the right, The truth shall make men free.

Copyright, 1905, by John S. Norris. Used by permission.
March to the Morning.

Words and Music by Mrs. ORMISTON CHANT.

Quick March.

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

2. The land behind is cov-ered With bod-ies of the dead; The young, the

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

seen the hosts of God Are with us in the fight. O! Brothers, do not beau-

ti-ful, the brave Down-trampled, vanquished. O! ye who stand

flames up-on the dark For us, as them of old. It shone up-on our

fal - ter, 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 righteousness,

_f_ CHORUS.

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

waits 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.

Copyright. 1936, by Harvey P. Moyer.

1. Can we be our brother's keep-er, And not care for all? Can we be our
   Fa-ther's children, And not share His all? Can we live the Father's love,
   Love the Son hath giv'n,
2. Hear the cry of Rus-sian mar-tyrs, 'Tis our brothers' cry; Lo, their blood as-
   Bounteous stores He's giv'n; Ev'ry child commands God's love,
   Save, as broth-ers, all help oth-ers, Earth like
3. 'Wake, awake, O Church, awake, And let God's will be done; Mil- lions need-y,
   all God's blessings giv'n.
   Lack we but Love's Brother-hood, To change earth's
   Rest and love like that a-bove, Sad earth made

CHORUS.

un-to Heav'n! 'Wake, awake, O Church, awake! Heed the Master's call! In
hell to heav'n. { self - ish life be cru-ci - fied, To all His blessings giv'n, His

all the world His love un-furled, He lived and died for all; Let
kingdom come, His will be done. (Omit.)


Copyright. 1936, by Harvey P. Moyer.
The Master's Call.

I. On earth as 'tis in Heaven, Let His kingdom come, Let His will be done.

II

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,

Let the Christ anew be sons of God:

Vain did selfish pow'rs assail, Naught could Hate and Death prevail,

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 Brotherhood, Holy Brotherhood.

Copyright, 1906, by Harvey P. Moyer.
Young Men, Awake!*
Solos 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,
   But alas! our E!d-er Broth-er Left His bless-ed home a-bove.
2. Or has in vain our Eld-er Broth-er Left His bless-ed home a-bove
   And shall we dai-ly pray His king-dom Come on earth, His will be done,
3. Ye no-ble sons, who seek God's pleasure, Help bring His promised Kingdom here;
   And yet with-hold a broth-er's por- tion, Spoil and wound each help-less one,
4. 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-ri-fi- cial love,

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 un-i-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,
   For well I know a'bove the wave The God of love has pow'r to save:
   And calm and peaceful is my sleep, Love, truth divine their vigil keep,

2. Tho' sorrows sad op-press my soul, Earth's want and woe swift o'er me roll;
   And life seems dark, its shadows deep, Behind the clouds the stars ne'er sleep:
   And calm and peaceful is my sleep, Love, truth divine their vigil keep.

I know that men will heed the call To jus-tice, freedom, cheer for all;
I know that wrong and grief must cease, The Sun of Right-eous-ness 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.
There's a love all supreme, strong and tender, Which the Father divine from above Sent for all that through its transformation, All might dwell in His free, 'Twas a life full of love spent for others, God's example for down.

With His will done on earth as in heaven. The millennium our kingdom of love; If this love filled our hearts to overflowing, Conqu'ring you and for me; If our life were this life lived sincerely, Every labor will crown; But this work needs our constant endeavor, Blotting 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 kingdom of heav'n be estab - lished, out wrongs that wreck rich and poor, Till our Father's rich blessings un - measured

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. 21:1-5; 3 Malachi 3:10.
Love's Transformation.

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 ev-er-more.

Henry Van Dyke.

Labor.

J. B. Dykes.

1. They who tread the path of labor,
   They who work for man’s sustain-ing,
2. Where the many toil together,
   Where the tired workman sleepeth,
3. I, the peace that passeth knowledge,
   I, the bread of heav’n am bro ken
4. Ev’ry task, how-ev-er sim- ple,
   Ev-ry deed of love and mer-cy

Fol-low where my feet have trod;
Do the ho-ly will of God,
There am I with him a-lone.
There am I among my own;
Dwell a-mid the dai-ly strife.
In the sac-ra-ment of life.
Sets the soul that does it free;
Done to man is done to me.
I am with thee ev-ry-where;
Cleave the wood and I am there.
Raise the stone and thou shalt find me;
Raise the stone and thou shalt find me;
Heaven.*

Words and Music by HARVEY P. MOYER.

