

Everybody Sing



6^D

2nd Edition

FOREWORD . . .

The National Council of the Eureka Youth League takes pleasure in presenting the second edition of "Everybody Sing." Though we would like to make each edition larger, financial barriers prevent us—therefore, some of the first editions songs have been taken out to make room for a few of the many new songs we wish to include.

The popularity of the first edition was proved by its selling out in four months, and we hope this edition will have even greater appear amongst the Australian Youth.

To-day, when culture has become so utterly commercialized, the chance of learning and understanding the culture of the people, is not given us. You, who sing these songs with us, will feel a refreshing and stimulating breeze, which can only come from sharing the hopes and struggles of people throughout the world.

ADVANCE AUSTRALIA FAIR

1. Australia's sons, let us rejoice,
For we are young and free,
We've golden soil and wealth for toil,
Our land is girt by sea.
Our land abounds in Nature's gifts,
Of beauty, rich and rare—
In history's page, let every stage
Advance Australia fair.
In joyful strains then let us sing—
Advance Australia fair.
2. Beneath our radiant Southern Cross,
We toil with hearts and hands,
To make our youthful Commonwealth
Renowned of all the lands.
For loyal sons beyond the seas
We've boundless plains to share—
With courage let us all combine
To advance Australia fair.
In joyful strains then let us sing—
Advance Australia fair.

FOLK SONGS.

BILLY BOY

(English)

1. Where have you been all the day, Billy Boy? Billy Boy?
Where have you been, oh, my charming Billy Boy?
I have been to seek a wife, she's the comfort of my life,
For my Nancy tickles my fancy, oh my darling Billy Boy.
2. Did she bid you to come in, Billy Boy, Billy Boy?
Did she bid you to come in, Billy Boy?
Yes, she bade me to come in, there's a dimple in her
chin,
And my Nancy tickles my fancy, oh my darling Billy
Boy.
3. Can she make a cherry pie, Billy Boy, Billy Boy?
Can she make a cherry pie, Billy Boy?
She can make a cherry pie, quick as a cat can wink her
eye,
Sure, and Nancy tickles my fancy, oh, my darling Billy
Boy.

BONNIE BANKS O' LOCH LOMOND

(Scotch)

1. By yon bonnie banks, and by yon bonnie braes,
Where the sun shines bright on Loch Lomond
Where I and my tru' love were ever wont to gae,
On the bonnie, bonnie banks of Loch Lomond.

CHORUS:

- O, you'll take the high road, and I'll take the low
road,
And I'll be in Scotland afore ye,
But I and my true love will never meet again,
On the bonnie, bonnie banks of Loch Lomond.
2. 'Twas there that we parted in yon shady glen,
On the steep, steep side o' Ben Lomond,
Where in purple hue, the hieland hills we view,
And the moon comin' oot in the gloamin'.
- Repeat Chorus.

HELLO MOSCOW

(Russian)

- Marching on with a song, through boulevards and gardens
we throng,
Marching on with a song, and Moscow's smiles cheer us
along.
Moscow, Moscow, of your greatness the whole world doth
know,
City grand, youthful, and always dear to our hearts, Moscow.

CIELITO LINDO

(Mexican)

I'm waiting near by the fountain here,
Come my lovely Cielito Lindo,
Over there in the village square
There is music Cielito Lindo.

Chorus.

Ay ay ay ay! Come to your window,
Ere moonlight fails and starlight pales,
We must hasten, Cielito Lindo.

Your bright eyed glance in the sprightly dance
Lights the shadows, Cielito Lindo,
Here I wait, we must not be late,
For the tango, Cielito Lindo.

Repeat Chorus.

DO NOT GO, GREGORY

(Russian)

Do not go, my son, to dances,
Where the girls so daring,
'Neath black eyebrows send their glances,
Tempting and ensnaring.
False are their lips smiling,
Fals'er still their words beguiling,
You would find that such romances
End in deep despairing.
Though to wed you must not tarry,
Gregory remember,
If a widow you should marry,
Life would be December.
Chill as the wind blowing,
E'en when winter's sun is glowing.
To her heart-stone she would carry
Nothing but an ember,
Woo a maiden young and slender,
One who will endeavour
Always to be kind and tender,
And deceive you never.
Clouds may be dark o'er you,
Warmer will her heart beat for you,
Like the summer sun in splendour,
Love will shine forever.

