

I.W.W. Songs
To Fan the Flames of Discontent

Nineteenth Edition, 1923



INDEX

ALL HELL CAN'T STOP US · 11
BIG QUESTION · 15
COMMONWEALTH OF TOIL · 34
COUNT YOUR WORKERS COUNT THEM! · 29
DOLLAR ALARM CLOCK · 16
DON'T TAKE MY PAPA AWAY FROM ME · 24
DUMP THE BOSSES OFF YOUR BACK · 11
EVERETT COUNTY JAIL · 26
FAREWELL, FRANK! · 33
FIFTY THOUSAND LUMBERJACKS · 30
HARVEST LAND · 37
HARVEST WAR SONG · 7
HOLD THE FORT · 38
I WANNA FREE MISS LIBERTY · 27
I'M TOO OLD TO BE A SCAB · 17

INDUSTRIAL UNIONISM SPEAKS TO TOILERS OF THE SEA · 21
INDUSTRIAL WORKERS OF THE WORLD · 19
INTERNATIONALE · 3
JOE HILL'S LAST WILL · 31
JOHN GOLDEN AND THE LAWRENCE STRIKE · 9
MAY DAY SONG · 28
MR. BLOCK · 18
MY WANDERING BOY · 25
MYSTERIES OF A HOBO'S LIFE · 32
ONE BIG INDUSTRIAL UNION · 6
ONWARD, "ONE BIG UNION! · 29
ORGANIZE! · 35
POPULAR WOBBLY · 23
PREACHER AND THE SLAVE · 22
REBEL GIRL · 3
REMEMBER · 21
RENUNCIATION · 24
SCISSOR BILL · 10
SOLIDARITY FOREVER · 15
THE RED FLAG · 6
THERE IS POWER IN A UNION · 36
THEY'LL SOON RING OUT · 28
TIE 'EM UP! · 31
TRAMP · 12
UP FROM YOUR KNEES · 12
WE WILL SING ONE SONG...4
WE HAVE FED YOU ALL FOR A THOUSAND YEARS · 17
WHADDA YA WANT TO BREAK YOUR BACK FOR THE BOSS FOR? · 13
WHEN YOU WEAR THAT BUTTON · 25
WHITE SLAVE · 14
WORKERS' MARSELLLAISE · 20
WORKERS' MEMORIAL SONG · 33
WORKERS OF THE WORLD · 8
WORKERS OF THE WORLD, AWAKEN · 5
WORKERS OF THE WORLLD ARE NOW AWAKING · 7
WORKER'S PLEA · 35
WORKINGMEN, UNITE! · 39
Joe Hill



THE REBEL GIRL

Words and Music by Joe Hill

There are women of many descriptions
In this queer world, as everyone knows,
Some are living in beautiful mansions,
And are wearing the finest of clothes
There are blue blooded queens and princesses
Who have charms made of diamonds and pearl;
But the only and thoroughbred lady
Is the Rebel Girl.

CHORUS

To the working class she's a precious pearl.
She brings courage, pride and joy
To the fighting Rebel Boy.
We've had girls before, but we need some more
In the Industrial Workers of the World.
For it's great to fight for freedom
With a Rebel Girl.

Yes, her hands may be hardened from labor,
And her dress may not be very fine;
But a heart in her bosom is beating
That is true to her class and her kind.
And the grafters in terror are trembling
When her spite and defiance she'll hurl;
For the only and thoroughbred lady
Is the Rebel Girl

*

Words and Music of "The Rebel Girl" may be obtained in popular sheet form by applying to I. W. W. Publishing Bureau.
Price 25 cents.

*

THE INTERNATIONALE

By Eugene Pottier
(Translated by Charles H. Kerr)

Arise, ye prisoners of starvation!
Arise, ye wretched of the earth,
For justice thunders condemnation,
A better world's in birth.

No more tradition's chains shall bind us,
Arise, ye slaves; no more in thrall!
The earth shall rise on new foundations,
We have been naught, we shall be all.

REFRAIN

'Tis the final conflict, Let each stand in his place,
The Industrial Union Shall be the human race.

We want no condescending saviors
To rule us from a judgment hall;
We workers ask not for their favors;
Let us consult 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 do it well.

Behold them seated in their glory,
The kings of mine and rafi and soil!
What have you read in all their story,
But how they plundered toil?
Fruits of the workers' toil are buried
In the strong coffers of a few;
In working for their restitution
The men will only ask their due.

