

To Arms!

Capitalists, Parsons, Politicians,
Landlords, Newspaper Editors and
Other Stay-At-Home Patriots.

your country needs
YOU
in the trenches!!

WORKERS

Follow your Masters

*This booklet commemorates the centenary of the
victorious Anti-conscription movement in Australia.
Research and design by Mark Gregory.*

THE BLOOD VOTE

"Why is your face so white, Mother?
Why do you choke for breath?"
"O I have dreamt in the night, my son,
That I doomed a man to death."

"Why do you hide your hand, Mother?
And crouch above it in dread?"
"It beareth a dreadful brand, my son:
With the dead man's blood 'tis red."

"I hear his widow cry in the night,
I hear his children weep,
And always within my sight,
O God!
The dead man's blood
doth leap."

"They put the dagger into my
grasp,
It seemed but a pencil then,
I did not know it was a fiend a-gasp,
For the priceless blood of men"

"They gave me the ballot paper,
The grim death-warrant of doom,
And I smugly sentenced the man to death,
In that dreadful little room."

"I put it inside the Box of Blood
Nor thought of the man I'd slain,
Till at midnight came like a 'whelming
flood
God's word - and the Brand of Cain."

"O little son! O my little son!
Pray God for your Mother's soul,
That the scarlet stain may be white again
In God's great Judgment Roll."



Written by W. R. Winspeare, and drawn by Claude Marquet, St Andrew's Place, Sydney.

Fraser & Jenkinson, Printers,
3435 Queen St., Melbourne.

For the National Executive,
J. CURTIN, Secretary.

*This 1916 leaflet, printed by Fraser & Jenkinson, was distributed to homes
across Australia. Written by W.R. Winspeare, and drawn by the famous Worker
cartoonist Claude Marquet. Watching over the ballot box is a devil like
likeness of pro-conscription prime minister William Morris Hughes. It was
authorised by John Curtin who, 25 years later, was prime minister from 1941
to 1945 during World War 2.*

The Blood Vote was distributed as a flyer around Australia much to the ire of a number of its recipients who wrote letters to the 'mainstream' newspapers. The poem was countered three weeks later on the front page of the pro-conscription Anglican Church weekly newspaper the Watchman with a poem titled 'The Dishonor Vote' by Janet E. Stinson. This poem contains these verses obviously based on the poem above:-

*"They put the weapon into my hand,
It seemed but a harmless pen
I did not know what a dreadful thing
I was carelessly doing then.*

*"They gave me the ballot paper
Our heroes' help or doom
But alas! I forsook our heroes gone,
In that frightful little room.*

The war of the verses seen above is not uncommon, and the IWW was famous for its parodies of hymns with Joe Hill's 'Preacher and the Slave' being a good example of poaching and repurposing of the adversary's culture.

A more widely published pro-conscription song was publicly endorsed by prime minister Hughes who is reported in the Tasmanian newspaper the Examiner as saying "I commend the song to the people of Australia: let them tell in the music the patriotism which is in their hearts."

With its words composed by W.M.Fleming M.P. and set the music composed by F.D. Millar 'Conscription Song Yes! Yes! Yes!' has the chorus:-

*Australia stands impatient.
She waits to curse or bless,
And this shall be our answer;
Yes! Yes! Yes!
And this shall be our answer,
Yes! Yes! Yes!*

The political stance of the poetry of the Federal member of parliament Fleming had received the approval of the NSW weekly newspaper the Land in 1915.

We are in receipt of a small booklet of war verses from the pen of Mr. W. M. Fleming, M.P. The publication is being sold at threepence per copy, and the proceeds donated to patriotic purposes. The following is a stanza from "The Test," and is typical of the good stuff in the little book.

*We have heard the call of the Empire, we have seen the lure of the flag,
But here we have something greater than even the grand old rag.
For men may fall in their millions, women and children wail,
But the march of the people's freedom must never be known to fail.*

*The flag of the people's freedom floats over the fields of death,
And surely a freeborn people will fight to the last hot breath.
Surely the blood of the fighter runs in Australia's veins,
From the waves of her sparkling seaboard to the dust of her sun-scorched plains.*

An important aspect of this song is that the original comes from the pen of the famous "Corn-Law Rhymer" the militant poet Ebenezer Elliot. It was one of the poems published in Sheffield in his 1833 book 'Corn Law Rhymes'.

