

A Rebel Song

By:James Connolly

Music by Crawford-Morgan

Come workers, sing a rebel song:
A song of love and hate,
Of love unto the lowly
And hatred to the falsely great,
The great who trod our fathers down,
Who steal our children's bread,
Whose band of greed is stretched to rob
The living and the dead.

They sing our rebel song
As we proudly sweep along
To end the age long tyranny
That makes for human tears.
Our march is nearer done
With each setting of the sun,
And the tyrants' might is passing
With the passing of the years.

We sing no more of wailing
And no songs of sighs and tears.
High are our hopes and stout our hearts
And banished all our fears.
Our flag is raised above us
So that all the world may see
'Tis labor's faith and labor's arm
Alone can labor free.

They sing our rebel song
As we proudly sweep along
To end the age long tyranny
That makes for human tears.
Our march is nearer done
With each setting of the sun,
And the tyrants' might is passing
With the passing of the years.

Out of the depths of misery,
We march with hearts aflame
With wrath against the rulers false
Who wreck our manhood's name.
The serf who licks the tyrant's rod
May bend forgiving knee;
The slave who breaks his slav'ry's chain,
A wrathful man must be.

They sing our rebel song
As we proudly sweep along
To end the age long tyranny
That makes for human tears.
Our march is nearer done
With each setting of the sun,
And the tyrants' might is passing
With the passing of the years.