

Suffrage Sing-a-long Songs

compiled by Linda Allen

Special thanks to Sue Lean, Mary DeCesare and Susan Butruille.

Our Glorious Victory

(Tune The Battle Hymn of the Republic)

Our eyes have seen the glory of the coming
of the day,
When the women folk in Washington won
the "equal way,"
When standing with their brothers bold
they have an equal say--
The Cause is marching on.

Five states have joined the column
marching on to freedom's goal;
In these five states the law has said, Each
woman is a soul,
That equal with the men she has the right
her vote to poll--
The Cause is marching on.

Now let the work go bravely on, not cease
for lack of vim,
Till all the states of this broad land shall
sing the glorious hymn
Of equal rights before the law for Jane as
well as Jim--
The Cause is marching on.

Then shall this land be truly free, oh ever
glorious day,
When together men and women walk the
shining equal way,
Then many wrongs shall disappear since
women have their say--

**Please visit Linda's web site for more
Suffrage Resources.**

<https://www.lindasongs.com/suffrage>

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:

Chorus:

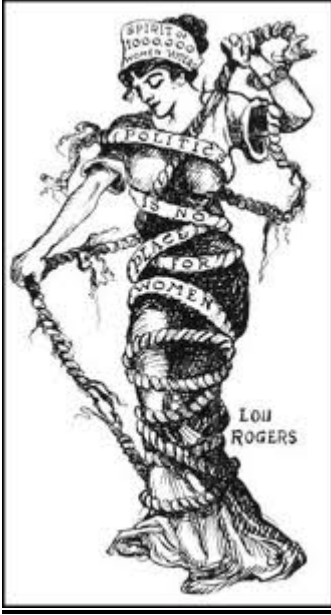
Ha! ha! ha! You and me,
It's an easy thing to disagree;
Ha! ha! ha! You and me,
It's an easy thing to disagree.

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
(Chorus)

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
(Chorus)

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 a pitchfork on my arm.
(Chorus)





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; (Repeat)

An anthem of justice triumphant,
 A chorus of right, that shall roll,
 Resounding from meadow to mountain,
 And echo from pole unto pole.

When women 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 freedoms great anthem shall rise,
 And liberty's mighty Te Deum
 Shall roll and resound to the skies

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?

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?



Oh, Dear, What can the Matter Be?

(Tune: traditional; lyrics: L. May Wheeler)

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 can dress, they love society,
women have cash, with its variety
Women can pray, with sweetest piety,
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 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!

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."



A song sung by the Suffragists, imprisoned at the "workhouse" for protesting in front of Wilson's White House. Zinkham was the jail warden.

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.

America 1910

(Tune: *America*)

My country, thou shalt be
Sweet land of liberty
When justice reigns.
When darkness turns to light,
When wrong is changed to right,
When Truth asserts her might
And breaks our chains.

As long as children cry
From mill and factory
On every hand,
Can fathers, mothers, too,
Refuse to dare and do?
Oh, let our boast be true!
Our own free land!

Oh, Great Fraternity!
Justice and liberty
To us be given,
Soon may our land be bright
With Freedom's holy light,
Protected by thy might,
Great Liberty.
--Mrs. Bertha Wilkins Harkweather

Songs by Linda Allen

From *Here's to the Women! Twenty Songs Commemorating Women's Journey to Justice*. Available at www.lindasongs.com

Runaround (chorus) ©2008 Linda Allen

They'll vote us up, they'll vote us down,
They'll give us the runaround
They'll give it, then they'll take away,
But we will have our day
We will have our say

**Bubble and Squeak (chorus) ©2008
Linda Allen**

Bubble and Squeak, piccalilli,
piccalilli,
Bubble and squeak, vinegar pie
Bubble and Squeak, beet pickle chow
chow
Serve it up for women's rights

**Here's to the Women! (chorus) ©1982
Linda Allen**

Without all the women, now where would
we be?
Working and caring throughout history
Their hands on the plow, but their stories
untold
Here's to the women who shouldered the
load.



For more Suffrage resources, visit:
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