1. We oft-en hear of a heav'n-ly home, Of a coun-try far a-way,
   There is no want in that heav'nly land, No sor-row, strife, nor care,
   There mansions grand are free for all, The streets are paved pure gold,
   There all live pure in broth-er-hood, Our Fa-ther's chil-dren true,
   Oh, why not have God's will be done, On earth as 'tis in heav'n,

   Where all is joy and peace and love, And ev-er glo-rious day.
   For all en-joy God's bless-ing-s rich, His bounties free-ly share.
   Of all its glo ries, hap-pi-ness, Not half has e'er been told.
   No wrong nor sin to mar life's best, True love all hearts im-模糊.
   His prom-ised king-dom come right now, Its bless-ing-s here be giv'n?

CHORUS.

   We oft-en sing of that heav'nly land, That coun-try far a-way,
   Why on-ly sing of that heav'nly land, That coun-try far a-way?

   But why not have heav'n here and now, And live in it ev-ry day?
   Oh, let us have heav'n here and now, And live in it ev-ry day.

Copyright, 1905, by Harvey P. Moyer.

Our Battle Song.

March movement.

Quartet and Chorus.

Words and Music by John S. Norris.

1. Our might-y host is marching on, The world for all, we claim; This is our
2. Our glorious host is fighting now, With pow'r divine e'er giv'n; For truth and
3. Our loy-al host is gathering fast; "With chari-ty for all", We'll help the

great Cre-a-tor'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 roy-al
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 thrusts a-side all fear; The foe will yield on ev'-ry field, The vic-to-
flag, Our in-sti-tu-tions grand; May righteousness the nations bless, Heav'n guard our

Copyright, 1905, by John S. Norris. Used by permission.
The Vision of Faith.

Words and Music by E. F. STANTON.

1. By faith I see the early dawn Of free-dom's glorious reign,
2. And la-bor, now by men de-spised And shunned as some vile thing,
3. Then wom-an shall her heights at-tain, Man's "helpmeet" true in-deed.

The flag of truth o'er earth shall wave, And free the world from pain;
Will then be du-ly crowned by all As earth's most no-ble king;
And from her cru-el serv-i-tude She'll be for-ev-er freed;

The par-a-sites, who naught produce, Who live by rob-bing men,
And la-b'ers, who for oth-ers toil And bow to them the while,
Class ha-tred, mal-ice, strife shall cease, The wea-ry find re-pose;

Will bow be-fore the la-b'er's God, Con-fess their ev-ry sin.
Will stand e-rect, de-mand their own, And dai-ly sing and smile.
The earth shall ring with mel-o-dy, And blos-som 'as the rose.

The wi-ly statesmen, who, for gold, Be-tray their sac-red trust,
Then help-less chil-dren, now com-pelled To toil for dai-ly bread,
The Church will then be free to preach The gos-pel of her Lord.
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.

Words and Music by HARVEY P. MOYER.

ALTO SOLO. Andante.

Lo, the lit-tle chil-dren cry for bread, Shall we give them a stone?

Shall we fill their lives with heav-i-ness, Blight their young and tender years,

Turn their sun-shine in-to darkest night, Change their joys to bit-ter tears?

IS not the earth with boun- tics filled, E-nough for each and all?

Copyright, 1907, by Harvey P. Moyer.
The Children's Cry.

And shall we see the need-y 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

CHORUS.

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

dim.

UNISON.—"1st time Sopranos, 2nd time tenors.

fall and die! Where is the love that filled the hearts of yore?

dim.

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

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

Justice, wrong, and crime, End want and woe in ev'ry land and
heed glad freedom's call, With bonds of love we're joined 'gainst pov'ry's

cline, 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 peo-ple's good.
cheer. Earth's bounteous cheer Rest, com-fort, 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

[Brother-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.

A-wake, a-wake, The day is dawning bright, A-

A-wake, a-wake,
Awake, arise, And gird you for the fight! Your foes shall
Awake, arise,

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 perm.
Comrades, Awake!

