

RED FLAG

This is no time for tears, no place for mournful poses.
We have a trust to fill before our brief day closes.

A hundred thousand Saccos and Vanzettis starkly die
Whose agonizing arms accuse the stormy, bloodied sky

On battlefields, in dismal mills and dank, dark mines
In fetid tenements and on brave, far-flung picket-lines.

Whence comes the hue that stains the workers' flag so red?
The rich have dyed it deep with the blood of our slaughtered
 dead.

It is they who have sown the tempest, they who have made
 it war.
Our children shall win to freedom; theirs shall pay the score.

—*Ralph Cheyney*