

UTAH

WOMAN SUFFRAGE
SONG BOOK

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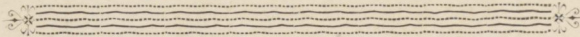
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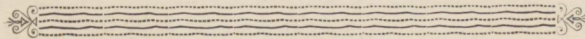
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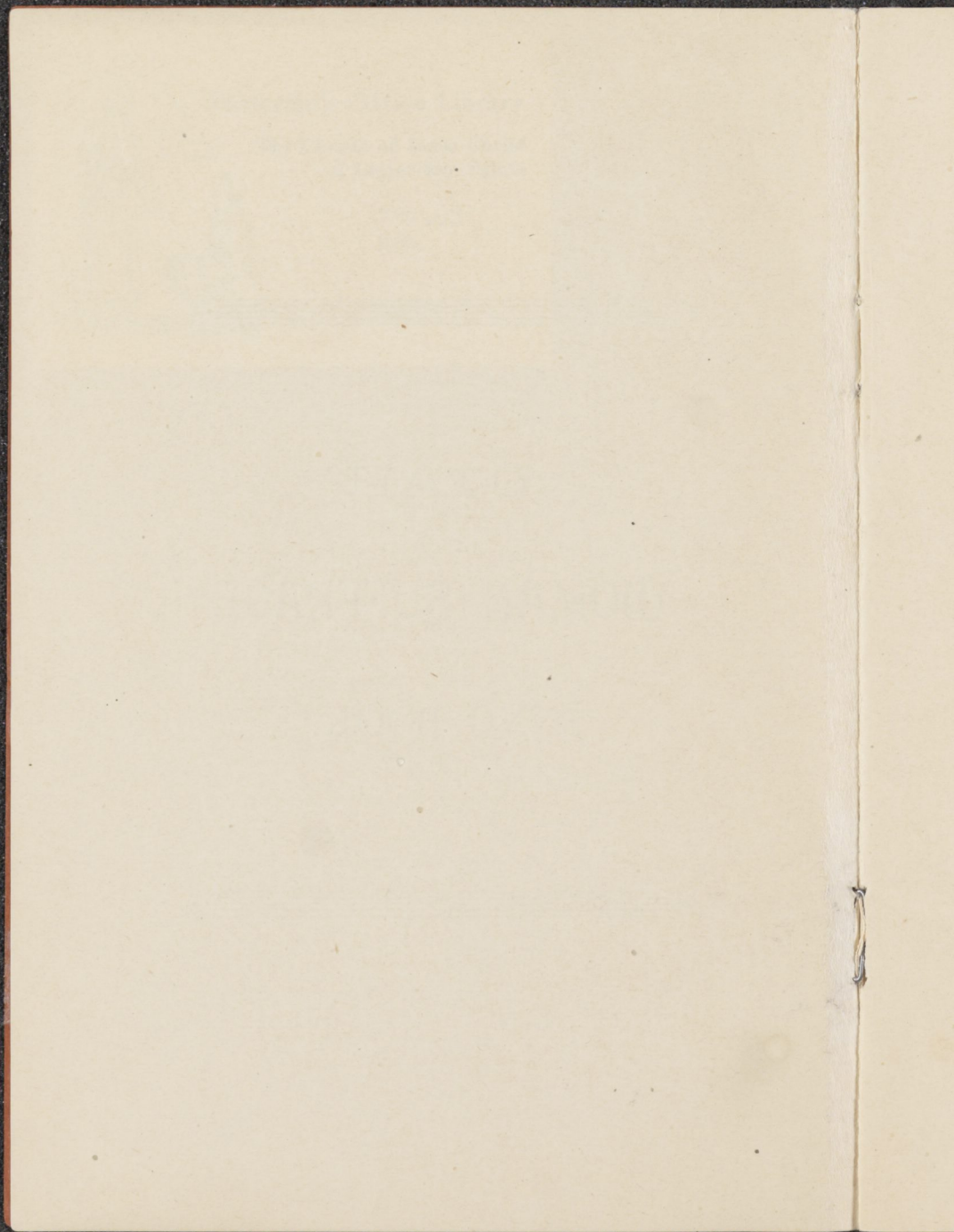


UTAM

WOMAN SUFFRAGE

SONG BOOK.





