

# SONGS

of the

# PEOPLE



3<sup>d</sup>

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 9, Great Newport Street,  
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*" Our song will help us to build and to play  
our part,  
And it will cheer our advance like a friend."*

## 1 SOVIETLAND

**Chorus:**

Soviet land so dear to every toiler,  
Peace and progress build their hopes on thee,  
There's no other land the whole world over  
Where man walks the earth so proud and free.

For from Moscow to our farthest borders,  
From the Southern hills to Northern sea,  
Man may pass and feel he is the owner  
Of our land so beautiful and free.

Everywhere our life is wide and joyous  
Like the Volga flowing in the spring.  
To the young the road to life lies open,  
To the old great happiness we bring.

**Chorus:**

Rolling pastures stretch to the horizon,  
We have countless towns both great and small.  
The name we give each worker " comrade "

Is to us the proudest name of all,  
For this name makes every man a brother,  
No man's colour robs him of his right,  
And it matters not how far we travel  
Every man is comrade in our sight.

**Chorus:**

\* \* \* \* \*

## 2 RED AIRMEN'S SONG

Our 'planes are roaring, roaring for the battle,  
High in the air above the clouds we speed,  
Our bombs are ready, our machine-guns rattle  
Against the world's imperialistic greed.

**Chorus:**

Flying higher, higher and higher,  
Our emblem the Soviet Star,  
And every propellor is roaring  
Red Front! Defending the U.S.S.R.

But to the workers and the toiling masses,  
A gleam of hope all our propellers whirl,  
We drop them leaflets while we bomb their bosses,  
The first Red Air Force of the world.

**Chorus:**

Our proud machines obey our every order,  
There is no flight our pilots do not dare,  
We form an iron ring above our border  
The workers' first great squadrons of the air.

**Chorus:**

And should dictators with their shouts come rooting  
Around the soil of our free Soviet land,  
Our guns can sting the jaws that gape for looting  
Our bombs will smash the greedy hand.

**Chorus:**

3

### RED CAVALRY SONG

When the White Guards invaded  
And the Donbas was raided  
In those grim, unforgettable years,  
/: Swift our columns assembled,  
How the earth heaved and trembled  
As we galloped with song and with cheers. :/  
With Budyonny to lead us,  
For the cause that had freed us  
We swept forward by night and by day.  
Soon our fame rode before us :  
Like a thundering chorus  
As the army that never gave way.  
There the white bones lay rotting  
Where the foemen came trotting  
You can trace the retreat of their hordes,  
To this day the Atamani,  
To this day the Polish Pani  
Still remember the swish of their swords.  
If to our peaceful borders  
War again brings marauders,  
If the shrapnel once more scatters wide,  
With Voroshilov and Budyonny,  
As of old, once again we  
The Red Cavalry Army will ride.

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## THE RED ARMY MARCH

Comrades the bugles are sounding,  
 Shoulder your arms for the fray,  
 /: Boldly we'll fight for our freedom,  
 Bravely we'll hew out a way. :/  
 Born in the ranks of the workers  
 Whose scanty wage much suffice,  
 Brotherhood! Unity! Freedom!  
 This is our fighting device.  
 Firm in our faith we shall conquer,  
 Slavery's yoke we shall break,  
 Welcoming death even gaily  
 Fighting for liberty's sake.  
 Militant, strong and united,  
 Workers will conquer the world,  
 And the Red Banner in triumph  
 Shall be forever unfurled.

\* \* \* \* \*

5

## SONG OF THE PARTISANS

Through the winter's cold and famine,  
 From the fields and from the towns;  
 /: At the call of Comrade Lenin  
 There arose the Partisans. :/  
 To the East swept forward the Partisans.  
 Thro' the swamps and on to the heights  
 To attack and take Primorya:  
 The last stronghold of the Whites.  
 Battle-scarred and faded banners  
 Fluttered bravely on before;  
 But far deeper was the crimson  
 Of the recent wounds they bore.  
 That great day will never be forgotten  
 Nor will lose its high renown,  
 When the Partisan Red-Fighters  
 Broke through and took the town.  
 They destroyed the White-Guard forces,  
 And to hell the bandits they hurled;  
 And on Pacific Ocean  
 The workers' flag unfurled.