Glo - ry shall crown the right, Er - ror shall fall; Jus - tice, the wide world o'er, Shall reign o'er all; Naught can our pow'r with-stand, All wrong must cease; So shall this crime-curs'd earth Find rest and peace.

Gird on your ar - mor, Oh, sons of might, Cease not to bat-tle,

By day or night; So, by our bal-lots, Fall-ing like the kindness, We shall o-ver-come the foe.
Comrades, Awake!

The Beautiful Dawn.

March Movement.

Words and Music by John S. Norris.

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

self for the fray, With assurance that, aided of Heaven, pressure 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

CHORUS.

O the night has been dark and dreary, How we've longed for the coming day; Now the beautiful dawn is breaking And the shadows flee away. How we've longed

Now the beau-tiful dawn is breaking And the shadows flee a-way.

Now the beau-ti-ful

How we've longed
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.

2. Why mothers weeping 'lone For son or daughter gone? In bloody field his
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
life and light, In Brotherhood's great might; Let's heed the Socialist call, Give

doubts and fears as sail? When generous earth with peace and mirth In
vice and filth and sloth? Why life distrest, when joy and rest Would
life, our strength, our all, Earth's happiness all people bless, Re-

Brotherhood we'd share.

warm all hearts congealed? For homes of joy and love, For earth like heav'n a-
deemed in glad delight.

bove, For the beautiful 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, 1906, 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 be 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.
The Great Awakening.
A Socialist Easter Anthem.

Words and Music by Harvey P. Moyer.

Up from the tomb of their sorrow and gloom, shall the people arise;
Out from the darkness of poverty 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,

Dit-t er tears for eart h's glad de-light; The eart h's glad de-light.
The Great Awakening.

UNISON. f and Deliberate.

But truth fails not for - ev - er; The pow’r of light, love, jus-tice,

right Shall burst the tomb. They shall a - rise, They shall a - rise,

They shall a - rise! { Up from the tomb of their sor - row and gloom,

{ Up to the light from the dark-ness of night,

With mighty pow’r shall the peo - ple a - rise; Shall all the peo - ple a-

rise; The peo - ple shall a - rise, The peo - ple shall a - rise.
Our Father in Heaven.

HARVEY P. MOYER.

1. Our Fa- ther in heav-en, We hal-low thy name, Thou
2. Of Thy boun-ties a - bun-dant, May we dai-ly be fed, None thro'
3. Lead not in temp-ta-tion, De-liv-er from sin, Thy

world's great Cre-a-tor, Re-deem-er the same; Thy will guide and
sel-fish ad- van-tage De-priv'd of their bread; Our debts to our
love, truth, and mer-cy Make all pure with-in; In Thy broth-er-hood
lead us Thro' path-ways of love, Till earth be Thy king-dom Like
broth-ers, Un-paid, oh, for-give, Thy good-ness in-spire us Our
king-dom, Our lives all di-vine, The pow'r and the glo-ry For-

Heav-en a-bove, Till earth be Thy king-dom Like Heav-en a-bove.
no-blest to live, Thy good-ness in-spire us, Our no-blest to live.
ev-er be Thine, The pow'r and the glo-ry For-ev-er be Thine.
**The Kingdom.**

The Socialism of the Bible in Song.

Words selected by HARVEY P. MOYER.  
Solo—Alto.  
Music by HARVEY P. MOYER.

Who-so hath this world’s goods, and seeing his brother have need, steels his heart against him; how dwelleth the love of God in him; How dwelleth the love of God in him, For if a man say, I love God, and hateth his brother, he is a liar, he is a liar, 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.

Copyright, 1905, by Harvey P. Moyer.

(1)
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 be-hold a-mong my 
Jer. 5: 25-29.

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,therefore, there-fore they are become 
great and waxen rich. They have healed the hurt of my peo-ple slightly, slightly, 
Jer. 6:14.
The Kingdom

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,

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

Isa. 5:8.
The Kingdom.

laying field unto field, binding on men's shoulders burdens heavy and grievous to be

Duet.