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WE WILL SING ONE SONG

We will sing one song of the meek and numble slave,
The horny-handed sone of toil,
He's toiling hard from the cradle to the grave,
But his master reaps the profit form his toil.
Then we'll sing one song of the greedy master class,
They're vagrants in broadcloth indeed,
They live by robbing the ever-toiling mass,
Human blook they spill to satisfy their greed.

Chorus

Organize! Oh, toilers, come organize your might;
Then we'll sing one song of the workers' commonwealth.
Full of beauty, full of love and health.

We will sing one song of the politician sly,
He's talking of changing the laws;
Election day all the drinks and smokes he'll buy,
While we make the welking ring with our applause.
Then we'll sing one song of the gril below the line,
She's scorned and despised everywhere,
While in their mansions the "keepers" wine and dine
From the profits that immoral traffic bear.

We will sing one song of the children in the mills,
They're taken from playgrounds and schools,
In tender years made to go the pace that kills,
in the sweatshops, 'mong the looms and the spools.
Then we'll sing one song of the One Big Union Grand,
The hope of the toiler and slave,
It's coming fast! it is sweeping sea and land,
To the terror of the grafter and the knave.

To bear it onward till we fall;
Come dungeons dark or gallows grim,
This song shall be our parting hymn.

*

THE WORKERS OF THE WORLDD ARE NOW AWAKING

By Richard Brazier

(Tune: "The Shade of the Old Apple Tree")

The Workers of the World are now awaking;
The earth is shaking with their mighty tread.
The master class in great fear now are quaking,
The sword of Damocles hangs o'er their head.
The toilers in one union are uniting,
To overthrow their cruel master's reign.
In One Big Union now they all are fighting,
The product of their labor to retain.

Chorus

It's a union for true Liberty
It's a union for you and for me;
It's the workers' own choice,
It's for girls and for boys,
Who want freedom from wage slavery;
And we march with a Red Flag ahead,
'Cause the blood of all nations is red-
Come on and join in the fray,
Come on and join us today,
We are fighting for Freedom and Bread

The master's class in fear have kept us shaking,
For long in bondage they held us fast;
But the fight the Industrial workers are now making
Will make our chains a relic of the past.
Industrial unionism now is calling,
The toilers of the world they hear its cry;
In line with the Industrial Workers they are falling,
Bu their principles to stand or fall and die.

*

HARVEST WAR SONG

By Pat Brennan

(Tune: "Tipperary")

We are coming home, John Farmer; we are coming back to stay.
For nigh on fifty years or more, we've gathered up your hay.
We have slept out in your hayfields, we have heard your morning shout;
We've heard you wondering where in hell's them pesky go-about's?

CHORUS

It's a long way, now understand me; it's a long way to town;
It's a long way across the prairie, and to hell with Farmer John.

Here goes for better wages, 'and the hours must come down;
For we're out for a winter's stake this summ'r, and we want no scabs around.

You've paid the going wages, that's what kept us on the bum.
You say you've done your duty, you chin-whiskered son of a gun.
We have sent your kids to college, but still you rave and shout.
And call us tramps and hoboes, and pesky go-about.

But now the long wintry breezes are a-shaking our poor frames,
And the long drawn days of hunger try to drive us boes insane.
It is driving us to action-we are organized today;
Us pesky tramps and hoboes are coming back to stay.

*

YOU cannot be free while your CLASS is enslaved, Join the I. W. W. and find YOUR place in the final battle for the emancipation of the world's workers.

*

WORKERS OF THE WORLD

(Air: "Lillibulero")

By Connell

Stand up, ye toilers, why crouch ye like cravens?
Why clutch an existence of insult and want?
Why stand to be plucked by an army of ravens,
Or hoodwink'd forever by twaddle and cant?
Think of the wrongs ye bear,
Think on the rags ye wear,
Think on the insults endur'd from your birth;
Toiling in snow and rain,
Rearing up heaps of grain,
All for the tyrants who grind you to earth.

Your brains are as keen as the brains of your masters,
In swiftmess and strength ye surpass them by far;
Ye've brave hearts to teach you to laugh at disasters,
Ye vastly outnumber your tyrants in war.
Why then like cowards stand,
Using not brain or hand,
Thankful like dogs when they throw you a bone?
What right have they to take
Things that ye toil to make?
Know ye not, workers, that all is your own?

