

REBEL SONGS

A.S.L.F. SONG BOOK



Rebel Songs

•
Song Book of the
Australian Student
Labour Federation.

Bob Turner

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1953

Printed by Newsletter Printery, 21 Ross Street, Forest Lodge.

This song book is dedicated to the memory of
Noel Ebbels,

*General Secretary, National Union of Australian University
Students, 1948; Secretary, International Union of Students, 1950-
1951; President, Australian Student Labour Federation, 1951.*

FOREWORD

In presenting this second edition of Rebel Songs the best known of all Australian student song books—the executive of the Australian Student Labour Federation wishes to acknowledge the efforts of those who participated in making the first edition a success.

It can be said with certainty that the first edition of Rebel Songs helped in a material way to build and strengthen A.S.L.F. in the post-war days. In addition the ideas embodied in the songs were spread amongst a far wider circle than would have otherwise been the case.

Socialist student organisation is today extending to new groups of students particularly in the Technical Colleges and Teachers' Colleges. A new version of the Federation song book should assist to further unite the membership around the objectives of the A.S.L.F.—improved student conditions, national freedom, world peace and Socialism.

We trust this second edition fulfils the hopes of all those who have only heard about the success of the first edition and that through singing these songs something of the tradition of the international labour movement is absorbed. If this is the effect, this edition will have achieved its purpose.

Finally, a word about the dedication. Noel Ebbels was an outstanding member of A.S.L.F. and President at the time of his accidental death in February, 1952.

After a distinguished record in the Australian student movement he was the first Australian student elected as secretary of the International Union of Students.

Noel understood the significance of songs and he loved to sing them. In dedicating this edition of Rebel Songs to his memory A.S.L.F. makes some small recognition of the unique contribution he made to building the Federation. We feel sure that this action will be endorsed because it remains true today that everywhere in the student movement the name of Noel Ebbels is held in the highest esteem by students of all opinions and all ranks.

ROGER COATES,

National Secretary A.S.L.F.

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SONG OF THE INTERNATIONAL UNION OF STUDENTS

L. Oschanin.

V. Muradeli.

To all the lands and to every nation,
To our young comrades our student song flies—
We'll not allow a new world conflagration
To cloud the sun and the peaceful, blue skies.

We are not few,
Friends brave and true,
Stronger our will than the bomb and cannon, too!
We march along,
Singing our song,
Our hearts and souls
To the cause of peace belong.
We march along,
Trusting and strong,
Knowing that truth will prevail o'er wrong!

You who are seeking for knowledge untiring
Know how much effort and courage this needs!
When human knowledge to Peace is aspiring,
Science the people to happiness leads.

Well we remember the battles that made us
Friends to the last and to union gave birth.
This of all tests is the hardest and greatest—
Fight, students, fight for the peace of the earth.

LA MARSEILLAISE

Words and Music: Rouget de l'Isle.

Allons enfants de la Patrie,
Le jour de gloire est arrive.
Contre nous de la tyrannie,
L'etandard sanglant est leve,
L'etandard sanglant est leve!
Entendez-vous dans les campagnes?
Mugir ces feroces soldats.
Ils viennent jusque dans nos bras,
Egorger vos fils, vos compagne.
Aux armes, citoyens!
Formez vos bataillons!
Marchons! Marchons!
Qu'un sang impur
Abreuve nos sillons!

MARCH OF DEMOCRATIC YOUTH

L. Oschanin.

A. Novikov.

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 are singing
Happiness bringing
Friendship to all the world.

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.

We remember the battle,
And the heroes who fell on the field.
Sacred blood running crimson
Our invincible friendship has sealed.
All who cherish the vision
Make the final decision,
Struggle for justice, peace and goodwill
For peoples throughout the world.

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.

MERRY YOUTH SONG

Our spirits rise with the lilt of our singing,
And all who hear it are cheered on their way,
Through field and village our voices go ringing,
And in the towns they are singing it today.
Our song will help us to build and to play our part,
And it will cheer our advance like a friend,
For he who marches with us in the vanguard,
Is sure to conquer and triumph in the end.

WE'RE FOR PEACE!

S. Tulikov.

A. Zharov.

Let the peoples all,
Sound the clarion call:
Join the fight for peace!
We shall stand as one
Till our cause is won:
War and strife must cease!

**We're for peace! our message winging
O'er the earth will set all singing,
Ringing forth in a chorus none shall still:
Unite, and fight for peace!**
We shall save the world from ravage,
We shall brave the war-hounds savage,
Firm our purpose, adamant our will!

Heed the clear command:
Forward hand in hand,
Bound by friendship's ties.
Fell the vicious foe,
Leave him lying low,
Nevermore to rise!

THE INTERNATIONALE

Pottier.

Degeyter.

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 your 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 Internationale
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.

The anthem of the international working class movement, and the national anthem of the U.S.S.R. from the October Revolution until 1940. Pottier, its author, was of working class origin, an executive member of the Paris section of the First Internationale, and a Communeard. He wrote the song in 1871, when in hiding after the fall of the Paris Commune.

THE RED FLAG

James Connell.

German folk air: Der Tannenbaum.

The people's flag is deepest red;
It shrouded oft our martyred dead.
And ere their limbs grew stiff and cold,
Their life's blood died its every fold.

Then raise the scarlet standard high!
Within its shade we'll live or die!
Though cowards flinch and traitors sneer,
We'll keep the red flag flying here.

It waved above our infant might
When all ahead seemed dark as night;
It witnessed many a deed and vow,
We must not change its colour now.

It well recalls the triumphs past,
It gives the hope of peace at last;
The banner bright, the symbol plain,
Of human right and human gain.

With heads uncovered swear we all
To bear it onward till we fall;
Come dungeon dark or gallows grim,
This song shall be our parting hymn.

Written at the time of the great British Dockers' strike of 1889.
(Australian workers contributed £30,000 to the strike fund.) Connell
intended the song to be sung to a version of the lively air, The White
Cockade, which he remembered from his childhood.

CHEE LAI

Original words: T'ien Han.

English: Liu Liang Mo.

Nieh Erh.

Arise, you who refuse to be bond slaves!
Let's stand up and fight for
Liberty and true democracy!
All our world is facing
The chains of the tyrants.
Everyone who works for freedom now is crying,
Arise! Arise! Arise!
All of us, with one heart,
With the torch of freedom,
March on! March on!
March on and on!

Chee Lai was written in 1933, following the Japanese invasion of
Manchuria. It was taken up by the Eighth Route Army and the Chinese
people, and has now become the National Anthem of the People's Republic
of China.

SOLIDARITY FOR EVER

Air: John Brown's Body.

When the Union's inspiration through the workers' blood shall
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.

Solidarity for ever!
Solidarity for ever!
Solidarity for ever!
For the Union makes us strong!

Is there aught we hold in common with the greedy parasite
Who would lash us into serfdom and would crush us with his
might?

Is there anything left for us but to organise and fight?
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 rail-
road laid.

Now we stand, outcast and starving, 'mid the wonders we have
made;

But the Union makes us strong!

All the world that's owned by idle drones is ours and ours alone;
We have laid the wide foundations, built it skyward stone by
stone.

It is ours, not to slave in, but to master and to own,
While the Union makes us strong.

They have taken untold millions that they never toiled to earn,
But without our brain and muscle not a single wheel can turn,
We can break their haughty power, gain our freedom when we
learn

That the Union makes us strong!

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

WOBBLY DOXOLOGY.

Praise Boss when morning work-bells chime,
Praise Him for chunks of overtime,
Praise Him whose bloody wars we fight,
Praise Fat the Leech and Parasite . . . Aw Hell!

Bill Casey.

PRICES RISE

Air: Three Blind Mice.

Prices rise,
Prices rise,
Prices rise.

See how they mount,
See how they mount,
See how they mount.
They've raised the price of your daily bread,
And given you cruisers and guns instead,
For they know it won't trouble you if you're dead
That prices rise.

BALLAD OF EUREKA

H. G. Palmer.

D. M. Jacobs.

They're leaving ship and station,
They're leaving bench and fold,
And pouring out from Melbourne
To join the search for gold.
The face of town and country
Is changing ev'ry day,
But rulers keep on ruling
The old colonial way.

"How can we work the diggings
And learn how fortune feels
If all the traps forever
Are yelping at our heels?"
"If you've enough," says Lalor,
"Of all their little games,
Then go and get your licence
And throw it on the flames!"

"The law is out to get us
And make us bow in fear.
They call us foreign rebels
Who'd plant the Charter here!"
"They may be right," says Lalor,
"But if they show their braid,
We'll stand our ground and hold it
Behind a bush stockade!"