THE HAPPY PLOWMAN

(Swedish)

Near a home in a wood, with a horse very good,
A poor young farmer smiled as he stood,
Looking down at his plow, in his heart was a glow,
Then he sang as he plowed the row:
"Heigh-ho, my little buttercup!
We'll dance until the sun comes up!"
Thus he sang as he plowed, and he smiled as he sang,
While the woods and the welkin rang.
In the house near the wood, where the farmer stood,
There lived his help-mate, lovely and good,
As she cooked and she stirred, she was glad that she heard,
And she echoed every word:
"Heigh-ho, my little buttercup!
We'll dance until the sun comes up!"
Thus she sang as she stirred, and she smiled as she sang,
While the woods and welkin rang.

THE LORELEI

(German)

1. How strangely my heart is troubled,
My breath it almost fails:
A mem'ry now brings before me,
Age-long forgotten tales.
Comes evening on: day is dying,
And gently flows the Rhine,
Dark shadows fall, and veil the mountain,
The sun forgets to shine.
2. Upon a rock is sitting,
A maiden wond'rous fair,
Her robe with gold is gleaming,
She combs her golden hair;
She combs it with a golden comb,
And sings a magic tune,
As golden as the sunlight
And silver as the moon.
3. A sailor in a tiny shallop,
Bewilder'd, hears the lay,
Heeds not the jagged rock there,
But dreams his sense away.
Alas! His dream is shattered,
His earthly course is run,
Comes evening on: day is dying,
And gently flows the Rhine.

LET HIM GO, LET HIM TARRY

Let him go, let him tarry,
Let him sink or let him swim,
He doesn't care for me, and I don't care for him:
I'm the worker, he's the boss,
The Boss's day is done,
The workers' day is dawning like the rising of the sun.

THE MARINER

(Chilean)

A sailor's good ship I'm knowing, has no fear of sea, no
fear of sea.
But if wind perchance ablowing, should a tempest be, a
tempest be.
My gallant sailor, for love of heaven,
You must be rowing, you must be rowing; or else we drown;
My gallant sailor, for love of heaven,
You must be rowing, you must be rowing; or else we drown,
or else we drown.

OH, SUSANNA

(Folk Dance)

1. I came from Alabama with my banjo on my knee,
I'm going to Louisiana, my Susanna for to see.
It rain'd all day the night I left, the weather was so dry,
The sun so hot I froze myself; Susanna, don't you cry.

CHORUS:

Oh Susanna, don't you cry for me,
For I come from Alabama with my banjo on my knee.
2. I had a dream the other night, when ev'rything was still,
I thought I saw Susanna come asaunt'ring down the hill.
The red, red rose was in her hand, the tear was in her eye,
I said, "I come from Dixieland, Susanna, don't you cry."

Repeat Chorus.

PEACE I ASK OF THEE, O RIVER

(Ozark Hymn)

Peace, I ask of thee, O river, peace, peace, peace.
When I learn to live serenely, cares will cease.
From the hills I gather courage, visions of a day to be,
Strength to lead and faith to follow, all are given unto me;
Peace, I ask of thee, O river, peace, peace, peace.

MORNING COMES EARLY

(Czech.)

Morning comes early and bright with dew,
Under your window I sing to you;
Up then, my comrade, up then, my comrade,
Let us be greeting the morn so blue.
Repeat last two lines.

Why do you linger so long in bed?
Open your window and show your head;
Up then with singing, up then with singing,
Over the meadow the sun comes red.
Repeat last two lines.

NIGHT HERDING SONG

(Cowboy)

1. Go slow, little dogies, stop milling around,
For I'm tired of your roving all over the ground:
There's grass where you're feeding,
So feed kind o' slow
And you don't have forever to be on the go.
Move slow, little dogies, move slow;
Hi-o, hi-o, hi-o.
2. Lay down, little dogies, and when you've laid down,
You can stretch yourselves out, for there's plenty of
ground;
Stay put, little dogies, for I'm awful tired.
And if you get away I'm sure to be fired.
Lay down, little dogies, lay down;
Hi-o, hi-o, hi-o.

Note: A "dogie" is a young steer.

THE PEDLAR

(Russian)

Full to the brim is my fine korobushka, Packed with cotton,
silk and lace.
Glad am I to be young and lusty, Shoulders strong and
sturdy pace.
Glad am I to be young and lusty, Shoulders strong and
sturdy pace.
Hai da, hai da, hai da da da, Hai da, hai da, hai da da.
(Repeat)

Much have I paid, for the goods are costly, Bargain not nor
stingy,
See my dove all that I can offer, Closer come and sit by me.
See my dove all that I can offer, Closer come and sit by me.
Hai da, hai da, hai da da da, Hai da, hai da, hai da da.
(Repeat)

THE ROAD IS BRIGHT

(Russian)

1. Oh, the road is bright before us and the sky above,
And the flowers in the meadow wave to greet our love.
Do you ask how much I love you?
As the sky is high above you,
As the sea is wide and deep; that's how I love my love.
La, la, la—la, la, la—la, la, la—la, la, la.
Do you ask how much I love you?
As the sky is high above you,
As the sea is wide and deep; that's how I love my love.
2. So we raise our voices higher, till the mountains ring,
And birds in every valley celebrate the spring.
And so happy is our chorus,
For the road is bright before us,
It's the coming of the morning that we proudly sing.
La, la, la—la, la, la—la, la, la—la, la, la.
And so happy is our chorus,
For the road is bright before us,
It's the coming of the morning that we proudly sing.

