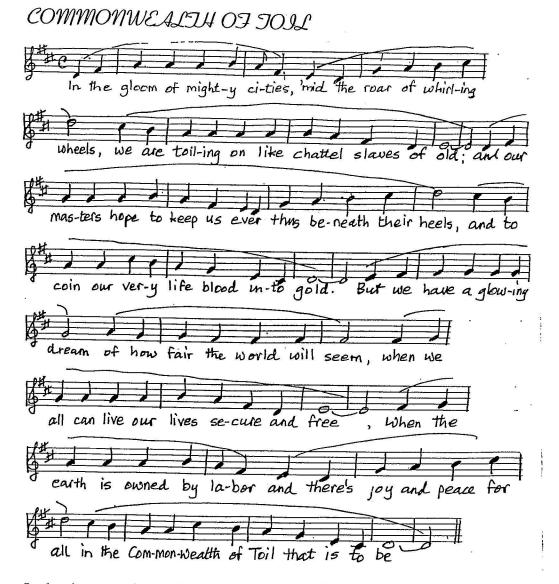
WELCOME!

Prairie Unitarian Universalist Society Sunday, September 27, 1992 10 a.m.

- I. "Commonwealth of Toils" performed by The Three M (Mary Mullin, Michael Briggs)
- II. Welcome Julia Bonser, President
- III. Lighting the Chalice
- IV. "Bread and Roses" performed by The Three M (Mary Mullin, Michael Briggs)
- V. A Story about Mill Children for Prairie RE Youngsters told by Ann Pryor
- VI. Children leave for RE
- VII. Introduction of James Cavanaugh, President, South Central Federation of Labor - Karen Gross
- VIII. Questions and Discussion
- IX. Sharing of Joys and Sorrows
- X. Visitors May Introduce Themselves
- XI. Announcements

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XII. "There Is Power" performed by The Three M (Mary Mullin, Michael Briggs)



In the gloom of mighty cities, mid the roar of whirling wheels We are toiling on like chattel slaves of old And our masters hope to keep us ever thus beneath their heels And to coin our very life blood into gold.

But we have a glowing dream of how fair the world will seem When we all can live our lives secure & free When the earth is owned by labor & there's joy & peace for all In the Commonwealth of Toil that is to be.

They would keep us cowed & beaten, cringing meekly at their feet They would stand between the workers & their bread Shall we yield our lives up to them for the bitter crust we eat? Shall we only hope for heaven when we're dead?

They have laid our lives out for us to the utter end of time Shall we stagger on beneath their heavy load? Shall we let them live forever in their gilded halls of crime With our children doomed to toil beneath their goad?

When our cause is all triumphant & we claim our Mother Earth And the nightmare of the present fades away We shall live with love & laughter, we who now are little worth And we'll not regret the price we have to pay.

Ralph Chaplin



Would you have freedom from wage slavery? Then join in the grand Industrial band; Would you from mis'ry & hunger be free? The come, do your share, lend a hand.

There is pow'r, there is pow'r, in a band of working folk When they stand, hand in hand; That's a pow'r, that's a pow'r, that must rule in every land One Industrial Union Grand.

Would you have mansions of gold in the sky And live in a shack, way in the back? Would you have wings up to heaven to fly And starve here with rags on your back?

If you've had enough of the "blood of the lamb" Then join in the grand Industrial band; If, for a change, you would have eggs and ham, Then come, do your share, lend a hand.

If you like sluggers to beat on your head Then don't organize, all unions despise; If you want nothing before you are dead, Shake hands with your boss and look wise.

Come all ye workers, from every land, Come join in the grand Industrial band; Then we our share of this earth shall demand, Come on! Do your share! Lend a hand!

Joe Hill