

Where gold's the mighty master
With which goods are bought and sold,
Where the slaves are empty-handed
And the lords have all the gold.
With the cards stacked so pretty,
Would the sucker then be wise
To play this bosses' racket
That he calls "free enterprise"?

No, my brothers, shun the tempter—
The whole setup is a steal;
Fight and work for social justice—
Close the ranks for a new deal.
Down with hunger, slums, depressions,
Heed the swelling socialist call;
Why should you and yours be hungry
When there's plenty here for all?
What Shelley told your fathers,
Today I am telling you—
Remember you are many—
Remember they are few!

