A Rebel Song

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Come workers, sing a rebel song, a song of love and hate,
Of love unto the lowly, and of hatred to the great
The great who trod our fathers down, who steal our children's bread,
Whose hand of greed is stretched to rob the living and the dead

Chorus

Then sing our rebel song, as we proudly sweep along
To end the age-long tyranny that makes for human tears
Our march is nearer done with each setting of the sun,
And the tyrant's might is passing with the passing of the years.

We sing no song of wailing, and no song of sights or tears,
High are our hopes and stout our hearts, and banished all our fears
Our flag is raised above us so that all the world may see
'Tis Labour's faith and Labours arm alone can labour free.

Out from the depths of misery we march with hearts aflame,
With wrath against the rulers false who wreck our menhood's name
The serf who licks his tyrant's rod may bend forgiving knee.
The slave who breaks his slaverys chain a wrathful man must be.

Our army Marches onward with its face towards the dawn,
In trust secure in that one thing the slave may lean upon,
The might within the arm of him who, knowing Freedom's worth,
Strikes home to banish tyranny from off the face of earth

From Songs of Freedom, Connolly (1907)
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apr00