

LYRA TRIUMHPALIS

PEOPLE SONGS :

BALLADS AND MARCHES.

THOMAS LAKE HARRIS

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DEDICATION.

TO ALGERNON CHARLES SWINBURNE:

POET, shouldst thou call forth the Muse, who dwells
In thy deep being's shrines and citadels,
The Social Passion, in brave verse re-born,
Would arrow as Apollo of the morn.
Borne in the solar chariot, lifted free,
May Living Song find living voice by thee,
And these poor lays of mine but wing below,
Lost in the splendors of the over-glow.

PREFACE

STRICKEN as sparks from the red iron upon the anvil, in response to recent and sudden calls for inspiring song from fraternal groups of Toilers, in San Francisco and elsewhere, these ballads and marches claim no merit, save in their fitness to enthuse the soul, and call forth the Infinite Social Passion, that, like a rising sea, is thrilling to overflow through the disinherited and outraged Common People.

THOMAS LAKE HARRIS.

Fourth of July 1891.

LYRA TRIUMPHALIS.

I.

SOCIAL RESURRECTION.

AIR—JOHN BROWN'S MARCH.

HAVE you heard the wondrous tidings? 'tis the
Coming of the Man.

He is risen, glorious, glowing, in the God the
Father's plan.

All the social sons of Labor shape one Savior of
the van:

For our God is breathing on.

Glory, glory, hallelujah! glory, glory, hallelujah!

Glory, glory, hallelujah! Our God is breathing on.

In a vision of the darkness, in a wonder of the
Night,

I beheld the bones of Labor to the trumpet's call
unite.

Woke the Toilers' deathless People, clad in mighti-
ness of right;

For our God is breathing on.

Glory, glory, hallelujah! glory, glory, hallelujah!

Glory, glory, hallelujah! our God is breathing on.

Still the trumpet, pealing, pealing! then the bones
drew living breath:—

Heart and hands and feet held valor, and the man
stood up from death,

And the flesh bloomed white and rosen as the Christ
of Nazareth ;

For our God is breathing on.

Glory, glory, hallelujah! glory, glory, hallelujah!

Glory, glory, hallelujah! our God is breathing on.

So the Man of Toil was risen: all in awful tones he
spake,

“I AM LABOR: I was broken as the bones to ashes
break.

In the new-born Social Nation to the glory I awake ;
For our God is breathing on.”

Glory, glory, hallelujah! glory, glory, hallelujah!

Glory, glory, hallelujah! our God is breathing on.

But the Goddess of the People, for the clarion's
clearer call,

Swept the sepulchres of Woman, sold and trampled
to the pall,

And the ashes of the daughters to Her bosom
gathered all;

For the Mother breathing on.

Glory, glory, hallelujah! glory, glory, hallelujah!

Glory, glory, hallelujah! the Mother breathing on.

In the daughterhood of Labor stood the Mother full
and sweet ;

Life and love and resurrection, sacred, saintly and
complete ;

Robed in roses from the bosom to the lilies of her feet,

For the Mother breathing on.

Glory, glory, hallelujah ! glory, glory, hallelujah !

Glory, glory, hallelujah ! the Mother breathing on.

Then the Father and the Mother of the People, Twain-
in-One,

Shone transfigured and triumphant in the social
daughter-son.

'Tis the Resurrection Morning and the rising has
begun ;

For our God is breathing on.

Glory, glory, hallelujah ! glory, glory, hallelujah !

Glory, glory, hallelujah ! our God is breathing on.

Wasted skeletons of Toilers, they are lifted from the
chain ;

In the sacred Social Nation they embrace the One-in-
Twain.

Lo, the People's Christ ! we find him : he is with us
to remain ;

For our God is breathing on.

Glory, glory, hallelujah ! glory, glory, hallelujah !

Glory, glory, hallelujah ! our God is breathing on.

II.

MARCH OF THE PEOPLES.

The tricolor unfurls again ;
The ensign Freedom bore to men,
When, stooping from her orient throne,
She claimed the Planet for her own,
And led through martyred France the blaze
Whose rhythms toned the Marseillaise.

March, march, march ! all heroes to the van.
The Sage and Soldier served her then : 'tis now the
Artisan.

