

EAT THE RICH



NARRATOR:

It is high summer in Kristiania, the capital city of Norway. The year is 1918. In Frimurerlosjen, the Masonic Grand Lodge, the kitchen is operating at full steam, serving a lavish banquet dinner for 180 wealthy guests. The staff have been on their feet all evening catering to the exclusively male party. An unnamed kitchen worker is preparing the dessert.

UNNAMED KITCHEN WORKER:

[Coughing]

UNNAMED WAITER:

[Angrily] Jesus Christ, cover your mouth! You're coughing all over the caramel pudding! What's wrong with you?

KITCHEN WORKER:

[Distressed] Oh, I'm so sorry, I didn't mean to! *Please* don't tell the manager, he's just waiting for an excuse to fire me. This is my first steady job in *years*, I can't afford to – [coughing again]

WAITER:

[In a comforting tone] Now, now, calm down, what do you take me for? I'd never tell on a co-worker.

KITCHEN WORKER:

Oh, thank you, *thank you*, that's really kind. Luckily it was only this one tray. There's more pudding over there on the counter. Give me a minute and I'll prepare some more bowls.

WAITER:

[Thinking it over for a moment] Nah, you know what? Don't bother. Those fat-cats in there deserve

a little extra “garnish” on their dessert. Let's keep the leftovers for ourselves. We can split it between the kitchen staff and the waiters when the shift is over. Should be a couple of spoonfuls each, by the looks of it.

KITCHEN WORKER:

Sounds like a sweet deal, hehe [Laughing, then laughter turns into a cough].

WAITER:

But please, do us all a favor and stay at home next time you're in that condition. You never know, it could be tubercu...

KITCHEN WORKER:

[Interrupts, loudly] DON'T – say it. That damned scourge. Sweet Lord in Heaven, no, let it be a case of the common cold. Or the Spanish Flu...

WAITER:

The Spanish what?

KITCHEN WORKER:

The Spanish Influenza. Haven't you heard, it's all over the news. Here, I'll show you. [Short pause, then sound of a newspaper]. See, in Aftenposten, on the first page:

[Reading] “In Paris, the disease appeared as early as May, then spread to Spain and has now returned to France. According to the Daily Mail, there is currently a full-blown epidemic in Paris of the disease the French call the "Spanish flu." The Pasteur Institute believes that the epidemic originated at the front.”

WAITER:

At the front? Hah, as if the soldiers haven't suffered enough.

KITCHEN WORKER:

[Continues reading] “Also in London, the new epidemic has attacked countless people, and the hospitals are crowded with flu patients. Among the victims are several doctors.”

WAITER:

[Slightly worried] Oh my...

KITCHEN WORKER:

[Continues reading] “However, the disease currently seems to be most prevalent in Germany, where low food supplies and a shortage of doctors makes it difficult to combat the epidemic. It has particularly affected workers and office clerks, who have suddenly become ill with fever and severe headaches.”

WAITER:

Wow, quite serious stuff then. But Germany, Britain, France... all those places are far away. What does it have to do with us?

KITCHEN WORKER:

Hold on, I'm getting to it: [Continues reading] "Aftenposten has this morning had a conversation with city physicist Bentzen, who said that in recent days and especially yesterday there has been a significant increase in cases in Kristiania. In a single business, more than 20 people had been attacked, and a bank had to send several of its officials home."

WAITER:

And this is the illness you *hope* you've contracted?

KITCHEN WORKER:

Well, I wouldn't say *hoping*, but listen to this: [Continues reading] "The disease itself is *not* dangerous, under normal conditions you will be well again within a few days or at most a week." And here, at the very end: "By the way, the Spanish sickness is not a new disease, we have already during the great flu epidemic in the early 90s become acquainted with it in our country. At that time not many people were attacked, and no deaths as a direct result of the disease occurred."

WAITER:

Let me see that [grabs the newspaper and studies the article]. Hey, you skipped this part: [Reading] "For all those affected, it is important that they consult a doctor *as soon as possible* and follow his instructions *exactly*. The slightest carelessness can have *fatal consequences*." So promise me you'll have that cough checked out, OK? You're a member of the Union, right? They'll provide sick pay. And deal with the manager, if necessary.

KITCHEN WORKER:

I'd love to see a doctor – if only I could afford it. The Sickness insurance Law the government is so darned proud of is of no help if you fall behind on your payments. And the Union? Women aren't allowed into the Restaurant Workers' Union, remember?

