

Battle Hymn of Toil
By:Unidentified Melodies
lyrics by Covington Hall

Onward! Onward! Onward!
Till the toilers are all free!
Forward! Forward! Forward!
Death! Death! Death or Liberty!

Lo, the little children dying midst the beauty of the earth!
Lo, the mothers agonizing that they ever gave them birth!
Lo, the slaughter of the lovely and the murder of the just!
And the blind of the soul-sight by the lords of gold and lust!

Onward! Onward! Onward!
Till the toilers are all free!
Forward! Forward! Forward!
Death! Death! Death or Liberty!

We, the miracle performers, working wonders with our toil,
We are strangers in our countries; we are aliens on their soil;
We are beggars, tramps, and vagrants, and we live and die a slave
Tho the treasuries are bursting with the wealth our labor gave!

Onward! Onward! Onward!
Till the toilers are all free!
Forward! Forward! Forward!
Death! Death! Death or Liberty!

Let us rise and march, my comrades, to the song that Freedom sings;
Let us hurl a Mans defiance in the ashen face of kings;
Let us rise as one and gather round our war flags, flaming red,
Till the whole world shakes and trembles to the thunder of our tread!

Onward! Onward! Onward!
Till the toilers are all free!
Forward! Forward! Forward!
Death! Death! Death or Liberty!