

And boast of a pride that our fathers could feel;
We may take off our hats to the Star Spangled Banner,
But that does not make our chains any less real.

We are rich—but the strong arms of labor that gave
us

That wealth, are in fetters. The sinews of Toil
Are strained with the burdens of those who enslave
us

By the wealth we have wrung with our sweat from
the soil!

Shall we glory to know we are rich as a nation,

And boast of the wealth we have built up, so long
As that wealth is a curse in its misapplication—

The fount-head of Suffering, the right arm of
Wrong ?

We toil, and the fruit of our labor belongs to

Another, whose title is false to the soil ;

And it is the one wrong of all earthly wrongs to

Deny to the toiler the fruit of his toil !

The children of freemen—yet vain to deny it,

Oppressed by a tyranny freedom hath bred !

The children of brave men—awake and defy it,

And rescue the living and honor the dead.