The blood that Toil for tyrants shed,
It flames, 'tis now the Morning's red.
The sacred tears, the martyrs' plight,
They flow to robe the Dawn in white.
The azure Hope, through all that flew ;
Starred, sunned, 'tis made celestial blue.

March, march, march ! all heroes to the van.
Sage, Warrior, Martyr served her then: they fired the
Artisan.

Through furnace, engine, mine and mill,
New harmonies her Toilers thrill.
The Social Nations arm their hand :
Fall the Bastiles that Mammon planned.
Hunger and thirst from Toil shall flee :
As is man's worth his days shall be.

March, march, march ! all heroes to the van.
The Sage and Soldier serve again, knit to the Artisan.

The tricolor unfurls again :

Freedom, Fraternity for men.

The thunders in its folds array.

The lightnings through its colors play.

One Social Worth, one equal all!

One bounteous feast, where pines no thrall!

March, march, march! all heroes to the van.

All Peoples to the onset then : God for the Artisan!

III.

SPIRIT OF FREEDOM.

The Spirit of Freedom hath spoken ;

Her bosom is fire on the blast.

The sleep of the People is broken :

The outrage of Labor is past.

Make way for the host of the Toiler,

His march as the rise of the sea.

He comes to unchain from the Spoiler,

And God for his battle shall be.

Now hastes the dread day of unchaining.

All rights shall be rescued in one ;

And woman uprising from profaning,

And manhood shine forth as the sun.

Make way for the host of the Toiler,

His march as the rise of the sea.

He comes to unchain from the Spoiler,

And God for his battle shall be.

The God-life in man to deliver,

The earth-right of man to restore,

He lifts as the life-bosomed river

That meets the parched lips of the shore.

Make way for the host of the Toiler,

His march as the rise of the sea.

He comes to unchain from the Spoiler,

And God for his battle shall be.

With lips as the lips of the cannon,
With lives as the flame of the sword,
We smite for o'erthrowal of Mammon,
For rights of the People restored.

Make way for the host of the Toiler,
His march as the rise of the sea.
He comes to unchain from the Spoiler,
And God for his battle shall be.

IV

LORD GOD FOR ALBION.

Lord God for Albion !
Trumpet the marches on,
Far as the horizon,
 Full as the sea.
Lift as the leaping waves,
Britons, who chained as slaves :
On, o'er your martyrs' graves.
 Will to be free.

Toilers, the realm is yours.
Mass at the guarded doors.
Reign on the social floors,
 Firm to agree.
Rule by the Implement ;
Toil, in divine consent,
Shaping its continent ;
 Eden in fee.

Lord God for Albion !
Gird the bright armor on ;
Truth for caparison ;
 Love-life in blee.
Wheel as the lightnings wheel.
Trump as the thunders peal.
Lead as the dawns reveal.
 Mighty are ye.

God in the Socialist
Whelms where the dooms resist ;
Fires where the souls persist :
Savior is He.
Wives in the fetter sigh :
Mothers and daughters die.
Will, for the goal is nigh,
Freemen to be.

Labor's white cliffs ran o'er,
Spotted with martyr gore :
Stained was the bleeding shore ;
Crimsoned the sea.
Felt ye the hunger-pang,
While the proud spoiler sang ?
Rise to the Voice that rang,
"Sons, follow Me."

Heart, home and honor call.
Walls rend and fetters fall.
Heave by the one-in-all ;
Anguish made glee.
Lord God for Albion !
Urge the brave battle on ;
One as your God is One,
Armed in the free.

V.

ADVANCE.

Shields of the Foemen shiver!
They who the blow deliver,
What though they bleed and quiver,
 Though Earth may seem to reel?
They thrill to exultation
By towering inspiration:
Force of the Social Nation
 Throbs in them to unseal.

The Forces that began it
Through human gold and granite,
Heave in the Social Planet:
 Heroes who smite may feel.
If heart the brain be-neighbor;
If will is made the saber;
Blows that strike chains from Labor
 Renew the soul as steel.

