

I've Heard the Workers Sing  
By:Yona Finkelstein  
a Russian folk song

I've heard the workers sing,  
And, oh, the joy they bring!  
I've heard the chorus ring  
Beneath the sun.  
What if they're tired and worn?  
What if they're clothes are torn?  
Another song is born  
When day is done.  
They sing of fields of grain,  
Toiling in sun and rain.  
What if the back has pain?  
They still can dream  
Of grain that will be bread,  
Of bodies that are fed,  
A roof above the head,  
And time to dream.

They sing of roaring steam.  
They sing of boss machine.  
They sing with bodies lean  
And hungry eyes  
Of days when toil will end,  
Of days when man is friend,  
Days when the songs will blend  
In joyous cries.  
Tomorrow's songs they sing,  
And, oh, the joy they bring.  
I've heard the voices ring  
In ev'ry clime.  
I know no songs so sweet.  
Within my heart they beat:  
The sound of workers' feet  
Marching through time.