

## **God Rest Ye Weary Laborers**

*(to the tune of "God Rest Ye Merry Gentlemen")*

**God rest ye weary laborers,  
you need a living wage  
and factories healthy, safe, and clean  
and just eight hour days.  
To save us all from corporate power,  
and values gone astray.  
O tidings of justice and rights,  
human rights, O tidings of justice and rights!**

**T'was down in sunny Dandenong  
we found some workers stressed  
who slaved on thirteen hour shifts  
so we could be well-dressed.  
And paid just thirty cents an hour  
while \_\_\_\_\_ feathers its nest  
O tidings of justice and rights,  
human rights, O tidings of justice and rights**

**O come you people of good heart,  
and make a witness strong.  
Tell \_\_\_\_\_ we don't want these clothes  
that come from something wrong.  
Such exploitation hurts us all,  
that's why we sing this song.  
O tidings of justice and rights,  
human rights, O tidings of justice and rights!**