

This Grand Countrie

POEM COMPOSED BY MABEL ERVIN

...IN HONOR OF...

THE .. NATIONAL .. LABOR .. DAY .. PARADE



DEDICATED TO EUGENE V. DEBS

SUNG BY A CHOIR OF YOUNG LADIES FROM THE
SPEAKERS' STAND AT THE LABOR DAY CELEBRATION, CHICAGO, SEPTEMBER 3, 1894

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WORDS BY
MABEL ERVIN.

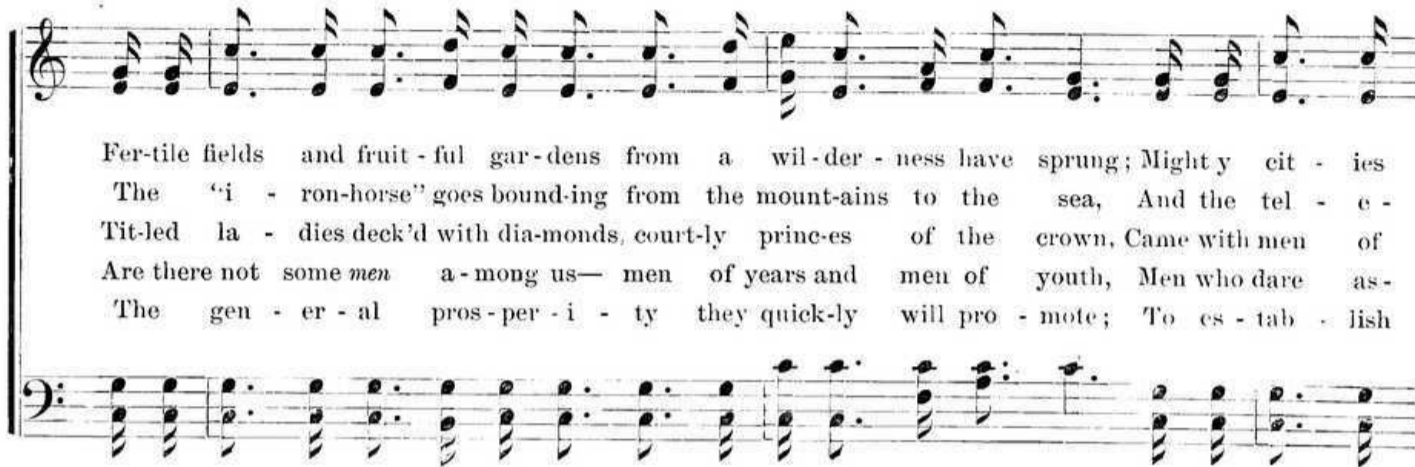
MUSIC BY
MRS. IONE T. HANNA.

1. What a grand and glo - rious coun - try is this 'free' A - mer - i - ca! With its rich, ex -
 2. Cost - ly pal - a - ces and church - es rear their loft - y heads to heav'n; Great a - chieve - ments,
 3. Here were gath - ered from all na - tions of the earth, both near and far. The most bount - eous
 4. 'Mid all this glare and glim - mer, this mag - nif - i - cence, this wealth, Where Want is
 5. Lo! Be - hold a mill - ion work - ing - men, their ban - ners lift - ed high! You can see the

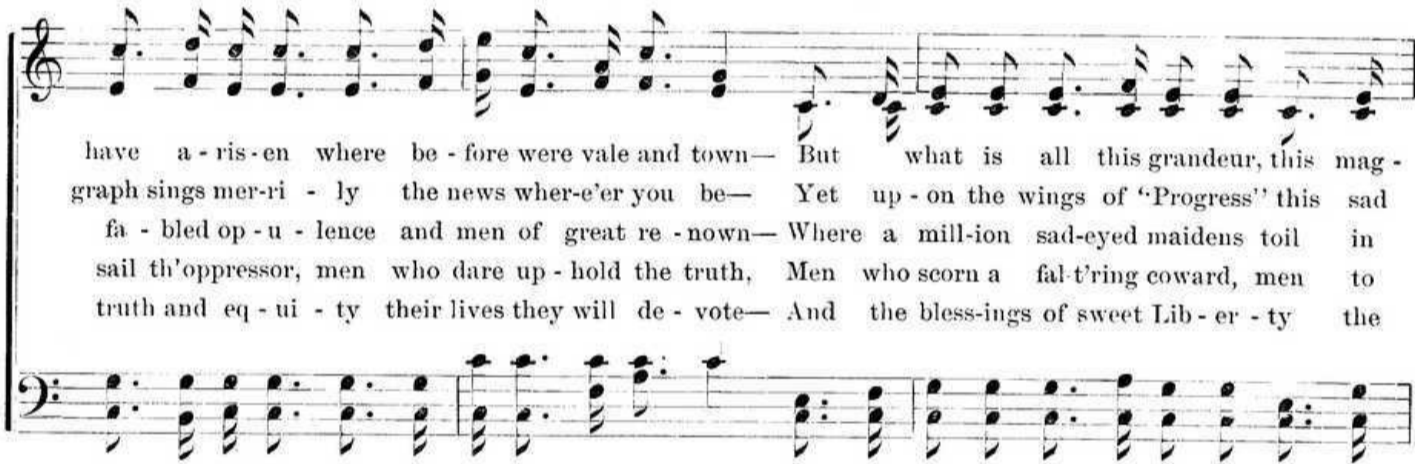
pan - sive prai - ries, state - ly for - ests, flow - ery lea, Larg - est lakes and long - est riv - ers, tow'r - ing
 vast a - dorn - ments, show the wealth which God has giv'n; Lakes and riv - ers deck'd with steamers, work - shop,
 gifts of na - ture, types of peace and spoils of war; Cun - ning hand - i - work of a - ges brought from
 slave to Plen - ty, where Fraud, with step of stealth, Holds back the arm of Jus - tice—is there not
 fire of bat - tle in each pa - tri - ot - ic eye! You shall hear their shouts of vic - t'ry in the