WAITER:

Oh, that's right. Sorry, I forgot... Well, at least take a little break. Go and have a seat out on the balcony, the air will do you good.

KITCHEN WORKER:

Are you sure I won't get in trouble?

WAITER:

Positive! I'll cover for you. The dinner party ain't going nowhere, the speeches in there are dragging on endlessly. This way, I'll walk you out.

[They begin walking, the humming from the guests gets louder as they approach the dining hall]

KITCHEN WORKER:

Remind me again, who are we serving tonight?

WAITER:

The Kristiania Shipowners' Association. They're throwing a banquet for their cronies from out-of-town. Surprisingly somber mood, though. They've hardly touched the Champagne.

[They stop in the hallway outside the dining hall. A ding on a glass signals that someone is about to speak. The crowd quiets down]

KITCHEN WORKER:

[In whispering tone] Look, it's Gunnar Knudsen!

WAITER:

[Whispering, surprised] The Prime Minister? What's *he* doing here?

KITCHEN WORKER:

[In whispering tone] Hah, for a self-proclaimed Socialist revolutionary I have to say you're not very well educated in domestic politics. Don't you know that the Prime Minister is a big-time shipping magnate? Or, I suppose it's been more of a side-gig since he became head of government. But as you can tell by his waistline, the man sure ain't starving.

GUNNAR KNUDSEN:

[Clears his voice and begins speaking in a calm but serious tone] Ahem... Friends. Distinguished colleagues. In response to the views expressed by our previous speaker, I regret to say that I belong to those who look pessimistically upon the future of shipping after the war. Sadly, I do not believe that the current boom will last when peace arrives. My experience as an old shipowner tells me that after a boom, there will come an extraordinary downturn. It may occur sooner than expected, and shipping rates will then be lower than ever before. It is therefore crucial that we shipowners are prepared and equipped to face the competition. [Speech continues but fades into the background] We must have the best material not only in terms of the hulls, but also in terms of the machinery. I urge every shipowner to pay the utmost attention to this issue. It is my strong belief that the future of shipping lies in new technological inventions, like the diesel engine.

WAITER:

[Whispering between his teeth] That scumbag! I can't listen to this bullshit. Let's get out of here before I blow my temper and give him a piece of my mind! [The two begin walking away, towards the balcony]

KITCHEN WORKER:

Whoa, he really rubbed you the wrong way...

WAITER:

[Furious] That *smug piece of shit!* Lamenting the prospect of peace, 'cause him and his robber-baron buddies may loose a contract or two? Such *utter* disregard for human life... It's a *disgrace!*

KITCHEN WORKER:

Well, he did manage to keep Norway out of the war...

WAITER:

What, so he could line his own pockets and feast on caviar while us normal people go to bed hungry every night because of the food rationing? Yeah, give the man the fucking Nobel Peace Prize!

KITCHEN WORKER:

What I mean is that we haven't seen many of ours dying on the Western Front. Isn't that a good thing?

WAITER:

If it wasn't for Gunnar Knudsen and his kind there would be no war in the first place! We all know who profits from the carnage. Industrialists, bankers, stockbrokers, that's who! Going on four years now, millions and millions of working-class boys slaughtered – for what? So their comrades at home can continue living like animals?

KITCHEN WORKER:

What about King and country? Defending the honor of nations... and *empires?*

WAITER:

The Allied foot soldiers have more in common with their so-called enemies – who are also used as cannon-fodder – than with their own superiors. Karl Marx said it: in bourgeois society the workers have no Fatherland! And by the way, it's not true that there haven't been any casualties among our countrymen. Who do you think man the Norwegian vessels that have been supplying the Allied war machine?

KITCHEN WORKER:

Sailors?

WAITER:

Exactly, *Norwegian* sailors! Regular workers like you and me, earning measly salaries while putting their lives on the line to increase the wealth of the upper-crust. My sister's husband is – *was* – one of those unfortunate devils. Went down in the English Channel last year, torpedoed by a German submarine.

KITCHEN WORKER:

Oh, I'm so sad to hear!

WAITER:

So now my sister's on her own, a widow with eight kids to feed. Can hardly make ends meet. I try to help her out as best I can, but you know, things are hard for me too.

KITCHEN WORKER:

Aren't there pensions for war widows? Financial aid?

