THE LABOUR PARTY

PRICE TWOPENCE

Song Sheet

LABOUR ANTHEMS · TRADITIONAL SONGS AND COMMUNITY FAVOURITES

Songs are numbered in accordance with the page numbers in the Labour Party Song Book

1

THE RED FLAG

Words by Jim Connell
Tune, "Maryland"

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

Chorus

Then raise the scarlet standard high !
Within its shade we'll live or die,
Tho' cowards flinch and traitors sneer,
We'll keep the red flag flying here.

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.
Then raise the scarlet, &c.

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.
Then raise the scarlet, &c.

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.
Then raise the scarlet, &c.

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.
Then raise the scarlet, &c.

2

ENGLAND, ARISE !

Words and music by E. Carpenter

England, arise ! the long, long night is over,
Faint in the east behold the dawn appear ;
Out of your evil dream of toil and sorrow,
Arise, O England, for the day is here ;
From your fields and hills, Hark ! the answer swells
Arise, O England, for the day is here.

By your young children's eyes so red with weeping,
By their white faces aged with want and fear,
By the dark cities where your babes are creeping
Naked of joy and all that makes life dear ;
From each wretched slum
Let the loud cry come ;
Arise, O England, for the day is here.

People of England ! all your valleys call you,
High in the rising sun the lark sings clear,
Will you dream on, let shameful slumber thrall you ?
Will you disown your native land so dear ?
Shall it die unheard
That sweet pleading word ?
Arise, O England, for the day is here.

Over your face a web of lies is woven,
Laws that are falsehoods pin you to the ground,
Labour is mocked, its just reward is stolen,
On its bent back sits Idleness encrowned.
How long while you sleep
Your harvest shall it reap ?
Arise, O England, for the day is here.

Forth then, ye heroes, patriots and lovers !
Comrades of danger, poverty and scorn !
Mighty in faith of freedom your great Mother !
Giants refreshed in joy's new-rising morn !
Come and swell the song,
Silent now so long :
England is risen !—and the day is here.

3

THE INTERNATIONAL

Words from the French of E. Potter
Degeyter's Air, arr. by Wm. Robertson

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,
And the last fight let us face,
The International
Unites the human race.
Then, comrades, come rally,
And the last fight let us face,
The International
Unites the human race.

We peasants, artisans and others
Enroll'd among the sons of toil,
Let's claim the earth henceforth for brothers,
Drive the indolent from the soil.
On our flesh long has fed the raven,
We've too long been the vulture's prey ;
But now, farewell the spirit craven,
The dawn brings in a brighter day.

Chorus

4

JERUSALEM

(And did those feet in ancient time)

Stanzas from Blake's " Prophetic Books "

Set to music by C. Hubert H. Parry

And did those feet in ancient time
Walk upon England's mountains green ?
And was the Holy Lamb of God
On England's pleasant pastures seen ?
And did the Countenance Divine
Shine forth upon our clouded hills ?
And was Jerusalem builded here
Among the dark Satanic mills ?

Bring me my bow of burning gold !
Bring me my arrows of desire !
Bring me my spear ! O clouds unfold !
Bring me my Chariot of Fire !
I will not cease from mental fight ;
Nor shall my sword sleep in my hand
Till we have built Jerusalem
In England's green and pleasant land.

5

CRIMOND

Psalm XXIII

David Grant

The Lord's my shepherd, I'll not want.
He makes me down to lie
In pastures green ; He leadeth me
the quiet waters by.

My soul He doth restore again ;
and me to walk doth make
Within the paths of righteousness,
ev'n for His own name's sake.

Yea, though I walk in death's dark vale,
yet will I fear none ill :
For Thou art with me ; and Thy rod
and staff me comfort still.

My table Thou hast furnishèd
in presence of my foes ;
My head Thou dost with oil anoint,
and my cup overflows.

Goodness and mercy all my life
shall surely follow me :
And in God's house for evermore
my dwelling place shall be.

6

THESE THINGS SHALL BE

John Addington Symonds *S. Stanley*

These things shall be ! A loftier race,
Than e'er the world hath known, shall rise
With flame of freedom in their souls
And light of knowledge in their eyes.

They shall be gentle, brave and strong,
To spill no drop of blood, but dare
All that may plant man's lordship firm,
On earth, and fire, and sea, and air.

Nation with nation, land with land,
Unarmed shall live as comrades free ;
In ev'ry heart and brain shall throb
The pulse of one fraternity.

Man shall love man, with heart as pure
And fervent as the young-eyed throng
Who chant their heavenly psalms before
God's face with undiscordant song.

New arts shall bloom, of loftier mould,
And mightier music thrill the skies ;
And ev'ry life shall be a song,
When all the earth is paradise.

6A

DEEP HARMONY

Dr. Watts *Handel Parker*

Sweet is the work, my God, my King,
To praise Thy name, give thanks and sing ;
To show Thy love by morning light,
And talk of all Thy truth at night.

Sweet is the day of sacred rest,
No mortal cares disturb my breast,
O may my heart in tune be found
Like David's harp of solemn sound.

My heart shall triumph in the Lord,
And bless His works and bless His word ;
Thy works of grace, how bright they shine
How deep Thy counsels, how divine.

And I shall share a glorious part,
When grace has well refined my heart,
And fresh supplies of joy are shed,
Like holy oil, to cheer my head.

Then shall I see, and hear, and know
All I desired or wished below ;
And every power find sweet employ
In that eternal world of joy.

7

CWM RHONDDA

8.7.8.7.4.7 *John Hughes*

Wele'n sefyll rhwng y myrtwydd,
Wrthddrych teilwng o fy mryd.
Er o'r braidd rwy'n ei adnabod,
Ei fad uwchlaw gwrthddrychau'r byd.
Henffych fore,
Henffych fore,
Caf ei weled heb un llen, heb un llen,
Caf ei weled heb un llen.

Rhosyn Saron yw ei enw,
Gwyn a gwridog, hardd ei bryd ;
Ar ddeng mil y mae'n rhagori,
O wrthddrychau pena'r byd :
Ffrind pechadur,
Dyma'n llywydd ar y mor.

Beth sydd imi mwy a wnelwyf,
Ag eilunod gwael y llawr ?
Tystio'r wyf nad yw eu cwmni :
I'w gymharu a'm Iesu mawr :
O ! am aros
Yn ei gariad ddyddiau f'oes.
Amen.

By kind permission of Mrs. John Hughes, Tregarth, Tonteg, Pontypridd, Glam.

