

8 hour poem

[We mean to make things over,
We're tired of] toil for naught,
With but bare enough to live upon,
And ne'er an hour for thought;

We want to feel the sunslune,
And we want to simll the flowers,
We are sure that God has willed it
And we mean to have Eight Hours.

We're summoning our forces
From shipyard, shop, and mill;
Eight hours for work, eight hours for rest,
Eight hours for what we will

The beasts that graze the hillside,
And the birds that wander free
In the life that God has meted
Have a better lot than we.

Oh! hands and hews are weary,
And homes are heavy with dole;
If our life's to be filled with drudgery,
What need of a human soul!

Shout, shout the lusty rally
From the shipyard, shop, and mill,
Eight hours for work, eight hours for rest,
Eight hours for what we will

The voice of God within us
Is calling us to stand
Erect, as is becoming
To the work of His right hand.
Should he, to whom the maker
His glorious image gave,
The meanest of his creatures crouch,
A bread-and-butter slave!

Let the shout ring down the valleys
And echo from every hill,
Eight hours for work, eight hours for rest,
Eight hours for what we **will!**
(from Boston Daily Voice, August 7, 1886)