Long, long on the defensive
Toil stood, affirmed, intensive;
In suffering apprehensive;
 In trial trained and tried.
No more as corn-shocks smitten,
By scourging whirl-flames litten,
Despoiled and bruised and bitten:
 Hopes dare, as once they died.

Era of Nucleation!
 Supreme Organisation!
 Labor makes revelation;
 Birth of the Social womb:—
 Its morn as Helios flaming;
 Its host the Earth-right claiming;
 Its clarion of proclaiming
 Fired by the lips of Doom.

Through Mammon's anarchism,
 Through Want's profane abysm,
 God cleaves by Socialism;—
 The People in array.
 March, in the Right reliant!
 March in the all affiant!
 March, to the Foe defiant!
 Advance and clear the way.

VI.

BRITISH SOCIAL-NATIONAL ANTHEM.

AIR—GOD SAVE THE QUEEN.

Mother-sweet Liberty,
Throned in Fraternity,
Mild and serene ;—
Thine be the social band ;
Thine be the heart and hand ;
Thine be the battle-brand.
God save the Queen !

Where Mammon crucified
Thou dost the dooms divide,
Swift to unscreen ;
Here where Disaster stood,
Lifting thy People's good,
In one vast Humanhood.
God save the Queen !

Valors Cromwellian,
Mights of the Puritan,
Sabers made keen ;
Milton's heroic fire,
Shakespeare to Shelley's lyre,
Chord in the soul's desire,
God save the Queen !

As Spain's Armada failed
When God by storm prevailed,
Smiting unseen ;

So shall all woes decease,
Slain by the lips of Peace :
So shall all worths release.
God save the Queen !

In thy dear blessedness
Hearts unto hearts caress,
Holy and clean.
Mother and child and bride,
Woman ensanctified,
Hail thee beatified.
God save the Queen !

In thy brave social hall
Honor holds festival,
Virtues between.
Sex in equality,
Mated duality,
Folds thy regality.
God save the Queen !

Labor's new chivalry
Kneels to the Spouse in thee,—
God's Nazarene.
Rule by the Paraclete,
Throned in our social seat ;
Mother, in Woman sweet.
God save the Queen !

VII.

SPIRIT OF GOD IN MAN.

Spirit of God in man,
Come by thy social plan :
Arm for the battle's van :
Inflow, inspire.
Willing and witnessing,
Through us thy passions wing.
Waken our lips to sing,
Hearts to desire.

Sound by the trumpet's call :
Renew us, each in all.

Here, where we grieve and toil,
Fettered in Mammon's coil,
Lives given up to spoil,
Uplift, attire.

Here, where we chain, denied,
Bid thy full seas give tide.
For us thy lips divide,
Ere lives expire.

Sound by the trumpet's call :
Renew us, each in all.

Open in us the flood
Of thy full Humanhood ;
Each in the common good,
Where we respire.
Teach us the loves to feel,
Surer than fire-edged steel,
That shape the People's wheel,
The social choir.

Sound by the trumpet's call :
Renew us, each in all.

We hunger for Thy bread.
We thirst till lips are fed
With living wine, to shed
The flowing fire.
Fraternity is Thine :
Thou art its bread and wine.
Fill Thou the People's shrine :
Its world inspire.

Sound by the trumpet's call :
Renew us, each in all.

VIII.

RELIGION IN SOCIALISM.

The church of the Future is present.
The tear-time and tomb-time are past.
The sun has inorbed through the crescent.
The idols to ashes are cast.
Now God is made flesh, where the angel
Through lines of captivity led.
Wake! wake to the social evangel!
'Tis life from the dead.

The lines of unsocial damnation
Have failed where they fettered us in.
The curse of the creed's profanation
Is shattered and spoiled in its sin.
God-Man is made infinite nearer:
God-Woman breasts in as the sea.
Enchained is the shape of the terror,
Our servant to be.

Love toiled where the tempests bewilder;
Where woman was outraged she bled.
The frosts of the sepulchres chilled her;
Her couch was the hearts of the dead.
Now proudly she steps from her palace,
And sweetly she lips for the breath.
The bosom of man is her chalice:
The doomings meet death.

O ye of the first resurrection ;
Ye daughters of sorrows and sweets ;
Ye toilers in whom the affection
Of God its society meets ;
Lift up, yea, lift up ! be it spoken,—
The word and the will of Twain-One,—
The bonds of the breathless are broken ;
The soul breathes to sun.