It's down with pick and shovel,
A rifle's needed now;
They come to raise a standard,
They come to make a vow.
There's not a flag in Europe
More lovely to behold,
Than floats above Eureka
Where diggers work the gold.

"There's not a flag in Europe
More lovely to the eye,
Than is the blue and silver
Against a southern sky.
Here in the name of freedom,
Whatever be our loss,
We swear to stand together
Beneath the Southern Cross."

It is a Sunday morning,
The miners' camp is still;
Two hundred flashing redcoats
Come marching to the hill.
Come marching up the gully,
With muskets firing low;
And diggers wake from dreaming
To hear the bugle blow.

The wounded and the dying
Lie silent in the sun,
But change will not be halted
By any redcoat's gun.
There's not a flag in Europe
More rousing to the will
Than the flag of stars that flutters
Above Eureka's Hill.

THE OVERLANDER

Folk song.

There's a trade you all know well,
It's bringing cattle over.
On every track to the Gulf and back
They know the Queensland drover.

Pass the billy round, my boys,
Don't let the pint pots stand there,
For to-night we'll drink the health
Of every overlander.

I come from northern plains,
Where grass and girls are scanty,
Where the creeks run dry or ten foot high,
And it's either drought or plenty.

A girl in Sydney town,
She says, Don't leave me lonely.
I says, It's sad, but my old prad
Has room for one man only.

And now we're jogging back,
This old nag she's a goer.
We'll pick up a job with a crawling mob
Somewhere in the Maranoa.

BOTANY BAY

Farewell to Old England for ever,
Farewell to my rum culls as well,
Farewell to the well-known Old Bailey,
Where I used for to cut such a swell.

Sing tooral, looral, laddity,
Singing tooral, looral, liay,
Singing tooral, looral, laddity,
Singing tooral, looral, liay.

There's the captain as is our commandier,
There's the bosun and all the ship's crew,
There's the first and the second class passengers,
Knows what we poor convicts goes through.

'Taint leaving Old England we cares about,
'Taint cos we misspells wot we knows,
But becos all we light fingered gentry,
Hops around with a log on our toes.

Oh, had I the wings of a turtle-dove!
I'd soar on my pinions so high;
Slap bang to the arms of my Polly love,
And in her sweet presence I'd die.

Now all my young Dookies and Duchesses,
Take warning from what I've to say:
Mind all is your own as you toucheses,
Or you'll find us in Botany Bay.

BUMP ME INTO PARLIAMENT

Bill Casey.

Air: Yankee Doodle.

Come listen, all kind friends of mine,
I want to move a motion,
To make an eldorado here,
I've got a bonzer notion.

**Bump me into Parliament,
Bounce me any wa—y.
Bang me into Parliament,
On next election day.**

Some very wealthy friends I know
Declare I am most clever,
While some may talk for an hour or so,
Why, I can talk for ever.

I know the Arbitration Act
As a sailor knows his "riggins,"
So if you want a small advance
I'll talk to Justice Higgins.

Oh yes, I am a Labour man,
And believe in revolution;
The quickest way to bring them on
Is talking constitution.

I've read my library ten times through,
And wisdom justifies me.
The man who does not vote for me,
By Cripes he crucifies me.

**So bump 'em into Parliament,
Bounce 'em any way;
Bang 'em into Parliament,
Don't let the Court decay.**

An Australian I.W.W. satire on self-seeking politicians, written by "Casey, of the One Big Union League, Melbourne"—that is, Bill Casey, later secretary of the Queensland branch of the Australian Seamen's Union. This song achieved world popularity.

BALLAD OF 1891

H. G. Palmer.

D. M. Jacobs.

The price of wool was falling
In eighteen ninety one;
The men who owned the acres
Saw something must be done:
We will break the shearers' union
And show we're masters still;
And they'll take the terms we give them
Or we'll find the men who will!

From Clermont to Barcaldine
The shearers' camps were full,
Ten thousand blades were ready
To strip the greasy wool,
When through the west like thunder
Rang out the union's call:
The sheds'll be shore union
Or they won't be shore at all!

O Billy Lane was with them,
His words were like a flame.
The flag of blue above them,
They spoke Eureka's name.
To-morrow, said the squatters,
You'll find it does not pay.
We're bringing up free labourers
To get the clip away.

To-morrow, said the shearers,
They may not be so keen.
We can mount three thousand horsemen
To show them what we mean.
Then we'll pack the west with troopers
From Bourke to Charters Towers,
You can have your fill of speeches,
But the final strength is ours.

Be damned to your six-shooters,
Your troopers and police;
The sheep are growing heavy,
The burr is in the fleece!
Then if Nordenfeldt and Gatling
Won't bring you to your knees
We'll find a law, the squatters said,
That's made for times like these.

To trial at Rockhampton
The fourteen men were brought;
The judge had got his orders,
The squatters owned the court.
But for every one was sentenced
A thousand won't forget
Where they gaol a man for striking
It's a rich man's country yet.

THE WILD COLONIAL BOY

'Tis of a wild colonial boy, Jack Doolan was his name,
Of poor but honest parents he was born in Castlemaine.
He was his father's only hope, his mother's only joy,
And dearly did his parents love the wild colonial boy.

Come, all my hearties, we'll roam the mountains high,
Together we will plunder, together we will die.
We'll wander over valleys and gallop over plains,
For we scorn to live in slavery, bound down with iron chains.

He was scarcely sixteen years of age when he left his father's
home,
And through Australia's sunny clime a bushranger did roam.
He robbed those wealthy squatters, their stock he did destroy,
And a terror to Australia was the wild colonial boy.

In '61 this daring youth commenced his wild career,
With a heart that knew no danger, no foeman did he fear.
He stuck up the Beechworth mail coach, and robbed Judge
McEvoy,
Who trembled and gave up his gold to the wild colonial boy.

He bade the judge good morning, and told him to beware,
That he'd never rob a hearty chap that acted on the square;
And never to rob a mother of her only son and joy,
Or else he might turn outlaw like the wild colonial boy.

One day as he was riding the mountain side along,
A-listening to the little birds, their pleasant laughing song,
Three mounted troopers rode along, Kelly, Davis and Fitzroy,
They thought that they would capture him, the wild colonial
boy.

Surrender now, Jack Doolan, you see there's three to one,
Surrender now, Jack Doolan, you daring highwayman!
He drew a pistol from his belt and shook the little toy:
I'll fight but not surrender, said the wild colonial boy.

He fired at Trooper Kelly and brought him to the ground,
And in return from Davis received a mortal wound.
All shattered through the jaw he lay, still firing at Fitzroy,
And that's the way they captured him, the wild colonial boy.

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.

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.

A song of the Eureka Youth League.

MORNING COMES EARLY

Czech folk song.

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

Why do you linger so long in bed?
Open your window to show your head,
Up then with singing, up then with singing,
Over the meadow the sun comes red.
Up then with singing, up then with singing,
Over the meadow the sun comes red.

FREEDOM ON THE WALLABY

Henry Lawson.

D. M. Jacobs.

Australia's a big country,
And Freedom's humping bluey,
And Freedom's on the wallaby,
Oh, don't you hear her cooee?
She's just begun to boomerang,
She'll knock the tyrants silly.
She's going to light another fire
And boil another billy.

Our fathers toiled for bitter bread,
While loafers thrived beside 'em,
But food to eat, and clothes to wear
Their native land denied 'em.
And so they left their native land
In spite of their devotion,
And so they came, or if they stole
Were sent across the ocean.

When freedom couldn't stand the glare
Of royalty's regalia
She left the loafers where they were
And came out to Australia.
But now across the mighty main
The chains have come to bind her.
She little thought to see again
The wrongs she'd left behind her.

So we must fly a rebel flag
As others did before us,
And we must sing a rebel song
And join in rebel chorus.
We'll make the tyrants feel the sting
Of those that they would throttle:
They needn't say the fault is ours
If blood should stain the wattle.

YOUTH

We are young and the girls of our village
Are as bright as the stars up above;
You can study your Marx and your Lenin
And still sigh in the springtime for love.
Can it be as you say—
Work so hard, yet be gay,
Wear a smile that's an eye-full to see.
We're in tune with the spring,
All the world seems to sing
In our country so young and so free.

BANKS OF THE CONDAMINE

Folk song.

Oh, hark the dogs are barking, love,
I can no longer stay;
The men are all gone mustering
And it is nearly day.
And I must be off by the morning light,
Before the sun does shine,
To meet the Sydney shearers
On the banks of the Condamine.

