

— PIONEER  PUBLISHERS —

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L.H. Oswald
P.O. Box 2915
Dallas, Texas

Dear Friend:

As per your request for the words of the Internationale,
they are as follows:

INTERNATIONALE

Arise ye prisoners of starvation,
Arise ye wretched of the earth,
For justice thunders condemnation,
A better world's in birth.
No more traditions chains shall bind us,
Arise ye slaves, no more enthrall.
The earth shall rise on new foundations,
We have been naught, we shall be all.

Chorus:

'Tis the final conflict,
Let each stand in his place.
The International party shall be the human race.
(repeat)

We ask no condescending saviours,
To rule us from a judgment hall.
We workers ask not for their favors,
Let us decide for all.
To make the thief disgorge his booty,
To free the spirit from its cell,
We must ourselves decide our duty.
We must decide and to it well.
Chorus.....

Very truly yours,

(Mrs.) V. Halstead

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VH:ks

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