

The City of the Sun.

Unison Voices. Not too slow.

mf espress.

1. All down the ages comes a cry of anguish,
Where workers toil and
2. Al-ways the land, the one means of existence,
Snatched from the peasant

Chorus or Accompaniment
ad lib.

cres.

sweat without release,
folk by guile or force,
That others may grow rich the while they lan-guish...
Always brave hearts of manhood and resist-ance...

cres.

f

..... In poverty and pain till life shall cease.
..... Crush'd by an iron law with-out remorse;

f

Always a cry of
Always the seamstress

men in despera-tion... Of women, ay, and children strong beneath the
in her attic area-ry... The miner in his murky tomb immured, The

cres.

sla-ver's lash, the chain, the scan-ty ra-tion,....
ery-hand, the clerk, ill, worn and wea-ry,.....

cres.

f

..... The goad of hunger and the fear of death,
..... By those for whom they toil con-ferred.

f

rall.

3. Ah yes! but always thro' the strife and tangle,
Through all the cries and counsels of despair,
A sound is heard that silences the jangle—
A rising chord of Hope that fills the air—
Always the song—despite the world's derision—
Of suffering hearts thus welded into one
In dream prophetic, self-fulfilling vision
Of days to be—the City of the Sun.
4. Always of things unseen one surest token—
Their deep foundation in the human breast;
The words, now dark within, that shall be spoken—
Freedom and comradeship from East to West—
Always from weakness a new strength emerging,
From sorrow shared a greater ecstasy,
Always the common soul and purpose urging
To Life and Love, to Power and Victory.