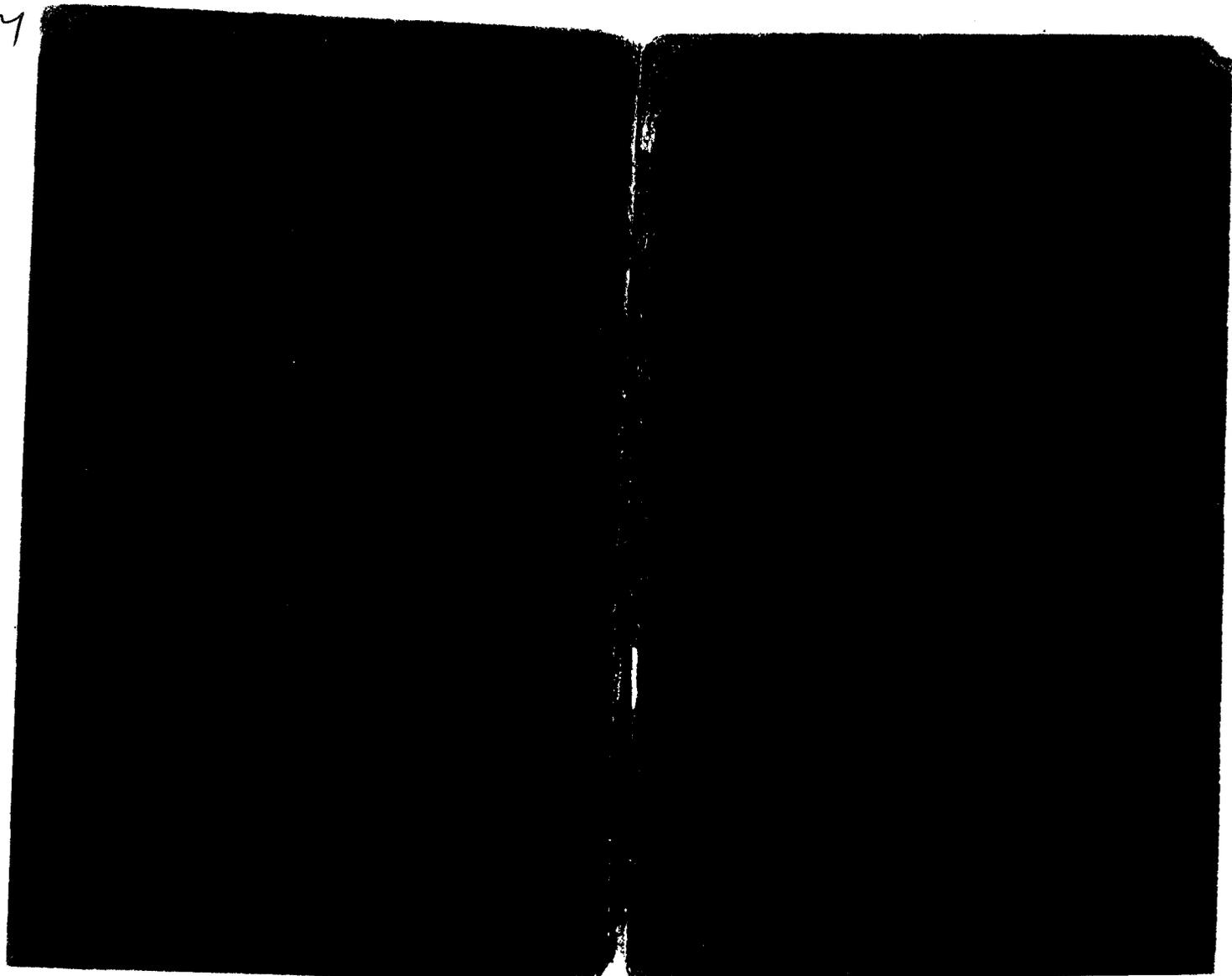


definitely later than 1909 and
before 1912, say 1910-11

The Socialist Party
Affiliated w. the
SFA

Socialist
Songs



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To the Stranger.

What is the Socialist Party?

The Socialist Party of Victoria was founded in Melbourne in 1905, as the Social Questions Committee, and later given its present name. It stands for the Socialisation of Ownership, and the Abolition of Wage Slavery. These things accomplished, the emancipation of the working class will be fact instead of ideal.

The Socialist Party is part of the Socialist Federation of Australasia, which is affiliated with the International Socialist Bureau at Brussels. The Party therefore endorses the object and statement of the S.F.A.

The Party is "revolutionary" in the sense that it seeks a New Economic Order, and the destruction of Capitalism. It is capitalism which holds the workers in bondage.

The Party advocates Industrial Unionism, or the organising of the working class in harmony with industrial development, rather than by crafts or trades, and with the goal of Working Class Supremacy upon the basis of the Class Struggle.

If you are ready to hear more about these things the opportunity is at hand.

The Socialist Party owns and issues the "Socialist." You can purchase it.

