

Take and Hold

By:Unidentified Melodies

composed by James Connolly

O, hear ye the watchword of Labor,
The slogan of they who'd be free,
That no more to any enslaver
Must Labor bend suppliant knee,
That we, on whose shoulders are borne
The pomp and the pride of the great,
Whose toil they repaid with their scorn,
Shall meet it at last with our hate.

Then send it afar on the breeze, boys,
That watchword, the grandest we've known,
That Labor must rise from its knees, boys,
And take the broad earth as its own.

Aye, we who oft seek by our valor
Empire for our rulers and lords
Yet knelt in abasement and squalor
To that we had made by our swords;
Now, valor with worth will be blending
When answering to Labor's command;
We arise from the earth, and ascending
To manhood, for freedom take stand.

Then send it afar on the breeze, boys,
That watchword, the grandest we've known,
That Labor must rise from its knees, boys,
And take the broad earth as its own.

Then, out from the field and the city,
From workshop, from mill, and from mine,
Despising their wrath and their pity,
We workers are moving in line
To answer the watchword and token
That Labor gives forth its own
Nor pause till our fetters we've broken
And conquered the spoiler and drone.

Then send it afar on the breeze, boys,
That watchword, the grandest we've known,
That Labor must rise from its knees, boys,
And take the broad earth as its own.