

## DEAD — THEY LIVE

Their spirits march to no slow drums of death.

Let fall no tear! Their bodies have been slain—  
Their spirits freed by one hot blasting breath,  
Now march with those who have not died in vain

Unloosed from narrow prison cells they go

With giant strides through all the earthly lands,  
Red banners flaunt about them, and to show  
The way bright torches flame in mighty hands.

They're marching, marching, marching in the night.

Unshackled now they move with steady tread  
And eyes that glance neither to left nor right  
Within the ranks of labor's martyred dead.

Lift high the crimson banners! Lift the torches!

Two staunch recruits have joined this army brave  
To shining goals that ever steadfast marches,  
Defying now the prison and the grave!

—Henry Reich, Jr.