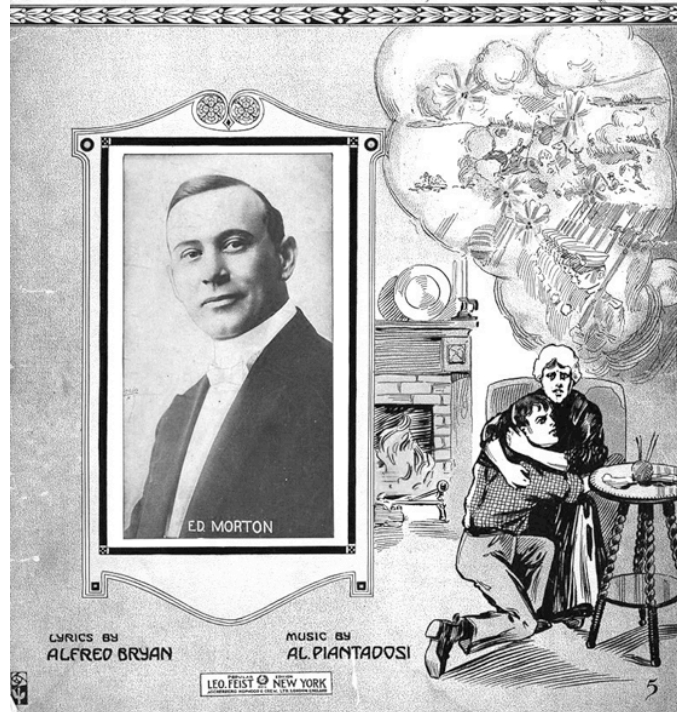
The eighty year trajectory of this verse from militant origins to hymnbook and its later reappearance as part of the militant anti-conscription repertory is not an unusual one.

Here is the tune as presented in Josiah Booth's 1903 anthology '100 Hymn Tunes,' Here Ebenezer Elliot is unacknowledged.

50 COMMONWEALTH.

The musical score is for a hymn titled "50 COMMONWEALTH." It is written in 2/4 time and consists of five systems of music, each with a treble and bass staff. The key signature has one sharp (F#). The score includes various dynamics such as *mf*, *f*, *dim.*, *p*, *cres.*, and *f*. Performance instructions include "(No quicker.)" and "A - men." at the end of the piece.

ED. MORTON'S SENSATIONAL ANTI-WAR SONG HIT
**I DIDN'T RAISE MY BOY
 TO BE A SOLDIER**



“Women’s Anti-Conscription Songs” with five songs the most cited of which was ‘I Didn’t Raise My Son To Be a Soldier’ This song has the chorus:–

*I didn't raise my son to be a soldier,
 I brought him up to be my pride and joy;
 Who dares to put a musket to his shoulder
 To kill some other mother's darling boy?*

The song came from the United States where it was a hit song in 1915 under the original title “I Didn’t Raise My Boy To Be A Soldier.” It was so popular that a 78 rpm recording was made which today can be downloaded as an mp3 file, giving us access to how it was performed a century ago in those pre-radio times. The song’s popularity had been widely reported in Australian newspapers.

Women's Anti-Conscription Songs

I DIDN'T RAISE MY SON TO BE A SOLDIER.

Once when a mother was asked would she send
 Her darling boy to fight,
 She just answered "NO"
 And I think you'll admit she was right.

CHORUS—

I didn't raise my son to be a soldier,
 I brought him up to be my pride and joy:
 Who dares to put a musket on his shoulder
 To kill some other mother's darling
 boy?
 The nations ought to arbitrate their quarrels.
 It's time to put the sword and gun away,
 There'd be no war to-day if mothers all
 would say
 I didn't raise my son to be a soldier.

All men are brothers, our country, the world;
 The glories of war are a lie:
 If they ask us why
 We'll just tell them that mother's reply.

TOILERS OF THE NATIONS.

Tune—" St. Gertrude " (Arthur Sullivan.)

Toilers of the nations,
 Thinkers of the time,
 Sound the note of battle,
 Loud thro' every clime.
 March ye 'gainst the tyrants,
 Headless of their steel;
 Be a band of brothers,
 Speed the common weal!

CHORUS—

Onward! friends of freedom,
 Onward! for the strife,
 Each for all we struggle,
 One in death and life.

Seamstress in the hovel,
 Women of the mill,
 Low indeed ye grovel,
 Tame ye are and still.
 Come like the War-maidens,
 Beauteous in your might;
 Sing ye songs of valour.
 Nerve us for the fight!

Toil we now no longer
 For another's gain,
 While our wives and children
 Pine in want and pain:
 Slaves we've been and cowards;
 But the night is o'er—
 Up then with the morning,
 Weep and sigh no more.
 Come, then, worn and weary,
 Come, then, stout and brave,
 Join this noble army,
 Sworn our land to save
 From the power of tyrants,
 From the curse of greed:
 Down with the Destroyer!
 Crush the Serpent's seed!

WOMEN'S ANTI-CONSCRIPTION COMMITTEE.

3. AUSTRALIAN HYMN OF FREEDOM.

Tune—" Australia will be There."

Arouse ye mothers of the free,
 Stand loyal to your trust,
 Lest all that stands for liberty
 Be ground into the dust;
 And the future of this country
 That should be great and grand,
 Shall be burdened with the sorrow
 Caused by a tyrant band.

CHORUS—

Mothers, wives and sisters of Australians,
 Would ye have your kinsmen bond or free?
 Vote No! Preserve their liberty,
 For "Yes" would mean our slavery,
 And all the little children
 Would future conscripts be—
 Shall we permit this passively?
 Vote No! No! No! No!
 Australia will be free,
 Australia will be free.

