

Let Us Sing As We Go, Votes for Women!

title from *Suffrage Song, 1915*, words by
James Weber Linn, music by Eleanor Smith

Songs The Suffragists Sang: A Compilation Of Suffrage Lyrics To Commonly Known Tunes

Come Vote, Ladies!

tune: *Good-night, Ladies!*

Come vote, ladies; come vote ladies;
come vote, ladies; The civic call obey.

*Gladly we will cast a vote,
cast a vote, cast a vote,
Gladly we will cast a vote
On Election Day!*

words: Eugénie M. Rayé-Smith,
1912; S-1912-3(A)

A Suffrage Songster for Group Singing
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Rights of Woman

tune: *God Save America*
(*America*)

GOD save each Female's right,
Show to her ravish'd sight
Woman is Free;
Let Freedom's voice prevail,
And draw aside the veil,
Supreme Effulgence hail,
Sweet liberty.

Man boasts the noble cause,
Nor yields supine to laws,
Tyrants ordain;
Let woman have a sphere,
Nor yield to slavish fear,
Her equal rights declare,
And well maintain.

Come forth with sense array'd,
Nor ever be dismay'd
To meet the foe,—
Who with assuming hands,
Inflict the iron bands,
To obey his rash commands,
And vainly bow.

O let the sacred fire
Of Freedom's voice inspire
A Female too;—
Man makes the cause his own,
And Fame his acts renown,—
Woman thy fears disown,
Assert thy due.

Think of the cruel chain,
Endure no more the pain
Of slavery;—
Why should a tyrant bind
A cultivated mind
By Reason well refin'd
Ordained Free.

Why should a Woman lie
In base obscurity,
Her talents hid,
Her providence assign'd
Her soul to be confin'd,
Is not her gentle mind
By virtue led?

With this engaging charm,
Where is so much the harm
For her to stand.
To join the grand applause
Of truth and equal laws,
Or lend the noble cause,
Her feeble hand.

Let snarling critics Frown,
Their maxims I disown,
Their ways detest;—
By man, your tyrant lord,
Females no more be aw'd,
Let Freedom's sacred word,
Inspire your breast.

Woman aloud rejoice,
Exalt thy feeble voice
In cheerful strain;
See Wolstonecraft, a friend,
Your injur'd rights defend,
Wisdom her steps attend,
The cause maintain.

A voice re-echoing round,
With joyful accents found,
"Woman is Free;"
Assert the noble claim,
All selfish arts disdain;
Hark now the note proclaim,
"Woman is Free!"

words: 'By a Lady'; *The Philadelphia Minerva*,
October 17, 1795; S-1795-1(corrected)

[note: *Mary Wollstonecraft, 1759-1797; author of*
A Vindication of the Rights of Woman, 1792]

Kansas Suffrage Song

tune: *Old Dan Tucker*

Oh, say what thrilling song of fairies,
Wafted o'er the Kansas prairies,
Charm the ear while zephyrs speed'em,
Woman's pleading for her freedom.

*Clear the way, the songs are floating,
Clear the way, the world is noting;
Prepare the way, the right promoting,
And ballots too, for women's voting.*

We frankly say to fathers, brothers,
Husbands too, and several others,
We're bound to win our right of voting,
Don't you hear the music floating?

We came to take with you our station,
Brave defenders of the nation,
And aim by noble, just endeavor,
To elevate our sex forever.

By this vote we'll rid our nation
Of its vile intoxication.
Can't get rum? Oh, what a pity!
Dram shops closed in every city.

Fear not, we'll darn each worthy stocking,
Daily keep the cradle rocking,
And beg you heed the words we utter,
The ballot wins our bread and butter.

All hail, brave Kansas, first in duty,
Yours the need of praise and beauty,
You'll nobly crown your deeds of daring,
Freedom to our sex declaring.

words: P.P. Fowler and John W. Hutchinson, 1867;
S-1867-2

The Yellow Ribbon

tune: *Wearing of the Green*

*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 and Right.

words: Marie Le Baron, 1876; S-1876-2

Keep Woman In Her Sphere

tune: *Auld Lang Syne*

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."

by Gen D. Estabrook (1882);
S-1882-1(I), S-1884-1(D), S-1892-2(H)

**"Hurrah! Hurrah!
We'll light the way
with song"**

Song For Equal Rights,
words: Belle D. Edwards, c. 1892-1895

The New America

tune: *America*

Our country now from thee,
Claim we our liberty,
In freedom's name.
Guarding home's alter 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 alter 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 true souls unite
To speed the dawning light
Of freedom's day.

