

The Long Resolution

By: E. Morse

Music by Henry Clay Work

Come and join the party, boys, we'll put the world to right.
We meet to plan the future every other Wednesday night.
And when we're all assembled, what a glorious, stirring sight:
Passing a long resolution.

Hurrah! Hurrah! The cause is surely won.
Hurrah! Hurrah! It was such jolly fun
When everybody voted and we passed it three to none:
Passing our own resolution.

The statesmen of the world receive our motions every day.
From Oslo down to Cape Town, you will find them thrown away.
You'll see them swirling gaily down the road to Mandelay:
Hundreds of fine resolutions.

Hurrah! Hurrah! The cause is surely won.
Hurrah! Hurrah! It was such jolly fun
When everybody voted and we passed it three to none:
Passing our own resolution.

In Bonn, we hear, they put our resolutions in a frame.
The U.N. light their pipes with them; they're just the job, they claim.
Beneath the Arc de Triomphe, there's an everlasting flame,
Burning up old resolutions!

Hurrah! Hurrah! The cause is surely won.
Hurrah! Hurrah! It was such jolly fun
When everybody voted and we passed it three to none:
Passing our own resolution.

Some comrades greet our motions with unkind remarks and mirth
And say they get us nowhere:
They're more trouble than they're worth.
But if we put them end to end, they'd girdle round the earth:
Oh, what a long resolution!

Hurrah! Hurrah! The cause is surely won.
Hurrah! Hurrah! It was such jolly fun
When everybody voted and we passed it three to none:
Passing our own resolution.

Sometimes we used to send a motion to the N.E.C.,
But everyone that we sent was expelled immediately.
That's why our numbers dwindled until now we're only three,
Still passing long resolutions.

Hurrah! Hurrah! The cause is surely won.
Hurrah! Hurrah! It was such jolly fun
When everybody voted and we passed it three to none:
Passing our own resolution.

We sent a motion to the Mayor. He couldn't quite decide
If it was a summons or to say his aunt had died.
He changed it at the grocers for a giant box of Tide,
Our lovely, long resolution.

Hurrah! Hurrah! The cause is surely won.
Hurrah! Hurrah! It was such jolly fun
When everybody voted and we passed it three to none:
Passing our own resolution.

But soon it will be fine, we know: our program's all laid out.
We've read the works of Lenin, and of Marx, we have no doubt.

We only need some workers, now, to help us sorting out
Thousands of long resolutions.

Hurrah! Hurrah! The cause is surely won.
Hurrah! Hurrah! It was such jolly fun
When everybody voted and we passed it three to none:
Passing our own resolution.

"Why don't the workers seem to like the future that we've planned?"
You never were a Marxist or you'd surely understand.
It's all the fault of Gaitskell and his petit-bourgeois band,
Passing the wrong resolutions!

Hurrah! Hurrah! The cause is surely won.
Hurrah! Hurrah! It was such jolly fun
When everybody voted and we passed it three to none:
Passing our own resolution.