

Socialist
Songs

With Parodies by W. R. W.
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1.—THE MARSEILLAISE.

Words and Tune by Rouget de Lisle, 1792.
(Translated by R. B. Sheridan.)

1. 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,
While Peace and Liberty lie bleeding?

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

2. See now the dangerous storm is rolling,
Which tyrant kings confederate raise;
The dogs of war let loose are howling,
And lo! our fields and cities blaze—
And lo! our fields and cities blaze.
Shall we basely view the ruin
While lawless force, with guilty stride,
Spreads desolation far and wide,
With crime and blood their hands imbruing?
3. With luxury and pride surrounded,
The vile, insatiate despots dare—
Their thirst for pride and power unbounded—
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?
4. 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?

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.

2.—THE RED FLAG.

Tune—"The White Cocakade or Maryland."
J. Connell.

1. The people's flag is deepest red;
It shrouded oft our martyred dead,
And ere their limbs grew stiff or cold
Their heart's blood dyed it's 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.
2. Look round, the Frenchman loves its blaze;
The sturdy German chants its praise;
In Moscow's vaults its hymns are sung;
Chicago swells the surging throng.
3. It waved above our infant might
When all ahead seemed dark as night;
It witnessed many a deed and vow—
We must not change its colour now.
4. It well recalls the triumphs past;
It gives the hope of peace at last.
The banner bright, the symbol plain
Of human right and human gain.
5. It suits 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.
6. With heads uncovered swear we all
To bear it onward till we fall.
Come dungeon dark, or gallows grim,
This song shall be our parting hymn.

3.—ONWARD BROTHERS.

Havelock Ellis.

Tune—"Silver Moonlight Winds."

(Chants of Labour, No. 33.)

1. 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.
2. 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.
3. 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.

4.—WORKERS ARISE.

Edw. Carpenter.

(Chants of Labour, No 12.)

Tune—"England, Arise!

1. Workers, 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 Workers, for the day is here;
 p From your fields and hills,
 Hark! the answer swells—
f Arise, O Workers, for the day is here!

2. By your young children's eyes so red with weep-
 ing,
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;
 p From each wretched slum
 Let the loud cry come;
f Arise, O Workers, for the day is here!

5. 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;
ff Workers are risen!—and the day is here.

5.—THE INTERNATIONAL.

From the French of E. Pottier.

Composed by Degeyter.

1. 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.

2. 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.

3. 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 languished,
Yet we equal are ev'ry one;
No rights but duties for the vanquished,
We claim our rights for duties done.

4. 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 despised.
Great the spoil they hold in their coffers,
To be spent on themselves alone;
We'll seize it some day spite of coffers,
And feel that we have got our own.

5. 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.

6. We peasants, artisans, and others
 Enrolled 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, this spirit craven,
 The dawn brings in a brighter day.

6.—GOOD NIGHT.

J. Connell.

Tune—"Aul Lang Syne."

1. 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.

2. 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.

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

4. 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.

5. 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.

7.—WHEN THE REVOLUTION COMES.

J. B. Glasier.

Tune—"Come, Landlord, Fill the Flowing Bowl."

1. 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!

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

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

4. The landlord and the capitalist,—
 If you should wish to see 'em
 You'll have to take a holiday
 And search in the museum!

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

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

8.—ARE YE WILLING TO WORK AND WAIT?

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

C. W. Beckett.

1. 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.

2. 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.
3. Hold fast your own idea of right and wrong,
Don't take it from the gospel-grinding band;
For the "truth" they preach to you is very seldom
true,
And what is true they do not understand.

4. 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.
5. Don't play into the stock-jobber's hand;
'Tis masters, not men, are our foes;
'Tis because the workers' band is busy linking
every land,
That the tyrants are shaking in their shoes.
6. 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.

SLAVERY AGAIN.

Written for "The International Socialist"
by K. N. Pepper.

Air "Slavery Days."

I am thinking to-day
Of the curse that shall not stay—
The Conscription Act of Fisher and the Trust!
They instruct each worker's boy
How to murder and destroy,
And to blast his striking comrades into dust!

