

EQUAL SUFFRAGE  
SONG SHEAF

EUGENIE M. RAYE SMITH

COME VOTE, LADIES

Chorus: 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



A Brief History of the Woman's Suffrage Movement

by Irwin Silber

"The right of the citizens of the United States to vote shall not be denied or abridged by the United States or by any state on account of sex."

-19th Amendment to the Constitution-

With those few simple words, adopted by the people of the United States through their Congress and State Legislatures in 1920, American women gained the right to vote -- and our nation gained the honor of being among the first to enact guarantees of woman suffrage into its laws.

Today, when the right of all to vote and freely participate in public affairs is taken for granted,\* it is hard to realize that the issue of woman suffrage once wracked the nation from coast to coast. Riots, demonstrations, outraged sermons, indignant editorials, and frenzied emotional outbursts from all sides highlight the history of the long, uphill fight for woman's electoral rights which was capped by triumph with the adoption of the 19th Amendment.

The struggle for woman suffrage in America is actually older than our country. The first recorded demand for votes for women was made by Margaret Brent in Maryland in 1647. For the next 200 years, however, woman suffrage remained a minor issue as America fought the battle for national independence.

The next important step forward in the woman suffrage movement came with the emergence of the great anti-slavery agitation of the 1830's. The natural ideological affinity of the two causes was heightened by the active and leading role played by many women in the Abolitionist movement. Outstanding figures in the battle against slavery, like William Lloyd Garrison, Frederick Douglass and Wendell Phillips were also ardent champions of women's rights.

The issue became so explosive at times that it frequently threatened to disrupt the unity of the anti-slavery forces, and a number of harmful splits in the Anti-Slavery Society are directly attributable to a divergence of views on this question.

In 1840, Lucretia Mott and Elizabeth Cady Stanton were among the American delegates to the first World Anti-Slavery Convention in London. The presence of these women caused an uproar in the assembly and,

after a good deal of acrimonious and intensive debate, the Convention refused to seat them as delegates.

Undaunted, the entire American delegation to the Convention refused to take part and took seats in the gallery for the remainder of the proceedings. And so the world's First Anti-Slavery congress presented the ridiculous spectacle of excluding delegates from a land where slavery had reached the height of economic development and where the anti-slavery agitation was growing more and more intense -- all because of the presence of two women Abolitionists.

Stirred and deeply agitated by their experiences in London, Lucretia Mott and Elizabeth Cady Stanton resolved that upon returning home they would initiate the campaign for women's rights on a wider scale than ever before.

The plans for a new step in the battle did not mature until 1848, however, when Lucretia Mott and Elizabeth Cady Stanton called the first American Woman's Rights Convention in Seneca Falls, New York. Among the speakers was the eloquent Negro abolitionist and ex-slave, Frederick Douglass. By 1852, women's rights groups in many parts of the country were holding local conventions.

Despite this widespread activity, the monumental struggle against slavery eclipsed the women's rights movement until after the Civil War. The suffragists themselves, practically all of whom were active Abolitionists, understood the necessity for winning the anti-slavery battle first. Not only was slavery the overwhelming issue of the day, but the successful outcome of that struggle would, they felt, be an important step in helping to achieve the rights of women.

\*With the glaring exception of the voting rights -- and civil rights in general -- of the Negroes of the South.



With the end of the war and the emancipation of the Negro slaves, the suffrage movement took a gigantic leap forward. It is significant that the first suffrage songs of which we have any record do not appear until after 1865 -- indicating that a level of mass agitation had been reached in the post Civil War period unlike anything achieved before.

It soon became apparent to most of the women's rights leaders that the key issue was suffrage. The cause of equality between the sexes and the general individual and human rights of women would obviously best be advanced through women's power at the polls. Accordingly, a campaign for the right of women to vote developed and became the over-riding demand of all women's rights advocates.

Of course, being an American movement, it developed splits even before it was organized. In 1869, Elizabeth Cady Stanton and Susan B. Anthony helped to found the National Woman Suffrage Association. Their aim was to work for an amendment to the Federal Constitution granting women the vote.

At the same time, another influential and devoted group of suffragists believed that amendments to the various state constitutions would be a better way of winning the vote. And so, under the leadership of Lucy Stone and Julia Ward Howe (the author of "Battle Hymn of the Republic"), the American Woman Suffrage Association was born -- also in 1869.

While both groups conducted extremely valuable agitation and called public attention to the cause, it took the dual organizations 21 years to realize that both methods could be worked for within the framework of one organization and, in 1890, a merger was finally effected.

The year 1869 was a milestone in the woman's suffrage movement for another reason as well. Up until 1869, the specific legal gains achieved in behalf of woman suffrage were few and far between. In 1838, the state of Kentucky had granted widowed mothers in county districts the right to vote for school trustees.

Operating on the same general principle -- that the education of children was the proper concern of women -- Kansas, in 1861, granted school suffrage rights to all women in the state.

But in 1869, the Territory of Wyoming adopted a constitution, the very first clause of which guaranteed "equal political rights for all male and female citizens." For the first time anywhere on American soil, men and women both could vote for their elected officials. With this major breakthrough, Wyoming became a shining symbol for the suffrage cause. In pamphlets, speeches, debates, suffragists pointed to the example of Wyoming to prove that women suffrage could be enacted not only without harm to the people, but with great benefits in enlightened public legislation.

Twenty years later, when Wyoming was admitted to the Union, it became the first State to practice universal suffrage. In fact, Wyoming's admission to the Union was almost jeopardized by its firm stand in behalf of woman's right to vote.

When Congress, in 1890, was considering Wyoming's application, the anti-suffragists realized what a dangerous precedent would be set were Wyoming to become a state. In two years time, women would be casting ballots for the President of the United States, and that significant event was bound to meet the rapidly-growing woman's suffrage movement, in the words of a hard-pressed politico of the period, "insuffragable."

The opponents of woman suffrage, therefore, put up a heated battle to get Wyoming to change its Constitution. At the height of the storm, Wyoming's territorial delegate to Congress notified the State Legislature that the territory might not be granted statehood if it did not eliminate woman suffrage. The Legislature, which was in session at the time anxiously awaiting the news from Washington that Wyoming had become the 44th State, immediately dispatched a telegram to its delegates:

"We will remain out of the Union a hundred years rather than come in without woman suffrage."