The Socialist Party holds meetings every Sunday night at the Bijou Theatre. You can attend them.

The Socialist Party runs propaganda meetings each Saturday night and Sunday afternoon. You can be in the crowd at them.

Furthermore, the Socialist Party holds lectures, etc., every Wednesday night at its hall, 283 Elizabeth-street; it conducts a speakers' and economic class every Tuesday night; it has a choir and an orchestra, and a brass band; it addresses public meetings, speaks for its principles in trades unions and friendly societies, sends speakers to country districts, and organises functions whose sociality is as marked as their utility in operations.

The Socialist Party conducts a Sunday School every Sunday afternoon, at the Guild Hall, Swanston-street, under an efficient corps of teachers, whose speciality is child culture, and who comprehend the message of science for childhood.

The Socialist Party has a library and literature depot, and sells the world's best printed matter in the arena of sociology.

The Party has paid officers, but its procedure is essentially Democratic. Monthly general meetings are held, and an executive committee meets once a week at least.

The membership is one shilling monthly for gentlemen, and sixpence for ladies.

If you are interested, you can gain any further information at the Party's hall.

If you would be a factor in promoting thought, in educational activity, in winning better conditions, we shall be glad of your co-operation.

SOCIALIST SONGS.



1. THE RED FLAG.

Tune—"The White Cockade."

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

CHORUS—

Then raise the scarlet standard high!
Within its shade we'll live and die.
Though cowards flinch and traitors sneer,
We'll keep the Red Flag flying here.

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

The Switzer's bold and Austrians too,
Italia's sons and Belgians true,
The Swedes, the Danes, and Dutchmen all,
Will by the Red Flag stand or fall.

In Greece, in Norway, and in Spain,
In Poland, too, they shout again;
Australia joins the loud Hurrah,
And so does now South Africa.

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 colour now.

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.

It suits to-day 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.

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!

—Jim Connell.

2. THERE SOUNDS A CALL.

Tune—"Watch on the Rhine."

There sounds a call from land to land—
Ye poor give one another hand!
Then bid a halt to tyranny,
And from your slavish yoke break free!

CHORUS—

The battle cry low rolleth by,
The battle cry low rolleth by,
The banner red doth float on high;
So striving live, or fighting die.

We wish for freedom, peace, our right
That no one slave in other's might,
That all mankind to work be bound,
That bread for each be somewhere found.

You bring to others goods and gold,
Yet naught for self can ever hold,
Man scorning laughs you in the face,
And feareth not the judgment place.

Then up, then up, courageous band,
The storm breaks loose upon the land,
A shout from thousand throats assists,
And high to heaven are clenched our fists.

—H. Greulich (translated by J. L. Joynes).

3. THE MARSEILLAISE.

Ye sons of freedom, wake to glory!
Hark! hark! what myriads bid you rise!
Your children, wives, and grandsires hoary,
Behold their tears and hear their cries—
Behold their tears and hear their cries.
Shall hateful tyrants, mischief breeding,
With hireling hosts, a ruffian band,
Affright and desolate the land,
Whilst Peace and Liberty lie bleeding?

To arms! to arms! ye brave!
The avenging sword unsheath!
March on! march on!
All hearts resolved
On liberty or death!

With luxury and pride surrounded,
The vile, insatiate despots dare—
Their thirst for pride and power un-
bounded—

To mete and vend the light and air;
To mete and vend the light and air.
Like beasts of burden would they load us;
Like gods would bid their slaves adore—
But man is man, and who is more?
Then shall they longer lash and goad us?

O Liberty! can man resign thee,
Once having felt thy generous flame?
Can dungeons, bolts, or bars confine thee,
Or whips thy noble spirit tame?—
Or whips thy noble spirit tame?
Too long the world has wept bewailing.
That falsehood's dagger tyrants wield;
But Freedom is our sword and shield,
And all their arts are unavailing.

—(Translated by R. B. Sheridan.)

4. COME, COMRADES, COME!

Tune—"Down Among the Dead Men."

Come, comrades, come! your glasses clink,
Up with you hands a health to drink—
The health of all that workers be,
In every land, on every sea.

CHORUS—

And he that will this health deny,
Down among the dead men, down among
the dead men.

Down, down, down, down,
Down among the dead men let him lie!

Well done! Now drink another toast,
And pledge the gathering of the host—
The people, armed in brain and hand,
To claim their rights in every land.

There's liquor left; come, let's be kind.
And drink the rich a better mind—
That when we knock upon the door,
They may be off and say no more.

Now, comrades, let the glass blush red;
Drink we the unforgotten dead
That did their deeds and went away,
Before the bright sun brought the day.

The Day! Ah, friends, late grows the night;
Drink to the glimmering spark of light,
The herald of the joy to be,
The battle-torch of thee and me!

Take yet another cup in hand,
And drink in hope our little band;
Drink strife in hope while lasteth breath,
And brotherhood in life and death.

—William Morris.