CWM RHONDDA

8.7.8.7.4.7 *John Hughes*

Guide me, O Thou Great Jehovah !
Pilgrim thro' this barren land.
I am weak, but Thou art mighty,
Hold me with Thy pow'rful hand.
Bread of Heaven ! Bread of Heaven !
Feed me now and ever more.
Feed me now and ever more.

Open Thou the crystal fountain,
Whence the healing streams do flow ;
Let the fiery, cloudy pillar,
Lead me all my journey through :
Strong Deliverer !
Be Thou still my strength and shield.

When I tread the verge of Jordan,
Bid my anxious fears subside ;
Bear me through the swelling torrent,
Land me safe on Canaan's side :
Songs of praises,
I will ever give Thee. Amen.

8

LAND OF MY FATHERS

Melody by James James, by permission

English words by Owain Alaw

Oh, land of my fathers, the land of the free,
The home of the harp so soothing to me,
Thy noble defenders were gallant and brave,
For freedom their heart's life they gave.

Chorus

Wales, Wales, home, sweet home is Wales.
Till death be pass'd my love shall last,
My longing, my yearning for Wales.

Thou Eden of bards and birthplace of song,

The sons of thy mountains are valiant and strong
The voice of thy streamlets is soft to the ear,
Thy hills and thy valleys, how dear !
Chorus

Tho' slighted and scorned by the proud and the strong,
The language of Cambria still charms us in song ;
The muse survives, nor have envious tales
Yet silenced the harp of dear Wales.
Chorus

9

THE MARSEILLAISE

Arr. by Dudley E. Bayford

Soldiers of France, the morn is breaking,
The day of glory dawns at last !
See the tyrant's banner shaking,
As it basely streams in the blast.
As it basely streams in the blast.
The field of battle lies before you,
Fierce foemen advance in their pride,
Confusion spreading far and wide,
While for aid your children implore you.

To arms and hence away !
To arms this glorious day !
March on, march on,
Brave sons of France, to fame and victory !

Ye tyrants quake, your day is over,
Detested now by friend and foe !
Who your base designs discover,
Ye shall die as traitors do,
Ye shall die as traitors do,
Each gallant heart with zeal o'erflowing
Goes eagerly forth at the call.
Tho' some may for their country fall,
Others will hear bugles blowing.

To arms and hence away !
To arms this glorious day !
March on, march on,
Brave sons of France, to fame and victory !

10

HIMNO DE RIEGO

Spanish Republican Anthe n

English text by Nancy Bush

O joyous and fearless, audacious, invincible,
Come sing with us, comrades, our mighty battle song ;
For ever remembered, adored by the masses,
You brave sons of the workers, and peasants of Spain.

Chorus

It is for our people, for Spain, we must unite !
For victory and freedom we'll win, or die in the fight !

Alive is the glory of those who have struggled,
The whole world remembers their part in the strife ;
Riego, Riego, we sing of your victory,
For the cause of the people you laid down your life.

Chorus

The wind blows and carries the thunders of cannon,
The shrill sound of trumpets is heard from afar ;
And Mars, god of battle, now marshals our soldiers,
He leads our proud people, our comrades to war.

Chorus

11

BANDIERA ROSSA

Italian Workers' Song

The people, on the march, the road are treading
That leads to freedom, that leads to freedom.
The hour of struggle's here, our courage needing,
Our banner leading to victory.

Chorus

Raise then the scarlet flag triumphantly,
Raise then the scarlet flag triumphantly,
Raise then the scarlet flag triumphantly,
We fight for peace and progress and our liberty.
Oppression shall cease.

From mines and factories, from farm and college,
With strength of suff'ring and force of knowledge
Come all who hope for life, their power conceding,
Our banner leading to victory.

Chorus

Away with enmities and hostile frontiers !
To equal manhood the earth is bounteous.
The rule of greed and war from earth is fading,
Our banner's leading to victory.

Chorus

12

LA ESPERO

Himno Esperantista

Poem by Dr. L. L. Zamenhof

Music by F. de Menil

En la mondon venis nova sento
Trala mondo iras forta voko ;
Per flugiloj de facila vento
Nun de loko flugu gi al loko.
Ne al glavo sangon soifanta
Gi la homan tiras familion :
Al la mond' eterne militanta
Gi promesas sanktan harmonion.

Sub la sankta signó de l'espero
Kolektigas pacaj batalantoj,
Kaj rapide kreskas la afero
Per laboro de la esperantoj.
Forte staras muroj de miljaroj
Inter la popoloj dividitaj :
Sed dissaltos la obstinaj baroj,
Per la sankta amo disbatitaj.

Sur neŭtrala lingva fundamento,
Komprenante una la alian,
La popoloj faros en konsento
Una grandan rondon familian.
Nia diligenta kolegaro
En laboro paca ne lacigos,
Gis la bela songo de l'homaro
Por eterna ben' efektivigos.

13

SONG OF THE A.E.U.

Words by Rhoda Fraser

Music by Betty Hudson

Out of the century's darkness and cheating,
Born in repression and nourish'd on strife,
Brotherly courage, the harsh laws defeating
Hasten'd our Union's militant life.

Chorus

Strong as the steel which we shape with precision,
Strong as our class which creates all man's needs :
Brothers and sisters, together in unity
Strengthen our might by your vigilant deeds,
Strengthen our might by your vigilant deeds !

Honour the men who were steadfast and fearless,
Forging and welding one Union of Steel :
Firm in the fight for our cause they were peerless,
Setting their stamp on democracy's seal.

Chorus

Brothers and sisters, we're linked through our labours,
To land and to ocean, to mine and to mill.
Look further, and see that all workers are neighbours ;
Let's shape a bright world with our engineers' skill.
Chorus

14

WE SHALL NOT BE MOVED

American Union Song

The Union is a-marching,
We shall not be moved.
The Union is a-marching,
We shall not be moved.
Just like a tree that's planted by the water,
We shall not be moved.

We're fighting for our children,
We shall not be moved.
We're fighting for our children,
We shall not be moved.
Just like a tree that's planted by the water,
We shall not be moved.

We're fighting for our freedom,
We shall not be moved.
We're fighting for our freedom,
We shall not be moved.
Just like a tree that's planted by the water,
We shall not be moved.

The Union is behind us,
We shall not be moved.
The Union is behind us,
We shall not be moved.
Just like a tree that's planted by the water,
We shall not be moved.

14A

THE RAINBOW FLAG

Words by T. W. Mercer
Tune, "Lloyd"

Unite and raise the rainbow flag,
And when it is unfurled,
Plant it upon the highest height
And challenge all the world.

Challenge all evil powers that press
The common people down ;
All who hold Mammon on his throne,
And all who would Mars crown.

Proclaim a common people's peace,
Justice for all mankind,
Full freedom for all men in chains
That other men still bind.