Chorus.

Oh, the infamy and shame!
It is done in Labor's name
By the Party that does *anything* for *pay!*
And every night and morn
We shall wish our sons unborn
In these "Labor" jingo military days.

It is slavery again.

With its infamy and pain,
For our sons by "Labor" traitors have been sold,

And by law are now compelled
To be shot and stabbed and shelled
That the War Trust may increase its hoard of
gold!

—Chorus.

When our children leave the schools
They become the War Trust's tools
To defend the land and wealth of those who rob;
From each workshop, mill and mine
Boys are driven out like swine,
To be butchered by the Plutocratic Mob!

—Chorus.

They have robbed the voteless boys
Of their playtime and its joys,
And deprived them of their liberty and right;
And by brutal human hogs
Boys are trained and cursed like dogs
To prepare for future fratricidal fights!

—Chorus.

When our sturdy sons have grown,
They no longer are our own!
They've been bartered to the War Trust, *and are
slaves!*

Who, when wholesale murders pay,
Will be ordered out to slay,
By the Gang that robs the cots to fill the graves!

—Chorus.

They will ship boys o'er the main,
There to slay or there be slain
By the workers whom warmongers eke coerce,
And who, much against their will,
Are compelled to shoot and kill,
That each vampire in the Trust may fill his
purse.

—Chorus.

In the chilly winter's flood
Boys will shed each other's blood,
And destroy like frenzied devils loosed in hell,
Whilst each statesman, parson, priest,
Safe at home enjoys the feast
That's provided by the murder tools they sell!

—Chorus.

When shall workers all awake
And this rolling planet take
From the parasites whose thefts and wars cause
dearth?

When shall Truth and Freedom rise,
And all workers fraternise,
And abolish war forever from the earth?

JUST BEFORE THE BATTLE, MOTHER.

"The officers at Liege lived like fighting
cocks in the best hotels; the common soldiers
lived on a morsel of sausage and two spoon-
fuls of peas a day."—Press Cable.

Just before the battle, mother,
I am thinking most of you;
I could tackle with much gusto
Some of your good Irish stew.
All the officers are feasting
On the best in the hotels,
While we boneheads are existing
On the offal and the smells.

Chorus:

O, dear mother, you may never
Fill my plate up once again,
But, dear mother, I'll not forget you
While I feel this hunger pain.

Think of me a-chewing sausage
Made of dog's or horse's flesh.
While the odour tells my nostrils
That it's anything but fresh;
And the peas—Gord love yer, mother—
You could put them in your eye,
And you'd feel no inconvenience
When from foes you had to fly

Chorus.

O dear mother, you have never
Seen me looking so dashed blue;
But the fact is, dearest mother,
I am longing for some stew.

I was quite mistaken, mother,
 When I thought a war was grand.
 Now I find the glory bunkum,
 And the din I cannot stand;
 If I dodge the flying bullets,
 I will never fight again,
 For the patriotic bounders
 Who grab all there is to gain.

Chorus:

No, dear mother, I will never
 Fight for those who rob and brag,
 But I'll join the growing army
 That fights under the Red Flag.

WILL THEY REMEMBER ME?

Our friend William is receiving many assurances
 that he will not be forgotten when he returns from
 the war, but he should ask—

Air: "Then You'll Remember Me."

When other lips and other hearts
 Their tales of love shall tell,
 Then I shall be in foreign parts,
 Absorbing shot and shell;
 When rulers at the festive board
 Enjoy a little spree,
 I wonder if the drunken horde
 Will then remember me. (Repeat.)

When I have lost an arm or leg,
 And I come home again,
 Will I then have a job to beg,
 And only meet disdain?
 Will bosses look at me askance
 When at the factory
 I crave a sympathetic glance—
 Will they remember me? (Repeat.)

Oh, Where is My Boy Tonight.

Where is my wandering boy tonight?
 The boy of his mother's pride?
 He's looking for lead with a bee in his head
 And a bayonet by his side.

