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EQUAL SUFFRAGE ..SONG SHEAF..

by

EUGÉNIE M. RAYÉ-SMITH

SECOND EDITION

COME VOTE, LADIES!

(Tune: "Good-night, Ladies!")

Come vote, ladies; come vote, ladies; come vote,
ladies;

The civic call obey.

Gladly will we cast a vote, cast a vote, cast a vote,

Gladly will we cast a vote

On Election Day!

TEN CENTS A COPY

M1664
.W8562

Dedicated to
Our Leader in the Land
REV. ANNA HOWARD SHAW

298175

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No. 1

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By Eugénie M. Rayé-Smith

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SUFFRAGE SUCCESS SONG AND MARCH.

(Tune: Barnby's "We March, We March to Victory!")

Success we sing,
Success we bring,
 For the cause of freedom glorious,
For the cause of truth,
For the cause of youth,
 For the woman's cause victorious,
 The woman's cause victorious!
We see o'er the height
Of the hills of might
 The dawn of justice morrow;
For the God of right
Is the God of light,
 And from heaven our strength we borrow,
 From heaven our strength we borrow!

Chorus—Success we sing,
 Success we bring,
 For the cause of freedom glorious,
 For the cause of truth,
 For the cause of youth,
 For the woman's cause victorious,
 The woman's cause victorious!

The brave and good
Of womanhood
 Lead us on to victory's portal,
We have joined the band
Who will win the land
 In the name of truth immortal,
 The name of truth immortal!
The plan of the years
As in God appears;
 The plan of life most human,
Grants an equal right
With the man in might
 To the noblest gifts of woman,
 The noblest gifts of woman!

Come join our song,
Come join the throng
 That shall raise the victory chorus.
When the woman free
With the man shall be,
 And the sun of justice o'er us,
 The sun of justice o'er us!
We march toward the day,
Toward the full, free ray
 That has touched our flag out-flinging;
Now we climb the way,
With a carol gay;
 'Tis the triumph song out-ringing!
 The triumph song out-ringing!

MIGHT OF ALL THIS LAND, ARISE!

(Tune: "Hail Columbia!")

Might of all this land, arise!
Gird yourself 'neath freedom's skies!
Where shone fair justice star of yore,
Where shone fair justice star of yore.
Lead forth your daughters till the prize
Of freedom's dawn shall greet their eyes!
Let noble womanhood and right
Win their own in valor's sight;
Win the homeland we adore,
Win this land from shore to shore!

Chorus—Firm we stand for woman free!
 Columbia spells liberty!
 Columbia our claim will see;
 Equal justice ours shall be!

NOTE—This song can be adapted to the specific use of almost any State by inserting name in first and last stanzas and in chorus: as

 Might of Maryland, arise! etc.

 Maryland spells liberty! etc.

 Fair Maryland, our star and guide, Twin land wed
 by ocean tide! etc.

Land of native wood-notes wild,
Land of culture, Freedom's child,
From college hall and busy street,
From college hall and busy street,
Where man and woman equal meet,
We throng before your justice seat.
With willing hand we've borne our part
In the home, the school, the mart;
Grant us in your councils here
Right to vote and speak as peer!

Hail! new dawn of freedom's light!
Hail! new birth of freedom's might!
In union only strength we see,
In union only strength we see.
So man and woman one should be
In faith and purpose strong and free!
Fair land of hope, our star and guide,
Swept by east and western tide,
Picture forth the truth to be,
Man and mate together free!

THE CAUSE, BRAVE, STRONG AND TRUE!

Tune: "The Red, White and Blue.")

Oh, democracy, goal of creation,
The union of great and of small,
Hope of woman and truth's vindication,
With joy we respond to thy call!
Thy cause is the cause of a Nation;
For the rights of the whole, not the few!
'Neath thy flag we shall work out our salvation,
The cause of the brave, strong and true!
The cause of the brave, strong and true!
The cause of the brave, strong and true!
'Neath thy flag we shall work out our salvation,
The cause of the brave, strong and true!