Our garnered sheaves we yield,
Gleaned from each glorious field
Women have wrought.
Truth's standard raising high,
Ready to do and die,
Enriching life for aye,
With deed and thought.

Grateful for freedom won —
To work so well begun,
Patriots by thee!
Ended shall never be,
Until from sea to sea,
Chorused the song shall be,
Women are free.

words: Elizabeth Boynton Harbert;
Composed for the convention of the National
Women's Suffrage Association, January 1883;
S-1884-1(I)

The Suffrage Flag

tune: *Bonnie Blue Flag*

'Dedicated to Elizabeth Cady Stanton, Lucy Stone, Susan B. Anthony, Mary A. Livermore, and other pioneer women in the Woman Suffrage Movement.'

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.

*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.

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.

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 to far
To glory 'neath the Stars and Stripes — it shall bear the woman's star.

*Hurrah! Hurrah! for equal rights hurrah!
Hurrah! for the Stars and Stripes — it shall bear the woman's star!*

words: William P. Adkinson, 1884; S-1884-1(K)

Yankee Doodle Revised

Nebraska now shall have a song,
And surely any noodle,
Might guess the air most dear to her,
Would still be Yankee Doodle.

*Yankee Doodle, keep it up,
Our brothers must not flout us;
Mind the music, keep the step,
They will not vote without us.*

Our Uncle Sam had saved himself
A wondrous lot of bother,
If he his good things still had shared
With Yankee Doodle's mother.

And strange it seems a hundred years,
To trace his way and find him
Just now awakening to see
His half was left behind him.

But looking round and taking thought,
He frankly owns he's missed her,
And says, by Yankee Doodle's side,
He'll make room for his sister.

Yankee Doodle's wife and girls
Shall have his full protection,
Shall share his cares and holidays,
And vote at his election.

words: Louise V. Boyd, 1882; S-1882-1(N)

The Equal Rights Banner

tune: *The Star Spangled Banner*

Oh say, have you heard of the new, dawning light,
Bringing hope to our land, and its foes all surprising,
Our banner still floats, as the emblem of right
And the day breaks upon us for women are rising,
And with ballots in hand, at the right's dear command,
They'll be true to the flag and will rescue our land.
And ever the Equal Rights Banner shall wave
O'er the land of the free, and the home of the brave.

The women for truth and for virtue will stand,
And the country be free from unjust legislation,
And heaven then will smile on a purified land
And the Power shall be praised that hath kept us a nation.
Woman's ballot is just, so then conquer we must,
And this be our watchword—"In God is our trust;"
And our Equal Rights Banner in triumph shall wave
O'er the land of the free, and the home of the brave.

words: Rev. C. C. Harrah, 1884; rev. 1891; S-1884-1(V), S-1889-1(G), S-1896-2(A)

Uncle Sam's Wedding

tune: *Yankee Doodle*

Of all the songs that have been sung
Within the States and Nation,
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.
And 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"
"Good bye, 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.

words: L. May Wheeler, 1884;
S-1884-1(DD)

Oh, Dear, What Can the Matter Be?

*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 to-day,
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 raised all the sons of the brave,
Women have shared in 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.*

words: L. May Wheeler, 1884, S-1884-1(G)

Suffrage Hymn

tune: *Missionary Hymn*

The light of day is breaking,
The Nation shall be free,
For woman is awaking
To ask for liberty,
To plead for truth and justice,
Nor shall she plead in vain,
She seeks her countries glory
And not for worldly fame.

Too long have we been silent,
Too long have been oppressed.
By giving us the ballot
Our country shall be blest.
Uniting with our brothers
In one harmonious band
To save our Nation's honor,
To bless our native land.

Still claiming it our duty
To save our homes from blight,
And seeking to protect them
From error's gloomy night.
We ask that with our brothers
We may their burdens bear
If in their glorious freedom
With them we may but share.

words: Sophie M. Hale, c. 1882

**“Glory, Glory!
Let the people sing”**

Ring the Bells of Freedom,
words: D. Snow, 1883

Give the Ballot to the Mothers

tune: *Marching through Georgia*

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,
Give the ballot to the mothers.