Faced with this adamant stand, Congress reluctantly granted Wyoming its statehood, July 10, 1890. And to this day, Wyoming's nickname is "The Equality State."

The dam had been breached and the flood-gates were open. In 1893, Colorado, then governed by the Populist Party, became the second state to enact woman suffrage. The movement gathered momentum and each year saw other states fall in line.

Votes for women became one of the major national issues of the 1900-1920 period: This is the era of the woman's parades, of the torchlight demonstrations, of the suffragettes chaining themselves to lamp-posts.

The 1912 presidential election campaign was a high-point in the movement. The women utilized the hot three-cornered race between Wilson, Roosevelt and Taft to gain support for their cause.

In New York, a young woman by the name of Maude Malone, an ardent suffragette, made a practice of attending campaign rallies and disturbing the proceedings. The New York Times called her a "conspicuous disturber of political meetings . . . whose last public appearance caused a stir at the address of Gov. Johnson" (Roosevelt's running-mate).

On October 9, 1912, Woodrow Wilson was speaking about the dangers of monopolies at the Brooklyn Academy of Music before a jammed house of Democratic partisans. At the height of Wilson's oration, Maude Malone, who had comfortably ensconced herself in an aisle seat in the balcony, rose to her feet and bellowed:

"HOW ABOUT VOTES FOR WOMEN?"

A bevy of police officers rushed her out of the hall and down to the station-house before the flabbergasted Wilson had a chance to reply. But since all the newspapers carried big stories on the incident the following day, Miss Malone's purpose was more than adequately served.

It was this same Maude Malone, incidentally, who was speaking on a New York street-corner for woman's rights when a male heckler interrupted her, yelling: "How'd you like to be a man?"

Calmly, Maude Malone turned to her jeering questioner and replied in a crisp tone which could be heard by all at the meeting, "Not much. How would you?"\*

There was no stopping the suffrage tide now. State after state enacted suffrage amendments. When California in 1915 and New York in 1917 joined the ranks of woman suffrage states, the largest portion of the battle had been won.

On June 4, 1919, Congress passed the Woman's Suffrage Amendment and sent it on to the states for ratification. The amendment became a part of the Constitution on August 26, 1920 and the vision of those first suffragettes who gathered together at Seneca Falls in 1848 at last was a reality.

The songs of the suffrage movement are not an especially distinguished lot. The fleeting topicality of the lyrics combined with a melange of patriotic airs and typical 19th Century hymns will not enthrall the casual listener.

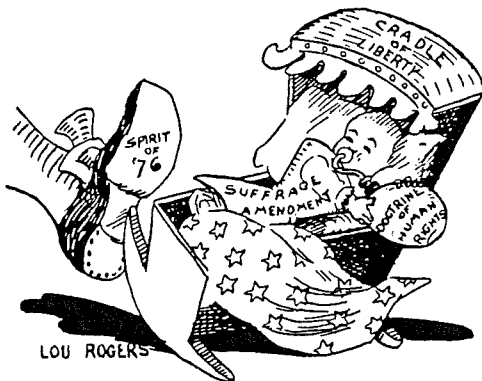
But as a study in the moods and mores of one of the most vital movements in our history, as well as a reflection of the idiom of a lost period, these songs are priceless.

If you listen to these songs with the highly-trained -- and sometimes jaded -- ear of the Sputnik age, you will hear little. But as your needle touches the phonograph record, project yourself back into a different world. Envision if you will, a small meeting hall, or an over-size parlor of the 1890's, where a dozen or so women have somehow managed to gather together to share their hopes and ideas and determination for equality.

And at what a cost! Scorn and social disapproval from the approved pillars of society: jeers and laughter from fathers, husbands, prospective boy-friends: butt of music hall jokes and popular songs. But, spurred on by a vision of equal rights, the women (with perhaps, a few male supporters) meet and discuss and plan and agitate. And then, in high, thin voices, to buoy up sagging spirits or to celebrate a new victory, these songs are heard.

We will work for equal rights  
in the land our fathers gave,  
Singing our happy songs of freedom!  
The daughters of those freemen,  
we never can be slaves,  
Singing our happy songs of freedom!

\*This story is related by Elizabeth Gurley Flynn in her autobiography, "Rebel Girl."



**V**OTERS are mostly men. Do you know why men are voters?

**O**NLY three reasons have been given why men should have the vote:

**T**AXATION without representation is tyranny; **MEN** are taxed. "Governments derive their just powers from the consent of the governed"; **MEN** are governed. This is a government "of the people, by the people and for the people"; **MEN** are people. These three maxims gave the vote to **MEN**.

**E**VERY movement in behalf of human rights with logic behind it, wins in the end.

**S**INCE **WOMEN** are taxed; **WOMEN** are governed; and **WOMEN** are people; it follows that the logic which gave the vote to **MEN** must give it to **WOMEN**.

LET IT BE GIVEN IN 1916.

EMPIRE STATE CAMPAIGN COMMITTEE  
303 FIFTH AVENUE NEW YORK

## COLUMBIA'S DAUGHTERS

Words: Harriet H. Robinson  
Music: "Hold the Fort"

(Guitar accompaniment by Sol Julty)

It is hardly surprising to see the melody of "Hold the Fort" turn up in a collection of suffrage songs, because in the latter half of the 19th century, no gospel hymn was more popular or more widely sung than this one. I have come across one other suffrage song which employs the tune, although I am sure there are many others.

Hold the fort for we are coming,  
Coming not to stay;  
Never to give up the battle  
Till we win the day.

The original "Hold the Fort" was written in 1870 by Philip Paul Bliss who was inspired by the recitation of an account of a Civil War incident in which General Sherman was reputed to have sent a message to a beleaguered garrison: "Hold the fort; I am coming. W. T. Sherman."

The well-known evangelist-gospel singer, Ira D. Sankey, introduced the song to both American and British audiences and it became an overnight sensation. Since then it has been parodied countless times for every conceivable cause. One of the best known latter-day parodies is the labor song written by members of the British Transport Workers Union around the turn of the century. And just last year, a Chinese song celebrating the newly-won independence of that African nation was also discovered -- to the tune of "Hold the Fort."

All in all, a pretty good tune. "Columbia's Daughters" turns up in at least three different suffrage song collections so we must assume its widespread popularity.