SWANSEA TOWN

(Sea Shanty)

- Oh, farewell to you, my Nancy, ten thousand times adieu,
I'm bound to cross the ocean, girl, once more to part from you,
Once more to part from you, fine girl; you're the girl that I adore;
But still I live in hopes to see, Old Swansea Town once more.
Old Swansea Town once more, fine girl,
You're the girl that I adore,
But still I live in hopes to see
Old Swansea Town once more.
- Oh, it's now that I am out at sea, and you are far behind,
Kind letters I will write to you of the secrets of my mind.
The secrets of my mind, fine girl; you're the girl that I adore.
But still I live in hopes to see Old Swansea Town once more.
Old Swansea Town once more, fine girl,
You're the girl that I adore,
But still I live in hopes to see
Old Swansea Town once more.

SHOOT THE BUFFALO

(Community Dance)

1. Rise you up my dearest dear, and present to me your hand,
We are roaming in succession to some far and distant Land;
To some far and distant land, to some far and distant land,
We are roaming in succession to some far and distant land.
2. Where the hawk shot the buzzard, and the buzzard shot the crow,
We are roaming in succession to the Ohio,
To the Ohio, to the Ohio
We are roaming in succession to the Ohio.
3. Oh, the buffalo is dead, for we shot him in the head;
We will rally round the cranebrakes, and we'll shoot the buffalo,
And we'll shoot the buffalo, and we'll shoot the buffalo,
We will rally round the cranebrakes, and we'll shoot the buffalo,

SOURWOOD MOUNTAIN

(American)

Chicken crowing on Sourwood Mountain,
Hey di ing dang, diddle ally day,
So many pretty girls I can't count them,
Hey di ing dang, diddle ally day.
My true love she lives in Letcher,
Hey di ing dang, diddle ally day,
She won't come and I won't fetch her,
Hey di ing dang, diddle ally day.
My true love's a blue-eyed daisy,
If I don't get her I'll go crazy,
Big dog'll bark and little one'll bite you,
Big girl'll court and little one'll slight you.
My true love lives up the river,
A few more jumps and I'll be with her.
My true love lives in the hollow,
She won't come and I won't follow.

(Repeat between each line of the second and third verse the same as between the first verse; e.g., "Hey di ing dang, diddle ally day.")

STALK OF MAIZE**(Rumanian)**

1. Stalk of maize with leaves that rise, leaves that rise,
Fain I'd kiss thy sower's eyes,
He who sowed with oxen twain, oxen twain,
Both his eyes I'd kiss again!

CHORUS:

Tra la, la, la, la, la, la!
Tra la, tra la, la, la, la, la!

2. Stalk of maize, thou droopest low, droopest low,
I no more his kiss may know:
He has flown now from us two, from us two,
As the bird flies toward the blue.

Repeat Chorus.**SULIKO****(Russian Lullaby)**

1. Gently now the tender breezes blow,
Strong new tides are rising in the deep,
Golden stars shine softly from the dark, black sky,
Dreams are waiting, close your eyes in sleep.
2. Tender breezes soon become a wind,
The swirling tide with mighty force will rise,
Stormy clouds will cover up the pale, gold stars,
Dreams are waiting, close your tired eyes.
3. When morning comes, a fresh, warm breeze will blow,
The surging tide swirl softly in the deep,
Golden sun shine warmly on the whole wide world,
Close your eyes, my little one, and sleep.

VOSSEVANGEN**(Norwegian)**

1. 'Tis Vossevangen that I will choose,
And live among the hills of clover;
There all the boys wear their polished shoes,
With jacket buttons silvered over.
Be-ribboned girls dancing there are found,
Their braids are reaching almost to the ground,
Yes, it is true, when I tell you,
'Tis beautiful in Vossevangen.
2. Upon the hillside are berries sweet,
'Mid hazel brush, oaks and birches,
The little goats leap with nimble feet,
The river through the valley rush;
The smell of earth and the sigh of trees,
And songs of birds float upon the breeze;
Yes, it is true, when I tell you,
'Tis beautiful in Vossevangen.