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 mothers.

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.

arranged from the words (1882) by Rebecca N. Hazard, 1888;
S-1888-2(F), S-1889-1(H), S-1897-1(G)

The Taxation Tyranny

tune: *The Red, White and Blue*

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.

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 should not rule another,
Unless by that other's consent,
Is the principle deep underlying
The framework of the 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.

arr. from words [1882] by Gen. E. Estabrook,
1889; S-1889-1(I)

“We'll all sing together
'neath the stripes and the stars”

Rally for the Right
words: Julia Mills Dunn, 1884

Woman's Rights

tune: *John Brown*

It's the right of every woman
To mark out her path in life,
And to be a saint or soldier,
Or a true and loving wife;
To fill the soul with gladness,
And recall the world from strife,
As she goes marching on.

Glory, glory, hallelujah!
Glory, glory, hallelujah!
Glory, glory, hallelujah,
As she goes marching on.

The Song of Liberty

tune: *Old Rosin, the Beau*

We'll sing a new song when our sisters
Are granted their rights and are free—
A song that shall summon the nations
To liberty's great jubilee;
An anthem of justice triumphant,
A chorus of right, that shall roll,
Resounding from meadow to mountain,
And echo from pole unto pole.

We'll sing the glad songs of all nature,
The notes of the birds and the bees,
The hymns of the breezes and zephyrs,
The chants of the grasses and trees;
We'll sing the wild strains of the tempest
That ring over mountain and plain,
The thunder and roar of the billows
That crash and resound o'er the main.

When woman shall come to her kingdom
And justice shall weave her a crown,
And right shall stand guarding her treasures
And man shall not smile through a frown,
Then sorrow and shame shall be banished
And freedom's great anthem shall rise,
And liberty's mighty *Te Deum*
Shall roll and resound to the skies.

words: Henry W. Roby, 1909

It's her right to serve the nation
In its every hour of need,
Her right to sit in judgment
On her country's faith and creed,
And show the world her courage
By some high, heroic deed,
As she goes marching on.

It's her right to train the children
In the home and in the school,
To help in framing statutes
And determine who shall rule,
And, like man, to cast her ballot
For a statesman or a fool,
As she goes marching on.

words: Henry W. Roby, 1909, *The Suffrage Songbook*, Topeka, Kansas

The Song of All the Ages

tune: *John Brown*

There's a song that should be ringing
Like a trumpet 'round the world,
There's a flag that should be floating
Under every sky unfurled,
There's a cause should be triumphant
Far as battle-bolts are hurled,
As we go marching on.

Sing the song of right and justice, (3x)
As we go marching on.

That song is woman's anthem
When she comes into her own;
That flag is woman's banner,
And should float from zone to zone;
That cause is right and justice,
And should rule the world alone.
As we go marching on.

The song of all the ages
Is the song the world should sing,
Resounding o'er the planet
Where the highest anthems ring,
The nation's hallelujahs
And hosannahs to the king,
As we go marching on.

words: Henry W. Roby, 1909

The New Way

tune: *Nelly Bly*

Nelly Bly winked her eye,
And promptly answered, "No!"
And said she had as many rights
As any man could show.
Then she said she'd never wed
A man who would not swear
To work and vote for woman's rights,
Always and everywhere.

*Heigh, Nelly! Ho, Nelly!
You're the girl for me,
For you can make your suitor take
The oath of loyalty.*

Now the girls, in crimps and curls,
Take up the cue she gave,
And tell their lovers, one and all,
They will not play the slave
To any man whose selfish plan
Makes them but satellites,
For no such things as wedding-rings
Shall rob them of their rights.

In the blaze of coming days
No woman e'er will rue
This goodly plan of making man
Vote as he ought to do;
And women then shall see the men
Come off the dreaming heights,
And praise the Lord with one accord
For woman and her rights.

words: Henry W. Roby, 1909

Three Blind Men

tune: *Three Blind Mice*

Three blind men, three blind men,
See how they stare, see how they stare,
They each ran off with a woman's right.
And they each went blind in a single night.
Did you ever behold such a gruesome sight
As these blind men?