Rise in your might, brothers, bear it no longer;
Assemble in masses throughout the whole land;
Show these incapables who are the stronger
When workers and idlers confronted shall stand.
Thro' Castle, Court and Hall,
Over their acres all,
Onwards we'll press like waves of the sea,
Claiming the wealth we've made,

Ending the spoiler's trade;
Labor shall triumph and mankind be free.

*

JOHN GOLDEN AND THE LAWRENCE STRIKE

By Joe Hill

(Tune: "A Little Talk with Jesus")

In Lawrence, when the starving masses struck for more to eat
And wooden-headed Wood he tried the strikers to defeat,
To Sammy Gompers wrote and asked him what he thought,
And this is just the answer that the mailman brought:

CHORUS

A little talk with Golden
Makes it right, all right;
He'll settle any strike,
If there's coin in sight;
Just take him up to dine
And everything is fine-
A little talk with Golden
Makes it right, all right.

The preachers, cops and money-kings were working hand in hand,
The boys in blue, with stars and stripes were sent by Uncle Sam;
Still things were looking blue, 'cause every striker knew
That weaving cloth with bayonets is hard to do.
John Golden had with Mr. Wood a private interview,
He told him how to bust up the "I double double U."
He came out in a while and wore the Golden smile.
He said: "I've got all labor leaders skinned a mile."
John Golden pulled a bogus strike with all his "pinks and stools."
He thought the rest would follow like a bunch of crazy fools.
But to his great surprise the "foreigners" were wise,
In one big solid union they were organized.

CHORUS OF THE LAST VERSE

That's one time Golden did not
Make it right, all right;
In Spite of his schemes
The strikers won the fight.
When all the workers stand
United hand in hand,
The world with all its wealth
Will be at their command.

*

Labor shall be all.

*

UP FROM YOUR KNEES

By Ralph H. Chaplin

(Air: "Song of a Thousand Years")

Up from your knees, ye cringing serfmen!
What have ye gained by whines and tears?
Rise! they can never break our spirits
Though they should try a thousand years.

CHORUS

A thousand years, then speed the victory!
Nothing can stop us nor dismay.
After the winter comes the springtime;
After the darkness comes the day.

Break ye your chains; strike off your fetters;
Beat them to sword--the foe appears--
Slaves of the world, arise and crush him;
Crush him or serve a thousand years.

Join in the fight --the Final Battle.
Welcome the fray with ringing cheers.
These are the times all freemen dreamed of--
Fought to attain a thousand years.

Be ye prepared; be not unworthy, -
Greater the task when triumph nears.
Master the earth, O Men of Labor,-
Long have ye learned-a thousand years.

Over the hills the sun is rising.
Out of the gloom the light appears.
See! at your feet the world is waiting,-
Bought with your blood a thousand years.

*

THE TRAMP

By Joe Hill

Tune: "Tramp, Tramp, Tramp, the Boys Are Marching."

If you all will shut your trap,
I will tell you 'bout a chap,
That was broke and up against it too, for fair;
He was not the kind to shirk,
He was looking hard for work,
But he heard the same old story everywhere.

CHORUS

Tramp, tramp, tramp, keep on a-tramping,
Nothing doing here for you;

They shipped him to a desert and dumped him with his truck,
But when he tried to find his job, he sure was out of luck.
He shouted, "That's too raw, I'll fix them with the law."

Block hiked back to the city, but wasn't doing well.
He said, I'll join the union-the great A. F. of L."
He got a job next morning, got fired in the night,
He said, "I'll see Sam Gompers and he'll fix that foreman right."
Sam Gompers said, "You see,
You've got our sympathy."

Election day he shouted, "A Socialist for Mayor!"
The "comrade" got elected, he happy was for fair,
But after the election he got an awful shock.
A great big socialistic Bull did rap him on the block.
And Comrade Block did sob,
"I helped him to his job."

Poor Block, he died one evening, I'm very glad to state;
He climbed the golden ladder up to the pearly gate.
He said, "Oh, Mr. Peter, one word I'd like to tell,
I'd like to meet the Astorbilts and John D. Rockefeller."
Old Pete said, "Is that so?
You'll meet them down below."

