

The Song of the Wage-Slave

Valentin Dubovskoy
Lyrics by Ernest Jones

♩=150

mf

The land it is the land-lord's, the

5

trad-er's is the sea, the ore the u-sur-er's cof-fer fills - but what re-mains for

10

me? The en-gine whirls for mas-ter's craft, the steel shines to de-fend, with

15

la-bour's arms, what la-bour raised, for la-bour's foe to spend. La-ra-lay-la-la-ra-la-

20

la hey! hey! La-ra-lay-la-la-ra-la-la-la-ra-lay-la-la-ra-la-la-ra-la-for

la - bour's foe to spend. The camp, the pul - pit, and the law for

rich men's sons are free. Theirs, theirs the learn - ing, art and arms - but what re - mains for

me? The com - ing hope, the fu - ture day, when wrong to right shall bow, and

hearts that have the cour - age man, to make that fu - ture now. I pay for all their

learn - ing, I toil for all their ease. They ren - der back, in coin for coin,

49

want, ig-no-rance, dis-ease. They ren-der back, those rich men, a pau-per's nig-gard

54

fee, may - hap a pris - on, - then a grave, and think they are quits with me. La-ra-

59

lay - la - la - ra - la - la hey! hey! La-ra - lay - la - la - ra - la - la La-ra - lay - la - la - ra - la -

64

la ra - la - and think they are quits with me. We read it there, where'er

68

we meet, and as the sun we see, each asks, «The rich have got the earth, and

73

what re - mains for me?» We bear the wrong in si - lence, we store it in our

78

brain. They think us dull, they think us dead, but we shall rise a - gain. They

we shall rise a - gain.

83

think us dull, they think us dead, but

La-ra - lay - la - la-ra-la - la hey! hey! La-ra-

88

lay-la - la-ra-la - la La-ra - lay-la - la-ra-la - la-ra - la - but we shall rise a - gain.