My Wife and I

tune: *Little Brown Jug*

My wife and I live all alone,
In a little old cabin, not our own;
What she thought right, I knew was wrong,
And here's the way we got along:

*Ha! ha! ha! You and me,
It's an easy thing to disagree;
Ha! ha! ha! You and me,
It's an easy thing to disagree.*

My wife and I could not agree
Which one of us the boss should be,
And so we argued, day and night,
Disputing over what was right.

I argued with a husky throat
That woman had no right to vote;
She argued with a soulful sigh,
She had as many rights as I.

I said her place was in the home,
With a dishcloth and a brush and comb;
She said my place was on the farm,
With a rake and pitchfork on my arm.

I said that she had no more sense
Than the brindle cow that jumps the fence;
She said my judgment was as bad
As the man's who wears a liver pad.

And so we parted, and of course
She hurried off for a divorce;
And when the court made its decree
It laid the blame and costs on me.

words: Henry W. Roby, 1909

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Three blind men, three blind men,
The man who won't, the man who can't,
And then the coward who dares not try;
They're not fit to live and not fit to die.
Did you ever see such a three cornered lie
As these blind men?

words: Henry W. Roby, 1909

Good News Ladies

tune: *Good-night, Ladies*

Good news, ladies, good news ladies
Good news, ladies,—we're going to let you vote.

*Merrily we'll go along,
go along, go along,
Merrily well go along,
Down to the polls with you.*

Sweet dreams, ladies, sweet dreams, ladies,
Sweet dreams, ladies,
—we'll save the country now!

Bon grace, ladies, bon grace, ladies,
Bon grace, ladies,—you've won your rights at last.

words: Henry W. Roby, 1909

The Women's Marseillaise

tune: *The Marseillaise*

Arise, ye daughters of a land
That vaunts its liberty!
Make restless rulers understand
That women must be free,
That women *will* be free.
Hark! Hark! The trumpet's calling!
Who'd be a laggard in the fight?
With victory even now in sight,
And stubborn foemen backward falling.

*To freedom's cause till death
We swear our fealty
March on! March on!
Face to the dawn,
The dawn of liberty.*

Arise! Though pain or loss betide,
Grudge naught of freedom's toll.
For what they loved the martyrs died;
Are we of meaner soul?
Are we of meaner soul?
Our comrades, greatly daring,
Through prison bars have led the way:
Who would not follow to the fray,
Their glorious struggle proudly sharing?

words: Florence E. M. Macaulay (England, 1909)

Happy Hallelujahs

tune: *John Brown*

Great wrongs in need of righting
Should be righted right away,
The principles of justice
Should be honored every day,
The right should never linger
For a moment by the way,
As truth goes marching on.

*Glory, glory, hallelujah!
Glory, glory, hallelujah!
Glory, glory, hallelujah,
As truth goes marching on!*

The world is getting better,
And the time is near at hand
When the civic wrongs of woman
Shall be banished from the land,
And she shall have the ballot
In response to her demand,
As truth goes marching on.

And when the old injustice
With its cruel wrongs shall cease,
And woman, long in bondage,
Shall be granted her release,
Our happy hallelujahs
Shall proclaim the dawn of peace,
As truth goes marching on.

words: Henry W. Roby, 1909

"It is requested that every suffragist will commit these verses and will be ready to join in wherever they're sung during the coming campaign. It is especially asked that those who are in the procession that bears the petition to the Secretary of State July 30 be able to sing them without reference to the text."

— *Woman Suffrage Campaign Songs*,
Mrs. Eunice H. Kauffman and Miss Helen Smith,
4-page song sheet, Ohio, 1910; S-1910-9
[from Crew]

Freedom's Anthem

tune: *Swanee River*

Way up among the hills of morning,
Gleaming and bright,
There shine the lamps of truth and justice,
Beating back the glooms of night;
While scattered 'round about the planet,
Boasting their might,
Men stand amid the light, denying
The women of the race their right.

*All the world is sad and dreary,
Everywhere they roam,
While men deny their wives and mothers
Justice in the state and home.*

Proudly among the states and nations
Just men proclaim
Equality of men and women,
In freedoms high and holy name,
While creeping through the glooming shadows
Blind men are found,
Still groping 'mid the grim old ruins
Wrong has scattered all around.