TANCUJ**(Czech. Folk Dance)**

1. "Stamp and dance, be nimble and merry
But watch the stove, do try to be wary,
For you must know I have no warm bed,
And when it's cold I need it instead;"
Tra la la la, tra la la la, tra la la la, la la la, la la la.
2. "Sentry duty, midnight till morn,
Ragged, shiv'ring, why was I born?
Amid the rain I pace, keeping guard;
A soldier's life is weary and hard."
Tra la la la, etc.
3. "Tell me, Gypsy, have I a lover?
Oh, is there someone I can discover?"
" My pretty maid, cross my hand with gold,
Your future then, at once, I'll unfold."
Tra la la la, etc.
4. "Rise up, husband, why do you loll there?
You've done no work for many a long year!"
"Why should I work when life is so short?
This, old wife, is my final retort!"
Tra la la la, etc.

WATER BOY**(Negro Work Song)**

Water boy,
Where is yo' hidin',
If yo' donna come, gwinna tella your mammy.
There ain't no hamer, dat's onna dis mountain,
Dat ringa like mine, boys, dat ringa like mine,
Don bus' dis rock boys, from here to Macon,
All longa dis line, boys, alla longa dis line.
You Jack o' Diamons, you Jack o' Diamons,
I knows you of old, boys, I knows you of old.
You rob my pocket, yes roba my pocket,
Don' roba my pocket of a silver and gold.
Water boy,
Where is yo' hidin'?
If yo' donna come, gwinna tella your mammy.
Water boy, water boy.

WANDERIN'

(American)

1. My daddy is an engineer, my brother drives a hack,
My sister takes in washing, and the baby balls the jack,

CHORUS:

And it looks like I'm never gonna cease my wanderin'.

2. I been a-wanderin' early and late,
New York City to the Golden Gate,

Repeat Chorus.

3. Been a-workin' in the army, workin' on the farm,
All I got to show for it is the muscle in my arm,

Repeat Chorus.**WEGGIS SONG**

(Swiss)

1. From Lucerne to Weggis on,
Hol di ri di a, hol di ri a.
Care and labour now are gone,
Hol di ri di a, hol di ri a.

CHORUS:

Hol di ri di a, hol di ri di a, hol di ri a.
Hol di ri di a, hol di ri di a, hol di ri a.

2. O'er the mountain trail we go
Hol di ri di a, hol di ri a.
Lovely deep ravines below
Hol di ri di a, hol di a.

Repeat Chorus.

3. Weggis leads to a mountain high
Hol di ri di a, hol di ri a
Gaily sings as we go by
Hol di ri di a, hol di a.

BALLAD OF HARRY BRIDGES

(American)

1. Let me tell you of a sailor, Harry Bridges is his name,
An honest union leader that the bosses tried to frame:
He left home, in Australia, to sail the seas around,
He sailed across the ocean to land in 'Frisco Town.

CHORUS:

Oh, the F.B.I. is worried, the bosses they are scared,
They can't deport six million men they know;
And we're not agoin' to let them send Harry o'er the seas.
We'll fight for Harry Bridges and build the C.I.O.

2. There was only a Company Union, the bosses had their way,

A worker had to stand in line for a lousy dollar a day:
Then up spoke Harry Bridges, "Us workers gotta get wise,
Our wives and kids will starve to death if we don't get organised."

Repeat Chorus.**SONGS OF STRUGGLE****AGAINST THE STORM**

(Czech)

Bowing before the storm, Grasses and flowers sway,
Fearfully lose their form, Under the storm.
Proudly we stand erect, Facing the wind's array.
We'll never bend abject, Under the storm.
Blowing before the gale, Rubbish and papers scud.
Even the mud is swept, Down with the flood.
What though the tempest blow, We'll never move that

way.

Forward we'll always go into the storm.

Chorus:

We'll be marching, millions of us, Faces turned to the storm.
Step by step we'll push together, And we'll weather the storm.
When reaction moves to brake us, Tries to make us conform.
All our steps add up to millions, And we'll conquer the storm.

BANDIERA ROSSA

(Italy)

The people, on the march, the roads are treading,
That lead to freedom, that lead to freedom.
The hour of struggle's here, our courage needing,
Our banner leading to victory.

Chorus:

Raise then the scarlet flag triumphantly
(three times)
We fight for peace and progress and our liberty!
Avanti Populo, Alla riscossa,
Bandiera rossa, bandiera rossa,
Avanti populo, alla riscossa,
Bandiera rossa, Trionfera!

Chorus:

Bandiera rossa trionfera (three times)
Eviva socialismo e liberta!

