

Sons of Toil and Danger  
By:Work People's College  
Music by Rudolf Friml

Come all ye rebels in every town,  
You lousy slaves of low degree you slaves of low degree.  
We'll spare no effort to take our own  
And free ourselves from slavery ourselves from slavery.  
You and I can more than live and toil and die.  
We can fight for liberty.

Sons of toil and danger, will you serve a stranger  
And bow down to slavery?  
Sons of toil and sorrow, will you cheer tomorrow  
For the end of slavery?  
Onward, onward, fight against the foe!  
Forward, forward, the crimson banners go!  
Sons of toil around us, break the chains that bound us  
And to hell with slavery!

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