

THE
SOCIALIST
SUNDAY SCHOOL
SONG BOOK

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COMPILED BY
THE NATIONAL COUNCIL OF BRITISH SOCIALIST
SUNDAY SCHOOL UNIONS.

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1957
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Presented by The Glasgow Clarion Federation
with Fellowship Greetings.

- 1 Suppose the little cowslip
Should hang its golden cup
And say, "I'm such a tiny flower
I'd better not grow up";
How many a weary traveller
Would miss its fragrant smell!
How many a little child would grieve
To lose it from the dell?
- 2 Suppose the glistening dewdrop
Upon the grass should say
"What can a little dewdrop do?
I'd better roll away";
The blade on which it rested,
Before the day was done,
Without a drop to moisten it,
Would wither in the sun.
- 3 Suppose the little breezes,
Upon a summer's day,
Should think themselves too small to cool
The traveller on his way?
Who would not miss the smallest
And softest ones that blow—
And think they made a great mistake
If they were talking so?
- 4 How many deeds of kindness
A little child can do
Although it has so little strength,
And little wisdom too?
It wants a loving spirit,
Much more than strength, to prove
How many things a child can do
For others by its love.

Fanny Van Alstine.

- 1 Little words of kindness:
How they cheer the heart;
What a world of gladness
Will a smile impart!
How a gentle accent
Calms the troubled soul,
When the waves of passion
O'er it wildly roll!
- 2 Little acts of kindness
Nothing do they cost;
Yet, when they are wanting,
Life's best charm is lost.
Little acts of kindness,
Richest gems of earth,
Though they seem but trifles,
Priceless is their worth.

- 1 Here we gather in a ring,
Here a garland fresh we fling,
Flowers are we just blossoming,
Blossoming together.

Chorus.

We will up and march away,
March away, march away,
We will up and march away,
Marching all together.

2 Good folks all, a word with you,
What a world to bring us to!
We shall make the world anew,
Boys and girls together.

We will up, etc.

3 We are children, but some day
We'll be big and strong, and say
None shall slave, and none shall slay,
All shall work together.

We will up, etc.

4 Hand to hand, how far we reach,
Each for all, and all for each;
Thus we play, and thus we teach—
Hearts and hands together.

We will up, etc.

5 Now our clasping hands we raise,
Holding high a crown of praise,
Crown of hope for better days—
Nations linked together.

We will up, etc.

6 Forward, stepping row by row,
Waves of freedom on we flow;
Singing, shining, as we go,
Comrades, all together.

We will up, etc.

J. Bruce Glasier.

(Repeated as No. 112 on account of 2nd tune).

1 Would you gain the Golden City
Mentioned in the legions old?
Everlasting light shines o'er it,
Wondrous tales of it are told;
Only righteous men and women
Dwell within its gleaming wall,
Wrong is banished from its borders,
Justice reigns supreme o'er all.

2 We are builders of that City,
All our joys and all our groans
Help to rear its shining ramparts,
All our lives are building stones;
But the work that we have builded,
Oft with bleeding hands and tears,
And in error and in anguish,
Will not perish with our years.

3 It will be at last made perfect
In the universal plan,
It will help to crown the labours
Of the toiling hosts of man;
It will last and shine transfigured
In the final reign of right,
It will merge into the splendours
Of the City of the Light.

From "The City of the Light," by
Felix Adler.

- 1 The people's flag is deepest red ;
It shrouded oft our martyred dead,
And ere their limbs grew stiff or cold,
Their heart's blood dyed its every fold.
 Then raise the scarlet standard high !
 Within its shade we'll live and die.
 Though cowards flinch and traitors sneer,
 We'll keep the Red Flag flying here.
- 2 Look round, the Frenchman loves its blaze ;
The sturdy Germans chant its praise ;
In Moscow's halls its hymns are sung ;
Chicago swells the surging throng
 Then raise, etc.
- 3 It waved above our infant might
When all ahead seemed dark as night ;
It witnessed many a deed and vow—
We must not change its colour now.
 Then raise, etc.
- 4 It well recalls the triumphs past ;
It gives the hope of peace at last,
The banner bright, the symbol plain
Of human right and human gain.
 Then raise, etc.
- 5 It sees to-day the weak and base,
Whose minds are fixed on pelf and place,
To cringe before the rich man's frown
And haul the sacred emblem down.
 But raise, etc.
- 6 With heads uncovered swear we all
To bear it onward till we fall,
Come dungeons dark, or gallows grim,
This song shall be our parting hymn.
 Oh raise, etc.

J. Connell.

(Note.—This song also appears as No. 17, repeated in Tune Book to a different musical setting).

- 1 O Earth, thy past is crowned and consecrated
With its Reformers, speaking yet though dead ;
Who unto strife and toil and tears were fated,
Who unto fiery martyrdoms were led.
- 2 O Earth, thy present, too, is crowned with splendour
By its Reformers battling in the strife ;
Friends of humanity, stern, strong, and tender,
Making the world more hopeful with their life.
- 3 O Earth, thy future shall be great and glorious,
With its Reformers toiling in the van,
Till Truth and Love shall reign o'er all victorious,
And earth be given to freedom and to man.
John Harris.

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- 1 An offering to the shrine of power
Our hands shall never bring ;
A garland on the car of pomp
Our hands shall never fling ;
Applauding in the conqueror's path
Our voices ne'er shall be ;
But we have hearts to honour those
Who bade the world go free !
- 2 Praise to the good, the pure, the great,
Who made us what we are !
Who lit the flame which yet shall glow
With radiance brighter far :
Glory to them in coming time
And through eternity,
Who burst the captives' galling chain
And bade the world go free !

R. Nicoll.

Chorus—

Then comrades, come rally,
And the last fight let us face,
The International unites the human race.
Then comrades, come rally,
And the last fight let us face—
The International unites the human race.

- 2 No saviours from on high deliver,
No trust have we in prince or peer ;
Our own right hand the chains must shiver,
Chains of hatred, of greed and fear.
Ere the thieves will disgorge their booty,
And to all give a happier lot,
Each at his forge must do his duty
And strike the iron when it's hot.
- 3 We peasants, artisans and others
Enrolled among the sons of toil,
Let's claim the earth henceforth for brothers,
Drive the indolent from the soil,
On our flesh long has fed the raven,
We've too long been the vulture's prey ;
But now, farewell, the spirit craven,
The dawn brings in a brighter day.

E. Pottier.

- 1 Ring out, wild bells, to the wild sky,
The flying cloud, the frosty light ;
The year is dying in the night ;
Ring out, wild bells, and let him die.
- 2 Ring out the old, ring in the new ;
Ring, happy bells, across the snow ;
The year is dying, let him go ;
Ring out the false, ring in the true.
- 3 Ring out the grief that saps the mind
For those that here we see no more ;
Ring out the feud of rich and poor,
Ring in redress to all mankind.
- 4 Ring out the slowly dying cause,
And ancient forms of party strife ;
Ring in the nobler modes of life,
With sweeter manners, purer laws.
- 5 Ring out false pride in place and blood,
The civic slander and the spite ;
Ring in the love of truth and right,
Ring in the common love of good.
- 6 Ring out old shapes of foul disease,
Ring out the narrowing lust of gold ;
Ring out the thousand wars of old,
Ring in the thousand years of Peace.
- 7 Ring in the valiant men and free,
The larger heart, the kindlier hand ;
Ring out the darkness of the land,
Ring in the time that is to be.

A. Tennyson.