5. THE MARCH OF THE WORKERS.

Tune—"John Brown."

What is this, the sound and rumour?

What is this that all men hear
Like the wind in hollow valleys when the
storm is drawing near,

Like the rolling on of ocean in the even-
tide of fear?

'Tis the people marching on.

Whither go they, and whence come they?
What are these of whom ye tell?
In what country are they dwelling 'twixt
the gates of heaven and hell?
Are they mine or thine for money? Will
they serve a master well?
Still the rumour's marching on.

CHORUS—

Hark the rolling of the thunder,
Lo the sun! and lo thereunder,
Riseth wrath and hope and wonder,
And the host comes marching on.

Forth they come from grief and torment;
on they wend towards health and
mirth.

All the wide world is their dwelling, every
corner of the earth,

Buy them, sell them for thy service! Try
the bargain what 'tis worth,

For the days are marching on.

These are they who build thy houses,
weave thy raiment, win thy wheat,
Smoothe the rugged, fill the barren, turn
the bitter into sweet,

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

Till the host comes marching on!

Many a hundred years passed over have
they laboured, deaf and blind;

Never tidings reached their sorrow, never
hope their toil might find.

Now at last they've heard and hear it,
and the cry comes down the wind,

And their feet are marching on

O ye rich men, hear and tremble! for
with words the sound is rife:
"Once for you and death we laboured;
changed henceforward is the strife.
We are men, and we shall battle for the
world of men and life,
And our host is marching on."

—William Morris.

6. AS MEN WE MUST FIGHT.

Danish Socialist March.

As men we must fight for the rights of our
Class,

And get rid of the wrongs we endure;
Not stand to get kicked like a dumb,
stupid ass,

But establish the claims of the poor.
So here we resolve that we'll fight till we
die

In defence of the Socialist Cause.

The rich they have stolen the wealth of
the land

And made laws to declare that it's theirs,
So we'll show that we know how to make
a firm stand,

And we'll deal with the stocks and the
shares.

So now we resolve that we'll fight till we
die

In defence of the Socialist Cause.

Our children shall not be in bondage to
them,
Too long they've exploited our class ;
And now we're at one with the rest of the
men—
Very soon we will bring it to pass.
So again we resolve that we'll fight till
we die
In defence of the Socialist Cause.

—Tom Mann.

7. THE COMING OF THE LIGHT.

Tune—"The Wearing of the Green."

Hark! the sound of many voices proclaims
the dawn of day,
And in the glow of morning the shadows
fade away ;
Lo, the trumpet-call is ringing, and the
sky is clear and bright,
And your masters flee in terror at the
coming of the light.

O, the coming of the light; O, the
coming of the light!
Lo, your masters flee in terror at the
coming of the light.

March, march, ye swarming myriads,
from alley and from slum ;
The gods of this world tremble with a
fear that strikes them dumb,
Arm, arm, then, and make ready—for ye
know that might is right,
And the workers' strength shall prove it
at the coming of the light.

O, the coming of the light; O, the
coming of the light,
And the workers' strength shall prove it
at the coming of the light.

Now, beneath the rule of robbers the
world grows sad and old,
The people bound and fettered by a
chain of glittering gold ;
But when the trumpet soundeth, the world
shall see a sight—
The golden chain is broken at the coming
of the light.

O, the coming of the light; O, the
coming of the light;
The golden chain is broken at the
coming of the light.

—D. J. Nicoll.

8. NO MASTER.

Tune—"The Hardy Norsemen."

Saith man to man, We've heard and known
That we no master need
To live upon this earth, our own,
In fair and manly deed.
The grief of slaves long passed away
For us hath forged the chain,
Till now each worker's patient day
Builds up the House of Pain.

And we, shall we too crouch and quail
Ashamed, afraid of strife,
And, lest our lives untimely fail,
Embrace the Death in Life?

Nay, cry aloud, and have no fear ;
We few against the world :
Awake, arise ; the hope we bear
Against the curse is hurled !

It grows, it grows—are we the same,
The feeble hand, the few ?
Or what are these with eyes aflame,
And hands to deal and do ?
This is the host that bears the word,
NO MASTER, HIGH OR LOW,
A lighting flame, a shearing sword,
A storm to overthrow.

—William Morris.

9. WHO IS A BRAVE MAN ?

(Repeat first and last line of each verse.)

Who is a brave man, who ?
He who dares defend the right,
When right is miscalled wrong ;
He who shrinks not from the fight
When weak contend with strong,
Who, fearing God, fears none beside,
And dares do right whate'er betide,
This man hath courage true.

Who is a freeman, who ?
He who finds his chief delight
In keeping God's commands ;
He who loves whate'er is right,
And hath to sin no bands ;
From every law but one set free,
The perfect law of liberty ;
This man hath freedom true.

Who is a noble man ?
He who scorns all words or deeds
That are not just and true !
He whose heart for suffering bleeds,
Is quick to feel and do ;
Whose noble soul will ne'er descend
To treacherous act towards foe or friend ;
This is a noble man.