WAITER:

Hah, so they say. But so far my sister haven't seen a penny, just a letter of condolence, thanking her dead husband for his service, commending him for his "bravery". Meanwhile the shipping company collected a handsome sum of insurance money for their *material losses*. I bet the owner of the ship is in that dining hall right now, contemplating "important" matters, like whether or not he's got room for dessert after he's stuffed his face with three servings of lobster. It makes me sick to my stomach!

KITCHEN WORKER:

Yeah, but what can you do? Some are born with silver spoons in their mouths, others have to work for their daily bread. It may not be ideal, but the Lord never gives anyone a heavier burden than they can bear. Simple folks like you and I, who were dealt a bad hand, have no choice but to suck it up.

WAITER:

Dealt a bad hand? Like our parents? And our grandparents before them? *Oooh no*, that game was rigged from the beginning. But we're not gonna play their rotten game for much longer. Things will change any day now. We're gonna rewrite the old rules, distributing the cards *fairly*, for the first time in history!

KITCHEN WORKER:

Come again? Who's gonna change history? *You?*

WAITER:

Me, you, all working men and women of the world! In Russia they've already begun. The workers, soldiers and farmers have overthrown the Tsar, taken control of the means of production and abolished the entire system of oppression!

KITCHEN WORKER:

That's... [Begins coughing again]

WAITER:

Oh, let's get you out on the balcony. It's probably a bit chilly at this time of night. Grab one of the coats from the rack, no one will notice.

[The kitchen worker borrows a coat. The door to the balcony is opened, they step outside, a light

wind is heard]

KITCHEN WORKER:

You're right, it is a bit windy.

WAITER:

[Speaking excitedly] That's the wind of Revolution, blowing from the East! All across Europe the downtrodden masses are rising from their slumber. Even here in Norway the Labour Party has finally come around. At their convention just a few months ago they took an irrefutable stance in favor of the revolutionary line. Watch out, capitalist pigs!

KITCHEN WORKER:

[Laughs] Haha, calm down you fool, someone might hear you. How can you say such things? We're only a stones-throw away from the Parliament building!

WAITER:

[Still speaking excitedly] The throwing of stones will be the *least* of their worries when the proletariat take to the streets! We're gonna tear the stinking parliament and all the corrupt institutions down, and build a new *just* society in their place. We're gonna put the exploiters up against the wall, and, and...

KITCHEN WORKER:

Oh, you men, always with your violence....

WAITER:

Well, working in the kitchen you should know that you can't make an omelette without breaking eggs. But don't worry about the violence. I'll protect you!

KITCHEN WORKER:

[Flirtatious] Oh, my own revolutionary hero! How romantic!

WAITER:

Yes, I'll be your Lenin... Or your Trotsky! Or... we can fight *together*, like they do in the Red Army – women and men, shoulder to shoulder. Just picture it: You and I, on the barricades all day, and at night...

KITCHEN WORKER:

What will we do at night?

WAITER:

We'll do something that none of us could even dare to *dream* about before: We'll do as we *damn well please* – as *liberated human beings*! [Screams out into the wind] *THE FUTURE IS OURS!!!*

KITCHEN WORKER:

Aw, you big goofball. We'll see what destiny has in store...

[The faint sound of applause is heard in the background]

But now my bold Trotsky, it sounds like the Prime Minister is done speaking – meaning it's time for dessert. So in the *immediate future*, I'm afraid you'll have to go back inside and serve some caramel pudding to our distinguished capitalist pigs.

WAITER:

Yeah, yeah, joke all you want. But you're right, I should go. I'll add an extra topping of *spit* on Gunnar Knudsen's portion, though – with my compliments. Enjoy your break. See you in a bit!

NARRATOR:

The unnamed kitchen worker sits huddled in a darkened corner of a balcony at the Masonic Grand Lodge in Kristiania, wrapped in a borrowed coat to keep warm. Unaware of her presence, two aging men enter, sporting gray mustaches and matching gala attire. It is Gunnar Knudsen (69), a shipowner, industrialist, and the undisputed leader of the Liberal Party, currently serving his second term as Prime Minister of Norway. Accompanying Knudsen is Ambortius Lindvig (62), a fellow shipowner, businessman, and former banker, who served as Minister of Commerce from 1912–13. Knudsen and Lindvig have both delivered speeches and eaten good food of all kinds at the evening's banquet.

