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Dedicated to the Cause of Liberty

How Would You Like to Be A Slave?

MIXED QUARTETTE
SOPRANO SOLO, TRIO OR DUET



Words and Music by
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2 How Would You Like To Be A Slave?

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Andante

The piano introduction consists of two staves. The right hand plays a series of chords and eighth notes in a 2/4 time signature, while the left hand provides a simple harmonic accompaniment with chords and single notes.

1. How would you've liked to be a slave, And work for naught like
 2. How would you've liked to be a slave, To ty-rants back four
 3. How would you've liked to be a slave, With cit-ies ru-ined

Bel-gian folks, No hu-man hand with pow'r to save, Your free-dom all an
 thou-sand years, With hearts of stone, no heed they gave Your cries of ag-o-
 piled in heaps, No more the home of free and brave, While bru-tal foe your

1. emp-ty hoax, 2. ny or tears. 3. har-vest reaps.

4. How would you've liked to be a slave, At this late day on free-dom's soil, Where

he-ros sure their life-blood gave To free the blacks from un-paid toil.

5. 'Twas sad, bad news we heard a-bout, In this free land of
6. Slaves to the mon-arch rob-ber chief, Who planned to make us

civ-il rights; How o'er the sea, they sheld them out, Then made them slaves; Not blacks but whites.
all kneel down, And so we fought, the craft-y thief, And ruth-less bunch, from Ber-¹lin town.

Regarding this song, viz: Seven of the verses were written in 1916. The other four in 1917. The first melody, with some new, arranged in its present form in 1918, and the words rearranged to the past tense since Nov. 11, 1918, Victory Day.

7. The right; the wrong; their flags un-furl'd, Their aims so plain, who ran might read, Brute-

force and graft, can't rule the world, "The fist that's mail'd," must not suc-ceed.

8. The wrongs done Ser-bia, Bel-gium, France, Sure caused the boil-ing blood to start,
9. The liv-ing God, as once of old, Would guide their speed-ing mis-siles true,

Two mil-lion Sam-mies wish'd the chance, To pierce the Kai-sers to the heart.
'Till free-dom's foes are dead, and cold, And all the world is free, a - new.

10. Yet, slaves there are, in our good land, Some slave for gold, some slave for love, And

crave for pay the lov - ing hand, The grate - ful heart, the crown a - bove.

11. Ah yes, that crown, for bond, or free. Op - prest; where - e'er thy

lot be cast, Through Christ the Vic - tor, Judge, you'll see, The slave may

wear that crown that crown, at last, at last.
at last.
that crown, at last, at last.