Oh Willie, dearest Willie,
I'll go along with you,
I'll cut off all my auburn fringe
And be a shearer, too.
I'll cook and count your tally, love,
While ringer-o you shine,
And I'll wash your greasy moleskins
On the banks of the Condamine.

Oh Nancy, dearest Nancy,
With me you cannot go,
The squatters have given orders, love,
No woman should do so;
Your delicate constitution
Is not equal unto mine,
To stand the constant tigersing
On the banks of the Condamine.

Oh Willie, dearest Willie,
Then stay back home with me,
We'll take up a selection
And a farmer's wife I'll be:
I'll help you husk the corn, love,
And cook your meals so fine
You'll forget the ramstag mutton
On the banks of the Condamine.

Oh Nancy, dearest Nancy,
Please do not hold me back,
Down there the boys are waiting,
And I must be on the track;
So here's a good-bye kiss, love,
Back home here I'll incline,
When we've shore the last of the jumbucks
On the banks of the Condamine.

The Banks of the Condamine was a great favourite in the bush, in the nineties and thereabouts, sung back and forwards between a man and a girl. It comes of a long line of British folk songs where a girl begs to follow her lover, usually to sea or to the wars.

THE ROAD TO GUNDAGAI

Folk song.

Oh, we started down from Roto
When the sheds had all cut out,
We'd whips and whips of rhino
That we meant to push about;
So we humped our blues serenely
And made for Sydney town,
With a three spot cheque between us
That wanted knocking down.

But we camped at Lazy Harry's
On the road to Gundagai,
The road to Gundagai!
Five miles from Gundagai!
But we camped at Lazy Harry's,
On the road to Gundagai.

Oh, we chucked our bloomin' swags off
And we walked into the bar,
And we called for rum and raspberry
And a shillin' each cigar;
But the girl who served the poison,
She winked at Bill and I,
And we camped at Lazy Harry's,
Not five miles from Gundagai.

Oh, I've seen a lot of girls, mates,
And drunk a lot of beer,
And I've met with some of both, mates,
That has left me mighty queer.
But for beer to knock you sideways,
And girls to make you sigh,
You must camp at Lazy Harry's,
On the road to Gundagai.

In a week the spree was over
And the cheque was all knocked down,
So we shouldered our matildas
And we turned our backs on town;
And the girls they stood a nobbler
As we sadly said good-bye,
And we tramped from Lazy Harry's
On the road to Gundagai.

THE DEATH OF NED KELLY

John Manifold.

Folk air.

Ned Kelly fought the rich men in country and in town,
Ned Kelly fought the troopers until they ran him down;
He thought that he had fooled them for he was hard to find,
But he rode into Glenrowan with the troopers close behind.

Come out of that, Ned Kelly, the head zarucker calls,
Come out and leave your shelter, or we'll shoot it full of holes.
If you'd take me, says Kelly, that's not the speech to use;
I've lived to spite your order, I'll die the way I choose.

Come out of that, Ned Kelly, you done a lawless thing;
You robbed and fought the squatters, Ned Kelly, you must swing.

If those who rob, says Kelly, are all condemned to die,
You had better hang the squatters; they've stolen more than I.
You'd best come out, Ned Kelly, you done the government wrong,

For you held up the coaches that bring the gold along.
Go tell your boss, says Kelly, who lets the rich go free,
That your bloody rich man's government will never govern me.

You talk all right, Ned Kelly, your tongue is slick, I own;
But I have men to help me and you are all alone.
They burned the roof above him, they fired the walls about,
And head to foot in armour Ned Kelly stumbled out.

Although his guns were empty, he took them by surprise,
He wore an iron breastplate and armour on his thighs;
Although his guns were empty, he made them turn and flee,
But one came in behind him, and shot him in the knee.

And so they took Ned Kelly and hanged him in the gaol,
For he fought single-handed although in iron mail;
And no man single-handed can hope to break the bars,
It's a thousand like Ned Kelly who'll hoist the flag of stars.

UNIVERSITY COUNCIL SONG

Air: Admiral's song from H.M.S. Pinafore.

My family's in money up to its ears,
We couldn't spend it all in a thousand years.
I give it away in stacks and stacks
But only to reduce my income tax.

[I gave it away with a hand so free,
That they put me on the Council of the Varsity. :|

I own green acres clean and neat,
But I do my farming in Collins Street.
I get my money from meat and wool,
Though I can't tell a sheep from anyone's bull.

[My pastoral interest is plain to see,
So they put me on the Council of the Varsity. :|

Mining metals is my company's game,
We believe in keeping our workers tame.
To save research for the B.H.P.
I founded the chair of metallurgy,
: For this noble act they rewarded me,
And put me on the Council of the Varsity. :|

At Council meetings when I'm there
They wheel me up in an invalid chair.
I can't hear a thing, so it's rather a bore,
But I vote the same way as the Vice-Chancellor
: For I was already ninety-three,
When they put me on the Council of the Varsity. :|

So citizens all, wherever you be,
If you want a degree at the Varsity,
Concentrate on your stocks and shares,
And give us money to found new chairs;
: And we'll give you an honorary LL.D.
And put you on the Council of the Varsity. :|

HEY ZHANKOYE

English words: Pete Seeger.

Folk air.

When you go from Sevastopol
On the way to Simferopol,
Just you go a little further down.
There's a little railroad depot,
Known quite well by all the people,
Called Zhankoye, zhan, zhan, zhan.
Hey Zhan, hey Zhankoye,
Hey Zhanvill, hey Zhankoye, zhan, zhan, zhan.

Now if you look for paradise
You'll see it there before your eyes.
Stop your search and go no farther on.
There we have a collective farm
All run by husky Jewish arms,
At Zhankoye, zhan, zhan, zhan.

Aunt Natasha drives the tractor,
Grandma runs the cream extractor,
While we work we all can sing our songs.
Who says that Jews cannot be farmers?
Spit in his eye, who would so harm us,
Tell him of Zhankoye, zhan, zhan, zhan.

Work together, all as brothers,
Jew and Gentile, white and Negro,
For that better world to come.
All must work, for work is good,
In work may man find brotherhood,
As in Zhankoye, zhan, zhan, zhan.

NATIONAL ANTHEM OF THE U.S.S.R.

United forever in friendship and labour,
Our mighty Republics will ever endure.
The great Soviet Union will live through the ages,
The dream of a people, their fortress secure.

Long live our Soviet Motherland,
Built by the people's mighty hand.
Long live her people united and free,
Strong in a friendship
Tried by fire.

Long may our crimson flag inspire,
Shining in glory for all men to see.
Through days dark and stormy our great Lenin led us,
Our eyes saw the bright sun of freedom above.
And Stalin, the leader, with faith in the people,
Inspired us to build up the land that we love.

We fought for the future, destroyed the invader,
And brought to our Homeland the laurels of fame.
Her glory will live in the memory of nations,
And all generations will honour her name.

SALUTE TO LIFE

English words: Nancy Head.

D. Shostakovitch.

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

Yet comrades, face the wind, salute
The morning 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.

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

Triumphant and singing in triumph
Advances the army of Youth
And this is the new generation
Reborn in the battle for truth.

SOVIET LAND

V. Lebedev-Kumach.

I. Dunayevski.

Soviet land, so dear to every toiler,
Peace and progress build their hopes on thee;
There's no other land the whole world over
Where man walks the earth so proud and free.
There's no other land the whole world over
Where man walks the earth so proud and free.

From great Moscow to the furthest border,
From our Arctic seas to Samarkand,
Everywhere man proudly walks as master
Of his own unbounded fatherland.
Everywhere life courses freely, broadly,
As the Volga's ample waters flow;
To our youth now every door is open,
Everywhere our old with honour go.

MOSCOW

In the dawn's light faintly gleaming,
Stand the ancient Kremlin walls,
And the land no longer dreaming
Now awakes as morning calls.
Though the winds are coldly blowing,
Streets begin to hum with noise,
And the sun with splendour glowing
Greets the land with all its joys.

We'll shout aloud
For we are proud,
Our power is invincible!
We'll ne'er disband,
We'll always stand
Together for dear Moscow's land.

Days are bright and growing longer,
While the streets grow louder still.
Children's voices ever stronger
Now are heard more loud and shrill.
May-time flowers spread their splendour
Over Moscow's ancient streets,
Men and women homage render,
Ev'ry one with joy repeats.

When the day is slowly fading,
Twilight falls and brings release
From the hardships of parading.
Ev'ning suddenly brings peace.
'Tis the time for meeting lovers
In the garden, in the park;
While the twilight gently hovers
Till it's night, and all is dark.

THE TROOPS OF FLORIAN GEYER

German folk song.