When shall the sons of men, grown wiser,
Join hands in trust?
When shall we read upon their banners,
"Right can never be unjust!"
When shall the notes of woman's triumph
Ring clean and strong,
While all the nations join in singing
Freedom's universal song?

words: Henry W. Roby, 1909

Dare You Do It?

tune: *Battle Hymn of the Republic*

There's a wave of indignation
Rolling 'round and 'round the land,
And its meaning is so mighty
And its mission is so grand,
That none but knaves and cowards
Dare deny its just demand,
As we go marching on.

*Men and brothers, dare you do it?
Men and brothers, dare you do it?
Men and brothers, dare you do it?
As we go marching on?*

Ye men who wrong your mothers,
And your wives and sisters, too,
How dare you rob companions
Who are always brave and true?
How dare you make them servants
Who are all the world to you,
As they go marching on?

Whence came your foolish notion
Now so greatly overgrown,
That a woman's sober judgment
Is not equal to your own?
Has God ordained that suffrage
Is a gift to you alone,
While life goes marching on?

words: Henry W. Roby, 1909

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A Suffrage Song

tune: *Comin' Thro' the Rye*

If a lassie wants the ballot
To help run the town.
And a lassie gets the ballot,
Need a laddie frown?
Many a laddie has the ballot,
Not so bright as I,
And many a laddie votes his ballot
Overcome with rye.

If a lassie works for wages
Toiling all the day,
And her work the laddie's equals,
Give her equal pay.
If a body pays the taxes,
Surely you'll agree,
That a body earns the franchise,
Whether he or she.

words: L. F. Pease, 1910; S-1910-6

Suffrage Campaign Song for California

tune: *Marching Through Georgia*

Raise your gladsome voices, girls, we'll sing our suffrage song;
Sing of our great purpose that will help the world along;
Raise your voices, sing it, sing it, many thousand strong,
In our beloved California!

*Hurrah! Hurrah! We bring the jubilee;
Hurrah! Hurrah! The vote will make us free;
And so we sing the chorus from the mountains to the sea,
In our beloved California!*

Soon there'll be a happy end to all our hopes and fears,
When that star so bright upon our suffrage flag appears,
Shining brighter, brighter still, through all the future years,
In our beloved California.

From Sierras to the Sea the tidings shall go forth,
Orange groves of sunny south to snowy peaks up north,
Justice will her triumph have, and Freedom her rebirth,
In our beloved California.

When that Indian summer day, October tenth, is done,
And in Ocean Peaceful sinks the glorious western sun,
May it look on womanhood, whose righteous cause is won,
In our beloved California.

Brothers, in your hands we trust the future and our fate,
Sisters, mothers, stand imploring by the Golden Gate;
Let us enter, help you make a better, grander State,
Of our beloved California.

words: Miss S. Solomon, 1911; S-1912-11

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 galore.

*One pull, a strong pull,
Bring the ballot so near, so near,
Another pull, together pull,
And bring it to pass in the year!*

Last night as we listened and waited,
A message came over the sea,
It wished us good luck and it started
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 wafting the token,
The presage of near victory.

words: Eugénie M. Rayé-Smith, 1912;
S-1912-3(L)

Reuben and Rachel up to Date

tune: *Reuben and Rachel*

Reuben, I have long been thinking
What a nice world this would be
If they'd give us votes for women
All along the western sea.

*Tura, lura, lura, lura, lura —
Tura, lura, lura, lura lu —
If they'd give us votes for women
All along the western sea.*

Rachel, stop that kind of talking
There is one thing don't forget
What I want is a perfect lady,
Not a headstrong suffragette.

But Reuben, Reuben, a perfect lady
Must like men her taxes pay;
In the spending of this money
Won't you let her have some say?

Rachel, Rachel, you surprise me;
Cast your eye upon the man
Who has been Lord of Creation
Ever since the world began.

Reuben, Reuben, I'm admitting
Men thus far have held full sway;
Still the world is not quite perfect,
Let us help in our small way.

Rachel, Rachel, I believe, dear,
Woman's proper sphere's the home,
From the cook stove and the wash tub
She should never wish to roam.

Reuben, Reuben, home's no longer
Bounded by the flat's four walls,
Prison, factory, pure food, playgrounds
Woman hears a thousand calls.