10. TOILERS OF THE NATIONS.

Tune—"St. Gertrude" (Arthur Sullivan).

Toilers of the nations,
Thinkers of the time,
Sound the note of battle,
Loud thro' every clime.
March ye 'gainst the tyrants,
Heedless of their steel ;
Be a band of brothers,
Speed the common weal !

CHORUS—

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

Seamstress in the hovel,
Women of the mill,
Low indeed ye grovel,
Tame ye are and still.
Come like the War-maidens,
Beauteous in your might ;
Sing ye songs of valour,
Nerve us for the fight !

Toil we now no longer
For another's gain,
While our wives and children
Pine in want and pain :
Slaves we've been and cowards ;
But the night is o'er—
Up then with the morning,
Weep and sigh no more !

Come, then, worn and weary,
Come, then, stout and brave,
Join this noble army,
Sworn our land to save
From the power of tyrants,
From the curse of greed :
Down with the Destroyer !
Crush the Serpent's seed !
—Dr. John Glasse.

11. ONWARD, BROTHERS.

Tune—"Silver Moonlight Winds."

Onward, brothers, march still onward,
Side by side and hand in hand ;
We are bound for man's true kingdom,
We are an increasing band.
Though the way seems often doubtful,
Hard the toil which we endure,
Though at times our courage falter,
Yet the promised land is sure.

CHORUS—

Onward, brothers, march still onward,
Side by side and hand in hand ;
We are bound for man's true kingdom,
We are an increasing band.

Olden sages saw it dimly,
And their joy to madness wrought ;
Living men have gazed upon it,
Standing on the hills of thought.
All the past has done and suffered,
All the daring and the strife,
All has helped to mould the future,
Make man master of his life.

Still brave deeds and kind are needed,
Noble thoughts and feelings fair ;
Ye too must be strong and suffer,
Ye too have to do and dare.
Onward, brothers, march still onward,
March still onward hand in hand,
Till ye see, at last, Man's kingdom,
Till ye reach the Promised Land.

—Havelock Ellis

12. GOD SAVE THE PEOPLE !

Tune—"Commonwealth" (Josiah Booth).

When wilt Thou save the people ?
O God of mercy, when ?
Not kings and lords, but nations !
Not thrones and crowns, but men !
Flowers of Thy heart, O God, are they !
Let them not pass, like weeds, away—
Their heritage a sunless day !
God save the people !

Shall crime bring crime for ever,
Strength aiding still the strong ?
Is it Thy will, O Father,
That man shall toil for wrong ?

'No,' say Thy mountains; 'No,' Thy skies;
'Man's clouded sun shall brightly rise,
And songs ascend instead of sighs!
God save the people!

When wilt thou save the people,
O God of mercy, when?
The people, Lord, the people!
Not thrones and crowns, but men!
God save the people! Thine they are,
Thy children as Thy angels fair;
From vice, oppression, and despair!
God save the people!

—Ebenezer Elliott.

13. TRUTH IS GROWING.

Tune—Anvil Chorus from "Il Trovatore" (Adapted).

Truth is growing—hearts are glowing
With the flame of Liberty:
Light is breaking—thrones are quaking—
Hark! the trumpet of the free!
Long, is lowly whispers breathing,
Freedom wandered drearily—
Still in faith her laurel wreathing
For the day when they should be
Freemen shouting—"Victory!"

Now, she seeketh him that speaketh
Fearlessly of lawless might;
And she speedeth him that leadeth
Brethren on to win the right.
Soon the slave will cease to sorrow,
Cease to toil in agony;
Yea, the cry may swell to-morrow,
Over land and over sea—
"Brethren, shout! ye all are free!"

Freedom bringeth joy that singeth
All day long and never tires;
No more sadness—all is gladness,
In the hearts that she inspires;
For she breathes a soft compassion
Where the tyrant kindled rage;
And she saith to every nation—
"Brethren, cease wild war to wage!
Earth is your blest heritage."
—From "Chartist Chant," by T. Cooper.

14. ARE YE WILLING TO WORK AND TO WAIT?

Tune: "Three Times Round Went Our Gallant Ship."

Are ye willing to work and to wait,
To work and wait for the day
When brotherhood and mirth shall
beautify the earth,
And weariness and want be away?

CHORUS—

When leisure and pleasure shall be free,
And hardship and hunger shall go;
When the worker has his place at the top
of the tree,
And the loafer is somewhere down below,
Below, below,
And the loafer is somewhere down below.

Keep clear of the poison of the press,
Let your grand old misleaders alone:
It will pay you for your pains to educate
your brains,
And do a little thinking of your own.

Hold fast your own idea of right and wrong,
Don't take it from the worker sweating
band;
For the "truth" they preach to you is
very seldom true,
And what is true they do not understand.

Have justice for ever in your eye;
Steer wide of the charitable sneak
Who, to lull the cry of toil, spares a trifle
from the spoil
He has wrung from the wreckage of
the weak.