LA CARMAGNOLE

1. In seventeen-eighty-nine or so
(It doesn't seem so long ago),
The serfs and sansculottes of France,
For once had cause to sing and dance;
They made themselves look fine
In seventeen-eighty-nine,
Dancing the Carmagnole,
With caps on their head
All vivid red,
Dancing the Carmagnole,
For joy that their serfdom was dead.
By nineteen-thirty-six they knew,
That there was more for them to do,
Than kill their nobles and their king,
For wasps may die but keep their sting;
And still republics breed
Starvation, war and greed;
Joining together in
A mightier song,
Ten million strong,
More like an army now,
The workers of France march along.
The ruling class might change its name
But still exploit them just the same,
With weapons deadlier than before,
The Fascist threat and fear of war;
Though life and peace are still
The people's only will;
Far in their blood they heard,
The singing and dance,
Workers of France,
Marching with all who willed,
That freedom and peace should advance.

UNION CARD

- (Tune: Hand Me Down My Walkin' Cane)
1. Oh, write me out my union card.
Oh, write me out my union card,
Oh, write me out my union card,
Organize, we'll all fight hard;
Time to fight those hunger blues away.
 2. So come with me on the picket line,
So come with me on the picket line,
So come with me on the picket line.
We'll stay there till the bosses sign,
Time to fight those hunger blues away.

CASEY JONES

(American Unionists' Song)

1. The workers on the S.P. line, to strike sent out a call,
But Casey Jones, the engineer, he wouldn't strike at all,
His boiler, it was leaking and its drivers on the bum,
And his engine and its bearings, they were all out of plumb.
Casey Jones kept his junk-pile running;
Casey Jones was working double time;
Casey Jones got a wooden medal
For being good and faithful on the S.P. line.
2. The workers said to Casey, "Won't you help us win this
strike?"
But Casey said, "Let me alone, you'd better take a hike."
Then Casey's wheezy engine ran right off that wheezy track,
And Casey hit the river with an awful whack.
Casey Jones hit the river bottom;
Casey Jones broke his bleeding spine;
Casey Jones was an angeleno,
Took a trip to heaven on the S.P. line.
3. When Casey Jones got up to heaven to the Pearly Gates,
He said, "I'm Casey Jones, the man who pulled the S.P.
freights."
"You're just the man," said Peter, "Our musicians are on
strike,
You can get a job a-scabbing any time you like."
Casey Jones got a job in heaven;
Casey Jones was doing mighty fine;
Casey Jones went scabbing on the angels,
Just like he did to workers on the S.P. line.
4. The angels got together and they said it wasn't fair,
For Casey Jones to go around a-scabbing everywhere;
The Angels' Union, No. 23, they sure were there,
And they promptly fired Casey down the Golden Stair.
Casey Jones went to hell a-flying;
"Casey Jones!" the Devil said, "Oh, fine!
Casey Jones, get busy shovellin' sulphur,
That's what you get for scabbin' on the S.P. line!"

THE FOUR GENERALS

(The four Fascist Generals referred to are Sanjurjo, Mola, Goded and Franco.)

The four insurgent generals,
The four insurgent generals,
The four insurgent generals,
Mamita mia,
They tried to betray us,
They tried to betray us.
At Christmas, holy evening,
They all will be hanging.
Madrid, you wondrous city,
They wanted to take you.
But your courageous children,
They did not disgrace you.
And all your tears of sorrow,
We shall avenge them.
And all your age-old bondage,
We'll break it asunder.

(Tune: Spanish folksong)

GO DOWN, MOSES

(Negro)

When Israel was in Egypt's land,
Let my people go;
Oppress'd so hard they could not stand,
Let my people go.

Chorus:

Go down, Moses,
Way down in Egypt land,
Tell old Pharaoh,
Let my people go.
Thus saith the Lord, bold Moses said,
Let my people go;
If not I'll smite your first-born dead,
Let my people go.
No more shall they in bondage toil,
Let my people go;
Let them come out with Egypt's spoil,
Let my people go.

HAIL! SLAVS.

(Yugoslav)

1. Slavs and comrades now we hail you
In the name of freedom;
Still the spirit of our fathers,
Lives and fights among us.

CHORUS:

Still that spirit lives within us,
Deathless our endeavour,
All in vain destruction threatens,
Firm we stand for ever.

2. Proudly still we stand unflinching,
In the battle-thunder,
God is with us—all against us,
We shall break asunder.

Repeat Chorus.

HIMNO DE RIEGO

(Spanish)

1. Oh, joyous and fearless, audacious, invincible,
Come, sing with us, Comrades,
Our mighty battle song,
Forever remembered, adored by the masses,
You brave sons of the workers and peasants of Spain.

CHORUS:

It is for our people, for Spain, we must unite,
For victory and freedom, we'll win or die in the fight.