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)

O 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)

## UNCLE SAM'S WEDDING

Words: L. May Wheeler  
Music: "Yankee Doodle"

(Guitar accompaniment by Sol Julty)

This song appears in a songster, Suffrage and Temperance Melodies (Minneapolis, 1884) which was edited by L. May Wheeler. Uncle Sam's belated wedding was celebrated some 36 years too soon in the song, but the song is a good one anyway -- despite an incredible, albeit typical, play on words in the fifth stanza.

Of all the songs that have been sung  
 Within the States and nations,  
 There's none that comes so near the heart  
 As "Uncle Sam's" relation.

"Yankee Doodle" is his name,  
 U. S. his honored station;  
 Red and white and starry blue  
 His garb on each occasion.

When Uncle Sam set up his house,  
 He welcomed every brother,  
 But in the haste of his new life  
 He quite forgot his mother.

Now his house is up in arms,  
 A keeper he must find him,  
 To sweep and dust and set to rights  
 The tangles all about him.

Uncle Sam is long in years  
 And he is growing wiser;  
 He now can see 'twas a mistake  
 To have no Miss-advisor.

His nephews now have got the reins,  
 And looking o'er their shoulder --  
 Shout to lonely Uncle Sam,  
 "Goodbye, old man, forever."

Now we're here dear Uncle Sam  
 To help you in your trouble;  
 And the first thing best to do  
 Is making you a double.

Yankee Doodle will be glad,  
 To join with us in spreading  
 The news abroad o'er all the land  
 Of Uncle Sam's great wedding.

KEEP WOMAN IN HER SPHERE

Words: D. Estabrook  
 Music: "Auld Lang Syne"

(Piano accompaniment by Elizabeth Knight)

This was one of the most popular of the suffrage songs. It appears in a number of suffrage song collections and apparently was widely sung at suffrage rallies.



MODERN REPRESENTATIVE GOVERNMENT

Question: If a man represents the women of his household how can he represent himself?

- I**T is a common notion that men represent women at the polls.
- D**ID you ever know a man who asked his wife how she wanted him to vote?
- I**F a man votes as his wife wishes him to do, he doesn't represent himself.
- O**R, if a man votes to please himself, he doesn't represent his wife.
- T**HE predicament of a man who attempts to represent a family consisting of a wife, mother and daughters who hold different opinions, is conclusive that it cannot be done.
- I**F there are sons, the idea of a family vote isn't applied; they vote for themselves.
- C**AN you see any sense in the argument that men represent women at the polls? Of course not; there isn't any sense to see.

VOTE FOR THE SUFFRAGE AMENDMENT IN 1915.

EMPIRE STATE CAMPAIGN COMMITTEE

803 FIFTH AVENUE



NEW YORK

The secret of its success is not hard to find. Since time immemorial the chief argument advanced against the rights of women has been that "Woman's place is in the home!" The opponents of woman suffrage constantly argued, in reasoned tracts, newspaper editorials, and frequently hysterical sermons that granting woman the ballot would violate the "sanctity of the home."

Many suffrage songs point to the anomaly of having upright, virtuous women governed by votes cast by drunkards, wife-beaters and all manner of scoundrels. In an "Appeal to American Manhood" (Julia B. Nelson - Suffrage and Temperance Melodies), the issue is stated clearly:

In each tramp behold a sovereign!  
 Subjects are your mothers all;  
 Paupers, convicts, idiots, minors,  
 Lunatics their peers you call.

Shall the villain, churl and stranger  
 Smite her with war, vice and run?  
 Will you grant a voice to all men  
 and declare she shall be dumb?

Wisely, most suffragists did not argue against the concept that woman's first responsibility was the home. In "Winning the Vote" they answer the "true sphere" argument simply: "We'll sew the seams and cook the meals; to vote won't take us long." But, they pointed out, the very qualities which make the home so sacred and pure are needed in the ballot box as well to ensure the future of the nation.

Keep woman in her sphere? Very well. But the nation and the world are also woman's sphere.

I have a neighbor, one of those  
 Not very hard to find,  
 Who know it all without debate  
 And never change their mind.  
 I asked him "What of woman's rights?"  
 He said in tones severe --  
 "My mind on that is all made up,  
 Keep woman in her sphere."

I saw a man in tattered garb  
 Forth from the grog-shop come;  
 He squandered all his cash for drink,  
 And starved his wife at home;  
 I asked him "Should not woman vote?"  
 He answered with a sneer --  
 "I've taught my wife to know her place,  
 Keep woman in her sphere."

I met an earnest, thoughtful man,  
 Not many days ago,  
 Who pondered deep all human law  
 The honest truth to know;  
 I asked him "What of woman's cause?"  
 The answer came sincere --  
 "Her rights are just the same as mine,  
 Let woman choose her sphere."

LET US ALL SPEAK OUR MINDS

Words: William Brough  
 Music: J. G. Maeder

(Guitar accompaniment by Sol Julty)

One of the most celebrated -- and stereotyped -- figures of American history is the embattled feminist. To the ardent feminist, the issue of woman suffrage was only one of many questions on which she fought. In books, movies, in plays like "Bloomer Girl" we see her bloomer-bedecked figure striding through conformity-sanctified home and hearth spreading fear and horror in the hearts of the timid and heightening the pulses of intellectual young ladies who have begun to wonder whether everything really is for the best "in this best of all possible worlds."

Lucy Stone, one of the most ardent feminists of her time, happened to meet Viola Hutchinson (of the famed singing Hutchinson family) on Viola's wedding day. "Well, Viola," said the famed feminist, "so this is your wedding day, and I suppose you have taken your

husband's name, and have entirely lost your identity, according to Blackstone." And despite an acquaintanceship with Viola and her family of many years, Lucy Stone refused to extend the usual congratulations. (This incident is described in Harp's in the Wind, by Carol Brink, MacMillan Co., N. Y., 1947).

While not directly a suffrage song, "Let Us All Speak Our Minds" is the most forthright, outspoken feminist musical statement which we have been able to find. Philip D. Jordan, an authority on the period, says: "The songs of women's independence were both applauded and hissed during America's coming of age, but none received more defiant approval or contempt than the song of the militant feminist, "Let Us All Speak Our Minds if We Die For It." (From Songs of Yesterday, Doubleday Doran, N. Y., 1941).

Men tell us 'tis fit that wives should submit  
To their husbands submissively, weakly;  
Tho' whatever they say, their wives should obey  
Unquestioning, stupidly, meekly.  
Our husbands would make us their own dictum take  
Without ever a wherefore or why for it.  
But I don't and I can't and I won't and I shan't,  
No I will speak my mind if I die for it.

