

Workers, Shall the Masters Rule Us?

By: Frank Brechler

Music by George F. Root

Workers, shall the masters rule us?
Shall we crouch beneath their hand?
Shall they own this earth and fool us
With that two-faced gospel band?
Shall these tyrants live in plenty
While we workers have to starve?
Yes, we slaves with stomachs empty,
Is there nothing we deserve?

Think of children working daily
In the sweat shops of this land
While there are folk in this country
Without work, you understand.
Workers, shall we change conditions
So that these things won't exist?
Show the grafters their positions;
Let them know they'll not be missed.

Workers, we must stick together;
We must join in one great band;
That's the way to fight the masters
So that they'll not rule this land.
Join the rank and don't be shirkers.
Come now, slaves, what do you say?
Join the Industrial Workers;
Let us know your name today.