

A Song for 1910

By:Unknown

Long in their bondage the people have waited,
A Song for the Wage Slave
Lulled to inaction by pulpit and press;
Hoping in time their wrongs would be abated,
Trusting the ballot to give them redress;
Vain was their trust for a high court's decision
Swept the last bulwark of freedom away;
The voice of the people is met with derision,
But a people in action no court will gainsay.

Then up with the masses and down with the classes;
Death to the traitor whom money can buy;
Cooperation's the hope of the nation;
Strike for it now or your liberties die.

Hark to the cries of the hungry and idle,
Borne on the breezes from prairie to sea;
Patience their fury no longer can bridle;
Onward they're coming to die or be free;
Hear and grow pale, ye despoilers of virtue,
Corporate managers, masters of slaves;
Fools, did ye fancy they never could hurt you?
Ye were the cowards and they the brave.

Then up with the masses and down with the classes;
Death to the traitor whom money can buy;
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Hail to the birth of the new constitution:
Laws that are equal and justice for all;
Hail to the age of our true evolution:
Anarchy is unfolding at Liberty's call;
Buried forever be selfish ambition:
Cruel fomenter of discord and strife;
Long live the commonwealth: Hope's glad fruition;
Humanity rises to news of life.

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