THE INDUSTRIAL WORKERS OF THE WORLD

By Laura Payne Emerson. (Air: Wabash Cannonball)

I stood by a city prison,
In the twilight's deepening gloom,
Where men and women languished
In a loathsome, living tomb.
They were singing! And their voices
Seemed to weave a wreath of light,
As the words came clear with meaning:
"Workers of the World, unite!"

As it was with Galileo,
And all thinkers of the past,
So with these Industrial Workers,
Tyrants' shackles hold them fast.
In the bastiles of the nations,
They are bludgeoned, mugged and starved,
While upon their aching bodies
Prints of whips and clubs are carved.

Yet with spirits still unbroken
And with hope for future years
They are calling to their fellows:
"Come, arise! and dry your tears.
Wake, ye toilers, get in action,
Break your bonds, exert your might-
You can make this hell a heaven,

Workers of the World, unite!"

Hail! ye brave Industrial Workers,
Vanguard of the coming day,
When labor's hosts shall cease to cringe
And shall dash their chains away.
How the masters dread you, hate you,
Their uncompromising foe;
For they see in you a menace,
Threatening soon their overthrow.

~*~*~*~*~*~*~*~*~*~*~*~*~*~*~*~*~*~*~*

"Yaas," said the farmer reflectively, "all the I. W. W. fellers I've met seem to be pretty decent lads, but them 'alleged I. W. W.'s" must be holy frights."

~*~*~*~*~*~*~*~*~*~*~*~*~*~*~*~*~*~*~*

THE WORKERS' MARSELLLAISE

Ye sons of toil, awake to glory!
Hark, hark, what myriads bid you rise;
Your children, wives and grandsires hoary
Behold their tears and hear their cries!
Behold their tears and hear their cries!
Shall hateful tyrants mischief breeding,
With hireling hosts, a ruffian band-
Affright and desolate the land,
While peace and liberty lie bleeding?

CHORUS

To arms! to arms! ye brave!
Th' avenging sword unsheathe!
March on, march on, all hearts resolved
On Victory or Death.

With luxury and pride surrounded,
The vile, insatiate despots dare,
Their thirst for gold and power unbounded
To mete and vend the light and air,
To mete and vend the light and air,
Like beasts of burden, would they load us,
Like gods would bid their slaves adore,
But man is man, and who is more?
Then shall they longer lash and goad us?

O, Liberty can man resign thee?
Once having felt thy generous flame,
Can dungeon's bolts and bars confine thee?
Or whips, thy noble spirit tame?
Or whips, thy noble spirit tame?
Too long the world has wept bewailing,
That Falsehood's dagger tyrants wield;
But Freedom is our sword and shield;
And all their arts are unavailing!

*

"REMEMBER"

(Tune: "Hold the Fort")

We speak to you from jail today
Two hundred union men,
We're here because the bosses'laws
Bring slavery again.

CHORUS

In Chicago's darkened dungeons
For the O. B. U.
Remember you're outside for us
While we're in here for you.

We're here from mine and mill and rail
We're here from off the sea,
From coast to coast we make the boast
Of Solidarity.

We laugh and sing,
we have no fear
Our hearts are always light,
We know that every Wobbly true
Will carry on the fight.

We make a pledge-no tyrant might
Can make us bend the knee,
Come on, you worker, organize,
And fight for Liberty..

HARRISON GEORGE Cook County Jail, Oct.18, 1917

*

An ounce of ORGANIZATION is worth a ton of talk; join the One Big Union and help to free yourself and
your class from wage slavery.

*

INDUSTRIAL UNIONISM SPEAKS TO TOILERS OF THE SEA

By Harold R. Johnston

(Air: "Stung Right")

"You men who toil upon the ships-
The ships of every sea-
Come bear to me your grievances,
Your tales of misery;
For I am strong and good and great,
The trusts must bow to me;
For I shall take all workers in
And bring them victory."

CHORUS

Seamen! Come all-join the O. B. U.!
Fearless fighters, every one, and true!
For, when we are all lined up, in the industry,
Labor will be master, over the sea!

"You've weathered storms upon the deck,
O, Toilers of the Sea;
You've fallen in the fire-holes
In the days that used to be.
But now the times must change about,
A New Day must appear
When all you Toilers of the Sea,
Begin to see and hear."

