

We Will Sing One Song  
By: Joe Hill  
Music by Stephen Collins Foster

We will sing one song  
Of the meek and humble slave,  
The horny-handed son of the soil.  
He's toiling hard  
From the cradle to the grave,  
But his master reaps the profits of his toil.

Then, we'll sing one song  
Of the greedy master class.  
They're vagrants in broadcloth, indeed.  
They live by robbing  
The ever-toiling mass.  
Human blood they spill to satisfy their greed.

Organize, O toilers!  
Come, organize your might!  
Then, we'll sing one song  
Of the Workers' Commonwealth,  
Full of beauty, full of love, full of health.

We will sing one song  
Of the politician sly.  
He's talking of changing the laws.  
Election day,  
All the drinks and smokes he'll buy  
While he's living from the sweat off of your brow.

Then, we'll sing one song  
Of the girl below the line.  
She's scorned and despised everywhere.  
While in their mansions,  
The "keepers" wine and dine  
From the profits that immoral traffic bears.

Organize, O toilers!  
Come, organize your might!  
Then, we'll sing one song  
Of the Workers' Commonwealth,  
Full of beauty, full of love, full of health.

We will sing one song  
Of the preacher fat and sleek.  
He tells you of homes in the sky.  
He says, "Be gen'rous, be lowly, and be meek.  
If you don't,  
You'll sure get roasted when you die."

Then, we'll sing one song  
Of the poor and ragged tramp.  
He carries his home on his back.  
Too old to work,  
He's not wanted in the camp.  
So, he wanders without aim along the track.

Organize, O toilers!  
Come, organize your might!  
Then, we'll sing one song  
Of the Workers' Commonwealth,  
Full of beauty, full of love, full of health.

We will sing one song  
Of the children in the mills.  
They're taken from playgrounds and schools:

In tender years made to go the pace that kills  
In the sweatshops  
'Mong the looms and the spools.

Then, we'll sing one song  
Of the One Big Union Grand,  
The hope of the toiler and slave.  
It's coming fast.  
It is sweeping sea and land  
To the terror of the grafter and the knave.

Organize, O toilers!  
Come, organize your might!  
Then, we'll sing one song  
Of the Workers' Commonwealth,  
Full of beauty, full of love, full of health.