Now raise the slogan valiantly,
 And all assist to see
 That where men fought as free men
 Still free men they shall be;
 And the struggles of your fathers
 Shall not have been in vain.
 Let us preserve our freedom
 Or Australia's honor stain.

S. Lewis, 272 Bourke St., Melb.

AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S PEACE ARMY

4. WOMEN'S NO-CONSCRIPTION SONG.

Every woman has got to have a say
 Before they can send our men away;
 So I want you all to know why the women
 will say NO
 To Mr. Hughes on Referendum Day.

CHORUS—

For Conscripts our men shall never be,
 We're going to defend their liberty;
 And I want you all to know
 That my vote will be a NO!
 Mr. Hughes can't make a willing tool of me,
 of me, of me,
 Mr. Hughes can't make a willing tool of me.

Messrs. Hughes, Pearce, Irvine, Cook & Co.
 Would liberty and conscience send below,
 And our wages may come down with labor
 black or brown
 So it's up to every woman to say NO.

When Mr. Hughes to England said good-bye
 The Duchesses and Dukes began to cry—
 But that's nothing to the woe that they'll
 feel when we say NO
 To Mr. Hughes on Referendum Day.

To the soldier I would say,
 Don't let them filch your civil rights away
 Make sure before you roam of your enemy
 at home
 By voting NO on Referendum Day.

Working women to your cause be true
 Remember what your men would have you do.
 Don't forget the daily press is whining for
 a Yes
 Vote NO and down the powers opposed to
 you.

And now I've just a final word I'll say
 We have no right to vote men's lives away,
 Oh mothers, sisters, wives, ye who travail
 for men's lives,
 Think well before you vote those lives away.
 R.H.L.

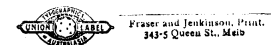
5. GOD SAVE THE PEOPLE:

Tune—" Commonwealth " (Josiah Booth.)

When wilt thou save the people?
 O God of mercy, when?
 Not kings and lords, but nations!
 Not thrones and crowns, but men!
 Flowers of Thy heart, O God are they!
 Let them not pass, like weeds, away—
 Their heritage a sunless day!
 God save the people!

Shall crime bring crime for ever,
 Strength aiding still the strong?
 Is it Thy will, O Father,
 That man shall toil for wrong?
 'No,' say Thy mountains; 'No,' Thy skies:
 'Man's clouded sun shall brightly rise,
 And songs ascend instead of sighs!'
 God save the people!

When wilt Thou save the people,
 O God of mercy, when?
 The people, Lord, the people!
 Not thrones and crowns, but men!
 God save the people! thine they are,
 Thy children as Thy angels fair;
 From vice, oppression, and despair!
 God save the people!



Authorised by MRS. BREMNER and Miss HILDA MOODY,
 215 Latrobe Street, Melbourne.

Anti-Conscription Army Songs.



SOLIDARITY FOR EVER

By Ralph H. Chaplin

(Tune: "John Brown's Body")

When the Union's inspiration through the
workers' blood shall run,
There can be no power greater anywhere
beneath the sun.
Yet what force on earth is weaker than the
feeble strength of one?
But the Union makes us strong.

Chorus:

Solidarity for ever!
Solidarity for ever!
Solidarity for ever!
For the Union makes us strong.

Is there aught we hold in common with
the greedy parasite,
Who would lash us into serfdom and
would crush us with his might?
Is there anything left for us but to organise
and fight?
For the Union makes us strong.

It is we who ploughed the prairies, built
the cities where they trade,
Dug the mines and built the workshops;
endless miles of railway laid.
Now we stand, outcast and starving, 'mid
the wonders we have made;
But the Union makes us strong.

All the world that's owned by idle drones
is ours, and ours alone.
We have laid the wide foundations; built
it skywards stone by stone.
It is ours, and not to slave in, but to
master and to own
While the Union makes us strong.

They have taken untold millions that they
never toiled to earn,
But without our brain and muscle not a
single wheel can turn.
We can break their haughty power; gain
our freedom when we learn
That the Union makes us strong.

In our hands is placed a power greater
than their hoarded gold,
Greater than the might of armies magni-
fied a thousandfold;
We can bring to birth the new world from
the ashes of the old,
For the Union makes us strong.

"NEVER GOES"

(Tune—Take it to the Lord in Prayer)

Are you tired of fat's aggression?
Of the war do you feel sick?
Would you take a frank suggestion
From the boys who're going to kick?
All your rulers are designing
To compel you fight their foes.
If against them you're inclining
Come and join the "never goes."

Is your backbone made of jelly?
Is your courage in a can?
Has your heart dropped in your belly?
Would you prove you are a man?
When they've passed this conscript binder
To augment your many woes,
Send them back the sly reminder
You have joined the "never goes."

If you're not a bally weakling,
But a man who has a heart;
If you're not a crawling creeper,
Come with us and play your part.
All of us are meaning action,
We are giving blows for blows;
Come and swell this growing faction;
Come and join the "never goes."

When they'd sieze us for a soldier,
And would force us with their might,
We will send them out our f elder,
That for them we'll never fight.
We are going to stand together,
"All for one," our motto goes;
Solidarity for ever—
We're the never, "never goes."

