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# The People to their Land

Freedom Press

1887, April

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Freedom: A Journal of Anarchist Socialism, Vol. 1, No. 7, online  
source RevoltLib.com, retrieved on May 1, 2020.

Freedom Press (ed.)

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(Tune: "Andreas Refer.")

O high rocks looking heavenward,  
O valleys green and fair,  
Sea-cliffs that seem to gird and guard  
Our Island — once so dear!  
In vain your beauty now ye spread,  
For we are numbered with the dead:  
A robber band has seized the land,  
And we are exiles here.  
The moonlight glides along the shore  
And silvers all the sands,  
It gleams on halls and castles hoar  
Built by our father's hands.  
But from the scene its beauty fades,  
The light dies out along the glades:  
A robber band has seized the land,  
And we are exiles here.  
The plowman plows, the sower sow;  
The reaper reaps the ear,  
The woodman to the forest goes  
Before the day grows clear;  
But of our toil no fruit we see,  
The harvest's not for you and me:  
A robber band has seized the land  
And we are exiles here.  
The cattle in the sun may lie,  
The fox by night may roam,  
The lark may sing all day on high  
Between its heaven and home;  
But we have no place here, to die  
Is the one right we need not buy:  
Then high to heaven our vows be given,  
We'll have our land or die.