

**Working Folk**

By: J. McCormick

Music by Henry Tucker

Oh, Working Folk, Oh can't you see  
Your class still lives in slavery,  
That you, yes, you, and you alone  
Can the master class ever throw?  
And yet how hard it is to see  
You cringing at your master's knee  
To beg that which is yours by right  
And you could have through your own might.

Oh, Working Folk, Oh, Working Folk,  
The days may come; the days may go.  
But till you organize to fight,  
The master class won't grant your right.

Oh, Working Folk, you know we're right.  
Come organize and use your might.  
The Industrial Workers lead the way;  
So, come and join our band today  
For there's workers and children to be freed  
From this life of slavery.  
The mills and factories claim their toll;  
So workers, will you claim your own?

Oh, Working Folk, Oh, Working Folk,  
The days may come; the days may go.  
But till you organize to fight,  
The master class won't grant your right.  
Oh, Working Folk!