

Were it not for brain and muscle,
 Britain, trade-mart of the world,
 Could not have through many a tussle,
 Freedom's flag so long unfurled.
 Ply the shuttle, wield the hammer,
 Guide the sickle, mould the clay,
 Leave to schoolmen greek and grammar,
 Labour's sons are Britain's stay.

Knew ye not 'tis dint of labour,
 Battles fought on bloodless fields.
 That's our country's stay and saviour,
 And her greatness guards and shields.
 Ply the shuttle, wield the hammer,
 Guide the sickle, mould the clay,
 Leave to schoolmen greek and grammar,
 Labour's sons are Britain's stay.

In the snorting of the engine,
 In the whirl and birr of wheels,
 Superstition in her dungeon,
 Hears the sound her fate that seals.
 Ply the shuttle, wield the hammer,
 Guide the sickle, mould the clay,
 Leave to schoolmen greek and grammar,
 Labour's sons are Britain's stay.

In the harsh discordant voices
 That arise from forge and loom,
 Britain's mighty heart rejoices,
 And her brow is cleared of gloom.
 Ply the shuttle, wield the hammer,
 Guide the sickle, mould the clay,
 Leave to schoolmen greek and grammar,
 Labour's sons are Britain's stay.

From the whisking sound of axes,
 From the pit shaft dark and cold,
 Come the sinews of our taxes,
 Britain's prestige to uphold.
 Ply the shuttle, wield the hammer,
 Guide the sickle, mould the clay,
 Leave to schoolmen greek and grammar,
 Labour's sons are Britain's stay.

Deep within her iron-ribbed bosom
 Lie the treasures of our land,
 There 'mid dangers thick and gruesome,
 Labour earns her triumphs grand.
 Ply the shuttle, wield the hammer,
 Guide the sickle, mould the day,
 Leave to schoolmen greek and grammar,
 Labour's sons are Britain's stay.