Now Christus shall stand in God Dayaus
To strengthen, illumine and shield ;
In robes of pure heat to array us ;
To breast for the vigors revealed.
Now Christa shall form in the maiden,
With sweets to full passion full rife,
And dwell in New Womanhood's Aidenn
From wife unto wife.

Behold ! there is wine in the glasses
That brimmed from the winter's full tears.
This God who inhabits the masses
Creates them anew from their fears ;
Creates them from wrath and disunion ;
Diffuses from breast unto breast
The nectar of social communion,
The bliss of the blest.

Now hear ye! I tell as the Spirit,
God-Man in God-Woman, inspires.
The toilers by toil shall inherit,
And feast to the full of desires.
For God gives himself for the wages,
And Goddess herself for the glee;
And Heaven shapes Earth for its ages:
The Land of the Free.

IX.

SONG IN FREEDOM.

Though Plutocrats the laws may make,
To shape and shield the Wrong,
We fear not if but Freedom wake
To fire through Toil by song.
Her verse, to-day that cleaves and clears
The heart, re-births again.
To-morrow dawns o'er lifted spears;
Her hosts of arméd men.

We fear not though the birds of prey
O'er Congress proud and preen.
To-morrow is the People's day
And Liberty is Queen.
Then Fatherhood and Motherhood
Sway by the social rod.
Then, where the law of Mammon stood,
Stands forth the Law of God.

By song the Universe arose:
In song the Christ was born.
By song the battle-gates uncloze
Where Freedom leads her morn.
Up, Toilers of the mine and mill!
Up, Yeomen of the farms!
By song the social passions thrill,
To hush the world's alarms.

Woo Freedom for the loveress ;
Then claim her for the bride.
By harmonies the forces press
That rule o'er storm and tide.
By song's delight the Social Powers
Time's gated gold unbar.
When lips of God breathe song to ours,
We all His heralds are.

Fling music on the frozen air,
Insociate fiery breath.
The God of song is vocal there,
To smite the wintry death.
Wake hearts to glee by melody.
March by the Social Choir.
So Freedom rides triumphantly,
Orbed in the world's desire.

X.

SOCIAL ARTISAN.

In San Francisco's cruel streets
Woman is trampled from her sweets,
 And man defiled by man.
Feel as the heart of Christus thrills :
His generous life to ours instils :
His pulse-fire to the bosom wills ;—
 The Social Artisan.

There is no separate, private good.
His life for one great Humanhood,
 From slavery and ban,
Leads masses to incorporate
The Social Democratic State,
With inspirations passionate ;—
 The People Artisan.

How spake He once from Galilee ?
"Would ye have life ? abide in Me."
 Each in the other plan.
In one equality combine :
In one fraternity entwine :
In Liberty by law enshrine ;—
 The Social Artisan.

In San Francisco's opulence
Toil fails to ghostly indigence :
 See where its vitals ran.
From worths of Labor's heart and hand
The monumental splendors band.
His bleeding flesh has fed the land ;—
 The outraged Artisan.

Worths to the worthy ! each in all,
Rise, Brothers, to the social call.
 Ye wasted ones and wan,
Claim, in your right, the People's Right.
By union find the Social Might.
Hearts pulsed in hearts, to Freedom plight :—
 God in the Artisan.

XI.

SOCIAL CHIVALRY.

AIR—HAIL TO THE CHIEF.

Social our Chivalries, dauntlessly daring;
 Honor to Beauty that worships aglow.
 Social our Industries, toiling and sharing,
 Worths to create and their fruitage bestow.
 Men, who have hearts of men,
 Arm for the onset then.
 Chains of the Labor Hells loosen for ye.
 Trumps, that great Israel
 Blew when the bastions fell,
 Thrill in full chorus for Labor made free.

Here where the Plutocrats marshaled their minions,
 Labor to outrage, its sons to enthrall,
 Claim we the royalties, thrones and dominions;
 Rights of the People, made social in all.
 Men, in the Chief of man,
 Labor's crowned Artisan,
 Hark to the 'larum bells pealing afar.
 Pulse as the battle's will,
 Stroke as the cannon's thrill,
 Socialise, saviorise, arm for the war.

