

TEN THOUSAND MEN STOOD BY!

With our good ship, the Brotherhood, which sails
along the way

To ports "Prosperity" and "Peace," undaunted by
dismay—

Ports where the worthy sons of toil in justice will
receive

Full recompense for honest work—where men in
man believe.

Where crafty money kings will learn that Labor
has its rights,

For what we've got and what we've won have cost
us bitter fights—

And ah! the bitterness, the grief, the sacrifices, too,
Engendered, shared, and made by those in
overalls of blue,

In order that full justice might be done to those
who toil

By day and night, long weary hours, besmirched
with grease and oil—

And think! ten thousand men stood by while
others paved the way

To victory by contributions from their daily pay!

For years, perhaps, these men have shared the
fruits of Labor's fights—

Just took what others earned for them—enjoying
equal rights,

Without the contribution of a cent—without a
thought

Of what they owed the Brotherhood—no, these
men never sought