6

## THE INTERNATIONAL

Arise! ye starvelings from your slumbers!  
Arise! ye criminals of want!  
For reason in revolt now thunders,  
And at last ends the age of cant.  
Now away with all your superstitions,  
Servile masses, arise, arise!  
We'll change forthwith the old conditions  
And spurn the dust to win the prize.

### Chorus:

/: Then comrades come rally  
And the last fight let us face.  
The International  
Unites the human race. :/

7

## DAS LIED DER MOORSOLDATEN

Wohin auch das Auge blicket,  
Moor und Heide nur rings-um,  
Vogelsang uns nicht erquicket  
Eichen stehen kahl und krumm.

### Chorus:

Wir sind die Moorsoldaten  
Und ziehen mit dem Spaten  
Ins Moor.

Hier in dieser öden Heide  
Ist das Lager aufgebaut,  
Wo wir ferne jeder Freude  
Hinter Stacheldraht verstaubt.

### Chorus:

Auf und neider geh'n die Posten  
Keiner, keiner kann hindurch.  
Flucht wird nur das Leben kosten!  
Vierfach ist umzäunt die Burg.

### Chorus:

Doch für uns gibt es kein Klagen.  
Ewig kanns nicht Winter sein.  
Einmal werden froh wir sagen:  
Heimat, du bist wieder mein!

Dann ziehn die Moorsoldaten  
Nicht mehr mit dem Spaten  
Ins Moor!

## LA MARSEILLAISE

Allons enfants de la Patrie,  
 Le jour de gloire est arrivé.  
 Contre nous de la tyrannie,  
 L'étendard sanglant est levé—  
 L'étendard sanglant est levé.  
 Entendez vous, dans les campagnes  
 Mugir ces ferores soldats—  
 Ils viennent jusque dans nos bras  
 Egorger vos fils, vos compagnes.

**Chorus:** Aux armes citoyens!  
 Formez vos bataillons,  
 Marchons! Marchons!  
 Qu'un sang impur  
 Abreuve nos sillons.

Amour sacré de la Patrie,  
 Conduis, soutiens nos bras vengeurs!  
 Liberté, liberté chérie,  
 Combats avec tes défenseurs—  
 Combats avec tes défenseurs  
 Sous nos drapeaux que la victoire  
 Accoure à tes mâles accents!  
 Que tes ennemis expirants  
 Voient ton triomphe et notre gloire.

**Chorus:**

. . . . .

## UNITED FRONT SONG

As man is only human: he must eat before he can think,  
 Fine words are only empty air, and not his meat  
and drink.

Then left, right, left and left, right, left,  
 There's a place comrade for you,  
 March with us in the workers' United Front  
 For you are a worker too.

And just because he is human, he wants no boots in  
his face,  
 He wants no slave at his beck and call nor work  
by a master's grace.

Then left right left . . . . .

## 10 DIE ARBEITER VON WIEN

Wir sind das Bauvolk der kommenden Welt,  
Wir sind der Sämann, die Saat und das Feld.  
Wir sind die Schnitter der kommenden Mahd,  
Wir sind die Zukunft und wir sind die Tat.

**Chorus:**

So flieg du flammende, du rote Fahne  
Voran dem Wege, den wir ziehn!  
Wir sind die Zukunft getreue Kämpfer,  
Wir sind die Arbeiter von Wien.

Herrn der Fabriken, ihr Herren der Welt,  
Endlich wird eure Herrschaft gefällt.  
Wir, die Armee, die die Zukunft erschafft,  
Sprengen der Fesseln engende Haft.

**Chorus:**

Wie auch die Lüge uns schmähend umkreist,  
Alles besiegend erhebt sich der Geist.  
Kerker und Eisen zerbricht seine Macht,  
Wenn wir uns rüsten zur letzten Schlacht.

**Chorus:**

## 11 WHIRLWINDS OF DANGER

Whirlwinds of danger are raging around us,  
O'erwhelming forces of darkness assail,  
Still in the fight see advancing before us  
The red flag of liberty that yet shall prevail.