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
Matt. 23: 33.

vi-pers, ye serpents, ye that call evil good, and good evil; ye makers of unrighteous de-
Isa. 5: 20.

crees, ye writers of perverseness, ye tak-ers of bribes, ye forgetters of the
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

Unison.—Deliberate.

*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.

Then why are ye silent, my people, and why cast down, and why cast down? For the Lord shall not fail nor be discouraged, 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.

of that land I will re- move in one day.* For the earth is the Lord's, and the
Zechariah 3:9, 10; Rev. 18:8, 10, 17.

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 hast
Ps. 50:10.

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

it shall not be sold forever; 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 charmed, and every legislative body may be controlled within five years after the majority of the people so will and unitedly 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.
no respecter of persons. Then shall the earth yield her increase; seed-time and

harvest shall not cease, and God, even our own God, shall bless us. Then there shall

be no more tears, nor sorrows, nor sighing, nor any more poor or needy among you. They shall not build and another

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
There has become, therefore, the world’s wonderful and beautiful promise, that is to a fulfillment, “And 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. 89:5.

For he cometh, he cometh to judge the earth, with righteousness shall he rule, and the people of the world, and the people, the people, shall praise him.

Ps. 96:9.

That rule is the correct biblical interpretation of the word “judge” in this passage. It 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 God gave him the nations on earth,” in the corresponding passage, Psalm 72:8. It is quite evident, therefore, that this wonderful and beautiful promise, that is to a fulfillment, that the world has become the Rev. 11:15. 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.

The Kingdom.
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.
And in ev'ry nation he that rev'rences God, and worketh righteousness, is accepted with Him. For in-as-much as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me.

For faith, empty faith, faith without works is dead, But love, brother love, fully sat-is-fies the (Omit) law.

Then be do-ers of the word and not hear-ers on-ly, and not hear-ers on-ly, deceiving your own selves. Do unto others as ye would that they should do unto

The Kingdom.*

you. Then seek ye first his kingdom and his righteousness; and all these things shall be added
Matt. 6: 33.

unto you. Love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, soul, and mind and thy neighbor as if he
Matt. 22: 37, 39.

were thou thyself. Oh, Lord, give me neither poverty nor riches; feed me with the bread of my portion
Prov. 30: 8, 9.

lest 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-
Isa. 26: 9, 32: 16, 17.

* 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
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 heaven. Oh, verify thy promises,

When mercy and truth are met together, righteousness and peace have kissed 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. — Dr. Joshlah Strong, The Next Great Awakening, Pages 12, 15, 81, 82, 83. (13)
Socialist Marching Song.

JOHN SPARBO.

HARVEY P. MUYK.

1. On-ward ye hosts! Sound loud the battle cry! March bravely on with banners gleam-ing red! March bravely on, with banners gleaming red. See, the foe weakens. 

2. March, Comrades, March! There gleams against the sky The promise true: Our chains shall broken be! The promise true, our chains shall broken be. Sound loud the an-them! fills the sky! The day is here! Its glory fills the sky. 

3. Onward with song! Rejoice, the night is past! The day is here! Its glo - ry in the fight! The her-oes call to cheer you in the fight! The heroes call to cheer you.

4. Onward with faith! Hark! From their restless graves The nations rise at last to break their chains! 

Vic-to-ry 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 uncoun- ted slaves Wait for their freedom, on your sacred might! On, Comrades, 

On! Let this the slogan be, "We will not rest un - til the world is free!" On! The cause of freedom gains, The nations rise at last to break their chains! On! The liv-ing and the dead Join in the triumph of our ban-ner red! On! Nor rest nor halt must be, Un - til the last slave of the earth is free.

Copyright, 1910, by The Co-Operative Printing Company.
Unite, Men!

F. N. M., H. F. 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 Brotherhood; 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 Brotherhood, Bid us save in glad Brotherhood!

All the world one glad Brotherhood, All the world one glad Brotherhood!

Chorus.

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

Unite, men! Unite, men! Join for Liberty!

Unite, men, unite!

Copyright, 1910, by The Co-Operative Printing Company.
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. Brenholz.

"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. B. Roe, 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, Idaho.

"I like your song book very much and will try to get it introduced in the locals of Oklahoma and Indian Territory."—J. E. Snyder.

"'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 Mass. 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.
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)