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The Brooklyn Strike

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I walked through Brooklyn City not many days ago.
The working men were idle, for out they had to go.
The bosses of the railroads refused them honest pay,
Defying arbitration, Cooley bid the men obey.

cho: Remember, we are working men, and honestly we toil;
And gentlemen, remember, we were born on Brooklyn soil.
Nor can the pampered millionaires, the spirit in us break.
The fame of our fair city is clearly now at stake.

The soulless corporations should know this lesson pat
A fair day's work for a fair day's pay is what we're aiming at;
They cannot run their trolley lines with lazy dudes and tramps,
With safety to the public long, who detest vile scabs and scamps.

The railroad men with one accord are in this fight to stay,
They ask for what is but their right and right will win always,
The public all are with them, too, for weal or woe or die,
And workingmen throughout the land will heed their pleading cry.

From Train Songs, Silverman

note: In 1895, the motormen of the Putnam Avenue-Halsey Street
went on strike for a 25 cent raise. The militia was called in,
and the striker was broken. JS

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