

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

COMMONWEALTH OF TOIL

The image shows a handwritten musical score for the song 'Commonwealth of Toil'. It consists of eight staves of music, each with a treble clef and a key signature of one sharp (F#). The lyrics are written below the notes. The music is written in a simple, accessible style, likely intended for a community or labor group. The lyrics are: 'In the gloom of might-y ci-ties, 'mid the roar of whirl-ing wheels, we are toil-ing on like chattel slaves of old; and our mas-ters hope to keep us ever thus be-neath their heels, and to coin our ver-y life blood in-to gold. But we have a glow-ing dream of how fair the world will seem, when we all can live our lives se-cure and free, When the earth is owned by la-bor and there's joy and peace for all in the Com-mon-weathh of Toil that is to be'.

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

THERE IS POWER IN A UNION

Handwritten musical score for the song "There is Power in a Union". The score is written on four staves in G major (one sharp) and 2/4 time. The lyrics are written below the notes. Chords are indicated by letters above the staff: G, C, D7, G, C, A7, D7, G, C, G, G7, C, G, D7, G, G7, C, G, D7, G, C, G.

Would you have free-dom From wage sla-ve-ry? Then join in the
grand in-dus-tri-al band; Would you from mis'ry and hun-ger be
Free? Come on, do your share, lend a hand! There is pow'r, there is
pow'r in a band of wor-king folk, when they stand, hand in hand, That's a
pow'r, that's a pow'r, that must rule in ev'ry land, one in- dus-trial U-nion grand.

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