Arouse

Arouse

Arouse! The rallying cry
Sends its chorus up on high,
Let craven cowards fly
To the rear
While we rally to the fight
To our combat for the Right
And Oppression put to flight
We swear,

For tyrants we have fought,
And our blood (their gold has bought),
They have lavished caring naught,
In red streams,
But the fight we have begun,
On this earth shall ne'er be done
Till the light of Freedoms sun
On us gleams.

At our lot might angels weep
While we toil our master sleep,
What we make our masters keep,
And our gains,
Are the wage--to buy our food,
The poor shelter for our brood,
And the fever which our blood
Ever drains

By our toil they keep their state,
On our woes they rise, elate,
Yet wonder when our hate
To them ascends
Where we build they enter in,
What we earn those spoilers win,
But we swear our slav'rys sin
Soon shall end,

The arouse! Ye workers all,
Braving scaffold, sword and ball,
And at Labours trumpet call
Quick appear,
For the day we long have sought,
For which our fathers fought-

The day with Freedom fraught
Now is here!

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CB
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