For we know it's all fudge to say man's the best judge  
Of what should be and shouldn't, and so on.  
That woman should bow, nor attempt to say how  
She considers that matters should go on.  
I never yet gave up myself thus a slave,  
However my husband might try for it;  
For I can't and I won't, and I shan't and I don't,  
But I will speak my mind if I die for it.

And all ladies I hope who've with husbands to cope,  
With the rights of the sex will not trifle.  
We all, if we choose, our tongues but to use,  
Can all opposition soon stifle;  
Let man, if he will, then bid us be still  
And silent, a price he'll pay high for it.  
For we won't and we can't and we don't and we shan't,  
Let us all speak our minds if we die for it.

#### THE TAXATION TYRANNY

Based on lyrics by General E. Estabrook  
Music: "The Red, White and Blue"

(Guitar accompaniment by Sol Julty)

Much of the suffrage agitation was based on the principle of showing the "unenlightened" why votes for women was logical and just. A favorite argument of the suffragists was that if women could be forced to pay taxes, they were certainly entitled to have some say in electing the public officials who decided to impose the tax.

When the patriots of Boston in 1773 chanted "Taxation without Representation is Tyranny," they hardly dreamed that the same slogan would ever be used by their female descendants in demanding the right to vote.

To tax one who's not represented  
Is tyranny -- tell if you can  
Why woman should not have the ballot?  
She's taxed just the same as a man.  
King George, you remember, denied us  
The ballot, but sent us the tea.  
And we, without asking a question,  
Just tumbled it into the sea.

#### CHORUS:

Then to justice let's ever be true,  
To each citizen render his due.  
Equal rights and protection forever  
To all 'neath the Red, White and Blue!

That one man shall not rule another,  
Unless by that other's consent,  
Is the principle deep underlying  
The framework of this government.  
So, as woman is punished for breaking  
The laws which she cannot gainsay,  
Let us give her a voice in the making,  
Or ask her no more to obey.

#### THE PROMISED LAND

Words: Elizabeth Boynton Hertzert  
Music: "Beulah Land"

(Piano accompaniment by Elizabeth Knight)

The author dedicated this song to the International Council of Women. It is another which appears in the official program of songs of the recently-united National-American Woman's Suffrage Convention of 1891. Its flowery imagery and anthem-like pace are typical of the spate of "inspirational" songs which the suffrage crusade produced.

Our weary years of wandering o'er,  
We greet with joy this radiant shore;  
The promised land of liberty,  
The dawn of freedom's morn we see.  
O promised land, we enter in,  
With "Peace on earth, good-will to men;"  
The "Golden Age" now comes again,  
As breaketh every bond and chain;  
While every race and sect and clime  
Shall equal share in this glad time.

Toilers in many fields have come  
With sheaves for this, our "Harvest Home,"  
While spirits true in every age  
Have won for us this heritage.  
O golden dawn, O promised day,  
When error's lost in truth's clear ray,  
When all shall know that God is love,  
His kingdom here, around above,  
The world one equal brotherhood,  
And evil overcome with good.

Then onward march in truth's crusade,  
Earth's faltering ones explore our aid,  
The children of our schools and State,  
This coming of the mothers wait.  
O doubting hearts! O tempted ones!  
The shadows fade, the sunshine comes!  
Freedom for each is best for all,  
The "Golden Rule" our bugle call;  
And as to victory on we move,  
The banner over us is love.

#### THE SUFFRAGE FLAG

Words: William P. Adkinson  
Music: "Bonnie Blue Flag"

(Guitar accompaniment by Sol Julty)

The printed page of this song in Suffrage and Temperance Melodies bears the following inscription: "Dedicated to Elizabeth Cady Stanton, Lucy Stone, Susan B. Anthony, Mary A. Livermore and other pioneer women in the Woman Suffrage Movement."

The leadership of the suffrage movement was held by women whose outlook was far broader than the immediate issue of votes for themselves and their sisters. As this song says, "This band is for all reforms...." And one of their most cogent arguments was that the reforms which would make us into a greater nation could be most quickly and thoroughly achieved through granting women the vote.

The theme of what women's votes will bring runs through many of the suffrage songs. (Temperance was a favorite, of course. See the notes on "Where Are Your Boys Today?" for documentation on prohibition sentiments in the songs.)

Women "with ballots in hand . . . will rescue our land" proclaimed one song:

The women for truth and for virtue will stand,  
And the country be freed from unjust legislation.

Give women the vote, says another, and

No more will spoilsmen law defy,  
Nor sycophants on pelf rely,  
For woman's vote will purify  
Columbia, land of liberty.

# BOOKLET OF SONG,

A COLLECTION OF

## SUFFRAGE AND TEMPERANCE MELODIES.

*Go, Little Book, on thy mission of love,  
Fold not thy pinions, below or above,  
Till from the hillides and valleys and plains,  
Ring out th' gladdest of all glad refrains.*

*Go, Little Booklet, speed on and away,  
N'er tire in thy task, nor turn with dismay,  
But fling to the winds thine every fear,  
Until Triumphs of Song only you hear.*

L. A. W.

MINNEAPOLIS  
CO-OPERATIVE PRINTING COMPANY  
1914

Sad to say, only one "reform", prohibition, can be directly attributed to woman suffrage -- and that one undoubtedly turned out far worse than the evil it was attempting to correct. The grandiose promise that "war shall be at an end" is, if anything, seemingly more remote today than at the time this song was written.

However, if one believes that mankind's greatest hope for social progress will be found only through the continued growth and expansion of the democratic process, then certainly woman suffrage is a step on the path to a better life.

There is a band of women,  
and to our manor born,  
Emerging from the darkness past  
and looking toward the morn;  
Their mothers labored, waited through  
a night without a star --  
The morning shows the suffrage flag  
that bears the woman's star.

### CHORUS:

Hurrah! Hurrah! For equal rights hurrah!  
Hurrah! For the suffrage flag that bears the  
woman's star!

This band is for all reforms,  
war shall be at an end,  
Bayonets and swords shall rust,  
we'll use the brain, the pen.  
Laden with precious freight now  
thunders on the progress car,  
At the headlight waves the suffrage flag  
that bears the woman's star.