Chorus:

Oh, where is my boy tonight?
 Oh, where is my boy tonight
 He's looking for fun in the mouth of a gun
 That's where your boy is tonight.
 His heart may be true as it used to be
 But his nut is a bit on the skew
 So he's off to the front on a bonehead's hunt
 With the rest of the murdering crew.

Chorus:

Oh, where is my boy tonight?
 Oh, where is my boy tonight?
 He's off to the war where the sillyuns are
 Looking for fight tonight.
 Perhaps he is getting a dose of drill,
 From an officer full of swank,
 Or maybe some lead has got into his head
 And his carcase is cold and dank.

Chorus:

Oh, where is my boy tonight,
 Oh, where is my boy tonight,
 He lies in the track and will never come back
 That's where your boy is tonight w.a.w.

Mug's Appeal.

Air: "Abide with me."

Abide with me,
 Fast comes the rising tide
 Of jobless slaves,
 O Boss, with me abide;

Turn not on me
 A cold disdainful eye,
 Abide with me, O Boss,
 Abide with me.

The jobless slaves
 On Shanks's pony ride
 From shop to shop,
 Wherein thou dost reside,
 Keep thou n e on,
 Nor give to me the sack,
 Abide with me. O Boss,
 Abide with me.

There's a Job that is Not Far Away.

"We must have more men."—Sir John French.

Air: "The Sweet Bye and Bye."

There's a job that is not far away,
 And for it they pay five bob a day,
 It's a job that is boosted afar
 For the boneheads who glory in war.

Chorus:

In the sweet, bye and bye,
 When the Mugs are out looking for gore,
 You'll be sent to the sky,
 Where they sing on the "beautiful shore."

O the masters and preachers unite
 To induce you to go to the fight.
 While they stay to take care of the quids,
 And condole with your women and kids.

Chorus:

In the sweet, bye and bye,
 There will be wooden legs evermore.
 When you meet in the sky,
 With the Mugs on that "beautiful shore."

Don't delay then, but go and enroll,
 Make a bolt for the five shilling goal,
 Give your lives for the Empire today,
 And believe what the patriots say.

Chorus:

In the sweet, bye and bye,
 When the German guns rattle and roar,
 You'll be blown up sky-high,
 You'll be sent to the "beautiful shore."

A Vision.

Air: "The Holy City."

One night, as I lay dreaming,
 A vision came to me,
 I saw an army beaming
 With great felicity;
 I marked what they were singing,
 And listened to their song,
 It was a glorious anthem—
 An anthem filled with glee,
 It was a glorious anthem—
 An anthem filled with glee.

Chorus:

Britannia! Britannia!
 Britannia rules the waves!
 And Britons, they will never,
 No, never will be slaves,
 And Britons, they will never,
 They never will be slaves.

Methought the wealthy classes
 Were in that grand array,
 While they had toiling masses
 On insufficient pay.

I marked these toilers singing,
 I listened to their song,
 It was a glorious anthem—
 An anthem of revolt,
 It was a glorious anthem—
 An anthem of revolt.

Chorus:

O Workers! Come Workers!
 Workers of the World Unite!
 And use your brains, throw off your
 chains,
 And for your freedom fight!

(Repeat.)

Scatter Seeds of Blindness.

20,000 More Men are wanted for the War.

Air: Scatter Seeds of Kindness.

Let us gather up the fifties,
 From the farms and towns outback,
 Let us round up all the jobless,
 Who are out upon the track;
 Let us give them guns and bayonets
 And enlist them for the fray,
 Let us ship them off to Europe
 While we shout Hip-hip, hooray!

Chorus:

Then scatter seeds of blindness,
 Yes, scatter seeds of blindness,
 Yes, do ye the dull and mindless,
 For our deceiving bye and bye.

O the fight is on in Europe,
 And the Mugs are wading in;
 There is room for you, dear brother,
 In the battle and the din:
 So enroll and leave behind you
 Home and wife and kiddies dear;
 Go where lead is free for breakfast,
 And the bayonet's prod will cheer.

Chorus: