

## The Master Class Are Feeling Fine

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Music by Dan Emmett

The master class are feeling fine,  
As they gloat with joy o'er the long bread line,  
For they like to see the workers starve.  
And if you murmur aloud for bread,  
They send the soldiers to feed you lead.  
They do; it's true; and you know it, too.  
What care they for your women's cry, their tears or sigh,  
Or if from hunger your children die,  
For lives are cheap, and there's more to buy?  
All they want is gold and the blood of the workers.  
All they want is gold and the blood of the workers.

These days, the masters are filled with joy  
For labors' pow'r is cheap to buy.  
So many men are looking for a job.  
They work you all the hours of the day  
And give you as low as possible pay,  
While you look on and not a word do you say.  
The boss has got us up a tree, you and me,  
For we're not organized, you see;  
That's why we live in slavery.  
But the boss has got a strong industrial union.  
But the boss has got a strong industrial union.

Oh, working folk it is a shame,  
But for these conditions, you are to blame.  
Be game; stick together; organize; get wise;  
Do the same as your masters do:  
Organize in a union true.  
Then the boss will toil with a number two.  
Yes, the boss will work, and work hard too, he will, you bet,  
For he worked us hard and we can't forget;  
So, we'll make him dig till his brow does sweat,  
When you organize in the Industrial Workers.  
When you organize in the Industrial Workers.