

## Workers of the World, Unite

By:Holquist

Music by Ernest R. Bell

I wander up and down the street  
Till I have blisters on my feet;  
My belly's empty; I've no bed,  
No place to rest my weary head.  
There are millions like me wandering,  
Who are sadly, deeply pondering,  
"Oh, what must we do to live?"  
There are millions like me wandering,  
Who are sadly, deeply pondering,  
"Oh, what must we do to live?"

Unite, my Comrades, unite!  
Take back your freedom and your right.  
You have nothing to lose now.  
Workers of the World, unite!

Oh, working folk, come organize.  
Oh, when, oh, when will you get wise?  
Are you still goin' to be a fool  
And let the rich man o'er you rule?  
It is time that you were waking.  
See, the dawn for you is breaking.  
Come now, wake up from your dream.  
All this wealth belongs to the toilers  
And not the few, the spoilers.  
Come now, throw your chains away.

Unite, my Comrades, unite!  
Take back your freedom and your right.  
You have nothing to lose now.  
Workers of the World, unite!