Our flag shall never be hauled down,
Tho' all frontiers will fall,
When those who now strive for each,
Strive not for each, but all.

Fall in at once and close the ranks ;
Follow the flag to-day ;
Another rainbow lights the sky,
And also lights our way.

15

THE MAN THAT WATERS THE WORKERS' BEER

Words by Paddy Ryan
Traditional Tune

Now when I makes the workers' beer,
I puts in strychinine,
Some methylated spirits and a drop of parafine ;
But since a brew so terribly strong might make them terribly queer,
I reaches my hand for the water tap and I waters the workers' beer !
Chorus
I am the man, the very fat man, that waters the workers' beer,
And I'm the man, the very fat man, that waters the workers' beer.
And what do I care if it makes them ill, if it makes them terribly queer ?
I've a car and a yacht and an aeroplane and I waters the workers' beer !

Now a drop of good beer is good for a man who's thirsty and tired and hot,
And I sometimes has a drop for myself from a very special lot ;
But a fat and healthy working class is the thing that I most fear,
So I reaches my hand for the water tap and I waters the workers' beer !
Chorus

Now, ladies fair, beyond compare, and be ye maid or wife,
O, sometimes lend a thought for one who leads a wand'ring life.
The water rates are shockingly high, and " meth " is shockingly dear,
And there isn't the profit there used to be in wat'ring the workers' beer !
Chorus

16

DUMP THE BOSSES OFF YOUR BACK

John Brill

Are you poor, forlorn and hungry ?
Are there lots of things you lack ?
Is your life made up of mis'ry ?
Then dump the bosses off your back !
Are your clothes all patch'd and tatter'd ?
Are you living in a shack ?
Would you have your troubles scatter'd ?
Then dump the bosses off your back !

Are you almost split asunder ?
Loaded like a long-eared jack ?
Boob, why don't you buck like thunder ?
And dump the bosses off your back !
All the agonies you suffer,
You can end with one good whack—
Stiffen up, you ornery duffer—
And dump the bosses off your back !

17

HOT ASPHALT

Good ev'ning, all me jolly lads, I'm glad to see you well ;
If you gather all around me, boys, a story I will tell.
For I've got a situation, and begorra and begob !
I can whisper I've a weekly wage of nineteen bob.

It's a twelve-month come October since I left my native home,
After helping in Killarney, boys, to cut the harvest down ;
But now I wear a jersey and around me waist a belt.
I'm the gaffer of the squad that makes the Hot Asphalt.

18

I'M CHAMPION AT KEEPING 'EM ROLLING

Tune, " The Limerick Rake "

I am an old timer, I travel the road ;
I sit on me wagon and lumber me load ;
My hotel is the jungle, a caf's me abode
And I'm well-known to Blondie and Mary.
My liquor is diesel oil laced with strong tea,
The old highway code was my first A B C,
And I cut my eye-teeth on an old A.E.C.
And I'm champion at keeping 'em rolling.

I've sat in my cabin and broiled in the sun,
Been snowed up on Shap on the Manchester run;
I've crawled through the fog with my twenty-two tons
Of fish that was stinking like blazes.

From London to Glasgow, to the Newcastle Quay,
From Liverpool, Preston and Bristol City,
The polones on the road give the thumb-sign to me
For I'm champion at keeping 'em rolling.

You may sing of your soldiers and sailors so bold,
But there's many and many a hero untold
Who sits at the wheel in the heat and the cold,
Day after day without sleeping.
So watch out for cops and slow down at the bends,
Check all your gauges and watch your big-ends,
And zig with your lights when you pass an old friend—
You'll be champion at keeping 'em rolling.

19

FOURPENCE A DAY

The ore is waiting in the tubs, the snow's upon the fell ;
Canny folk are sleeping yet, but lead is reet to sell.
Come, me little washer lad, come, let's away,
We're bound down to slav'ry for fourpence a day.

It's early in the morning, we rise at five o'clock,
And the little slaves come to the door to knock, knock, knock,
Come, me little washer lad, come, let's away,
It's very hard to work for fourpence a day.

My father was a miner and lived down in the town,
'Twas hard work and poverty that always kept him down.
He aimed for me to go to school, but brass he couldn't pay,
So I had to go to the washing rake for fourpence a day.

My mother rises out of bed with tears on her cheeks,
Puts my wallet on my shoulders which has to serve a week.
It often fills her great big heart when she unto me doth say,
" I never thought that thou would have worked for fourpence a day."

Fourpence a day, me lad, and very hard to work
And never a pleasant look from a gruffy looking Turk.
His conscience it may fail and his heart it may give way,
Then he'll raise us our wages to ninepence a day.

20

COSHER BAILEY'S ENGINE

Cosher Bailey had an engine,
It was always wanting mending,
And according to her power
She could do four mile an hour.

Chorus

Did you ever see, did you ever see,
Did you ever see such a funny thing before ?

On the night run up from Gower
She went twenty mile an hour.
As she whistled through the station,
Man, she frightened half the nation.

Cosher Bailey's sister Lena,
She was living up in Blaina.
She could knit or darn our stockings,
But her cooking, it was shocking.

Oh, the sight it was heart-rending,
Cosher drove his little engine,
And he got stuck in the tunnel,
And went up the blooming funnel.

Cosher bought her second-hand,
And he paint her up so grand,
When the driver went to oil her,
Man, she nearly bust her boiler.

Cosher Bailey went to Oxford
For to pass matriculation,
But he saw a pretty bar-maid,
And he never left the station.

Yes, Cosher Bailey he did die,
And they put him in a coffin.
But alas, they heard some knocking—
Cosher Bailey only joking.

Well, the Devil wouldn't have him,
But he gave him sticks and patches,
For to set up on his own
On the top of Barford Hatches.

21

POOR PADDY WORKS ON THE RAILWAY

Two variants of this tune are given, and it is the habit of our present folk singers to combine them as here presented.

In eighteen hundred and forty-one
Me cord'roy breeches I put on,
Me cord'roy breeches I put on
To work upon the railway, the railway.

Chorus 1

I'm weary of the railway,
Poor Paddy works on the railway.

In eighteen hundred and forty-two
From Hartlepool I moved to Crewe
And found myself a job to do,
A-working on the railway.

Chorus 2

I was wearing corduroy breeches,
Digging ditches, dodging hitches, pulling switches.
I was working on the railway.

In eighteen hundred and forty-three,
I broke me shovel across me knee
And went to work for the company
On the Leeds and Selby Railway.

Chorus 2

In eighteen hundred and forty-four
I landed on the Liverpool shore ;
Me belly was empty, me hands were sore
With working on the railway, the railway.

