

United Front Song  
By: Bertolt Brecht  
Music by Hanns Eisler

And just because he's human,  
A man would like a little bite to eat.  
He won't get full on a lot of talk  
That won't give him bread and meat.

So, left, two, three,  
So, left, two, three,  
To the work that we must do,  
March on in the workers' united front  
For you are a worker, too.

And just because he's human,  
He doesn't like a pistol to his head.  
He wants no servants under him  
And no boss over his head.

So, left, two, three,  
So, left, two, three,  
To the work that we must do,  
March on in the workers' united front  
For you are a worker, too.

And just because he's a worker,  
The job is all his own.  
The liberation of the working class  
Is the job of the workers alone.

So, left, two, three,  
So, left, two, three,  
To the work that we must do,  
March on in the workers' united front  
For you are a worker, too.

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To the work that we must do,  
March on in the workers' united front  
For you are a worker, too.