The troops of Geyer, clad in black are we,
Heia o-ho,
And we will wipe out tyranny,
Heia o-ho.

Spearman ho,
Forward go,
On the castle roof
Let the red cock crow.

When Adam dug and Eve did toil,
No princes trespassed on their soil.

The noble's only god is pride,
The holy scripture is our guide.

Bold Geyer's men their arrows shoot,
The knights are laid low.

His banner bears a peasant's boot
To stamp out the foe.

We're beaten though our cause is right,
Our sons will carry on the fight.

A song of the German peasant revolts of the thirteenth century.
"When Adam delved and Eve span / Who was then the gentleman?" was
a cry also among the English peasants who followed John Ball in revolt.

JERUSALEM

William Blake.

H. Parry.

And did those feet in ancient time
Walk upon England's mountains green?
And was the holy Lamb of God
On England's pleasant pastures seen?
And did the countenance divine
Shine forth upon our clouded hills?
And was Jerusalem builded here
Among those dark satanic mills?

Bring me my bow of burning gold!
Bring me my arrows of desire!
Bring me my spear! O clouds unfold!
Bring me my chariot of fire!
I will not cease from mental fight,
Nor shall my sword sleep in my hand,
Till we have built Jerusalem
In England's green and pleasant land.

FIRE DOWN BELOW

Folk song.

A simple village maiden with red and rosy cheeks,
To me, way hay hee hi ho!
She went to church and Sunday School and sang the anthem
sweet,
There's fire down below!

There's fire in the cabin and in the galley, too,
To me, way hay hee hi ho!
There's no fire in the fo'c'sle and it's cold on the crew;
There's fire down below!

The parson was a misery, so scraggy and so thin,
He said: "Look here, you people, if you lead a life of sin . . ."

He took his text from Malachi and pulled a weary face,
I took my leave and sailed away, that's how I fell from grace.

THE VICAR OF BRAY

In good King Charles's golden days,
When loyalty no harm meant;
A furious high-church man was I,
And so I gained preferment.
To teach my flock I never missed,
Kings were by God appointed,
And damned are those that dare resist,
Or touch the Lord's anointed.

And this is law, I will maintain
Until my dying day, Sir,
That whatsoever King shall reign,
I'll still be the Vicar of Bray, Sir.

When Royal James possessed the crown,
And Popery came in fashion,
The penal laws I hooted down,
And read the Declaration;
The Church of Rome I found would fit,
Full well my constitution,
And I had been a Jesuit,
But for the Revolution.

When William was our King declared,
To ease the nation's grievance,
With this new wind about I steered,
And swore to him allegiance.
Old principles I did revoke,
Set conscience at a distance;
Passive obedience was a joke,
A jest was non-resistance.

When Royal Anne became our Queen,
The Church of England's glory,
Another face of things was seen,
And I became a Tory;
Occasional conformists base,
I blamed their moderation;
And thought the Church in danger was,
By such prevarication.

When George in pudding-time came o'er,
And moderate men looked big, Sir,
My principles I changed once more,
And so became a Whig, Sir,
And thus preferment I procured,
From our new faith's defender;
And almost every day abjured
The Pope and the Pretender.

Th' illustrious house of Hanover,
And Protestant succession,
To them I do alliance swear—
While they can hold possession;
For in my faith and loyalty
I never more will falter,
And George my lawful King shall be—
Until the times do alter.

An eighteenth century English satire, described by Frederick Engels as "the only political folk song which has preserved its popularity for over 150 years. Engels thought so highly of the song that he translated it into German, and it was published in the *Sozialdemokrat* in 1862.

LILLIBURLERO

Ho, broder Teague, dost hear de decree?
Lillibulero bullen a la,
Dat we shall have a new deputie,
Lillibulero bullen a la.

Lero lero lillibulero
Lillibulero bullen a la,
Lero lero lillibulero
Lillibulero bullen a la.

Ho! by Shaint Tyburn, it is de Talbote:
And he will cut de Englishmen's troate.

Dough by my shoul de English do praat,
De law's on dare side, and Creish knows what.

But if dispence do come from de Pope,
We'll hang Magna Charta and dem in a rope.

For de good Talbot is made a lord
And with brave lads is coming abroad.

Who all in France have taken a sware,
Dat they will have no Protestant heir.

Arrah! but why does he stay behind?
Ho! by my soul 'tis a Protestant wind.

But see de Tyconnel is now come ashore,
And we shall have commissions galore.

And he dat will not go to de mass,
Shall be turn out, and look like an ass.

Now, how de hereticks all go down,
By Chrish and Shaint Patrick de nation's our own.

Dare was an old prophecy found in a bog
'Ireland shall be ruled by an ass and a dog'.

And now dis prophecy is come to pass,
For Talbot's de dog, and James is the ass.

A song of the English Revolution of 1688, which was said to have "sung a deluded prince out of three kingdoms." It is a protest in pseudo-Irish against the nomination by James II. in 1687 of General Talbot, Earl of Tyrconnel, to the Lieutenantancy of Ireland. Talbot was unpopular because of his previous harsh treatment of Protestants.

HARES ON THE MOUNTAINS

English folk song.

If all these young men
Were like hares on the mountains,
Then all these pretty maidens
Would get guns, go a-hunting.
With a hey lil-le-lu,
Ha lil-le-lan,
Off they will go.

If all these young men
Were like rushes a-growing,
Then all these pretty maidens
Would get scythes, go a-mowing.

If all these young men
Were like ducks in the water,
Then all these pretty maidens
Would soon follow after.

But all these young men
Are like dewdrops on corn,
And the one night they are with you
And the next night they're gone.

THE CUTTY WREN

Folk song.

O, where are you going? said Milder to Malder.
O, we may not tell you, said Festle to Fose.
: We're off to the woods, said John the Red Nose. :|

What will you do there? said Milder to Malder.
O, we may not tell you, said Festle to Fose.
: We'll shoot the Cutty Wren, said John the Red Nose. :|

O, how will you shoot her? said Milder to Malder.
O, we may not tell you, said Festle to Fose.
: With bows and with arrows, said John the Red Nose. :|

O, that will not do, said Milder to Malder.
O, what will do then? said Festle to Fose.
: Big guns and big cannons, said John the Red Nose. :|

O, how will you cook her? said Milder to Malder.
O, we may not tell you, said Festle to Fose.
: With pots and with pans, said John the Red Nose. :|

O, that will not do, said Milder to Malder.
O, what will do then? said Festle to Fose.
: Bloody great brass cauldrons, said John the Red Nose. :|

And who'll get the spare ribs? said Milder to Malder.
O, we may not tell you, said Festle to Fose.
: We'll give them all to the poor, said John the Red Nose. :|

A song of the Peasants' Revolt of 1381. Older in origin, it took a revolutionary form during the struggles of the fourteenth century. The symbol of the wren, traditionally in folk lore a tyrant, came to stand for the barons and baronial property, preparations for the seizure and distribution of which to the poor was a task undertaken necessarily in great secrecy. A. L. Lloyd writes: "Just as the common people were emerging for the first time as free men or wage labourers and beginning their long fight for political freedom, a typical style of folk song came to light, and that style was to persist, with little alteration, right up to the time we live in now." The Cutty Wren itself survived in oral tradition in the English countryside up to our own day.

HOLD THE FORT

We meet to-day in freedom's cause
And raise our voices high;
We'll join our hands in union strong
To battle or to die.

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.

An English transport workers' strike song, which became very popular on American picket-lines.

The American I.W.W. press reported in 1916, concerning a free speech struggle in Everett, Washington, which was attacked by the police: "And the fellow worker died, singing 'Hold the Fort.'"

This incident inspired these lines by Charles Ashleigh, an I.W.W. poet:

Yet the mad chorus of that devil's host—
Yea, all the tumult of that butcher throng,
Compound of bullets, booze and coward boast—
Could no out-shreik one dying worker's song.

SIDE BY SIDE

There stood a house upon a hill,
Hullabaloo belay!
Hullabaloo belah belay!
And in this house eight men did dwell,
Hullabaloo belay!

One stood up and shook his fist,
Said, "I'll grow stronger than the rest."

He first began to cheat and steal,
And then set fire to their field.

They turned their heels and let him be,
So then he upped and murdered three.

It made no difference where he stood,
He left a footprint red with blood.

He murdered three and wanted more,
He turned upon the other four.

But when this murder foul he tried,
He found them standing side by side.

Side by side they stood that day,
They left his bones to rot away.

This is the ending of my song,
One was weak but four were strong.

BLOW YE WINDS

Folk song.

