

The Workers' Hymn
By:Samuel H. Friedman

Join the ranks, fellow workers and brothers!
Comrades, up, ever swelling the chorus,
With the red banner proudly before us,
And the future's dawn aflame,
For we swore in our degradation,
In the depths of despair and starvation,
The great cause of liberation
We should never bring to shame.
We have learned that our salvation
Only we ourselves can obtain.
We shall conquer for the toilers
Or fight on 'til we are slain.
We shall battle against the despoilers,
And our martyrs shall not have died in vain.
We shall conquer for the toilers
Or fight on 'til we are slain!
We are slain!