

The Ninety and Nine

By: Rose Elizabeth Smith

Music by Ira D. Sankey

There are ninety and nine that work and die,
In hunger and want and cold,
That one may revel in luxury,
And be lapped in the silken fold.
And ninety and nine in their hovels bare,
And one in a palace of riches rare,
And one in a palace of riches rare.

From the sweat of their brow the desert blooms
And the forest before them falls.
Their labor has builded humble homes,
And cities with lofty halls;
And the one owns cities and houses and lands
And the ninety and nine have empty hands,
And the ninety and nine have empty hands.

But the night so dreary and dark and long,
At last shall the morning bring;
And over the land the victor's song
Of the ninety and nine shall ring,
And echo afar, from zone to zone,
"Rejoice! for Labor shall have its own.
Rejoice! for Labor shall have its own."