

AL/2834

QUEEN'S HALL
Friday Evening, June 2nd, 1911

MEETING FOR WORKING WOMEN

organised by the

London Society for Women's Suffrage

(NATIONAL UNION OF WOMEN'S SUFFRAGE SOCIETIES)

58, Victoria Street, Westminster

Chairman - - THE LADY FRANCES BALFOUR

Speakers:

MRS. HENRY FAWCETT, LL.D. MRS. RICHARDSON

MR. LANSBURY, M.P., L.C.C.

THE CHAIR WILL BE TAKEN AT 8.30 P.M.

A Musical Programme to begin at 7.45 p.m. has been arranged with the kind assistance of the undermentioned ladies.

A New Song, "Woman's Song of Freedom," words by MRS. SAUTER
music by MISS ANNETTE HULLAH, will be sung by MISS MARGARET LAYTON.

Suffrage Songs, words by Lady Strachey and Mr. Crawford, will be sung by the audience led by a special Choir of Ladies.

Organist - - - Mrs. LAYTON, F.R.C.O.
Cornet - - - Miss FIDLER
Conductor - - - Miss ROSABEL WATSON

Programme

1. Songs (*For words see below*)
2. Address from the Chair—**THE LADY FRANCES BALFOUR**
(*President, London Society for Women's Suffrage*)
3. Speech—**MR. LANSBURY, M.P., L.C.C.**
4. Solo— “**Woman's Song of Freedom**,”
 MISS MARGARET LAYTON
5. Speech—**MRS. RICHARDSON**
6. Speech—**MRS. HENRY FAWCETT, LL.D.**
7. Solo with Chorus— “**Auld Lang Syne**” (*For words see below*)
 MISS MARGARET LAYTON

—
GOD SAVE THE KING

SONGS.

The audience is invited to join heartily with the Choir in singing the following songs:—

Tune—Love will find out the way.

Onward and upward
In fortune's despite,
Still we are marching
To freedom and light.
Through fogs that bewilder,
Through storms that delay,
To Liberty's haven
We are leading the way.

Fear not, though lions
Be found in our road;
Faint not, though heavy
The weight of our load.
Though strong are our foemen,
We are stronger than they—
To Liberty's haven
We are leading the way.

Fling out our banners
To sunshine and air,
Though the winds flout us,
Why should we despair?
For justice is with us,
For Right is our stay—
To Liberty's haven
We are leading the way.

J. M. S.

Tune—Come Lasses and Lads.

Come lasses and lads, get rid of your fads,
And away to the polling hie,
For every fair has a stake in there,
The same as you or I.
And Molly shall go with Hal,
And Jacky shall have his Jill,
Bis { To vote it, vote it, vote it, vote it,
 { Vote it as they will.

You're out, says Tib; not I, says Lib,
I'll to the country go;
Yes, yes, says Con, we'll see anon
If they want you, ay or no.
Then every lass began
To take her side, and then,
Bis { They voted, voted, voted, voted,
 { Voted with the men.

Says Sue, I'm true blue, and pray what are you?
 I'm red as a poppy, says Nan.
 Ould Oirland for me, says Norah Machree,
 And Poll's for the Labour man.
 Then every lass steps out
 For what she most requires,
Bis { And puts her cross to her favourite boss
 { Just as her heart desires.

So after a season 'twas plain there's no reason,
 Why Emmy and Jenny and Kate,
 And Milly and Fan, shouldn't do what they can,
 To get what they want from the State.
 And Sandy and Taffy and Pat
 And Philip and Watty and Hugh,
Bis { All filled up their glasses, with "Here's to the
 { lasses,
 { Who struggled for votes for you."

J. M. S.

SONG FOR THE ANTI-SUFFRAGISTS

Tune—Hope the Hermit

She. When we are man and wife, dear John,
 We'll share each joy and pain,
 And hand in hand we'll journey on,
 Through sunshine and through rain.
He. Oh no! not hand in hand, my dear,
 You'll follow a little behind,
Bis { And on your back you'll carry a pack
 { Of odd jobs I shall find.

She. When we are man and wife, dear John,
 With children by our side,
 We'll train them up good citizens,
 To be our joy and pride.
He. Oh no! you'll rock the cradle, dear,
 And dandle them upon your knee,
Bis { But when they grow to seven or so,
 { They'll not belong to you, but me.