BUMP ME INTO PARLIAMENT

(Tune: "Yankee Doodle.")

Come listen all dear friends of mine,
I want to move a motion,
To make an Eldorado here
I've got a "boner" notion.

Chorus:

Bump me into Parliament;
Bounce me anyway-ay;
Bung me into Parliament
On next Election Day.

Some very wealthy pals I know
Declare I am most clever;
Where some may talk for an hour or so,
Why I can talk for ever.

I have the poor man's cause at heart;
I stand for revolutions;
The quickest way to bring them on
Is talking "constitutions."

I know the Arbitration Act
Like a sailor does his riggings.
So if you want a small advance
I'll talk to Justice Higgins.

The question's asked—"what would I do
If e'er the Germans came here?
A regulation I would make
To say they sha'n't remain here.

BUMP ME INTO PARLIAMENT

(Continued)

To keep the cost of living down:
A law I straight would utter;
A hundred loaves for a tray I'd sell;
With a penny a ton for butter.

'Tis said that kids are getting scarce.
I think there's something in it.
By extra laws I'll incubate
A million kids a minute.

I've read my bible ten times through,
And Jesus justifies me;
The man who does not vote for me,
By Christ I he crucifies me.

THE BUTTON THAT HE WORE

(Tune: "The Wearing of the Green.")

I met a working man to-day who wore
in his lapel
A photo of a plutocrat, and a Union
Jack as well.
I looked into his toil-worn face, and a
simple look it bore.
I could tell he was a bonehead by the
button that he wore.

He asked me how I got along; I told
him pretty tight;
That for a country where men starved
I would refuse to fight.
He said he stood for Empire, though
he could'nt find a job;
He praised the British Navy—and he
bummed me for a bob.

I asked him many questions then
why he was knocked about.
His answer it was usual, for he had'nt
thought it out.
"Thank God this Country's free," he
cried, "and the people own the land."
But why the copper moved us on
he could'nt understand.

I told him how the rich grew rich by
plundering the poor;
And that for us to organise was the
sure and only cure
The message I kept driving home his
frozen brain did thaw,
And now with every one round here
he's shouting "Stop the War!"

He took the buttons from his coat
and flung them to the wind.
He made a resolution that he never
will rescind.

He's pledged to solidarity, and a wisec
look he bears;
You can tell he is your comrade by the
button that he wears.

FROM THE FRONT. SOLDIER'S NO-CONSCRIPTION SONG

From the Newspaper the *Truth*, 25 November 1916 p. 6.
<http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-article130163857>

The following lines are sent to us for publication by Private A. J. Hewitt, Anzac Mounted Division, Egypt, and are interesting as showing the feeling of many of our soldiers at the front on the Conscription issue:—

We don't want Conscription out here, Mr. Hughes.
This war, O Hughesie, we are not going to lose.
This talk about Conscription gets right on our nerves,
While the volunteer fights for the country he serves.

If a conscript were here, he would get a crook spin:
If he just said boo-hoo, he'd be bashed on the chin;
For we're all willing fighters, and don't want chaps here
Who would rather be in Australia drinking their beer.

Oh, no, Mr. Hughes, you're on the wrong track;
The chaps around the pubs, you should give them a pack,
And send them to work in the wheatfields of grain,
To ease the poor cockies from troubles and pain.

For we've men enough here to carry things
So don't pander to Fat, showing the worker your scorn.
You want, workers to go, Fat's darlings to save;
When you talk of Conscription it makes a man rave.

Australia's best manhood is now over here.
On Anzac they suffered, and fought without beer.
Your blanky Conscription is rather too late.
You've just now woke up, when we're at the Huns' gate.

Why don't you get busy, and collar some spies?
It's through a fat German that Kitchener lies
In the deep briny ocean. I think it's a shame
To let Germans roam; but who is to blame?

Then six o'clock closing of pubs is a joke.
Why not let the beer-soakers have a good soak,
Then send them to the country, some scrub land to clear,
For the brave volunteers who are now over here?

I think, Mr. Hughes, this is all I will say,
Don't waste money on Conscription, but just raise our pay.
For a man that is married, a shilling a day
Is not much to draw, so, Hughesie, hooray!

[A. J. Hewitt, 458. Anzac Mounted Division, 2nd L.H.F. Amb., Egypt.]

I.W.W. AND THE STRIKERS.

THIS IS WHAT THE GOVERNMENT IS FIGHTING

During the processions of strikers in the streets of Sydney "hymn sheets" of the I.W.W. were distributed and used.

The following is a photographic reproduction of one of the "hymn sheets." Note the bottom line, "Join the I.W.W."

Demonstration on the Domain.
 Sunday Next, 2.30 p.m.
 Against Illegal Association Act Amendment.
 SONGS OF FREEDOM.

CASEY JONES, THE UNION BOAB.

(By J. Hill.)
 The Workers on the S.P. line to strike sent out a call;
 But Casey Jones, the engineer, he wouldn't strike at all;
 His boiler it was leaking, and his drivers on the bum,
 And his engine and its bearings, they were all out of plumb.