Chorus 1

In eighteen hundred and forty-five
When Daniel O'Connel he was alive,
When Daniel O'Connel he was alive
And working on the railway.

Chorus 2

In eighteen hundred and forty-six
I changed me trade from carrying bricks,
I changed me trade from carrying bricks
To work upon the railway.

Chorus 2

In eighteen hundred and forty-seven
Poor Paddy was thinking of going to heaven,
Poor Paddy was thinking of going to heaven
And working on the railway, the railway.

Chorus 1

22

THE FOUR LOOM WEAVER

Chorus

I'm a four loom weaver, as many a one knows,
I've nowt to eat and I've worn out me clothes,
Me clogs are both broken and stockings I've none,
Tha'd scarce gie me tuppence for a' I've gott'n on.

Verse

Owd Billy o't Bent he kept telling me long,
We might have better times if I'd nobbut howd me tongue,
Well I've howden me tongue till I near lost me breath,
And I feel in my heart that I'll soon clem to death.

I'm a four loom weaver, as many a one knows ;
I've nowt to eat and I've worn out me clothes,
Owd Billy's awreet, he ne'er were clemmed,
And he ne'er picked o'er in his life.
We held on for six weeks, thought each day were the last,
We've tarried and shifted till now we're quite fast ;
We lived upon nettles while nettles were good,
And Waterloo porridge were t' best o' us food.

I'm a four loom weaver, as many a one knows ;
I've nowt to eat and I've worn out me clothes,
Clogs we ha' none nor no looms to weave on,
And I've woven myself to t' far end.
Our Margaret declares if hoo'd clothes to put on,
Hoo'd go up to London to see the great.
And if things didna alter when there hoo had been,
Hoo swears hoo would fight wi' blood up t' th' een.

23

THE BARNYARDS O' DELGATY

As I cam in by Turra market, Turra market, for to fee'lt's
I fell in wi' a wealthy fairmer, the barnyards o' Delgaty.

Chorus

Linten adie toorin adie, linten adie torrin ee,
Linten lowrin', lowrin', lowrin', the barnyards o' Delgaty.

He promised me the ae best pair I ever set my een upon ;
When I gaed hame tae the barnyards there was naething there but skin and bone.

Chorus

The auld black horse sat on his rump, the auld white mare lay on her wime;
For a' that I could " Bup " and crack, they wouldna rise at yoking time.

Chorus

When I gae to the kirk on Sunday, mony's the bonnie lass I see,
Sitting by her faither's side and winking ower the pews at me.

Chorus

My caunle noo it is brunt oot, the snotter's fairly on the wane,
Sae fare ye weel, ye Barnyards, ye'll never catch me here again.

Chorus

24

HALLELUJAH, I'M A BUM

Harry McClintock

Oh, why don't you work like other men do ?
How the heck can I work when there's no work to do ?

Chorus

Hallelujah, I'm a bum, Hallelujah, bum again ;
Hallelujah, give us a handout to revive us again !

I went to a house, I knocked on the door,
The lady says, " Scram, bum, you've been here before ! "

Chorus

I went to a house, I asked for some bread,
The lady came out, said, " The baker is dead."

Chorus

Oh, I love my boss, he's a good friend of mine,
That's why I am starving out on the bread line.

Chorus

Oh, why don't you save all the money you earn ?
If I didn't eat, I'd have money to burn.

Chorus

25

THE BONNIE BANKS O' LOCH LOMON'

By yon bonnie banks and by yon bonnie braes,
Where the sun shines bright on Loch Lomon'.
Where we two hae pass'd sae mony happy days,
On the bonnie, bonnie banks o' Loch Lomon'.

Chorus

O, ye'll tak' the high road, an' I'll tak' the low road,
An' I'll be in Scotland before ye ;
But trouble it is there, an' mony hearts are sair,
On the bonnie, bonnie banks o' Loch Lomon'.

We'll meet where we parted, in yon shady glen,
On the steep, steep side o' Ben Lomon' ;
When in purple hue the Hielan' hills we view,
And the bonnie, bonnie banks of Loch Lomon'.

Chorus

Still fair is the scene, but alas ! sadly chang'd
Are the hopes that we fondly cherish'd.
Like a watery gleam, an' like a mornin' dream,
On Culloden's field they ha'e perish'd.

Chorus

The wild flowers spring, an' the wee birdies sing,
And in sunshine the waters are sleepin'.
But the broken heart it kens nae second spring,
Nae bonnie, bonnie balm to its weepin'.

Chorus

26

COCKLES AND MUSSELS

Written and composed by James Yorkston

Arranged by Edmund Forman

In Dublin's fair city, where the girls are so pretty,
I first set my eyes on sweet Molly Malone,
As she wheel'd her wheel-barrow
Thro' streets broad and narrow,
Crying " Cockles and mussels, alive, alive O ! "

Chorus

Alive, alive O ! Alive, alive O !
Crying " Cockles and mussels, alive, alive O ! "

She was a fishmonger, but sure 'twas no wonder,
For so were her father and mother before,
And they each wheel'd their barrow
Thro' streets broad and narrow,
Crying " Cockles and mussels, alive, alive O ! "

Chorus

She died of a fever, And no one could save her,
And that was the end of sweet Molly Malone.
But her ghost wheels her barrow
Thro' streets broad and narrow,
Crying " Cockles and mussels, alive, alive O ! "

Chorus

27

A LIFT ON THE WAY

Words by Edwin Waugh

Music by Robert Jackson

Come, what's th' use o' fratchin', lads, this life's noan so lung,
So if yon gether reawnd, aw'll try my hond at a sung ;
It may shew a guidin' glimmer to some wand'rer astray,
Or, haply gi' some poor owd soul a lift on the way.

Chorus

A lift on the way; A lift on the way ;
Or haply gi' some poor owd soul a lift on the way.

There's some folk 'at mun trudge it, an' there's some folk 'at may ride,
But never mortal mon con tell what chance may betide ;
To-day, he may be blossomin', like roses i' May ;
To-morn, he may be beggin' for a lift on the way.
A lift on the way ; A lift on the way ;
To-morn, he may be beggin' for a lift on the way.

Good will it's a jewel where there's little else to spare ;
An' a mon may help another though his pouch may be bare ;
A gen'rous heart, like sunshine, brings good cheer in its ray ;
An' a friendly word can sometimes give a lift on the way.
A lift on the way ; A lift on the way ;
An' a friendly word can sometimes give a lift on the way.

Like posies that are parchin' in the midsummer sun,
There's mony a poor heart faints afore the journey be run ;
Let's lay the dust wi' kindness, till the close of the day,
An' gi' these droopin' travellers a lift on the way.
A lift on the way ; A lift on the way ;
An' gi' these droopin' travellers a lift on the way.