Have done at last with higgling for a
wage;
Too long you've nursed the swindler
and the drone;
Why labour at a loss for the profit of a
boss?
Get ready now to labour for your own.
—C. W. Beckett.

15. THE HOPE OF THE AGES.

Tune—"Red, White, and Blue."

If you dam up the river of progress—
At your peril and cost let it be!
That river must run seawards despite
you—
'Twill break down your dams and be free!
And we heed not the pitiful barriers
That you in its way have down cast;
For your efforts but add to the torrent
Whose flood must o'erwhelm you at
last!

CHORUS—

For our banner is raised and unfurled;
At your head our defiance is hurled:
Our cry is the cry of the Ages,
Our hope is the hope of the World.

We laugh in the face of the forces
That strengthen the flood they oppose;
For the harder oppression, the fiercer
The current will be when it flows.
We shall win and the tyrants' battalions
Will be scattered like chaff in the fight,
From which the true soldiers of freedom
Shall gather new courage and might.

Whether leading the van of the fighters
In the bitterest stress of the strife,
Or patiently bearing the burden
Of changelessly commonplace life,
One hope we have ever before us,
One aim to attain and fulfil,
One watchword we cherish to mark us,
One kindred and brotherhood still.

What matter if failure on failure
Crowd closely upon us and press?
When a hundred have bravely been
beaten,
The hundred-and-first wins success!
Our watchword is "Freedom"—new
soldiers
Flock each day when her flag is
unfurled,
Our cry is the cry of the Ages,
Our hope is the hope of the World.
—E. Nesbitt.

**16. HARK! THE BATTLE-CRY IS
RINGING.**

Tune—March of the Men of Harlech.

Hark! the battle-cry is ringing,
Hope within our bosoms springing,
Bids us journey forward singing—
 Death to tyrant's might.
Though we wield no spear nor sabre,
We the sturdy sons of Labor,
Helping ev'ry man his neighbour,
 Shrink not from the fight.
See our homes before us!
Wives and babes implore us;
So firm we stand in heart and hand,
And swell the dauntless chorus:

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

Long in wrath and desperation,
Long in hunger, shame, privation,
Have we borne the degradation
 Of the rich man's spite.
Now, disdaining useless sorrow,
Hope from brighter thoughts we'll borrow;
Often shines the fairest morrow
 After stormiest night.
Tyrant hearts, take warning;
Nobler days are dawning;
Heroic deeds, sublimer creeds,
Shall herald Freedom's morning.

Men of Labor, young or hoary,
Would you win a name in story?
Strike for home, for life, for glory—
 God shall help the Right!

—H. S. Salt.

**17. RAISE YOUR STANDARD,
BROTHER.**

Raise your standard, brother, higher still
and higher;
Let the thought of justice all your deeds
inspire;
Let your eyes be kindled with a love-lit
fire.

CHORUS—

Virtue for our armour, justice for our
sword,
Human love our master, human love our
lord—
So shall we be marching, fighting in
accord.

Work for man's salvation — work with
might and main;
Lift the poor and fallen to a higher plane;
Purge from law and custom each and
every stain.

Rest not till within you strength of mercy
grow,
Till the seeds of kindness heart and mind
o'erflow,
Till a sense of kindred bind both high and
low.

—Edward Spiller.

18. COME GATHER, O PEOPLE.

Tune—Hearts of Oak.

Come gather, O People, for now is the hour
When princes must fall with their pomp
and their power :
For the power of the Future, we know it
shall be
A people united, and sworn to be free.

CHORUS—

Firm and fast we will stand,
Heart to heart, hand in hand !
In fair or foul weather,
Brothers together—
A People united and sworn to be free.

Come, sharpen your wits, for our tongues
are our swords,
To fight all our foes, whether Commons or
Lords :
Our tongues shall speak truly, whatever
the cost—
When clean are the weapons no fight can
be lost !

Our war-cry is "Freedom" and those who
withstand
That cry have no place in our conquering
band ;
We strive for her sake from the cradle to
grave—
'Tis Freedom we fight for, and Freedom
we'll have !

— E. Nesbitt.

19. LA CARMAGNOLE.

Que demande un republicain ? (twice)
La liberte du genre humain ; (twice)
Le pic dans les cachots,
La torche dans les chateaux,
Et la paix aux chaumieres,
Vive le son, vive le son,
Et la paix aux chaumieres,
Vive le son du canon !

REFRAIN.

Dansons la Carmagnole,
Vive le son, vive le son,
Dansons la Carmagnole,
Vive le son du canon !

Que demande un republicain ?
L'egalite du genre humain.
Plus de riches debout,
De pauvres a genou ;
Aux faineants la guerre,
Vive le son, vive le son,
Aux faineants la guerre,
Vive le son du canon.

