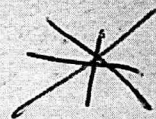


[Funeral march up Market Street for longshoremen killed by police during 1934 General Strike]

# THESE ARE THE CLASS WAR DEAD

*Stop in your tracks, you passerby,  
Uncover your doubting head;  
The workingmen are on their way  
To bury their murdered dead.*



*The men who sowed their strength in work  
And reaped a crop of lies  
Are marching by. Oppression's doom  
Is written in their eyes.*

*Two coffins lead the grim parade  
That stops you in your tracks;  
Two workers lying stiff and dead  
With bullets in their backs.*

*The blood they left upon the street  
Was workers' blood and red;  
They died to make a better world,  
These are the class war dead!*

*Stand back, you greedy parasites,  
With banks and bellies filled,  
And tremble while the working class  
Buries the men you killed.*

*This is our word to those who fell,  
Shot down for bosses' gains  
We swear to fight until we win,  
YOU DID NOT DIE IN VAIN!*