When trembled thy sacred foundation
'Neath pestilence, sorrow and strife,
Woman's heart opened forth consolation,
Woman's hand bore thee healing and life!
Now she seeks from thy side ne'er to sever,
And she calls on her peers for her due—
"Join hands, man and woman, forever
In the cause that is brave, strong and true!
In the cause that is brave, strong and true!
In the cause that is brave, strong and true!
Join hands, man and woman, forever
In the cause that is brave, strong and true!"

Where, sunken in vile degradation,
The life of the city lies low,
Woman's soul seeks for faith's restoration,
Woman's will waits in weal and in woe!
Fling fair purity's standard before her!
Bring the gold of equality, too!
Flag of home, school and Nation fly o'er her!
Three cheers for the cause, strong and true!
Three cheers for the cause, strong and true!
Bound to win 'neath the red, white and blue!
Flag of home, school and Nation fly o'er her!
Three cheers for the cause, strong and true!

MARCH OF MEN OF JUSTICE.

(Tune: "March of the Men of Harlech.")

Men of justice, men true-hearted,
Sons of war-sires long departed,
Hark, the call they bravely started
 Ringing round the world!
'Twas the call for rights but human,
Rights then due to every true man,
Now proclaimed the rights of woman,
 By her flag unfurled!
Fling its folds a-flying!
Then beneath it vying,
 The world shall know
 You trust her so
You yield her rights undying.
Onward, 'tis your country needs her;
Bravest he who quickly heeds her,
Noblest he who proudly leads her
 Forth in Freedom's name!

Thorny paths of pride and power,
Paths where beetling errors tower,
Paths where secret interests cower,
 These your route shall be.
Hearts of steel, can such dismay you?
No, the goal of right will stay you,
Light in woman's life repay you
 When you hail her free!
Lift her banner higher!
On, let none deny her!
 The height appears,
 The goal of years!
She wins with manhood by her!
Progress long foreshown through ages
Now proclaims you both her sages,
Equal now on glory's pages,
 One in Freedom's name!

SUFFRAGE HYMN: GOD BLESS OUR NOBLE CAUSE!

(Tune: "Russian Hymn.")

God bless our noble cause. May it victorious
Triumph o'er prejudice, o'er error and night:
Moving resistless onward, till when all glorious,
Woman and man stand forth in equal right!

To Thee in hope we turn, Mighty Defender,
Champion of helplessness, of innocence and truth.
Lo! woman brings her plea, and lo! to attend her,
See here her helpless charges, age and youth!

God of the Universe, righteous and holy
In Thy sight is this fight to safeguard the race!
Give to the mothers, then, howe'er poor and lowly,
Weapons to fight the Beast in earth's high place!

"VOTES FOR WOMEN," SURE TO WIN.

(Tune: "Yankee Doodle.")

It happened once in England fair
That woman's mind got started
On thinking suffrage rights her share,
From her unjustly parted,
That laws and taxes she should heed
In which she had no say, sir,
To her fair thought seemed false indeed;
She cried, "We'll not obey, sir."

Chorus—"Votes for women," keep it up;
Never mind what party;
"Votes for women," sure to win!
Sing it strong and hearty!

"We'll show the world through word and deed
By us the vote is wanted;
Let legislators now take heed;
Our courage is undaunted!"
The struggle waxes fierce and strong;
With zeal these women burning,
Will bring the men to own their wrong,
All weak traditions spurning!

To cousins now across the sea
Strong hope is thus imparted,
They need no force to set them free,
They turn to men true-hearted.
What women will in this good land
'Tis done before you speak, sir,
With loyal word and willing hand
They're given what they seek, sir!

THERE'S NOTHING TO STOP US FROM VOTING.

(Tune: "We Won't Go Home Until Morning.")

There's nothing to stop us from voting,
Once and again in the year!

Some men are afraid of our voting,
But they are tyrants, my dear!