Ah ! s'ils avaient le sens commun,
Tous les peuples n'en feraient qu'un.
Au lieu de s'egorger
Ils viendraient tous manger
A la meme gamelle,
Vive le son, vive le son,
A la meme gamelle,
Vive le son du canon.

Que demande un republicain ?
Du fer, du plomb, aussi du pain.
Du fer pour travailler,
Du plomb, pour sa venger
Et du pain pour ses freres,
Vive le son, vive le son,
Et du pain pour ses freres,
Vive le son du canon.

20. THE TRUE MAN'S FATHER- LAND.

Tune—" St. Catherine," (J. G. Walton).

Where is the true man's Fatherland ?
Is it where he by chance is born ?
Doth not the yearning spirit scorn
In such scant borders to be spanned ?
O, yes ! his Fatherland must be
As the blue heaven, wide and free !

Is it alone where Freedom is ?
Where God is God, and man is man ?
Doth he not claim a broader span
For the soul's love of home than this ?
O, yes ! his Fatherland must be
As the blue heaven, wide and free !

Where'er a human heart doth wear
Joy's myrtle-wreath, or sorrow's gyves ;
Where'er a human spirit strives
After a life more true and fair,
There is the true man's birthplace
grand !
His is a world-wide Fatherland !

—James Russell Lowell.

21. MY LORD FAT PURSE.

Tune—" Grandfather's Clock," or " Farmer's Boy."

My lord Fat Purse was a very good man ;
He had houses and lands galore ;
And with each new day he had some new
plan
For aiding the needy and the poor,
He gave to the churches ; he gave to the
homes ;
He gave to the tramp by the way ;
Yet the terrible curse in the land grew
worse,
And the poor grew poorer each day.

My lord Fat Purse was troubled and sad,
That his thought and toil seemed in
vain,
" But I do what I can," said this very
good man,
" To ease the want and the pain.
'Tis the will of heaven that some shall be
rich
And many be poor, I see—
I can do no more than give from the store,
That a just God gives to me."

Yet acres and acres of fertile soil
Lie idle under the skies,
While my shrewd lord waits and holds
his estates
'Till prices in land shall rise.
Deep in the breast of those acres broad
Which are selfishly grasped by one,
Lies wealth for many—free gifts of God,
Like the wind and the rain and the sun.

Food in the ocean and food in the soil—
Free gifts from a hand divine,
And who dare hinder the fisher's toil
Or say, "Lo, the sea is mine,"
Ah, my lord Fat Purse, no wonder the
curse
Of poverty hangs like a pall,
When you hold by fraud the lands which
God
Has meant for the use of all.

—Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

22. WHAT OH! MY LADS.

Tune—"The Farmer's Boy."

(Repeat the last line of each verse.)

What ho! my lads, the time is ripe,
Away with foolish fear!
The slave may dread his master's stripe—
We'll have no tyrants here!
We'll have no tyrants here, my boys,
Nor lords to rule the roast;
Their threats are naught but empty noise,
And naught but breath their boast.

In our Republic all shall share
The right to work and play;
The right to scoff at carking care,
And drive despair away—
Drive poverty away, my mates,
With struggle, pain, and strife;
What use are Parliaments and States
Without a happy life?

When Hunger holds a harmless rod,
And all lands laugh for glee,
And none need fear a master's nod,
And all are really free—
When all indeed are free, my hearts,
And our great cause is won,
Oh, then, when poverty departs,
Will all our work be done.

—J. L. Joynes.

23. THE BROTHERHOOD OF MAN.

Tune—"Ellacombe" (German).

Now sound ye forth with trumpet tone,
Let all the nations fear.
Speak to the world the thrilling words
That tyrants quail to hear;
And write them bold on Freedom's flag,
And wave it in the van—
They are the Fatherhood of God,
The Brotherhood of Man.

Upon the sunny mountain brow
Among the busy throng.
Proclaim the day for which our hearts
Have prayed and waited long;
The grandest words that men have heard
Since ere the world began,
They are the Fatherhood of God,
The Brotherhood of Man.

Too long the night of ignorance
Has brooded o'er the mind;
Too long the love of wealth and power,
And not the love of kind;

Now let the blessed truth be flashed
To earth's remotest span,
Telling the Fatherhood of God,
The Brotherhood of Man.

24. TRUE FREEDOM.

Tune—"War Song of the Druids" from "Norma."

Men whose boast it is that ye
Come of fathers brave and free,
If there breathe on earth a slave—
Are ye really free and brave?
If you do not feel the chain
When it work's a brother's pain,
Are ye not base slaves indeed—
Slaves unworthy to be freed?

Is true freedom but to break
Fetters for our own dear sake,
And with leathern hearts forget
That we owe mankind a debt?
No, true freedom is to share
All the chains our brothers wear,
And with heart and hand to be
Earnest to make others free.

They are slaves who fear to speak
For the fallen and the weak;
They are slaves who will not choose
Hatred, scoffing, and abuse
Rather than in silence shrink
From the truth they needs must think;
They are slaves who dare not be
In the right with two or three.