BATTLE HYMN OF THE REPUBLIC.

TUNE—"John Brown."

MINE eyes have seen the glory of the coming of the Lord ;
He is trampling out the vintage where the grapes of wrath
are stored;
He hath loosed the fateful lightning of His terrible swift
sword.

His truth is marching on.

I have seen Him in the watch-fires of a hundred circling
camps ;
They have builded him an altar in the evening dews and
damps ;
I can read His righteous sentence by the dim and flaring
lamps—

His day is marching on.

I have read a fiery gospel, writ in burnished rows of steel,
"As ye deal with my contemners, so with you my grace shall
deal,"

Let the hero born of woman crush the serpent with his heel,
Since God is marching on.

He has sounded forth the trumpet that shall never call re-
treat,
He is sifting out the hearts of men before His judgment
seat.

O, be swift my soul to answer Him be jubilant my feet ;
Our God is marching on.

In the beauty of the lilies, Christ was born across the sea,
 With a glory in His bosom that transfigures you and me ;
 As He died to make men holy let us die to make men free ;
 While God is marching on.

Julia Ward Howe.

EQUAL RIGHTS.

TUNE:—"Hail Columbia."

RISE, Columbia's daughters, rise;
 Heaven has surely heard your cries,
 Yet to the world we must appeal.
 Arise, ye mothers of the race,
 Enjoy your heaven-appointed place,
 Demand the rights the world accords
 Freely to "creation's lords,"
 Now let woman's watchword be—
 "Equal Rights and Liberty."

CHORUS:

Sisters, brave of heart and true,
 Now for simple justice sue ;
 Claim the birthright of the free—
 "Equal Rights and Liberty."

Shall we longer count as naught,
 Rights for which our fathers fought ?
 The rights which all their sons enjoy ?
 Can impartial justice sleep ?
 Servile silence shall we keep ?
 Need we bear for evermore
 All our wrongs so deep and sore ?
 Why should women still be banned
 Virtual slaves, in freedom's land ?

CHORUS:

"Equal Rights," for small and great ;
 "Equal Rights," whate'er our state—
 No more, no less than this we claim.
 Let others think 'tis woman's fate
 Always submissively to wait ;
 For equity we'll still contend,
 And work to gain the wish'd for end.
 Take courage, friends, and don't forget—
 That "Equal Rights" await us yet.

CHORUS:

Emily H. Woodmansee.

WOMAN, ARISE.

TUNE:—"Hope of Israel."

FREEDOM's daughter, rouse from slumber;
 See, the curtains are withdrawn
 Which so long thy mind hath shrouded ;
 Lo! thy day begins to dawn.

CHORUS:

Woman, 'rise, thy penance o'er,
 Sit thou in the dust no more;
 Seize the scepter, hold the van,
 Equal with thy brother, man.

Truth and virtue be thy motto,
 Temp'rance, liberty and peace,
 Light shall shine and darkness vanish,
 Love shall reign, oppression cease.

CHORUS: Woman, 'rise, etc.

First to fall 'mid Eden's bowers,
 Through long suff'ring worthy proved,
 With the foremost claim thy pardon,
 When earth's curse shall be removed.

CHORUS: Woman, 'rise, etc.

L. G. Richards.

A SUFFRAGE SONG.

AWAKE, O ye daughters of freedom and ease,
 Come forth from the scenes of your splendor and pride,
 There are deeds ye can do, there are words ye can speak
 That may strengthen the helpless and comfort the tried.

In your comfort and pleasure ye know not the wrongs
 Which the daughters of earth, your own sisters, endure;
 Let thy voice plead for them in thy homes and abroad,
 Till each woman hath rights that are lasting and sure.

The fav'rite of fortune is honored and blest,
 And she sings her loved babe to its sleep in her arms;
 But the wine cup may quench the bright fire on her hearth,
 Or injustice may wreck all her life and its charms.

Yet still through the perils and sorrows that rise
 There are fathers and brothers, are husbands and sons,
 Who are true to their manhood and womanhood, too,
 Who would right all the wrongs of these suffering ones.

Then gather with them, whether great or though poor,
 And rest not until justice amendeth her laws;
 Until mother and babe, wife, widow and maid
 May claim without question the right in their cause.

