



CHANTS FOR SOCIALISTS

BY

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CHANTS FOR SOCIALISTS.

THE DAY IS COMING.

I have looked at this claim by the light of history and my own conscience, and it seems to me so looked at to be a most just claim, and that resistance to it means nothing short of a denial of the hope of civilisation.

This then is the claim :—

It is right and necessary that all men should have work to do which shall be worth doing, and be of itself pleasant to do ; and which should be done under such conditions as would make it neither over-wearisome nor over-anxious.

Turn that claim about as I may, think of it as long as I can, I cannot find that it is an exorbitant claim ; yet again I say if Society would or could admit it, the face of the world would be changed ; discontent and strife and dishonesty would be ended. To feel that we were doing work useful to others and pleasant to ourselves, and that such work and its due reward *could* not fail us ! What serious harm could happen to us then ? And the price to be paid for so making the world happy is Revolution.

COME hither lads, and hearken, for a tale there is to tell,
Of the wonderful days a-coming when all shall be better
than well.

And the tale shall be told of a country, a land in the midst of
the sea,
And folk shall call it England in the days that are going to be.

There more than one in a thousand in the days that are yet to
come,
Shall have some hope of the morrow, some joy of the ancient
home.

For then—laugh not, but listen, to this strange tale of mine—
All folk that are in England shall be better lodged than swine.

Then a man shall work and bethink him, and rejoice in the deeds
of his hand,
Nor yet come home in the even too faint and weary to stand.

Men in that time a-coming shall work and have no fear
For to-morrow's lack of earning and the hunger-wolf anear.

I tell you this for a wonder, that no man then shall be glad
Of his fellow's fall and mishap to snatch at the work he had.

For that which the worker winneth shall then be his indeed,
Nor shall half be reaped for nothing by him that sowed no seed.

O strange new wonderful justice! But for whom shall we gather
the gain?

For ourselves and for each of our fellows, and no hand shall
labour in vain.

Then all *mine* and all *thine* shall be *ours*, and no more shall any
man crave

For riches that serve for nothing but to fetter a friend for a slave.

And what wealth then shall be left us when none shall gather
gold

To buy his friend in the market, and pinch and pine the sold?

Nay, what save the lovely city, and the little house on the hill,
And the wastes and the woodland beauty, and the happy fields
we till.

And the homes of ancient stories, the tombs of the mighty dead;
And the wise men seeking out marvels, and the poet's teeming
head;

And the painter's hand of wonder; and the marvellous fiddle-bow,
And the banded choirs of music:—all those that do and know.

For all these shall be ours and all men's, nor shall any lack a
share

Of the toil and the gain of living in the days when the world
grows fair.

Ah! such are the days that shall be! But what are the deeds of
to-day,

In the days of the years we dwell in, that wear our lives away?

Why, then, and for what are we waiting? There are three words
to speak.

WE WILL IT, and what is the foeman but the dream-strong wak-
ened and weak?

O why and for what are we waiting? while our brothers droop
and die,

And on every wind of the heavens a wasted life goes by.

How long shall they reproach us where crowd on crowd they
dwell,

Poor ghosts of the wicked city, the gold-crushed hungry hell?

Through squalid life they laboured, in sordid grief they died,
Those sons of a mighty mother, those props of England's pride.

They are gone; there is none can undo it, nor save our souls from
the curse;

But many a million cometh, and shall they be better or worse?

It is we must answer and hasten, and open wide the door
For the rich man's hurrying terror, and the slow-foot hope of the
poor.

Yea, the voiceless wrath of the wretched, and their unlearned
discontent,

We must give it voice and wisdom till the waiting-tide be spent.

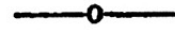
Come, then, since all things call us, the living and the dead
And o'er the weltering tangle a glimmering light is shed.

Come, then, let us cast off fooling, and put by ease and rest
For the CAUSE alone is worthy till the good days bring the best

Come, join in the only battle wherein no man can fail,
Where whoso fadeth and dieth, yet his deed shall still prevail.