Rachel, Rachel, I admit, dear,
There's something in what you say;
I promise you to think it over;
Perhaps you'll get the vote some day.

Reuben, Reuben, procrastination
Is just where the trouble lies;
We'll get the vote through evolution;
Revolution we despise.

Rachel, Rachel, you've convinced me,
And I'll take you for my mate,
Woman's proper sphere's the home, dear,
But our home's the whole great state.

from *Winning Equal Suffrage in California, 1911*,
(Appendix: 'Program of Blue Liner Campaigning
Committee') pp 131-132
(with thanks to Gary Ferdman!)

* * *

Another Star (Suffrage Campaign Song for California)

tune: *Buy A Broom*
(*Did you Ever See a Lassie*)

There are five afloat before us,
In the flag flying o'er us,
There'll be six on next election
We bring a new star!
We are coming like the others,
Free Sisters, Free Brothers,
In pride of our affection
For California.

*A ballot for the Lady!
For the Home and for the Baby!
Come, vote ye foe the Lady,
The Baby, the Home!*

Star of Hope and Star of Beauty!
Of Freedom! Of Duty!
Star of childhood's new protection,
That rises so high!
We will work for it together
In the golden, gay weather,
And we'll have it next election,
Or we will know why.

w: Charlotte Perkins Gilman (1911); S-1911-5(A)

California

tune: *John Brown*

O, hark the cry for freedom in our far-famed Golden State,
It is ringing from the mountains to the matchless Golden Gate,
And behold! a new star rising now, all fair and sure as fate,
The world is marching on!

Glory, Glory, Hallelujah!
Glory, Glory, Hallelujah!
Glory, Glory, Hallelujah!
The world is marching on!

Our Country's maids and mothers are fast coming to the fore,
And are asking for the ballot, twenty million strong and more,
We'll send them hope and courage from the broad Pacific shore,
The right is marching on!

We have worked and watched and waited for a weary length of years,
We have seen life's red wine wasted spite of countless prayers and tears,
But a brighter day is coming, lo! the rosy dawn appears,
The right is marching on!

O, land of sun and flowers, of the olive and the vine,
All of Nature's choicest blessings, aye! a thousand fold are thine,
And now in Freedom's banner bright, the Sixth Star thou shalt shine,
The right is marching on!

words: Elizabeth Lowe, 1911

— From the Edna Lamprey Stantial papers, courtesy of the Schlesinger Library on the History of Women in America, Radcliffe Institute for Advanced Study, Harvard University

We Are the Women of the State

tune: *Fare Thee Well for I Must leave Thee*
(*There is a Tavern in the Town*)

We are the Women of the State,
of the State,
How long will our men make us wait,
make us wait,
For the right to vote which we've
needed so long,
Then we'll help to right the things
that now are wrong.

Dear men, won't you believe us
When we tell you that you need us
And you cannot do without us
In this state or land?

You say our place is in the home,
in the home,
We should not be allowed to roam,
to roam;
But can't you see that you cannot vote alone
And properly protect the home?

words: B.L.B., 1912; S-1912-14

Columbia's Daughters

tune: *Hold the Fort*

Hark! the sound of myriad voices
Rising in their might;
'Tis the daughters of Columbia
Pleading for the right.

*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!

O our country! glorious nation,
Greatest of them all;
Give unto thy daughters justice
Or thy pride will fall.

Great Republic! to thy watchword
Would'st thou faithful be,
All beneath thy starry banner
Must alike be free.

words: Harriet H. Robinson; S-1884-1(M),
S-1888-2(I), S-1889-1(D), S-1897-1(B)

“We're here to swell the anthem
that is heard across the sea”

Hallelujah Song
words: L. May Wheeler, 1884

Woman's America

tune: *America*

Man, the so-called “lord of creation,”
used to sing “My country.” *Woman*, the
truly called “Crown of creation,” now
sings “Our country.”

Our country! 'tis of thee
We plead or liberty,
So long denied!
Our hearts, like men's, vibrate
To make thee strong and great.
To steer the Ship of State
Share *woman's* guide.

Our country! Long gave we
Our noble sons to thee,
At thy command.
Long have our hearts been wrung,
Long was our cause unsung,
Long graft its blight has flung,
On man's demand!

