



Agnes Metcalfe – To My Fellow-Countrywomen  
by Frances M Lynch

SOLO

To

MY FELLOW-COUNTRYWOMEN

WHOSE SERVICES TO THE COMMUNITY,  
BOTH ACTUAL AND POTENTIAL,  
HAVE IN THE PAST  
BEEN PERHAPS TOO LIGHTLY ESTEEMED.

*This is a Chronicle of a movement*

*I have made every effort to state facts fairly and dispassionately*

*I am an inconspicuous worker in the ranks*

...unlike Dame Ethel Smyth – a phenomenal force of nature and the composer of this anthem, dedicated to Emmeline Pankhurst.

Shout, shout, up with your song!  
Cry with the wind, for the dawn is breaking;  
March, march, swing you along,  
Wide blows our banner, and hope is waking.

I can hear Agnes raising her voice to sing this after speaking at many suffrage meetings. Ethel gave many speeches too and may well have conducted as Agnes sang – though perhaps not in the manner Smyth describes after her arrest for breaking some parliamentary windows in 1912: -

*" I was a militant suffragette and seized a chance of beating time to "The March of the Women" from the window of my cell in Holloway Prison with a tooth-brush;....."*

Agnes was not, like Ethel, a militant suffragette herself as far as we know – but her passion for the struggle was fiercely rooted

*The vote was an essential condition for the well-being of women, and therefore of the community generally*

Ethel Smyth fought hard for her music to be recognised-

*because I want women to turn their minds to big and difficult jobs; not just to go on hugging the shore, afraid to put out to sea.*

Agnes was one of those who had put out to sea – *I have done my best, in all sincerity*

Fighting for better education for girls and in 1918 the second book in her suffrage trilogy was published – "Woman, A Citizen"

CHORUS

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Shout Shout Shout!

Shout, shout, up with your song!  
Cry with the wind, for the dawn is breaking;  
March, march, swing you along,  
Wide blows our banner, and hope is waking.  
Song with its story, dreams with their glory  
Lo! they call, and glad is their word!  
Loud and louder it swells,  
Thunder of freedom, the voice of the Lord!

Shout Shout Shout!

Verse 2

Long, long—we in the past  
Covered in dread from the light of heaven,  
Strong, strong—stand we at last,  
Fearless in faith and with sight new given.  
Strength with its beauty, Life with its duty,  
(Hear the voice, oh hear and obey!)  
These, these—beckon us on!  
Open your eyes to the blaze of day.

Shout Shout Shout!

Verse 3

Comrades—ye who have dared  
First in the battle to strive and sorrow!  
Scorned, spurned—nought have ye cared,  
Raising your eyes to a wider morrow,



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*It may be that amidst all the turmoil and strife  
of the present time,  
that hour is even now striking  
when the truth is seen*

And finally – her very aptly entitled book in 1919 –  
"At Last': Conclusion of Women's Effort"

SHOUT SHOUT SHOUT

Agnes and Ethel also had their love of dogs in common.  
Indeed Agnes narrowly avoided prison herself for refusing to  
pay her dog licence for a certain famous Mongrel. Famous for  
having written his own book for children – *Memoirs of a  
Mongrel by Himself* – which is not attributed to Metcalfe in  
the libraries it now inhabits, perhaps they really believe it was  
written by a dog named Kim.

Agnes Metcalfe's Mongrel, Kim  
The little friend of all the world  
His triumphs often unobserved  
Were all the world to her and him.

But was he real this little dog  
Who trotted after her in print  
Did she lose him in a crowd  
Did she let him roam outside

Rebuffed at the Bar, but praised by the judge  
For her eloquent defence, her principled stand  
As in court she declared, that dog is mine  
But I will never pay the fine

It's hard to touch the truth of Agnes Metcalfe

A pioneer in education  
With a solid reputation  
A modern bachelor of science

The registrar of militancy  
Taking care of literacy  
Sewing seeds of science  
Astronomy, Botany, Chemistry maths  
Chanting songs of suffrage

Shout Shout Shout  
The little friend of all the world

Ways that are weary, days that are  
dreary,  
Toil and pain by faith ye have borne;  
Hail, hail—victors ye stand,  
Wearing the wreath that the brave  
have worn!

Shout Shout up with your song  
Shout Shout Shout

*Dogs barking*

No taxation without representation

The little friend of all the world

Who trotted after her in print  
Kim! Where are you?

No taxation without representation

A B C -  
Astronomy, Botany, Chemistry

Teacher, Inspector, examiner,  
Leader

It's hard to touch the truth of  
Agnes Metcalfe

The little friend of all the world.....  
Shout Shout up with your song  
Shout Shout Shout

Woof!