AMBORTIUS LINDVIG:

Cigar?

GUNNAR KNUDSEN:

Hmm, Havana?

LINDVIG:

What else!

KNUDSEN:

My doctor tells me to cut down on the smoking... But why not. [Knudsen accepts. Lindvig strikes a match and lights the cigars]. Mhm, thank you.

LINDVIG:

[Short pause, then carefully] Prime Minister, the... [Then hesitates]

KNUDSEN:

Yes?

LINDVIG:

The gloomy predictions in your speech... Weren't they a bit... alarmist? I have to say, you startled more than a few of us with your talk of a sudden downturn when the war ends.

KNUDSEN:

I'm afraid I was brutally honest, my dear Lindvig. You know me, I'm a straight-shooter, I say it like it is.

LINDVIG:

But... restructuring our businesses for a peacetime economy... it won't be done overnight. Not everyone will have the time to adapt. It could be a bloodbath!

KNUDSEN:

A bloodbath?

LINDVIG:

Yes, figuratively speaking... on the stock market.

KNUDSEN:

That may be so. But you know what the good book says: "To every thing there is a season, and a time to every purpose under the heaven:"

LINDVIG:

Mmm. "A time to be born, and a time to die; a time to plant, and a time to pluck up that which is planted;"

KNUDSEN:

"A time to kill, and a time to heal; *a time to break down, and a time to build up.*"

LINDVIG:

Amen!

KNUDSEN:

Amen indeed! So you see, it's not my intention to be a wet blanket. We've had four prosperous years – *very* prosperous for some – including yourself. Now it is time for each and every one of us to show moderation and make sacrifices. I'm already leading by example: Instead of throwing away my shirts when they begin showing signs of wear, I send them to London, to be mended by my tailor on Savile Row.

LINDVIG:

Impressive!

KNUDSEN:

And you? If the going gets tough, you can always rent out a couple of rooms in your new villa at Bygdøy! They say it's the most beautiful property in town. Shouldn't be difficult to find tenants.

LINDVIG:

Eh... What?

KNUDSEN:

[Whole-hearted laughter] HAHAHA, I'm only pulling your leg, Lindvig.

LINDVIG:

[Joining in] Oh, yes, of course, ahahaha...

KNUDSEN:

But in all seriousness: Profits *will* return to those who exercise *patience* and *wisdom*. If they manage to keep the fighting in Europe going for another 12 months or so, there should be ample time to modernize our fleet, get our affairs in order, and prepare for whatever comes next.

LINDVIG:

Whatever comes next... It's getting harder and harder to tell these days. Bolshevism... It's spreading, you know. In Germany opposition against the war is growing, thanks to Communist agitation. If *they* came into power? [Bitterly] God help us all! We already had the uprising in Finland. Literally on our doorstep...

KNUDSEN:

[Interrupts] Which is precisely why I'm not the *least bit* concerned! The Finnish government demonstrated in a most admirable manner how to deal with "revolutionaries." Swift action – resolute force – Problem solved!

LINDVIG:

Do you think it will come to that here in Norway?

KNUDSEN:

It won't. And I'll tell you why: In February a covert security committee was established – at my explicit orders – to monitor any potential troublemakers among the lower classes. Tranmæl, Grepp, whatever they're called, can't let out a fart without my men knowing about it.

LINDVIG:

Bravo!

KNUDSEN:

And if they *were* to attempt any monkey business, special divisions of the army stand ready to *ruthlessly* strike down even the smallest attempt at subversion.

LINDVIG:

This is very reassuring news, Prime Minister! I'll sleep a little better from now on.

KNUDSEN:

What, did you think I'd turn a blind eye and let a pack of delinquents threaten our precious nation? Oh no, Lindvig, leading a country is not very different from being a captain on board a ship. One has to remain steadfast and vigilant at all times.

LINDVIG:

Yes, and stamp out signs of mutiny at the earliest stage! But with all due respect, now that the Labour party have shown their true, revolutionary colors, wouldn't it be better to round them up right away? Instead of letting them run for election this fall?

KNUDSEN:

[Angrily] Ach, don't insult me! Do you honestly believe that Labour has the slightest chance against *me* and *my party*? Pardon me for saying so, but this is the reason why you didn't last long in national politics. You're missing the point completely! We *want* Socialists as Members of Parliament. Social *Democrats*, that is. There's no better way to domesticate scoundrel revolutionaries than to invite them into the halls of power, and let them *believe* they have a say. Same with women. Why do you think I granted females the right to vote in 1913?

