

SONGS FOR THE CELEBRATION.

THE following revolutionary songs are here reprinted by request. They are those which will be sung by the choir of the Socialist League at South Place on the 16th. The first is written to the old air, "When the King enjoys his own again." "All for the Cause" will be sung to the air composed for it by E. Belfort Bax; copies of the music and words may be obtained at the Hall during the meeting, or at the League offices, 13, Farringdon Road, E.C. The other two are too well known to need any direction. The audience will be asked to join heartily in singing the *Marseillaise*.

WHEN THE PEOPLE HAVE THEIR OWN AGAIN.

THOUGH prating fools in Parliament
May do their utmost to prevent
The people's knowing who are who,
Or finding out what they can do;
In spite of them all, how'er they may bawl,
And Wrong defend with might and main,
The Right it shall win, and the good days begin
When the people have their own again!

The Right, etc.

The lawyers all may do their best
For profit, rent, and interest;
And parsons also after fees
May give the coward conscience ease;
But writ on the wall is the tale of their fall
Whose pleasure is the people's pain:
Ere long they'll be gone, and freedom be won
When the people have their own again!

Ere long, etc.

We see the promise in the east,
The dawning day of Freedom's feast;
And though the despots call it crime
To hail with joy the coming time,
Right well do we know how soon they must go,
And hear their threatening with disdain;
We know that at length we shall rise in our strength,
And the people have their own again!

We know, etc.

H. HALLIDAY SPARLING.

LA CARMAGNOLE.

QUE faut-il au républicain ?
Que faut-il au républicain ?
La liberté du genre humain !
La liberté du genre humain !
La pioche dans les cachots,
L'école dans les châteaux,
Et la paix aux chaumières.
Vive le son, vive le son,
Et la paix aux chaumières
Vive le son du canon.
Dansons la carmagnole !
Vive le son, vive le son,
Dansons la carmagnole !
Vive le son du canon !

Que demande un républicain ?
Que demande un républicain ?
L'égalité du genre humain !
L'égalité du genre humain !
Plus de riche debout,
Plus de pauvre à genoux,
Aux fainéants la guerre.
Vive le son, etc.

Que demande un républicain ?
Que demande un républicain ?
Du fer, du plomb, et puis du pain !
Du fer, du plomb, et puis du pain !
Du fer pour travailler,
Du plomb pour se venger,
Et du pain pour nos frères.
Vive le son, etc.

Ah ! s'ils avaient le sens commun,
Ah ! s'ils avaient le sens commun,
Tous les peuples n'en feraient qu'un,
Tous les peuples n'en feraient qu'un ;
Au lieu de s'égorger,
Ils viendraient tous manger,
A la même gamelle.
Vive le son, etc.

Vive la Commune de Paris,
Vive la Commune de Paris,
Ses mitrailleuses et ses fusils !
Ses mitrailleuses et ses fusils !
La Commune battue,
N'est pas encore vaincue,
Elle aura sa revanche.
Vive le son, etc.

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.

WILLIAM MORRIS.

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 !

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 ?
To arms ! etc.

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 ?
To arms ! etc.

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.
To arms ! etc.

ROUGET DE LISLE.