

The Red Flag

The people's flag is deepest red
It shrouded oft our martyred dead;
And ere their limbs grew stiff and cold
Their life-blood dyed its every fold.

Chorus

**Then raise the scarlet standard high
Beneath its folds, we'll live and die,
Though cowards flinch and traitors sneer,
We'll keep the red flag flying here.**

It waved above our infant might
When all ahead seemed dark as night;
It witnessed many a deed and vow,
We will not change its colour now.

Chorus

It suits today the weak and base,
Whose minds are fixed on self and place,
To cringe before the rich man's frown,
And haul the sacred emblem down.

Chorus

With heads uncovered swear we all
To bear it onward till we fall!
Come dungeon dark, or gallows grim,
This song shall be our parting hymn.

“The Red Flag” was written in 1889 by Jim Connell. It was inspired by the London Dock Strike of 1889, the work of the Irish Land League and the hanging of the Chicago workers in 1887.