2. Alive is the glory, of those who have struggled,
The whole world remembers their part in the strife;
Riego, Riego, we sing of your victory,
In the cause of the people you laid down your life.

Repeat Chorus.

PARTISAN SONG

(French)

1. Ami entends-tu le vol noir des corbeaux, sur nos plaines,
Ami entends-tu ces cris sourds du pays qu'on enchaîne;
Ohé partisans, ouvriers et paysans, c'est l'alarme,
Ce noir l'ennemi connaîtra le prix du sang et des larmes.
2. Montez de la mine; descendez des collines, Camarades,
Sortez de la paille, les fusils, la mitraille, les grenades;
Ohé les tueurs, a la balle et au couteau, Tuez vite,
Ohé saboteurs attention à ton fardeau dynamite.
3. Ami entends-tu ces cris sourds du pays qu'on enchaîne,
Ami entends-tu le vol noir des corbeaux, sur nos plaines,
Oh oh oh oh oh oh oh oh oh oh oh oh oh oh oh oh oh.

THE INTERNATIONALE

Arise, ye workers from your slumbers,
Arise, ye prisoners of want;
For reason in revolt now thunders,
And at last ends the age of cant.
Now away with all superstitions,
Servile masses, arise! arise!
We'll change henceforth the old conditions
And scorn the dust to win the prize.

Then, comrades, come, rally!
And the last fight let us face,
The International
Unites the human race.

We peasants, artisans and others
Enrolled among the sons of toil,
We'll claim henceforth the earth as brothers,
Drive the indolent from the soil!
On our flesh too long has fed the raven,
We've too long been the vulture's prey,
But now farewell the spirit craven,
The dawn brings in a brighter day.

JOE HILL

I dreamt I saw Joe Hill last night,
Alive as you or me.
"But Joe," said I, "You're ten years dead,"
"I never died," said he.
"The cartel bosses killed you, Joe,
They shot you, Joe," said I;
"Takes more than guns to kill a man,"
Said Joe, "I didn't die."
And standing there as large as life,
And smiling with his eyes,
"The part of me they could not kill
Goes on to organise."
"Joe Hill ain't dead," he says to me,
"Joe Hill ain't never died,
Where working men are out on strike,
Joe Hill is at their side."
From San Diego up to Maine,
In every mine and mill,
Where working men defend their rights,
That's where you'll find Joe Hill.

(Ireland)

KEVIN BARRY

Early on a Sunday morning, High upon the gallows tree,
Kevin Barry gave his young life, For the cause of liberty.
Only a lad of eighteen summers, Still there's no one can
deny,
That he walked to death that morning, Nobly held his
head up high.

Chorus:

Shoot me like an Irish soldier, Do not hang me like a
dog,
For I fought for Ireland's freedom, In that dark Sep-
tember fog.
All around that little bak'ry, Where we fought the Black
and Tans,
Shoot me like an Irish soldier, For I fought to free
Ireland.
On that morning that they left him, Down there in his
lonely cell,
British soldiers tortured Barry, Just because he would not
tell
Them the names of his brave comrades. And the things
they wished to know.
"Turn informer and we'll free you." Proudly Barry
answered "No."

(Repeat Chorus)

YUGO-SLAV YOUTH RAILWAY SONG

1. Samac Sarajevo, to je nasa meta
Izgraditi prugu, jos ovoga leta.

CHORUS:

Jedan dva, jedan dva
Omladina titova,
Kre ce na rad,
Sad je obnova.

Sing twice.

2. Sa rada se v racamo, vedra cela smeli,
Omladinci titovi, mladi proleterii.
Repeat Chorus.
3. Beograd je srediste, radnih kolektiva.
A pruga je popriste, Radnih ofanziva.
Repeat Chorus.

MARCH OF DEMOCRATIC YOUTH (Song of W.F.D.Y.)

1. One great vision unites us, though remote be the lands
of our birth;
Foes may threaten and smite us, still we live to bring
peace to the earth.
Every country and nation stirs with youth's inspiration,
Young folks singing, happiness bringing,
Friendship to all the world.

CHORUS:

- Everywhere the youth is singing freedom's song, freedom's
song, freedom's song;
We rejoice to show the world that we are strong, we are
strong, we are strong;
We are the youth, and the world acclaims our song of
truth;
Everywhere the youth is singing freedom's song, freedom's
song, freedom's song.
2. Solemnly our young voices take the vow to be true to our
cause,
We are proud of our choices, we are serving humanity's
laws;
Still the forces of evil lead the world to upheaval,
Down with their lying! End useless dying!
Live for a happy world.

Repeat Chorus.

