


The Laborer on Election Day

set to the tune "Trumpet of Reform"


J.G. Whittier

S
A




1. The prou-dest now is but my peer, The high-est not more
2. Who serves to-day up-on the list Be-side the served shall
3. To-day let pomp and vain pre-tense My stub-born right a-
4. While there's a grief to seek re-dress, Or ba-lance to ad-


T
B



4



high; To-day of all the wear-y year A
stand; A-like the brown and wrin-kled fist, The
bide; I set a plain man's com-mon sense A-
just; Where weighs our liv-ing man-hood less Than



7



king of men am I. To-day, a-like are
gloved and dain-ty hand! The rich is lev-el
gainst the pe-dant's pride. To-day shall sim-ple
Mam-mon's vil-est dust, While there's a right to



10

great and small, The name - less and the known; My
with the poor, The weak is strong to - day; And
 man - hood try The strength of gold and land; The
 need my vote, A wrong to sweep a - way, Up,

13

pal - ace is the peop - le's hall, The bal - lot - box my
sleek - est broad-cloth counts no more Than home-spun frock of
 wide world has not wealth to buy The pow'r in my right
 clou - ted knee and rag - ged coat! A man's a man to -

16

throne.
gray.
 hand!
 day!