Our country! Thou shalt be
All we have sung of thee,
Of noble birth!
Let *woman's* cause be thine,
Let her with man combine
To make thy glories shine
O'er all the earth!

Our country! Would'st thou be
Full free from sea to sea?
Set woman free!
Then shall thy perils flee,
Great wrong soon vanquished be;
Then peace shall reign in thee
E-TER-NAL-LY!

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—From the *Edna Lamprey Stantial papers*, courtesy of the
Schlesinger Library on the History of Women in America,
Radcliffe Institute for Advanced Study, Harvard University

How Can Such Things Be?

tune: *Oh, Susannah*

I came from California, where the womenfolk 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;

*Oh, men voters,
How can such things be?
In all this free America
Only one-half can be free!*

I traveled long, I traveled fast, I went by rail and river;
Election rights 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 change you'll note!"

Then came a revelation when I neared 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.

words: Eugénie M. Rayé-Smith, 1912; S-1912-3(R)

Songs played an important role in the actual daily work of the suffrage groups. In 1896, the National American Woman Suffrage Association put out a *Manual for Political Equality Clubs*. The book was designed to help newly-formed suffrage groups plan their activities and run their meetings. It was filled with such 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 upon money.*

More pertinent to our subject, however, is the great emphasis on songs on the pamphlet. It is suggested by the editors that at least two songs be sung at each meeting, and further,

all present should join in the singing.

The booklet includes the lyrics to almost a dozen popular suffrage songs of the day and advises the organizers just where on the program the songs should be placed.

— Irwin Silber, *Singing Suffragettes Sang for Women's Votes, Equal Rights, Sing Out!*, 6:4 (1957), pp 4-12

Occoquan Prison Workhouse Song

tune: *We've Been Working on the Railroad*

We've been starving in the workhouse all the livelong day,
We've been starving in the workhouse, just to pass the SBA.
Don't you hear old Zinkham calling
Rise up so early in the morn
Don't you see the Senate moving?
Woodrow, Blow your horn.

published in *The Suffragist*, April 31, 1918

[notes: SBA – 'Susan B. Anthony' Amendment
Zinkham – a jail warden]

“We'll sing of Love's endeavor
and endeavor while we sing!”

Michigan's Humanity Song
words: Stella Richmond Hill, 1918

When Miss [Vida] Milholland served a term in the District jail in July she sang an old Irish ballad, *Alive-Oh!* to her fellow prisoners, and the song was at once taken up as the prison song. Just before she left the jail she stood in the great outer court and sent her splendid clear voice in *Alive-Oh!* to the hundreds of women and men shut up in its dark cells. Since then this song has seemed to suffragists to express the protest and new spirit in the suffrage fight.

— *The Suffragist*, Vol. V, No. 94 Saturday. November 10, 1917

Alive, Oh!

tune: *Cockles and Mussels*

Their eyes to the eastward,
Their hearts high with vision
The women have toiled
Through the dusk of delay:
The brave banners blowing,
Undaunted and singing,
For justice, for freedom,
Alive, Alive, Oh!

Alive, Alive, Oh!
Alive, Alive, Oh!
For justice, for freedom,
Alive, Alive, Oh!

Awake to the dawning!
We Conquer! We Conquer!
The sky is ablaze
With the fire of our day;
The morning has risen —
In triumph we hail it —
For justice, for freedom,
Alive, Alive, Oh!

words: Beulah Amidon;
published in *The Suffragist*, February 9, 1918

THE corridors of Occoquan and the jail have been kept ringing for many weeks with picket songs, for pickets can sing when they have no books to read, no pencil and paper with which to write, and when they are locked in cells away from each other's talk. *The Women's Marseillaise* has kept up spirit, and many new songs written by the prisoners have expressed what could not be expressed in jail in any other way. One of the latter is an enlivening ballad to the dogged tune of *Captain Kidd*, which was sung in chorus by the prisoners Sunday night.

—*The Suffragist*, Vol. V, No. 94, Saturday, November 10, 1917

We Worried Woody Wood

tune: *Captain Kidd*

We worried Woody-wood,
As we stood, as we stood,
We worried Woody-wood,
As we stood.
We worried Woody-wood,
And we worried him right good;
We worried him right good
As we stood.

We asked him for the vote,
As we stood, as we stood,
....
But he'd rather write a note,
....
So we stood.

