

O Liberty! can man resign thee,  
 Once having felt thy generous flame?  
 Can dungeons, bolts, or bars confine thee,  
 Or whips thy noble spirit tame;  
 Or whips thy noble spirit tame?  
 Too long the world has wept bewailing,  
 That falsehood's dagger tyrants wield;  
 But Freedom is our sword and shield,  
 And all their arts are unavailing

To arms! &c.

ROUGET DE LISLE.

15 Sons of the South.

Tune—"Sons of the Sea."

Have you heard the talk of money powers,  
 Grasping gain increasingly?  
 Heard you not how they watch these lives  
 of ours,

Watch our lives unceasingly?  
 Do you know they think for all our share  
 Food and time for sleep should do?  
 They forget that we are not machines,  
 But men, who dare to prove our man-  
 hood, too!

But we want plenty yet, plenty yet, plenty  
 yet,  
 And what we want we'll get, yes, we'll get,  
 yes, we'll get!

Chorus—

Our native land, free we'll enjoy,  
 Our own wealth we'll work for, in our own  
 employ;  
 All shall be the worker's share—we'll mock  
 the fleecer's claim,  
 For the Sons of the South will have their  
 own, and make Australia's name!

Must we beg for leave to earn our bread  
 In the country of our birth?  
 Shall we tamely pay for leave to tread—  
 Leave to tread our native earth?  
 All the wealth we make from day to day  
 Others own who idle are,  
 Yet they grudge our leisure and our pay,  
 And say we are too independent far;  
 But we want plenty yet, plenty yet, plenty  
 yet,

And what we want we'll get, yes, we'll get,  
 yes, we'll get!

Swear we all in this our country's cause,  
 True to live and brave to die,  
 Till the foe can tear the Southern Cross—  
 Tear it from the starry sky!  
 Hands of hope and hearts that daunt the  
 grave,

Forward on the fighting wave—  
 Soon shall beam in welcome to the brave  
 The ruddy dawn of Freedom's joyous day.  
 But we want plenty yet, plenty yet, plenty  
 yet,

And what we want we'll get, yes, we'll get,  
 yes, we'll get!

J. A. ANDREWS.

16 Annie Laurie.

(Sung by Albert Parsons before his death  
 on the scaffold, 11th November, 1887.)

Maxwelton's braes are bonnie  
 Where early fa's the dew,  
 And it's there that Annie Laurie  
 Gi'ed me her promise true;  
 Gi'ed me her promise true,  
 Which ne'er forgot will be,  
 And for bonnie Annie Laurie  
 I'd lay me down and dee

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Her brow is like the sawdrift,  
 Her throat is like the swan,  
 Her face it is the fairest  
 That e'er the sun shone on ;  
     That e'er the sun shone on,  
 And dark blue is her ee,  
 And for bonnie Annie Laurie  
 I'd lay me down and dee.

Like dew on the gowan lying  
 Is the fa' o' her fairy feet,  
 And like winds in summer sighing,  
 Her voice is low and sweet ;  
     Her voice is low and sweet,  
 And she's a' the world to me,  
 And for bonnie Annie Laurie  
 I'd lay me down and dee.

## 17 Rallying Song.

Tune—"Auld Lang Syne."

Come, brothers, raise a hearty song,  
 To cheer us on our way ;  
 The fetters old of hate and wrong  
 We cast aside to-day.

Chorus—

In bands of Brotherhood we stand,  
 Determined to be free ;  
 That love and justice hand in hand  
 May bring true liberty.

To all the sons of men we call,  
 Of every tribe and name ;  
 The cause of each is that of all.  
 The hope of each the same.

We need not ask another sphere,  
 In realms beyond the sky ;  
 The reign of Love is even here,  
 Behold the dawn is nigh !

JAMES P. MORTON, JUNR.

## 18 Rouse Australians.

Tune—"Rouse Australians."

See the clouds of night pass by,  
 See at last the Morning Star ;  
 Oh, look up with honest eye,  
 Rouse, and all your prison doors unbar !

Chorus—

Rouse ye, rouse ye, O Australians,  
 Who from old Britannia came !  
 Onward marching side by side ;  
 Guard the treasure of your noble name !

Nations rise when true men lead ;  
 Art and Science clear the road ;  
 We will have nor lies nor greed ;  
 We will trample on the chain and goad.

O Australians—fearless—free—  
 Leave awhile the path of gain ;  
 Think of all you ought to be—  
 Work the metal of your heart and brain.

JOHN H. NICHOLSON.



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