—J. R. Lowell.

25. OUR COUNTRY.

We love our fair Australia,
Her gullies' noonday hush,
The wild things of the ranges,
The magic of "the bush,"
Her spring that breathes of wattle,
Her royal summer's blue—
We love her, we her children,
And, Freedom, we love you.

The Southern Cross, we love it,
The sentry of our lands,
And eke the Seven Sisters
And great Orion's bands,
The Milky Way, Canopus,
And Argo's starry crew,
The sky-folk of Australia,—
And, Freedom, we love you.

We love the moss and fern-things
In gully corners hid,
The grand old gum-trees higher
Than Egypt's pyramid,
The rolling plains where wander
The emu, kangaroo,
The totems of Australia,—
And, Freedom, we love you.

We love that eerie sadness
Her silences disclose,
The thorns of desolation
Upon our fertile rose,
The wailing of the curlew,
The boobook's wan adieu,
The she-oak's sighing grass-leaves,—
And, Freedom, we love you.
—Bernard O'Dowd.

26. THE MEN OF 'FORTY-EIGHT.

They rose in Freedom's rare sunrise,
Like Giants roused from wine;
And in their hearts and in their eyes
The God leaped up divine!
Their souls flashed out, naked as swords
Unsheathed for fiery fate:
Strength went like battle with their
words—
The men of 'Forty-eight.
Hurrah
For the men of 'Forty-eight.

The Kings have got their Crown again,
The blood-red revel cup;
They've bound the Titan down again,
And heaped his grave-mound up.
But still he lives, though buried 'neath
The mountain,—lies in wait,
Heart-stifled heaves and tries to breathe,
The breath of 'Forty-eight.
Hurrah
For the men of 'Forty-eight.

Dark days have fallen, yet in the strife
We bate no hope sublime,
And bravely works the exultant life,
Their hearts pulsed through the time:
As grass is greenest trodden down,
Their suffering makes men great,
And this dark tide shall richly crown
The work of 'Forty-eight.
Hurrah
For the men of 'Forty-eight.

Some in bloody burial sleep,
Like Greeks to glory gone,
But in their steps avengers leap
With their proof-armour on:
And hearts beat high with dauntless trust
To triumph soon or late,
Though they be mouldering down in
dust—
The men of 'Forty-eight!
Hurrah
For the men of 'Forty-eight.

27. WHEN THE REVOLUTION COMES.

Tune.—"Come, landlord, fill the flowing bowl."

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

CHORUS—

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

A thunderstorm of Freedom shall
Go forth among the people;
Our flag shall flourish o'er the land
On every stalk and steeple!

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

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

Then let us hail the coming day,
The glorious hope before us;
And with brave deeds anticipate
The good time of our chorus.

CHORUS—

When the Revolution comes,
When the Revolution comes,
Then three cheers give of "Long long live
The Social Revolution."

—J. Bruce Glasier.

28. THE VOICE OF TOIL.

Tune—"Ye Banks and Braes."

I heard men saying, Leave hope and
praying,
All days shall be as all have been;
To-day and to-morrow bring fear and
sorrow,
The never-ending toil between.

When Earth was younger 'mid toil and
hunger,
In hope we strove, and our hands were
strong;
Then great men led us, with words
they fed us,
And bad us right the earthly wrong.

Go read in story their deeds and glory,
Their names amidst the nameless dead;
Turn then from lying to us slow-dying
In that good world to which they led;

Where fast and faster our iron master,
The thing we made, for ever drives,
Bids us grind treasure and fashion
pleasure
For other hopes and other lives.

I heard men saying, Leave tears and
praying,
The sharp knife heedeth not the sheep;
Are we not stronger than the rich and
the wronger
When day breaks over dreams and
sleep?

Come, shoulder to shoulder ere the world
grows older!
Help lies in nought but thee and me;
Hope is before us—the long years that
bore us
Bore leaders more than men may be.

Let dead hearts tarry and trade and marry,
And trembling nurse their dreams of
mirth,
While we the living our lives are giving
To bring the bright new world to birth.

Come, shoulder to shoulder ere the earth
grows older!
The Cause spreads over land and sea;
Now the world shaketh, and fear awaketh,
And joy at last for thee and me.

—William Morris

29. IN THE DAWNING.

In the dawning, oh! my comrades,
Shall shadows flee away;
Socialism's sun, all glorious,
Shall burst ope the gates of day.
Such a morn draws hourly nearer,
Through the darkness of the night;
Such a day shall have no sunset,
But at evening time be light.

Chorus—

March on, comrades, light is spreading!
Keep the "Red flag" aye unfurled;
Speed the day when Socialism
Shall illumine a wakened world.

In the age to come, my comrades,
Shall vile sweating systems cease;
Rulers join the ranks of labour,
Cultivating arts of peace.
Selfdom and the "White slave" traffic
Shall be ill-known, unheard,
And the very name of slavery
Be a scarce remembered word!