Ah! come, cast off all fooling, for this, at least we know:
That the Dawn and the Day is coming, and forth the Banners go.

THE VOICE OF TOIL.



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 bade 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.

Where home is a hovel and dull we grovel,
 Forgetting that the world is fair ;
 Where no babe we cherish, lest its very soul perish
 Where our mirth is crime, our love a snare

Who now shall lead us, what god shall heed us
 As we lie in the hell our hands have won
 For us are no rulers but fools and befoolers,
 The great are fallen, the wise men gone

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 ?

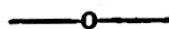
Come, shoulder to shoulder ere the world grows older !
 Help lies in nought but thee and me ;
 Hope is before us, the long years that bore us,
 Bore leaders more than men may be.

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 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.



ALL FOR THE CAUSE.



HEAR a word, a word in season, for the day is drawing nigh,
When the Cause shall call upon us, some to live, and some
to die!

He that dies shall not die lonely, many an one hath gone before,
He that lives shall bear no burden heavier than the life they
bore.

Nothing ancient is their story, e'en but yesterday they bled,
Youngest they of earth's beloved, last of all the valiant dead.

E'en the tidings we are telling was the tale they had to tell,
E'en the hope that our hearts cherish, was the hope for which
they fell.

In the grave where tyrants thrust them, lies their labour and
their pain,
But undying from their sorrow springeth up the hope again.

Mourn not therefore, nor lament it that the world outlives their
life;
Voice and vision yet they give us, making strong our hands for
strife.

Some had name, and fame, and honour, learn'd they were, and
wise and strong;
Some were nameless, poor, unlettered, weak in all but grief and
wrong.

Named and nameless all live in us; one and all they lead us yet
Every pain to count for nothing, every sorrow to forget.

Hearken how they cry, "O happy, happy ye that ye were born
"In the sad slow night's departing, in the rising of the morn.

"Fair the crown the Cause hath for you, well to die or well to
live
"Through the battle, through the tangle, peace to gain or peace
to give."

Ah, it may be! Oft meseemeth, in the days that yet shall be,
When no slave of gold abideth 'twixt the breadth of sea to sea,

Oft, when men and maids are merry, ere the sunlight leaves the
earth,
And they bless the day beloved, all too short for all their mirth,

Some shall pause awhile and ponder on the bitter days of old,
Ere the toil of strife and battle overthrew the curse of gold;

Then 'twixt lips of loved and lover solemn thoughts of us shall
rise;
We who once were fools and dreamers, then shall be the brave
and wise.

There amidst the world new-built shall our earthly deeds
abide,
Though our names be all forgotten, and the tale of how we died.

Life or death then, who shall heed it, what we gain or what we
lose?
Fair flies life amid the struggle, and the Cause for each shall
choose.

Hear a word, a word in season, for the day is drawing nigh,
When the Cause shall call upon us, some to live and some to die!

NO MASTER.

(AIR: "The Hardy Norseman.")

—o—

SAYTH 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 and grows—are we the same,
The feeble band, 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 lightning flame, a shearing sword,
A storm to overthrow.

THE MARCH OF THE WORKERS.

(AIR: "John Brown.")

—o—

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 eventide 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.

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 toward
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,
Smooth 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.

Hark the rolling, etc.

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."

Hark the rolling, etc.

"Is it war, then ? Will ye perish as the dry wood in the fire ?
Is it peace ? Then be ye of us, let your hope be our desire.
Come and live ! for life awaketh, and the world shall never tire ;
And hope is marching on."

"On we march then, we the workers, and the rumour that ye hear

Is the blended sound of battle and deliv'rance drawing near ;
For the hope of every creature is the banner that we bear,

And the world is marching on."

Hark the rolling of the thunder !

Lo the sun ! and lo thereunder

Riseth wrath, and hope, and wonder,

And the host comes marching on.