"I speak to you, O Workingmen,
O, Toilers of the Sea;
Come organize one union great -
The shipping industry.
When you are thusly organized,
With others like your own,
The One Big Union of the World
Shall rule the earth, ALONE!"

THE PREACHER AND THE SLAVE

By Joe Hill

(Tune: "Sweet Bye and Bye")

Long-haired preachers come out every night,
Try to tell you what's wrong and what's right;
But when asked how 'bout something to eat
They will answer with voices so sweet:

CHORUS

You will eat, bye and bye,
In that glorious land above the sky;
Work and pray, live on hay,
You'll get pie in the sky when you die.

And the starvation army they play,
And they sing and they clap and they pray,
Till they get all your coin on the drum,
Then they tell you when you're on the bum:

Holy Rollers and Jumpers come out,
And they holler, they jump and they shout
"Give your money to Jesus," they say,
"He will cure all diseases today."

If you fight hard for children and wife-
Try to get something good in this life-
You're a sinner and bad man, they tell,
When you die you will sure go to hell.

Workingmen of all countries, unite,
Side by side we for freedom will fight:
When the world and its wealth we have gained
To the grafters we'll sing this refrain:

LAST CHORUS

You will eat, bye and bye,
When you've learned how to cook and to fry;
Chop some wood, 'twill do you good,
And you'll eat in the sweet bye and bye.

~~*~*~*~*~*~*~*~*~*~*~*~*~*~*~*~*~*~*

"THE POPULAR WOBBLY"

(Air: "They Go Wild, Simply Wild Over Me")
By T-Bone Slim

I'm as mild manner'd man as can be
And I've never done them harm that I can see,
Still on me they put a ban and they threw me in the can,
They go wild, simply wild over me.

They accuse me of ras-cal-i-ty
But I can't see why they always pick on me,
I'm as gentle as a lamb, but they take me for a ram,
They go wild, simply wild over me.

Oh the "bull" he went wild over me
And he held his gun where everyone could see,
He was breathing rather hard when he saw my union card-
He went wild, simply wild over me.

Then the judge he went wild over me
And I plainly saw we never would agree,
So I let the man obey what his conscience had to say,
He went wild, simply wild over me.

Oh the jailer went wild over me
And he locked me up and threw away the key-
It seems to be the rage so they keep me in a cage,
They go wild, simply wild over me.

They go wild, simply wild over me,
I'm referring to the bed-bug and the flea,
They disturb my slumber deep and I murmur in my sleep,
They go wild, simply wild over me.

Even God, he went wild over me,
This I found out when I knelt upon my knee,
Did he hear my humble yell? No, he told me "Go to hell,"
He went wild, simply wild over me.

Will the roses grow wild over me
When I'm gone to the land that is to be?
When my soul and body part in the stillness of my heart--

Will the roses grow wild over me?

~*~*~*~*~*~*~*~*~*~*~*~*~*~*~*~*~*

"RENUNCIATION"

(Air: "Auld Lang Syne")
By Joachim Raucher

When hungry millions are unfed
And the little orphans weep,
I cannot eat in peace my bread,
Nor sing my grief to sleep.
When thoughts arising from the heart
Are hampered in their flight,
I cannot sit and muse apart
Upon a dreamy height.

When craven lies oft seek to blind
The eyes of blazing Truth,
I cannot turn my maddened mind
To songs of love and youth,
Nor can I sing in lyric strains
Of private, little woes,
When Greed is reaping golden gains
From bloody seeds it sows.

~*~*~*~*~*~*~*~*~*~*~*~*~*~*~*~*~*

"For my part, I sympathize with them. While they are threatened and imprisoned, I am manacled. If they are denied a living wage, I, too, am defrauded. While they are industrial slaves I cannot be free. My hunger is not satisfied while they are hindered and neglected. When they are flung out on a desert under a scorching sun, I, too, burn, and my soul is athirst. When one of them is dragged from his bed and hung to a railroad trestle, a great horror of darkness falls upon my spirit, and from the depths of my heart I cry out against those who persecute the weak and unfriended."-Helen Keller.