Chorus:
 Casey Jones kept his junk pile running;
 Casey Jones was working double time;
 Casey Jones got a wooden medal,
 For being good and faithful on the S. P. line.

The Workers said to Casey, "Won't you help us win this strike?"
 But Casey said, "Let me alone, you'd better take a hike."
 Then someone put a bunch of railroad ties across the track,
 And Casey hit the river with an awful crack.

Casey Jones hit the river below;
 Casey Jones broke his blooming spine;
 Casey Jones was an Anglieno,
 He took a trip to heaven on the S. P. line.

When Casey Jones got up to heaven, to the Pearly Gate,
 He said: "I'm Casey Jones, the guy that pulled the S. P. freight!"
 "You're just the man," said Peter: "our musicians went on strike!"
 You can get a job scabbing any time you like."

Casey Jones got a job in heaven;
 Casey Jones was doing mighty fine;
 Casey Jones went scabbing on the angels,
 Just like he did to workers on the S.P. line.

The angels got together, and they said it wasn't fair,
 For Casey Jones to go around scabbing everywhere,
 The Angels' Union No. 33, they sure were there,
 And they promptly fired Casey down the Golden Mark.

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SOLIDARITY FOREVER.

By Ralph H. Chaplin.

(Tune: "John Brown's Body").

When the Union's inspiration through the workday blood shall run,
 There can be no power greater anywhere beneath the sun,
 No what force on earth is weaker than the feeble strength of one?
 But the Union makes us strong.

CHORUS:
 Solidarity forever!
 Solidarity forever!
 Solidarity forever!
 For the Union makes us strong.

Is there aught we hold in common with the greedy parasite,
 Who would lash us into serfdom and would crush us with his might?
 Is there anything left for us but to organize and fight?
 For the Union makes us strong.

It is we who plowed the prairies; built the cities where they trade,
 Dug the mines and built the workshops; endless miles of railroad laid,
 Now we stand, outcast and starving, mid the wonders we have made.

But the Union makes us strong.
 All the world that's owned by idle drones, is ours and ours alone,
 We have laid the wide foundations; built it skywards, stone by stone,
 It is ours, and not to slave in, but to master and to own,
 While the Union makes us strong.

They have taken untold millions that they never toiled to earn,
 But without our brain and muscle not a single wheel can turn,
 We can break their haughty power; gain our freedom when we learn,
 That the Union makes us strong.

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JOIN THE I.W.W. BRING THIS WITH YOU.

M. Cook & Co., Print, 200 Castlereagh Street.

HOLD THE FORT.

(English Transport Workers' Strike Song).

We meet to-day in Freedom's cause,
 And raise our voices high,
 We'll join our hands in union strong,
 To battle or to die.

CHORUS:
 Hold the fort, for we are coming,
 Union men be strong,
 Side by side we battle onward,
 Victory will come.

Look, my comrades, see the Union,
 Banners waving high,
 Reinforcements now appearing,
 Victory is nigh.

See our numbers still increasing;
 Hear the bugle blow,
 By our union we shall triumph
 Over every foe.

Fierce and long the battle rages,
 But we will not fear,
 Help will come whenever it's needed,
 Cheer, my Comrades, cheer.



THE ROAD TO EMANCIPATION.

By Louis Wolf.

(Tune: "Tipperary").

Now, workin' man, you know you live a life of misery,
 So join the union of your class, determined to be free,
 Don't let the master gouge your liver for many years, to come,
 But organize upon the job and put him on the bum.

CHORUS:

It's the road to Emancipation, it's the right way to go;
 For the toilers to run the nation, and the world both high and low,
 Kick in and do your duty; for it's up to you and me—
 It's the One Big Union of the Workers that will bring prosperity.

Don't be a meek and lowly slave like lots of those you meet,
 Don't be a servile scab-bill and lick the bosses' feet,
 Don't let them starve you off the earth, don't fear their prison cell,
 Make your laws in the union hall—the rest can go to hell.

Now, workin' men, the masters they have no more jobs to give;
 You must form the taking habit if you ever wish to live,
 Postponing meals is suicide on the installment plan,
 So organize to get the goods, and take them like a man.

All workers, "The Army of Production," in One Big Union, regardless of age, creed, color, or sex, is invincible,
 Labor is entitled to all it produces. An injury to one is an injury to all.

A meeting of about 200 men have decided to form an anti-conscription army, and to form body guards to attend anti-conscription meetings where trouble is expected. Their functions will be to protect the speakers.

From the *Leader* (Orange, NSW) Monday 10 December 1917

"The Anti-Conscription Army Songs" on the previous page features" four songs the most famous of which were the IWW song "Solidarity Forever" composed by Ralph Chaplin in the United States in 1915, and the Australian song "Bump Me Into Parliament" Both songs still remain popular and are performed today. This early published version of "Bump Me Into Parliament" has three extra verses showing that it was repurposed for the anti-conscription campaign. The original verses were composed by Bill Casey, and IWW activist who later became the secretary of the Queensland Branch of the Seamen's Union of Australia. "The Button That he Wore" is a remake of an IWW song of the same name:

*I met him in Dakota when the harvesting was o'er,
 A "Wob" he was, I saw by the button that he wore.*

"Never Goes" sung to the hymn tune "Take It To The Lord In Prayer" exhibits all the characteristics of an IWW song urging the audience to fight "fat's aggression" to join instead the refusal to sign up for war.