LINDVIG:

Keeping your friends close but your enemies closer?

KNUDSEN:

Hmm, yes, I suppose you could put it like that. Socialists, women, plebeians... You know as well as I that we're not dealing with the brightest of creatures. But all the more easy to please! They look at us, see our nice houses and our fancy automobiles and they want a taste of what we're having. So why not throw them a bone every once in a while? The occasional handout and some bread and circus is enough to shut them up – and leave the real decision-making to *us*.

LINDVIG:

So you're probably not too thrilled about the liquor-ban then?

KNUDSEN:

Well, I'll admit that booze was a convenient tool to pacify the commoners – a point no doubt lost on our peers in the Conservative Party who want to make it legal again. Still, I view it as a part of my job to act as a responsible father when the children get unruly. Sometimes you simply have to put your foot down.

LINDVIG:

Spoken like a proper samaritan!

KNUDSEN:

[In contemplative manner] Mmm. [Short pause]. Too many people are misled by my vigorous appearance, Lindvig. Because of my confrontational style, they take me for a cold-hearted brute. But contrary to what some like to think, I actually care *very much* about the workers in this country. However, in order to preserve a strong and healthy society – to keep Norway great – certain divisions need to be maintained. It's how I practice farming on my estate in Skien. You know how I take a keen interest in the breeding of cows?

LINDVIG:

Yes...?

KNUDSEN:

I keep both red and white cattle, whom I treat equally, showing the same amount of affection for each kind. But red and white are not, and will never be the same. Like industrialists and workers – we few who move the world, and the many we provide employment for on our ships and in our factories – from nature's side we are made of different substances, and like oil and water we can never mix. So when a red calf is born with white spots, or vice versa, I immediately have it killed.

KITCHEN WORKER:

[Coughing]

LINDVIG:

Sounds like we've got company!

KNUDSEN:

[Confused] Hello? Is anybody there?

KITCHEN WORKER:

Oh, don't mind me.

KNUDSEN:

[In low voice to Lindvig] Well, well, well... the evening just got a lot more interesting! Look at that exquisite beauty. Isn't she a sight for sore eyes at this sausage fest.

LINDVIG:

[To Knudsen] Women don't have access here! I guess one of the other fellows brought his wife by mistake. Or maybe she's someone's secretary?

KNUDSEN:

[Impatiently] Don't just stand there and look stupid, let's go over and introduce ourselves!

LINDVIG:

[Hesitant] I didn't like the sound of that cough. Could be the Spanish Flu...

KNUDSEN:

Aiaiai, Spanish fly? The aphrodisiac? Naughty little firecracker, nudge nudge.

LINDVIG:

No, no, the Spanish *Flu*. The new sickness that just came to town.

KNUDSEN:

Oh, *that* thing. Your wimpishness never ceases to amaze me, Lindvig! We're at the *Masonic Lodge* for crying out loud, not some disease-infested workers' slum.

LINDVIG:

That doesn't mean we are safe. Even the King of Spain has fallen ill!

KNUDSEN:

Spare me your fear-mongering. You're only trying to cover up the fact that you're terrified of talking to girls. But today is your lucky day. Watch and learn – you are about to witness a masterclass in the fine art of seduction. As you will soon find out, it's really a walk in the park for men like you and I. All you have to do is grab them by the...

KITCHEN WORKER:

[Coughing]

KNUDSEN:

...*hand*. Grab them by the hand, kiss it gently, and let them know that you are [In low, growling voice] *powerful*.

[They walk across the balcony to the Kitchen Worker]

Good evening, Miss. I'm sure you recognize me, I'm famous, but for the sake of etiquette, kindly allow me to introduce myself: I'm Gunnar Knudsen, *Prime Minister*. [Kisses Kitchen Worker's hand] May I present Ambortius Lindvig – a very wealthy man. And you are?

KITCHEN WORKER:

My name is not important.

KNUDSEN:

Gracefully timid! I love it – very lady-like! In that case, I'll just call you... *Angel Face*.

LINDVIG:

[Giggles, then in low voice] *Angel Face*.

KNUDSEN:

[Sharply to Lindvig] Shut it! [Then to Kitchen Worker] Please ignore my immature friend. And do forgive us for boring you with our lengthy conversation about politics. You must find it excruciatingly dull...