### (CHORUS)

The ship of State for ages was  
guided by starlight,  
Till the cluster in our flag  
almost dispelled the night.  
'Tis freedom's day -- our flag shall be  
a sun no night can mar --  
We'll add the light of the suffrage flag  
that bears the woman's star.

### (CHORUS)

Thus evolves the greatest triumph  
of dual human race --  
Church and State, the home and school,  
and law and love embrace.  
We'll have a perfect nation,  
we'll march from near and far  
To glory 'neath the Stars and Stripes --  
it shall bear the woman's star.

### FINAL CHORUS:

Hurrah! Hurrah! For equal rights hurrah!  
Hurrah! For the Stars and Stripes -- it shall bear  
the woman's star!

### WINNING THE VOTE

Words: Mrs. A. B. Smith  
Music: Adapted

(Elizabeth Knight and Sol Julty Piano accompaniment  
by Elizabeth Knight)

Musical dialogues in the tradition of "Gallagher and Sheen" and "Tambo and Bones" are typical of pre World War I America. And this singing colloquy undoubtedly was a suffrage favorite. The song was written by Mrs. Smith in 1912 and published that same year by the Busy World Publishing Co. of Madison, Wisconsin. The printed sheet contains the suggestion that the song is "more effective if acted."

If you wanted to buy a copy of Winning the Vote, you could get one for a nickel. If you had a few friends whom you thought might like it, 15 cents would get you five of them. And if you were one of those suffrage agitators intent on spreading the gospel, you could get a dozen copies for 30 cents -- POSTPAID.

### BOYS:

I've been down to Madison  
To see the folks and sights;  
You'd laugh, I'm sure, to hear them talk  
About the women's rights.  
Now 'tis just as plain as my old hat,  
That's plain as plain can be  
That if the women want the vote,  
They'll get no help from me.

Not from Joe, not from Joe;  
If he knows it, not from Joseph;  
No, no, no, not from Joe;  
Not from me, I tell you no!

### GIRLS:

Say, friend Joseph, why not we  
Should vote as well as you?  
Are there no problems in the State  
That need our wisdom too?  
We must pay our taxes same as you;  
As citizens be true.  
And if some wicked thing we do,  
To jail we're sent by you.

Yes we are, same as you;  
And you know it, don't you Joseph?  
Yes you do, yet you boast:  
You'll not help us win the vote.

### BOYS:

But dear women, can't you see,  
Your home is your true sphere?  
Just think of going to the polls  
Perhaps two times a year.  
You are wasting time you ought to use  
In sewing and at work,  
Your home neglected all those hours;  
Would you such duties shirk?

Help from Joe? Help from Joe?  
If he knows it, not from Joseph;  
No, no, no, not from Joe;  
Not from me, I tell you no!

### GIRLS:

Joseph, tell us something new;  
We're tired of that old song:  
We'll sew the seams and cook the meals,  
To vote won't take us long.  
We will help clean house, the one too large,  
For man to clean alone,  
The State and Nation, don't you see,  
When we the vote have won.

Yes we will, and you'll help,  
For you'll need our help, friend Joseph;  
Yes you will, when we're in,  
So you'd better help us win.

BOYS:

You're just right, how blind I've been,  
I ne'er had seen it thus;  
'Tis true that taxes you must pay  
Without a word of fuss;  
You are subject to the laws men made,  
And yet no word or note,  
Can you sing out where it will count.  
I'LL HELP YOU WIN THE VOTE!

Yes I will. (Girls) Thank you Joe.  
(All) We'll together soon be voters;  
Yes we will, if you'll all  
Vote "Yes" at the polls next fall.

#### GIVE THE BALLOT TO THE MOTHERS

Words: Rebecca N. Hazard  
Music: "Marching Through Georgia"

(Guitar accompaniment by Sol Julty)

The psychologists tell us that no word in the English language has more emotional appeal or positive association than "mother." And even though the woman's suffrage movement pre-dates Freudian psychology, the proponents of votes for women must have had an insight into this fundamental psychological truth. The song literature of the suffrage movement abounds with references to "mothers" voting -- and even those who were unmoved by pleas for women's rights at the ballot box could not help but feel some twinge of conscience at the thought of denying a fundamental right to "mother."

Following are a few lines from different suffrage songs, chosen at random, which should prove the point:

O Columbia, gen of the ocean,  
. . . Forget not the rights of your mothers  
When Liberty's form stands in view.

Sons, will you longer see  
Mothers on bended knee . . .

Hush, my dear! Do your remember  
How she sang that cradle song?  
Blessed mother! She is powerless  
To redress the foulest wrong.

We'll take the dear old banner, boys,  
and add another star,  
Then mother, wife and daughter  
will see it from afar.

Let us stand in solid phalanx,  
every man who wore the blue,  
For our mothers, wives and sweethearts,  
who to us were tried and true.

None of these, of course, had the simple and direct emotional appeal of "Give the Ballot to the Mothers." What clearer statement of the suffrage case could be made?

Bring the good old bugle, boys!  
We'll sing another song --  
Sing it with a spirit that shall  
start the cause along.  
Sing it as we ought to sing it,  
Cheerily and strong,  
Giving the ballot to the mothers.

CHORUS:

Hurrah! Hurrah! We bring the jubilee!  
Hurrah! Hurrah! The homes they shall be free!  
So we'll sing the chorus from the mountains to the sea--  
Giving the ballot to the mother.

Bring the dear old banner, boys  
And fling it to the wind;  
Mother, wife and daughter,  
Let it shelter and defend.

"Equal Rights" our motto is,  
We're loyal to the end --  
Giving the ballot to the mothers.

(CHORUS)

#### SONG OF WYOMING

Words: Julia Mills Dunn  
Music: "Missionary Hymn"

(Piano accompaniment by Elizabeth Knight)

In 1890, Wyoming became the first state with universal suffrage. (See general introductory notes). As a result, paeans of praise and tunes of triumph were generously lavished on the silver peaks and long rolling plains of the "Equality State." Three exclamation points to the stanza was just about par for the course those days, anyway, and J. H. Devoe, in a song dedicated to Susan B. Anthony, used them all:

O! Sing of Wyoming,  
Land dear to woman,  
O! Blest land, Wyoming,  
The glory of the mighty Northwest!

O! Her golden grain, so rich and rare;  
With herds in her valleys, none can compare;  
O! The wild rose blossoms in its beauty there,  
The glory of the mighty Northwest!