To tax without representing,
Will spill more tea overboard!

So, come quick, give us the vote, sir,
Have done with this quarreling!

MARCHING TO VICTORY AND FREEDOM.

(Tune: "Marching Through Georgia.")

Come and join the marching throng,
My sisters, do you hear?
Singing as we pass along
Our suffrage cause so dear;
Singing till the echoes answer back a shout of cheer,
Marching to victory and freedom!

Chorus—Hurrah! hurrah! we bring the victory!
Hurrah! hurrah! the vote to make us free!
So we'll sing of suffrage from the mountains
to the sea,
Marching to victory and freedom!

Bring the golden banner, girls,
To guide us on our way;
How its message bright unfurls
And helps us win the day!
How its very color makes the spirit strong and gay,
Marching to victory and freedom!

Thus we make a pathway here
For citizens to be;
Thus we make a pathway clear
For women to be free;
Thus we drive resistance from the mountains to the sea,
Marching to victory and freedom!

WOMAN'S SONG OF UNION.

(Tune: "Suwanee River.")

Way off across the waste of waters,
Far, far away,
Hear now the call of England's daughters,
Herald of Freedom's day:
"We greet you, sisters of a nation
Born from our side,
Joint heirs in civic right and station,
One common law our guide!"

Chorus—All the world is one great union,
Equal rights our lay!
Come, sisters, join the vast communion,
Help usher in our day!

Back ringing o'er the waste of waters,
Where echoes play,
Hark! voices of Columbia's daughters
Join answer on the way:
"With joy profound and true devotion
Our prayers we blend,
One band united by old ocean,
One human goal our end!"

SING OF WOMAN FREE!

(Tune: "John Brown's Body.")

Hoary Winter has retreated,
And the Spring is dancing here;
All the dreary cold has fled,
Warmth and sunlight now appear.
We have reached the height of gladness
in the bright time of the year
To sing of woman free!

Chorus—Marching with the May sky o'er us,
With our golden flag before us,
We shall swell the suffrage chorus
And sing of woman free!

There's a promise in the showing
Of each bud and blade of grass,
There's fulfillment in the blowing
Of the flow'rets where we pass:
'Tis an earnest of success to those who
lift the struggling mass
And herald woman free!

Not a single sign has failed us
Since the dayspring of the year;
Eastern womanhood has hailed us,
Western sisters bring us cheer:
Ours the harvest; bud and blossom, then
the full corn in the ear,
For woman shall be free!

BRING IT TO PASS IN THE YEAR.

(Tune: "Bring Back My Bonnie to Me.")

For suffrage from ocean to ocean,
For suffrage from mountain to shore,
Fair women are all in commotion,
And men leaguers with them galore.

Chorus—One pull, a strong pull,
Bringing the ballot so near, so near,
Another pull, together pull,
And bring it to pass in the year!

Last night as we listened and waited,
A message came over the sea,
It wished us good luck and it stated
Our sisters' in China are free.

The "voice of the people" has spoken,
'Tis borne by the wind o'er the sea,
To loyal hearts wafting the token,
The presage of near victory.

SONG OF THE HARRASSED MAN VOTER.

(Tune: "The Wearing of the Green.")

Oh, townsmen, have you heard the cry that's lately noised about?
The suffragists and antis turn the city inside out—
With meetings here and meetings there, 'twould turn a sane
man's head;

Before it's o'er we men will pass our votes to them instead!
I met an ardent churchman and he wildly grasped my hand,
Said he, "What will become of all the good wrought in this land?
The women in our parishes refuse to work or pay
Unless they have a voice and vote on church election day."

I turned and hustled onward, when I heard another shout:
"The suffragists are headed down the street this way, look out!
With bands and propaganda they will fairly rope you in;
To treat frail man when out for air thus, I say, is a sin!"
"What rights have I that you would like?" I to their leader said.
"We covet none of yours, sir, help us gain our own instead!
We're the most persistent creatures; what use to tell us nay?
We'll win our vote or know the reason on election day."