In the distance, see! my comrades!
Even now the dawn arise;
Wealth shall dwell among the workers,
Songs be heard where now are sighs.
Nation shall not war with nation,
Want and woe no more shall be;
"Each for all" share equal labour,
"All for each," united, free!

30. A MARCHING SONG.

Freedom soldiers, youth and maid,
'Gainst the ranks of wrong arrayed;
'Gainst the cant of callous creed;
'Gainst the blasphemies of greed.

Chorus—

Forth to every wind that blows,
From th' equator to the snows—
Fling the brave red standard free!
Shout the life song—"Liberty!"

Soldiers of the Open Road,
Not for you the coward's code,
While a rusted shackle clanks
'Mong the riven, ragged ranks!

Soldiers of the Common Cause,
Forfeiting the World's applause,
For the Commonwealth to be,
For the New Democracy.

Lift the burden, loose the chain,
Make the slave a man again;
Sweep the squalor that defiled
From the woman and the child.

By the blood for freedom shed,
By th' unanswered cry for bread,
Chant ye such a marseillaise
As shall set the world ablaze.

By Humanity's distress,
By the robbed, the fatherless,
Rouse them! bid them rise anew—
Dare to think, and dare to do.

So beneath your conquering tread,
Bruise the accursed serpent's head.
Till set free from scourge and rod
Slavery lifts its face to God!

--Marie E. J. Pitt.

31. THE INTERNATIONAL.

Arise! ye starvelings from your slumbers;
Arise! ye criminals of want;
For reason in revolt now thunders,
And at last ends the age of cant.
Now away with all superstitions!
Servile masses arise, arise!
We'll change forthwith the old conditions,
And spurn the dust to win the prize.

Chorus--

Then, comrades, come, rally,
The last fight let us face;
L'Internationale,
Unites the human race.

No Saviours from on high deliver,
No trust have we in prince or peer;
Our own right hand the chains must shiver,
Chains of hatred, of greed, and fear.
Ere the thieves will disgorge their booty,
And to all give a happier lot,
Each at his forge must do his duty,
And strike the iron when it's hot.

We're tricked by laws and regulations,
Our taxes strip us to the bone;
The rich enjoy the wealth of nations,
But the poor naught can call their own.

Long have we in vile bondage languish'd
Yet we equal are, everyone;
No rights but duties for the vanquished,
We claim our rights for duties done.

The kings of mines and ships and railways,
Resplendent in their vulgar pride,
Have plied their task to exploit always,
Those whose labour they've e'er decried.
Great the spoil they hold in their coffers,
To be spent on themselves alone;
We'll seize it some day, spite of scoffers,
And feel that we have got our own.

These kings defile us with their powder,
We want no war within the land;
Let soldiers strike; for peace call louder,
Lay down arms and join hand in hand.
Should these vile monsters still determine
Heroes to make us in despite,
They'll know full soon the kind of vermin
Our bullets hit in this last fight.

We peasants, artisans, and others,
Enrolled among the sons of toil;
Let's claim the earth henceforth for bro-
thers,

Drive the indolent from the soil,
On our flesh long has fed the raven,
We've too long been the culture's prey;
But now farewell, this spirit craven,
The dawn brings in a brighter day.

--Eug. Pottier.

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32.

GOOD NIGHT.

Tune—"Auld Lang Syne."

Come, let us sing a verse or two
About the good and great;
And pay the debt of honour due
Before we separate.

Chorus—

We love the bold and boundless mind,
The heart of purpose strong,
Which feels the woes of human kind,
And wars to vanquish wrong.

We sing the praises of the few
Whose light'ning flashes gleam
Where, in the dark and distant past,
Our creed was but a dream.

We hail the living heroes, too,
Who now in anguish pine;
Who wait for death in German fort,
Or deep in Russian mine.

We greet our comrades here at home
Who help us in the fight;
To where they toil at lathe and loom
We waft a fond good-night.

And now we'll clasp each other's hands,
And by the dead we'll swear,
To keep the Red Flag waving high
Through all the coming year.

—J. Connell.

The Ten Commandments of Socialism.

(Taught in Socialist Sunday School.)

1. Love your school-fellows, who will be your fellow-workmen in life.
2. Love learning, which is the food of the mind; be as grateful to your teacher as to your parents.
3. Make every day holy by good and useful deeds and kindly actions.
4. Honour good men, be courteous to all men, bow down to none.
5. Do not hate or speak evil of anyone; do not be revengeful, but stand up for your rights, and resist oppression.
6. Do not be cowardly, be a friend to the weak, and love justice.
7. Remember that all the good things of the earth are produced by labour; whoever enjoys them without working for them is stealing the bread of the workers.
8. Observe and think in order to discover the truth; do not believe what is contrary to reason, and never deceive yourself or others.
9. Do not think that he who loves his own country must hate or despise other nations, or wish for war, which is a remnant of barbarism.
10. Look forward to the day when all men will be free citizens of one fatherland, and live together as brothers in peace and righteousness.