

## **The Workers' Anvil.**

Words by Laura M. Griffing.

Arranged by C. F. Mayering.

Strike, strike, the Workers anvil,  
For the cause of Labor,  
Strike for your homes and freedom,  
For each friend and neighbor,  
Ev'ry one.  
For this great cause  
And reform laws,  
Now demand complete protection.

Strike, strike, the fire is glowing—  
Heed ye not the minions,  
Seeking to capture Labor,  
And to clip the pinions  
Of our clan.  
Will you grant all  
At the first call,  
And submit to party factions.

Guard, guard the right, companions;  
'Tis a phantom power,  
From civic rule descending,  
To despoil our dower.  
Will you come?  
Are you all strong,  
To fight the wrong,  
And advance the cause of labor.

Hail, hail, ye brother workmen,  
Fierce and sharp the battle;  
Make life a glorious triumph  
Let the volleys rattle  
Loud and deep.  
Take a bold stand,  
Throughout the land,  
Thus to guard the rights of freemen.

Sound, sound the labor tocsin,  
For our homes are cheerless;  
Stay not, for Justice guides you  
Be ye strong and fearless.  
Guard your right!  
If you dare, do!  
And all be true—  
You will gain a glorious victory.