The air was quiet for a while, then came an awful wail:
"The antis now are 'on the job'; their work would turn you
pale!"

Back to the home all womankind, they've ordered with a rush;
O'er offices and industry there falls a frightful hush.

"What trick is this?" the men demand, then rave and fiercely
swear;

"With smashing glass for deviltry it will not e'en compare!
To suffragists we now appeal; bring back our labor, pray,
And you shall have the ballot by the next election day!"

WELCOME TO THEE!

(Tune: "Wedding March" from Lohengrin.)

Welcome to thee, new-born and free!
Pride of the dawn of a nation's great day;
Woman for man; God's noblest plan,
Equal with him under Truth's perfect sway!
Welcome as herald of justice and peace,
Guide to an era when war cries may cease;
Out of the night,
Into the light,
Winning the world back to freedom and right!

Welcome, we say, thrice welcome day!
Bringing as bride this new woman to man;
Helpmate indeed, born for his need,
Born to march with him in liberty's van.
Welcome, thrice welcome, heaven blessed pair,
Leaders of progress in which all may share!
Out of the night,
Into the light,
Winning the world back to freedom and right!

WOMANHOOD, TRUE WOMANHOOD.

(Tune: "Maryland, My Maryland.")

Thou shalt not lose in nobler charm,
Womanhood, fair womanhood;
The cause of right need not alarm,
Womanhood, fair womanhood.
For tender heart and strong right arm
Together will the world disarm;
To beauty strength can bring no harm,
Womanhood, fair womanhood.

Nor shalt thou lose in high renown,
Womanhood, brave womanhood;
Thy head shall wear the brighter crown,
Womanhood, brave womanhood.
Press on though weakling creatures frown,
Though tumult strive thy call to drown;
No weight of wrong can bear thee down,
Womanhood, brave womanhood.

Thy cause with human weal is fraught,
 Womanhood, true womanhood;
For child and home thy granddames wrought,
 Womanhood, true womanhood.
Let not their labors go for naught,
The vantage won be vainly bought,
Enlarge the rights they bravely sought,
 Womanhood, true womanhood.

WHEN WOMAN COMES TO HER OWN.

(Tune: "When Johnny Comes Marching Home.")

When woman comes marching to her own,
 Hurrah! Hurrah!
A royal welcome she'll be shown,
 Hurrah! Hurrah!
The bells will ring, the bands will play,
We'll give her Godspeed on her way;
For we'll bless the day
When woman comes to her own!

The very streets will smile and shout,
 Hurrah! Hurrah!
For cleanliness to reign throughout,
 Hurrah! Hurrah!
The winds will set the echoes free,
The birds will join and sing for glee;
For we'll bless the day
When woman comes to her own!

With no uncertain step she comes,
 Hurrah! Hurrah!
She'll sweep the city of its slums;
 Hurrah! Hurrah!
She'll show us how to legislate
To save and to upbuild the State;
So we'll bless the day
When woman comes to her own!

SET YOUR DAUGHTERS FREE.

(Tune: "Wait for the Wagon.")

Oh, New York, with your pride of wealth and luxury untold,
What, prize you not a woman's worth as greater far than gold?
A mighty call now echoes for you from sea to sea,
Oh, Leader of the Union, come set your daughters free!

Chorus—We're waiting for New York,
Waiting for New York,
Waiting for the Empire State to set her daughters free!

We do not wish to shame you, but lo! we're at the gate!
Our Western sisters entered, but we seem bound to wait;
We've always thought your wisdom our guide through life
should be,
Now must we try to doubt it? No, set your daughters free!

Together on life's journey should man and woman ride,
So grant them equal suffrage and they'll travel side by side;
We look to you, New York, in this our champion to be;
Then rend the chains of custom and set your daughters free!

HOW CAN SUCH THINGS BE?

(Tune: "Oh, Susannah!")