Julia Mills Dunn was so carried away with her enthusiasm that she played havoc with geography in her tribute to Wyoming, hailing the sound of freedom from the state's "Far off western shore." And while the frequently parched Wyoming citizenry would undoubtedly welcome a cooling shore-line with its billowing waves, there is no evidence anywhere which suggests that this dream was ever fulfilled.

In any event, there was no refutation of the logic of "A New Suffrage song," which stated the case simply:

In Wyoming our sisters fair  
Can use the ballot well;  
Why can't we do so everywhere?  
Can anybody tell?

Sisters let us rouse the nation,  
Let our words all hearts inspire,  
Until tardy legislation  
Grants us all we may desire.

Interestingly enough, this last song was written by a man, William Hussy Macy, Esq., and sung by a man, Samuel F. Hosmer, at the annual meeting of the Nantucket (Rhode Island) Woman Suffrage Society, according to the Woman's Journal, a suffrage paper of the day.

From Wyoming's rocky valley  
to the wild New Hampshire hills,  
From our northern lakes of silver  
to the sunny southern hills,  
Lo! the clarion call of Freedom  
all the listening silence thrills!

We have heard the voice of Freedom  
from that far off western shore,  
We have heard the echoes calling,  
as our fathers heard of yore,  
Let us sing its stirring music,  
"Equal rights forevermore!"

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 never more despise."

Is Woman Suffrage  
Important?





### GOING TO THE POLLS

Words: Julia B. Nelson  
Music: "Coming Thro' the Rye"

(Guitar accompaniment by Sol Julty)

"Woman's gentility" was a theme frequently invoked by the anti-suffragists, who claimed that the rough and tumble polling places, where violence was frequent, was not a proper place for the "weaker sex." Undaunted by this argument, the women replied that their presence at the ballot box would serve to set a better tone for the electoral process.

In this song, which is obviously designed to answer those who claimed the polling booth would rob women of her angelic qualities, the women point out that they are not excused "from the war with sin," and that since their motives are Heaven-sent ("The law of love is from above"), there was no need to "fright our souls."

If the men should see the women  
Going to the polls,  
To put down the liquor traffic,  
Need it vex their souls?  
If we're angels, as they tell us,  
Can we once suppose  
That all the men would frown on us  
When going to the polls?

CHORUS:

We love our boys, our household joys!  
We love our girls as well;  
The law of love is from above,  
'Gainst that we ne'er rebel.

No discharge have Christian women  
From the war with sin;  
At the polls with Gog and Magog  
Must the fight begin.  
Since we've Bible-marching orders,  
Need it fright our souls,  
Though all the men should frown on  
When going to the polls?

(CHORUS)

### WHERE ARE YOUR BOYS TODAY?

Words: L. May Wheeler  
Music: Where is My Boy Tonight?

(Guitar accompaniment by Sol Julty)

One of the most controversial arguments advanced in favor of woman suffrage was that women's votes would bring about either prohibition or severe curtailment of the public sale of alcoholic beverages. While this argument may have won many "respectable" people to the suffrage cause, it also, undoubtedly, antagonized many others who had no objections to women voting but were adamant in their opposition to prohibition in any form.

While every suffragist was not necessarily a prohibitionist, there seems little doubt but that temperance societies felt that woman suffrage would be one of their most powerful weapons. Certainly the liquor interests were aware of this and were among the chief opponents of the movements.

"Women's vote will save the home" proudly proclaims one suffrage song which makes no bones about its feelings on temperance.

Send the proclamation over vale and hill,  
'Tis the band of women that will conquer rum . . .

(From "Women's Ballot" by Mrs. M. E. Balch - in Suffrage and Temperance Melodies.)

". . . The 'Liquor League' must yield to woman's sway," the song continues. Small wonder the "Liquor League" or its equivalent in various states poured hundreds of thousands of dollars into the effort to stop women suffrage.

The theme of righteousness versus rum occurs in many suffrage songs. Elsewhere on this record, see "Going to the Polls" and "Keep Woman In Her Sphere" for other examples of the ways in which the horrors of drink were contrasted with the power of woman suffrage.

"Where are Your Boys Today" is primarily a temperance song, typical of the tear-jerking musical melodramas of the late 19th century. But where so many of the anti-alcohol songs of the period and by merely bemoaning the fate of the poor victim, this one draws a clear moral for the listener. Woman Suffrage can end the evil and "save your boys today." How?

Give us the right the hands to stay  
From the wine cup's dread allures.

It is no coincidence that the ill-fated 18th (Prohibition) amendment to the Constitution and the Woman Suffrage amendment were ratified within a year and a half of each other.

Where are your wand'ring boys today,  
The boys of many a home,  
Whose feet have trodden the wilds away,  
As over the earth they roam?

CHORUS:

O, where are your boys today?  
O, where are your boys today?  
You love them full well --  
Why will you not tell?  
O, where are your boys today?

Ask of the winds that doth strew around  
The sounds of the melody,  
As the cup is passed midst the fateful sound  
Of the midnight's revelry.

(CHORUS)

Where are the manly souls today,  
Who once were the joy and pride  
Of the hearts that were gay as the birdlings lay  
On the morn they were pledged a bride?

(CHORUS)

Ask of the cold and the cheerless rooms --  
Of the little ones there unfed;  
Ask of the mounds in the silent glooms,  
Where hearts lie broken and dead.

(CHORUS)

We still are calling on you today,  
To save our boys and yours,  
Give us the right the hands to stay,  
From the wine cup's dread allures.

FINAL CHORUS:

We will save your boys today!  
We will save your boys today!  
The story we'll tell --  
How we love them so well,  
We will save your boys today!

### THE YELLOW RIBBON

Words: Marie Le Baron  
Music: "Wearing of the Green"

(Guitar accompaniment by Sol Julty)

The spectacular parades, the inspiring songs, the great public demonstrations were just one part of the suffrage movement. Behind all this activity were the local suffrage groups which met and organized and educated their sisters (and brothers) to the need for women's votes.

In 1896, the National American Woman Suffrage Association issued a Manual for Political Equality Clubs, compiled by Harriet May Mills and Isabel Howland. The purpose of the pamphlet was to acquaint the comparatively inexperienced local suffrage leaders with ideas for running good meetings and keeping their organizational tasks interesting. Included were hints on publicity, guest speakers, prayers, selection of officers, etc. It was filled with such homely and significant bits of advice as:

"The collection should never be omitted, no matter how small it may be. Suffragists have yet to learn that the advancement of their cause depends largely on money."

