

Source: Gerald Massey, *My Lyrical Life: Poems Old and New* (Boston: Colby & Rich, 1889) 422-423.

LABOURERS' ELECTION SONG

(Tune: "John Brown's Body lies a-mouldering in the grave.")

Ours are the Voices that for ages were unheard,
Ours are the Voices of a Future long deferred.
Cry all Together: we shall speak the final word,
Let the Cause go marching on.
Glory! glory! hallelujah!
Glory! glory! hallelujah!
Glory! glory! hallelujah!
Let the Cause go marching on.

Ours are the Votes that give us weapons we can wield,
Ours are the Votes that make our proud opponents yield.
Vote all Together, and our Charge shall clear the field,
And the Cause go marching on.
Glory! glory! hallelujah!
Glory! glory! hallelujah!
Glory! glory! hallelujah!
Let the Cause go marching on.

Ours are the Millions, though it may not be in gold,
Ours are the Millions who will right the wrongs of old.
Move all Together as the Ocean-waves are rolled,
When the Storm goes marching on.
Glory! glory! hallelujah!
Glory! glory! hallelujah!
Glory! glory! hallelujah!
Let the Cause go marching on.