KITCHEN WORKER:

[Drily] Not at all! I found it... enlightening.

KNUDSEN:

[Surprised] Did you now? Well, every vote counts. I trust I'll have your support in the forthcoming elections then?

KITCHEN WORKER:

I'm not eligible to vote...

KNUDSEN:

[Chuckles] Oh yes you are, yes you are, you sweet, silly thing! The fairer sex have enjoyed suffrage in this country for half a decade already! Some young women are a bit anxious before their first time. But it's really nothing to be scared of. With the guidance of an experienced man...

KITCHEN WORKER:

[Cuts off Knudsen in a sharp tone] According to the Norwegian Constitution, § 52 section D, those who receive, or who have in the last year before the election received poorhouse benefits are suspended from voting. You should know this *Mister Knudsen*. 20 years ago you and your party helped to pass the amendment.

KNUDSEN:

I'm afraid I'm a bit confused. Yes, poor people – beggars, tramps, the unemployed – are barred from taking part in the ruling of this land. And rightfully so! But I fail to see how this relates to *you*, Angel Face. [The Kitchen Worker gets up] Wait! Don't go! Did I say something wrong?

KITCHEN WORKER:

If I am to be an angel, I'll be the angel of revenge, seeking justice for all those who have scrubbed your floors, cooked your meals, and washed your dirty laundry, without ever receiving a decent wage or hearing a word of thanks. Picture my face when you choke on your cake!

KNUDSEN:

[Confused] What?

LINDVIG:

Hey, that's my coat!

KITCHEN WORKER:

Oh, sorry about that. I guess you're not used to sharing. [Throws the coat at Lindvig] Here, I don't need it anymore.

KNUDSEN:

[Shocked] Look! She's wearing a kitchen maid's uniform!

KITCHEN WORKER:

Yes, a lowly *servant!* A real-life Cinderella crashing the fucking ball! Are you not excited?

KNUDSEN:

[To Kitchen Worker] You deceiving little... Mata Hari! You'll regret this! I'll see to it that you're fired!

WAITER:

[Comes running, entering the balcony almost out of breath] That makes two of us! One of the other waiters saw me spitting in the Prime Minister's caramel pudding and ratted me out to the manager. All hell broke loose in the kitchen.

KNUDSEN:

[Furious] WHAT?!

WAITER:

So now we're both out of a job.

KITCHEN WORKER:

But we've kept our dignity. I know it sounds crazy, but suddenly I feel so... free! It's almost like my mind has been... [Begins coughing again]

LINDVIG:

Aargh, there she goes again, spreading her disease. I'll have to burn my coat, it's probably contaminated.

KNUDSEN:

And I'll have to wash my mouth. [Spits] And rinse my mustache. Can you believe I was stupid enough to kiss her hand? Yuck!

KITCHEN WORKER:

Oh, I'm infected alright. But by something far more contagious than tuberculosis or Spanish Flu. An idea, once it has been planted, is more resilient than any bacteria and impossible to eradicate. Just bring on your police, your soldiers and your guns. There's no stopping us now!

[Singing voices are heard in the background. The sound is increasingly growing stronger]

Hear! That's our comrades marching on the street below. Let's join them!

Vi er fabrikkenes kvinner og menn, vi er de mange fra gård og fra grend.
Vi brøyter jorda med hakke og med plog, vi svinger øksa og hogger i skog.

Vi er de tusener som bygger landet. Det blev oss kjær i dagens strid.
Vi bar det fremad i savn og armod – nu bygger vi den nye tid.

Vi står i bølgenes skumhvite brus, vi berger rikdom fra havet i hus.
Heimen i dalen og hytta på fjell ryddet vi plass til, og reiste vi selv.

Vi er de tusener ...

Vi er de kvinner som elsket det frem gjennom vår gjerning i tusener hjem.
Vi river ned hver en stengende mur, vi reiser brorskapets frie kultur.

Vi er de tusener ...

Lytt da til hjulenes hvirvlende gang! Lytt da til samholdets jublende sang!
Hør Norge! – Hør de forløsende ord: Arbeid og velstand for alle på jord!

Vi er de tusener ...

(Vi bygger landet. Melody: The Red Army is the Strongest - КРАСНАЯ АРМИЯ ВСЕХ СИЛЬНЕЙ / Arbeiter von Wien)