**Chorus:**

Then forward ye workers, freedom awaits you  
O'er all the world and the land and the sea,  
On with the fight for the cause of humanity  
March, march, ye workers and the world shall be free.

Women and children in hunger are calling,  
Shall we be silent in their sorrow and woe  
While in the fight see our brothers are falling?  
Up then united and conquer the foe.

**Chorus:**

Off with the crown of the tyrant of favour,  
Down in the dust with the prince and the peer,  
Strike off your chains, all ye brave sons of labour,  
Wake all humanity for victory is near.

**Chorus:**



## 12

## RIEGO

Oh joyous and fearless, audacious, invincible,  
 Come sing with us comrades, our mighty battle song,  
 Forever remembered, adored by the masses,  
 You brave sons of the workers and peasants of Spain.

Chorus:

It is for our people,  
 For Spain we must unite,  
 For victory and freedom  
 We'll win or die in the fight.

Alive is the glory of those who have struggled,  
 The whole world remembers the part they played  
 in the strife.

Riego, Riego, we'll sing of your victory,  
 For the cause of the people you laid down your life.

Chorus:

The wind blows and carries the thunder of cannon,  
 The shrill sound of trumpets is heard from afar,  
 And Mars, God of Battle, now marshals our soldiers  
 And leads our proud people, our comrades to war.

Chorus:



## 13

## BANDIERA ROSSA

Avanti o popolo, alla riscossa,  
 Bandiera rossa, Bandiera rossa.  
 Avanti o popolo, alla riscossa,  
 Bandiera rossa la trionferà.

3/: Bandiera rossa la trionferà :/3  
 Evviva il comunismo e la libertà.

Dai campi al mare, alla miniera,  
 All 'officina, chi soffre e spera,  
 Sia pronto, é l'ora della riscossa,  
 Bandiera rossa la trionferà.

3/: Bandiera rossa la trionferà :/3  
 Soltano il comunismo é vera libertà.

/: Madame Vêto avait promis :/  
 /: De faire égorger tout Paris :/  
 Mais son coup a manqué  
 Grace à nos canonniers,  
 Dansons la Carmagnole  
 Vive le son! Vive le son!  
 Dansons la Carmagnole  
 Vive le son du canon.

**Chorus:** A ça ira, ça ira, ça ira.  
 Tous les fascistes à la lanterne  
 A ça ira, ça ira, ça ira,  
 Tous les fascistes on les pendra.  
 ON LES PENDRA!  
 Et si on n'les pend pas  
 On leur cassera la gueule  
 Dansons la Carmagnole  
 Vive le son! Vive le son!  
 Dansons la Carmagnole  
 Vive le son du canon.

/: Vive la commune de Paris :/  
 /: Ses mitrailleuses et ses fusils :/  
 Après s'être battue  
 La commune a vaincu  
 Elle a eu sa revanche  
 Vive le son! Vive le son!  
 Elle a eu sa revanche  
 Vive le son du canon.

**Chorus:**     \*     \*     \*     \*

Ma blonde entends-tu dans la ville  
 Siffler les fabriques et les trains?  
 Allons au devant de la bise!  
 Allons ou devant du matin!

**Chorus:** Debout ma blonde, chantons au vent!  
 Debout amis!  
 Il va vers le soleil levant!  
 Notre pays!

La joie te réveille ma blonde,  
 Allons nous unir à ce chœur.

Marchons vers la gloire et le monde!  
Marchons au devant du bonheur!

**Chorus:**

Dans leur triomphante allégresse  
Les jeunes s'élancent en chantant.  
Bientôt une nouvelle jeunesse  
Viendra au devant de nos rangs.

**Chorus:**

Amis l'univers nous envie,  
Nos coeurs sont plus claires que le jour.  
Allons au devant de la vie!  
Allons au devant de l'amour.

**Chorus:** \* \* \* \*

16

## LE JEUNE GARDE

Nous somm's la jeune France,  
Nous somm's les gars de l'avenir,  
El'vès dans la souffrance,  
Oui, nous saurons vaincre ou mourir.  
Nous travaillons pour la bonn'cause,  
Pour délivrer le genre humain,  
Tant pis si notre sang arrose  
Les pavés sur notre chemin.