~*~*~*~*~*~*~*~*~*~*~*~*~*~*~*~*~*

DON'T TAKE MY PAPA AWAY FROM ME

Words and Music by Joe Hill
(Written just before his execution)

A little girl with her father stayed, in a cabin across the sea,
Her mother dear in the cold grave lay; with her father she'd always be-
But then one day the great war broke out and the father was told to go;
The little girl pleaded-her father she needed. She begged, cried and pleaded so:

CHORUS

Don't take my papa away from me, don't leave me there all alone.
He has cared for me tenderly, ever since mother was gone.
Nobody ever like him can be, no one can so with me play.
Don't take my papa away from me; please don't take papa away.

Her tender pleadings were all in vain, and her father went to the war.
He'll never kiss her good night again, for he fell 'mid the cannons' roar.

Oh, where is my boy tonight?
Oh, where is my boy tonight?
The chilly wind blows, to the lock-up he goes,
That's where your boy is tonight.

III
"I was looking for work, Oh judge," he said.
Says the judge, "I have heard that before."
So to join the chain gang far off-he is led
To hammer the rocks some more.

Oh, where is my boy tonight?
Oh, where is my boy tonight?
To strike many blows for the country he goes,
That's where your boy is tonight.

IV
Don't search for your wandering boy tonight,
Let him play the old game if he will-
A worker, or bum, he'll ne'er be right,
So long's he's a wage slave still.

Oh where is my boy tonight?
His money is out of sight."
Wherever he "blows," up against it he goes,
Here's luck!-to your boy tonight.

*

THE EVERETT COUNTY JAIL

(Tune: "Tramp, Tramp, Tramp, the Boys are Marching")
By William Whalen

in the prison cell we sit
Are we broken hearted-nit.
We're as happy and as cheerful as can be,
For we know that every Wob
Will be busy on the job,
Till they swing the prison doors and set us free.

CHORUS
Are you busy, Fellow Workers,
Are your shoulders to the wheel?
Get together for the cause
And some day you'll make the laws,
It's the only way to make the masters squeal.

Though the living is not grand,
Mostly mush and "coffee and,"
It's as good as we expected when we came.
It's the way they treat the slave
In this free land of the brave,
There is no one but the working class to blame.

When McRae, and Veith, and Black

MAY DAY SONG

Words by Ralph Chaplin

Music by Rudolph von Liebich

O, Labor Day, O, First of May,
Welcomed and honored on land and on sea.
Winter so drear must disappear,
Fair days are coming for you and for me.
We, of the old world, building the New,
Ours is the will and the power to do;
Then let us sing, hail to the Spring-
Hail to the Day we can strike to be free!

Banner so red, high overhead,
Hated and feared by the powers that be!
In every land firmly we stand;
Men of all nations who labor are we.
Under one banner, standing as one,
Claiming the earth and our place in the sun.
Then let us sing, hail to the Spring-
Hail to the Day we can strike to be free!

O, Labor Day, O, First of May,
Warm with the gleam of the bright days to be! Join in the throng, fearless and strong-One mighty Union of
world industry.
Shoulder to shoulder, each in his place, Ours is the hope of the whole human race.
Then let us sing, hail to the Spring-
Hail to the Day we can strike to be free!

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THEY'LL SOON RING OUT

By John E. Nordquist

(Air: Where the Sunset Turns the Ocean's Blue to Gold)

We are looking for that time,
When the bells of earth shall chime
To proclaim a world of workers really free.
I can see that joyous day
Not so very far away
And the vision puts a hopeful heart in me.
I can see the wage slave free,
With his children by his knee,
And his darling wife is bubbling o'er with cheer;
And the childish faces smile,
Nothing can their joy defile,
For they hear the bells of freedom ringing clear.

CHORUS

Oh I hear those free bells ringing And the toilers all are singing,
For the miseries of the past have flown away.
And a worker's world I see, Where no misery can be;

How I long to hear those bells on Freedom's Day.

If you wish to speed those times,
If you long to hear those chimes,
Do your part in organizing all the slaves.
If we're going to see that day
You must help to clear the way;

We must end the reign of cap'talistic knaves.
We must capture industry,
All the ships upon the sea-
Ev'ry fact'ry, mine and mill, we're going to take.
When the boss gets overalls,
Then the cause of mis'ry falls
And those sleeping bells of freedom shall awake.

~*~*~*~*~*~*~*~*~*~*~*~*~*~*~*~*~*~*

ONWARD, "ONE BIG UNION!"

By Ralph Cheney

(To be sung to the tune of "Onward, Christian Soldiers")

Onward, One Big Union,
Joy and justice led,
With the Free Society
Shining out ahead!
Freedom, our one master,
Leads against the foe.

