

The Workers' Chorus

A socialist anthem by Peter Brunette

1. We are the workers of this fair land.
 We're the truckers and teachers and tailors.
 We're the clerks and cashiers and design engineers.
 We're the sorters and handlers and mailers.
 But in case it's a home that you need, my friend,
 We're the carpenters and cabinetmakers,
 Or in case it's some bread that you crave instead,
 We're the farmers and millers and bakers.
2. Yes, and we are the workers of every land.
 We're the sisters and brothers and neighbours.
 We're the lovers and friends in a world that depends
 On the fruits of our mutual labours.
 Yes, and those are the chimes of freedom that sound
 Sharp and clear in the distance before us,
 Calling, Come, sing along with the workers' song!
 Come and join in the workers' chorus!
3. Singing, We are the workers of every land
 From Chad to Chile to China,
 From Spain to Iran, from Gabon to Japan,
 From Alaska to South Carolina.
 Now, our skin may be black or it may be white,
 Though we're mostly the colour of leather,
 But when all has been said we will all be Red.
 We'll be comrades marching together.
4. Singing, We are the workers of every land,
 And we will be more than delighted
 When we sing to the health of the Commonwealth
 Of All Nations and Species United.
 That's when old Mother Earth will be heaving a sigh
 From deep in her mantle of granite,
 And a bright, rosy dawn will be rising upon
 The bluest, most beautiful planet.
5. *Repeat Verse 2.*

ENDING: Come and join in the workers' chorus!