In addition to the above suggestions, the pamphlet urged the use of songs and reminded that "all present should join in the singing." Some suffrage songs appear in the booklet, among them "The Yellow Ribbon." I have not yet been able to find the particular significance of the Yellow Ribbon, but undoubtedly it was used as a symbol either in some nation-wide campaign or for a particular demonstration. The internal evidence would suggest that the song was probably written in 1876 at the time of the Centennial of the Declaration of Independence.

Oh, we wear a yellow ribbon  
upon our woman's breast,  
We are prouder of its sunny hue  
than of a royal crest;  
'Twas God's own primal color,  
born of purity and light,  
We wear it now for Liberty,  
for Justice and for Right.

'Tis just a hundred years ago  
our mothers and our sires  
Lit up, for all the world to see,  
the flame of freedom's fires;  
Through bloodshed and through hardship  
they labored in the fight;  
Today we women labor still  
for Liberty and Right.

We boast our land of freedom,  
the unshackling of the slaves;  
We point with proud, though bleeding hearts,  
to myriads of graves.  
They tell the story of a war  
that ended Slavery's night;  
And still we women struggle for  
our Liberty, our Right.

## HALLELUJAH SONG

Words: L. May Wheeler  
Music: "John Brown"

(Guitar accompaniment by Sol July)

A favorite theme of the suffragists was that they were continuers of the tradition of the American Revolution; that they were fighting to fulfill the promise of the Declaration of Independence.

The year 1876 was the occasion for nation-wide celebrations of the centennial of American independence. The major event was scheduled for July 4th in Philadelphia. The Suffrage leaders immediately decided that the occasion offered an unparalleled opportunity for the advancement of their cause. At first, the women asked for official representation on the program. This was denied by General Hawley who was in charge of the event.

After months of public and private pleading and argument, invitations were reluctantly issued at the last moment to four suffrage advocates, among them Lucretia Mott and Elizabeth Cady Stanton. But the invitations came too late to suit the women, so they organized their own centennial celebration at the First Unitarian Church in Philadelphia for the same time.

Susan B. Anthony and a few of the other younger suffrage leaders decided to use the invitations in order to advance their cause and attended the convention. Shortly after the commencement of the ceremonies, presided over by Senator Thomas W. Ferry, president pro tem of the Senate, while the Emperor of Brazil, the Prince of Sweden and a host of other foreign dignitaries looked on appalled, the women interrupted the proceedings and marched to the speaker's stand. There, Miss Anthony said a few appropriate words and presented Mr. Ferry with a "handsomely engrossed" copy of the Woman's Declaration of Rights.

Then the ladies turned away and walked down the aisle towards the exit, slowly and deliberately distributing printed copies of the declaration to as many members of the audience as they could reach.

Meanwhile, back at the Church, the Woman's Convention was proceeding with enthusiasm and song. And the music, fittingly enough, was provided by that famed family of singing reformers, The Hutchinsons, whose voices had once chanted melodies of Abolition across the land and who were now ardent supporters of the suffrage cause.

Since the occasion was celebrating the first hundred years of American nationhood, the Hutchinsons believed that a prophecy for the next hundred years would be appropriate to close the Convention. Their song, "A Hundred Years Hence" detailed the great changes which would be made in "politics, morals, religion and trade" by the year 1976, when

Laws . . . will be uncompulsory rules,  
Our prisons converted to national schools...

Women, man's partner, man's equal shall stand,  
While beauty and harmony govern the land...  
Conventions will then be a useless expense,  
For we'll all go free suffrage, a hundred years hence.

The ideas and spirit of America's revolutionary heritage were frequently invoked in the suffrage songs. "Great Republic! To thy watchword wouldst thou faithful be" says one song. "The Taxation Tyranny" elsewhere on this record, invokes the memory of George III and his sad fate when he "denied us the ballot."

L. May Wheeler's "Hallelujah Song" shows how woman suffrage flows naturally out of the traditions of American history.

Our hearts have felt the glory  
of the coming of the time,  
When law and right and love and might  
shall make our land sublime,  
When mount and hill and rock and rill  
with freedom's light will shine,  
As Truth comes marching On.

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CHORUS:

Glory, glory, hallelujah!  
Glory, glory, hallelujah!  
Glory, glory, hallelujah!  
As Truth comes marching on.

They saw it in the shadows  
of that old New England Bay,  
They heard it in the breezes  
of that cold December day.

They sent it with the echoes  
to Britannia far away,  
That Truth was marching on.

Columbia's daughters saw it when  
their brothers sprang to arms,  
They heard it in the booming  
of battle's rude alarms,  
They read it in the shadows  
of the dreary night's dead calms,  
That Truth was marching on.

(CHORUS)

The trumpet then was sounded  
that shall never call retreat;  
Adown the cent'ries softly  
we hear the tramp of feet;  
Today we still are marching  
to the same old music sweet,  
Of Truth still marching on.

(CHORUS)

We're here to swell the anthem  
that is heard across the sea,  
That equal rights in law and love  
is meant for you and me,  
Where every law was founded  
on the plane of liberty  
While Truth came marching on.

(CHORUS)

OH, DEAR, WHAT CAN THE MATTER BE?

Words: L. May Wheeler  
Music: Oh, Dear, What Can the Matter Be?

(Guitar accompaniment by Sol Julty)

While the point of view of this comparatively light-hearted song seems constantly to be shifting and it is hard to tell from stanza to stanza whether the questioner is supposed to be a stick-in-the-mud male or a replying woman, the point of the song seems pretty clear. The theme of woman's contribution to society, their reforming zeal, their nursing, etc., occurs in many other suffrage songs too.

One suffrage favorite was "A Soldier's Tribute to Women" -- a song "To the Woman's Relief Corps of the United States . . . respectfully dedicated by J. H. DeVoe, Company G, 9th N. Y. Artillery, 2nd Brig., 3rd Div., 6th A. C." DeVoe described how "The patriotic women with their hearts so good and true" came to help the embattled soldiers during the Civil War. After women nursed him back to health he vowed to

. . . help the women  
For their hearts were loyal too,  
And my vote shall go to free them,  
For they nursed and brought me thro'.

