**Questions From a Worker Who Reads**

Who built Thebes of the seven gates?  
In the books you will find the names of kings.  
Did the kings haul up the lumps of rock?  
And Babylon, many times demolished  
Who raised it up so many times? In what houses  
of gold-glittering Lima did the builders live?  
Where, the evening that the Wall of China was finished  
Did the masons go? Great Rome  
Is full of triumphal arches. Who erected them? Over whom  
Did the Caesars triumph? Had Byzantium, much praised in song  
Only palaces for its inhabitants? Even in fabled Atlantis  
The night the ocean engulfed it  
The drowning still bawled for their slaves.  
  
The young Alexander conquered India.  
Was he alone?  
Caesar beat the Gauls.  
Did he not have even a cook with him?  
  
Philip of Spain wept when his armada  
Went down. Was he the only one to weep?  
Frederick the Second won the Seven Year's War. Who  
Else won it?  
  
Every page a victory.  
Who cooked the feast for the victors?  
Every ten years a great man?  
Who paid the bill?  
  
So many reports.  
So many questions.

Bertolt Brecht

THE WORKERS CRY OUT FOR BREAD  
The merchants cry out for markets.  
The unemployed were hungry. The employed  
Are hungry now.  
The hands that lay folded are busy again.  
They are making shells.  
  
And  
  
WHEN IT COMES TO MARCHING MANY DO NOT  
KNOW  
That their enemy is marching at their head.  
The voice which gives them their orders  
Is their enemy's voice and  
The man who speaks of the enemy  
Is the enemy himself.  
  
Reminds me of America.  
  
General, man is very useful.  
He can fly and he can kill.  
But he has one defect:  
He can think.

The Socialist A.B.C.   
  
When that I was a little tiny boy,   
Me daddy said to me,   
’The time has come, me bonny bonny bairn   
To learn your ABC’.   
  
Now daddy was a Lodge Chairman   
In the coalfields of the Tyne,   
And that ABC was different   
From the Enid Blyton kind.   
  
He sang;   
  
A is for Alienation that made me the man that I am   
and B’s for the Boss, who’s a bastard, a bourgeois who don’t give a damn.   
C is for Capitalism, the boss’s reactionary creed,   
and D’s for Dictatorship, laddie, but the best proletarian breed.   
  
E is for Exploitation, that the workers have suffered so long;   
and F is for old Ludwig Feuerbach, the first one to see it was wrong.   
  
G is for all Gerrymanderers, like Lord Muck and Sir Whatsisname,   
and H is the Hell that they’ll go to, when the workers have kindled the flame.   
  
I is for Imperialism, and America’s kind is the worst,   
and J is for sweet Jingoism, that the Tories all think of first.   
  
K is for good old Keir Hardie, who fought out the working class fight   
and L is for Vladimir Lenin, who showed him the Left was all right.   
  
M is of course for Karl Marx, the daddy and the mammy of them all,   
and N is for Nationalisation, without it we’d crumble and fall.   
  
O is for Overproduction that capitalist economy brings,   
and P is for Private Property, the greatest of all of the sins.   
  
Q is for the Quid pro quo, that we’ll deal out so well and so soon,   
when R for Revolution is shouted and the Red Flag becomes the top tune.   
  
S is for sad Stalinism, that gave us all such a bad name,   
and T is for Trotsky the hero, who had to take all of the blame.   
  
U’s for the Union of workers, the Union will stand to the end,   
and V is for Vodka, yes, Vodka, the one drink that don’t bring the bends.   
  
W is for all Willing workers, and that’s where the memory fades,   
for X, Y and Z, me dear daddy said, will be written on the street barricades.   
  
But now that I’m not a little tiny boy,   
Me daddy says to me,   
’Please try to forget the things I said,   
Especially the ABC.’   
  
For daddy’s no longer a Union man,   
And he’s had to change his plea.   
His alphabet is different now,   
Since they made him a Labour MP.   
  
Alex Glasgow  
(1935 - 2001)

My papa is a Socialist, my mamma, too, and I,   
And if you'll wait a minute now, I'll tell the reason why;   
I'm sure that when you understand, you certainly will see,   
You'd better all be Socialists, and vote with pa and me.   
  
You see this earth is long and wide, good things above, below,   
And there are lots of people, too, who want to make things go;   
Besides, we're all just quite alike, need food and clothes and rest,   
And if we all were Socialists, we all would share earth's best.   
  
But now John D. owns all the oil, most banks, and railroads, too,   
And then a few own all the land, so what can poor folks do   
But tramp and starve and beg for jobs, and work and work and work?   
And all the wealth we make, but scraps, we give the wealthy shirk.   
  
Now isn't every papa, most, the very biggest goose,   
To give away most all he makes to men who don't produce?   
So that a few rich families may all be living fine,   
While all we weary working folks must suffer, want, and pine.   
  
And then they do such foolish things, I often wonder why   
They "strike" and lose their jobs, and let us freeze and starve and cry;   
When, if all joined the Socialists, in four years more or five   
We'd all be wealthy partners in the world's greatest working hive.   
  
For if they'd stop to think, they'd see how easy 'twas to make,   
Together, all we'd want to have, and what we'd make, we'd take;   
So that the children, all alike, our papas, mammas, too,   
Would all enjoy earth's happiness, as Socialists want all to.   
  
So papa is a Socialist, mamma, we children, too;   
We want to make all children rich and happy, too, don't you?   
Good food and homes, nice shoes and clothes, we children want, don't you?   
So all of us are Socialists; please, won't you be one too?  
  
*(From "Songs of Socialism" by Harvey P. Moyer, Co-operative Printing Co.-1906)*  
  
  
  
[size=large]**Capitalism**[/size]  
  
My papa is a Capitalist, my mamma, too, and I,  
And if you'll wait a minute now, I'll tell the reason why;   
I'm sure that when you understand, you certainly will see,   
You'd better be a Capitalist, and vote with pa and me.   
  
You see, we're very lucky to be living in a nation,   
That knows rewarding hard work will encourage innovation.   
For there are many people who, when offered an incentive,   
Will use their brains and brawn to be amazingly inventive.   
  
Our country's prospered like no other, based on a single notion,   
That caused millions of people to board ships and cross the ocean.   
What made so many immigrate and cross the churning sea?   
The answer's really simple. Just one word: It's "Liberty."   
  
The chance to live in freedom, where their dreams are not restrained,   
The chance to pursue goals and know they can be obtained.   
The promise of a better life drew, like moths to flame,   
Millions upon millions who sought freedom, fortune, fame.   
  
Look around the world and see the countries that have failed,   
And you will find the reason is that hope had been curtailed.   
If your future's been decided and your dreams have been ignored,   
You've got no motive to succeed -- because there's no reward.   
  
But if you are enabled, placed in charge of your own fate,   
The world can be your oyster. That's what makes this country great.   
It's the nature of humanity to always improve our lot,   
To have a bigger chicken in an even bigger pot.  
  
So papa is a Capitalist, mamma and children too;   
We're in control of our own lives. And happier, as are you.   
The things we want we work hard for, so the things we lack are few.   
So all of us are Capitalists; please, won't you be one too?  
  
*(From "Arguing With Idiots" by Glenn Beck-2009)*