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# Our Brotherhood

by Eugene V. Debs

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Brother Sayre, as I've a moment to spare,  
I'll devote it unto your editorial chair,  
And try and explain as briefly as I can  
The love that I feel for our Brotherhood van.

The town of Port Jervis, now so familiarly known,  
Is the spot where the first rays of our Brotherhood shone;  
There they kindled and nurtured with heed,  
By a small band of noble-hearted firemen indeed.

Thus from obscurity all at once did arise,  
An object that bound together in brotherly ties,  
The locomotive firemen of the Erie Railway,  
In a manner that won the admiration of the day.

The effort was welcomed from near and afar  
By locomotive firemen as a guiding star,  
Whose refulgence revealed to the uncertain sight,  
A pathway leading unto inexorable right.

As a greeting to Benevolence, Sobriety, and Industry,  
Acclamations burst forth from all parts of the country,  
In honor of the advancement of so noble a cause,  
That has gained for itself an immortal applause.

From the East to the West in a glorious manner,  
Has progress unfurled our Brotherhood banner;  
Rearing its insignia in triumph to wave,  
Over the land of the free and the home of the brave.

*Terre Haute, Ind., March 12, 1877.*