

Workers of England

By:James Connell

Workers of England, why crouch thee like cravens?
Why clutch an existence of insult and want?
Why stand to be plucked by an army of ravens
Or hoodwink'd forever by twaddle and cant?
Think on the wrongs ye bear;
Think on the rags ye wear;
Think on the insults endur'd from your birth;
Toiling in snow and rain,
Reaping up heaps of grain,
All for the tyrants who grind you to earth.

Your brains are as keen as the brains of your masters;
In swiftness and strength ye surpass them by far;
Ye've brave hearts to teach you to laugh at disasters;
Ye vastly outnumber your tyrants in war.
Why then like cowards stand,
Using not brain or hand,
Thankful like dogs when they throw you a bone?
What right have they to take
Things that ye toil to make?
Know ye not, workers, that all is your own?

Rise in your might, workers; bear it no longer;
Assemble in masses throughout the whole land;
Show these incapables who are the stronger
When workers and idlers confronted shall stand.
Thro' Castle, Court and Hall,
Over their acres all,
Onwards we'll press like the waves of the sea,
Claiming the wealth we've made,
Ending the spoilers trade;
Labor shall triumph and England be free.