REFRAIN

Gates of jails can never
'Gainst our will prevail.
We've the world's one power;
And we cannot fail.

Forward unto battle
We, the workers, go.
Onward, One Big Union,
Joy and justice led
With the free society
Shining out ahead!
War and wrong shall perish,
Poverty shall cease.
Hatred, wrath, and slavery
Yield to joy and peace.

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COUNT YOUR WORKERS COUNT THEM!

(Air: "Count Your Blessings")

An employment shark one day I went to see,
And he said, "Come in and buy a job from me;
Just a couple of dollars for an office fee,
But the job is steady-and the fare is free."

CHORUS

Count your pennies- count them one by one,
Then you'll plainly see how "easy you are done."
Count your pennies, take them in your hand,
Sneak into a "Jap's" and get a coffee and-

II

I shipped out-and worked-and slept in lousy bunks,
And the grub !-It stunk as bad as nineteen skunks.
When I worked a week the boss he said one day,
"You're too tired, you're fired, go and get your pay."

III

When I went to get my pay, Oh, Holy Gee!
Road and School and Poll tax-and Hospital fee,
Then I nearly fainted and I lost my sense .
When the clerk he said, "You owe me fifty cents."

IV

When I got back to town with blisters on my feet,
There I saw a fellow speaking on the street,
And he said, it is the workers' own mistake-
If they'd stick together they'd get all they make!

V

And he says, Who'll come and join our union grand,
Who will be the first-to join our "fighting" band?
Write me out a card, says I, right here, by gee!
The Industrial Workers is the "dope" for me!

CHORUS

Count your workers, count them one by one
Stand! we'll show the bosses how it's really done
Stand together, Workers -- Hand in Hand!
Then-you'll never have to live on coffee and-

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FIFTY THOUSAND LUMBERJACKS

(Tune: "Portland County Jail")

Fifty thousand lumberjacks, fifty thousand packs,
Fifty thousand dirty rolls of blankets on their backs,
Fifty thousand minds made up to strike and strike like men;
For fifty years they've "packed" a bed, but never will again.

CHORUS

"Such a lot of devils," that's what the papers say-
They've gone on strike for shorter hours and some increase in pay.
They left the camps, the lazy tramps, they all walked out as one;
They say they'll win the strike or put the bosses on the bum."

Fifty thousand wooden bunks full of things that crawl;
Fifty thousand restless men have left them once for all.

JOE HILL'S LAST WILL

(Written in his cell, November 18, 1915, on the eve of his execution.)

My will is easy to decide,
For there is nothing to divide.
My kin don't need to fuss and moan-
"Moss does not cling to a rolling stone."
My body? Ah, if I could choose,
I would to ashes it reduce,
And let the merry breezes blow
My dust to where some flower' grow.
Perhaps some fading flower then
Would come to life and bloom again.
This is my last and final will.
Good luck to all of you,

JOE HILL.

**_*_*_*_*_*_*_*_*_*_*_*_*_*_*_*_*_

Why should any worker be without the necessities of life when ten men can produce enough for a hundred?

Why does a short work day and a long pay always go together?

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THE MYSTERIES OF A HOBO'S LIFE

(Air: "The Girl I Left Behind Me")

I took a job on an extra gang, Way up in the mountain,
I paid my fee and the shark shipped me And the ties I soon was counting.

The boss he put me driving spikes And the sweat was enough to blind me,
He didn't seem to like my pace, So I left the job behind me.

II
I grabbed a hold of an old freight train And around the country traveled,
The mysteries of a hobo's life To me were soon unraveled.

1 traveled east and I traveled west And the "shacks" could never find me,
Next morning I was miles away From the job I left behind me.

III
I ran across a bunch of "stiffs" Who were known as Industrial Workers,
They taught me how to be a man-And how to fight the shirkers.

I kicked right in and joined the bunch And now in the ranks you'll find me.
Hurrah for the cause-To hell with the boss! And the job I left behind me.

