

Hark! The Battle Cry Is Ringing
By:Henry Stephens Salt

Hark! The battle-cry is ringing!
Hope within our bosoms springing
Bids us journey forward, singing:
Death to tyrants' might!
Tho' we wield not spear nor saber,
We, the sturdy sons of Labor,
Helping every manhis neighbor,
Shirk not from the fight.
See our homes before us!
Wives and babes implore us!
So, firm we stand in heart and hand
And swell the dauntless Chorus:

Men of Labor, young or hoary,
Would ye win a name in story?
Strike for home, for life, for glory!
Justice! Freedom! Right!

Long in wrath and desperation,
Long in hunger, shame, privation,
Have we borne the degradation
Of the rich man's spite!
Now, disdaining useless sorrow,
Hope from brighter thoughts we'll borrow:
Often shines the fairest morrow
After stormiest night.
Tyrant hearts, take warning:
Nobler days are dawning!
Heroic deeds, sublimer creeds
Shall herald Freedom's morning!

Men of Labor, young or hoary,
Would ye win a name in story?
Strike for home, for life, for glory!
God shall help the Right!