If woman may rule on the throne, or may die
As martyr for faith or for country's dear sake,
Let the men she hath borne yield the life debt they owe,
And grant her the rights that their manhood should make.

Augusta Joyce Crocheron.

OH WHERE IS FREEDOM GONE.

Oh where, and oh where does fair freedom make her home;
Does she dwell in Utah's valleys, or in other lands doth
roam.

Has she crossed the sea to England, to France, or sunny
Spain;

Oh we wish, how we wish, we could win her back again.

Oh why, and oh why, was she driven from her throne
To wander far in sorrow, neglected, and alone;
Our matrons true have sought her, our maidens seek her
still,

They have sought her in the valley, they have sought her on
the hill.

Suppose, and suppose, that freedom ere should die;
Why did they take her from us, and echo gave reply
Men in office did not love her, nor senators approve
That women should be gratified with what they truly love.

They know how women labor, and toil in freedom's cause,
That women are most loyal, and well obey the laws;
Yet they did not like to see them to the ballot box repair
So they set a trap for freedom, her footsteps to ensnare.

Suppose, and suppose, that she ever should return,
In Utah we would greet her, for her sweet incense burn;
Right royally we'd treat her, and in our hearts enshrine
The gift by heaven sent us, the child of love divine.

M. A. Y. Greenhalgh.

OH, COME, COME AWAY.

Oh, come, come away,
 We offer kindly greeting
 To every one who hither comes;
 Oh, come, come away.
 To join the woman suffrage ring,
 And help us both to talk and sing
 Of either light or weighty things ;
 Oh, come, come away.

Oh, come, come away,
 And fear no hidden danger;
 'Tis nothing new which we pursue,
 Oh, come, come away.
 In equal rights we take delight,
 Our own we view with favor bright,
 We'll have them, too, without a fight ;
 Oh, come, come away.

Oh, come, come away,
 From old mistakes and errors ;
 In modern days, sweet freedom's ways—
 Oh, come, come away—
 Are not too steep for all to tread,
 The blessed sun is overhead,
 The whole wide earth before us spread ;
 Oh, come, come away.

Oh, come, come away;
 Henceforth our daily labor
 Will give us joy and sweet employ;
 Oh, come, come away.
 The holy care of infancy,
 And hearthside duties, fair to see,
 By all the world will honored be
 Oh, come, come away.

Oh, come, come away,
And ponder well this teaching,
To self if true, we'll never rue ;
Oh, come, come away.
True wisdom seek and we shall find
Unfettered hands, contented minds,
And only love our hearts to bind ;
Then come, come away.

Lu. Dalton.

WHERE IS THE SUFFRAGE GONE.

WHERE is the suffrage gone, where, oh where?
Into Wyoming state, go seek it there,
The women there claim it and hold it secure.
To Utah's fair land can we not it allure?
Shall the equal rights' banner o'er them alone wave,
Or no other state boast the free and the brave?

Will freedom return to the land of the west,
And in Utah's sweet valleys find welcome and rest?
Shall we woo her in vain, in vain her implore
To visit our hearths and the suffrage restore?
Will she suffer her daughters as serfs to remain,
Or give them their rights and the suffrage again?

Be active, dear sisters, and haste the return
Of the time when your lamps with her brightness shall burn,
When the polls will be open to you and to all,
Nor tyranny longer your spirits enthrall.
With all noble women your forces unite,
Your watchword be freedom, for right against might.

Oh, be not disheartened, but keep to the fore.
The cause that you strive for, tho' nations ignore,
Is just, and will triumph, though tyrants oppose,
And law-makers strengthen the ranks of your foes ;
Right surely will conquer and wrong take to flight,
And freedom's bright dawn chase oppressions's dark night.

M. A. Y. Greenhalgh.

THE REASON WHY.

WHY do we seek for further rights
Than those which all our lives surround ;
And turn from calm to anxious paths
Where greater cares shall still be found ?

O, sisters, we like children still
So little dream of ills that throng,
We see not in our happiness
The hov'ring clouds of woe and wrong.

Because love pleases to bestow
Its guardian care and grant our needs,
Unconsciously we fail to see
The end to which such weakness leads.

For woman's hand like man's should hold,
An equal power for justice's sake,
To give the helpless, old and young
Comfort and peace that none may break.

