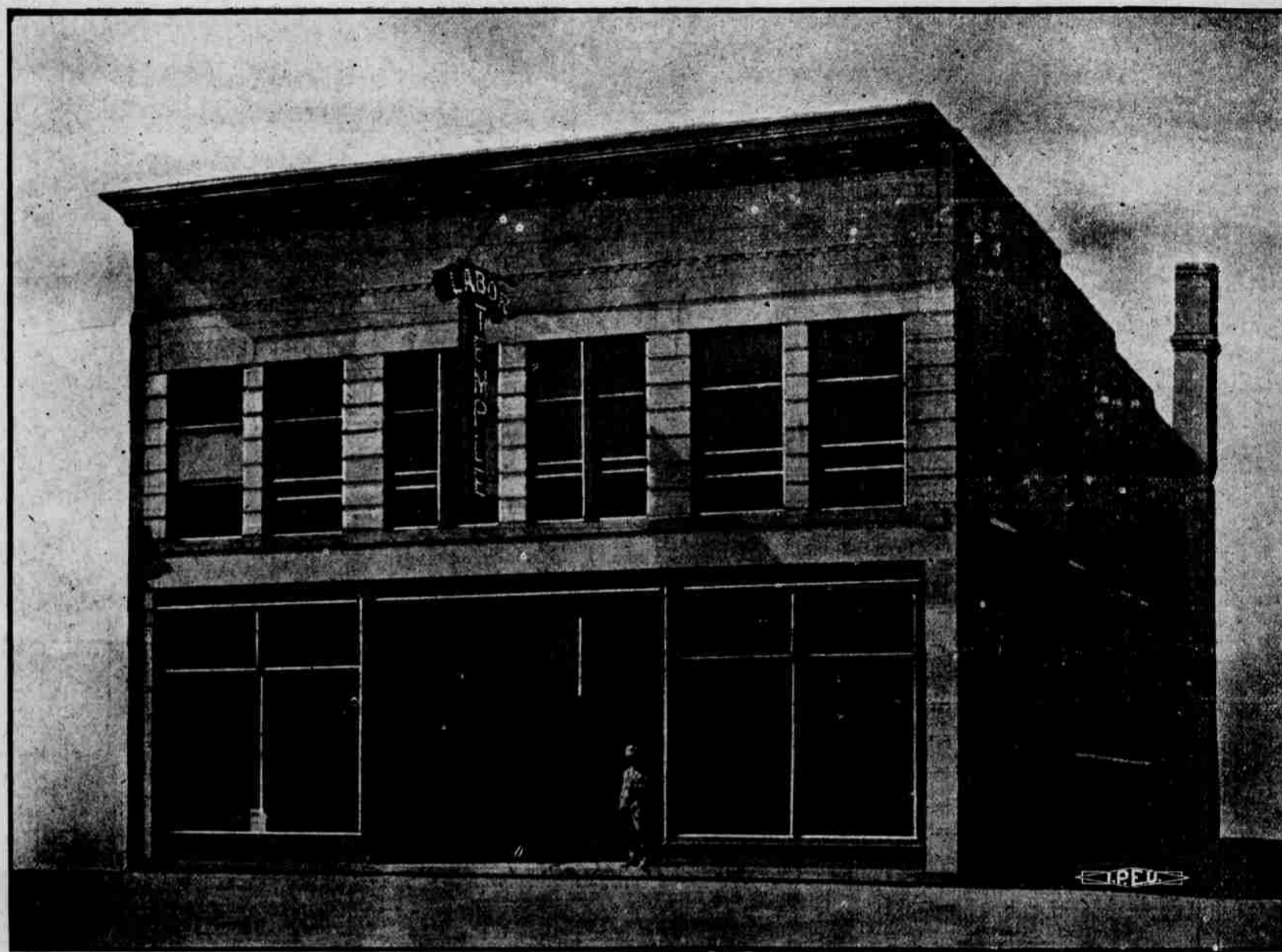


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## A SONG FOR LABOR DAY

By Lewis Worthington Smith



*We are the builders, the makers,  
The ultimate shapers of earth.  
Out of our blood and our sinews  
The joys that shall be must have birth.  
We are the builders, the makers;  
Without us life falls upon dearth.*

*We are the hoppers, the dreamers.  
We toil and we trust in the years.  
We fashion the fabrics of pleasure  
For those who take toll of our tears.  
We are the hoppers, the dreamers;  
We must not fall back upon fears.*

*We are the powers, the fulfillers.  
We harness the uttermost lands.  
We thrill to man's passionate fancies,  
Make facts of his burning commands.  
We are the powers, the fulfillers;  
The Destinies throb in our hands.*

*We are the wills, the creators.  
We breathe on the dust of our dreams.  
This is the seed-time of Labor;  
Tomorrow the purple fruit gleams.  
We are the wills, the creators;  
Dawn breaks on the hills & streams.*

*We are the slaves and the masters.  
We wait till we come to our own.  
Then we'll be lords of the highways.  
We fashioned them stone on stone.  
We are the slaves and the masters;  
And bow till we sit on the throne.*