They've advertised for watchmen,
Five hundred brave and true,
To fish for sperm on the whaling grounds
Of Chile and Peru.

Singing blow ye winds in the morning,
And blow ye winds hi-O!
Clear away your gunning gear
And blow ye winds hi-O!

It's now we are at sea, my boys,
The wind comes on to blow.
One half the watch is sick on deck,
The other half below.

The cooper's at the vice bench,
A-making iron poles,
The mates upon the mainhatch,
A-blasting all our souls.

The skipper's on the quarterdeck,
A-squinting at the sails,
When up aloft the lookout sights
A great big school of whales.

Now clear away them boats, my boys,
And after him we'll travel,
But if you get too near his fluke
He'll flip you to the devil.

Now we got him turned up
And we towed him alongside,
And we over with our blubberhooks
And rob him of his hide.

When we get home, our ship fast,
And we get through our sailing,
A winding glass around we'll pass,
And to hell with blubber whaling.

One of the great body of Anglo-American sailors' songs of the nineteenth century. Tune and chorus reveal the song to be of very ancient lineage. They come from a widely spread British folk song about a pretty girl and a timid young man, who learns that, "If you will not when you may / You shall not when you would." Bishop Percy printed a version in 1765, in his *Reliques of Ancient English Poetry*.

THE FOX

The fox went out on a chilly night,
Prayed to the moon to give him light,
For he'd many a mile to go that night
Before he reached the town oh,
The town oh, the town oh,
He'd many a mile to go that night
Before he reached the town oh.

He ran till he came to a great big pen,
The ducks and the geese were kept therein;
A couple of you will grease my chin
Before I leave this town oh,
Town oh, town oh,
A couple of you will grease my chin
Before I leave this town oh.

He grabbed the grey goose by the neck,
Threw a duck across his back;
He didn't mind their quack, quack, quack,
Or the legs all dangling down oh,
Down oh, down oh,
He didn't mind their quack, quack, quack,
Or the legs all dangling down oh.

Then old Mother Flipper-Flopper jumped out of bed,
Out of the window she cocked her head,
Crying: John, John, the grey goose is gone,
And the fox is on the town oh,
The town oh, the town oh,
Crying: John, John, the grey goose is gone,
And the fox is on the town oh.

John he ran to the top of the hill,
Blew his horn both loud and shrill;
The fox he said: I'd better flee with my kill,
For they'll soon be on my trail oh,
Trail oh, trail oh,
The fox he said: I'd better flee with my kill,
For they'll soon be on my trail oh.

He ran till he came to his cosy den,
There were the little ones, eight, nine, ten;
They said: Daddy, better go back again,
'Cause it must be a mighty fine town oh,
Town oh, town oh,
They said: Daddy, better go back again,
'Cause it must be a mighty fine town oh.

Folk song.

Then the fox and his wife without any strife
Cut up the goose with a fork and knife.
They never had such a supper in their life
And the little ones chewed on the bones oh,
The bones oh, the bones oh,
They never had such a supper in their life,
And the little ones chewed on the bones oh.

THE CLOAKMAKERS' UNION

The cloakmakers' union is a right wink union,
Is a company union for de boss.
The right cloak makers and the company fakers
They make by de woikers double cross.
The Cohens, the Hillquits and the Thomases
They make by de woikers fake promises,
They preach sozialismus, but they practice fascismus
To preserve capitalismus for the boss.

A protest by members of the great International Ladies' Garment Makers' Union of the U.S. against the chicanery and deceit of the union bosses. A great many of the union's members were foreign born, and the song is to be sung with a heavy foreign accent. The present boss of the union is David Dubinsky, who is carrying on and extending the tradition of the "Cohens, the Hillquits and the Thomases."

HAMMER SONG

Words and music by Lee Hays and Pete Seeger.

If I had a hammer
I'd hammer in the morning
I'd hammer in the evening,
All over this land;
I'd hammer out danger,
I'd hammer out a warning,
I'd hammer out a love
Between all our brothers
All over this land.
If I had a bell
I'd ring it . . .
If I had a song
I'd sing it . . .
Now I got a hammer,
And I got a bell,
And I got a song to sing
All over this land;
It's the hammer of justice,
It's the bell of freedom,
It's a song about the love
Between all our brothers
All over the world.

Joe Hill, a young Swedish immigrant to the United States, became a famous organiser of exploited labour. Eventually he was tried and shot on a framed murder charge in Utah. His last words were: "Don't mourn for me—organise." John Dos Passos writes that Joe "had a knack for setting rebel words to tunes. Along the coast in cockshacks, flophouses and jungles, wobblies, hoboes, bindlestiffs began singing Joe Hill's songs. They sang 'em in the country goals of the States of Washington, Oregon, California, Nevada, Idaho, in the buppens of Montana and Arizona, sang 'em in Walla Walla, San Quentin and Leavenworth, forming the structure of the new society within the traols of the old."

Joe Hill's songs came to be sung across the world, and many of them became closely linked with Australian working class agitation.

CASEY JONES, THE UNION SCAB

Joe Hill.

Folk air: Casey Jones.

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 cylinders and pistons
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.

The workers said to Casey,
"Won't you help us win the strike?"
But Casey said, "Let me alone,
You'd better take a hike."
Then someone put a bunch
Of railroad ties across the track
And Casey hit the river with an awful crack.

Casey Jones hit the river bottom
Casey Jones broke his blooming spine
Casey Jones took a trip to heaven,
That's what he got for scabbing on the S.P. line.

When Casey Jones got up to heaven,
To the pearly gate,
He said, "I'm Casey Jones, the guy
That pulled the S.P. freight."
"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.

The angels got together,
And they said it wasn't fair,
For Casey Jones to go around
A-scabbing everywhere.
They voted direct action
And they took it then and there
And Casey went a-flying down the Golden Stair.

Casey Jones went to hell a-flying
Casey Jones, the Devil said, "Oh fine!
Casey Jones, get busy shovelling sulphur,
That's what you get for scabbing on the S.P. line."

JOE HILL

I dreamt I saw Joe Hill last night,
Alive as you or me.
Said I, "But Joe, you're ten years dead!"
: "I never died," said he. :|

"The copper 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 couldn't kill
: Goes on to organise." |

"Joe Hill ain't dead," he said 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,
: It's there you'll find Joe Hill. :|

I dreamt I saw Joe Hill last night,
Alive as you or me.
Said I, "But Joe, you're ten years dead."
: "I never died," said he. :|

I have met men carrying next their hearts, in the pockets of their working clothes, little bottles with some of Joe Hill's ashes in them.—
John Reed.

THE TRAMP

Joe Hill.

Air: Tramp, tramp, tramp.

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 that shirk,
He was looking hard for work,
But he heard the same old story everywhere.

**Tramp, tramp, tramp, and keep on tramping,
Nothing doing here for you,
If I catch you round again,
You will wear the ball and chain,
Keep on tramping, that's the best thing you can do.**

He walked up and down the street,
Till the shoes fell from his feet,
In a house he spied a lady cooking stew;
And he said, "How do you do,
May I chop some wood for you?"
What the lady told him made him feel so blue.

'Cross the road a sign he read:
"Work for Jesus," so it said;
And he said, "Here is my chance, I'll surely try."
So he kneeled upon the floor
Till his knees got rather sore,
But at eating time he heard the preacher cry.

Down the street he met a cop,
And the copper made him stop,
And he asked him, "When did you blow into town?
Come with me up to the judge"—
But the judge he said, "Oh fudge,
Bums that have no money needn't come around."

Finally came that happy day,
When his life did pass away,
He was sure he'd go to Heaven when he died;
When he reached the pearly gate,
Saint Peter, mean old skate,
Slammed the gate right in his face and loudly cried.

In despair he went to Hell,
With the Devil for to dwell,
For the reason he'd no other place to go;
And he said, "I'm full of sin,
So for Christ's sake let me in!"
But the Devil said, "Oh beat it, you're a 'bo."

BANKS OF MARBLE.

Words and music: Les Rice.

I've travelled around this country,
From shore to shining shore;
It really made me wonder,
The things I heard and saw.

I saw the lonely farmer,
Ploughing sod and loam;
I heard the auction hammer,
It was knocking down his home.

**But the banks are made of marble,
With a guard at every door,
And the vaults are stuffed with silver
That the farmer sweated for.**

I saw the seamen standing
Idly by the shore,
And I heard the bosses saying:
"Got no work for you no more."

**But the banks are made of marble,
With a guard at every door,
And the vaults are stuffed with silver
That the seamen sweated for.**

I saw the weary miner
Scrubbing coal dust from his back,
And I heard his children crying:
"Got no coal to heat the shack."