Oh dear, what can the matter be?  
Dear, dear, what can the matter be?  
Oh, dear, what can the matter be?  
Women are wanting to vote.

Women have husbands, they are protected,  
Women have sons by whom they're directed,  
Women have fathers -- they're not neglected,  
Why are they wanting to vote?

Women have homes, there they should labor,  
Women have children, whom they should favor,  
Women have time to learn of each neighbor,  
Why are they wanting to vote?

Women can dress, they love society,  
Women have cash, with its variety,  
Women can pray, with sweetest piety,  
Why are they wanting to vote?

Women are preaching to sinners today,  
Women are healing the sick by the way,  
Women are dealing out law as they may,  
Why are they wanting to vote?

Women are trav'ling about, here and there,  
Women are working like men everywhere,  
Women are crowding -- then claiming 'tis fair --  
Why are they wanting to vote?

Women have reared all the sons of the brave,  
Women have shared the burdens they gave,  
Women have labored your country to save,  
That's why we're wanting to vote!

Oh dear, what can the matter be?  
Dear, dear, what can the matter be?  
Oh dear, what can the matter be?  
When men want every vote.

THE NEW AMERICA

Words: Elizabeth Boynton Herbert  
Music: "America"

(Piano accompaniment by Elizabeth Knight)

This song appears in a number of suffrage collections, and is printed in the program of songs sung at the National-American Woman's Suffrage Convention of 1891.

Our country, now from thee  
Claim we 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 birth-right 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 great souls unite  
To speed the dawning light  
Of freedom's day.

**An Anti-Suffrage Monologue**

By  
MARIE JENNY HOWE

**P**LEASE do not think of me as old-fashioned. I pride myself on being a modern up-to-date woman. I believe in all kinds of broad-mindedness, only I do not believe in woman suffrage because to do that would be to deny my sex.

Woman suffrage is the reform against nature. Look at these ladies sitting on the platform. Observe their physical inability, their mental disability, their spiritual instability and general debility! Could they walk up to the ballot box, mark a ballot and drop it in? Obviously not. Let us grant for the sake of argument that they could mark a ballot. But could they drop it in? Ah.

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Elizabeth Knight was born in Centralia, Washington. She studied music at the University of Washington where she graduated B. A. in English literature. She received an M. A. in Slavic Studies from Columbia University and a Ph. D. from Charles University, Czechoslovakia, where she studied on an exchange scholarship from the Institute of International Education. Miss Knight has recorded an album of Folk Songs from Czechoslovakia for Folkways Records (FW 6919). She sings in the collection of lullabies, Golden Slumbers, for Soundbook and has recorded with several folk groups. Miss Knight has also appeared on TV in New York and on radio and the concert stage here and abroad.

The granddaughter of a Methodist Minister, Elizabeth Knight became familiar, as a child, with many of the hymn tunes used by the Suffragettes. In the church where she sang in the choir, the traditional accompaniment to these hymns was piano and organ.

Her collection of songs dealing with the participation of women in the struggle for democratic rights and procedures reflects her great interest in the subject.



Come 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.—

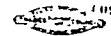
### AT THE GATEWAY.

(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 hides 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 repositeth  
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!"



# THE MARCH OF THE WOMEN.

Copyright 1911 by Ethel Smyth.

ETHEL SMYTH, Mus. Doc.

PIANO.

Shout, shout, up with your song! Cry with the wind, for the

dawn is break - ing. March, march, swing you a long

Wide blows our ban - ner, and hope is wa - king Sing with its sin - ty

3

Comrades—ye who have dared  
 First in the battle to strive and sorrow!  
 Scorned, spurned—nought have ye cared,  
 Rising your eyes to a wider morrow,  
 Ways that are weary, days that are dreary,  
 Toil and pain by faith ye have borne;  
 Hail, hail—victors ye stand,  
 Wearing the wreath that the brave have worn

dreams with their glo - ry Lo! they call, and glad is their word!

Lead and low - der it swish, Thun - der of free - dom, the

voice of the Lord!

2

Long, long—we in the past  
 Cowered in dread from the light of heaven,  
 Strong, strong—stand we at last,  
 Fearless in faith and sight new-given.  
 Strength with its beauty, Life with its duty,  
 (Hear the voice, oh hear and obey!)  
 These, these—beckon us on!  
 Open your eyes to the blaze of day.

4

Life, strife—these two are one,  
 Naught can ye win but by faith and daring.  
 On, on—that ye have done  
 But for the work of to-day preparing,  
 Firm in reliance, laugh a defiance,  
 (Laugh in hope, for sure is the end),  
 March, march—many as one,  
 Shoulder to shoulder and friend to friend.

# Equal Suffrage Song Sheet.

By Eugénie M. Rayé-Smith.

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Published by Eugénie M. Rayé-Smith,  
Richmond Hill, New York City.

## MARCH OF MEN OF JUSTICE.

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

Men of justice, men true-hearted,  
Sons of war-strewn 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-dying;  
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 beating 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 halt her free!

Lift her banner higher!  
Oh, let none deny her!

The helght 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: "Ruslan Hymn.")

God bless our noble cause. May it victorious  
Triumph o'er prejudice, o'er error and night;  
Moving restless 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, however 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 waxed 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!

4

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: "Swanee 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 soul our end!"

5

### 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 afore.

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!

6

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 waiting 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 ants turn the city inside out—  
With meetings here and meetings there, 'I would 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 his hand?  
The women in our parishes refuse to work or pray.

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 hands 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 gain our vote or know the reason on election day!"

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

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

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

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

7

### 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 us 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 vent is fraught,  
Womanhood, true womanhood;  
For child and home thy Granddames wrought,  
Womanhood, true womanhood.  
Let not their labors go for naught,  
The van tage won be vainly thought,  
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 hands 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 the sun;  
Hurrah! Hurrah!  
She'll show us how to legislate  
To save and to uphold 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!  
Some braver 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 chance you'll note!"

10

Then came a revolution when I reached 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!

11

## IN THE NAME OF THE STATE.

(Tune: "Bonnie Dundee.")

To the lords of creation, 'twas woman who spoke,  
"We have tolled 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, "Atacki sir,"  
On the way to vote.

Gin a pair meet in the glomming  
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 charion call rings loud and clear,  
What tread of hosts now greets the ear?  
It is the noble patriot hand  
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 mild 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!

14

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 tend 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 him,

While he may vote whenever 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 slay with you, slay 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!

15