Arm in the might of God, strong to deliver!
Arm by the might of man, swift to unslave!
On, as the cyclone, the ramparts to shiver;
Walls of oppression and gates of the grave.
Men, have ye hearts of worth?
On, for the Social Birth;
On, for dear Womanhood spoiled and denied.
Lift by the Labor-lift.
Dare to the battle-gift.
Triumph and reign where your martyrs have died.

Labor's proud battle-fire leaps for the marches;
Labor's pure joy for the heart and the home.
God for the People the glory enarches;
Lights for His Nation all stars of the dome.
Men, have ye eyes to see?
Sunrise of Liberty;
Shield-rise and sword-rise in sunrise aflame.
High o'er the eastern gate
GOD DAWNS INSOCIATE.
On, by the battle-trump, sound and proclaim.

XII.

SOCIALITY OR DEATH.

The deathless lightning to the wire ;
The surge of music to the lyre ;
For Freedom voice the living breath !
'Tis Sociality or death.

The touch divine from heart to heart ;
The life impassioned to impart ;
The being fed with Saviored breath !
'Tis Sociality or death.

The love that gives, but is not bought ;
Fraternal service fitly wrought ;
Free worth in lives of fervid breath !
'Tis Sociality or death.

The faith to dare the unforeseen ;
To own the Social Nazarene ;
To hold the pure and potent breath !
'Tis Sociality or death.

The onward path of no-retreat ;
The breast-birth of the Paraclete ;
The each in all as Christus saith !
'Tis Sociality or death.

The dropping dews of Love Divine,
Through hearts distilled to social wine :
The might of God from Nazareth !
'Tis Sociality or death.

XIII.

HOME RULE FOR SCOTIA.

Home rule for Scotia!
Truth of Lord God made day;
Lighting the People's way;
 Led from the east.
Brothers, uplift for Him:
Hearts, from the fears undim;
Orbed in the social rim;
 Valors released.

Where shall Lord God be found?
In the warm heart unbound;
In the true spirit crowned;
 In the life's voice.
All by rich tones they chord
Worth in the People's Word;
Force to its valors gird;
 By it rejoice.

That is the man for me
Who is athirst to be
One with Humanity,
 Owning its need;
One in its lowly birth;
One in its common worth;
Poor in the poor of Earth;
 Toiling to feed.

One with the Man of man,
Christus the Artisan ;
Aiding the battle's van,
Daringly sweet.
He is my comrade aye ;
One by the service-play.
Lives into lives array,
Christ to repeat.

God is ascending now ;
God o'er the People's brow ;
Lifting to disallow
Fetter or curse ;
Firing the passionate
Land that lay desolate,
Rights to recorporate,
Wrongs to reverse.

"Ye must be born again"—
Scots, born to social men ;
Cleaving through doom as when
Night parts for morn.
Lift in the social might.
Lift in the common right.
God saith, "Be now the light ;—
Scotland re-born !"

XIV.

GERMANIA.

We rear Wealth's golden splendor,
Yet welter in the ocean's foam.
Our lives their worths surrender,
Yet murders chain our home.
We heap the House of Pleasures,
Yet tortures are our life's reward.
We store the vault of treasures,
But die beneath the sword.

We rise in our might, for the Right to proclaim.
We build for delight o'er the dens of our shame.
We rise in our Right.
Uplifts the Social Nation.
Labor in coronation
Hails God and Liberty.

We build Religion's palace,
Yet hunger is our bread and wine.
We crown her holy chalice,
Yet perish for the vine.
The Spoilers' wives and daughters
By us are jeweled, robed and fed :
Our dear ones feed the slaughters ;
The ruins shape their bed.

We rise in our might, for the Right to proclaim.
We build for delight o'er the dens of our shame.
We rise in our Right.
Uplifts the Social Nation.
Labor in coronation
Hails God and Liberty.

In Labor's crucifixion,
 The Man of Toil bleeds o'er the lands.
 We own His benediction
 And arm to break his bands.
 In Labor's desolation
 The Man of Toil is buried down,
 Till, in the Social Nation,
 He rises to the crown.

