

We Come

By:Unknown

Music by Georges Bizet

Workers, the World!

The Masters call in vain.

Though ground down pitiless,

We rise again;

And to the call of millions crying from the depths,

We shout our message to man.

And from the hearts of all the land

Comes loud and clear

The answ'ring call,

"We come."

Workers, be brave;

Through nights of toil and pain,

Oppression and slavery,

Priest, gun and chain,

Law and the bribings of a cruel, despotic class,

We march and sing our refrain,

Singing the hope of all slaves:

"Workers, unite,

Workers, unite,

Unite."

Workers, be strong;

They offer bribes in vain,

Promise and trick us,

Keep us enchained;

But to humanity's call we answ'ring come,

Chanting our far-flung refrain.

And from the hearts of all the land

Comes loud and clear

The answ'ring call,

"We come."

Workers, the World!

Though Masters call in vain,

Grind us down pitiless,

We'll rise again.

And to the call of millions crying from the depths

We fling our challenge for right.

And from the hearts of all the land

Comes loud and clear

The answ'ring call,

"We come."