

The March of the Hungry Men
By:Reginald Wright Kauffman
Music by Agnes Cunningham

In the dreams of your downy couches,
Through the shades of your pampered sleep,
Give ear, you can hear it coming,
The tide that is steady and deep;
Give ear for the sound is growing,
From desert and dungeon and den:
The tramp of the hungry millions,
The march of the hungry men.

Give ear for the sound is growing
From desert and dungeon and den:
The tramp of the hungry millions,
The march of the hungry men.

So comes another army,
Your wit cannot compute,
The man at arms self-fashioned,
The man you made the brute,
From the farm and sweatshop gathered,
From factory, mine and mill,
With lyre and shears and augur,
Dibble and drift and drill.

Give ear for the sound is growing
From desert and dungeon and den:
The tramp of the hungry millions,
The march of the hungry men.

And some come empty handed,
With fingers gnarled and strong,
And some come dumb with sorrow,
And some come drunk with song,
But all that you thought were buried
Are stirring and lithe and quick,
And they carry a brass bound scepter:
The brass com posing stick.

Give ear for the sound is growing
From desert and dungeon and den:
The tramp of the hungry millions,
The march of the hungry men.

Through the depths of the Devil's darkness,
With the distant stars for light,
They are coming while you slumber,
And they come with the might of Right.
On a morrow perhaps tomorrow,
You will waken and see, and then
You will hand the keys of the cities
To the ranks of the hungry men.

Give ear for the sound is growing
From desert and dungeon and den:
The tramp of the hungry millions,
The march of the hungry men.