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The Mother's International: Song of the Cooperative Women's Guild

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Abstract
Round the world a new song’s ringing, Listen, women of all climes, 'Tis the mothers’ song we’re singing, Telling hopes of happier times. We put all hate behind us, We whose hearts are sick and sore, Tired of strife and empty victories — Bear the pangs of war no more.
SONG OF THE CO-OPERATIVE WOMEN’S GUILD

circa 1949–50, and sung to the tune of ‘Hark! The Herald Angels Sing’

THE MOTHERS’ INTERNATIONAL

Round the world a new song’s ringing,
Listen, women of all climes,
Tis the mothers’ song we’re singing,
Telling hopes of happier times.
We put all hate behind us,
We whose hearts are sick and sore,
Tired of strife and empty victories —
Bear the pangs of war no more.

For our eyes have seen the vision
Of a world where peace doth reign,
Where our husbands, sons and brothers
Shall not kill or yet be slain,
But where our love shall be triumphant
Over greed and hate and pride,
Like the sunshine melting hardiness
Spreading warmth on every side.

Speed our message, ye who hear it
North to south and east to west.
Let us be a league of women
Love inspired our every breast,
Pledged to end the awful carnage
That so sears a nation’s soul,
Linked in one ‘Co-operation’,
Peace o’er all our final goal.