For Labor's Right

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Up brothers up! The drums are beating,
And see on high the banners wave,
Close up your ranks let no retreating
Be ours while earth contains a slave
Till all alike our triumph won Behold the spendour of
the sun,
An d drink of wisdoms holiest spring,
This is the prize our armies bring

Chorus:

A holy war for Labours right
A holy war for Labours right,
For labours cause for labours cause,
Shall win, shall win----the fight

O, Brothers, we whose hosts uncounted
Must toil to earn a scanty wage
Whose backs were bent that robbers mounted
Might ride thereon from age to age
No longer now in thraldom grown
Your strong right hand must make your own
And by that act to manhood spring!
This is the prize our armies bring!

chorus

The tyrant hopes a conquering sword
Shall stem the onward march of right
But truth o'er all their barbarous horde
Leads Freedoms host to Freedoms height!
To break the sword of War and Pain
That Peace and Joy o'er Earth may reign
And conquering hosts of Labour sing--
This is the prize our armies bring!

chorus

From Songs of Freedom, Connolly

CB
apr00

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