THE MARSELLAISE

(France)

Arise, to arms, ye sons of liberty!
The day of glory greets the world,
See the tyrants' standard confronts us;
High the blood-stained flag is unfurled.
High the blood-stained flag is unfurled.
The distant fields echo with soldiers—
Loud thunders the sound of their guns—
They come to strike us down defenceless,
To destroy our brothers and our sons.

Chorus:

To arms, ye sons of France,
To arms, your ranks advance!
March on, march on,
Serfdom is past,
Set free the world at last!
(Repeat Chorus)

MEN OF THE TROJAN HORSE (Dutch)

1. Dragged here like slaves, and forced to dig our graves,
We fight the men who sold us;
From our wooden horse of Troy we shall spring out and
destroy,
Ev'ry stone of the prisons where they hold us.
2. Dutchman and Dane, from mountain and from plain,
We'll fight till our wrongs are righted:
Italian or Greek, whatever tongue we speak,
Our ten million heartbeats are united.
3. Chains and barbwire can't cripple our desire,
And torture cannot tame us;
We'll reach for our sword,
Which too long has been stored,
And the deeds of our comrades shall inflame us!
4. Dragged here as slaves, we'll dig the Fascists' graves,
We'll kill the men who sold us;
From our wooden horse of Troy we'll leap out and destroy
Ev'ry stone of the prisons where they hold us.

PEAT BOG SOLDIERS

(German Anti-Fascist)

Far and wide as the eye can wander,
Peat and bog are everywhere;
Not a bird sings out to cheer us,
Oaks are standing gaunt and bare.

Chorus:

We are the peat bog soldiers,
We're marching with our spades, to the bog.
Up and down the guards are pacing,
No one, no one can go through.
Flight would mean a sure death facing,
Guns and barb-wire greet our view.
(Repeat Chorus)

But for us there is no complaining,
Winter will in time be past,
One day we shall cry rejoicing,
"Homeland dear, you're mine at last."

Chorus:

Then will the peat bog soldiers,
March no more with their spades to the bog.

PICKET SONG

(American)

1. Oh, you take a sign and you get on line,
And you hike and hike and you hike,
And you tell the boss till your voice is hoarse,
That you're picketing, you're on strike.

CHORUS:

Now collective bargaining's the way,
And we certainly are for it—
But when we asked for his O.K.
The boss seemed to abhor it.
So you take a sign and you get on a line
And you hike and hike and you hike—
And you tell the boss he's gotta come across.
'Cause you're picketing, you're on strike.

2. If a passer-by seems to wonder why,
Ev'rybody's standing out front,
You can tell them that there's an old high hat,
Who won't give you the things you want.

Repeat Chorus.

SALUTE TO LIFE

(By Shostakovitch)

The voice of the city is sleepless,
The factories thunder and beat;
How bitter the wind and relentless,
That echoes our shuffling feet.

Chorus:

Yet comrades, face the wind, salute
The rising sun;
Our Country turns towards the dawn,
New life's begun!
For the wind has a breath of the morning;
Then meet it with banners unfurled,
Let joy be your clarion, comrade,
We'll march in the dawn of the world.

(Repeat Chorus)

Salute to the soldiers of freedom,
To comrades whose burden we share;
Divide with them sorrow and gladness,
Our labours, our plans and our cares.

(Repeat Chorus)

Triumphant and singing in triumph,
Advances the army of youth;
For this is the new generation,
Re-born in the battle for truth.

(Repeat Chorus)

SOLIDARITY FOR EVER

(Tune: "John Brown")

When the Union's inspiration thro' the workers' blood has
run,
There can be no power greater anywhere beneath the sun;
Yet what force on earth is weaker than the feeble strength
of one?

But the Union makes us strong.

Chorus:

Solidarity for ever,
Solidarity for ever,
Solidarity for ever,
For the Union makes us strong.

It is we who ploughed the prairies, built the cities where
they trade,
Dug the mines and built the workshops, endless miles of
railway laid;
Now we stand, outcast and starving, 'mid the wonders we
have made;

But the Union makes us strong.

(Repeat Chorus)

In our hands is placed a power greater than their hoarded
gold,
Greater than the might of armies magnified a thousand fold;
We can bring to birth the new world from the ashes of the
old,
For the Union makes us strong.

(Repeat Chorus)

WE'RE WORKING CLASS YOUTH

We're working class youth, we bear high with pride,
Eureka's flag of blue,
For our fathers fought for Freedom's Cause,
To this we will be true.

Chorus:

And so we're marching the highway of progress,
A young determined band;
And together with us the whole world o'er,
Are the youth of every land.
We work for a life, free from want and strife,
And insecurity;
And we swear by the stars of the Southern Cross
That soon this day will be.