**But the banks are made of marble,
With a guard at every door,
And the vaults are stuffed with silver
That the miner sweated for.**

I've seen my brothers toiling
Throughout this mighty land,
And I knew we'd get together
And together make a stand.

Then we'd own those banks of marble,
~~With a guard at every door,~~ *Never more will we be poor.*
And we'd share those vaults of silver
That we have sweated for.

UNION TRAIN

Oh, what is that, that I see yonder,
Coming, coming, coming.
Oh, what is that, that I see yonder,
Coming, coming, coming.
What is that, that I see yonder,
Get on board! Get on board!

SONG FOR BRIDGES

Let me tell you of a sailor, Harry Bridges is his name;
An honest union leader, whom the bosses tried to frame.
He left home in Australia, to sail the seas around,
He sailed across the ocean, and came to 'Frisco town.

There was only a company union, the bosses had their way;
The workers 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'll starve to death, if we don't get organised."

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 going to let them send Harry over the seas,
We'll fight for Harry Bridges and build the C.I.O.

They built a big bonfire by the Matson Line that night;
They threw their fink books in it, and then said, "We're gonna
fight!

You've got to pay a livin' wage, or we're gonna take a walk."
They told it to the bosses, but the bosses wouldn't talk.

They said, "There's only one way left to get that contract
signed,"

And all around the waterfront, they drew their picket line.
They called it Bloody Thursday, that fifth day of July;
For a hundred men were wounded—and two were left to die.

Now that was seven years ago, and in the time since then
Harry's organised thousands more, and made them union men.
"We must try to bribe him," the shipping bosses said,
"And if he won't accept a bribe, we'll say that he's a Red."

The bosses brought a trial, to deport him over the seas,
But the judge said, "He's an honest man, I've got to set him
free."

Then they brought another trial, to frame him if they can,
But right by Harry Bridges stands every union man.

Harry Bridges is the leader of the United States West Coast long-shoremen (I.L.W.U.), the most outstanding trade union leader of the United States. Born in Australia, he has suffered endless persecution from the U.S. Government and big business since the successful maritime strike of 1934, which won the I.L.W.U. the best working conditions in the U.S. maritime industry. Bridges and his union have been courageous and outspoken on every major political issue. Bridges is now appealing against a sentence of five years' imprisonment imposed by the U.S. Supreme Court.

BANDIERA ROSSA

Avanti popolo, alla riscossa,
Bandiera rossa, bandiera rossa!
Avanti popolo, alla riscossa,
Bandiera rossa trionfera!
Bandiera rossa trionfera!
Bandiera rossa trionfera!
Bandiera rossa trionfera!
E viva socialismo e la liberta!

TARRIER'S SONG

Folk song.

Ev'ry morning at seven o'clock
There were twenty tarriers a-working at the rock,
And the boss comes along and he says, "Keep still,
And come down heavy on the cast iron drill!

And drill, ye tarriers, drill!
Drill, ye tarriers, drill!
It's work all day for the sugar in your tea
Down behind the railway.
And drill, ye tarriers, drill!
And blast! And fire!

Our new foreman was Jimmy McCann;
By God he was a hard old man.
Last week a premature blast went off,
And a mile in the air went big Jim Gough.

When next pay day came around
Five bob short Jim Gough was found;
When he asked, "What for?" came this reply:
You're docked for the time you were up in the sky.

The boss was a fine man down to the ground,
And he married an old girl six feet round.
She baked us bread and she baked it well,
But she baked it hard as the hobs of hell.

A song of emigrant Irish workers. A tarrier was a man who worked beside a steam drill, removing the loosened rock. The song was very popular in the United States in the eighties, among the Irish railway workers.

HALLELUJAH I'M A BUM

Rejoice and be gay,
For the springtime has come,
You can lay down your shovels
And go on the bum.

Hallelujah, I'm a bum, bum,
Hallelujah, bum again,
Hallelujah give us a handout
To revive us again.

Oh I love my boss,
He's a good friend of mine,
And that's why I'm starving
Out on the bread line,

The springtime has come,
And I'm just out of jail,
Without any money,
Without any bail.

Oh why can't you work
As the other fellows do?
How the hell can I work
When there's no work to do?

Oh why don't you save
All the money you earn?
Well, if I didn't eat
I'd have money to burn.

I went to a house
And I knocked on the door,
But the lady said, "Bum, Bum,
You've been here before."

I went to a house,
And I asked for some bread,
But the lady said, "Bum, Bum,
The baker is dead."

Whenever I get
All the money I earn,
The boss will be broke,
And to work he must turn.

THE FOGGY, FOGGY DEW

English Folk Song.

When I was a bachelor I lived by myself,
I worked at the weaver's trade;
The only, only thing I did that was wrong
Was to woo a fair young maid.
I wooed her in the winter time,
And in the summer, too;
And the only, only thing I did that was wrong
Was to keep her from the foggy, foggy dew.

One night she came to my bedside
When I lay fast asleep;
She laid her head upon my bed
And then began to weep.
She sighed, she cried, she damn near died,
She said, "What shall I do?"
So all night long I held her in my arms,
Just to keep her from the foggy, foggy dew.

Now I am a bachelor, I live with my son,
We work at the weaver's trade;
And every time that I look into his eyes
He reminds me of that fair young maid.
He reminds me of the winter time
And of the summer, too;
And of the many, many times that I held her in my arms,
Just to keep her from the foggy, foggy dew.

PUT IT ON THE GROUND

Oh, if you want a raise in pay,
All you have to do
Go and ask the boss for it
And he will give it to you.
Yes, he will give it to you, my boy,
He will give it to you,
A raise in pay, without delay,
Oh, he will give it to you.

Oh, put it on the ground,
Spread it all around,
Dig it with a hoe,
It will make your flowers grow.

For the men who own the industries,
I'm sheddin' bitter tears;
They haven't made a single dime
In over thirty years;
In over thirty years, my boy,
In over thirty years,
Not one dime in all that time,
In over thirty years.

"The cost of livin' ain't so high"
I told my wife, Miranda,
"This talk of livin' being high
Is Rooshian propaganda."
It's Rooshian propaganda, boys,
It's Rooshian propaganda,
From Molotov to Simonov,
It's Rooshian propaganda.

It's fun to work on holidays,
Or when the day is done;
Why should they pay us overtime
For having so much fun?
For having so much fun, my boys,
For having so much fun,
Pay overtime would be a crime,
For having so much fun.

THE BANKS OF THE SACRAMENTO

Folk song.

Sing and heave, and heave and sing,
Doodah, doodah.
Heave and make the handspikes ring,
Oh, doodah day.

Then ho, boys, ho, for California oh!
There's plenty of gold,
So I've been told,
On the banks of the Sacramento.

Around Cape Horn in the month of snow,
If we'll get there, no one knows,
From Limehouse Docks to Sydney Heads,
Was never more than seventy days.

THE ERIE CANAL

American folk song.

We were forty miles from Albany,
Forget it I never shall,
What a terrible storm we had that night
On the Er-i-e Canal.

Oh, the Er-i-e was a-rising,
The gin was a-getting low,
And I scarcely think
We'll get a drink,
Till we get to Buffalo-o-o,
Till we get to Buffalo.

The captain he came up on deck
With his spy-glass in his hand,
And the fog it was so 'tarnal thick
That he couldn't spy the land.

The cook we had was a grand old girl,
She wore a ragged dress;
We hoisted her upon a pole
As a signal of distress.

The captain he got married
And the cook she went to gaol,
And I'm the only son of a gun
That's left to tell the tale.

The Erie Canal, completed in 1825, was one of the main keys that unlocked the American Middle West. Four thousands canal boats were afloat by 1845. Time must have hung heavily on the crews' hands, and scores of songs were sung about canal life. Most deal with the imaginary dangers of life on the canal—"impudent parodies of the romantic fore-castle ballads of the blue-water sailors," as Alan Lomax says.

NEGRO COMRADE

Join in the fight, oh Negro comrade,
Join in the fight, oh struggling comrade,
Join in the fight, oh hard pressed comrade,
Black and white, we'll rebuild the world.

Oh, brother, don't you weep, don't you pray,
Salvation isn't coming that way;
All together let's press on to the fray;
Black and white, we'll rebuild the world.

Join in the fight, and stand up straight now,
Join in the fight, the dawn is late now,
Join in the fight, we must not wait now,
Black and white, we'll rebuild the world.

THE UNION MAID

There once was a union maid, she never was afraid,
Of goons and ginks and company finks
And the deputy sheriffs who made the raid.
She went to union hall when a meetin' it was called
And when the Legion boys came round
She always stood her ground.