She. When we are man and wife, dear John,
 My very best I'll do
 My wits to train, and use my brain,
 And grow as wise as you.
He. No, no, my love, though great your charm,
 Your reasoning powers are small;
Bis { To what I say, attention pay,
 { And you really needn't think at all.

She. When we are man and wife, dear John,
 It almost seems as though
 As years elapse, I shall perhaps
 Find life a trifle slow.
He. What, slow! Why surely you forget
 That Home is every woman's sphere.
Bis { With me to please, my cares to ease,
 { What can you wish for more, my dear?
 J. M. S.

Tune—The Vicar of Bray

When good Queen Bess was on the Throne
 Three hundred years ago, Sir,
 For forty years she reigned alone
 As everyone must know, Sir.
 She laboured for her country's sake,
 And no one questioned then, Sir,
 The right of England's Queen to make
 The laws for England's men, Sir.

But this is true, they will maintain,
 As true as holy writ, Sir—
 That whatsoever woman may do
 To vote she is not fit, Sir.

But still to-day the tale goes on
 Just as in days gone by, Sir:
 Although three hundred years are gone
 You still may hear the cry, Sir,
 That though to work in every sphere
 With hand and brain and heart, Sir,
 Is woman's place, in Government
 She may not take a part, Sir.

But this is true, they will maintain,
 As true as holy writ, Sir—
 That whatsoever woman may do
 To vote she is not fit, Sir.

For though with years that slowly pass
 Has liberty grown wider:
 Woman imprisoned yet remains,
 Her freedom still denied her.
 But surely those who everywhere
 Can aid their country's cause, Sir,
 Are able, too, to take a part
 In framing England's laws, Sir.

That this is truth we dare to say,
 And may the day come soon, Sir,
 When those who shall the piper pay
 Shall also call the tune, Sir.

H. CRAWFORD.

Tune—The Song of the Western Men

A good heart and a steady mind,
Our purpose clear in view,
The whole wide world shall understand
What women mean to do.
And have they fixed the when and where,
And what is women's place?
Just what we can and will, no less,
To benefit our race.

And shall they scorn our just demand,
And shall we voteless be?
To spread our cause, we shall not pause,
Till women shall be free.

What do they fear, who hold them back,
Who number half the race?
That we the needful courage lack
To fill a worthy place!
The sex that toils in home and mill,
That shares their smiles and fears,
The sex that graced our country's throne
For half-a-hundred years.

And shall they scorn our just demand,
And shall we voteless be?
To spread our cause, we shall not pause,
Till women shall be free.

H. CRAWFORD.

Woman's Song of Freedom—Annette Hullah

Raise the song of liberation,
Rouse the fire in every heart,
For the weal of all the nation
Women claim their equal part!
Call the lowland and the valleys,
Wake the wide and wind-swept hills,
Voice the slums and crowded alleys,
In the work-room and the mills
Raise the song of Freedom!

Lift the heart to high endeavour!
Fire the thought and nerve the will!
Though the bonds be hard to sever,
Clasp your faith in justice still.
Like a wide and flowing river
Rolling onward to the sea,
Woman's life shall deepen ever;
O thou river wide and free
Bear us on to Freedom!

On to larger duty, flinging
Wide the mother heart for all,
Till the nations hear our singing,
Till they answer freedom's call,
Raise the song of Freedom!

LILIAN SAUTER.

Tune—Auld Lang Syne

Should old achievements be forgot
And never brought to mind?
Are noble deeds remembered not
Of Auld Lang Syne?

For Auld Lang Syne, my friends,
For Auld Lane Syne,
A cheer for those who raised the flag
In Auld Lang Syne.

In Woman's cause they led the way,
The foremost of our line,
And well for us to work as they
In Auld Lang Syne.

For Auld Lang Syne, my friends,
For Auld Lang Syne,
A cheer for those who raised the flag
In Auld Lang Syne.

With heart, with head, with hands, with all,
We'll aid our cause divine,
And answer to the trumpet call
From Auld Lang Syne.

For Auld Lang Syne, my friends,
For Auld Lang Syne,
A cheer for those who raised the flag
In Auld Lang Syne.

J. M. S.