Oh, soft be his pillow, when he sinks deawn to his rest,
That can keep the lamp o' charity alive in his breast ;
May pleasant feelin's haunt him as he's dozin' away,
An' angels give him, up aboon, a lift on the way.
A lift on the way ; A lift on the way;
An' angels give him, up aboon, a lift on the way.

Jog on, my noble comrades, then, an'—so mote it be—
That hond in hond we travel till the day that we dee ;
An' neaw, to end my ditty, lads, let's heartily pray
That heaven may give us, ev'ry one, a lift on the way.
A lift on the way ; A lift on the way;
That heaven may give us, ev'ry one, a lift on the way.

28

ON ILKLA MOOR BAHT 'AT

Whear 'as tha bin sin' ah saw thee ?
On Ilkla Moor baht 'at.

Whear 'as tha bin sin' ah saw thee ?
Whear 'as tha bin sin' ah saw thee ?

On Ilkla Moor baht 'at,
On Ilkla Moor baht 'at,
On Ilkla Moor baht 'at.

29

SONG OF THE WESTERN MEN

Cornish Traditional

A good sword and a trusty hand,
A merry heart and true,
King James's men shall understand
What Cornish lads can do !
And have they fixed the where and when ?
And shall Trelawney die ?
Here's twenty thousand Cornish men
Will know the reason why !

Chorus

A good sword and a trusty hand
A merry heart and true !
King James's men shall understand
What Cornish lads can do !

Out spake their captain, brave and bold,
A merry wight was he,
" If London Tow'r were Michael's hold
We'll set Trelawney free !
We'll cross the Tamar land to land
The Severn is not stay,
With one and all, and hand in hand,
And who shall bid us nay ? "

Chorus

And when we come to London Wall,
A pleasant sight to view,
Come forth, come forth, ye cowards all,
Here's men as good as you !
Trelawney he's in keep and hold,
Trelawney he may die ;
But here's twenty thousand Cornish bold
Will know the reason why !

Chorus

30

BLAYDON RACES

Words by George Ridley (1862)

Tune " *Brighton,*"

arr. by C. E. Catcheside-Warrington

Aa went to Blaydon Races, 'twas on the ninth of June
Eighteen hundred and sixty-two on a summer's efternoon,
Aa tyuk the bus fra Balmbra's and she was heavy laden.
Away we went alang Collingwood Street that's on the road to Blaydon.

Chorus

Oh ! lads, ye shud a' seen us gannin',
Passin' the folks upon the road just as they were stannin',
Thor was lots o lads and lasses there aall wi smilin' faces
Gannin' alang the Scotswood Road to see the Blaydon Races.

We flew past Armstrong's factory an' up te the " Robin Adair,"
Just gannin' doon te the railway bridge the bus wheel flew off there ;
The lassies lost thor crinolines an' the vails that hide thor faces ;
Aa got two black eyes an' a broken nose i' ga'n te Blaydon Races.

Chorus

When we gat the wheel put on, away we went agyen,
But them that had thor noses broke they cam' back-ower hyem :
Sum went to the dispensare, an' sum to Doctor Gibb's,
An' sum to the Informary to mend thor broken ribs.

Chorus

Noo when we gat to Paradise thor wes bonny gam begun,
Thor wes fower an' twenty on the bus, man, hoo they danced an' sung,
They caalled on me te sing a song, aa sang them " Paddy Fagan " ;
Aa danced a jig an' swung me twig, that day aa went te Blaydon.

Chorus

We flew across the Chine bridge reet inti' Blaydon Toon,
The bellman he wes caallin' there, they caalled him Jacky Broon,
Aa see him taakin' te sum cheps an' them he wes persuadin'
Te gan an' see Geordy Ridley's show in the Mechanics' Haall at Blaydon.

Chorus

The rain it poored aall the day an' myed the groonds quite muddy,
" Coffy Johnny " had a white hat on—they yelled, " Whe stole the cuddy ? "
Thor wes spice staalls an' munkey shows, an' aad wives sellin' ciders,
An' a chep wi' a ha'penny roondeboot shootin' " Noo, me lads, for riders."
Chorus

32

EARLY ONE MORNING

Old English

Early one morning just as the sun was rising
I heard a maid sing in the valley below.
Chorus
Oh don't deceive me, O never leave me,
How could you treat a poor maiden so.

Remember the vows that you made to your Mary
Remember the bow'r where you vow'd to be true.
Chorus

O gay is the garland and fresh are the roses
I've cull'd from the garden to bind on thy brow.
Chorus

Thus sung the maiden, her sorrows beguiling,
Thus sung the poor maid in the valley below.
Chorus

33

SWING LOW, SWEET CHARIOT

Negro Spiritual

Chorus
Swing low, sweet chariot,
Comin' for to carry me home !
Swing low, sweet chariot,
Comin' for to carry me home !

I look over Jordan and what did I see,
Comin' for to carry me home,
A band of angels comin' after me,
Comin' for to carry me home.
Chorus

If you get there before I do,
Comin' for to carry me home,
Tell all my friends I'm comin' too,
Comin' for to carry me home.
Chorus

The brightest day that I ever saw,
Comin' for to carry me home,
When Jesus washed my sins away,
Comin' for to carry me home.
Chorus

I'm sometimes up and sometimes down,
Comin' for to carry me home,
But still my soul feels heavenly bound,
Comin' for to carry me home.
Chorus

34

OH ! MY DARLING CLEMENTINE

Written and composed by Percy Montrose

In a cavern in a canyon, excavating for a mine,
Dwelt a miner, forty-niner, and his daughter Clementine.
Chorus
Oh ! my darling, Oh ! my darling, Oh ! my darling Clementine,
You are lost and gone for ever, dreffu sorry, Clementine !

Light she was as any fairy, and her shoes were number nine,
Herring boxes without topses, sandals were for Clementine.

Drove she ducklings to the water one fine morning just at nine,
Got her foot caught in her eye brow—fell in where the ripples shine.

Ruby lips beneath the water blowing bubbles soft and fine,
Alas for me I was no swimmer, so I lost my Clementine.

Then the miner, six foot niner, for his gal began to pine,
In the water sought his daughter, now he's with his Clementine.

In the churchyard, near the river, there a myrtle doth entwine,
With some roses and other posies, springing straight from Clementine.

In my dreams she still doth haunt me, dripping wet—and yells " Be mine,"
Though in life I used to hug her, now she's dead, poor Clementine.

35

WOT CHER !