We rise in our might, for the Right to proclaim.
 We build for delight o'er the dens of our shame.
 We rise in our Right.
 Uplifts the Social Nation.
 Labor in coronation
 Hails God and Liberty.

In Labor's dread betrayal,
 The Woman People dies with him.
 The loving, brave and loyal,—
 In martyrdoms behold her swim.
 The sunset of our valor
 Shines o'er us from her dying eyes.
 We claim her from the pallor,
 As Morning to arise.

We rise in our might, for the Right to proclaim.
 We build for delight o'er the dens of our shame.
 We rise in our Right.
 Uplifts the Social Nation.
 Labor in coronation
 Hails God and Liberty.

XV.

BIRTHS OF HEAVEN.

The Heavens are Social Nations
That from our Planet grew ;
Irradiant generations,
Renewed, forever new.
The dear ancestral spirits,
Who held us on their knees,—
Each in his realm inherits
The fruitful social ease.

If Order shapes the fashion,
Yet Freedom fills the law ;
Flows by the social passion,
As Earth's crowned Martyr saw.
Each gives and none withholdeth :
The pregnant life, that ran
To shape as God unfoldeth,
Fruits through the Social Man.

So, when we stand in star-time
And see the flames unfurl,
Heaven's God-time meets Earth's war-time
By one vast social whirl.
Force within evolution !
We come to this at last,
The Heaven-life in transfusion,
Shaping our human vast.

If hills the horns are blowing
And valleys beat the drum,
One harmony is flowing;
One prayer, "Thy kingdom come";
For now Earth's Heavens, full pregnant,
For blisses overflow;
Stoop, rounding through the regnant,
To child-birth here below.

XVI.

LITTLE SISTER.

Toiling through the midnight streets,
Frozen heart and flesh a-blister,
Christ the woeful Mary meets.—
Jesus kissed her.

Woman levite, woman priest,
Pharisaic scorned and hissed her;
But her lips to God released.—
Jesus kissed her.

Conscript, captive to the dooms,
Ruin chained her and abyssed her.
Love for rescue cleaves the tombs.—
Jesus kissed her.

Husband, babe and home for some;—
These, with honors, fled or missed her.
For redemptions, all in one,
Jesus kissed her.

Christus by the Socialist,
In the bruised one owns the sister.
None her welcome shall resist.
Jesus kissed her.

Lifted from the deadly street,
Christus on his bosom blissed her:
For the Mother Paraclete,
Jesus kissed her.

XVII.

SOCIAL SISTER-BAND.

With roses wreathe the drum :
With lilies twine the glaive.
The Daughters of the People come ;
Our beautiful and brave.
Be roses for her brow ;
Her feet in lilies pearled.
She opens by her marches now
The sacred social world.

With roses wreathe the drum :
With lilies twine the glaive.
Our angels of the heart and home
For us the banners wave.
Their battle-call rings far,
From mountain, glade and glen ;
Voice of the social avatar :—
“Peace and good will to men.”

XVIII.

PEOPLE'S DAY.

On, men of the anvil and hammer!
On, men of the loom and the plow!
Wake song through the mammonised clamor.
'Tis Liberty calls to ye now.
With throb of the pulse as the cannon,
With heart-beat as roll of the drum,
Flash fire on the slumbers of Mammon.
The day of the People has come.

On, men of the smithy and furnace!
'Tis Liberty leads on the wing.
The sun in the march of you journeys.
The stars for the might of you sing.

Chorus.

On, men of the pressroom and shipyard!
On, men of the shoebench and type!
'Tis Liberty hails to the vanguard:
Her hands on the Plutocrat gripe.

Chorus.

On, men of the drill and the pickaxe !
On, men of the brake and the wheel !
'Tis Liberty nerves you as Ajax ;
Sets courage in bands of her steel.

Chorus.

One will for the freedom of Labor !
One force where all Freemen unite !
A Nation are ye, and its saber
Is sharpened by God for the right.

Chorus.

A Nation is born : it is risen ;
Brave realm where all fetters shall fall ;
Blithe land where all honors unprison ;
The homestead of each in the all.