We'll not get out on bail,
Go to jail, go to jail—
We prefer to go to jail—
We're not frail.

We asked them for a brush,
For our teeth, for our teeth,
They said, "There ain't no rush—
Darn your teeth."

We asked them for some air,
As we choked, as we choked,
And they threw us in a lair,
So we choked.

We asked them for our nightie,
As we froze, as we froze,
And they looked—hightie-tightie—
So we froze.

Now, ladies, take the hint,
As ye stand, as ye stand,
Don't quote the President,
As ye stand.

* * *

Perfect Thirty-Six

tune: *Maryland, My Maryland*

Another state has won the day,
Thirty six, oh, thirty-six,
Amendment Nineteen then will stay,
Thirty-six, oh, thirty-six;
This Leap Year is the woman's choice
In politics we'll have a voice,
With G.O.P. we shall rejoice,
With our perfect thirty-six.

(words not credited; campaign song book for
Harding/Coolidge) 1920; S-1920-4(C), S-1920-5(B)

The Woman's Doxology

tune: *The Doxology*

Praise God, from whom all blessings flow,
Praise Him all women here below,
Now can we raise our voices high
And shout hosannas to the sky.

For we have won the mighty fight
Long did we labor for the right,
And now in solemn thanks to Thee
We sing Thy praises. We are free!

words: Mira H. Pitman, 1920; S-1920-6

Let Us Sing As We Go, Votes for Women!

Lyrics	Tunes
18 Alive, Oh!	4 16 America (<i>see also</i> : God Save America)
14 Another Star	4 Auld Lang Syne
13 Bring it to Pass in the Year	12 Battle Hymn of the Republic (<i>see also</i> : John Brown)
15 California	5 Bonnie Blue Flag
16 Columbia's Daughters	13 Bring Back My Bonnie to Me
1 Come Vote, Ladies!	14 Buy a Broom
12 Dare You do It?	19 Captain Kidd
6 The Equal Right Banner	18 Cockles and Mussels
12 Freedom's Anthem	Columbia, Gem of the Ocean <i>see</i> : Red, White and Blue
8 Give the Ballot to the Mothers	12 Comin' Thro' the Rye
11 Good News Ladies	Did You Ever See a Lassie <i>see</i> : Buy a Broom
11 Happy Hallelujahs	19 The Doxology
17 How Can Such Things Be?	15 Fare Thee Well for I Must Leave Thee
3 Kansas Suffrage Song	2 God Save America <i>see also</i> : America
4 Keep Woman In Her Sphere	1 11 Good Night, Ladies
10 My Wife and I	16 Hold the Fort
4 The New America	9 11 15 John Brown (<i>see also</i> : Battle Hymn of the Republic)
10 The New Way	10 Little Brown Jug
18 Occoquan Prison Workhouse Song	8 13 Marching Through Georgia
7 Oh, Dear, What Can the Matter Be?	11 The Marseillaise
19 Perfect Thirty-Six	19 Maryland, My Maryland
14 Reuben and Rachel up to Date	7 The Missionary Hymn
2 Rights of Woman	10 Nelly Bly
9 The Song of All the Ages	7 Oh, Dear, What Can the Matter Be?
9 The Song of Liberty	17 Oh, Susannah
13 Suffrage Campaign Song for California	3 Old Dan Tucker
5 The Suffrage Flag	9 Old Rosin, the Beau
7 Suffrage Hymn	8 The Red, White and Blue
12 A Suffrage Song	14 Reuben and Rachel
8 The Taxation Tyranny	12 Swanee River
10 Three Blind Men	6 The Star Spangled Banner
6 Uncle Sam's Wedding	10 Three Blind Mice
15 We Are the Women of the State	18 We've Been Working on the Railroad
19 We Worried Woody Wood	3 Wearing of the Green
16 Woman's America	5 6 Yankee Doodle
19 The Woman's Doxology	
9 Woman's Rights	
11 The Women's Marseillaise	
5 Yankee Doodle Revised	
3 The Yellow Ribbon	

Where a chorus is indicated (indented and *italics*), it is sung after every verse.

Note: Numbers of the form 'S-xxxx-x' indicate catalog numbers of lyrics included in Danny O. Crew's *Suffragist Sheet Music* (2002).