(Knocked 'em in the Old Kent Road)

A Cockney song

Written and sung by Albert Chevalier
Music by Charles Ingle

Chorus
" Wot cher ! " all the neighbours cried,
Who're yer goin' to meet, Bill ? Have you bought the street, Bill ?
Laugh ! I thought I should 'ave died, knocked 'em in the Old Kent Road !

36

JINGLE BELLS

J. Pierpont

Dashing thro' the snow, in a one-horse open sleigh,
O'er the field we go, laughing all the way ;
Bells on bob-tail ring, making spirits bright ;
What fun it is to ride and sing a sleighing song to-night.
Chorus
Jingle, bells ! jingle, bells ! jingle all the way,
Oh ! what fun it is to ride in a one-horse open sleigh.
Jingle, bells ! jingle, bells ! jingle all the way,
Oh ! what fun it is to ride in a one-horse open sleigh !

A day or two ago, I thought I'd take a ride,
And soon Miss Fannie Bright was seated by my side.
The horse was lean and lank, misfortune seemed his lot ;
He got into a drifted bank, and we, we got upsot.
Chorus

Now the ground is white, go it while you're young,
Take the girls to-night, and sing this sleighing song.
Just get a bob-tailed bay, two forty for his speed ;
Then hitch him to an open sleigh, and crack ! you'll take the lead.
Chorus

38

OLD FOLKS AT HOME

Words and music by Stephen C. Foster

Way down upon de Swanee ribber,
Far, far away,
Dere's where my heart is turning ebber,
Dere's where de ole folks stay.
All up and down de whole creation
Sadly I roam,
Still longing for de ole plantation
And for de ole folks at home.
Chorus
All de world am sad and dreary ebrywhere I roam ;
O, darkeys, how my heart grows weary,
Far from de ole folks at home.

All round de little farm I wander'd
When I was young ;
Den many happy days I squander'd,
Many de songs I sung.

When I was playing wid my brudder,
Happy was I.
Oh, take me to my kind ole mudder,
Dere let me lib and die.

One little hut among de bushes,
One dat I love,
Still sadly to my mem'ry rushes,
No matter where I rove.
When shall I see de bees a-humming,
All round de comb ?
When shall I hear de banjo strumming,
Down in my good ole home ?

40

HOME, SWEET HOME

Sir Henry Bishop

Arr. by Dudley E. Bayford

'Mid pleasures and palaces though I may roam,
Be it ever so humble there's no place like home.
A charm from the sky seems to hallow us there,
Which, seek thro' the world, is ne'er met with elsewhere.

Chorus

Home, home, sweet home, there's no place like home,
There's no place like home.

To thee I'll return over-burdened with care,
The heart's dearest face will smile on me there.
No more from that cottage again will I roam,
Be it ever so humble there's no place like home.

41

ALL THROUGH THE NIGHT

Words by Reg. Low

Arr. by Henry E. Pether

Darkness with its mantle hides us,
All thro' the night.
Till we find one star that guides us,
All thro' the night.
Star of Hope for ever peeping,
Whilst the world is hush'd and sleeping,
And the hours are slowly creeping,
All thro' the night.

Fears and troubles oft assail us,
All thro' the night.
Shine, O Star, and do not fail us,
All thro' the night.
Tho' our footsteps may be weary,
And our road seems long and dreary,
Hope eternal keeps us cheery
All thro' the night.

42

DRINK TO ME ONLY WITH THINE EYES

Ben Jonson

Arr. by Henry E. Pether

Drink to me only with thine eyes,
And I will pledge with mine.
Or leave a kiss within the cup,
And I'll not ask for wine.
The thirst that from the soul doth rise,
Doth ask a drink divine,
But might I of Jove's nectar sip,
I would not change for thine.

I sent thee late a rosy wreath,
Not so much hon'ring thee,
As giving it a hope that there,
It could not wither'd be :
But thou thereon didst only breathe,
And sent'st it back to me,
Since when it grows and smells, I swear,
Not of itself but thee.

43

MY BONNIE

Arr. by Aubrey Kennett

My Bonnie is over the ocean, my Bonnie is over the sea,
My Bonnie is over the ocean, O bring back my Bonnie to me.

Chorus

Bring back, bring back, bring back my Bonnie to me, to me,
Bring back, bring back, O bring back my Bonnie to me !

O blow ye winds over the ocean, O blow ye winds over the sea.
O blow ye winds over the ocean, and bring back my Bonnie to me.

Chorus

Last night as I lay on my pillow, last night as I lay on my bed,
Last night as I lay on my pillow, I dream'd that my Bonnie was dead.

Chorus

The winds have blown over the ocean, The winds have blown over the sea,
The winds have blown over the ocean, And brought back my Bonnie to me !

Chorus

44

A-ROVING

At number three Old England Square
(Mark well what I do say),
At number three Old England Square,
My Nancy Dawson she lived there,
And I'll go no more a-roving
With you, fair maid !

Chorus

A-roving ! A-roving !
Since roving's been my ruin,
I'll go no more a-roving,
With you, fair maid.

My Nancy Dawson she lived there
(Mark well what I do say),
She was a lass surpassing fair,
She'd bright blue eyes and golden hair ;
And I'll go no more a-roving
With you, fair maid.

Chorus

I met her first when home from sea
(Mark well what I do say),
Home from the coast of Africkee,
With pockets lined with good monie ;
And I'll go no more a-roving
With you, fair maid.

Chorus

Oh ! didn't I tell her stories true
(Mark well what I do say),
And didn't I tell her whoppers, too !
Of the gold we found in Timbuctoo ;
And I'll go no more a-roving,
With you, fair maid.

Chorus

But when we'd spent my blooming " screw "
(Mark well what I do say),
And the whole of the gold from Timbuctoo ;
She cut her stick and vanished too ;
And I'll go no more a-roving,
With you, fair maid.

Chorus

From the Scottish Students' Song Book, by kind permission of Messrs. Bayley & Ferguson, London, W.1.

45

CAMPTOWN RACES

Words and music by Stephen C. Foster

De Camptown ladies sing this song, Doodah ! Doodah !
De Camptown race track five miles long, Doodah ! Doodah day !
I came down dah wid my hat caved in, Doodah ! doodah !
I go back home wid a pocket full of tin, Doodah ! Doodah day !

Chorus

Gwine to run all night ! Gwine to run all day !
I'll bet my money on de bobtail nag,
Somebody bet on de bay.

De longtail filly and de big black hoss,
Doodah ! Doodah !
Dey fly de track and dey cut across,
Doodah ! Doodah day !
De blind hoss stickin' in a big mud hole, Doodah ! Doodah !
Can't touch de bottom wid a ten foot pole, Doodah ! Doodah day !