mount - ains, wid - est sea— With the might - i - est of na - tions in this grand coun - trie!
 mine, and all you see, Yield a boun - ty to the wealth - y in this grand coun - trie!
 far a - cross the sea— But far great - er was the splen - dor of this grand coun - trie!
 some pow - er to save The poor and weak from fam - ine, from ty - rant, from knave?
 com - ing ju - bi - lee— For these men shall be the rul - ers of this grand coun - trie!

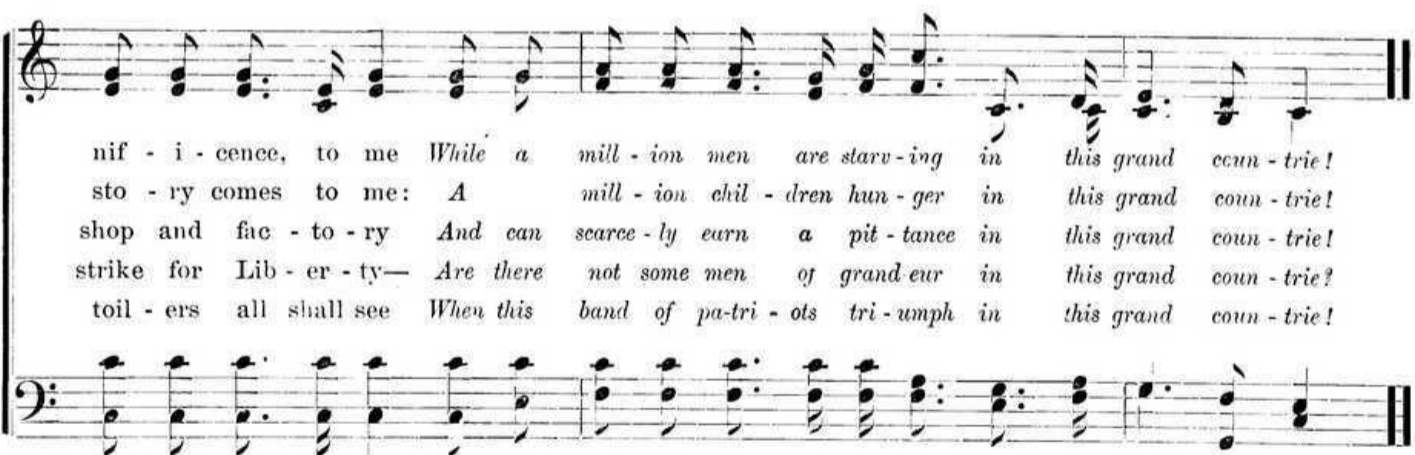
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Fer-tile fields and fruit-ful gar-dens from a wil-der-ness have sprung; Might y cit-ies
 The "i-ron-horse" goes bound-ing from the mount-ains to the sea, And the tel-e-
 Tit-led la-dies deck'd with dia-monds, court-ly prince-es of the crown, Came with men of
 Are there not some men a-mong us—men of years and men of youth, Men who dare as-
 The gen-er-al pros-per-i-ty they quick-ly will pro-mote; To es-tab-lish



have a-ris-en where be-fore were vale and town— But what is all this grandeur, this mag-
 graph sings mer-ri-ly the news wher-e'er you be— Yet up-on the wings of "Progress" this sad
 fa-bled op-u-lence and men of great re-nown— Where a mill-ion sad-eyed maidens toil in
 sail th'oppressor, men who dare up-hold the truth, Men who scorn a fal-t'ring coward, men to
 truth and eq-ui-ty their lives they will de-vote— And the blessings of sweet Lib-er-ty the



nif-i-cence, to me While a mill-ion men are starv-ing in this grand coun-try!
 sto-ry comes to me: A mill-ion chil-dren hun-ger in this grand coun-try!
 shop and fac-to-ry And can scarce-ly earn a pit-tance in this grand coun-try!
 strike for Lib-er-ty— Are there not some men of grand eur in this grand coun-try?
 toil-ers all shall see When this band of pa-tri-ots tri-umph in this grand coun-try!