

AL/2741

# London Society for Women's Suffrage

## ALBERT HALL

Tuesday, April 27th, 1909

*The Audience is requested to join the Choir in singing the chorus of the first song, and in all the others.*

### INTERNATIONAL SONG

*Air—Land of Hope and Glory (Elgar)*

HARK! hark! what sound assaults the ear,  
Borne through the fading night?  
Voice answers voice, till loud and clear  
Ring out the chords of might.  
'Tis we who call from land to land,  
From haunts of ancient fame.  
The Women's plea who shall withstand,  
When freedom is our claim?

Nearer still and nearer to our glorious goal,  
March we on together with united soul;  
North with South is banded, East and West  
as one  
Hail the dawn of freedom, the rising of  
the sun.

From gay triumphant lands of heat,  
From strong white mountains cold,  
Behold now all their women meet,  
The New World and the Old.  
Whate'er our race or country be,  
This day we hold it good  
To have one watchword, Liberty,  
One nation, Womanhood.

Nearer still and nearer to our glorious goal,  
March we on together with united soul;  
North with South is banded, East and West  
as one  
Hail the dawn of freedom, the rising of  
the sun.

J. M. S.

*Air—Rule Britannia*

WHEN Britain first at Heaven's command  
Arose from out the azure main,  
This was the charter of the land,  
And guardian angels sang this strain:  
Rule Britannia! Britannia rules the waves,  
Britons never shall be slaves.

Ay, thus the sacred charter runs,  
But vain the source of all our pride,  
Freedom, the birthright of her sons,  
To Britain's daughters is denied.  
Hark Britannia! You who rule the waves,  
Half your children crying, "We are slaves!"

Shall they who bear the lordly race  
That heads the march of Liberty,  
Beneath her banner find no place,  
The mothers, wives and daughters of the free?  
Rule Britannia! But as you rule the waves,  
Behold how all your women still are slaves.

Then, Britons, rise and right the wrong  
That stains the lustre of your shield,  
Justice, the glory of the strong,  
Confront our foes, and make them yield.  
Rule Britannia! Britannia rules the waves,  
Britons never will be slaves.

J. M. S.

*Air—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, [can,  
And Milly and Fan, shouldn't do what they  
To get what they want from the State.  
And Sandy and Taffy and Pat  
And Richard and Robin 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

*Air—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.