Oh you can't scare me, I'm a-stickin' to the union,
I'm a-stickin' to the union, I'm a-stickin' to the union,
Oh you can't scare me, I'm a-stickin' to the union,
I'm a-stickin' to the union till the day I die.

This union maid was wise to the tricks of company spies,
She couldn't be fooled by a company stool,
She'd always organise the guys.
She'd always get her way when she struck for better pay,
She'd show her card to the National Guard,
And this is what she'd say:

You gals who want to be free, just take a tip from me,
You get you a man who's a union man,
And join the ladies' auxiliary.
Married life ain't hard when you've got a union card,
A union man has a happy life
When he'd got a union wife.

"In Oklahoma City, in 1940, Woody Guthrie and Pete Seeger were singing at a union meeting. Some company thugs came in and stood at the back of the hall, obviously waiting for a signal to break it up. But nothing happened. Woody figured that the reason was the meeting was a real family affair, with young folks and old, and the women there in full force. Next morning Pete found this now-famous song stuck in his typewriter." (The People's Song Book.)

JOHNNY, I HARDLY KNEW YE

Irish folk song.

Where are your eyes that looked so mild,
Hurroo! Hurroo!
Where are your eyes that looked so mild,
Hurroo! Hurroo!

Where are your eyes that looked so mild,
When my poor heart you first beguiled?
Why did you run from me and the child?
Johnny, I hardly knew ye!

With their guns and drums, and drums and guns,
The enemy nearly slew ye!
My darling dear, you look so queer,
Johnny, I hardly knew ye!

Where are your legs with which you run,
When first you went to carry a gun?
Indeed, your dancing days are done.

I'm happy for to see you home,
All from the island of Sulloon,
So low in flesh, so high in bone.

But sad as it is to see you so,
And to think of you now as an object of woe,
Your Peggy'll still keep you on as her beau.

THE WEARING OF THE GREEN

Oh, Paddy dear, and did you hear the news that's going round?
The shamrock is by law forbid to grow on Irish ground;
Saint Patrick's Day no more we'll keep, his colours can't be
seen,

For there's a cruel law against the wearing of the green.

I met with Napper Tandy, and he took me by the hand,
And he said, "How's poor old Ireland, and how does she stand?"
She's the most distressful country that ever yet was seen;
They're hanging men and women there for wearing of the
green.

Then since the colour we must wear is England's cruel red,
Sure Ireland's sons will ne'er forget the blood that they have
shed;

You may take the shamrock from your hat, and cast it on the
sod,

But 'twill take root and flourish there, tho' underfoot 'tis trod.

When law can stop the blades of grass from growing as they
grow,

And when the leaves in summer-time their verdure dare not
show,

Then I will change the colour that I wear in my caubeen;
But till that day, please God, I'll stick to wearing of the green.

But if at last our colour should be torn from Ireland's heart,
Her sons, with shame and sorrow, from the dear old isle will
part;
I've heard whisper of a country that lies beyond the sea,
Where rich and poor stand equal in the light of freedom's day.

Oh, Erin! must we leave you, driven by the tyrant's hand?
Must we ask a mother's blessing from a strange and distant
land?

Where the cruel cross of England shall never more be seen,
And where, please God, we'll live and die still wearing of the
green.

A song of the Irish Rebellion of 1798, one of the incidents of which was the prohibition imposed by the British authorities on the traditional wearing of a sprig of green on St. Patrick's Day. Napper Tandy was one of the rebel leaders.

THE FOGGY DEW

Down the glen one Easter morn to a city fair rode I,
There were armed lines of marching men in their squadrons
passing by,
No pipe did hum, no battle drum did sound its wild tattoo,
But the Angelus Bell o'er the Liffey Swell rang out in the
foggy dew.

Right proudly high o'er Dublin town they hung out their flag
of war,

For 'twas better to die 'neath an Irish sky than be beaten by a
savage foe.

And from the plains of loyal Meath brave men came hurrying
through,

But Britannia's sons with their long range guns shot them
down in the foggy dew.

Then England bade our young men go, that small nations
might be free,

And their lonely graves are by Solvive's waves on the fringe
of the great North Sea.

O, had they died by Connolly's side or fought with Padraic
Pearse, too,

Their graves we would keep where those Feinians sleep 'neath
the shroud of the foggy dew.

Back to the glen I went again, but my heart with grief was
sore,

For I'd parted there with some gallant men I never would
see any more.

And to and fro in my dreams I'll go and I'll watch and I'll pray
for you,

For slavery had fled, O you rebel dead, when you fell in the
foggy dew.

KEVIN BARRY

Street ballad.

Folk air: Rolling home.

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

Shoot me like an Irish soldier,
Do not hang me like a dog;
For I fought for Ireland's freedom
In that dark September 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.

Just before he faced the hangman,
In his lonely prison cell,
British soldiers tortured Barry
Just because he would not tell
All the names of his companions
And other things they wished to know:
Turn informer and we'll free you.
Proudly Barry answered, "No."

Kevin Barry was an eighteen-year-old university student and member of the Irish Republican Army who was tortured and executed by the British for his part in the Irish War of Independence. Hanged on November 1, 1920, he was the first Irish patriot to die on the scaffold since Robert Emmett, in 1803. On the day of his execution scores of his fellow-students joined the I.R.A.

SONG OF PROCLAMATION

From the heavenly mountain of Pack Du,
To the end of Sheju Isle
Come, with banners raised anew
Thirty million people.
Sing on mountains,
Sing you streams and fountains,
We are inspired to-day
For our new Republic.

Our free people's land
Radiant Korea.
Shine the sun on the path
Of our Fatherland.

Adopted as a people's song on the occasion of the proclamation of the People's Republic of Korea. Quick tempo.

WHIRLWINDS OF DANGER

Whirlwinds of danger are raging around us,
O'erwhelming forces of darkness assail.
Still in the fight see advancing before us
Red flag of liberty that yet shall prevail.

Then forward, you workers, freedom awaits you
O'er all the world on the land and the sea.
On with the fight for the cause of humanity,
March, march, you workers, and the world will be free.

Women and children in hunger are calling,
Shall we be silent to their sorrow and woe?
While in the fight see our brothers are falling,
Up then, united, and conquer the foe.

Off with the crew of the tyrants of favour,
Down in the dust with the prince and the peer!
Strike off your chains, all you brave sons of labour,
Wake all humanity, for vict'ry is near.

Now while in secret the rulers are plotting,
Furies of slaughter to stave off their fall;
Only united the people can thwart them,
Shatter their war designs and bring peace to all.

This was one of the songs of the Polish workers during the revolution that swept the Russian Empire in 1905. It became an extremely popular song in the workers' movements of other European countries.

SARIE MARAIS.

Afrikaans folk song.

My Sarie Marais is so far from my heart
And I'm longing to see her again.
She lived on a farm on the Moorie river's bank
Before I left on this campaign.

Oh, bring me back to the old Transvaal.
There's where I long to be.
Way yonder 'mongst the mealies by the green thorny tree
Sarie is waiting for me.
I wonder if I'll ever see that green thorny tree
There where she's waiting for me.

I fear that the soldiers may get hold of me,
They would send me away o'er the sea.
I fled over land to the Orange River sand,
In Appleton I would be free.

At last there was peace and I started for home,
To the Transvaal I've always adored.
My Sarie Marais will be waiting there for me,
Her kiss will be my best reward.

THE LINCOLNSHIRE POACHER

English Folk Song.

When I was bound apprentice in famous Lincolnshire,
Full well I served my master for more than seven year,
Till I took up to poaching, as you shall quickly hear,
Oh, 'tis my delight on a shining night in the season of the year.

As me and my companions were setting of a snare
'Twas then we spied the gamekeeper, for him we did not care,
For we can wrestle and fight, my boys, and jump out anywhere,
Oh, 'tis my delight . . .

As me and my companions were setting four or five
And taking on 'em up again, we caught a hare alive.
We took a hare alive, my boys, and through the woods did steer,
Oh, 'tis my delight . . .

I threw him on my shoulder and then we trudged home.
We took him to a neighbour's house and sold him for a crown.
We sold him for a crown, my boys, but I did not tell you where,
Oh, 'tis my delight . . .

Success to ev'ry gentleman that lives in Lincolnshire,
Success to ev'ry poacher that wants to sell a hare.
Bad luck to ev'ry gamekeeper that will not sell his deer,
Oh, 'tis my delight . . .

THE FOUR INSURGENT GENERALS

Folk air: Los cuatro muleros.

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.