*Come with us and play your part,
 All of us are meaning action,
 We are giving blows for blows;
 Come and swell this growing legion;
 Come and join the "never goes."*

The only extant copy of this 1917 song sheet seems to have been collected by W. G. Spence, a strong Billy Hughes supporter, who obtained it from the 1918 Telephone Guide published by the Government Printing Office in Melbourne, where it caused a minor scandal and a hunt for whoever had slipped it into the guide to be stitched into the pages of telephone numbers.

Read more about this on p. 6.

The flagrant and dishonorable abuse of official trust to which certain "anti" types will descend in order to spread their pernicious gospel is in evidence in a copy of the latest "Telephone Guide," dated March, delivered at Kew last week. Between the leaves of the book, and bound into the book as a whole with the other official leaves, is a copy of a pamphlet of "anti-conscription army songs," dealing with such topics as a "maiden's sacrifice," the "greedy master class," "incubate the kids" and "bump me into Parliament." It is not known how many leaflets have been distributed in such a manner, but the binding up of this particular leaflet in the guide under review proves almost conclusively that it is the work of an employe or employes in the Government Printing Office, whose low conception of their obligations as public servants makes it highly desirable that their identity should be established and fitting punishment imposed.

I.W.W. and the Strike

A Significant Pamphlet

We have been asked by the N.S.W. Government to publish extracts from a pamphlet distributed by members of the I.W.W. at a meeting in Sydney Domain. A couple of "Songs of Freedom" are published in this column, also:—

"All Workers: "The Army of Production,' in One Big Union, regardless of age, creed, color, or sex, is invincible."

Labor is entitled to all it produces. An injury to one is an injury to all."

JOIN THE I.W.W. BRING THIS WITH YOU.

Although the IWW "Hymn Sheet" was published in many regional newspapers in New South Wales only one of them revealed that the source of the facsimile was the NSW Government. Above we have evidence from the *Forbes Advocate* of Tuesday 21 August 1917 which made the source clear:

"We have been asked by the N.S.W. Government to publish extracts from a pamphlet distributed by members of the I.W.W. at a meeting in Sydney Domain."

Perhaps the IWW was pleased with the way their song sheet was being distributed to thousands of people they would not normally reach but more important lesson is the way that wartime and coercive wartime laws intensify the complicity of the press to serve the political requirements of the propaganda state.

The IWW slogan in the song sheet "All Workers: "The Army of Production,' in One Big Union, regardless of age, creed, color, or sex, in invincible." remains to this day an important stance in the annals of the Australian labour movement. The second song in the song sheet "Solidarity Forever" remains the most popular song of the movement, a tribute to the IWW role in the anti-conscription movement.

It is clear that this article from the *Age*, 13 April 1918 refers to the Anti-Conscription Army Songs broadside as seen above. The title of the song sheet is mentioned as well the name of one of its songs "Bump Me Into Parliament." The topics referred to tally well with the song sheet so "greedy master class" is close to "greedy parasite" in "Solidarity Forever." and "incubate the kids" refers to the second last verse of "Bump Me Into Parliament." The only missing topic seems to be "maiden's sacrifice."

That the version of "Bump Me Into Parliament" has three extra verses in the song sheet compared to other published versions suggests that it was repurposed for the song sheet which was published in 1917 and distributed for the second WWI conscription referendum.

ANOTHER I.W.W. Sentenced to Six Months.

SYDNEY, Saturday.—Leslie Roberts was sentenced to six months' hard labour, on a charge of being a member of the I.W.W. Evidence was given that accused had often been seen selling I.W.W. literature in the Domain, and singing the songs of that illegal organisation.

Northern Times, 22 September 1917. p.5.

A 1917 IWW song sheet 'Songs Of Freedom' handed out to the large crowd of protestors against the "Illegal Association Act Amendment" at Sydney's Domain and was sent out to regional NSW newspapers by the NSW State Government for them to publish, probably the only reason we can now recover a copy! This single page – seemingly a page of a songbook that was for sale – has four IWW songs the best known of which are 'Solidarity Forever' and 'Casey Jones the Union Scab'.

HYMNS OF HATE

I.W.W. SONG DAILY BY MARCHING STRIKERS

SABOTAGE ADVOCATED IN CRUDE DOGGEREL

The Sydney wartime trial and imprisonment of IWW leaders and activists are well known but the treatment was much the same in other states. In Perth a newspaper report includes the prosecution reading out the whole of 'Casey Jones the Union Scab', perhaps contributing to the song's continued popularity throughout the 1930s depression.