No poor-house for the parents old,
But home and blessings they have earned,
When woman's heart helps make the law
This lesson will be taught and learned.

No wine shop to allure the souls
Of thoughtless ones to recklessness,
Whose paths are marked by poverty
And helpless beings' deep distress.

Must woman give her fairest years
As wife and mother and then find
Herself a silent figure-head—
No voice, no vote 'mong human kind ?

May woman toil with hand and brain,
Yet in their profits hold no right—
Shall others gather what she sowed
And conscience blush not at the sight ?

Nay, sons and brothers, well ye know
Should wives and daughters vote with you,
The candidate to win the race
Must be the right kind through and through.

The brain that reels with drink and smoke
Is not so clear as your own wives',
The step that totters to its place
Is not the step to lead our lives.

Then true and noble men, ye need
A mighty balance in your power,
A woman's vote goes to the good,
She is your friend through ev'ry hour.

So, would ye right the many wrongs
That cloud and pierce our inmost lives,
Would ye have help through all the world—
Share votes with mothers, sisters, wives.

Augusta Joyce Crocheron.

GOD SHALL LEAD US ON.

TUNE: "*John Brown.*"

FROM Wyoming's rocky valleys to the wild New Hampshire
hills,

From our northern lakes of silver to the sunny southern rills,
Lo! the clarion call of freedom all the listening silence
thrills!

Our God shall lead us on.

CHORUS: Glory, Glory, Hallelujah!
Glory, Glory, Hallelujah!
Glory, Glory, Hallelujah!
Our God shall lead us on.

We have heard the voice of freedom from that far-off west-
ern shore;

We have heard the echoes calling, as our fathers heard of
yore,

Let us sing its stirring music, "Equal Rights for evermore!"
And God shall lead us on.

CHORUS.

We have watched the dawning splendor of a promise in the
skies,

We have heard His accents tender, "Lo! ye faithful ones,
Arise!"

"Who would equal justice render, I will nevermore despise."
"Your God shall lead you on."

CHORUS.

Julia Mills Dunn.

A SEARCH FOR FREEDOM.

In twilight's hours I wandered forth
Beside a rippling stream,
I asked the east, the south, the north
"Is freedom but a dream?"

A distant voice smote on my ear,
From out the hills it came :
"Who dares to speak of freedom here,
Or breathe its honor'd name?"

Say, who art thou who seeks to know
What freedom is or where,
It has a hiding-place below,
And echo answered "Where?"

A woman asks, I freely spoke,
If freedom can be found
Or if we wear the tyrant's yoke
On Utah's sacred ground.

A *woman thou!* and dost not know
That freedom's but a name,
On this fair soil it does not grow
Though *here* from heaven it came?

It blossomed once, and grew apace
Till man, the monarch, came
And cut it down, nor left a trace
Of freedom, but its name.

M. A. Y. Greenhalgh.

NEW AMERICA.

TUNE:—"America." Key of G.

OUR country, now from thee
We claim our liberty,
In freedom's name.

Guarding home's altar fires,
Daughters of patriot sires,
Their zeal our own inspires
Justice to claim.

Women in every age,
For this great heritage
Tribute have paid.
Our birthright claim we now,
Longer refuse to bow ;
On freedom's altar now
Our hand is laid.

Sons, will you longer see
Mothers, on bended knee,
For justice pray ?
Rise now in manhood's might,
With earth's true souls unite
To speed the dawning light
Of freedom's day.

Elizabeth Boynton Harbert.

PLANT THE GOOD SEED.

PLANT the good seed in the light of the morning;
Heed not injustice, or coldness, or scorn.
Ours the same cause that our fathers defended,
In the first glory of liberty's morn.
Ours the same cause that a just God befriended,
When tyrants and traitors sought liberty's life.
Fierce was the conflict—the laggard appalling ;
Should her brave champions fail in the strife.

Plant the good seed in the hearts of your children,
 Nurtured by truth, they shall flourish and grow.
 Endurance and reason shall solve the great problem;
 Bloodless the battle we wage with the foe.
 Slow grows the oak tree, but long it endureth !
 Slowly, but surely, the way we will pave,
 And hasten the hour when freedom's proud banner,
 Protecting no tyrant, shall shadow no slave.

