



I. W. W.



SONGS

TO FAN THE FLAMES OF
DISCONTENT



Leontine Berg

PUBLISHED BY

INDUSTRIAL WORKERS OF THE WORLD

1001 W. MADISON ST.

CHICAGO, ILL., U. S. A.

1918

1917

: PRICE TEN CENTS :

DUMP THE BOSSES OFF YOUR BACK

By John Brill

(Tune: "Take It to the Lord in Prayer")

Are you poor, forlorn and hungry?
Are there lots of things you lack?
Is your life made up of misery?
Then dump the bosses off your back.
Are your clothes all patched and tattered?
Are you living in a shack?
Would you have your troubles scattered?
Then dump the bosses off your back.

Are you almost split asunder?
Loaded like a long-eared jack?
Boob—why don't you buck like thunder?
And dump the bosses off your back.
All the agonies you suffer,
You can end with one good whack—
Stiffen up, you orn'ry duffer—
And dump the bosses off your back.

ALL HELL CAN'T STOP US!

(Tune: "Hold The Fort")

(Written by Ralph H. Chaplin, in Leavenworth Penit.)

Now the final battle rages;
Tyrants quake with fear.
Rulers of the New Dark Ages
Know THEIR end is near.

CHORUS:

Scorn to take the crumbs they drop us;
All is ours by right!
Onward, men! All Hell can't stop us!
Crush the Parasite!

With a world-wide revolution
Bring them to your feet!
They of crime and persecution—
They must work to eat!

Tear the mask of lies asunder;
Let the truth be known;
With a voice like angry thunder,
Rise and claim your own!

Down with Greed and Exploitation;
Tyranny must fall!
Hail to Toils' Emancipation;
Labor shall be all.

UP FROM YOUR KNEES

By Ralph H. Chaplin

(Air: "Song of a Thousand Years")

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

CHORUS

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

I'M TOO OLD TO BE A SCAB
(Air: Just Before The Battle, Mother)

By T-B-S.

Good-bye master, I must leave you
Something tells me I must go,
For you know I can't deceive you
Going wage is too darn low.
Yes, you say that you will feed me
If I chop that hardwood cord;
—Do not to temptation lead me,
I'm not toiling for my board.

Though my trials have been sundry,
I must e'er disdain to moan
And although I'm awful hungry,
I would leave "your work" alone
Yes, I fear, I cannot tarry—
And I know just how you feel
But you see, if I'm to marry
I must earn a double meal.

If I work for bread and lodging
While the sun is high and warm;
It would cause me sundry dodging
Through the winter's cold and storm
I must have the all that's in it—
In the labor that I sell;
For you can not tell what minute
It may start to rain like hell.

One more question, boss, one only—
As you count your wealth untold
Would you have me save bologny—
'Gainst the day when I am old,
Now we understand each other
(As we play the game of grab)
But, please do recall, "my brother"
I'm too old to be a scab.

MR. BLOCK

By Joe Hill

(Air: "It Looks to Me Like a Big Time Tonight")

Please give me your attention, I'll introduce to you
A man that is a credit to "Our Red, White and Blue";
His head is made of lumber, and solid as a rock;
He is a common worker and his name is Mr. Block.
And Block he thinks he may
Be President some day.

CHORUS:

Oh, Mr. Block, you were born by mistake,
You take the cake,
You make me ache.

Tie on a rock to your block and then jump in the lake,
Kindly do that for Liberty's sake.

Yes, Mr. Block is lucky; he found a job, by gee!
The sharks got seven dollars, for job and fare and fee.
They shipped him to a desert and dumped him with his
truck,
But when he tried to find his job, he sure was out of luck.
He shouted, "That's too raw,
I'll fix them with the law."

Our master is a "patriot" true,
Red wealth he has galore,
And all good things that Labor brings,
He's locked up in his store;
But if, like men, you'll organize,
His reign will be no more,
And he will go where he belongs
A shoveling copper ore.

Remember, then, the six-hour day
Must be our first demand;
For miners from our ranks each day
From death receive a call;
The miner's "con" you soon will see
Will lose its deadly pall,
And we'll make this camp a grand old spot
For the workers, one and all.

THERE IS POWER IN A UNION

By Joe Hill

(Tune: "There Is Power in the Blood")

Would you have freedom from wage slavery,
Then join in the grand Industrial band;
Would you from misery and hunger be free,
Then come! Do your share, like a man.

CHORUS:

There is pow'r, there is pow'r
In a band of workingmen,
When they stand hand in hand,
That's a pow'r, that's a pow'r
That must rule in every land—
One Industrial Union Grand.