The four generals were Franco, Mola, Varela and Queipo de Llano. Each was in command of one of the four columns advancing on Madrid. Franco applied the name "fifth column" to their agents among the Loyalists inside Madrid. The tune derives from a well known Andalusian folk song, The Four Muleteers.

THE RAT

Folk air: The Fox.

Harry Berlow.

In sunny Spain there lives a rat,
A bigger rat than the biggest cat,
A yellow rat both round and fat,
And the name of the rat is Franco,
Franco, Franco,
A yellow rat both round and fat,
And the name of the rat is Franco.

There were also rats in Germany
And rats in sunny Italy,
They went to Spain to help maintain
The rat by the name of Franco . . .

Now Franco he began to rave,
Thought all of Spain he could enslave,
But the loyal people they were brave
And they fought the rat named Franco . . .

In Barcelona and Madrid
They fought and died but didn't get rid
Of the lousy rat, the dirty rat,
The rat by the name of Franco . . .

Now this song has no end you see,
It cannot end till Spain is free,
And hanging from the highest tree
Is the rat by the name of Franco,
Franco, Franco,
Hanging from the highest tree
Is the rat by the name of Franco.

THE THAELMANN COLUMN

Paul Dessau.

Spanish heavens spread their brilliant starlight
High above our trenches in the plain;
From the distance morning comes to greet us,
Calling us to battle once again.

Far off is our land,
Yet ready we stand.
We're fighting and winning for you,
Freiheit!

We'll not yield a foot to Franco's fascists,
Even though the bullets fall like sleet.
With us stand those peerless man, our comrades,
And for us there can be no retreat.

Famous song of the German ("Thaelmann") Battalion of the International Brigade. Ernst Thaelmann, leader of the German Communist Party, was killed by the Nazis in a concentration camp towards the end of the war. The Battalion took a heroic part in the saving of Madrid from the Fascist offensive of 1936.

DIE THAELMANN KOLONNE.

Spaniens Himmel breitet seine Sterne
Über unsre Schutzengraben aus,
Und der Morgen leuchtet aus der Ferne,
Bald geht es zu neuem Kampf hinaus.

Die Heimat is weit,
Doch wir sind bereit.
Wir kämpfen und siegen für dich,
Freiheit!

Den Faschisten werden wir nicht weichen,
Schickt er auch die Kugeln hageldicht.
Mit uns stehn Kameraden ohnegleichen,
Und ein Rückwärts gibt es für uns nicht.

HANS BEIMLER

In Madrid's outlying trenches,
In the hour of danger grim,
With the International shock brigades,
His heart, with hatred all ablaze,
Stood Hans, the Commissar,
Stood Hans, the Commissar.

Because he fought for freedom
He was forced to leave his home.
Near the blood-stained Manzanares,
Where he led the fight to save Madrid,
Died Hans, the Commissar,
Died Hans, the Commissar.

A bullet came a-flying
From his fascist "Fatherland."
The shot struck home, the aim was true,
The rifle barrel well made, too,
A German Army gun.
A German Army gun.

With heart and hand I pledge you
While I load my gun again,
You never will be forgotten,
Nor the enemy forgiven,
Hans Beimler, our Commissar,
Hans Beimler, our Commissar.

Hans Beimler was the deeply loved Political Commissar of the Thaelmann Battalion.

HIMNO DE RIEGO

Oh joyous and fearless,
Audacious, invincible,
Come sing with us, comrades,
Our mighty battle song.
For ever remembered,
Adored by the masses,
You brave sons of the workers
And peasants of Spain.

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

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,
For the cause of the people
You laid down your life.

In 1812, in the midst of their heroic and bloody guerrilla war against the French invaders, the Spanish people adopted a liberal constitution. Peace and the Allies saddled them with a corrupt and vicious reaction. On January 1, 1820, Rafael de Riego, commander of an Asturian battalion, raised a revolt. At the head of 1,500 troops he marched through Andalusia, proclaiming the constitution of 1812. He was forced to disband his troops, but not before revolt had spread to the North and the King had been forced to swear loyalty to the constitution. The *Himno de Riego* is the anthem of the Spanish Republic.

LE CHANT DES PARTISANS

Ami entends-tu le vol lourd des corbeaux sur la plaine?
Ami entends-tu les cris sourds du pays qu'on enchaîne?
Ohe partisans, ouvriers et paysans, c'est l'alarme!
Ce soir l'ennemi connaîtra le prix du sang et des larmes!

Montez de la mine, descendez des collines, camarades.
Sortez de la paille les fusils, la mitraille, les grenades.
Ohe les tueurs, a la balle ou au couteau, tuez vite!
Ohe saboteur, attention a ton fardeau, dynamite!

C'est nous qui brisons les barreaux des prisons pour nos freres.
La haine a nos trousses et la faim qui nous pousse la misere.
Il est des pays ou les gens au creux des lits font des rêves:
Ici, nous, vois-tu, nous on marche, nous l'on tue, nous l'on creve!

Ici chacun sait ce qu'il veut, ce qu'il fait quand il passe.
Ami, si tu tombes, un ami sort de l'ombre, prend ta place.
Demain du sang noir sechera au grand soleil sur la route.
Siguez, compagnons, dans la nuit la liberte nous ecoute.

LA CARMAGNOLE et le CA IRA

]: Madame, Veto avait promis
De faire egorger tout Paris. :]
Mais son coup a manqué
Grace a nos canoniers.
Dansons la Carmagnole,
Vive le son, vive le son!
Dansons la Carmagnole,
Vive le son du canon.

Ah ca ira, ca ira, ca ira,
Les aristocrates a la lanterne!
Oh ca ira, ca ira, ca ira,
Les aristocrates on les pendra.

1869.

]: Que faut-il au republicain?
Du fer, du plomb, aussi du pain. :]
Du feu pour travailler,
Du plomb pour se venger,
Et du pain pour ses freres,
Vive le son . . .

Pendant la Commune

]: Viv' la Commune de Paris
Ses mitrailleuses et ses fusils. :]
La Commune battue
Ne s'avoue pas vaincue:
Elle aura sa revanche
Vive le son . . .

Depuis la Commune

]: Que faut-il au plebeien?
Le boneur de tous et le sien. :]
Prendre terre et machine,
Desinfecter l'usine
Et sauver l'ouvriere
Vive le son . . .

1917.

]: Viv' la commune de Russie
Ses mitrailleuses et ses fusils. :]
Apres s'etre battue
La commune a vaincu.
Elle a eu sa revanche,
Vive le son . . .

Ca Ira is usually sung as a chorus to La Carmagnole.
La Carmagnole was brought back to France in 1793 by troops who
had been fighting outside the Piedmontese fort of Carmagnola.
Ca Ira was a French revolutionary song, adopted by the Jacobins as
their anthem and banned by the Directory in 1797.
The song has grown with each great event in French revolutionary
history.

LA JEUNE GARDE

Nous somm's la jeune France,
Nous somm's les gars de l'avenir,
El'ves dans la souffrance, oui,
Nous saurons vaincre ou mourir.
Nous travaillons pour la bonn' cause,
Pour delivrer le genre humain,
Tant pis si notre sang arrose
Les pavés sur notre chemin.

Prenez garde, prenez garde!
Vous les sabreurs, les bourgeois, les gaves.
V'la jeun' garde, v'la jeun' garde
Qui descend sur le pave.
C'est la lutte final' qui commence,
C'est la revanch' de tous les meurt de faim.
C'est la revolution qui s'avance,
C'est la bataille contre les coquins.
Prenez garde, prenez garde!
V'la jeun' garde!

Enfants de la misere,
D'forc' nous somm's les Revoltes,
Nous vengerons nos peres
Qui les brigands ont exploites.
Nous ne voulons plus de famine;
A qui travaille, il faut du pain.
Demain, nous prenderons les usines.
Nous somm's des hommes et non des chiens.

Demain, si l'peuple bouge,
Nous descendrons sur les boul'vards!
La nouvel' Garde Rouge
Fera trembler tous les richards . . .
Nous somm's les enfants de Lenine
Par la faucille et le marteau
Et nous r'construirons sur vos ruines
Le communism', ordre nouveau!

THE PEAT BOG SOLDIERS

Far and wide as the eye can wander
Heath and bog are ev'rywhere.
Not a bird sings out to cheer us,
Oaks are standing gaunt and bare.

**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 barbed wire greet our view.

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.

**Then will the peat bog soldiers
March no more with their spades
To the bog!**

This song is believed to have originated and to have first been sung in the Boergemoor concentration camp in 1933. The song spread and was sung with such feeling by the prisoners that the Nazis finally banned it.

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