Although the IWW "Hymn Sheet" was published in many regional newspapers in New South Wales only one of them revealed that the source of the facsimile was the NSW Government. Evidence from the *Forbes Advocate* of Tuesday 21 August 1917 which makes the source clear:

"We have been asked by the N.S.W. Government to publish extracts from a pamphlet distributed by members of the I.W.W. at a meeting in Sydney Domain."

The IWW slogan in the song sheet "All Workers: " 'The Army of Production.' in One Big Union, regardless of age, creed, color, or sex, is invincible." remains to this day an important social and political stance in the annals of the Australian labour movement. The second song in the song sheet "Solidarity Forever" composed by Ralph Chaplin in 1915, remains the most popular song of the Australian labour movement, a tribute to the IWW role in the anti-conscription movement. Newspaper publicity for Joe Hill's song presents us with a clear example of eager reporting of IWW lyrical work backfiring and actually feeding the song into the popular imagination and repertory. The phrase "Crude Doggerel" is an interesting case of a misjudged sneer from the sub-editor. Anyone who has memorised and performed IWW songs is unlikely to be concerned about their apparent lack of poetic value. The popularity of such narrative verse might instead depend on its stridently vernacular approach, and the ease with which it can be memorised.

One of the earliest Australian anti-conscription songs was composed in 1914 by the redoubtable Hunter region coal miner and prolific poet Josiah Cocking.

Slavery Again.

*I am thinking to-day
Of the curse that shall not stay—
The Conscription Act of Fisher and the Trust !
They instruct each worker's boy
How to murder and destroy,
And to blast his striking comrades into dust !*

*When our children leave the schools
They become the War Trust's tools
To defend the land and wealth of those who rob ;
From each workshop, mill and mine
Boys are driven out like swine,
To be butchered by the Plutocratic Mob !*

*They have robbed, the voteless boys
Of their playtime and its joys,
And deprived them of their liberty and right ;
And by brutal human hogs
Boys are trained and cursed like dogs
To prepare for future fratricidal fights !*

*When our sturdy sons have grown,
They no longer are our own !
They've been bartered to the War Trust, and are slaves !
Who, when wholesale murders pay,
Will be ordered out to slay,
By the Gang that robs the cots to fill the graves !*

*They will ship boys o'er the main,
There to slay or there be slain
By the workers whom warmongers eke coerce,
And who, much against their will,
Are compelled to shoot and kill,
That each vampire in the Trust may fill his purse.*

*In the chilly winter's flood
Boys will shed each other's blood,
And destroy like frenzied devils loosed in hell,
Whilst, each statesman, parson, priest,
Safe at home enjoys the feast
That's provided by the murder tools they sell !*

*When shall workers all awake
And this rolling planet take
From the parasites whose thefts and wars cause dearth ?
When shall Truth and Freedom rise,
And all workers fraternise.*

Thirty-Nine Articles of a No-Conscriptionist's Faith:

Conscription is despotism, mental and moral.

Conscription is the negation of democracy.

Conscription destroys individuality and crushes conscience.

Conscription is based on the barbarism "might is right."

Conscription puts military before civil law.

Conscription sounds the death knell of trades unionism, and spells industrial coercion.

Conscription is the protege of the war-mongers.

Conscription is clamoured for by those exempt patriarchs, parsons, politicians, policemen and petticoat primms.

Conscription is the foster child of the armament rings.

Conscription stands on the exploded fallacy "if you want peace, prepare for war."

Conscription is approved by ecclesiastics; its severest condemnation.

Conscription takes peaceable men and hurls them in deadly conflict against brothers with whom they have no quarrel.

Conscription, when once imposed, is rarely, if ever, lifted.

Conscription in Australia will provoke the gravest crisis she has ever faced.

Conscription should be negated by every mother, otherwise she may sign the death warrant of her own son, or it may be another mother's son.

Conscription is an immorality, and a thousand referendums cannot make it moral.

Conscription outrages a Britisher's truest ideals and traditions.

Conscription has made no appreciable difference to the fighting force of England, whilst it has created a moral impasse with its conscientious objectors.

Conscription in Australia will not hasten the end of the war by one five minutes.

Conscription takes the bread-earner of the poor wife, mother and child, but never the bread-earner of the rich wife, mother, child.

Conscription is for such as think "the country rotten to the core and not worth fighting for" (vide Mr. Hughes).

Conscription has landed Europe in hell.

Conscription keeps her there.

Conscription has sent 300,000 British children of school age into the munition and other factories.

Conscription yokes women and mules together in ploughing the fields of conscripted Europe.

Conscription is anti-Labor, anti-Liberal, anti-human, anti-Christian.

Conscription is Toryism, Jingoism, Prussianism.

Conscription means that within a year after the passing of the Referendum every male between 18 and 45 will have been conscripted.

Conscription breaks the heart, blasts the home, and blights the soul!

Conscription of boys of 14 is Australia's biggest infamy.

Conscription is the trump card of junkers, Kaisers, and would-be dictators.

Conscription unites Pilate and Herod, and crucifies humanity.

Conscription was bludgeoned on England by the howling Northcliffe press. This same malign influence is hounding Mr. Hughes in the same direction here.

