

The Everett County Jail
By:William Whalen
Music by George Frederick Root

In the prison cell we sit.
Are we broken-hearted? Nyet!
We're as happy and as cheerful as can be
For we know that every Wob
Will be busy on the job
Till they swing the prison doors and set us free.

Are you busy, Fellow Workers?
Are your shoulders to the wheel?
Get together for the cause
And some day you'll make the laws.
It's the only way to make the masters squeal.

Though the living is not grand,
Mostly mush and coffee and,
It's as good as we expected when we came.
It's the way they treat the slave
In this free land of the brave.
There is no one but the working class to blame.

Are you busy, Fellow Worker?
Are your shoulders to the wheel?
Get together for the cause,
And some day, you'll make the laws.
It's the only way to make the masters squeal.

When McRea and Veitch and Black
To the lumberyards go back,
May they travel empty-handed as they came.
May they turn in their report
That the Wobs still hold the fort,
That a rebel is an awful thing to tame.

Are you busy, Fellow Workers?
Are your shoulders to the wheel?
Get together for the cause,
And some day, you'll make the laws.
It's the only way to make the masters squeal.

When the Sixty-Five Percent
That they call the working gent
Organizes in a Union of its class,
We will then get what we're worth:
That will be the blooming earth.
Organize and help to bring the thing to pass.

Are you busy, Fellow Workers?
Are your shoulders to the wheel?
Get together for the cause,
And some day, you'll make the laws.
It's the only way to make the masters squeal.