**Chorus:** Prenez garde! Prenez garde!

Vous, les sabreurs, les bourgeois, les gavés,  
V'la la Jeun' Gardel! V'la la Jeun' Gardel!  
Qui descend sur le pavé, sur le pavé.  
C'est la lutte finale qui commence,  
C'est la revanch' de tous les meurts-de-faim,  
C'est la Révolution qui s'avance,  
C'est la bataille contre tous les coquins,  
Prenez garde! Prenez garde!  
V'la la Jeun' Gardel.

Enfants de la misère,  
De forc' nous somm's les Révoltés,  
Nous vengerons nos pères  
Que les brigands ont exploités,  
Nous ne voulons plus de famine.  
A qui travaille, il faut du pain;  
Demain, nous prendrons les usines.  
Nous somm's des hommes et non des chiens.

**Chorus:**

## 17 YOUNG COMRADES SONG

Our spirits rise with the lilt of our singing,  
And all who hear it are cheered on their way.  
Through field and village our music goes ringing  
And in the towns they are singing it to-day.

**Chorus:**

Our song will help us to build and to play our part  
And it will cheer our advance like a friend:  
For he who marches with us in the vanguard  
Is sure to conquer and triumph in the end.

On, comrades, on then with joy in your faces,  
With song and jest and with laughter and song,  
For we shall conquer the wide open spaces,  
The time is ours, we are masters of the earth.

**Chorus:**

We shall achieve every aim and desire,  
Explore the skies and the vast frozen North,  
And should our country defenders require,  
Then comrades, we, her defenders, shall go forth.

**Chorus:**

\* \* \* \* \*

## 18 THE WEARING OF THE GREEN

Oh Paddy, dear, an' did you hear the news that's  
going round?

The shamrock is by law forbid to grow on Irish ground.

No more St. Patrick's day we'll keep, his colour  
can't be seen,

For there's a cruel law agin the wearing of the green!

I met with Napper Tandy and he took me by the hand,

And he said "How's poor auld Ireland, and how  
does she stand?"

She's the most disthressful country that ever yet  
was seen

For they're hangin' men and women there, for  
wearin' o' the green.

The only colour we can wear is England's cruel red,  
Let us remind us of the blood that was for Ireland shed.

Then pull the shamrock from your hat and throw it  
on the sod—

And never fear, 'twill take root there, tho'  
underfoot 'tis trod.



## THE RED FLAG

The people's flag is deepest red;  
 It shrouded oft our martyr'd dead.  
 And ere their limbs grew stiff and cold,  
 Their hearts' blood dyed its every fold.

**Chorus:** Then raise the scarlet banner high!  
 Within its shade we'll live or die!  
 Tho' cowards flinch and traitors sneer,  
 We'll keep the red flag flying here!

It waved above our infant might,  
 When all ahead seemed dark as night;  
 It witnessed many a deed and vow;—  
 We must not change its colour now.

**Chorus:**  
 With heads uncovered swear we all  
 To bear it onward till we fall.  
 Come dungeons dark or gallows grim,  
 This song shall be our parting hymn.

**Chorus:**

\* \* \* \* \*

## CASEY JONES

The workers on the S.P. line to strike sent out a call,  
 But Casey Jones, the engineer, he wouldn't strike at all.  
 His boiler it was leaking and its drivers on the bum,  
 And his engine and its bearings they were all out of plumb.  
 Casey Jones kept his junk pile running;  
 Casey Jones was working double time.  
 Casey Jones got a wooden medal  
 For being good and faithful on the S.P. line.

The workers said to Casey "Won't you help us win this  
 strike?"

But Casey said "Let me alone; you'd better take a hike."  
 Then someone put a bunch of railroad ties across the track,  
 And Casey hit the river with an awful crack.

Casey Jones hit the river bottom;  
 Casey Jones broke his blooming spine.  
 Casey Jones was an Angeleno;  
 He took a trip to heaven on the S.P. line.