WORKERS' MEMORIAL SONG

(Air: Russian Funeral March-Pochoronii Marsh)

Dying as soldiers fighting for Labor, so did you fall;
An off' ring of your love for those who share the strife;
Gladly you gave us talent and treasure'; yielding your all.
The honor of the world, your freedom and your life.
Deeply you suffered nor shrunk from the grave-
Judges and hangmen, the fate of the fray;
Starved in dark dungeons, beaten and tortured-cheerful and brave –
Defying chains and jails, you marched upon your way.
Mad with their blood-lust, rich from our labor, exploiters dwell
In luxury and splendor; scornful of our power
Sweeping to triumph trusting no promise-Heaven or Hell;
This song of sorrow sounds to them their fatal hour.
Rise now ye workers rebellious and bold;
Tyrants no longer shall rule from above;
We are the builders --no one shall suffer hunger and cold –
We bring a world of beauty, liberty and love.
Farewell, true comrades, death now enfolds you-rest in the tomb;
As sleeping there in peace you know no more of pain.
Farewell, true comrades, we will remember you and your doom,
And labor soon will prove that none have died in vain.
Farewell, true comrades, we rise to the fight;
O'er-sweeping all 'neath the banner ye bore,
Slavery and sorrow vanish before us. Toilers, Unite!
To break your bonds and rule the world for evermore.
(Repeat the last four lines of the last stanza.)

*



FRANK LITTLE

FAREWELL, FRANK!

(Air: "Barcarolle" from the "Tales of Hoffman")

By Gerald J. Lively

You've fought your fight, a long good night
Is all that we can say.
Sleep on, sleep on, your work is done
Brave fighter for the Day.
Kind Mother Earth who gave you birth

*

A WORKER'S PLEA

(Air: "Tuck Me to Sleep")

By T-B-S.

Old Kentucky cradled me-when I was young,
Then Ohio hired me-I sure got stung,
Night and day I've labored since-
Shucking corn and filling bins
And now, they say, my long, long rest begins.

CHORUS

'Tuck me to sleep in my old 'tucky home,
Cover me with roses, gravel, anything but stone,
Then let the dew drop a tear on my grave
Like a token never spoken to a broken-hearted slave-
I ain't had a bit of rest-masters thought it wasn't best;
-Thought that I could rest the best-afer I "go west."
'Tuck me to bed in my old 'tucky home,
Let me lay their -- stay there, cover me up with loam.

II

Old Kentucky cradled me-'tis even true-
Since I came to IOWAY, she worked me too,
Every state in all this land
Used me for a hired hand,
But why i'm broke-I fail to understand.

III

Migratory working man, I'm on my way-
I am done with sun and sand and new-mown hay;
I have worked from sun to sun,
Nothing have I ever won
And now, thank God, my harvestng is done.

*

ORGANIZE!

(Tune: "The Green Fields of Dunmoor")
By James J. Ferriter

Come all you exploited workingmen
And fight for Freedom's cause,
For you are bound, both hand and foot,
By capitalistic laws;
Your voices you can raise no more,
Your lips you now must seal,
For if you rise to speak a word
A gun-man's at your heel.

Come on, unite, my hearty boys,

HOLD THE FORT

(English Transport Workers' Strike Song)

We meet today in Freedom's cause,
And raise our voices high;
We'll join our hands in union strong,
To battle or to die.

CHORUS

Hold the fort for we are coming-
Union men, be strong.
Side by side we battle onward,
Victory will come.

Look my Comrades, see the union
Banners waving high.
Reinforcements now appearing,
Victory is nigh.

See our numbers still increasing;
Hear the bugles blow.
By our union we shall triumph
Over every foe.

Fierce and long the battle rages,
But we will not fear.
Help will come whene'er it's needed,
Cheer, my Comrades, cheer.

*

WORKINGMEN, UNITE!

By E. S. Nelson
(Tune: "Red Wing")

Conditions they are bad,
And some of you are sad;
You cannot see your enemy,
The class that lives in luxury, -You workingmen are poor, -Will be for evermore, -As long as you permit the few
To guide your destiny.

CHORUS

Shall we still be slaves and work for wages?
It is outrageous --has been for ages;
This earth by right belongs to toilers,
And not to spoilers of liberty.

The master class is small,
But they have lots of "gall."
When we unite to gain our right,
If they resist we'll use our might;
There is no middle ground,
This fight must be one round.
To victory, for liberty,
Our class is marching on!

Workingmen, unite!
We must put up a fight,
To make us free from slavery
And capitalistic tyranny;
This fight is not in vain,
We've got a world to gain.
Will you be a fool, a capitalist tool,
And serve your enemy?