

The Commonwealth of Toil

By:Ralph Chaplin

Music by Benjamin Russel Hanby

In the gloom of mighty cities, midst the roar of whirling wheels,
We are toiling on like chattel slaves of old;
And our masters hope to keep us ever thus between their heels
And to coin our very lifeblood into gold.

But we have a glowing dream of how fair the world will seem
When each man can live his life secure and free
When the earth is ruled by labor and there's joy and peace for all
In the Commonwealth of Toil that is to be.

They would keep us cowed and beaten, cringing meekly at their feet;
They would stand between each worker and his bread.
Shall we yield our lives up to them for the bitter crust we eat?
Shall we only hope for heaven when we're dead?

But we have a glowing dream of how fair the world will seem
When each man can live his life secure and free
When the earth is ruled by labor and there's joy and peace for all
In the Commonwealth of Toil that is to be.

When our cause is all triumphant and we claim our Mother Earth
And the nightmare of the present fades away,
We shall live with love and laughter, we who are now little worth,
And we'll not regret the price we have to pay.

But we have a glowing dream of how fair the world will seem
When each man can live his life secure and free
When the earth is ruled by labor and there's joy and peace for all
In the Commonwealth of Toil that is to be.