When Casey Jones got up to heaven to the Pearly Gate,  
 He said, "I'm Casey Jones, the guy that pulled the S.P.  
 freight."

"You're just the man," said Peter. "Our musicians  
 went on strike,  
 You can get a job a-scabbing any time you like."

Casey Jones got a job in heaven,  
Casey Jones was doing mighty fine;  
Casey Jones went scabbing on the angels,  
Just like he did the workers on the S.P. line.

The angels got together and they said it wasn't fair  
For Casey Jones to go around a-scabbing everywhere.  
The angels' Union No. 23, they sure were there,  
And they promptly fired Casey down the Golden Stair .  
Casey Jones went to hell a-flying.  
"Casey Jones!" the devil said, "Oh, fine,  
Casey Jones, get busy shovelling sulphur,  
That's what you get for scabbing on the S.P. line."

## 22 THE MAN WHO WATERS THE WORKERS' BEER

Chorus:

/: Oh! I'm the man, the very fat man, who waters the  
workers' beer. :/  
And what do I care if it makes them ill, if it makes  
them terribly queer.  
I've a yacht and a car and an aeroplane, and I waters  
the workers' beer.

Now when I waters the workers' beer I puts in strychnine,  
Some methylated spirits and a drop of paraffin;  
And since this brew, so terribly strong, might make them  
terribly queer,  
I reaches my hand for the watering tap and I waters the  
workers' beer.

Chorus:

Now a drop of good beer is a very fine thing for a man  
as is thirsty and hot,  
And I sometimes takes a drop myself from a very special lot.  
But a strong and healthy working class is the thing that  
I most fear,  
So I reaches my hand for the watering tap and I waters  
the workers' beer.

Chorus:

Now ladies fair beyond compare, and be ye maid or wife,  
Oh! sometimes spare a thought for one who leads a sorry life,  
For the water rate is terribly high, and meths. is terribly dear,  
And there isn't the profits there used to be in watering  
the workers' beer.

Chorus:

## 23 THE MAN WHO DOES THE DIRTY WORK FOR HITLER

(Tune: The Man who Broke the Bank at Monte Carlo)

As I stroll around the Red Square with a non-committal air  
You can hear them all declare, "He must be a commissaire."  
But I'm laughing up my sleeve, 'cos they'd none of them  
believe  
That I'm the man that does the dirty work for Hitler.

When the Soviets build machinery of an extra special brand,  
 It's with this very hand that I scatter all the sand.  
 For with Trotsky and the Gestapo, with the Comité des  
 Forges and Doriot,  
 I'm the man that does the dirty work for Hitler.  
 As I stroll around the Red Square, in my holster there's  
 a pistol,  
 In my pocket a false passport to fly to the Café Bristol,  
 There to sit and plot more treason both in and out of season,  
 With the accredited representatives of Hitler.  
 As I crouch beneath the table where the Polit-bureau meets,  
 They would all start from their seats if they knew of half  
 the feats  
 Of diversionism and espionage, and civil and military sabotage  
 That I perform the whole year round for Hitler.  
 If from my labour record you might think that I'm a shirker,  
 I did my share of the dirty work "when I was a Soviet  
 worker."  
 And if you think that I'm a myth, my proper name is  
 Andrew Smith,  
 The man who does the dirty work for Hitler.

## 24

### FAREWELL TO LOVE'S FANCY

Farewell to love's fancy and paradise for two,  
 I've quarrelled with my bit of skirt and me and her is through.  
 For now at last I've realised a man is better free,  
 You can keep your bells and bits of cake, they're not my  
 Chorus: cup of tea.

Let her go, don't you marry, let her love you if you will,  
 You don't want to have children for Hit and Muss to kill,  
 For I am married to a wife and we've a handsome son,  
 And our children's future's hidden in the barrel of a gun.

My girl she said I'm willing for to raise a family,  
 But if you won't be wed you'll have no happiness with me.  
 I told her she was crazy with conditions what they are,  
 For I care too much for children for to want to be a pa.

Chorus:

My girl she said defeatist, you're a traitor to the cause,  
 My children won't be fighting in imperialistic wars,  
 My children won't be cannon fodder waiting to be killed,  
 They'll be workers in the Britain that the working class  
 shall build.

Final Chorus:

Must she go, why not marry? The future is our world,  
 When the banner of our victory shall proudly be unfurled,  
 And poverty and profits shall be nightmares of the past,  
 They'll know freedom, they'll have plenty in the  
 world of peace at last.



## CHEVALIERS DE LA TABLE RONDE

- /: Chevaliers de la table ronde,  
Goutons voir si le vin est bon. :/
- /: Goutons voir, oui, oui, oui,  
Goutons voir, non, non, non,  
Goutons voir si le vin est bon. :/
- /: J'en ai bu cinq ou six bouteilles,  
Une femme sur mes genoux. :/  
Une femme, etc.
- /: Toc, toc, toc, qui frappe a la porte?  
Je crois bien que c'est le mari, :/  
Je crois bien, etc.
- /: Si c'est lui, que le diable l'emporte  
Pour venir, troubler mon plaisir, :/  
Pour venir, etc.
- /: Si je meurs, je veux qu'on m'enterre,  
Dans une cave ou y a. du bon vin, :/  
Dans une cave, etc.
- /: Mettez mes pieds contre la muraille,  
Et ma tete sous le robinet, :/  
Et ma tete, etc.
- /: Sur ma tombe, je veux qu'on inscrive  
Ici git le roi des buveurs, :/  
Ici git, etc.
- /: La morale de cette histoire  
C'est de boire avant de mourir, :/  
C'est de boire, etc.

## PIE IN THE SKY

Long-haired preachers come round every night,  
Try to tell what's wrong and what's right,  
" Give your money to Jesus," they say,  
" He will drive all your troubles away."

Chorus:

You will eat by and by  
In the glorious land above the sky—way up high,  
Work and pray, live on hay,  
There'll be pie in the sky when you die.

IT'S A LIE.

When the Salvation Army comes out  
They holla and they scream and they shout;  
When they've got your last dime on the drum  
They tell you to go on the bum.

Chorus:

Working men of all countries unite,  
Side by side for our freedom we'll fight,  
And when the boss asks for something to eat  
We will answer in voices so sweet—

Chorus:

## THE MERMAID'S LAMENT

Long years ago, when I was young,  
 The flowers they bloomed and the birds they sung,  
 A sailor lad and his lovely bride  
 Stood weeping by the ocean side.  
 Tra-la-la-la, la-la-la-la,  
 Tra-la-la-la, la-la-la-la,  
 A sailor lad and his lovely bride  
 Stood weeping by the ocean side.

'Tis scarce six months since we were wed,  
 But oh, how fast the time has sped,  
 And we must part at the dawning of the day  
 When the good ship bears my love away.  
 Tra-la-la-la, etc.

Long years have passed, he comes no more  
 To greet his bride by the ocean shore,  
 His ship went down in the howling of the storm,  
 And the waves engulfed his lifeless form.  
 Tra-la-la-la, etc.

And now he lies beneath the sea,  
 The mermaids all weep tears for me;  
 The mermaids sit at the bottom of the sea  
 A-shedding their sad tears for me.  
 Tra-la-la-la, etc.

I would that I were with him too  
 Beneath the waves of the ocean blue,  
 My soul to my God and my body to the sea,  
 With the dark blue waves a-rolling over me.  
 Tra-la-la-la, etc.

\* \* \* \* \*

## WALTZING MATILDA

Once a jolly swag-man, camping by a billa-bong,  
 Under the shade of a kalabar tree,  
 Sang as he sat and waited till his billy boiled  
 "You'll come a-waltzing Matilda with me."

**Chorus:**

Waltzing Matilda, waltzing Matilda,  
 You'll come a-waltzing Matilda with me,  
 Sang as he sat and waited till his billy boiled  
 "You'll come a-waltzing Matilda with me."

Up came a jam-buck to drink at that billa-bong,  
 Up jumped the swag-man and grabbed him with glee,  
 Sang as he stuffed that jam-buck in his tucker bag  
 "You'll come a-waltzing Matilda with me."

**Chorus:**



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