Chorus: Repeat as above.

SOVIET LAND

(Soviet Union)

Chorus:

Soviet land, so dear to every toiler,
Peace and progress build their hope on thee;
There's no other land the whole world over,
Where Man walks the earth so proud and free!
From great Moscow to the farthest border,
From the Arctic seas to Samarkand,
Everywhere Man proudly walks as master
Of his own unbounded fatherland.
Everywhere life courses freely, boldly,
As the Volga's ample waters flow;
To our youth now every door is open,
Everywhere our old with honour go.
(Repeat Chorus)

Fruitful fields where once were barren patches,
Where was wasteland thriving cities hum;
On all tongues the proudest word is "comrade,"
With it we all barriers overcome.
With this word throughout our mighty Union
All our peoples flourish free from strife,
Side by side the Russian, Jew and Tartar,
Build in peace a richer, better life.
(Repeat Chorus)

TARRIER'S SONG

(American)

Every morning at seven o'clock, There were twenty tarriers
aworkin' at the rock,
And the boss comes along and he says, "Kape still, and
come down heavy on the cast iron drill."

Chorus:

And drill, ye tarriers drill, Drill, ye tarriers drill
It's work all day for the sugar in your tay, Down behind
the railway,
And drill, ye tarriers drill, and blast! and fire!
The new foreman was Jean McGann, By God, he was a
blame mean man,
Past week a premature blast went off, And a mile in the air
went big Jim Goff.

Repeat Chorus.

When next pay day came around, Jim Goff a dollar short
was found,

When he asked "What fer?" came this reply, "You're docked
fer the time you were up in the sky."

Repeat Chorus.

THE UNION WAY

(Tune: Little Brown Jug)

1. My wife and I, we lived alone,
In a broken-down shack that we called home;
But since my plant got organized,
We're living much more civilized.

CHORUS:

Oh, ho, ho, you and me,
Union buttons, how I love thee:
Shorter hours, and higher pay,
A better life the union way.

2. My wife and I love bread and meat,
But we never got enough to eat:
Now since the union came to stay,
We're eating three square meals a day.
Repeat Chorus.
3. I used to work both night and day,
And never had no time to play:
But now I quit before it's dark,
And take my wife to Ocean Park.
Repeat Chorus.
4. My wife and I, we wore the clothes,
That we had worn since goodness knows;
But since the union came around,
We ain't ashamed to go to town.
Repeat Chorus.
5. My wife and I are proud as can be,
'Cause she and I will soon be three;
The union fixed it so that we,
Can go and have a family.

SONG OF AUSTRALIA

1. There is a land where summer skies,
Are gleaming with a thousand dyes,
Blending in witching harmonies, in harmonies;
And grassy knoll and forest height
Are flushing in the rosy light,
And all above in azure bright,
Australia, Australia, Australia.
2. There is a land where treasures shine,
Deep in the dark, unfathomed mine,
For worshippers at Mammon's shrine, at Mammon's
shrine,
Where gold lies hid and rubies gleam,
And fabled wealth no more doth seem
The idle fancy of a dream,
Australia, Australia, Australia.

WALTZING MATILDA

(Australia)

Once a jolly swagman camped by a billabong
Under the shade of a coolibah tree;
And he sang as he watched and waited till his billy boiled:
You'll come a-waltzing matilda with me.

Waltzing matilda, waltzing matilda,
You'll come a-waltzing matilda with me.
And he sang as he watched and waited till his billy boiled:
You'll come a-waltzing matilda with me.

Down came a jumbuck to drink at the billabong;
Up jumped the swagman and grabbed him with glee;
And he sang as he shoved that jumbuck in his tucker-bag:
You'll come a-waltzing matilda with me.

Waltzing matilda, waltzing matilda,
You'll come a-waltzing matilda with me.
And he sang as he shoved that jumbuck in his tucker-bag:
You'll come a-waltzing matilda with me.

Down came the squatter, mounted on his thoroughbred.
Up came the troopers, one, two, three,
Where's that jolly jumbuck you got in your tucker-bag?
You'll come a-waltzing matilda with me.

Waltzing matilda, waltzing matilda,
You'll come a-waltzing matilda with me.
Where's that jolly jumbuck you got in your tucker-bag?
You'll come a-waltzing matilda with me.

Up jumped the swagman, jumped into the billabong,
You'll never catch me alive, said he.
(slowly) And his ghost may be heard as you pass by that
billabong:
You'll come a-waltzing matilda with me.

Waltzing matilda, waltzing matilda,
You'll come a-waltzing matilda with me.
(slowly) And his ghost may be heard as you pass by that
billabong:
You'll come a-waltzing matilda with me.