

## CHANTS FOR SOCIALISTS.—No. III.

*All for the Cause.*

By WILLIAM MORRIS.

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, learned were they, 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 mesecmeth, 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!

Morris, William. "Chants for Socialists.—No. III." Justice 19 Apr. 1884: 5. Nineteenth Century Collections Online. Web. 3 Dec. 2014.

Document URL  
<http://tinyurl.galegroup.com/tinyurl/NtRb0>