15 Sons of the South.

Tune—"Sons of the Sea."

Have you heard the talk of money powers,
Grappling gain increasingly?
Heard you not how they watch these lives of ours.

Watch our lives uncaringly?
Do you know they think for all our share
Food and time for sleep should do?
They forget that we are not machines.
But men, who dare to prove our manhood, too!

But we want plenty yet, plenty yet, plenty yet,
And what we want we'll get, yes, we'll get, yes, we'll get!

Glory—

Our native land, free we'll enjoy,
Our own wealth we'll work for, in our own employ;
All shall be the worker's share—we'll take the dexter's claim.
For the Sons of the South will have their own, and make Australia's name!
17 Rallying Song.

Tune—"Auld Lang Syne."

Come, brothers, raise a hearty song,
To cheer us on our way;
The fate of right or wrong
We cast aside to-day.

Chorus—

In bands of brotherhood we stand,
Determined to be free;
That love and justice hand in hand
May bring true liberty.

To all the sons of men we call,
Of every tribe and name;
The cause of each is that of all,
The hope of each the same.

We need not seek another sphere,
In realms beyond the sky;
The reign of love is ever here,
Behold the dawn is near!

JAMES P. MORTON, JUNE.

18 Rouse Australians.

Tune—"Rouse Australians."

See the clouds of night pass by,
See at last the Morning Star;
Oh, look up with honest eye,
Rouse, and all your prison doors unbar!

Chorus—

Rouse ye, rouse ye, O Australians,
Who from old Britannia came!
Onward marching side by side;
Guard the treasure of your noble name!

Nations rise when true men lead;
Art and Science clear the road;
We will have our lie of ground;
We will trample on the chains and bond.

O Australians—fearless—free—
Learn while the path of gain;
Think of all you ought to know;
Work the metal of your heart and brain.

JOHN H. NICHOLSON.