Old mule-y cow come on de track,
Doodah ! Doodah !
De bobtail fling her ober his back,
Doodah ! Doodah day !
Den fly along like a railroad car,
Doodah ! Doodah !
Runnin' a race wid a shootin' star,
Doodah ! Doodah day !

See dem flyin' on a ten mile heat,
Doodah ! Doodah !
Round de race-track, den repeat,
Doodah ! Doodah day !
I win my money on de bobtail nag,
Doodah, Doodah !
I keep my money in an old tow bag,
Doodah ! Doodah day !

46

KILLARNEY

Written by E. Falconer

Composed by M. W. Balfe

By Killarney's lakes and fells,
Emerald isles and winding bays,
Mountain paths and woodland dells,
Mem'ry ever fondly strays.
Bounteous Nature loves all lands,
Beauty wanders ev'ry where,
Foot-print leaves on many strands,
But her home is surely there !
Angels fold their wings and rest
In that Eden of the west ;
Beauty's home, Killarney,
Heav'ns reflex, Killarney.

No place else can charm the eye
With such bright and varied tints ;
Ev'ry rock that you pass by,
Verdure broiders or besprints.
Virgin there the green grass grows,
Ev'ry morn Spring's natal day ;
Bright hued berries daff the snows,
Smiling Winter's frown away.
Angels often pausing there
Doubt if Eden were more fair ;
Beauty's home, Killarney,
Heav'ns reflex, Killarney.

48

THE DEAR LITTLE SHAMROCK

Arr. by Dudley E. Bayford

There's a dear little plant that grows in our isle,
'Twas Saint Patrick himself sure that set it ;
And the sun on his labour with pleasure did smile,
And the dew from his eye often wet it.
It shines thro' the bog, thro' the brake, thro' the mire-land,
And he called it the dear little Shamrock of Ireland.

Chorus

The dear little Shamrock, the sweet little Shamrock,
The dear little, sweet little Shamrock of Ireland.

That dear little plant still grows in our land,
Fresh and fair as the daughters of Erin,
Whose smile can bewitch, and whose eyes can command,
In each climate they ever appear in,
For they shine thro' the bog, thro' the brake, thro' the mire-land,
Just like their own dear little Shamrock of Ireland.

That dear little plant that springs from our soil,
When its three little leaves are extended,
Denotes from the stalk we together should toil ;
And ourselves by ourselves be befriended,
And still thro' the bog, thro' the brake, thro' the mire-land,
From one root should branch, like the Shamrock of Ireland.

49

THE FARMER'S BOY

Arr. by Henry E. Pether

The sun had set behind yon hill
Across the dreary moor,
When weary and lame, a boy there came
Up to a farmer's door.
Can you tell me wherever there be
One that will me employ.

Chorus

To plough and sow, to reap and mow,
And be a farmer's boy,
And be a farmer's boy.

The farmer's wife cried : " Try the lad;
Let him no longer seek."
" Yes, father, do," the daughter cried,
While the tears rolled down her cheek.
" For those who would work, it's hard to want,
And wander for employ."

Chorus

Don't let him go, But let him stay
And be a farmer's boy,
And be a farmer's boy.

The farmer's boy grew up a man,
And the good old couple died.
They left the lad the farm they had,
And the daughter for his bride.
Now the lad which was, and the farm now has,
Oft thinks and smiles with joy,

Chorus

And will bless the day he came that way,
To be a farmer's boy,
To be a farmer's boy.

50

UPIDEE

From Longfellow

The shades of night were falling fast,
Upidee, Upida!
When thro' an Alpine village pass'd,
Upideeida!
A youth who bore 'mid snow and ice,
A banner with the strange device :

Chorus

Upideeideeida, Upidee, Upida,
Upideeideeida, Upideeida!

His brow was sad, his eye beneath,
Upidee, Upida!
Flash'd like a falchion from its sheath,
Upideeida!
And like a silver clarion rung
The accent of that unknown tongue :

Chorus

" O stay," the maiden said, " and rest,
Upidee, Upida!
Thy weary head upon my breast,"
Upideeida!
A tear stood in his bright blue eye,
But still he answered with a sigh :

Chorus

At break of day, as heavenward,
Upidee, Upida!
The pious monks of Saint Bernard,
Upideeida!
Uttered the oft-repeated prayer,
A voice cried through the startled air :

Chorus

A traveller by the faithful hound,
Upidee, Upida!
Half buried in the snow was found,
Upideeida!
Still grasping in his hand of ice
That banner with the strange device :

Chorus

51

JOE HILL

Words by Alfred Hayes

Music by Earl Robinson

I dream'd I saw Joe Hill last night
Alive as you and me.
Says I, " But, Joe, you're ten years dead ! "
" I never died," says he. " I never died," says he.

" In Salt Lake, Joe, by God," says I,
Him standing by my bed,
" They framed you on a murder charge."
Says Joe, " But I ain't dead." (*Repeat*)

" The copper bosses killed you, Joe,
They shot you, Joe," says I.
" Takes more than guns to kill a man,"
Says Joe, " I didn't die." (*Repeat*)

And standing there as big as life,
And smiling with his eyes,
Joe says, " What they forgot to kill
Went on to organise." (*Repeat*)

" Joe Hill ain't dead," he says to me,
" Joe Hill ain't never died.
Where working men are out on strike,
Joe Hill is at their side." (*Repeat*)

" From San Diego up to Maine,
In every mine and mill,
Where workers strike and organise,"
Says he, " You'll find Joe Hill." (*Repeat*)

I dreamed I saw Joe Hill last night
Alive as you and me.
Says I, " But Joe, you're ten years dead."
" I never died," says he. (*Repeat very softly*)

52

UNCLE TOM COBLEIGH

Tom Pearce, Tom Pearce, lend me your grey mare,
All along, down along, out along lee
For I want to go to Widdicombe Fair

Chorus

Wi' Bill Brewer, Jan Stewer, Peter Gurney,
Peter Davy, Dan'l Whiddon, Harry Hawk,
Old Uncle Tom Cobleigh and all,
Old Uncle Tom Cobleigh and all.

And when shall I see again my grey mare,
All along, &c.
By Friday soon, or Saturday noon,
Wi' Bill Brewer, &c.

Then Friday came, and Saturday noon,
All along, &c.
But Tom Pearce's old mare have not trotted home,
Wi' Bill Brewer, &c.

So Tom Pearce he got up to the top o' the hill,
All along, &c.
And he seed his old mare down a-making her will,
Wi' Bill Brewer, &c.

So Tom Pearce's old mare, her took sick and died,
All along, &c.
And Tom he sat down on a stone, and he cried,
Wi' Bill Brewer, &c.

But this isn't the end of this shocking affair,
All along, &c.
Nor, though they be dead, of the horrid career,
Of Bill Brewer, &c.

When the wind whistles cold on the moor of a night,
All along, &c.
Tom Pearce's old mare doth appear, gashly white,
Wi' Bill Brewer, &c.

And all the long night he heard skirling and groans,
All along, &c.
From Tom Pearce's old mare in her rattling bones,
And from Bill Brewer, &c.

53

ALOUETTE

Alouette, gentille Alouette, Alouette,
Je te plumerai la tête, je te plumerai la tête,
A la tête, à la tête, Alouette, Alouette.

Alouette, gentille Alouette, Alouette, je te plumerai,
Je te plumerai le bec, je te plumerai le bec,
A le bec, à le bec, Alouette, Alouette.

Alouette, gentille Alouette, Alouette, je te plumerai,
Je te plumerai les yeux (eyes),
A les yeux,
A le bec,
A la tête,
Alouette.

Alouette, gentille Alouette,
Alouette, je te plumerai,
Je te plumerai les ailes (wings),
A les ailes,
A les yeux,
A le bec,
A la tête,
Alouette.

Alouette, gentille Alouette,
Alouette, je te plumerai,
Je te plumerai le dos (back),
A le dos,
A les ailes,
A les yeux,
A le bec,
A la tête,
Alouette.

Alouette, gentille Alouette,
Alouette, je te plumerai,
Je te plumerai les jambes (legs),
A les jambes,
A le dos,
A les ailes,
A les yeux,
A le bec,
A la tête,
Alouette.

Alouette, gentille Alouette,
Alouette, je te plumerai,
Je te plumerai les pieds (feet),
A les pieds,
A les jambes,
A le dos,
A les ailes,
A les yeux,
A le bec,
A la tête,
Alouette.

Finale

Alouette, gentille Alouette,
Alouette, je te plumerai.

54

JOHN BROWN'S BODY

John Brown's body lies a-mouldering in the grave,
John Brown's body lies a-mouldering in the grave,
John Brown's body lies a-mouldering in the grave,
His soul is marching on.

Chorus

Glory, glory, Hallelujah! Glory, glory, Hallelujah,
Glory, glory, Hallelujah! His soul is marching on.

The stars of heaven are looking kindly down,
The stars of heaven are looking kindly down,
The stars of heaven are looking kindly down,
On the grave of old John Brown.

Chorus

He's gone to be a soldier in the army of the Lord,
He's gone to be a soldier in the army of the Lord,
He's gone to be a soldier in the army of the Lord,
His soul is marching on.

Chorus

John Brown's knapsack is strapp'd upon his back,
John Brown's knapsack is strapp'd upon his back,
John Brown's knapsack is strapp'd upon his back,
His soul is marching on.

Chorus

His pet lambs will meet him on the way,
His pet lambs will meet him on the way,
His pet lambs will meet him on the way,
And they'll go marching on.

Chorus

We'll hang Jeff Davis on a sour apple tree,
We'll hang Jeff Davis on a sour apple tree,
We'll hang Jeff Davis on a sour apple tree,
As we go marching on.

Chorus

55

THE COMMONWEALTH OF TOIL

Ralph Chaplin

In the gloom of mighty cities,
Midst the roar of whirling wheels,
We are toiling on like chattel slaves of old,
And our masters hope to keep us
Ever thus beneath their heels,
And to coin our very life blood into gold.

Chorus

But we have a glowing dream
Of how fair the world will seem
When each man can live his life secure and free ;
When the earth is owned by labour,
And there's joy and peace for all,
In the Commonwealth of Toil that is to be.

They would keep us cowed and beaten,
Cringing meekly at their feet.
They would stand between each worker and his bread.
Shall we yield our lives up to them
For the bitter crust we eat ?
Shall we only hope for heaven when we're dead ?

Chorus

They have laid our lives out for us
To the utter end of time.
Shall we stagger on beneath their heavy load ?
Shall we let them live forever
In their gilded halls of crime,
With our children doomed to toil beneath their goad ?

Chorus

When our cause is all triumphant,
And we claim our Mother Earth,
And the nightmare of the present fades away,
We shall live with love and laughter,
We who now are little worth,
And we'll not regret the price we have to pay.

Chorus

56

BROTHERHOOD OF NATIONS

Lyric by Ted Steels

Music by Charles Ancliffe

Ev'ry man was born a brother,
Be he yellow, black or white ;
All as good as one another,
In the great Creator's sight.
When the peace of love and friendship,
Rules each Nation's heart and head ;
We will hoist the flag of friendship,
Where the hate of war lies dead.

Chorus

Thro' the Brotherhood of Nations,
The world reborn shall be ;
When on peace the thoughts of Nations,
Both great and small agree.
Come Nations of each creed and race,
Join hands across the sea ;
Then will the Brotherhood of Nations,
Bring Prosperity.

When from war's dark cloud we're turning,
Scorning world-wide hate and might ;
In the lamp of friendship burning,
Truth shall give the Nations light.
Then with slaughter, strife and sadness,
Gone for aye from every mind ;
All the world shall know the gladness,
That true fellowship will find.

Chorus

57

GOOD NIGHT, LADIES !

Good night, ladies ! good night, ladies !
Good night, ladies ! we're goin' to leave you now.
Merrily we roll along, roll along, roll along,
Merrily we roll along, o'er the dark blue sea.

Farewell, ladies ! farewell, ladies !
Farewell, ladies ! we're goin' to leave you now.
Merrily we roll along, roll along, roll along,
Merrily we roll along, o'er the dark blue sea.

Sweet dreams, ladies ! sweet dreams, ladies !
Sweet dreams, ladies ! we're goin' to leave you now.
Merrily we roll along, roll along, roll along,
Merrily we roll along, o'er the dark blue sea.

58

AULD LANG SYNE

Robert Burns

Should auld acquaintance be forgot,
And never brought to mind ?
Should auld acquaintance be forgot
And days o' lang syne ?

Chorus

For auld lang syne, my dear,
For auld lang syne,
We'll tak' a cup o' kindness yet,
For auld lang syne.

We twa hae run about the braes,
And pu'd the gowans fine ;
But we've wander'd mony a weary foot
Sin' auld lang syne.

Chorus

We twa hae paddled in the burn
Frae morning sun till dine ;
But seas between us braid hae roar'd
Sin' auld lang syne.

Chorus

And here's a hand, my trusty friend,
And gie's a hand o' thine,
And we'll tak' a cup o' kindness yet,
For auld lang syne.

Chorus

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