Conscription for Australia means a war tax of £50 a year for every unit of her population.

Conscription is a cattle drive, and the creatures yarded are less than sheep.

Conscription creates the Censor.

Conscription is the last refuge of the political plunger.

Conscription in the hands of William of Pyrmont will be as perilous as conscription in the hands of William of Potsdam.

Conscription is a denial of God, a betrayal of man, and a rejection of the one vital principle for which Christ lived and died.

When Joseph Chamberlain perpetrated that South African blasphemy, the war against the Boers, he gloried in the fact that all the Churches were with him. Mr. Hughes can now claim the same satisfaction in his design to enslave the Australian democracy. Synods, Conferences, and Presbyteries are with him, and this is one reason why his proposals are likely to miscarry, for the workers distrust anything the Churches support.

"I object at any time, against my will, to kill somebody else against his will, at the will of somebody else that won't kill."—Mr. W. Fraser.

Compulsionists, clerical and political, who won't do the killing, might cogitate on these words a few moments before saying their prayers.

The argument of conscriptionists that the more men Australia can throw into the war the sooner it will end, is the argument of the simpleton who says the more inflammable material you bring to a fire the sooner it will extinguish. But for conscription, this hell-fire in Europe would have been out long ago. Australia is now asked to put her last man into the blaze, in order to stop it. Can simplicity go further?

Oh Mothers of Men!

Oh mothers of men, the priests of Moloch call you

With martial clamour to their red campaign,

They drape with bunting, chains that will enthral you—

When they have seared your souls with brand of Cain.

Oh mothers behold! the flames of Moloch yearning

The grinning god sits on his fiery throne,

Will you give up your children to the burning?

Oh mothers of men! vote No and save your own,

The hour draws near, who will you vote for then,

Moloch or Christ? Think! Oh mothers of men.

Oh mothers of men, whose sons like lassoed cattle

Are rounded up for Nero's gala hour,

Will mother-love prove to be idle prattle

Or holy womanhood, a mighty power?

Hark! from the ring appealing souls are crying.

Thumbs up! Thumbs up!! though Neros rage and groan,

Man born of woman, unto woman crying.

Up! mothers of men, vote No and save your own.

The hour draws near, who will you vote for then,

Nero or Christ? Think! Oh mothers of men.

Oh mothers of men, the homage and the glory

Are not for those who pull the galley oars,

The slaves who fight in chains and fetters gory,

Would scorn the victories of a thousand wars.

Stain not Australia, Conscription is pollution.

Let not the children of the years to be,

Cry shame upon us, for their persecution,

But rather bless us, that we kept them free:

The hour draws near, who will you vote for then,

Devil or Christ? Think! Oh mothers of men.

—M. Browne, Drummoyne.

"It will take a good deal to convince me that conscription in Australia will not cause more evil than it would avert."—Archbishop Mannix.

The 1916 Anti-Conscription League flyer 'Thirty-Nine Articles of a No-Conscriptionist's Faith' published in Sydney under the auspices of Trades Hall. This page contains one poem 'Oh Mothers of Men!' composed by "M. Browne, Drummoyne." This poem ends with the words:—

*Stain not Australia, Conscription is pollution,
Let not the children of the years to be,
Cry shame upon us, for their persecution,
But rather bless us, that we kept them free.
The hour draws near, who will you vote for then,
Devil or Christ? Think! Oh mothers of men.*

Directly beneath the poem is a quote from Archbishop Mannix:—

"It will take a good deal to convince me that conscription in Australia will not cause more evil than it would avert."

The earliest newspaper report of a Dr. Mannix speech in which these words can be found is in the Argus 18 September 1916, citing an address given in the Albert Hall, Clifton Hill by the archbishop two days earlier. This provides useful information to help date the Anti-Conscription League publication. Further corroboration of the date of publication can be found in the discovery that this thirty-line poem was also published in the Australian Worker, 12 October, 1916.

The content of these four sheets alone allow the historian to review our understanding of the cultural and political conviction and determination of the no-conscription forces in Australia at the time.

The same page of the Sydney Australian Worker has two more anti-conscription poems 'What To Trust?' by Harold Mercer and 'Australia' by W.R. Winspear. Australia ends with the lines:—

*Beware the slaver's voice, the hidden snare
Of iron bonds, with care and watchfulness—
Beware his "Call for Blood," have thou no share
With him who'd have thee write the FATAL 'YES.'*

Equating the pro-conscription campaign with a 'Call for Blood' echoes the full page cartoon and poem titled 'The Blood Vote' in the same issue on page 11. That poem was also written by Winspear, while the cartoon accompanying it had a devil like Billy Hughes skulking behind the anxious woman casting her YES vote, as seen on the front page of this collection. Among its six verses are the lines:—

*They put a dagger into my grasp,
It seemed but a pencil then;
I did not know it was fiend -a- gasp
For the priceless blood of men*

*They gave me the ballot paper,
The grim death-warrant of doom,
And I smugly sentenced the man to death
In that dreadful little room*