Chorus.

XIX.

FOOTSTEPS OF AGES.

The footsteps of the ages
Printed, as bloody pages,
Wide Earth, o'er-swept by rages,
And washed by sorrows wan.
Humanity's endeavor
Lifts through its soil forever.
The continents dissever:
Old worth seeks living man.

So, from the Heavens arched o'er us,
The surging social chorus
Of Peoples, who before us
Bore, bled and battled well,
Flows in our veins to tingle;
Flows in our blood to mingle;—
One spirit pure and single,
Whose valors in us dwell.

The greater federation,
The constellated nation,
Whose dwelling is salvation
And all whose gates are praise,
By heart-worth to inspire us,
By valors to attire us,
By soul-song to en-lyre us,
Thrills on to nerve our ways.

Rise, by the God who bore you :
Rise where the weak implore you :
Rise to the goal before you,
 And Heaven shall crown your quest.
Lift as the planet lifted
When night from morning drifted.
For resurrections gifted,
 Our God inspires the breast.

From custom's contravention,
From mammon's vile contention,
Lift to divine ascension ;
 Lift Godward and be free.
Peoples in manumission,
Lives in supreme fruition,
Hold Paradise in vision,
 Our Social Home to be.

XX.

BUGLE CALL OF FREEDOM.

Hark ye to Freedom's bugle call!
The People's armies wheel.
The social courage in its rise
Is more than serried steel.
The social fire, from God that streams,
And volleys forth again,
Is more than when the battle flames
Through hosts of arméd men.
The human earthquake throbs to lift,
Through myriads of the free.
The opened Heavens behold the birth
Of God in Liberty.

As when the sun beams forth to robe
The world in tropic fire,
The People through its social breast
Breathes full to God's desire.
The human cyclone shapes its whirl;
The gates of Mammon fall,
And God is made to men of toil
A fortress and a wall.
Society is born as when
The Planet broke to bloom,
And want and woe expire within
The vortex of the stroom.

See ye the vision : fold it in,
O men of ruined lives !
Joy for the broken-hearted world
Of maidens and of wives !
This is the Hope ye waited for,
When courage else had died :
It flames, gold-clad from brow to feet,
Borne on the morning's tide.
The human earthquake cleaves the globe,
Through myriads of the free.
God is to us a Savior, born
In social liberty.

XXI.

HIBERNIA.

Let Erin awake
From the wounds that ache,
From the tortures that despoil her.
Hers the banner of green.
Hers the Goddess Queen,
The hope of the Social Toiler.
“Nor flinch nor fail, ”
Shouts the Clan-na-Gael,
“Till we free the Isle that bore us.
Lo, the banner of green !
Lo, the Goddess Queen,
And the foe that fails before us !”

Bind the shamrock now
Over Erin's brow,
In the wreath that her angels lend her ;
Fraternity's might
In the Equal Right,
And Freedom the stern defender.

Chorus.

Where the stranger trod,
Burn the steps of God.
Where the People bled and perished,
Her liberties rise
Till they kiss the skies,
In the social worth she cherished.

Chorus.

Wake the harp, whose call
Rang through Tara's hall,
To chord in the People's thunder ;
Till the bolts descend,
And the ramparts rend,
And the fetters burst asunder.

Chorus.

Flames the Holy Cross
O'er the People's loss ;
The Hope of the Isle ascending.
The sun-burst then
In the hearts of men,
And the rule of the tyrant ending.

Chorus.

XXII.

ERIN-GO-BRAGH.

Liberty blazons her star-spangled banner ;
Flings it in triumph from ocean to sea.
Erin, the Plutocrat's slave-den and manor,
Wake, 'tis Columbia battles for thee.
Comforting, cherishing ;
Bread for the perishing ;
Arms for the onset!—hurrah and hurrah !
Swords for the hands of you ;
Mights for the bands of you.
Shout with Columbia, " Erin-go-bragh " !

March in the Might of God, Freedom's defender,
Liberty's chieftain, her martyr and king ;
Christ the Collectivist, wreathing in splendor
People to people, their gladness to bring.

Chorus.