I came from California, where the women folk are free,
I'm bound for Pennsylvania, old-fashioned folks to see!
Election night the day I left and every poll all right;
I crossed the line, near lost my breath; election was a fight;

Chorus—Oh, men voters,
How can such things be?
In all this free America
Only one-half can be free!

I travelled long, I travelled fast, I went by rail and river;
Election sights in many a state, they'd make a home man shiver!
Some men they say too decent are; they will not come to vote;
Says I, "Invite the women out and then a change you'll note!"

Then came a revelation when I neared my journey's end,
I saw the lowest ranks of men to polling places wend,
While wistfully some women gazed a block or two away
As to the assessor's door they passed their taxes for to pay!

If I could run for President, I'd want a good clean fight;
I'd want the women on my side, I'd grant their equal right;
I'd pledge my word of honor in the lists to meet them fair,
And if they asked me for a deal, I'd make it on the square!

PLEA TO LEGISLATORS—MEN IN LAW-HALLS.

(Tune: "Austria.")

Men in law-halls here assembled,
Hear us now before you pray.
We, who ne'er have shirked, or trembled,
Duty's mandates to obey,
On your sense of justice leaning,
Ask of you in Freedom's name
Rights now fraught with potent meaning
In those laws which here you frame.

See the frail young lives we cherish,
Of our flesh and blood a part!
Want and wrong decree they perish,
Bought and sold upon the mart.
Fathers, hear our plea of anguish;
Would ye see your daughters die?
Let us save e'er more they languish,
Give us power to heed their cry!

See these hands with labor broken,
Where we're speeded up for gain;
See these scars, of war the token,
Battling want too oft in vain!
Have ye tender wives and mothers?
Would ye see them blighted stand?
Make us heard then with our brothers;
Make us equals in the land!

IN THE NAME OF THE STATE.

(Tune: "Bonnie Dundee.")

To the lords of creation, 'twas woman who spoke,
"We have toiled for the nation; our plea is no joke,
We have laid on her shrine all we cherish most dear,
Our fortunes, our children, 'tis time you should hear.

Chorus—"Come answer our plea; come grant us a plan
For government jointly by woman and man.
If you own us your peers ours the ballot should be,
So we ask in the name of the State to be free.

"All the weight of taxation for years we have known,
Without representation; what patience we've shown!
We have served in the home, at the loom, in the mart,
With no voice in the laws where we know best our part.

"Brunt of war's desolation we've painfully borne,
Bringing forth for the nation our sons to be torn.
Have we nothing to say when men's passions decree
That by bloodshed alone we requited can be?"

NEXT ELECTION DAY.

(Tune: "Tramp, Tramp, Tramp, the Boys Are Marching.")

In our Western home we sit,
Thinking, Eastern friends, of you
And the noble cause to which you give your might;
And our eyes with joy are lit
As we read of all you do,
For we're proud of you, our sisters dear, tonight!

Chorus—Tramp, tramp, tramp, we're onward marching,
Good luck, comrades, on the way!
And beneath the golden glow
Of the suffrage flag, we know.
You will join us on the next election day!

We have fought the battle here,
We have won the freeman's right,
So we promise you a loyal helping hand;
Bid our sisters all good cheer,
For the goal is now in sight,
You are crossing now into the promised land!

From the East we greeting send,
Where we work for freedom's day,
And we look to you, oh children of our pride.
With your own our voices blend,
And our hearts are almost gay,
For we hope to take our place soon at your side.

Chorus—Tramp, tramp, tramp, we're onward marching,
Good luck comrades on the way!
And beneath the golden glow
Of the suffrage flag, we know.
We will join you on the next election day!

ON THE WAY TO VOTE.

(Tune: "Coming Through the Rye.")

Gin a man should meet a woman
On the way to vote;
Gin they smile with smile most human,
News not fit to quote!

Chorus—Every Jill must have her Jack, sir,
Why should this cause note?
Yet all the world cries out, "Alack! sir,"
On the way to vote.

