

Conditions they are bad
Workingman, Unite!
Melody: "Red Wing"
E. S. Nelson

Conditions they are bad,
And some of you are sad;
You cannot see your enemy,
The class that lives in luxury,--
You workingmen are poor,--
Will be forevermore,--
As long as you permit the few
To guide your destiny.

Chorus:

Shall we still be slaves and work for wages?
It is outrageous--has been for ages;
This earth by right belongs to toilers,
And not to spoilers of liberty.
2. The master class is small,
But they have lots of "gall."
When we unite to gain our right,
If they they[sic] resist we'll use our might;
There is no middle ground
This fight must be one round
To victory, for liberty,
Our class is marching on!

Chorus:

3. Workingmen, unite!
We must put up a fight,
To make us free from slavery
And capitalistic tyranny;
This fight is not in vain,
We've got a world to gain.
Will you be a fool, a capitalist tool,
And serve your enemy?

Chorus: