

NO

No

3-OCT 30
Copy 1973

RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED TO
HENRY GEORGE
AND
REV. DR. M^C GLYNN.

LABOR'S WAR

WORDS BY

EDMUND MORTIMER,

Author of "SOGGARTH AROON"

MUSIC BY

GEORGE MAINEY.

LABOR.

King of the giant form and iron hand!
 Who on the brow of this rude earth hath placed
 A starry crown! And who hath richly graced
 Her bosom rude with jewels rare and grand!
 With all the splendors of thy magic wand,
 Still like some poor and paltry slave thou'rt beat,
 Starved, naked, trembling, to the tyrant's feet,
 Most wretched, abject thing in all the land!

Rise in thy manhood! Lift thy great, broad brow!
 This MOLOCH, whose insatiate, ravening maw,
 That never yet hath known another law
 But vile aggrandizement of self! Aye, now
 Rise! thou'rt Earth's King! and dash him from on high,
 And rule o'er all, as thou should'st 'neath the sky!

4

Copyright 1887 by Edmund Mortimer. Edmund Mortimer, in John Swinton's Paper.

LABOR'S WAR CRY.

Words by EDMUND MORTIMER.

Music by GEORGE MAINEY.

Con spirito.

PIANO. *mf* *f* *cresc.*

VOICE.

1. Now broth-ers of la - bor a - wake to the dawn-ing Of
 2. Let's fight for the jus-tice that lies in the bat-tle Fight
 3. For you that grand Priest, that so God-like and gift-ed Is

the sun of jus - tice that bursts in the sky!
 no - bly and brave - ly e'en though we should fail! Make the
 mean - ly re - viled by those poor souls of dross And to

way with all cow'dice and truck - ling and fawn - ing Like
 en' - my quail 'neath our can - nons loud rat - tle And
 their last - ing shame, there he is up - lift - ed Be -

men stand e - rect, and your proud heads hold high! Life's
hide their vile heads from the con - flicts red hail! Yes
fore the whole world on his re - deem - ing cross! With the

more than mere rai - ment, so wake from your death - night, The
fight though in - vain! no - thing's grand - er in sto - ry, Than
church and the state now cor - rupt - ed so bad - ly! With

laws of the land we'll ad - just to God's plan; Then
life - blood poured out for the cause that is true. So
self - seek - ing ru - lers who wor - ship the base, Our

down with the thieves, who have sto - len your birth right! For
brave - ly march on to this bat - tle of glo - ry! In de -
du - ty is hard, but then we'll meet it glad - ly, Lets

God gave the earth, for his wants un - to man!
 feat as in vic - try a crown there's for you!
 fol - - low him! our blood-y cross - es em - brace!

Chorus.

TEN. *f* Out with your stan - dard! now broth - ers or nev - er Work

BASS. *f*

brave-ly with brain and with heart and with hand! Up with your standard! for

The musical score consists of three systems. The first system is a vocal line with lyrics: "ev - er and ev - er Shall la - bor's grand Em - ble m wave o - ver the land!". The second system is a piano accompaniment for the vocal line, marked with a forte (f) dynamic. The third system is a piano accompaniment for the piano, also marked with a forte (f) dynamic. The music is in 2/4 time and features a key signature of one sharp (F#).

4

For hundreds of years like some great giant writhing
 Great labor lies prone on the earth bound in chains!
 For years upon years all this fair world blighting
 Base, Grinding, Monopoly o'er the land reigns!
 Ah! better for better than serf-like thus creeping
 Were you from this hardship and curse in your graves!
 Then, brothers, awake! yes, arise from this sleeping,
 Now fight for your freedom or still creep as slaves!

5

Away with dissension! oh! com-rade oh! brother
 How can you thus wrangle when the country's wrong laws
 Equality, freedom, and manhood thus smother?
 And the whole human race thus writhes in Hell's jaws!
 Away with all quibbling while tyrants are lifting
 Their deep crimsoned bay'nets to your throats you to slay!
 What matter small difference when really you're drifting
 (To Emancipate Labor!) all the same way?

6

This is the great battle of Truth and of Duty!
 To arms then you warriors of this great sod!
 Out to the conflict! return filled with booty,
 Now soldiers you are in the army of God!
 Send Labor's grand flag to the great heavens flying
 And ne'er let its glorious, bright folds be furled,
 Till the demons of wrong are there at your feet dying!
 And Justice and grand-browed Truth reign o'er the world!

Scanning Target

Edison Sheet Music

Item no.: 100007508

Title: Labor's war cry

Box no. and finding aid no.: 50/3352

Cover to be scanned in color: NO

Contact: Karen Lund, x70156
Lauren Woodis, x73939
Pat Padua, x75904