

The Battle Hymn of the Workers

By: Charles James

Music by Julia Ward Howe

Oh, mine eyes have seen the vision of the workers true and brave,
All alight for fuller freedom which humanity shall save;
They have flung their flaming banner over land and over wave,
Their hosts are marching on.

One Big Union forever! One Big Union forever!
One Big Union forever! United we march on!

Woe unto the herd of idlers, they shall share the fate of drones;
Woe unto the brood of tyrants, trembling on their tottering thrones;
For their fortresses are falling on the sound of trumpet tones,
Their foes go marching on.

One Big Union forever! One Big Union forever!
One Big Union forever! United we march on!

From the ruins of the ramparts shall the golden city rise;
See its mansions reared by freemen mounting proudly to the skies.
On, ye workers! On, ye workers! Win the last: the noble prize.
March on till it is won!

One Big Union forever! One Big Union forever!
One Big Union forever! United we march on!

Win the prize of all the ages, stretching wide from sea to sea,
Mother earth and all her bounty, nature's gift to you and me,
When united we reclaim her, then in truth we shall be free,
And free we shall march on!

One Big Union forever! One Big Union forever!
One Big Union forever! United we march on!