Joy from Columbia's bosom of rapture ;
Might for the sons of the Evergreen Isle ;
Might for the deeds of the strife and the capture ;
Might for the land made as Eden to smile !

Chorus.

Shout for the flow of the star-spangled banner.
Shout for the harp and the banner of green.
Rays of the sun-burst triumphantly span her ;
Crown o'er fair Erin her Goddess and Queen.

Chorus.

XXIII.

MARCH OF INDEPENDENCE.

JULY 4th, 1776—1891.

It rang through Independence Hall,
The People's birth and battle-call.
GOD FREEDOM stooped, enrobed with morn,
To lift the Man-Child to him born;
Nation, baptised in blood and fire;
Nation that rose for God's desire.

March, march, march, all men in Social Man.
Be firm, be free, from sea to sea : all heroes to the van.
March, march, march ! all heroes to the van !

Unfurl again the stripes and stars,
Yet cross it with fraternal bars.
In concord of the blue and gray,
Smite, now to save and not to slay.
GOD FREEDOM wakes the clarion peal;
Summons the Social Commonweal.

March, march, march, all men in Social Man.
Be firm, be free, from sea to sea : all heroes to the van.
March, march, march ! all heroes to the van !

Its brow to heaven, its feet to earth,
The People claims its social birth.
Freedom, Fraternity, in peace
Of equal worth, their force release.
The battling might with morn array :—
God in the Independence day!

March, march, march, all men in Social Man.
Be firm, be free, from sea to sea : all heroes to the van.
March, march, march ! all heroes to the van !

Glory to God, the Father-Son !
Good will to man, born all in one.
Now, stars and stripes with stars and bars,
Borne o'er the glorious harvest cars ;
The sickle beaten through the glaive,
To reap the globe from serf and slave.

March, march, march, all men in Social Man.
Be firm, be free, from sea to sea : all heroes to the van.
March, march, march ! all heroes to the van !

XXIV.
OUR MOTHER.

AIR—ROBIN ADAIR.

Unveiled Thy sacred brow
In life's deep shrine :
There art Thou breathing now,
Pure Love Divine ;
Hope of the endless days,
For gifts unfurled ;
Leading by surest ways
Our social world.

We toil in solemn trust,
Through griefs, through fears,
Till rising from the dust
Thy shrine appears ;
Till Sisterhood from grief
Breathes far and free ;
Twining by heart's relief
All lives to Thee.

Chalice of woman's breast,
Thou dost bestow :
There thy glad grapes are prest ;
Thy nectars flow.
Breathe till thy floods unbar
To life's full tide :
In woman orb Thy star,
Thou Mother Bride.

XXV.

SOCIAL SACRAMENT.

Pledge we in her glowing wine :
Liberty has fed the vine.
Drink redress from wrath and ban ;
Freedom in her working man.

Lift the chorus, loose the glee :
God in social liberty !

Break with us this holy bread :
So Fraternity is fed.
On the lips of social men,
God is flesh and blood again.

Chorus.

Bread and wine for givings bless ;
God in social righteousness.
So the chains of hunger fall ;
Equal God in equal all.

Chorus.

Crown the cup in People's health :
Pledge the Social Commonwealth.
Heart to heart and lip to lip,
Share the God in fellowship.

Chorus.

Yet anew let song uncloze,
Sweet as Summer's perfect rose.
Social Womanhood we greet,
Bosomed in the Paraclete.

Chorus.

XXVI.

SOCIAL DOXOLOGY.

AIR—OLD HUNDRED.

Praise God in the Industrial Host.
Hail Father, Son and Holy Ghost.
Freedom, Fraternity divine,
In equal worths and honors twine.

Eternal is Thy Presence, Lord,
Where social worths by one accord.
Thy life shall flow from shore to shore,
Through Social Peoples evermore.

Mother Divine, All-Woman sweet,
Our Savioress and Paraclete!
Brood o'er us. Holy; Twain-in-One,
Own and re-birth us in the Son.

To Thee united hearts aspire.
In Thee our social passions fire.
All sons for Thee all daughters claim,
Till Social Woman breathes Thy flame.

In the fraternal might display :
By equal hopes and honors ray.
Rise o'er us by full flames unfurled :
In us reveal Thy social world.

THE END.

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