Ellen Jakeman.

COLUMBIA'S DAUGHTERS.

TUNE :—“*Hold the Fort.*” Key of D.

HARK, the sound of myriad voices
 Rising in their might :
 'Tis the daughters of Columbia
 Pleading for the right.

CHORUS:

Raise the flag and plant the standard,
 Wave the signal still;
 Brothers, we must share your freedom,
 Help us, and we will.

Think it not an idle murmur,
 You who hear the cry;
 'Tis a plea for human freedom,
 Hallowed liberty !

CHORUS.

Oh, our country, glorious nation !
 Greatest of them all,
 Give unto thy daughters justice,
 Or thy pride will fall.

CHORUS.

Great Republic ! to thy watchword
 Wouldst thou faithful be,
 All beneath thy starry banner
 Must alike be free.

CHORUS.

Harriet H. Robinson.

FREEDOM AS QUEEN.

Utah, loved land,
 Thy sons a happy band
 Once filled with joy the land—
 Freedom was queen.

But the law's cunning tricks,
 Helped by base politics,
 Dethroned the queen.

When she reigned over us
 All called her glorious—
 Hailed her as queen.

Soon may she come again
 Once more resume her reign,
 And be our queen.

Defeat our enemies,
 Brighten our clouded skies,
 Reign as our queen.

Equal rights give to us,
 Make us victorious,
 Show thou art queen.

Give to us what we ask,
 That were an easy task
 When thou art queen.

Justice alone we claim,
 Seek not for wealth or fame—
 Be thou our queen.

Give us the suffrage free
 And we'll ascribe to thee
 Honor as queen.

Let freedom's banner wave
 O'er every fettered slave,
 Come thou as queen.

Loosen our sisters' bands,
 Let free our mothers' hands ;
 Once more be queen.

Let us help make the laws,
 We will uphold thy cause,
 Crown thee as queen.

May our rights' standard float
 Over both land and moat—
 Freedom be queen.

M. A. Y. Greenhalgh.

A SONG INSCRIBED TO WOMAN.

AIR—“*The Primary Army.*”

COULD all be numbered on the earth,
 The noble, grand, pure thoughts of worth,
 Whose origin was woman's mind,
 Sweet generous thoughts and justice kind:
 Guiding to pure morality,
 Righteousness and sincerity.

The deeds by woman wisely wrought,
 Have moved the world to solemn thought;
 And there are those who for truth's sake,
 Like Joan of Arc died at the stake;
 For what they knew to be divine,
 And in His book their names will shine.

Oh, woman's suffrage, what a cause!
 In woman's favor few the laws.
 Whereby are shown a woman's rights
 To reach her vision's grandest heights,
 And do the world a wealth of good;
 Brighten, refine it as she could.

Oh, sisters, let us join and start
 Our works, and have it reach the heart
 Of each our privilege to find
 And prove our motive naught but *kind*;
 Our flag ONCE FREELY wide unfurled,
 We'll aid in blessing all the world.

Souls with heavenly gifted thought
 Dost know the good by woman wrought?
 To save the world from greater woe,
 Striving for right as on they go;
 If *upward*, be our watchword, grand,
 Our aid will help to save the land.

Zina E. Crocheron.

FREEDOM BANISHED.

UTAH, fair land, freedom called thee home,
 She sat on thy mountains and made them her throne,
 She roamed in thy valleys, by thy brooklets she strayed,
 And at noontide reclined in thy cedars' cool shade;

On thy rivers she floated, on thy lakes she was seen,
And the waters reflected her proud, stately mien;
She dwelt in thy halls, in thy cottage was found,
And her presence made fertile the dry, barren ground.

In thy canyons she lingered when daylight was past,
And sweetened thy children's poor, frugal repast;
In the sheep-herder's tent, on the hill or the plain,
In the lumberer's camp, or on homesteader's claim.
When her presence was felt and her pure gifts bestowed
The breasts of the men with true loyalty glowed ;
Thy prairies so barren as she passed o'er them waved
Their long grassy robes that no cool brooklet laved.