Gin a pair meet in the gloaming
When the voting's o'er,
Gin they plight their troth while homing,
Who their plight deplore?

Throughout the land we take our stand
For human sympathy,
With vote in hand we understand,
A brother's claim we see.

THE HOMELAND GUARD.

(Tune: "The Watch on the Rhine.")

What clarion call rings loud and clear,
What tread of hosts now greets the ear?
It is the noble patriot band
Brought forth to save the fair homeland!

Chorus—Oh, freeland dear, no danger fear!
Oh, freeland dear, no danger fear!
Firmly for human rights we take our stand,
To guard our children, hearths and fair homeland!

We come full many a thousand strong,
We come to save from cruel wrong;
We'll guard the sacred gate of home,
We'll clear the haunts where vices roam!

Our faith by solemn vow we plight
Beneath our banner's golden light:
While flows one drop of patriot blood,
We'll justice seek and common good!

THE CALL OF HOME AND COUNTRY.

(Tune: "The Marseillaise.")

What ho! ye daughters of a nation!
Hark now the call—your country's call;
For women true and brave of every station
Her need is great, her need is for you all,
Her need is great, her need is for you all!
With man-made laws she struggles on one-handed,
While vainly the crushed and feeble cry
Where mid life's sordid scenes they die
And against them all earth's strength seems banded!

Chorus—Arise, the call is yours,
Go forth, the world awaits!
Press on! Press on!
Till all her States
Fling wide to you their gates!

Your sisters, too, 'tis they who call you,
And must their prayers be made in vain?
No, forward press whatever now befall you,
Cast self aside and work for woman's gain;
Cast self aside and work for woman's gain!
From labor's hall the weary toilers streaming,
Behold, their eyes are set on you!
Their fate is fixed by what you do!
With hope their faces now are gleaming.

And lo! the mightiest call resounding,
From childhood lips rings clear and true.
Plaintive echoes from the street rebounding;
Mother heart, the children look to you!
Mother heart, the children look to you!
Their needs, can manhood truly comprehend them?
When worldly cares his mind enslave?
No, 'tis the woman's hand they crave,
'Tis for woman's mother mind to 'fend them!

THERE IS A VOTER IN THE TOWN.

(Tune: "There Is a Tavern in the Town.")

There is a voter in the town, in the town,
And he doth shrewdly set it down, set it down,
That we can never cast a vote like man,
While he may vote whene'er he can!

Chorus—He is surely a repeater,
But will woman let him cheat her?
No, remember that the closest friends must part,
must part.
Adieu, adieu, kind friends, adieu, adieu, adieu,
We may no longer stay with you, stay with you;
We'll pin our hats to California's flag
And let the Eastern rascals wag!

There is a woman in the town, in the town,
And she doth shrewdly set it down, set it down,
That she can cast a vote like any man,
Like any China—Chinaman!

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He dig his grave both wide and deep, wide and deep;
A ballot-box at head and feet, head and feet,
And on his breast place the honest yellow flag,
To show we've killed the Eastern wag!

Chorus—He was surely a repeater, etc.—

AT THE GATEWAY.

(Tune: "The Lorelei.")

We stand in the gateway of ages,
We gaze down the path of the past,
We wonder what truth it presages,
What holds in the future so vast.
The air is rife now with changes,
The pulse of a world's throbbing heart,
Whose destinies man now arranges,
Where woman shall soon bear her part.

A shadow like midnight reposes
Across the fair land of our pride,
Injustice her pinions uncloseth,
Equality's sunlight to hide!
A wail from the blackness comes shrieking,
Frail forms stretch their arms to the sky;
The children of labor are speaking,
"Oh, mothers, come save ere we die!"

To firesides of peace and contentment
The wails of the perishing rise;
In woman's brave heart flames resentment,
The mother-love in her replies:
"We're coming, oh children of sorrow,
We'll save you from dens where you pine,
We'll strive that a righteous tomorrow
May bring to you justice divine!"