THE MESSAGE OF THE MARCH WIND.



FAIR now is the springtide, now earth lies beholding
With the eyes of a lover, the face of the sun ;
Long lasteth the daylight, and hope is enfolding
The green-growing acres with increase begun.

Now sweet, sweet it is through the land to be straying
'Mid the birds and the blossoms and the beasts of the field ;
Love mingles with love, and no evil is weighing
On thy heart or mine, where all sorrow is healed.

From township to township, o'er down and by tillage
Fair, far have we wandered and long was the day,
But now cometh eve at the end of the village,
Where over the grey wall the church riseth grey.

There is wind in the twilight ; in the white road before us
The straw from the ox-yard is blowing about ;
The moon's rim is rising, a star glitters o'er us,
And the vane on the spire-top is swinging in doubt.

Down there dips the highway, toward the bridge crossing over
The brook that runs on to the Thames and the sea.
Draw closer, my sweet, we are lover and lover ;
This eve art thou given to gladness and me.

Shall we be glad always ? Come closer and hearken :
Three fields further on, as they told me down there,
When the young moon has set, if the March sky should darken,
We might see from the hill-top the great city's glare.

Hark, the wind in the elm-boughs ! From London it bloweth,
 And telleth of gold, and of hope and unrest ;
 Of power that helps not ; of wisdom that knoweth,
 But teacheth not aught of the worst and the best.

Of the rich men it telleth, and strange is the story
 How they have, and they hanker, and grip far and wide ;
 And they live and they die, and the earth and its glory
 Has been but a burden they scarce might abide.

Hark ! the March wind again of a people is telling ;
 Of the life that they live there, so haggard and grim,
 That if we and our love amidst them had been dwelling
 My fondness had faltered, thy beauty grown dim.

This land we have loved in our love and our leisure
 For them hangs in heaven, high out of their reach ;
 The wide hills o'er the sea-plain for them have no pleasure,
 The grey homes of their fathers no story to teach.

The singers have sung and the builders have builded,
 The painters have fashioned their tales of delight ;
 For what and for whom hath the world's book been gilded,
 When all is for these but the blackness of night ?

How long, and for what is their patience abiding ?
 How oft and how oft shall their story be told,
 While the hope that none seeketh in darkness is hiding,
 And in grief and in sorrow the world groweth old ?

.

Come back to the inn, love, and the lights and the fire,
 And the fiddler's old tune and the shuffling of feet ;
 For there in a while shall be rest and desire,
 And there shall the morrow's uprising be sweet.

Yet, love, as we wend, the wind bloweth behind us,
 And beareth the last tale it telleth to-night,
 How here in the spring-tide the message shall find us ;
 For the hope that none seeketh is coming to light.

Like the seed of midwinter, unheeded, unperished,
 Like the autumn-sown wheat 'neath the snow lying green,
 Like the love that o'ertook us, unawares and uncherished,
 Like the babe 'neath thy girdle that groweth unseen.

So the hope of the people now buddeth and groweth—
 Rest fadeth before it, and blindness and fear ;
 It biddeth us learn all the wisdom it knoweth ;
 It hath found us and held us, and biddeth us hear :

For it beareth the message : " Rise up on the morrow
 And go on your ways toward the doubt and the strife ;
 Join hope to our hope and blend sorrow with sorrow,
 And seek for men's love in the short days of life."

But lo, the old inn, and the lights, and the fire,
 And the fiddler's old tune and the shuffling of feet ;
 Soon for us shall be quiet and rest and desire,
 And to-morrow's uprising to deeds shall be sweet.

DOWN AMONG THE DEAD MEN.

—o—

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

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 gath'ring of the host,
 The people armed in brain and hand,
 To claim their rights in every land.

And he that will, etc.

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.

And he that will, etc.

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.

And he that will, etc.

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 !

And he that will, etc.

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 ;

And he that will, etc.