Thy daughters were cheerful, thy sons true and brave,
For they had not then felt the law's power to enslave;
They blessed thee, dear freedom, and bathed in thy light,
Nor dreamt that oppression would come like the night.
Nor could they foresee that injustice would lower
And blot out her glory, deprive her of power,
But bigots and senators law-making came
And banished the goddess and tarnished her fame.

M. A. Y. Greenhalgh.

WYOMING.

PROUD state of the Union! we love thee ;
A symbol of freedom thy name,
The folds of our flag wave above thee,
The star of thy greatness to claim.
No stain on thy pearly white bosom,
No rust on thy heartstrings of hope,
Oh sweet, budding, beautiful bosom,
That blooms on the Rockies' east slope.

Sweet goddess of justice ! a token
 Of rev'ence and honor we send.
 The chains that bind woman are broken.
 Her visions of grandeur extend.
 The future is dawning with praises
 Of millions unknown and unborn ;
 The banner of freedom now raises
 To usher the glorious morn.

Bright gem of the Rockies ! thy lustre
 Is lighting thy path to the goal,
 Where emblems of liberty cluster
 To brighten and cheer ev'ry soul.
 Proud star of our grand constellation,
 Shine bright for humanity's sake,
 While woman now sings exultation,
 Inspiring the race to awake.

Louis N. Crill, Jr.

ODE TO THE TRUE REPUBLIC IN WYOMING.

THE proud flag of freedom in honor is waving,
 Of which this great nation has boasted so long,
 In truth o'er the hearts and the homes of its people;
 We'll praise them for courage, we'll cheer them in song.

The banner is lifted; the motto's engraved,
 Equality, justice; 'tis freedom's true call,
 Enshrined in the hearts of the first true republic,
 The world has e'er seen; 'tis a pattern for all.

The star of the nation in beauty hath risen;
 Its rays they will glimmer till daylight appears;
 When the sun in its splendor will shine o'er this nation,
 Give freedom to those who have struggled for years.

The dark clouds are breaking; the mist is departing;
 Wise men of the nation are favoring those
 With courage undaunted, who've patiently waited
 On victory; they'll triumph, over all of their foes.

Lucy A. Clark.

HELP THE WORKINGWOMEN.

AIR—"Lily Dale."

OH, ye fair ones, whose feet
 Walk in pathways so sweet,
 Where the rude winds of want never blow;
 Can you linger to hark
 To a cry from the dark,
 Where the care-laden workwomen go?

CHORUS—

O sister, dear sisters, queens in all lands,
 Many wrongs you may right,
 Many burdens make light
 By the strength of your lily-white hands.

In your warm homes secure,
 Think what they must endure,
 Who, unarmed, life's grim battle must fight,
 Who must toil, pinch and strive,
 That their dear ones may live,
 All the day, and, perhaps, half the night.

They may not turn aside
 Where fair pleasures abide;
 They to wisdom's bright haunts may not go;
 Not a moment to spare
 From their burden of care;
 Half-paid labor is all they may know.

You whose lives blossom bright,
 With love and ease and delight;
 Do you pity this toil-weary band?
 Would you lighten their load?
 Would you smooth their rough road?
 Then for true equal rights take a stand.

L. L. Dalton.

SONG FOR EQUAL RIGHTS.

AIR—“*Marching through Georgia.*”

WE are the mothers of mankind, the daughters, sisters,
 wives;
 To human weal we ever give our time, our strength, our lives,
 And we'll uphold the honest hand that ever nobly strives
 To wave the flag of equal rights in Utah.

CHORUS:

Hurrah! hurrah!
 Hurrah! hurrah! we'll light the way with song,
 Come brothers, sisters, join the strain and swell it sweet
 and strong,
 We'll wave the flag of equal rights in Utah!

We'll learn to wash and bake and brew in the best and quick-
 est way,
 And try to sweep and dust and stew and not consume the
 day;
 But garner time to study, too, and teach our boys the way
 To wave the flag of equal rights in Utah.

We think the world is old enough that womankind should
stand

Beside creation's noble lords and help to rule the land,
Close up saloons, improve the schools and lend a helping
hand

To wave the flag of equal rights in Utah.

Our brothers must no longer sail the ship of state alone,
So we will help them out with that while they with plea-
sure own,

Their goddess is a woman, too; we call her from her throne,
To wave the flag of equal rights o'er Utah.

Belle D. Edwards.

