

THE RED FLAG.

The workers' flag is deepest
red,
It shrouded oft our martyred
dead,
And ere their limbs grew
stiff and cold,
Their hearts blood dyed it's
every fold.

Chorus-

Then raise the scarlet banner
high,
Within its shade we'll live
and die,
The cowards flinch and traitors
sneer,
We'll keep the Red Flag flying
here

With heads uncovered swear
we all,
To bear it onward till we fall,
Come dungeons dark or gallows
grim,
This song shall be our parting
hymn.

Chorus.-----
